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ENGLISH READING BOOKS

FOR

INDIAN SCHOOLS

BOOK II

COMPILED BY

THREE EXPERIENCED GRADUATES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW IMPRESSION

MADRAS
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ENGLISH READING BOOKS FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS—BOOK II

FARMER GEORGE

KING GEORGE'S household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the King kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the Princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame brought the Royal night-cap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The King had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the King and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the King holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust

W. M. THACKERAY

their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the King never failed to take his enormous cocked-hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the King rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple-dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told.

Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject *incog.*, the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such Royal splendour. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money: often ask a man a hundred questions: about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the Royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George.

One day, when the King and Queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folk—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am the King's beef-eater's little boy,"

replied the child. On which the King said, "Then kneel down, and kiss the Queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty King ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot.

George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the King walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid with her pail, who was scrubbing the door-steps; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE LARK IN THE GOLD FIELDS

IT was the month of January in Australia; a blazing hot day was beginning to glow through the freshness of morning; the sky was an arch of pure blue; and the southern air crept slowly up, its wings clogged with fragrance, and just tuned the trembling leaves —no more. "Is not this pleasant, Tom? isn't it sweet?"

"I believe you, George; and what a shame to run down such a country as this! There they come home and tell you the flowers have no smell, but they keep dark about the trees and bushes being hay-stacks of flowers. Snuff the air as we go, it is a thousand English gardens in one. Look at all those tea-scrubs, each with a thousand blossoms on it as sweet as honey, and the golden wattles on the other side, and all smelling like seven o'clock, after which who need complain about flowers?"

"Ay, lad! it is very refreshing; and it is Sunday, and we have got away from the wicked for an hour or two. But in England there would be a little white church out yonder, and a spire like an angel's fore-finger pointing from the grass to heaven, and the lads in their clean smock-frocks like snow, and the girls in their new shawls, and the old women in their scarlet cloaks, all going one road, and a tinkle-tinkle from the belfry, that would turn all these other sounds and colours and sweet smells holy, as well as fair, on the Sabbath morn. Ah! England. Ah!"

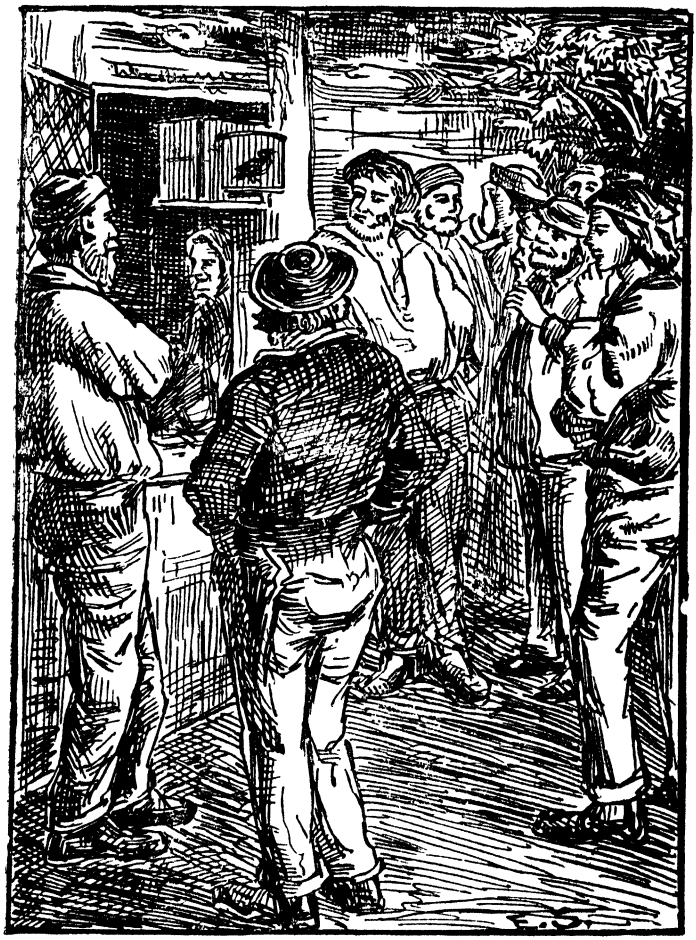
"There's no need to sigh: this is a lovely land. But where are we going, George?"

"Oh, not much further; only about twelve miles from the camp."

"Where to?"

"To a farmer I knew. I am going to show you a lark, Tom," said George, and his eyes beamed with kindness upon his comrade.

The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and grounds. "Here we are!" cried George, and his eyes glittered with innocent delight. The house was



THE LARK'S SONG

thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze-bush had been planted by the door. Upright oak

palings were the fence; with a five-barred gate in the middle of them.

From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned safe from over-towering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass plot and gravel walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Ah, well," said he, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves; and indeed it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way, here it is, here it is—there!" Tom looked up, and in a cage at the window there was a light-brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What! is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, but what is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it."

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh ay! I see! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your noise," cried one; "he is going to sing;" and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile

the past shone out in the song-shine: they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days,—the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover field hard by in which he lay and gambolled while the lark praised God overhead; the sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home.

CHARLES READE.

ROB ROY'S ESCAPE

(Rob Roy is captured and brought before the Duke of Montrose)

His manner was bold, unconstrained unless by the actual bonds, haughty, and even dignified. He bowed to the duke, nodded to Garschattachin and others, and showed some surprise at seeing me among the party.

"It is long since we have met, Mr. Campbell," said the duke.

"It is so, my lord duke; I could have wished it had been" (looking at the fastening on his arms) "when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace;—but there's a gude time coming."

"No time like the time present, Mr. Campbell," answered the duke, "for the hours are fast flying that must settle your last account with all mortal affairs. I do not say this to insult your distress; but you must be aware yourself that you draw near the end of your career. I do not deny that you may sometimes have done less harm than others of your unhappy trade, and that you may occasionally have exhibited marks of talent, and even of a disposition which promised better things. But you are aware how long you have

been the terror and the oppressor of a peaceful neighbourhood, and by what acts of violence you have

ROB ROY'S ESCAPE

"The prisoner secured with a horse-belt before the Duke of Montrose."

maintained and extended your usurped authority. You know, in short, that you have deserved death, and that you must prepare for it."

"My lord," said Rob Roy, "although I may well lay my misfortunes at your Grace's door, yet I will never say that you yourself have been the wilful and witting author of them. My lord, if I had thought sae, your Grace would not this day have been sitting in judgment on me; for you have been three times within good rifle distance of me when you were thinking but of the red deer, and few people have ken'd me miss my aim. But as for them that have abused your Grace's ear, and set you up against a man that was ance as peaceful' a man as ony in the land, and made your name the warrant for driving me to utter extremity,— I have had some amends of them, and, for a' that your Grace now says, I expect to live to hae mair."

"I know," said the duke, in rising anger, "that you are a determined and impudent villain, who will keep his oath if he swears to mischief; but it shall be my care to prevent you. You have no enemies but your own wicked actions."

"Had I called myself Grahame, instead of Campbell, I might have heard less about them," answered Rob Roy, with dogged resolution.

"You will do well, sir," said the duke, "to warn your wife and family and followers, to beware how they use the gentlemen now in their hands, as I will requite tenfold on them, and their kin and allies, the slightest injury done to any of His Majesty's liege subjects."

"My lord," said Roy in answer, "none of my enemies will allege that I have been a bloodthirsty man and were I now wi' my folk, I could rule four or five hundred wild Highlanders as easy as your Grace those eight or ten lackeys and foot-boys—but if your Grace is bent to take the head away from a house, ye may lay your account there will be misrule among the members. However, come o't what like, there's an honest man, a kinsman o' my ain, maun come by nae skaith. Is there ony body here wad do a gude deed for MacGregor?—he may repay it, though his hands be now tied."

The Highlander who had delivered the letter to the duke replied: "I'll do your will for you, MacGregor; and I'll gang back up the glen on purpose."

He advanced, and received from the prisoner a message to his wife, which, being in Gaelic, I did not understand, but I had little doubt it related to some measures to be taken for the safety of Mr. Jarvie.

The two troops of cavalry now formed, and prepared to march off the ground, that they might avail themselves of the remainder of daylight to get to their evening quarters. I received an intimation, rather than an invitation, to attend the party; and I perceived that, though no longer considered as a prisoner, I was yet under some sort of suspicion. The times were indeed so dangerous, the great party questions of Jacobite and Hanoverian divided the country so effectually,—and the constant disputes and jealousies between the Highlanders and Lowlanders, besides a number of inexplicable causes of feud which separated the great leading families in Scotland from each other, occasioned such general suspicion, that a solitary and unprotected

stranger was almost sure to meet with something disagreeable in the course of his travels.

I acquiesced, however, in my destination with the best grace I could, consoling myself with the hope that I might obtain from the captive freebooter some information concerning Rashleigh and his machinations. I should do myself injustice, did I not add that my views were not merely selfish. I was too much interested in my singular acquaintance not to be desirous of rendering him such services as his unfortunate situation might demand, or admit of his receiving.

The echoes of the rocks and ravines, on either side, now rang to the trumpets of the cavalry, which, forming themselves into two distinct bodies, began to move down the valley at a slow trot. That commanded by Major Galbraith soon took to the right hand, and crossed the Forth, for the purpose of taking up the quarters assigned them for the night, when they were to occupy, as I understood, an old castle in the vicinity. They formed a lively object while crossing the stream, but were soon lost in winding up the bank on the opposite side, which was clothed with wood.

We continued our march with considerable good order. To ensure the safe custody of the prisoner, the duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of his retainers, called, I was informed, Ewan of Brigglands, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. A horse-belt, passed round the bodies of both, and buckled before the yeoman's breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper. I was directed to keep close beside them, and accommodated for the purpose with a troop-horse. We were as closely surrounded by the soldiers as the width

of the road would permit, and had always at least one, if not two, on each side, with pistol in hand. Andrew Fairservice, furnished with a Highland pony, of which they had made prey somewhere or other, was permitted to ride among the other domestics, of whom a great number attended the line of march, though without falling into the ranks of the more regularly trained troopers.

In this manner we travelled for a certain distance, until we arrived at a place where we also were to cross the river. The Forth, as being the outlet of a lake, is of considerable depth, even where less important in point of width, and the descent to the ford was by a broken, precipitous ravine, which only permitted one horseman to descend at once. The rear and centre of our small body halting on the bank while the front files passed down in succession, produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions, and even some confusion; for a number of those riders, who made no proper part of the squadron, crowded to the ford without regularity, and made the militia cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, partake in some degree of their own disorder.

It was while we were thus huddled together on the bank that I heard Rob Roy whisper to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback. "Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles, like a calf, for a' the dukes in Christendom."

Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged, as one who would express by that sign that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

"And when the MacGregors come down the glen, and ye see toom faulds, a bluidy hearthstane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house,

ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob to the fore, you would have had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose."

Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent.

"It's a sair thing," continued Rob, sliding his insinuations so gently into Ewan's ear that they reached no other but mine, who certainly saw myself in no shape called upon to destroy his prospects of escape —"It's a sair thing, that Ewan of Brigglands, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with hand, sword and purse, suld mind a gloom from a great man mair than a friend's life."

Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. We heard the duke's voice from the opposite bank call, "Bring over the prisoner."

Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as I heard Roy say, "Never weigh a MacGregor's blude against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to gie for it baith here and hereafter," they passed me hastily, and, dashing forward rather precipitately, entered the water.

"Not yet, sir—not yet," said some of the troopers to me, as I was about to follow, while others pressed forward into the stream.

I saw the duke on the other side, by the waning light, engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed dispersedly, some higher, some lower. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash warned me that MacGregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The duke also heard the sound, and instantly

guessed its meaning. "Dog!" he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, "where is your prisoner?" and without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vassal began to falter forth, he fired a pistol at his head, whether fatally I know not, and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, disperse and pursue the villain.—An hundred guineas for him that secures Rob Roy!"

All became an instant scene of the most lively confusion. Rob Roy, disengaged from his bonds, doubtless by Ewan's slipping the buckle of his belt, had dropped off at the horse's tail, and instantly dived, passing under the belly of the troop-horse which was on his left hand. But as he was obliged to come to the surface an instant for air, the glimpse of his tartan plaid drew the attention of the troopers, some of whom plunged into the river, with a total disregard to their own safety, rushing, according to the expression of their country, through pool and stream, sometimes swimming their horses, sometimes losing them and struggling for their own lives. Others, less zealous or more prudent, broke off in different directions, and galloped up and down the banks, to watch the places at which the fugitive might possibly land. The hallooing, the whooping, the calls for aid at different points, where they saw, or conceived they saw, some vestige of him they were seeking,—the frequent report of pistols and carbines, fired at every object which excited the least suspicion,—the sight of so many horsemen riding about, in and out the river, and striking with their long broadswords at whatever excited their attention, joined to the vain exertions used by their officers to restore order and regularity,—and all this in so wild a scene, and visible only by the imperfect twilight of an autumn

evening, made the most extraordinary hubbub I had hitherto witnessed. I was indeed left alone to observe it, for our whole cavalcade had dispersed in pursuit, or at least to see the event of the search. Indeed, as I partly suspected at the time, and afterwards learned with certainty, many of those who seemed most active in their attempts to waylay and recover the fugitive, were, in actual truth, least desirous that he should be taken, and only joined in the cry to increase the general confusion, and to give Rob Roy a better opportunity of escaping.

Escape, indeed, was not difficult for a swimmer so expert as the freebooter, as soon as he had eluded the first burst of pursuit. At one time he was closely pressed, and several blows were made which flashed in the water around him; the scene much resembling one of the otter-hunts which I had seen at Osbaldistone Hall, where the animal is detected by the hounds from his being necessitated to put his nose above the stream to vent or breathe, while he is enabled to elude them by getting under water again so soon as he has refreshed himself by respiration. MacGregor, however, had a trick beyond the otter; for he contrived, when very closely pursued, to disengage himself unobserved from his plaid, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention; many of the horsemen were thus put upon a false scent, and several shots or stabs were averted from the party for whom they were designed.

Once fairly out of view, the recovery of the prisoner became almost impossible, since, in so many places, the river was rendered inaccessible by the steepness of its banks, or the thickets of alders, poplars, and birch,

which, overhanging its banks prevented the approach of horsemen. Errors and accidents had also happened among the pursuers, whose task the approaching night rendered every moment more hopeless. Some got themselves involved in the eddies of the stream, and required the assistance of their companions to save them from drowning. Others, hurt by shots or blows in the confused *melée*, implored help or threatened vengeance, and in one or two instances such accidents led to actual strife. The trumpets, therefore, sounded the retreat, announcing that the commanding officer, with whatsoever unwillingness, had for the present relinquished hopes of the important prize which had thus unexpectedly escaped his grasp, and the troopers began slowly, reluctantly, and brawling with each other as they returned, again to assume their ranks. I could see them darkening, as they formed on the southern bank of the river,—whose murmurs, long drowned by the louder cries of vengeful pursuit, were now heard hoarsely mingling with the deep, discontented, and reproachful voices of the disappointed horsemen.

Hitherto I had been as it were a mere spectator, though far from an uninterested one, of the singular scene which had passed. But now I heard a voice suddenly exclaim: "Where is the English stranger?—It was he gave Rob Roy the knife to cut the belt."

"Cleave the pock-pudding to the chafts!" cried one voice.

"Weize a brace of balls through his harn-pan!" said a second.

"Drive three inches of cauld airn into his brisket!" shouted a third.

And I heard several horses galloping to and fro, with the kind purpose doubtless, of executing these denunciations. I was immediately awakened to the sense of my situation, and to the certainty that armed men, having no restraint whatever on their irritated and inflamed passions, would probably begin by shooting or cutting me down, and afterwards investigate the justice of the action. Impressed by this belief, I leaped from my horse, and, turning him loose, plunged into a bush of alder-trees, where, considering the advancing obscurity of the night, I thought there was little chance of my being discovered.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LADY JANE GREY RESIGNS THE CROWN

AT length, the last morning which was to behold Jane queen dawned, and after an agitated and sleepless night, she addressed herself to her devotions, and endeavoured to prepare for the dangerous and difficult part she had to play. The Duke of Suffolk tried to persuade her to abdicate. But her husband, who, it has been already observed, inherited his father's ambitious nature, besought her not to part with the crown.

"It has been dearly purchased," he urged, "and must be boldly maintained. Let us meet the council courageously, and we shall triumph."

To this Jane assented. But it was evident from her manner she had but slight hopes.

At an early hour the lord mayor, the aldermen, and all the civic authorities who had been summoned, arrived. Cranmer and Ridley came soon after. The council were then summoned, and by ten o'clock all were assembled, excepting the Earls of Pembroke and

Arundel, Simon Renard, and De Noailles. As soon as Jane was seated beneath the state canopy, she ordered a pursuivant to summon them. Proclamation being made, a stir was heard at the lower end of the council-chamber, and the absentees presented themselves. All four advanced boldly towards the throne, and took their place among the council. Jane then arose, and with great dignity and self-possession thus addressed the assemblage:—

"My lords," she said, "I have summoned you, it may be for the last time, to deliberate on the course to be pursued to check the formidable tumults and rebellions that have been moved against me and my crown. Of that crown I cannot doubt I have lawful possession, since it was tendered me by your lordships, who have all sworn allegiance to me. Fully confiding, therefore, in your steadiness to my service, which neither with honour, safety, nor duty, you can now forsake, I look to you for support in this emergency."

Here a murmur arose among the council.

"What!" exclaimed Jane: "do you desert me at the hour of need? Do you refuse me your counsel and assistance?"

"We do," replied several voices.

"Traitors!" exclaimed Lord Guildford Dudley; "you have passed your own sentence."

"Not so, my lord," replied Simon Renard. "It is you who have condemned yourself." "Lady Jane Dudley," he continued in a loud voice, "you who have wrongfully usurped the title and station of queen, in your presence I proclaim Mary, sister to the late king Edward the Sixth, and daughter of Henry the Eighth of

famous memory, Queen of England and Ireland, and very owner of the crown, government, and title of England and Ireland, and all things thereunto belonging."

"God save Queen Mary!" cried the council.

A few dissentient voices were raised. But the Earl of Pembroke drew his sword, and cried in a loud voice, "As Heaven shall help me, I will strike that man dead who refuses to shout for Queen Mary." And he threw his cap in the air.

"Hear me," continued Renard, "and learn that resistance is in vain. I hereby proclaim a free pardon, in Queen Mary's name, to all who shall freely acknowledge her, excepting always the family of the Duke of Northumberland, who is a traitor, and upon whose head a price is set." "I require your grace," he added to Suffolk, "to deliver up the keys of the Tower."

"They are here," replied the duke, pointing to Magog who bore them.

"Do you yield, my lord?" cried Lord Guildford, passionately.

"It is useless to contend further," replied Suffolk. "All is lost."

"True," replied Jane. "My lords, I resign the crown into your hands; and Heaven grant you may prove more faithful to Mary than you have been to me. In obedience to you, my lord," she continued, addressing her husband, "I acted a violence on myself, and have been guilty of a grievous offence. But the present is my own act. And I willingly abdicate the throne to correct another's fault, if so great a fault can be corrected by my resignation and sincere acknowledgment."

"You shall not abdicate it, Jane," cried Dudley, fiercely. "I will *not* yield. Stand by me, Cholmondeley, and these audacious traitors shall find I am still master here. Let those who are for Queen Jane surround the throne."

As he spoke, he glanced round authoritatively, but no one stirred.

"Speak!" he cried, in accents of rage and disappointment. "Are ye all traitors? Is no one true to his allegiance?"

But no answer was returned.

"They are no traitors, my lord," said Simon Renard, "They are loyal subjects of Queen Mary."

"He speaks truly, my dear lord," replied Jane. "It is useless to contend further. I am no longer queen."

So saying, she descended from the throne.

"My lords," she continued, addressing the council, "you are now masters here. Have I your permission to retire?"

"You have, noble lady," replied Pembroke. "But it grieves me to add, that you must perforce remain within the Tower till the pleasure of her highness respecting you has been ascertained."

"A prisoner!" exclaimed Jane, trembling. "And my husband, you will suffer him to accompany me?"

"It cannot be," interposed Simon Renard, harshly; "Lord Guildford Dudley must be separately confined."

"You cannot mean this cruelty, sir?" cried Jane. indignantly.

"Do not sue for me, Jane," rejoined Dudley. "I will not accept the smallest grace at his hands."

"Guards!" cried Renard, "I command you, in Queen Mary's name, to arrest Lord Guildford Dudley, and convey him to the Beauchamp Tower."

The order was instantly obeyed. Jane then took a tender farewell of her husband, and accompanied by Cicely and Cholmondeley, and others of her attendants, was escorted to the palace.

She had no sooner taken her departure, than letters were despatched by the council to the Duke of Northumberland, commanding him instantly to disband his army. And the Earl of Arundel was commissioned to proceed with a force to arrest him.

With this the whole train departed from the Tower, and proceeded to Cheapside, where, by sound of trumpet, the new sovereign was proclaimed by the title of "Mary, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith."

Shouts rent the air, and every manifestation of delight was exhibited. "Great was the triumph," writes an eye-witness of the ceremony; "for my part, I never saw the like, and, by the report of others, the like was never seen. The number of caps that were thrown up at the proclamation was not to be told. The Earl of Pembroke threw away his cap full of angels. I saw myself money thrown out of the windows for joy. The bonfires were without number; and what with shouting and crying of the people, and ringing of bells, there could no man hear almost what another said, besides banqueting, and skipping the streets for joy."

The proclamation over, the company proceeded to St. Paul's where Te Deum was solemnly sung. It is a curious illustration of the sudden change of feeling,

that the Duke of Suffolk himself proclaimed Mary on Tower Hill.

The utmost confusion reigned throughout the Tower. Some few there were who regretted the change of sovereigns, but the majority were in favour of Mary. Northumberland, in fact, was so universally hated by all classes, and it was so notorious that the recent usurpation was contrived only for his own aggrandizement, that though Jane was pitied, no commiseration was felt for her husband or her ambitious father-in-law. Great rejoicings were held on the Tower Green, where an immense bonfire was lighted, and a whole ox roasted. Several casks of ale were also broached, and mead and other liquors were distributed to the warders and the troops. Lord Guildford Dudley witnessed these rejoicings from the windows of the Beauchamp Tower, in which he was confined; and as he glanced upon the citadel opposite his prison, now lighted up by the gleams of the fire, he could not help reflecting with bitterness what a change a few days had effected. The voices which only nine days ago had shouted for Jane, were now clamouring for Mary; and of the thousands which then would have obeyed his slightest nod, not one would acknowledge him now. From a prince he had become a captive, and his palace was converted into a dungeon. Such were the agonizing thoughts of Northumberland's ambitious son.

W. H. AINSWORTH.

SHAKESPEARE AT CHARLECOTE PARK

IT was a fine May morning when the bailiff of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, attended by some half-dozen serving men, rode quickly through the streets of Strat-

ford, and halted at the abode of his worship the Mayor. The children in the street stood mute, and stared; gossips ran to door and casement; Thrums, the tailor, mechanically twitched off his cap, and for a moment forgot the new bridal jerkin of Martin Lapworth, the turner, of Henley Street; John-a-Combe, the thrifty money-scrivener, startled from a sum of arithmetic, watched the horsemen with peering eyes and open mouth; and every face expressed astonishment and surmise as the horses' hoofs tore up the road, and the arms of the riders rang and clattered; and their visages, burly and glowing, showed as of men bearing mighty tidings. Had a thunderbolt fallen in the market-place, it could not more suddenly have broken the tranquillity of Stratford than had the sudden visit of Sir Thomas Lucy's retainers. Every one pressed to the Mayor's house to learn the tidings, and in a brief time one, taking up the fears of his neighbour for the truth, told an inquiring third that the swarthy Spaniard, with a thousand ships, had entered the Thames, and that her gracious highness the Queen was a close prisoner in the Tower. This rumour was opposed by another, averring that the Queen had drunk poison in a quart of sherris (a beverage much loved by her highness)—whilst a fourth story told of her private marriage with the Master of the Horse. Stratford was the very court place for rumour; old, yellow Avon paused in his course, astonished at the hum and buzz that came with every wind.

At length the truth became manifest. No Spanish vessel floated in the Thames; no Spanish flag blasted the air of England. Elizabeth yet gripped her sceptre. Still it was no mean event that could thrust seven of

Sir Thomas Lucy's men into their saddles and send them galloping, like so many St. Georges, to the Mayor of Stratford. Thus it was then: the park of Sir Thomas had been entered on the over-night, and one fine head of fallow deer stolen from the pasturage, whilst another was found sorely maimed, sobbing out its life among the underwood. The marauders were known, and Sir Thomas had sent to his worship to apprehend the evil-doers, and despatch them under a safe guard to the hall of Charlecote. This simple story mightily disappointed the worthy denizens of Stratford, and, for the most part, sent them back to their various business. Many, however, lingered about his worship's dwelling to catch a view of the culprits—for they were soon in custody—and many a head was thrust from the windows to look at the offenders, as, mounted on horseback, and well guarded on all sides by Sir Thomas Lucy's servants and the constables of Stratford, they took their way through the town, and, crossing the Avon, turned on the left to Charlecote.

There were four criminals, and all in the first flush of manhood; they rode as gaily among their guards as though each carried a hawk upon his fist and were ambling to the sound of Milan bells. One of the culprits was specially distinguished from his companions, more by the perfect beauty of his face than by the laughing unconcern that shone in it. He seemed about twenty-two years of age, of somewhat more than ordinary stature, his limbs combining gracefulness of form with manly strength. He sat upon his saddle as though he grew there. His countenance was of extraordinary sweetness. He had an eye, at once so brilliant and so deep, so various in its expres-

sion, so keenly piercing, yet so melting'y soft—an eye so wonderful and instant in its power as though it could read the whole world at a glance—such an eye as hardly ever shone within the face of man; it was not an eye of flesh—it was a living soul. His nose and chin were shaped as with a chisel from the fairest marble; his mouth looked instinct with thought, yet as sweet and gentle in its expression as is an infant's when it dreams and smiles. And as he doffed his hat to a fair head that looked mournfully at him from an upper casement, his broad forehead bared out from his dark curls in surpassing power and amplitude. It seemed a tablet writ with a new world.

The townspeople gazed at the young man, and some of them said, "Poor Will Shakespeare!" Others said, "'Twas a sore thing to bring up a child for the gallows!" and one old crone lifted up her lean hands and cried, "God help poor Anne Hathaway, she had better married the tailor!" Some prophesied a world of trouble for the young man's parents; many railed at him as 'a scapegrace given to loose companions, a mischievous varlet, a midnight roysterer; but the greater number only cried, "Poor Will Shakespeare!" It was but a short ride to the hall yet, ere the escort had arrived there, Sir Thomas Lucy with some choice guests was seated at dinner.

Hereupon the constables were ordered to take especial care of the culprits, who were forthwith consigned to the darkest and strongest cellar at Charlecote. There, it was thought, they would learn to mend their manners.

In the morning Sir Thomas took his chair of state and ordered the culprits to his presence. The servants

hurried to the cellar—but the birds were flown. How they effected their escape remaineth to this day a mystery, though it cannot be disguised that heavy suspicion fell upon four of the maids. The story went that Shakespeare was a day or two afterwards passed on the London road.

This tale was corroborated by John-a-Combes. For, many years afterwards, a townsman of Stratford, who had quitted his native place for the Indies just at the time that Warwickshire rang with the deeds of the deer-stealers, returned home and amongst other gossip was heard to ask the thrifty money-getter what became of that rare spark, Will Shakespeare; him who entered Sir Thomas's park at Charlecote? "Marry, sir," replied John, "The worst has become of him, for after that robbery he went to London, where he turned stage actor, and writ plays, *King Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello,* and such things."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

HOW HE FACED THE CRISIS

EDINBURGH, *January 20, 1826.*

MY DEAR LOCKHART—I have your kind letter. Whenever I heard that Constable had made a *cessio fori,* I thought it became me to make public how far I was concerned in these matters, and to offer my fortune so far as it was prestable, and the completion of my literary engagements (the better thing almost of the two); to make good all claims upon Ballantyne & Co.; and even supposing that neither Hurst & Co. nor Constable & Co. ever pay a penny they owe me, my old age will be far from destitute—even if my right hand should lose its cunning. This is the *very worst*

that can befall me; but I have little doubt that, with ordinary management, the affairs of those houses will turn out favourably. It is needless to add that I will not engage myself, as Constable desires, for £20,000 more —or £2,000—or £200. I have advanced enough already to pay other people's debts, and now must pay my own. If our friend C. had set out a fortnight earlier, nothing of all this would have happened; but he let the hour of distress precede the hour of provision, and he and others must pay for it. Yet don't hint this to him, poor fellow; it is an infirmity of nature.

I have made my matters public, and have had splendid offers of assistance, all which I have declined, for I would rather bear my own burden than subject myself to obligation. There is but one way in such cases.

It is easy, no doubt, for any friend to blame me for entering into connection with commercial matters at all. But I wish to know what I could have done better, excluded from the Bar, and then from all profits for six years, by my colleague's prolonged life. Literature was not in those days what poor Constable has made it; and, with my little capital, I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family. I got but £600 for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* and—it was a price that made men's hair stand on end—£1,000 for *Marmion.* I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say that his difficulties, as well as his advantages are owing to me. I trusted too much to Constable's assurances of his own and his correspondents' stability, but yet I believe he was only sanguine. The upshot is just what Hurst & Co. and Constable may be able to pay me; if 15s. in the pound, I shall not complain of my loss, for I have gained many

thousands in my day. But while I live I shall regret the downfall of Constable's house, for never did there exist so intelligent and so liberal an establishment. They went too far when money was plenty, that is certain; yet if every author in Britain had taxed himself half a year's income, he should have kept up the house which first broke upon the monopoly of the London trade, and made letters what they now are.

I have had visits from all the monied people, offering their purses—and those who are creditors, sending their managers and treasurers to assure me of their joining in and adopting any measures I may propose. I am glad of this for their sake and for my own; for although I shall not desire to steer, yet I am the only person that can *com*, as Lieutenant Hatchway says, to any good purpose. A very odd anonymous offer I had of £30,000, which I rejected, as I did every other. Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one. Since my creditors are content to be patient, I have the means of righting them perfectly, and the confidence to employ them. I would have given a good deal to have avoided the *coup d'éclat;* but that having taken place, I would not give sixpence for any other results. I fear you will think I am writing in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune. My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as you ever saw me, and working at *Woodstock* like a very tiger. I am grieved for Lady Scott and Anne, who cannot conceive adversity can have the better of them, even for a moment. If it teaches a little of the frugality which I never had the heart to enforce when money was plenty, and it seemed

cruel to interrupt the enjoyment of it in the way they liked best, it will be well.

Kindest love to Sophia, and tell her to study the song and keep her spirits up. Tyne heart, tyne all; and it is making more of money than it is worth to grieve about it. Kiss Johnnie for me. How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship,—Yours, dear Lockhart, affectionately.

WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Sir Walter Scott was born in 1771, and died in 1832. He was first famous as the writer of poems, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake.* But he afterwards became still more renowned as the author of the Waverley Novels, the first of which, *Waverley,* was published in 1814. Among the best we may mention *The Antiquary, Heart of Midlothian, Ivanhoe,* &c.

PART I

I HAVE known few things in the world more delightful than to meet people who have met and conversed with Sir Walter Scott. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of several persons who lived near the great man, and were on intimate terms with him for years. To hear them describe his noble character, imitate the tones of his sympathetic voice, and dwell upon his genius, was indeed something to delight in.

An old Edinburgh friend, the excellent Adam Black, told me that when Scott came stumping along the road with his cane and his dogs, and raised his cheery voice of greeting, it seemed as if his merry laugh cleared the whole air, and Nature herself rejoiced to have him abroad amid her glories. Mr. Black declared him to be the best-humoured man that ever lived; a man whose

sympathy was always ready, and whose kindness was enduring.

One who knew him well, said that it was impossible to decide whether he had the clearest head or the soundest heart in all Scotland. How they loved him on Tweedside, we may gather from his son-in-law's beautiful anecdote of the poor music-master who offered Scott all his savings when the great novelist fell into money difficulties.

SCOTT

It was something to be remembered to hear Washington Irving discourse of Scott. To the end of his life this charming writer could not speak of his friend without enthusiasm. How kind in advice the author of *Waverley* was to the timid young American, when he received him in 1817 at Abbotsford!

'The glorious old minstrel,' said Irving, 'came limping (for he was very lame) to the gate, took me by the hand, and we were friends in a moment. I cannot express to you my delight as to his character and manners. He was a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, and his deportment toward his family, his neighbours, his domestics, the very dogs and cats, I can never forget; everything that

came within his influence seemed to catch a beam of the sunshine which played around his heart.

He entered into every passing scene and pleasure with the simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seemed too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit.'

Sir Walter Scott's boyhood has been most pleasantly described by himself and is full of interest. When only a year and a half old, a fever deprived him of the use of his right leg. They carried him into the country and tried all sorts of remedies, hoping to cure his malady.

By degrees he got strength to stand, then to walk, and then to run, but he never was wholly cured of his lameness. At Bath he lived a year to get the benefit of the waters, and it was there he first learned to read at a dame's school. I think his lameness gave him many hours of leisure within doors which he might not have had if his limb had been sound. At any rate, he devoured books at a rapid rate, and early became interested in deeds of chivalry, as the character of his writings clearly indicates.

He read with avidity everything that he could lay his hands upon in the form of history and poetry. When some odd volumes of Shakespeare first fell in his way he read the plays with a kind of rapture, sitting up half-dressed, and rapidly perusing them by the light of a midnight fire when the family had retired to bed.

PART II

As Scott grew older, a kind old man who owned a library recommended him to read Ossian and Spenser, and these books excited him to a wonderful degree.

All this time he was a scholar in the High School of Edinburgh. Soon he became inspired by the beauties of the natural scenery on the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, and this early love of the beautiful never deserted him.

After he left college and his father had entered him a student at law, he began to compose romances and stirring ballads, which he repeated with much applause to a knot of cronies, who were never tired of listening to Watty Scott, as they called the young man.

Lame as he was, he was a great walker in those days, and frequently accomplished thirty miles a day, in visiting ruins and old battle-fields. Wandering over the field of Bannockburn gave him exquisite pleasure, and he explored many an old castle with James Ramsay, his fellow law apprentice. Sir Walter lamented all his life long that he had not studied more thoroughly the essentials of a good education, and often said he had neglected his school advantages in early youth. But during his school days he certainly learned many things worth knowing.

When Walter was a boy of fifteen, Robert Burns, the famous Scottish poet, came to Edinburgh for a first visit to the capital. Scott was very anxious to meet Burns, he so loved his poetry and so honoured the man, and at last his desire was gratified. Burns came to Professor Ferguson's, one day, when Scott and some half-dozen other youngsters were present. An engraving of a dead soldier in the snow, with his dog by his side and his widow and his child watching near, was handed about among the company. Under the picture were some lines descriptive of the sad scene.

Burns was so affected by the picture that he shed tears, and asked who was the author of the lines. Nobody but Walter Scott remembered, and he whispered the author's name to a friend standing near, who informed Burns. The poet turned and looked kindly at the lad, and Scott remembered that look all his life.

Walter Scott is indeed a literature in himself. His genius throws a lustre on the art of story-telling, and renders fiction a boon to the human race. His imagination had a range of eight centuries to unfold itself in, and he roamed through them with a masterful power and beauty. No good reader ever outgrows Sir Walter. Once take him to your heart, and there is no parting company with him after that. In age he will be just as fresh as he was to you in childhood, and you will never tire of his delightful companionship, or have a misunderstanding with him.

Lockhart, in his description of Sir Walter's last hours at Abbotsford, says: 'As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September 1832, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last stage of feebleness.

'"Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here." With this he sank into a tranquil sleep. But the contest was soon to be over.

About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every

window was wide open — and so still that the sound most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son closed and kissed his eyes.'

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A PORTRAIT OF DR. JOHNSON

JOHNSON grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mr. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank,— all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him, not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame

was not fully established and his habits completely formed.

At the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word Poet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted

by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitcat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the High Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternostor Row.

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

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received a figure uncouth, a diseased constitution, and an irritable

temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed, had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilised beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine. But when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from

a man long tried by bitterest calamities, by the wart of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home, on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous, and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and

sorrow. Goldsmith crying because "The Good-natured Man" had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events, but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh.

LORD MACAULAY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century, was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. While he was still a child, his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the country of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier, Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had features harsh even to ugliness. The smallpox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder, which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which

produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court; they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some friends from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the University. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter.

He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him.

Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated University, the third University at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians;

but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of the convents.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request: there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company, but the appointment was speedily revoked. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived and many which have perished. All these works were anonymous, but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's, and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He

was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered Parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate.

Goldsmith was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, despatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid, and the sheriff's officer withdrew. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

But before the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in print came the great crisis in Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled the *Traveller*. It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of an English classic.

While the fourth edition the *Traveller* was on the counters of the booksellers, the *Vicar of Wakefield*

appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker, and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the *Good-natured Man*, a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, no less than £500, five times as much as he had made by the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together. The plot of the *Good-natured Man* is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time.

In 1770 appeared the *Deserted Village*. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to the *Traveller;* and it is generally preferred to the *Traveller* by that large class of readers who think that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however,

while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster: but, by joining the two, he has produced something which never was, and never will be, seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The *Good-natured Man* had been too funny to succeed; yet, the mirth of the *Good-natured Man* was sober when compared with the rich drollery of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries, were in a constant roar of laughter. Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the *Deserted Village* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, he was employed on works of a very different kind, works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a *History of Rome* by which he made £300, a

History of England by which he made £600, a *History of Greece* for which he received £250, a *Natural History* for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works were produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great, and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft even to weakness: he was so generous that he quite forgot to be just: he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them; and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, frivolous, profuse, improvident.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But, after his name had appeared on the title-page of the *Traveller*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven

years of his life, certainly exceeded £400 a year; and £409 a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, and gave dinners of several courses. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. He had also been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000, and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments.

His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients.

"I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule, to prescribe only for my friends."

"Pray, dear doctor," said a friend, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies."

Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians, and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restless-

ness continued He could get no sleep. He could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3rd of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple, but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten.

LORD MACAULAY.

A FAMOUS LETTER OF DR. JOHNSON

MY LORD,—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might attain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door;

during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

MY TAME HARES

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything that

would engage my attention, without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, which was kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and had more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they

persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud, till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore-feet, spring forward,

and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am

persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar: a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

W. COWPER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH TO HIS MOTHER

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddle-back, into cash, took my passage in a ship

bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was, that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious, and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddle-back, and bade adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for a man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. "We shall," says he, "enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse."

However, upon the way, I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I

thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his nightcap, nightgown and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbour. He made no answer, but walked about the room, rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and as that increased, I gave the most favour-

able interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening; and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologised that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would "lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark." My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. "To be sure," said he, "the longer you stay away from your mother the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of

softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking "how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?" I begged to borrow a single guinea which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. "And you know, sir," said I, "it is no more than I have done for you." To which he firmly answered: "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there; I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse, and I will furnish you a much better one to ride on." I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bed chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. "Here he is," said he; "take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride." I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlour, he introduced me as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighbourhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at

last consented, determined as I was by two motives; one, that I was prejudiced in favour of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbour's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbour.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them: for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavoured to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A NIGHT'S VIGIL

[This piece is Chapter II of Meadows Taylor's 'A Noble Queen'. It is a historical romance relating to the life of Queen Chand Bibi of Ahmednagar.

Abbas Khan was a Dekkhan cavalier in the army of Bijapur. Wounded in a skirmish, he was carried by a faithful Hindu Beydur Chief across the river Krishna to the hill fort of Juldroog where he was tended by a Dervish.]

The night was hot, and the incessant roar of the cataract came fitfully on the ear as it now swelled into a deep thunderous sound, and again was softened by the night air. Under the effects of the opiate the young man seemed to sleep for a while, but the fever prevailed again, and with bright glassy eyes the sufferer now stared vacantly about him, recognising no one, and relapsing into insensibility; but he muttered low words to himself, and all they who watched could distinguish, were an occasional fierce battle cry, and the broken interjections of a combat. From time to time the old Dervish felt his pulse and his head, but there were no signs of relief, and he sate down again anxiously. "The sun hath stricken him," he said to the child, "as well as the sword, and it may go hard with him, strong as he is. Alas! alas! if he should die? Yet he shall not die unless Alla wills it. If I could but see him, Ya Kureem! if I could but see him! Watch him carefully, Zora, and tell me from time to time how he looks; give him the cooling drink when he is uneasy, and see that the cloths on his brow do not get dry. Ere morning he may sleep quietly. Meanwhile I will pray for him, child, and if it be his fate he will live;" and the Dervish turned aside,

and Zora saw his beads passing through his fingers and his lips moving in prayer as he bowed his face to the ground.

So the child watched, and wondered as she gazed on the face and figure lying before her. Sometimes the features would be distorted by pain, and again this would be changed to fierce excitement, and the battle cries would be uttered with a fierce vigour as he partly rose and waved his right arm as if it held a sword; but the girl put it back gently, and patted him as she would a child. Sometimes his lips would seem to be dry, and his tongue stiff and clammy, and he would cry for water faintly and querulously; and the cool drink administered to him from time to time soothed him for the moment, and he lay quietly. Zora was an experienced nurse, for often she had attended the sick and wounded who were brought to her grandfather's humble dwelling for help. She had no timidity of men, she had never been secluded like other girls of her age, and her office was to lead her grandfather when he moved abroad, and to tend the sick who came for his advice. The light was purposely dimmed, but her form could be clearly seen, and we may endeavour to describe it.

Zora was apparently about fourteen years old, perhaps somewhat more; but she was tall for her age, and her figure was lithe and supple. She was fair in comparison with ordinary Mussulman women of her country, but not fairer than a light, clear, ruddy brown, betokening health and strength. Her head was small and perfectly shaped, sitting on a graceful neck; and her hair, a glossy black, escaped from under the scarf she wore, in a profusion of soft curls, which seemed to wind lovingly about her neck and shoulders. Her forehead was wide

and somewhat low, but smooth and glistening, the eyebrows gently arched and regular; but it was the eyes that involuntarily attracted every beholder, and with her mobile lips expressed every emotion of her mind. Now they would be fully and tenderly opened, and you would see the large soft dilated pupil of a velvety black, floating, as it were, on a ground of the tenderest violet and azure. A merry arch glance shot from them as they closed almost to a twinkling dot of light. They seemed incapable of anger or petulance, and, indeed, the child's life had as yet been one of little sorrow or excitement of any kind, and her natural disposition was gentle and submissive.

It was certain that her figure would be strikingly elegant as her age progressed, but as yet there was no indication of form, except a lithesness and grace which marked every movement; and as she stretched forth her hand to minister to the wounded sufferer, her rounded arms, small hands, and taper fingers, gave promise of actual beauty in days to come; while as she threw back her luxuriant hair, the movement of her neck conveyed an exquisite undulating motion to her whole figure. No one could call the girl beautiful, or her features regular; they would not have been nearly so charming had they been so; but her mouth and pearly teeth accorded with all else, and combined to produce a countenance as attractive as it was in reality arch, good-humoured, and interesting. She was very plainly, not to say coarsely, clad; but the simple muslin scarf, which passing round her body and head fell over her right arm, was worn with a peculiar air and grace, and added to the charm of her looks.

She was mistress of her grandfather's house; and the gossips about, though somewhat shocked at her being seen abroad at all, told her she was too old to wear a child's trousers, and they had been discarded. Round her neck she wore a single silver ring, and silver bracelets and anklets, but hid away in a chest were some gold ornaments and rich clothes. And in regard to these, and to his former life, her grandfather was silent. Some day, he had said, he would tell her all, but she was too young yet, and it was a sad story. All that she knew of him from the neighbours was that, although a Dervish, he was a state prisoner, and the time of his first coming to the fort had been forgotten long ago.

Her mother had died in her fancy, yet Zora's young life had been a happy one as she grew up. The old man had taught her the rudiments of Persian, and the meanings of words, at first parrotwise, but gradually, and with the aid of a village scribe, she had progressed easily and satisfactorily. Her grandfather usually spoke to her in that language, and she could now write a fair hand, and record what he dictated to her. She had had few companions, except when she was a mere child, for as she grew older her grandfather admonished her against the idle gossip of the little village which lay beneath the fortress, and when she went out with him to lead him where he desired to go, no one, out of respect to the old man, ever addressed her. She had only one attendant, an old woman named Mamoola, who swept the house and cooked their simple meals, and was assisted by Zora in all other household matters with unceasing skill and interest in her occupation. Who could make the tender

hot cakes and the various kinds of vermicelli in which the old man delighted, more deftly than Zora? Who could sew the old-fashioned flowing garments he wore, so well as she? And she had learned also to make quilted caps, and embroider them with gold and silver ornaments and spangles, which the soldiers of the fort commissioned, and were sold also in the little weekly bazaar, bringing a welcome addition to their limited means. Zora's soft pretty drawer-strings also were knitted in elegant patterns, and finished with gay tassels, and there was an active demand for them. So, in all respects, the little maiden was ever busy, and any loneliness of life or care had as yet never reached her.

Zora sighed as she looked on the young Khan so restless in his feverish sleep. Why should he have come to such a pass? Why should the pitiful Alla have thus struck him down in his strength and power of life, and cast him upon the care of strangers? What misery would be his mother's or his sister's, perhaps his wife's, if they could only see him now, moaning and murmuring in his sleep, and now and again shouting his fierce battle-cry, "Deen! Deen!" and raising his arm to strike? What was war, that men should risk their lives for its dread honours, sudden death or a maimed life? War was indeed a common theme even among children of her own age, and there were names of heroes in their mouths. But war had now come to the lonely, secluded fortress of Juldroog. Soldiers came and went, and wounded men were brought in, and her grandfather was often called to them. Ah! it must be pitiful to see thousands of them lying on the bare earth, blistering in the sun, with horrible wounds undressed and uncared for; and the very

thought made her shiver and draw her scarf tighter around her.

Before her lay a youth whose form was cast in a noble fashion. His muscular arms were bare, and his broad chest, except where it was bound up. When the features were at rest, they seemed to her grand and beautiful; and when he sometimes smiled during his snatches of sleep, a winning frank expression passed over them, and the gentlest smile she had ever seen. Again, in a paroxysm of pain or delirium, the whole was distorted and blurred, and the girl turned away her face with tears and low sobs, which she could only with difficulty stifle. And still she watched, and the old man kept his prayerful vigil, and the cataract continued its monotonous, thundering roar, which seemed at times to fall into a sobbing moan.

"Lie down and sleep, Zora," said the dervish, in a low tone. "Thou must be weary of watching, my child, and the night is far spent."

"Not so, Abba!" which was her usual term of endearment for her grandfather; "not so. I am not weary. I cannot sleep; and he needs watching every moment. He will not bear the sheet over his chest, and is ever throwing it off; his lips are dry and parched; and he looks at me sometimes, and points to his throat and head, as if to ask for cool drink and wet cloths, and I have to give them. O Abba! will he die? Surely the good God will spare him. Come and feel his pulse, for he seems hotter and more restless."

"It is as you say, my darling," replied the old man, who had risen and felt his patient all over. "It may be the crisis of the sun fever, and he may be better, or may pass away in death at dawn. Go quietly; bring

me of the cooling powders we made a few days ago; they are from a formula of Aboo Sena, of blessed memory, and are potent to check fever like this Go and bring one."

"Oh that these sightless eyes could see but for a moment, that his face might be revealed to me," thought the Dervish; "names that I have not heard for years have escaped his lips, and Humeed Khan is his uncle! What Humeed Khan? what Ankoos Khan? Eynool-Moolk—is that traitor still living? Even as I sit here, blind and helpless, the old scenes—the noble buildings of Beejapoor, the pomp of royalty and war, are before me—all confused and blurred in my memory with the miserable King Ibrahim and his riotous revels. Strange mockery of fate! that when honour and wealth were seemingly in my grasp they should have passed into blindness and this prison. Yet it was Thy will, O pitiful Alla! and the old Dervish accepts it reverently. I must be careful," he continued to himself, as the light step of Zora entered the chamber. "She hath never known, and must not see my weakness. Zora, hast thou brought the medicine?"

"It is here, Abba," she said. "How am I to give it?"

"When he is athirst again, put half the powder into the drink, and watch the result. If his skin becomes moist, give no more; but if in an hour he is still burning, give him the rest. I can do no more, child, but commit him into the Lord's hands. I shall not leave thee, Zora; but I am weary, and would sleep. If thou art afraid at any time, I shall awake with a touch, and will sit by thee; but where are the Nawab's people? they can take their turn, surely".

"All gone," said Zora. "With one excuse or other they went away, and I have been alone; but one man lies without, who has sat there since the youth was brought in, looking wistful, like a dog which seeks its master. I asked him who he was, and he says he is Runga Naik Beydur, but that he may not come in as he is of low caste. May he come, Abba?"

"Surely, child, surely. True Islam knows no distinction of caste in mercy's service and thou mayest admit him to watch with thee if thou wilt; and 'tis thus, my brave one," he added, tenderly passing his hands over her face, "'tis thus thou learnest the ways of mercy and pity. See, he stirs and writhes. I hear his movement."

"'Tis but what has happened before," she replied, as she poured some of the sherbet into a small silver cup, and mixed the powder with it. Zora saw that he drank it eagerly, and again shrank back upon his pillow.

"Now I will call the Beydur," said Zora, as she went to the door, and found the man watching as before. "Rise, and follow me," she said.

"But I am unclean, lady," was the reply. "Who admits the Beydur within the threshold of a devout Moslim? Yet if I might help thee to tend him—my brave boy—my heart would thank thee."

"My grandfather bids thee come, in the name of Alla," said the girl. "Rise and enter; you are welcome."

The man rose, and bending down to the earth clasped her feet and kissed them passionately. Zora could feel the hot tears dropping from his eyes, as he put his lips to them. "So much love," she thought, "and for a Moslim!" "Abba lies in here," she said, as she

crossed the chamber, and the stalwart form of the Beydur followed.

"He is welcome, in the name of the most Merciful," said the old man; "let him watch."

"Not before I have kissed your reverend feet. I know thee, Huzrut, but I can be silent as death," said the man, partly removing his turban, and prostrating himself. "And I may watch?"

"Hast thou eaten, my son? dost thou desire food?"

"None," replied Runga. "To see him yonder and watch by him is food and drink to me, for I love him, Huzrut, love him as though he were my own child. If he lives, I will eat when I have bathed. If he die, I will stay till the earth covers him, and then depart, for I shall have a long and weary journey before me. Will he live?"

"As God pleases," was the reply. "I have done what I could, and he is in His hands. Watch and see."

Then Runga Naik sat down by the bed and watched with the girl. His touch seemed as tender as a woman's as he smoothed the pillow of the sufferer, changed the wet cloths on his head, and placed the wounded arm in easier positions; but still the moaning and delirium continued, and the muttering, of which Zora could catch only a word here and there.

"His spirit is in the fight," said Runga, softly. "Do not be afraid! and he killed his enemy as he received that blow. But he did not strike first, and Meeah's was the strongest blow, and Elias Khan was dead ere he fell from his horse. Then we too struck in and brought Meeah away safely, I and two others; but it was hard to bring him through the waves of heat, and

now it is harder still, for they struck him down. Hast thou no more medicine? He must not rave thus."

"I have," she said; "but whether he will live or die under it Abba cannot tell, and I fear."

"Give it, in the name of the Lord!" said the Beydur, earnestly. "The remedy of a holy man cannot fail. And now lie down and sleep, lady," he continued, after the remedy had been administered; "I will watch."

"I cannot sleep," she replied, "let me watch with thee."

So they remained silent; but the two faces before her had a fascination for Zora that she could not overcome. The one, noble, dignified, and in its full beauty of tender manhood, with its, as yet, downy moustache and beard; and the other hard and stern, with eyes and mouth that could perhaps be cruel, a thick moustache and grizzled whiskers, and a forehead seamed with furrows yet all combining in an expression of tender pity and grief that could hardly be suppressed. What could be the connection between the two men, separated as they were by race and faith?

They watched till the day was breaking and the birds in the trees began to chirp and twitter, and a cock crew loudly; then Abbas Khan, who had been lying, as it were, in a trance, suddenly opened his eyes quietly and saw the Beydur sitting by his bed. "Runga!" he said faintly, "Runga!"

"Dost thou know me, Meeah?" was the reply. "It is, indeed, Runga. What wouldst thou?"

"I have been dreaming," he said, wearily, "and the last scowling glance of my foe as I struck him down has been ever before me; but there came at times a Peri of Paradise who gave to me of the heavenly

sherbet, and the angel drove him away, and he could not take me to hell;" and he sank back exhausted.

"It is the crisis Abba spoke of," whispered Zora, "and if he sleep it is well. Speak not, but watch."

The intensity of anxiety with which both watched the young man cannot be described, but the struggle between death and life did not continue long. Presently tears seemed to steal from his eyelids and fall upon his cheek, the quick gasping breath became more regular, there was a dew upon the lips, and the skin was becoming cooler and moister every moment; and yet, it might be deceptive!

"Dost thou know me, Meeah?" asked the Beydur. There was no reply, but a gratified smile overspread the face, and taking the Beydur's rough hand in his own, Abbas Khan clasped it to his heart and fell gently into slumber.

"Oh! I vowed sheep to thee, Mother, for his life, and thou hast accepted the vow, and he is safe. Safe, lady, safe!" he said eagerly to Zora, in a low voice full of emotion. "Safe, and he shall ride again with me against his country's enemies. Now more covering if thou hast it, for cold must not strike him. And do thou take rest, for the night has been a weary one to thee. See, the old man sleeps softly; Meeah said truly thou art of heaven."

The excitement had been great, and the girl had not once closed her eyes. Now the kind words of the stranger affected her deeply, and as she lay down on her carpet, which had been spread in a corner of the room, tears burst from her eyes and low sobs rose which she could not control; but they soothed her, and she fell into a deep sleep.

The world abroad was astir in the early morn, the birds twittered and chirped in the great tamarind trees, pigeons fluttered in the little mosque, cooed and greeted each other, ringdoves seemed to answer them, and noisy paroquets flew screaming abroad to get their early food. As the sun rose, his ruddy beams rested on the grim rocks and feathery foliage of the deep glen with glowing lustre, and at the end of the Fort Island the noble river spread out into a large, quiet, lake-like pool. The cataract above still roared with a sullen moan, but the water was not so high, for, like all sudden and early floods, the river had subsided continuously during the night. The only one stirring in the house was the old woman-servant. She had milked the cow and the goats, and turned them loose to graze, and had sat down to pick rice for morning meal.

"It must be *kicheri* and *dall*, I suppose; they had *phoolkas* and *dall* yesterday. No, I will make the *kicheri*; too much *dall* is not good for the Huzrut, and it will be good for the stranger too, if he wakes and the fever is gone. Ya Kurreem! what a night it was, and yet that child never flinched once, nor feared the wild raving she heard. *Punah*! I could not have borne it—not I; and when I looked in last, who should be sitting by the bed but that bloody reiver Runga Naick, who shook his finger at me and then put his hand on his lips and motioned me away; and Zora lay in the corner sleeping, never thinking that that man of blood was nigh her. Ugh! I should have trembled too much to have attempted to sleep; but God only knows what that child is. Mayhap an angel from before the Lord, for she is born for good works and loving deeds. 'Nurse,' she says sometimes, 'are there none sick in the village

whom I could attend? Are there none poor whom we can feed? Go, look round, and bring me news.' She would be doing good now, I warrant me, if she were not asleep. But let her sleep and wake of herself, my fairy! my darling!"

"Mother! Mother Mamoola!" cried a rough strong voice at the entrance of the little enclosure before the Dervish's dwelling. "Mother! where art thou? I have been looking everywhere about, but no one is stirring. Art thou dead? Is the Dervish dead?"

"Get away with thee, oh, bawling wretch!" cried the dame angrily, as she put down her rice sifter, not relishing this interruption to her soliloquy. "Get thee gone, I say, and keep silence. They are all asleep, after a fearful night with the wounded man," she continued, as she reached the entrance. "Ah! it is thee, Ghuffoor. Why art thou bawling so?"

"Do not be angry so early in the day, mother," said the man; "it will spoil thy temper. My lord the Nawab is even now coming down the hill with all his retinue, and must be admitted to see his cousin. I am sent on to warn ye all. Where is the fairy face? and the Huzrut ought to be at prayers in the mosque; let me go to him, wherever he be,"

"I tell thee, again, begone!" retorted the dame. "Tell the Nawab Sahib that they are all asleep, and neither I, Mamoola, nor anyone else shall rouse them for the Nawab, or fifty Nawabs. Tell him this from me, Mamoola, and bid him go back as he came. The youth's spirit hovers between life and death, but, praise to the saints, he sleeps; and they all sleep, too, except Runga Naick, who watches the youth as though he were his own son. Begone, I say, and run at thy best speed, or

we may have the crier shouting my lord's titles, and horns blowing, and a din enough to wake the dead."

"Well, if it be so," said the man laughing, "I will deliver thy message, but the Nawab will not relish it. Hath he not prepared chambers, and have not the cooks been at work since daylight?"

"Ah me!" said the dame, wiping her eyes with the corner of her scarf; "you will have to eat the good food yourselves, for the youth may not eat except what the Huzrut allows him, even if he eat at all for many a day, except a mouthful. He is as weak and helpless as a child, after that wound and sun-burning; and I am going to cook a mild *kicheri* myself. God grant him strength to eat, if ever so little! But I am prating to thee while thou shouldst be half way up the mountain. Away with thee, and return soon; if the youth recovers, we will send word that the Nawab may come in the evening."

"Now I did what was right," crooned the old dame to herself, as she resumed her rice-picking on the steps of the dwelling. "Perhaps my lord the Nawab, may be angry; but who cares? What would the old man have said if I had let them all in, I wonder?"

"Mother!" said a gentle voice behind her; "Mother! he sleeps still. Runga hath not even withdrawn his hand the youth took and held fast; but he motioned me to feel his head, and said it was painful. And I looked, and behold! there is a wound in it. Yet he has never flinched or complained. Mother, come with me; we can wash it gently, and we can put on the cool herbs and tie it up. And Abba still sleeps peacefully, and the youth like a tired child, and never stirs. Oh, mother!

he will live! he will live! May the good saints preserve him for his mother!"

And the girl and her attendant went and did their kindly office. The Naik's wound was not deep, but he had narrowly escaped death, as he knew; and as the cool dressing was applied, tears of relief and gratitude coursed down his rugged cheeks.

"He sleeps; he is cool as an infant," he said in a whisper. "He has not moved nor let go my hand. Yes; he will live, lady; live to be grateful to thee, as I am."

Zora marvelled at the man's endurance and heroism so truly proved. All the previous day, though badly wounded in the defence of his young master, he had borne heat, and dust, and fatigue without a murmur or a thought except for him whom he had rescued from death, and he had watched through the night without food or relief from pain. "What am I to him?" she thought, sadly; "but I am only a child, only a child."

And the hot day passed, and they fanned the sleeper gently. The old Dervish, when he awoke, examined his patient carefully, and was satisfied. Nothing could induce Runga to leave his post, but having bathed hurriedly in the holy river, he ate a little of the dame's good mess, drank some of the cooling sherbet, and was refreshed. The Nawab had turned back as he had been bidden to do but he sent continual messages of inquiry, and was told in reply that the youth still slept. So the day passed in perfect quiet to all, and when the sun was declining, and the birds were coming to rest, the young Khan woke quietly.

At first he could not remember where he was, or what had happened, and his first glance rested upon Zora, who was gently fanning him, and he said, almost in a

whisper, "Who art thou? I know thee; thou art the angel that came to me in the night and gave me sherbet of Paradise. Who art thou?"

"I am only Zora," she said modestly, while she covered her face with her scarf, as if for the first time she became aware that a man gazed at her. "But you are not to speak, sir; I am bid not to let you speak; close your eyes and sleep again."

"No," he said; "I have slept enough, and the burning fever hath departed."

"She is right, Meeah," said "Runga Naik bending over him. "Sleep now, again, for danger is past, and Huzrut says you will live. When you wake again you may have some light food."

"Runga, thou here! I thought I saw thee in a dream, and had thy hand in mine. But why is thy head bandaged?"

"'Tis only a scratch and the Huzrut has dressed it," he replied, "I will tell thee all another time. I am well of it now that I hear thy voice."

"It seems all like a hideous dream, Runga; the fight, the ride through those billows of heat and dust; and I remember, too, seeing a cataract, and seething water below, tossing like horses fighting. Who told me that? And then I thought I was on a raft, dancing on the waves, and thou supporting me; and I swooned, and remember no more except the angel who came to me and cooled my parching thirst."

"Enough!" cried Zora, stamping her little foot. "Do I not tell thee thou art not to speak? Art thou mad?"

The oddity of the child's vehemence, and her tone of absolute command, seemed to amuse the sufferer, for he smiled gratefully as he looked up at her.

"Yes, fairy face," he said, "I will try to sleep again, and do thou come to me in my dreams."

The next day, however, the Nawab was not to be silenced. His physician had arrived from Moodgul, and having visited the wounded man, declared that he might now be removed to the upper fort in a closed litter with safety, and that the comparative freshness of the air of the citadel would conduce to his recovery. Towards evening, therefore, the young Khan took his departure, promising to return to see them when he was able.

M. TAYLOR.

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

As we are now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of a gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came

was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question: though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that

will make you split your sides with laughing.—But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife,

"not silver! the rims not silver?"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your sauce-pan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SHOWING HOW MR. PICKWICK UNDERTOOK TO DRIVE AND MR. WINKLE TO RIDE

BRIGHT and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air and beautiful the appearance of every object around, as Mr. Pickwick leaned over the balustrades of Rochester Bridge, contemplating nature, and waiting for breakfast-time.

C. DICKENS.

On his return to the inn, Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were awaiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers.

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman; and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives. Oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle-horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick.—"Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Now Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and Mr. Pickwick was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in—"bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floorcloth shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose. The deputy hostler placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust the whip into his right.

"Wo—o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler, encouragingly, and ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle, faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler.—"Hold him in, sir;" and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole innyard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"Wo—o!" said Mr. Pickwick, when they had travelled some distance in this way; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip,

there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and, having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and, grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery; the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as at first.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity; he threw the reins—on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise-whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold.

The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr.

Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stockstill to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Form; and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and above all, the horse.

Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse! He had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dire imaginings

by the sudden appearance of two figures at a turn of the land. It was Mr. wardle, and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

"Why, where *have* you been?" said the hospitable old gentleman; "I've been waiting for you all day. Well, you *do* look tired. What! Scratches! Not hurt, I hope — eh? Well, I *am* glad to hear that — very. So you've been spilt, eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. — Joe — he's asleep again! — Joe, take that horse from the gentleman, and lead it into the stable."

The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman, condoling with his guests in homely phrase on so much of the day's adventures as they thought proper to communicate, led the way to the kitchen.

"We'll have you put to rights here," said the old gentleman, "and then I'll introduce you to the people in the parlour."

When his guests had been washed, mended, and brushed, the party traversed several dark passages, and arrived at the parlour door.

"Welcome," said their hospitable host, throwing it open and stepping forward to announce them, "Welcome, gentlemen, to Manor Farm."

CHARLES DICKENS.

JANE EYRE

[Jane Eyre is an orphan girl. She is sent by her aunt to a charity school at Lowood. The child's first experiences at this school have not been happy.]

BUT the privations, or rather the hardships, of Lowood lessened. Spring drew on — she was indeed already

come; the frosts of winter had ceased; its snows were melted, its cutting winds ameliorated. My wretched feet, flayed and swollen to lameness by the sharp air of January, began to heal and subside under the gentler breathings of April; the nights and mornings no longer by their Canadian temperature froze the very blood in our veins; we could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden; sometimes on a sunny day it began even to be pleasant and genial, and a greenness grew over. Flowers peeped out amongst the leaves: snowdrops, crocuses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies. On Thursday afternoons (half-holidays) we now took walks, and found still sweeter flowers opening by the way-side under the hedges.

April advanced to May—a bright serene May it was; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigour; Lowood became all green, all flowery; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life; woodland plants sprang up profusely in its recesses; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows. All this I enjoyed often and fully, free, and unwatched, and almost alone: for this unwonted liberty and pleasure there was a cause, to which it now becomes my task to advert.

Have I not described a pleasant site for a dwelling, when I speak of it as bosomed in hill and wood? Assuredly, pleasant enough, but whether healthy or not is another question.

That forest dell, where Lowood lay, was the cradle of fog-bred pestilence; which quickening with quickening spring, crept into the orphan Asylum, breathed typhus through its crowded schoolroom and dormitory,

and, ere May arrived, transformed the seminary into a hospital.

Semi-starvation and neglected colds had predisposed most of the pupils to receive infection: forty-five out of eighty girls lay ill at one time. Classes were broken up, rules relaxed. The few who continued well were allowed almost unlimited license, because the medical attendant insisted on the necessity of frequent exercise to keep them in health: and had it been otherwise, no one had leisure to watch or restrain them. Miss Temple's whole attention was absorbed by the patients; she lived in the sick-room, never quitting it except to snatch a few hours' rest at night. The teachers were fully occupied with packing up and making other necessary preparations for the departure of those girls who were fortunate enough to have friends and relations able and willing to remove them from the seat of contagion. Many, already smitten, went home only to die: some died at the school, and were buried quietly, and quickly, the nature of the malady forbidding delay.

While disease had thus become an inhabitant of Lowood, and death its frequent visitor; while there was gloom and fear within its walls; while its rooms and passages steamed with hospital smells, that bright May shone unclouded over the bold hills and beautiful woodland out of doors. Its garden, too, glowed with flowers: hollyhocks had sprung up tall as trees, lilies had opened, tulips and roses were in bloom; the borders of the little beds were gay with pink thrift and crimson double daisies: the sweet-briars gave out morning and evening their scent of spice and apples; and these fragrant treasures were all useless for most of the inmates of

Lowood, except to furnish now and then a handful of herbs and blossoms to put in a coffin.

But I and the rest who continued well, enjoyed fully the beauties of the scene, and season: they let us ramble in the wood, like gipsies, from morning till night; we did what we liked, went where we liked; we lived better too. Mr. Brocklehurst and his family never came near Lowood now; household matters were not scrutinised into; the cross house-keeper was gone, driven away by the fear of infection; her successor, who had been matron at the Lowton Dispensary, unused to the ways of her new abode, provided with comparative liberality. Besides there were fewer to feed; the sick could eat little; our breakfast-basins were better filled when there was no time to prepare a regular dinner, which often happened; she would give us a large piece of cold pie, or a thick slice of bread and cheese, and this we carried away with us to the wood, where we each chose the spot we liked best and dined sumptuously.

My favourite seat was a smooth and broad stone, rising white and dry from the very middle of the beck, and only to be got at by wading through the water; a feat I accomplished barefoot. The stone was just broad enough to accommodate comfortably another girl and me, at that time, my chosen comrade—one Mary Ann Wilson; a shrewd, observant personage, whose society I took pleasure in, partly because she was witty and original, partly because she had a manner which set me at my ease. Some years older than I, she knew more of the world, and could tell me many things I liked to hear; with her my curiosity found gratification: to my faults also she gave ample indulgence, never

imposing curb or rein on anything I said. She had a turn for narrative, I for analysis; she liked to inform, I to question; so we got on swimmingly together, deriving much entertainment, if not much improvement, from our mutual intercourse.

And where, meantime, was Helen Burns? Why did I not spend the sweet days of liberty with her? Had I forgotten her? or was I so worthless as to have grown tired of her pure society? Surely, the Mary Ann Wilson I have mentioned was inferior to my first acquaintance: she could only tell me amusing stories, and reciprocate any racy and pungent gossip I chose to indulge in: while, if I have spoken truth of Helen, she was qualified to give those who enjoyed the privilege of her converse, a taste of far higher things.

True, reader; and I knew and felt this: and though I am a defective being, with many faults and few redeeming points, yet I never tired of Helen Burns; nor ever ceased to cherish for her a sentiment of attachment, as strong, tender, and respectful as any that ever animated my heart. How could it be otherwise when Helen, at all times and under all circumstances, evinced for me a quiet and faithful friendship, which ill-humour never soured, nor irritation ever troubled? But Helen was ill at present: for some weeks she had been removed from my sight to, I knew not, what room upstairs. She was not, I was told, in the hospital portion of the house with the fever patients; for her complaint was cousumption, not typhus: and by consumption I, in my ignorance, understood something mild, which time and care would be sure to alleviate.

I was confirmed in this idea by the fact of her once or twice coming downstairs on very warm sunny

afternoons, and being taken by Miss Temple into the garden: but on these occasions, I was not allowed to go and speak to her; I only saw her from the school-room window, and then not distinctly; for she was much wrapped up, and sat at a distance under the veranda.

One evening, in the beginning of June, I had stayed out very late with Mary Ann in the wood; we had, as usual, separated ourselves from the others, and had wandered far: so far that we lost our way, and had to ask it at a lonely cottage, where a man and woman lived, who looked after a herd of half-wild swine that fed on the mast in the wood. When we got back, it was after moon-rise: a pony, which we knew to be the surgeon's, was standing at the garden door. Mary Ann remarked that she supposed some one must be very ill, as Mr. Bates had been sent for at that time of the evening. She went into the house; I stayed behind a few minutes to plant in my garden a handful of roots I had dug up in the forest, and which I feared would wither if left them till the morning. This done, I lingered yet a little longer: the flowers smelt so sweet as the dew fell; it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow; the moon rose with such majesty in the grave east. I was noting these things and enjoying them as a child might, when it entered my mind as it had never done before—

"How sad to be lying now on a sick-bed, and to be in danger of dying! This world is pleasant—it would be dreary to be called from it, and to have to go who knows where?"

While pondering this new idea, I heard the front door open; Mr. Bates came out, and with him was a nurse. After she had seen him mount his horse and depart, she was about to close the door, but I ran up to her.

"How is Helen Burns?"

"Very poorly," was the answer.

"Is it her Mr. Bates has been to see?"

"Yes."

"And what does he say about her?"

"He says she'll not be here long."

I experienced a shock of horror, then a strong thrill of grief, than a desire—a necessity to see her; and I asked in what room she lay.

"She is in Miss Temple's room," said the nurse.

"May I go up and speak to her?"

"Oh no, child! It is not likely; and now it is time for you to come in; you'll catch the fever if you stand out when the dew is falling."

The nurse closed the front-door; I went in by the side entrance which led to the schoolroom: I was just in time; it was nine o'clock, and Miss Miller was calling the pupils to go to bed.

It might be two hours later, probably near eleven when I—not having been able to fall asleep, and deeming from the perfect silence of the dormitory, that my companions were all wrapt in profound repose—rose softly, put on my frock over my night-dress, and, without shoes, crept from the apartment, and set off in quest of Miss Temple's room. It was quite at the other end of the house; but I knew my way; and the light of the unclouded summer moon, entering here

and there at passage windows, enabled me to find it without difficulty. An odour of camphor and burnt vinegar warned me when I came near the fever room; and I passed its door quickly, fearful lest the nurse who sat up all night should hear me. I dreaded being discovered and sent back, for *I must* see Helen—I must embrace her before she died—I must give her one last kiss, exchange with her one last word.

Having descended a staircase, traversed a portion of the house below, and succeeded in opening and shutting, without noise, two doors, I reached another flight of steps; these I mounted, and then just opposite to me was Miss Temple's room. A light shone through the keyhole, and from under the door; a profund stillness pervaded the vicinity; coming near, I found the door slightly ajar, probably to admit some fresh air into the close abode of sickness. Indisposed to hesitate, and full of impatient impulses, soul and senses quivering with keen throes, I put it back and looked in. My eye sought Helen, and feared to find death.

Close by Miss Temple's bed, and half covered with its white curtains, there stood a little crib. I saw the outline of a form under the clothes, but the face was hid by the hangings: the nurse I had spoken to in the garden sat in an easy-chair, asleep; an unsnuffed candle burnt dimly on the table. Miss Temple was not to be seen: I knew afterwards that she had been called to a delirious patient in the fever room. I advanced: then paused by the crib side: my hand was on the curtain, but I preferred speaking before I withdrew it. I still recoiled at the dread of seeing a corpse.

"Helen!" I whispered softly; "are you awake?"

She stirred herself, put back the curtain, and I saw her face, pale, wasted, but quite composed; she looked so little changed that my fear was instantly dissipated.

"Can it be you, Jane?" she asked, in her own gentle voice.

"Oh!" I thought, "she is not going to die; they are mistaken: she could not speak and look so calmly if she were."

I got on to her crib and kissed her: her forehead was cold, and her cheek both cold and thin, and so were her hand and wrist: but she smiled as of old.

"Why are you come here, Jane? It is past eleven O'clock: I heard it strike some minutes since."

"I came to see you, Helen: I heard you were very ill, and I could not sleep till I had spoken to you."

"You came to bid me good-bye, then: you are just in time probably."

"Are you going somewhere, Helen? Are you going home?"

"Yes; to my long home, my last home."

"No, no, Helen!" I stopped, distressed. While I tried to devour my tears, a fit of coughing seized Helen; it did not, however, wake the nurse. When it was over, she lay some minutes exhausted; then she whispered.

"Jane, your little feet are bare; lie down and cover yourself with my quilt." I did so: she put her arm over me, and I nestled close to her. After a long silence, she resumed, still whispering—

"I am very happy, Jane; and when you hear that I am dead, you must be sure and not grieve: there is

nothing to grieve about. We all must die one day, and the illness which is removing me is not painful: it is gentle and gradual: my mind is at rest. I leave no one to regret me much, I have only a father; and he is lately married, and will not miss me. By dying young, I shall escape great sufferings. I had not qualities or talents to make my way very well in the world: I should have been continually at fault."

"But where are you going to, Helen? Can you see? Do you know?"

"I believe; I have faith; I am going to God."

"Where is God? What is God?"

"My Maker and yours, who will never destroy what He created. I rely implicitly on His power, and confide wholly in His goodness: I count the hours till that eventful one arrives which shall restore me to Him, reveal Him to me.

"You are sure, then, Helen, that there is such a place as heaven; and that our souls can get to it when we die?"

"I am sure there is a future state; I believe God is good; I can resign my immortal part to Him without any misgiving. God is my father; God is my friend; I love Him; I believe He loves me."

"And shall I see you again, Helen, when I die?"

"You will come to the same region of happiness: be received by the same mighty universal Parent, no doubt, dear Jane."

Again I questioned; but this time only in thought. "Where is that region? Does it exist?" And I clasped my arms closer round Helen; she seemed dearer to me than ever; I felt as if I could not let her go; I lay

with my face hidden on her neck. Presently she said in the sweetest tone—

"How comfortable I am! That last fit of coughing has tired me a little; I feel as if I could sleep: but don't leave me, Jane; I like to have you near me."

"I'll stay with you, *dear* Helen; no one shall take me away."

"Are you warm, darling?"

"Yes."

"Good-night, Jane.

"Good-night, Helen."

She kissed me, and I her, and we both soon slumbered.

When I awoke it was day: an unusual movement roused me; I looked up; I was in somebody's arms; the nurse held me; she was carrying me through the passage back to the dormitory. I was not reprimanded for leaving my bed; people had something to think about; no explanation was afforded then to my many questions; but a day or two afterwards I learned that Miss Temple, on returning to her own room at dawn, had found me laid in a little crib; my face against Helen Burns's shoulder, my arms, round her neck. I was asleep, and Helen was—dead.

Her grave is in Brocklebridge churchyard: for fifteen years after her death it was only covered by a grassy mound; but now a gray marble tablet marks the spot inscribed with her name, and the word "Resurgam."

CH. BRONTE.

FOR LIBERTY

[*From "Uncle Tom's cabin"*]

Mr. Shelby was a slave-owner in Kentucky in the United states. He fell into heavy debt to one Mr. Haley, a slave-trader, a man of forbidding aspect and character. He now took it into his head to press Mr. Shelby for immediate payment and would not leave him till he consented to sell away Tom and a little boy Harry. This latter was the only son of Eliza, Mrs. Shelby's maid. While this bargaining was transpiring in a room, Eliza chanced to overhear their conversation, and all alarmed, she ran up to her mistress and entreated her to intercede on her boy's behalf. Mrs. Shelby assured her that her fears were groundless, and she must be a fool to believe that such a thing could ever happen.

Just at this time George Harris, Eliza's husband, happened to be a slave under another master, and was so cruelly treated that he made up his mind to flee away rather than stay a moment longer. He had just peeped in at Mr. Shelby's to break his resolve to his wife and take leave of her.

THE CURSE OF SLAVERY

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Shelby sat talking together.

"By-the-by, Arthur, who was that low-bred fellow that you had in to our dinner-table to-day?" said Mrs. Shelby.

"Haley is his name," said Shelby, turning himself rather uneasily in his chair.

"Is he a negro-trader?" said Mrs. Shelby, noticing a certain embarrassment in her husband's manner.

"Why my dear, what put that into your head?" said Shelby looking up.

"Nothing—only Eliza came in here after dinner in a great worry, crying and taking on, and said you were talking with a trader, and that she heard him make an offer for her boy—the ridiculous little goose!"

"She did, eh?" said Mr. Shelby, returning to his paper, which he seemed for a few moments quite intent upon, not perceiving that he was holding it upside down!

"I told Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, "that she was a little fool for her pains, and that you never had anything to do with that sort of persons. Of course I knew you never meant to sell any of our people, least of all to such a fellow.

"Well, Emily," said her husband, "so I have always felt and said; but the fact is, I shall have to sell some of my hands."

"To that creature? Impossible! Mr. Shelby, you cannot be serious."

"I am sorry to say that I am," said Mr. Shelby, "I've agreed to sell Tom."

"What! our Tom?—that good, faithful creature—been your faithful servant from a boy! Oh, Mr. Shelby!—and you have promised him his freedom too—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. Well, I can believe anything now. I can believe *now* that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza's only child!" said Mrs. Shelby, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"Well, since you must know all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both; and I don't know

why I am to be rated as if I were a monster, for doing what every one does every day,"

"But why, of all others, choose these?" said Mrs. Shelby. "Why sell them?"

"Because they will bring the highest sum of any—that's why. I could choose another, if you say so. The fellow made me a high bid on Eliza; but I didn't listen to it a moment—out of regard to your feelings I wouldn't; so give me some credit."

"My dear," said Mrs. Shelby, recollecting herself, "forgive me. I have been hasty. I was surprised, and entirely unprepared for this. But surely you will allow me to intercede for these poor creatures. Tom is a noble-hearted, faithful fellow, though he is black. I do believe, Mr. Shelby, that if he were put to it, he would lay down his life for you."

"I know it, I dare say; but what's the use of all this? I can't help myself. I'm sorry you feel so about it, Emily—indeed I am," said Mr. Shelby; "but I tell you now solemnly it's of no use—I can't help myself. I did not mean to tell you this, Emily; but, in plain words, there is no choice between selling these two and selling everything. Either they must go, or *all* must. Haley has come into possession of a mortgage, which, if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I was in his power, and *had* to do it."

Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her toilet, she rested her face in her hands, and gave a sort of groan.

"This is God's curse on slavery!—a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing!—a curse to the master, and a

curse to the slave! I was a fool to think I could make anything good out of such a deadly evil. It is a sin to hold a slave, under laws like ours: I always felt it was. But I thought I could gild it over; I thought, by kindness, and care, and instruction, I could make the condition of mine better than freedom—fool that I was!"

THE MOTHER

There was one listener to the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Shelby whom they little suspected. Eliza, full of fear, had hidden herself in a large closet which opened both into her mistress's room and also into the passage.

When the voices died into silence, Eliza rose from her hiding-place and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress's door and raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room.

It was a quiet neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress's. There was the pleasant sunny window where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there was a little case of books, and various little fancy articles ranged by them, the gifts on Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers. Here was, in short, her home; and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious

face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bed-clothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.

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

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

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

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and so fond is a mother's remembrance, that even in the terrors of that hour she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favourite toys, reserving a gaily-painted parrot to amuse him when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but after some effort he sat up, and was playing with his bird while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl. "Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the bed with his little coat and cap.

His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter. "Hush, Harry," she said; "mustn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man is coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him off in the dark. But mother won't let him;

she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him." Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and opening a door in her room which led into the outer veranda, she glided noiselessly out.

It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night; and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck. A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window-pane. Instantly the door was opened, and Uncle Tom and his wife, Aunt Chloe, came out in surprise.

"I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe," said Eliza', "carrying off my child. Master sold him!"

"Sold him!" echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

"Yes, sold!" said Eliza firmly. "I crept into the closet by mistress's door to-night and I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry and you, Uncle Tom, both to a trader; and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

Tom had stood during this speech with his hands raised and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed rather than seated himself on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon his knees.

"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. "Oh, it don't seem as if it was true! What has he done that master should sell *him*?"

"He hasn't done anything—it isn't for that Master don't want to sell; and missis—she's always good—I heard her plead and beg for us. But he told her 'twas no use—that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him; and that if he didn't pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all—the man was driving them so hard.

"And now," said Eliza as she stood in the door, "when I saw my husband this afternoon, I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing-place, and he told me to-day that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went. And tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him; and tell him if I never see him again—" She turned away and stood with her back to them for a moment, and then added in a husky voice, "Tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven." A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and clasping her wondering and affrighted child in her arms, she glided noiselessly away.

ELIZA'S ESCAPE

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin. But stronger than all other feelings combined was her maternal love, aroused by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and in an indifferent case she would only

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

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

Meanwhile the child slept; his little sleepy head on her shoulder; the small, soft arms, trustingly holding on to her neck. At first the novelty and alarm kept the child waking: but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that, if he were only still, she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep, —

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within that was no part of her; and the boy dropped

his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came on her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements!

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood, passed by her dizzily as she walked on; and still she went leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects, upon the open highway.

She had often been with her mistress to visit some friends in the little village not far from the Ohio river, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape: beyond that, she could only hope in God.

In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling an apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile. After a while they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him; and sitting down behind a rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to thurst some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe! We must go on—on—till we come to the

river!" And she hurried again into the road. At noon she stopped at a neat farmhouse to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and herself; then on again she went. An hour before sunset she entered the village by the Ohio river, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Eliza stood for a while contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small inn on the bank to make a few inquiries. The hostess, who was busy in various stewing operations over the fire, preparing the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"Isn't there any ferry, or boat, that takes people over the river now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats have stopped running. But there's a man, who will be here presently, that is going across to-night if it is any way prudent. So you had better sit down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake. But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening the door of a small bed room, where stood a comfortable bed.

Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters, with their freight of ice, that lay between her and liberty.

A DESPERATE LEAP

The slave-trader who had purchased her son was indeed fast approaching. As soon as Eliza's flight was discovered, Haley prepared to follow in pursuit. But he was not to get away as quickly as he wished. Sam and Andy, the negroes who were told to assist Haley, saw that their mistress did not want Eliza to be overtaken, and so they caused Haley's horse to throw its master; and then letting their own horses loose, they spent the remainder of the morning in catching them.

It was two o'clock before Haley, attended by Sam and Andy, started in pursuit. They had not gone far before they came to a place where two roads met. Both roads had once led to the river, but one of them was now closed. Sam knew this, and he told Mr. Haley so, but in such a manner that the slave-trader would not believe him. An hour's riding brought them to the end of the road; then they had to retrace their path. It was evening before they reached the village where Eliza was resting with her child. About three-quarters of an hour after she had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern, her pursuer came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing at the window when her quick eye caught a glimpse of the dreaded object. A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side-door to the river. She caught up her child and sprang down

the steps towards it. The trader espied her just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, he was after her like a hound after a deer.

In that dizzy moment her feet scarce seemed to her to touch the ground, and in a few seconds she reached the water's edge. Right on behind came her pursuer. Nerved with strength such as God gives only to the

desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; even the slave-hunter, as he came down the bank, instinctively cried out and lifted up his hands as she did it.

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

"You're a brave girl now, whoever ye are!" said the man.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh save me—save me—do hide me!" said Eliza. "My child—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his master," said she pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank. "I say you're a right brave girl. I like pluck when I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank the man paused.

"I'd be glad to do something for you," said he, "but then there's nowhere I could take you. The best I can do is to tell you to go up there," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself off the main street of the village. "Go there; they're kind folks. There's no kind o' danger but they'll help you—they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you," said Eliza earnestly. And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go along, girl! What do you take a fellow for? Of course not," said the man. "Come now, go along like a brave, sensible girl, as you are. You've earned your liberty, and you shall have it, for me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

Eliza made her desperate flight across the river just in the dusk of twilight. The gray mist of evening, rising slowly from the river, enveloped her as she disappeared up the bank; and the swollen current and floundering masses of ice presented a hopeless barrier between her and her pursuer. Haley therefore slowly and discontentedly returned to the little tavern, to ponder further what was to be done.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

MR. TULLIVER SHOWS HIS WEAKER SIDE

[This forms the latter part of chapter VIII, Bk. I, of 'The Mill on the Floss.']

"Brother, I'm glad to see you," she said in an affectionate tone. "I didn't look for you to-day. How do you do?"

"Oh . . . pretty well, Mrs. Moss . . . pretty well," answered the brother, with cool deliberation, as if it were rather too forward of her to ask that question. She knew at once that her brother was not in a good humour: he never called her Mrs. Moss except when he was angry, and when they were in company. But she thought it was in the order of nature that people who were poorly off should be snubbed. Mrs. Moss did not take her stand on the equality of the human race: she was a patient, prolific, loving-hearted woman.

"Your husband isn't in the house, I suppose?" added Mr. Tulliver, after a grave pause, during which four children had run out, like chickens whose mother has been suddenly in eclipse behind the hencoop.

"No," said Mrs. Moss, "but he's only in the potato-field yonder. Georgy, run to the Far Close in a minute, and tell father your uncle's come. You'll get down, brother, won't you, and take something?"

"No, no; I can't get down. I must be going home again directly," said Mr. Tulliver, looking at the distance.

"And how's Mrs. Tulliver and the children?" said Mrs. Moss humbly, not daring to press her invitation.

"Oh . . . pretty well. Tom's going to a new school at Midsummer—a deal of expense to me. It's bad work for me, lying out o' my money."

"I wish you'd be so good as let the children come and see their cousins some day. My little uns want to see their cousin Maggie, so as never was. And me her godmother, and so fond of her—there's nobody 'ud make a bigger fuss with her, according to what they've got. And I know she likes to come, for she's a loving child, and how quick and clever she is, to be sure!"

If Mrs. Moss had been one of the most astute women in the world, instead of being one of the simplest, she could have thought of nothing more likely to propitiate her brother than this praise of Maggie. He seldom found anyone volunteering praise of "the little wench:" it was usually left entirely to himself to insist on her merits. But Maggie always appeared in the most amiable light at her aunt Moss's: It was her Alsatia, where

she was out of the reach of law—if she upset anything, dirtied her shoes, or tore her frock, these things were matters of course at her aunt Moss's. In spite of himself, Mr. Tulliver's eyes got milder, and he did not look away from his sister, as he said—

"Ay: she's fonder o' you than o' the other aunts, I think. She takes after our family: not a bit of her mother's in her."

"Moss says she's just like what I used to be," said Mrs. Moss, "though I was never so quick and fond o' the books. But I think my Lizzy's like her *she's* sharp. Come here, Lizzy, my dear, and let your uncle see you: he hardly knows you; you grow so fast."

Lizzy, a black-eyed child of seven, looked very shy when her mother drew her forward, for the small Mosses were much in awe of their uncle from Dorlcote Mill. She was inferior enough to Maggie in fire and strength of expression, to make the resemblance between the two entirely flattering to Mr. Tulliver's fatherly love.

"Ay, they're a bit alike," he said, looking kindly at the little figure in the soiled pinafore. "They both take after our mother. You've got enough o' gells, Gritty," he added in a tone half compassionate, half reproachful.

"Four of 'em, bless 'em," said Mrs. Moss, with a sigh, stroking Lizzy's hair on each side of her forehead; "as many as there's boys. They've got a brother apiece."

"Ah, but they must turn out and fend for themselves," said Mr. Tulliver, feeling that his severity was relaxing, and trying to brace it by throwing out a wholesome hint. "They musn't look to hanging on their brothers."

"No; but I hope their brothers 'ull love the poor things, and remember they came o' one father and mother: the lads'ull never be the poorer for that," said Mrs. Moss, flashing out with hurried timidity, like a half-smothered fire.

Mr. Tulliver gave his horse a little stroke on the flank, then checked it, and said angrily, "Stand still with you!" much to the astonishment of that innocent animal.

"And the more there is of 'em, the more they must love one another," Mrs. Moss went on, looking at her children with a didactic purpose. But she turned towards her brother again to say, "Not but what I hope your boy 'ull allays be good to his sister, though there's but two of 'em, like you and me, brother."

That arrow went straight to Mr. Tulliver's heart. He had not a rapid imagination, but the thought of Maggie was very near to him, and he was not long in seeing his relation to his own sister side by side with Tom's relation to Maggie. Would the little wench ever be poorly off, and Tom rather hard upon her?

"Ay, ay, Gritty," said the miller with a new softness in his tone; "but I've allays done what I could for you," he added, as if vindicating himself from a reproach.

"I am not denying that, brother, and I'm noways ungrateful," said poor Mrs. Moss, too fagged by toil and children to have strength left for any pride. "But here's the father. What a while you've been Moss!"

"While do you call it?" said Mr. Moss, feeling out of breath and injured. "I've been running all the way. Won't you 'light, Mr. Tulliver?"

"Well, I'll just get down and have a bit o' talk with you in the garden," said Mr. Tulliver, thinking that he

should be more likely to show a dre spirit of resolve if his sister were not present.

He got down, and passed with Mr. Moss into the garden, towards an old yew-tree arbour, while his sister stood tapping her baby on the back, and looking wistfully after them.

Their entrance into the yew-tree arbour surprised several fowls that were recreating themselves by scratching deep holes in the dusty ground, and at once took flight with much pother and cackling. Mr. Tulliver sat down on the bench, and tapping the ground curiously here and there with his stick, as if he suspected some hollowness, opened the conversation by observing, with something like a snarl in his tone—

"Why, you've got wheat again in that Corner Close I see; and niver a bit o' dressing on it. You'll do no good with it this year."

Mr. Moss, who, when he married Miss Tulliver, had been regarded as the buck of Basset, now wore a beard nearly a week old, and had the depressed, unexpectant air of a machine-horse. He answered in a patient, grumbling tone, "Why, poor farmers like me must do as they can: they must leave it to them as have got money to play with, to put half as much into the ground as they mean to get out of it."

"I don't know who should have money to play with, if it isn't them as can borrow money without paying interest," said Mr. Tulliver, who wished to get into a slight quarrel; it was the most natural and easy introduction to calling in money.

"I know I'm behind with the interest," said Mr. Moss, "but I was so unlucky wi' the wool last year; and

what with the missis being laid up so, things have gone awk'arder nor usual."

'Ay," snarled Mr. Tulliver, "there's folks as things 'ull allays go awk'ard with: empty sacks 'ull never stand up right."

"Well, I don't know what fault you've got to find wi' me, Mr. Tulliver," said Mr. Moss deprecatingly; "I know there isn't a day-labourer works harder."

"What's the use o' that," said Mr. Tulliver sharply, "when a man marries, and's got no capital to work his farm but his wife's bit o' fortin'? I was against it from the first; but you'd neither of you listen to me. And I can't lie out o' my money any longer, for I've got to pay five hundred o' Mrs. Glegg's, and there'll be Tom an expense to me—I should find himself short, even saying I'd got back as all is my own. You must look about and see how you can pay me the three hundred pound."

"Well, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Moss, looking blankly before him, "we'd better be sold up, an, ha' done with it; I must part wi' every head o' stock I've got, to pay you and the landlord too."

Poor relations are undeniably irritating—their existence is so entirely uncalled for on our part, and they are almost always very faulty people. Mr. Tulliver had succeeded in getting quite as much irritated with Mr. Moss as he had desired, and he was able to say angrily, rising from his seat—

"Well, you must do as you can. I can't find money for everybody else as well as myself. I must look to my own business and my own family. I can't lie out o' my money any longer. You must raise it as quick as you can."

Mr. Tulliver walked abruptly out of the arbour as he uttered the last sentence, and, without looking round at Mr. Moss, went on to the kitchen-door, where the eldest boy was holding his horse, and his sister was waiting in a state of wondering alarm, which was not without its alleviations, for baby was making pleasant gurgling sounds, and performing a great deal of finger practice on the faded face. Mrs. Moss had eight children, but could never overcome her regret that the twins had not lived. Mr. Moss thought their removal was not without its consolations. "Won't you come in, brother?" she said, looking anxiously at her husband, who was walking slowly up, while Mr. Tulliver had his foot already in the stirrup.

"No, no; good-bye," said he, turning his horse's head, and riding away.

No man could feel more resolute till he got outside the yard-gate, and a little way along the deep-rutted lane; but before he reached the next turning, which would take him out of sight of the dilapidated farm-buildings, he appeared to be smitten by some sudden thought. He checked his horse, and made it stand still in the same spot for two or three minutes, during which he turned his head from side to side in a melancholy way, as if he were looking at some painful object on more sides than one. Evidently, after his fit of promptitude, Mr. Tulliver was relapsing into the sense that this is a puzzling world. He turned his horse, and rode slowly back, giving vent to the climax of feeling which had determined this movement by saying aloud, as he struck his horse, "Poor little wench! she'll have nobody but Tom, belike, when I'm gone."

Mr. Tulliver's return into the yard was descried by several young Mosses, who immediately ran in with the exciting news to their mother, so that Mrs. Moss was again on the doorstep when her brother rode up. She had been crying, but was rocking baby to sleep in her arms now, and made no ostentatious show of sorrow as her brother looked at her, but merely said—

"The father's gone to the field again, if you want him, brother."

"No, Gritty, no," said Mr. Tulliver in a gentle tone. "Don't you fret—that's all—I'll make a shift without the money a bit -only you must be as clever and contriving as you can."

Mrs. Moss's tears came again at this unexpected kindness, and she could say nothing.

"Come, come!—the little wench shall come and see you. I'll bring her and Tom some day before he goes to school. You mustn't fret . . . I'll allays be a good brother to you."

"Thank you for that word, brother," said Mrs. Moss, drying her tears; then turning to Lizzy, she said, "Run now and fetch the coloured egg for cousin Maggie." Lizzy ran in, and quickly reappeared with a small paper parcel.

"It's boiled hard, brother, and coloured with thrums —very pretty: it was done o' purpose for Maggie. Will you please to carry it in your pocket?"

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Tulliver, putting it carefully in his side pocket. "Good-bye."

And so the respectable miller returned along the Basset lanes rather more puzzled than before as to ways and means, but still with the sense of a danger

escaped. It had come across his mind that if he were hard upon his sister, it might somehow tend to make Tom hard upon Maggie at some distant day, when her father was no longer there to take her part; for simple people, like our friend Mr. Tulliver, are apt to clothe unimpeachable feelings in erroneous ideas, and this was his confused way of explaining to himself that his love and anxiety for "the little wench" had given him a new sensibility towards his sister.

GEORGE ELIOT.

MAGGIE RUNS AWAY TO THE GIPSIES

[Chapter XI, Bk. I, in 'The Mill on the Floss.']

"My little lady, where are you going to?" the gipsy said in a tone of coaxing deference.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected: the gipsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I'm come to stay with *you*, please."

"That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure," said the gipsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gipsy woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and occasionally poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam: two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows something like small sphinxes; and a placid donkey was bending his head

over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay. The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was really very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought; only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gipsies to use a washing basin, and to feel an interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl, who was feeding the donkey, sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said –

"What! my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down and tell us where you come from."

It was just like a story: Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said—

"I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gipsy. I'll live with you if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing baby to crawl; "and such a pretty bonnet and frock," she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it while she made an observation to the old woman, in the unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind-foremost, with a grin; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject, as if she were susceptible about her bonnet.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said, "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief, like yours" (looking

at her friend by her side); "my hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off: but I daresay it will grow again very soon," she added apologetically, thinking it probable the gipsies had a strong prejudice in favour of long hair. And Maggie had forgotten even her hunger at that moment in the desire to conciliate gipsy opinion.

"Oh, what a nice little lady! and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Didn't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the river, where we go fishing—but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I've read them so many times—and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about Geography too—that's about the world we live in—very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush—she was really beginning to instruct the gipsies, and gaining great influence over them. The gipsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh no!" said Maggie with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him very badly, you know—it's in my Catechism of

Geography—but perhaps it's rather too long to tell before tea . . . *I want my tea so.*"

The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself, with a sudden drop from patronising instruction to simple peevishness.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some o' the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my dear. Where's your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill, a good way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver, but we mustn't let him know where I am, else he'll fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gipsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl meanwhile was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie, "I'm only thinking that if she isn't a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I was a queen, I'd be a very good queen, and kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit o' nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've got no tea nor butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh, a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We han't got no treacle," said the old woman crossly, whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small sphinxes snatched at the bread and bacon, and began to eat it. At this moment the tall girl, who had gone a few yards off, came back, and said something which produced a strong effect. The old woman, seeming to forget Maggie's hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigour, and the younger crept under the tent, and reached out some platters and spoons. Maggie trembled a little, and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. Meanwhile the tall girl gave a shrill cry, and presently came running up the boy whom Maggie had passed as he was sleeping—a rough urchin about the age of Tom. He stared at Maggie, and there ensued much incomprehensible chattering. She felt very lonely, and was quite sure she should begin to cry before long: the gipsies didn't seem to mind her at all, and she felt quite weak among them. But the springing tears were checked by new terror, when two men came up, whose approach had been the cause of the sudden excitement. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the women in a loud and scolding tone, which they answered by a shower of treble sauciness; while a black cur ran barking up to Maggie, and threw her into a tremor that only found a new cause in the curses with which the younger man called the dog off, and gave him a rap with a great stick he held in his hand.

Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her, and the tone of the conversation became of that pacific kind which implies curiosity on one side and the power of satisfying it on the other. At last the younger woman said in her previous deferential, coaxing tone—

"This nice little lady's come to live with us: aren't you glad?"

"Ay, very glad," said the younger man, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble, and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all except the thimble to the younger woman, with some observation, and she immediately restored them to Maggie's pocket, while the men seated themselves, and began to attack the contents of the kettle —a stew of meat and potatoes—which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gipsies—they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble; but the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort in the revival of deference and attention towards her—all thieves, except Robin Hood, were wicked people. The woman saw she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman in her coaxing tone. "And she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with

herfor not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite. If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giantkiller, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the halfpennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in the neighbourhood of St. Ogg's—nothing very wonderful ever came there.

Maggie Tulliver, you perceive, was by no means that well-trained, well-informed young person that a small female of eight or nine necessarily is in these days: she had only been to school a year at St. Ogg's, and had so few books that she sometimes read the dictionary; so that in travelling over her small mind you would have found the most unexpected ignorance as well as unexpected knowledge. She could have informed you that there was such a word as "polygamy," and being also acquainted with "polysyllable," she had deduced the conclusion that "poly" meant "many"; but she had had no idea that gipsies were not well supplied with groceries, and her thoughts generally were the oddest mixture of clear-eyed acumen and blind dreams.

Her ideas about the gipsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, amenable to instruction, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark, and cut up her body for gradual cooking: the suspicion crossed her that the fierce-eyed old man was in fact the devil, who might drop that transparent disguise at any moment, and turn either into the grinning black-

smith or else a fiery-eyed monster with dragon's wings. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gipsies, by betraying her extremely unfavourable opinion of them, and she wondered, with a keenness of interest that no theologian could have exceeded, whether, if the devil were really present, he would know her thoughts.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit—come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, summoning all her force for a desperate effort, and trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think—it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam-tarts and things."

Maggie rose from her seat as she threw out this illusory prospect, devoutly hoping that Apollyon was gullible; but her hope sank when the old gipsy-woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady—we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper: you shall ride home, like a lady."

Maggie sat down again with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now then, little missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "Tell us where you live—what's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver—he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark, we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be—you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was really going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting that recently-despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was."

"Oh yes, thank you," said Maggie. "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me too." She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone: it would be more cheerful to be murdered by a larger party.

"Ah, you're fondest o' *me*, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go—you'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and she was as incapable of remonstrating against this arrangement as the donkey himself, though no nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said "Good-bye," the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick set off at a rapid walk along the lane towards the point Maggie had come from an hour ago, while the tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

At last—oh, sight of joy!—this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad high-road, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger-post at the corner: she had surely seen that finger-post before—"To St. Oggs, 9 miles." The gipsy really meant to take her home, then: he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone. This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well, and she was considering how she might open a conversation with the injured gipsy, when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There's my father! Oh, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her, she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"Why, what's the meaning o'this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gipsy. "She'd come to our tent at the far end o' Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come after being on the tramp all day."

"Oh yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work *you* ever did.

couldn't afford to lose the little wench; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father, and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?"

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy—Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Pooh, pooh," said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, "you mustn't think o' running away from father. What 'ud father do without his little wench?"

"Oh no, I never will again, father—never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening, and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother, or one taunt from Tom, about this foolish business of her running away to the gipsies. Maggie was rather awe-stricken by this unusual treatment, and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

GEORGE ELIOT.

MR. HARTRIGHT'S INTERVIEW WITH MR. FAIRLIE

[Mr. Hartright, a drawing master, has been engaged to teach painting to a niece of Mr. Fairlie. The following is an account of the first interview which Mr. Hartright had with him. It is given by Mr. Hartright himself.]

MY conductor led me upstairs into a passage which took us back to the bedchamber in which I had slept

during the past night; and opening the door next to it, begged me to look in.

"I have my master's orders to show you your own sitting-room, sir," said the man, "and to inquire if you approve of the situation and the light."

I must have been hard to please, indeed, if I had not approved of the room, and of everything about it. The bow-window looked out on the same lovely view which I had admired, in the morning, from my bedroom. The furniture was the perfection of luxury and beauty; the table in the centre was bright with gaily bound books, elegant conveniences for writing, and beautiful flowers; the second table near the window, was covered with all the necessary materials for mounting water-colour drawings, and had a little easel attached to it, which I could expand or fold up at will; the walls were hung with gaily tinted chintz; and the floor was spread with Indian matting in maize-colour and red. It was the prettiest and most luxurious little sitting-room I had ever seen; and I admired it with the warmest enthusiasm.

The solemn servant was far too highly trained to betray the slightest satisfaction. He bowed with icy deference when my terms of eulogy were all exhausted, and silently opened the door for me to go out into the passage again.

We turned a corner, and entered a long second passage, ascended a short flight of stairs at the end, crossed a small circular upper hall, and stopped in front of a door covered with dark baize. The servant opened this door and led me on a few yards to a second; opened that also, and disclosed two curtains of pale sea-green silk hanging before us; raised one of them

noiselessly; softly uttered the words, "Mr. Hartright," and left me.

I found myself in a large, lofty room, with a magnificent carved ceiling, and with a carpet over the floor, so thick and soft that it felt like piles of velvet under my feet. One side of the room was occupied by a long book-case of some rare inlaid wood that was quite new to me. It was not more than six feet high, and the top was adorned with statuettes in marble, ranged at regular distances one from the other. On the opposite side stood two antique cabinets; and between them and above them, hung a picture of the Virgin and Child, protected by glass, and bearing Raphael's name on the gilt tablet at the bottom of the frame. On my right hand and on my left, as I stood inside the door, were chiffoniers and little stands in buhl and marquetery, loaded with figures in Dresden china, with rare vases, ivory ornaments, and toys and curiosities that sparkled at all points with gold, silver, and precious stones. At the lower end of the room, opposite to me the windows were concealed and the sunlight was tempered by large blinds of the same pale sea-green colour as the curtains over the door. The light thus produced was deliciously soft, mysterious, and subdued; it fell equally upon all the objects in the room; it helped to intensify the deep silence, and the air of profound seclusion that possessed the place; and it surrounded, with an appropriate halo of repose, the solitary figure of the master of the house, leaning back, listlessly composed, in a large easy-chair, with a reading-easel fastened on one of its arms, and a little table on the other.

If a man's personal appearance, when he is out of his dressing-room, and when he has passed forty, can

be accepted as a safe guide to his time of life—which is more than doubtful—Mr. Fairlie's age, when I saw him, might have been reasonably computed at over fifty and under sixty years. His beardless face was thin, worn, and transparently pale, but not wrinkled; his nose was high and hooked; his eyes were of a dim grayish blue, large, prominent, and rather red round the rims of the eyelids; his hair was scanty, soft to look at, and of that light sandy colour which is the last to disclose its own changes towards gray. He was dressed in a dark frock-coat, of some substance much thinner than cloth, and in waistcoat and trousers of spotless white. His feet were effeminately small, and were clad in buff-coloured silk stockings, and little womanish bronze-leather slippers. Two rings adorned his white delicate hands the value of which even my experienced observation detected to be all but priceless. Upon the whole, he had a frail, languidly-fretful, over-refined look—something singularly and unpleasantly delicate in its association with a man, and, at the same time, something which could by no possibility have looked natural and appropriate, if it had been transferred to the personal appearance of a woman. My morning's experience of Miss Halcombe had predisposed me to be pleased with everybody in the house; but my sympathies shut themselves up resolutely at the first sight of Mr. Fairlie.

On approaching nearer to him, I discovered that he was not so entirely without occupation as I had at first supposed. Placed amid the other rare and beautiful objects on a large round table near him, was a dwarf cabinet in ebony and silver, containing coins of all shapes and sizes, set out in little drawers lined with

dark purple velvet. One of these drawers lay on the small table attached to his chair; and near it were some tiny jewellers' brushes, a washleather "stump," and a little bottle of liquid, all waiting to be used in various ways for the removal of any accidental impurities which might be discovered on the coins. His frail white fingers were listlessly toying with something which looked, to my uninstructed eyes, like a dirty pewter medal with ragged edges, when I advanced within a respectful distance of his chair, and stopped to make my bow.

"So glad to possess you at Limmeridge, Mr. Hartright," he said in a querulous, croaking voice, which combined, in anything but an agreeable manner, a discordantly high tone with a drowsily languid utterance. "Pray sit down. And don't trouble yourself to move the chair, please. In the wretched state of my nerves, movement of any kind is exquisitely painful to me. Have you seen your studio? Will it do?"

"I have just come from seeing the room, Mr. Fairlie; and I assure you——"

He stopped me in the middle of the sentence, by closing his eyes, and holding up one of his white hands imploringly. I paused in astonishment and the croaking voice honoured me with this explanation:

"Pray excuse me. But *could* you contrive to speak in a lower key? In the wretched state of my nerves, loud sound of any kind is indescribable torture to me. You will pardon an invalid? I only say to you what the lamentable state of my health obliges me to say to everybody. Yes. And you really like the room?"

"I could wish for nothing prettier and nothing more comfortable," I answered, dropping my voice, and

beginning to discover already that Mr. Fairlie's selfish affectation and Mr. Fairlie's wretched nerves meant one and the same thing.

"So glad. You will find your position here, Mr. Hartright, properly recognised. There is none of the horrid English barbarity of feeling about the social position of an artist in this house. So much of my early life has been passed abroad, that I have quite cast my insular skin in that respect. I wish I could say the same of the gentry—detestable word, but I suppose I must use it—of the gentry in the neighbourhood. They are sad Goths in Art, Mr. Hartright. People, I do assure you, who would have opened their eyes in astonishment, if they had seen Charles the Fifth pick up Titian's brush for him. Do you mind putting this tray of coins back in the cabinet, and giving me the next one to it? In the wretched state of my nerves, exertion of any kind is unspeakably disagreeable to me. Yes, Thank you."

As a practical commentary on the liberal social theory which he had just favoured me by illustrating, Mr. Fairlie's cool request rather amused me. I put back one drawer and gave him the other, with all possible politeness. He began trifling with the new set of coins and the little brushes immediately; languidly looking at them and admiring them all the time he was speaking to me.

"A thousand thanks and a thousand excuses. Do you like coins? Yes. So glad we have another taste in common besides our taste for Art. Now, about the pecuniary arrangements between us—do tell me—are they satisfactory?"

"Most satisfactory, Mr. Fairlie."

"So glad. And—what next? Ah! I remember. Yes. In reference to the consideration which you are good enough to accept for giving me the benefit of your accomplishments in art, my steward will wait on you at the end of the first week, to ascertain your wishes. And—what next? Curious, is it not? I had a great deal more to say; and I appear to have quite forgotten it. Do you mind touching the bell? In that corner. Yes. Thank you."

I rang; and a new servant noiselessly made his appearance—a foreigner, with a set smile and perfectly brushed hair—a valet every inch of him.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, dreamily dusting the tips of his fingers with one of the tiny brushes for the coins, "I made some entries in my tablettes this morning. Find my tablettes. A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright, I'm afraid I bore you."

As he wearily closed his eyes again, before I could answer, and as he did most assuredly bore me, I sat silent, and looked up at the Madonna and Child by Raphael. In the meantime, the valet left the room, and returned shortly with a little ivory book. Mr. Fairlie, after first relieving himself by a gentle sigh, let the book drop open with one hand, and held up the tiny brush with the other, as a sign to the servant to wait for further orders.

"Yes. Just so!" said Mr. Fairlie, consulting the tablettes. "Louis, take down that portfolio." He pointed, as he spoke, to several portfolios placed near the window, on mahogany stands. "No. Not the one with the green back—that contains my Rembrandt etchings, Mr. Hartright. Do you like etchings? Yes? So glad we have another taste in common. The

portfolio with the red back, Louis. Don't drop it! You have no idea of the tortures I should suffer, Mr. Hartright, if Louis dropped that portfolio. Is it safe on the chair? Do *you* think it safe, Mr. Hartright? Yes? So glad. Will you oblige me by looking at the drawings, if you really think they are quite safe. Louis, go away. What an ass you are! Don't you see me holding the tablettes? Do you suppose I want to hold them? Then why not relieve me of the tablettes without being told? A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright; servants are such asses, are they not? Do tell me—what do you think of the drawings? They have come from a sale in shocking state—I thought they smelt of horrid dealers' and brokers' fingers when I looked at them last. *Can* you undertake them?"

Although my nerves were not delicate enough to detect the odour of plebeian fingers which had offended Mr. Fairlie's nostrils, my taste was sufficiently educated to enable me to appreciate the value of the drawings, while I turned them over. They were, for the most part, really fine specimens of English water-colour Art; and they had deserved much better treatment at the hands of their former possessor than they appeared to have received.

"The drawings," I answered, "require careful straining and mounting; and, in my opinion, they are well worth——"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Fairlie. Do you mind my closing my eyes while you speak? Even this light is too much for them. Yes?"

"I was about to say that the drawings are well worth all the time and trouble——"

Mr. Fairlie suddenly opened his eyes again, and rolled them with an expression of helpless alarm in the direction of the window.

"I entreat you to excuse me, Mr. Hartright," he said in a feeble flutter. "But surely I hear some horrid children in the garden—my private garden—below?"

"I can't say, Mr. Fairlie. I heard nothing myself."

"Oblige me—you have been so very good in humouring my poor nerves—oblige me by lifting up a corner of the blind. Don't let the sun in on me, Mr. Hartright! Have you got the blind up? Yes? Then will you be so very kind as to look into the garden and make quite sure?"

I complied with this new request. The garden was carefully walled in, all round. Not a human creature, large or small, appeared in any part of the sacred seclusion. I reported that gratifying fact to Mr. Fairlie.

"A thousand thanks. My fancy, I suppose. There are no children, thank Heaven, in the house; but the servants (persons born without nerves) will encourage the children from the village. Such brats—oh, dear me, such brats! Shall I confess it, Mr. Hartright?—I sadly want a reform in the construction of children. Nature's only idea seems to be to make them machines for the production of incessant noise. Surely our delightful Raffaello's conception is infinitely preferable?"

He pointed to the picture of the Madonna, the upper part of which represented the conventional cherubs of Italian Art, celestially provided with sitting accommodation for their chins, on balloons of buff-coloured cloud.

"Quite a model family!" said Mr. Fairlie, leering at the cherubs. "Such nice round faces, and such nice soft wings, and—nothing else. No dirty little legs to run about on, and no noisy little lungs to scream with. How immeasurably superior to the existing construction! I will close my eyes again, if you will allow me. And you really can manage the drawings? So glad. Is there anything else to settle? If there is, I think I have forgotten it. Shall we ring for Louis again?"

Being, by this time, quite as anxious, on my side, as Mr. Fairlie evidently was on his, to bring the interview to a speedy conclusion, I thought I would try to render the summoning of the servant unnecessary, by offering the requisite suggestion on my own responsibility.

"The only point, Mr. Fairlie, that remains to be discussed," I said, "refers, I think, to the instruction in sketching which I am engaged to communicate to the two young ladies."

"Ah! just so," said Mr. Fairlie. "I wish I felt strong enough to go into that part of the arrangement—but I don't. The ladies, who profit by your kind services, Mr. Hartright, must settle, and decide and so on, for themselves. My niece is fond of your charming art. She knows just enough about it to be conscious of her own sad defects. Please take pains with her. Yes. Is there anything else? No. We quite understand each other—don't we? I have no right to detain you any longer from your delightful pursuit—have I? So pleasant to have settled everything—such a sensible relief to have done business. Do you mind ringing for Louis to carry the portfolio to your own room?"

"I will carry it there, myself, Mr. Fairlie, if you will allow me."

"Will you really? Are you strong enough? How nice to be so strong! Are you sure you won't drop it? So glad to possess you at Limmeridge, Mr. Hartright. I am such a sufferer that I hardly dare hope to enjoy much of your society. Would you mind taking great pains not to let the doors bang, and not to drop the portfolio? Thank you. Gently with the curtains, please —the slightest noise from them goes through me like a knife. Yes. *Good* morning!"

When the sea-green curtains were closed, and when the two baize doors were shut behind me, I stopped for a moment in the little circular hall, beyond, and drew a long, luxurious breath of relief. It was like coming to the surface of the water after deep diving, to find myself once more on the outside of Mr. Fairlie's room.

As soon as I was comfortably established for the morning in my pretty little studio, the first resolution at which I arrived was to turn my steps no more in the direction of the apartments occupied by the master of the house, except in the very improbable event of his honouring me with a special invitation to pay him another visit. Having settled this satisfactory plan of future conduct, in reference to Mr. Fairlie, I soon recovered the serenity of temper of which my employer's haughty familiarity and impudent politeness had, for the moment, deprived me. The remaining hours of the morning passed away pleasantly enough, in looking over the drawings, arranging them in sets, trimming their ragged edges, and accomplishing the other necessary preparations in anticipation of the business of mounting them. I ought, perhaps, to have made more progress than this; but, as the luncheon time drew near,

grew restless and unsettled, and felt unable to fix my attention on work, even though that work was only of the humble manual kind.

At two o'clock, I descended again to the breakfast-room, a little anxiously. Expectations of some interest were connected with my approaching re-appearance in that part of the house. My introduction to Miss Fairlie was now close at hand; and, if Miss Holcombe's search through her mother's letters had produced the result which she anticipated, the time had come for clearing up the mystery of the woman in white.

WILKIE COLLINS.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great *is* your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13 ¶ Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven

17 ¶ Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

18 For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach *them*, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed *the righteousness* of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21 ¶ Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill: and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment:

22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee;

24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

26 Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

27 ¶ Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery:

28 But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

29 And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast *it* from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not *that* thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30 And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast *it* from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one

of thy members should perish, and not *that* thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

32 But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

33 ¶ Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:

34 But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne:

35 Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37 But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

38 ¶ Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

39 But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have *thy* cloke also.

41 And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

43 ¶ Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

45 That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46 For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

47 And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others*? do not even the publicans so?

48 Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

49 Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

50 Therefore when thou doest *thine* alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

51 But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

52 That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

53 ¶ And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites *are*: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

54 But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father

which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

55 But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen *do*: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

56 Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

57 After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

58 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as *it is* in heaven.

59 Give us this day our daily bread.

60 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

61 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

62 For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

63 But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

64 ¶ Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

65 But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face;

66 That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

67. ¶ Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

68 But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

69 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

70 The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

71 But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great *is* that darkness!

72 ¶No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

73 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink: nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

74 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

75 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

76 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

77 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

78 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?

79 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

80 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

81 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

82 Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day *is* the evil thereof.

83 Judge not, that ye be not judged.

84 For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

85 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

86 Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam *is* in thine own eye?

87 Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

88 ¶ Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

89 ¶ Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

90 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

91 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

92 Or if he ask a fish, will he give a serpent?

93 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

94 Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

95 ¶ Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide *is* the gate and broad *is* the way, that leadeth to destruction and, many there be which go in thereat:

96 Because strait *is* the gate, and narrow *is* the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

97 ¶ Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

98 Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

99 Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

100 A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither *can* a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

101 Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

102 Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

103 ¶ Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

104 Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

105 And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

106 ¶ Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.

107 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

108 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand:

109 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it.

110 And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:

111 For he taught them as *one* having authority, and not as the scribes.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE

Mr. Caudle has lent an acquaintance the family umbrella. Mrs. Caudle lectures thereon.

"THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the

rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella.

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, Sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's

to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence at least—sixteen pence! two-and-eight pence, for there is back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em! I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way, and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all, I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course."

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows."

"Ugh, I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No sir, I won't borrow an umbrella.

No ; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this ; if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed!--call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like and then nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

"And I should like to know how I am to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too, ! Dear things ! They'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stop at home: they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em I m sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school: mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault I didn't lend the umbrella."

"Here," said Caudle in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs: that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

FAREWELL TO FERGUSSON COLLEGE

[On the eve of his retirement from the Fergusson College, the students presented Mr. Gokhale with a farewell address, on Friday, the 19th September 1902, to which he replied as follows: -]

MR. PRINCIPAL, Brother-Professors and Students of the College :- It is not possible for me to rise without deep emotion to reply to the address which has just been read, and to return thanks for the great, the overwhelming kindness with which you have treated me to-day. All parting in life is sad, but where the heart's deepest feelings are involved, the severance of old ties, and the necessity of saying good-bye, is about as trying an ordeal as any that a man can be called upon to go through. For eighteen years now, I have tried, according to the humble measure of my capacity, to give the best that was in me to this Society. Through good report and through evil report, through sunshine and through storm, it has been my endeavour to work for

this institution with a single aim to its welfare, till at last it has become impossible for me to think of myself as apart from this College. And now, when the time for my withdrawing myself from all active work in this institution has come, my heart is naturally stirred by conflicting emotions, in which a feeling of intense thankfulness is mingled with a feeling of deep sadness. I feel thankful, profoundly thankful, that it has pleased Providence to give it to me to discharge the solemn and onerous obligations of a vow taken so many years ago under the influence of youthful enthusiasm, and that no matter what happens to me in the future, I shall always be able to look back with pleasure and pride on this part of my career, and say to myself: "Thank God, I was permitted to fulfil my pledge." But, gentlemen, side by side with this feeling of thankfulness, there is a feeling of deep regret, that my active work for this great institution is now at an end. You can easily understand what a wrench it must be to me to thus tear myself away from an institution, to which my best work hitherto has been given, and which always has been first in my thoughts and affections, no matter in how many fields it was my lot to work. Some of you here may, perhaps, be tempted to ask, as other friends have already asked—why do you retire from the College if you feel the parting so keenly? My answer to this question is, that my decision has not been arrived at without a long and anxious examination of the whole position. In the first place, my health is not now what it once was. During the last term, it was a matter of anxiety to me from week to week, and almost from day to day, how I should be able to finish my work without breaking down in the

middle of the term. Even then, as many of you are aware, I was not able to perform my duties in the College with that strict regularity, with which my colleagues were performing theirs, and one cannot help feeling that this is a very unsatisfactory position to be in, though never a word of complaint was heard from my colleagues. And I felt I had no right to put such a strain on their indulgence. You know the golden rule that when you sit down to a repast, it is always well to rise a little hungry or when you go to a friend's house, you should rather leave before your time than overstay his hospitality even by a day. I know my colleagues do not think that the illustrations apply. All the same, having worked for eighteen years more or less under high pressure, I thought it was best for me to retire and leave the field to other workers. This, however, is not my sole reason for withdrawing from the College and some of you are apt to think that it is not a very conclusive one either, and I will frankly tell you that another reason has influenced me in making up my mind, quite as much as this one. Years ago I remember to have read the story of a man, who lived by the side of the sea, who had a nice cottage and fields that yielded him their abundance, and who was surrounded by a loving family. The world thought that he was very happy. But to him the sea had a strange fascination. When it lay gently, heaving like an infant asleep, it appealed to him; when it raged like an angry and roaring lion, it still appealed to him; till at last he could withstand the fatal fascination no longer. And so having disposed of everything and put his all into a boat, he launched it on the bosom of the sea. Twice was he beaten back

by the waves—a warning he would not heed. He made a third attempt when the pitiless sea overwhelmed him. To a certain extent this seems to me to be my position to-day. Here I am with a settled position in this College, and having for my colleagues men with whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to work, and whose generosity in overlooking my many faults and magnifying any little services I may have rendered, has often touched me deeply. And yet, I am giving up all this to embark on the stormy and uncertain sea of public life. But I hear within me a voice which urges me to take this course, and I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it is purely from a sense of duty to the best interests of our country, that I am seeking this position of greater freedom, but not necessarily of less responsibility. Public life in this country has few rewards and many trials and discouragements. The prospect of work to be done is vast, and no one can say what is on the other side—how all this work may end. But one thing is clear. Those who feel in the matter as I do must devote themselves to the work in a spirit of hope and faith and seek only the satisfaction which comes of all disinterested exertions. This is not the place where I may speak of my future hopes or lines of work. But one thing I know, and it is this:—Whether I am permitted to press onwards and prove of some little use to the public in another capacity, or whether I have to return a weather-beaten, tempest-tost, ship-wrecked mariner, my thoughts, as you have said in your address, will constantly be with this institution; and, on the other hand, I shall always be sure of a warm hospitable welcome within these walls, whenever I choose to come here.

And now, before concluding I wish to say one thing to the students of this College. I hope and trust that they will always be proud of this institution. I am about to leave you and so I can speak on this subject now with less reserve. I have been nearly all over India, and I have naturally felt special interest in the educational institutions of different places. Nowhere throughout the country is there an institution like this College of ours. There are other institutions better equipped, and also with older traditions; but the self-sacrifice of men like my friends, Mr. Paranjpye and Mr. Rajawade, surrounds this College with a halo of glory all its own. The principal moral interest of this institution is in the fact that it represents an idea and embodies an ideal. The idea is that Indians of the present day can bind themselves together, and putting aside all thoughts of worldly interests work for a secular purpose with the zeal and enthusiasm which we generally find in the sphere of religion alone. The ideal is the ideal of self-help, that we may learn slowly but steadily to rely less and less upon others, however willing to bear our burdens, and more and more upon ourselves. I trust that you, the students of this College, will keep this character of the institution steadily before your eyes—that your devotion to it, your enthusiasm for it, will be commensurate with the nobility and importance of its work, that even when you feel disposed to criticise it, you will speak of it with that loving solicitude with which we mention a parent's faults, and that you will always do what lies in your power to further its interests and enlarge the sphere of its usefulness and influence. And now nothing remains for me but to say "good-bye." I

know I have given but feeble utterance to the thoughts that are at this moment uppermost in my mind, but nothing that I can say will express them adequately. I wish you well—individually and collectively. In leaving you as I am doing, I feel I am leaving the best work of my life behind me. I trust I may meet some of you hereafter as co-workers in other fields, and we may also occasionally meet within the walls of this College. God bless this College and bless you all!

G. K. GOKHALE.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

THE lower-fourth form, in which Tom found himself at the beginning of the next half-year, was the largest form in the lower school, and numbered upwards of forty boys. Young gentlemen of all ages, from nine to fifteen, were to be found there, who expended such part of their energies as was devoted to Latin and Greek, upon a book of Livy, the Bucolics of Virgil, and the Hecuba of Euripides, which were ground out in small daily portions. The driving of this unlucky lower-fourth must have been grievous work to the unfortunate master, for it was the most unhappily constituted of any in the school. Here stuck the great stupid boys, who for the life of them could never master the accidence; the objects alternately of mirth and terror to the youngsters, who were daily taking them up, and laughing at them in lesson, and getting kicked by them for so doing in play-hours. There were no less than three unhappy fellows in tail-coats, with incipient down on their chins, whom the Doctor and the master of the form were always endeavouring to hoist into the upper school, but whose parsing and construing resisted the

most well-meant shoves. Then came the mass of the form, boys of eleven and twelve, the most mischievous and reckless age of British youth, of whom, East and Tom Brown were fair specimens. As full of tricks as monkeys, and of excuses as Irish women making fun of their master, one another, and their lessons, Argus himself would have been puzzled to keep an eye on them; and as for making them steady or serious for half an hour together it was simply hopeless. The remainder of the form consisted of young prodigies of nine and ten, who were going up the school at the rate of a form a half-year, all boys' hands and wits being against them in their progress. It would have been one man's work to see that the precocious youngsters had fair play; and as the master had a good deal besides to do, they hadn't, and were for ever being shoved down three or four places, their verses stolen, their books inked, their jackets whitened, and their lives otherwise made a burden to them.

The lower-fourth, and all the forms below it, were heard in the great school, and were not trusted to prepare their lessons before coming in, but were whipped into school three-quarters of an hour before the lesson began by their respective masters, and there, scattered about on the benches, with dictionary and grammar, hammered out their twenty lines of Virgil or Euripides in the midst of Babel. The masters of the lower school walked up and down the great school together during this three-quarters of an hour, or sat in their desks reading or looking over copies, and keeping such order as was possible. But the lower-fourth was just now an overgrown form, too large for any one man to attend to properly, and consequently

the elysium or ideal form of the young scapegraces who formed the staple of it.

Tom, as has been said, had come up from the third with a good character, but the temptations of the lower-fourth soon proved too strong for him and he rapidly fell away, and became as unmanageable as the rest. For some weeks, indeed, he succeeded in maintaining the appearance of steadiness, and was looked upon favourably by his new master, whose eyes were first opened by the following little incident.

Besides the desk which the master himself occupied, there was another large unoccupied desk in the corner of the great school, which was untenanted. To rush and seize upon this desk, which was ascended by three steps, and held four boys, was the great object of ambition of the lower-fourthers: and the contentions for the occupation of it bred such disorder, that at last the master forbade its use altogether. This of course, was a challenge to the more adventurous spirits to occupy it and as it was capacious enough for two boys to lie hid there completely, it was seldom that it remained empty, notwithstanding the veto. Small holes were cut in the front, through which the occupants watched the masters as they walked up and down, and as lesson-time approached, one boy at a time stole out and down the steps, as the masters' backs were turned, and mingled with the general crowd on the forms below. Tom and East had successfully occupied the desk some half-dozen times, and were grown so reckless that they were in the habit of playing small games with fives'-balls inside, when the masters were at the other end of the big school. One day, as ill-luck would have it, the game became more exciting than

usual, and the ball slipped through East's fingers, and rolled slowly down the steps and out into the middle of the school, just as the masters turned in their walk and faced round upon the desk. The young delinquents watched their master through the look-out holes march slowly down the school straight upon their retreat, while all the boys in the neighbourhood of course stopped their work to look on: and not only were they ignominiously drawn out, and caned over the hand then and there, but their characters for steadiness were gone from that time. However, as they only shared the fate of some three-fourths of the rest of the form, this did not weigh heavily upon them.

In fact, the only occasions on which they cared about the matter, were the monthly examinations, when the Doctor came round to examine their form, for one long awful hour, in the work which they had done in the preceding month. The second monthly examination came round soon after Tom's fall, and it was with anything but lively anticipations that he and the other lower-fourth boys came in to prayers on the morning of the examination day.

Prayers and calling-over seemed twice as short as usual, and before they could get construes of a tithe of the hard passages marked in the margin of their books, they were all seated round, and the Doctor was standing in the middle, talking in whispers to the master. Tom couldn't hear a word which passed, and never lifted his eyes from his book; but he knew by a sort of magnetic instinct that the Doctor's under-lip was coming out and his eye beginning to burn, and his gown getting gathered up more and more tightly in his left hand. The suspense was agonising, and Tom knew that he

was sure on such occasions to make an example of the School-house boys. "If he would only begin," thought Tom, "I shouldn't mind."

At last the whispering ceased, and the name which was called out was not Brown. He looked up for a moment, but the Doctor's face was too awful; Tom wouldn't have met his eye for all he was worth, and buried himself in his book again.

The boy who was called up first was a clever, merry School-house boy, one of their set: he was some connection of the Doctor's, and a great favourite, and ran in and out of his house as he liked, and so was selected for the first victim.

"*Triste lupus stabulis,*" began the luckless youngster, and stammered through some eight or ten lines.

"There, that will do," said the Doctor; "now construe."

On common occasions the boy could have construed the passage well enough probably, but now his head was gone.

"*Triste lupus,* the sorrowful wolf," he began.

A shudder ran through the whole form, and the Doctor's wrath fairly boiled over; he made three steps up to the construer, and gave him a good box on the ear. The blow was not a hard one, but the boy was so taken by surprise that he started back; the form caught the back of his knees, and over he went on to the floor behind. There was a dead silence over the whole school; never before and never again while Tom was at school, did the Doctor strike a boy in lesson. The provocation must have been great. However, the victim had saved his form for that occasion, for the Doctor turned to the top bench, and put on the

best boys for the rest of the hour; and though, at the end of the lesson he gave them all such a rating as they did not forget, this terrible field-day passed over without any severe visitations in the shape of punishments or floggings. Forty young scapegraces expressed their thanks to the "sorrowful wolf" in their different ways before second lesson.

But a character for steadiness once gone is not easily recovered, as Tom found, and for years afterwards he went up the school without it, and the masters' hands were against him, and his against them. And he regarded them, as a matter of course, as his natural enemies.

Matters were not so comfortable either in the house as they had been, for old Brooke left at Christmas, and one or two others of the sixth-form boys at the following Easter. Their rule had been rough, but strong and just in the main, and a higher standard was beginning to be set up; in fact, there had been a short foretaste of the good time which followed some years later. Just now, however, all threatened to return into darkness and chaos again. For the new præpostors were either small young boys, whose cleverness had carried them up to the top of the school, while in strength of body and character they were not yet fit for a share in the government: or else big fellows of the wrong sort, boys whose friendships and tastes had a downward tendency, who had not caught the meaning of their position and work, and felt none of its responsibilities. So under this no-government the School-house began to see bad times. The big fifth-form boys, who were a sporting and drinking set, soon began to usurp power, and to fag the little boys as if they were præpostors, and to bully

and oppress any who showed signs of resistance. The bigger sort of sixth-form boys just described soon made common cause with the fifth, while the smaller sort, hampered by their colleagues' desertion to the enemy, could not make head against them. So the fags were without their lawful masters and protectors, and ridden over rough-shod by a set of boys whom they were not bound to obey, and whose only right over them stood in their bodily powers; and as old Brooke had prophesied, the house by degrees broke up into small sets and parties, and lost the strong feeling of fellowship which he set so much store by, and with it much of the prowess in games, and the lead in all school matters, which he had done so much to keep up.

In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives probably when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on the society you live in, than you ever can have again. Quit yourselves like men then; speak up, and strike out, if necessary, for whatsoever is true, and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs, and you may leave the tone of feeling in the school higher than you found it, and so be doing good which no living soul can measure to generations of your countrymen yet unborn. For boys follow one another in herds like sheep, for good or evil; they hate thinking, and have rarely any settled principles. Every school, indeed, has its own traditionary standard of right and wrong, which cannot

be transgressed with impunity, marking certain things as low and blackguard, and certain others as lawful and right. This standard is ever varying, though it changes only slowly, and little by little; and, subject only to such standard, it is the leading boys for the time being who give the tone to all the rest and make the school either a noble institution for the training of Christian Englishmen, or a place where a young boy will get more evil than he would, if he were turned out to make his way in London streets, or anything between these two extremes.

The change for the worse in the School-house, however, didn't press very heavily on our youngsters for some time; they were in a good bedroom, where slept the only præpostor left who was able to keep thorough order, and their study was in his passage: so, though they were fagged more or less, and occasionally kicked or cuffed by the bullies, they were on the whole well off; and the fresh, brave school-life, so full of games, adventures, and good fellowship, so ready at forgetting, so capacious at enjoying, so bright at forecasting, outweighed a thousandfold their troubles with the master of their form, and the occasional ill-usage of the big boys in the house. It wasn't till some year or so after the events recorded above, that the præpostor of their room and passage left. None of the other sixth-form boys would move into their passage, and, to the disgust and indignation of Tom and East, one morning after breakfast they were seized upon by Flashman, and made to carry down his books and furniture into the unoccupied study which he had taken. From this time they began to feel the weight of the tyranny of Flashman and his friends, and, now that trouble had come

home to their own doors, began to look out for sympathisers and partners amongst the rest of the fags; and meetings of the oppressed began to be held, and murmurs to arise, and plots to be laid, as to how they should free themselves and be avenged on their enemies.

While matters were in this state, East and Tom were one evening sitting in their study. They had done their work for first lesson, and Tom was in a brown study, brooding, like a young William Tell, upon the wrongs of fags in general, and his own in particular.

"I say, Scud," said he at last, rousing himself to snuff the candle, "what right have the fifth-form boys to fag us as they do?"

"No more right than you have to fag them," answered East, without looking up from an early number of *Pickwick*, which was just coming out, and which he was luxuriously devouring, stretched on his back on the sofa.

Tom relapsed into his brown study, and East went on reading and chuckling. The contrast of the boys' faces would have given infinite amusement to a looker-on, the one so solemn and big with mighty purpose, the other radiant and bubbling over with fun.

"Do you know, old fellow, I've been thinking it over a good deal," began Tom again.

"Oh, yes, I know, fagging you are thinking of. Hang it all, but listen here, Tom—here's fun. Mr. Winkle's horse——."

"And I've made up my mind," broke in Tom, "that I won't fag except for the sixth."

"Quite right, too, my boy," cried East, putting his finger on the place and looking up; "but a pretty peck of troubles you'll get into, if you're going to play that game. However, I'm all for a strike myself, if we can get others to join—it's getting too bad."

"Can't we get some sixth-form fellow to take it up?" asked Tom.

"Well, perhaps we might; Morgan would interfere, I think. Only," added East, after a moment's pause, "you see we should have to tell him about it, and that's against school principles. Don't you remember what old Brooke said about learning to take our own parts?"

"Ah, I wish old Brooke were back again—it was all right in his time."

"Why, yes, you see, then the strongest and best fellows were in the sixth, and the fifth-form fellows were afraid of them, and they kept good order; but now our sixth-form fellows are too small, and the fifth don't care for them, and do what they like in the house."

"And so we get a double set of masters," cried Tom, indignantly; "the lawful ones, who are responsible to the Doctor at any rate, and the unlawful—the tyrants, who are responsible to nobody."

"Down with the tyrants!" cried East; "I'm all for law and order, and hurrah for a revolution."

"I shouldn't mind if it were only for young Brooke, now," said Tom, "He's such a good-hearted, gentlemanly fellow, and ought to be in the sixth—I'd do anything for him. But that blackguard Flashman, who never speaks to one without a kick or an oath——"

"The cowardly brute," broke in East, "how I hate him! And he knows it too, he knows that you and

I think him a coward. What a bore that he's got a study in this passage! Don't you hear them now at supper in his den? Brandy punch going, I'll bet. I wish the Doctor would come out and catch him. We must change our study as soon as we can."

"Change or no change, I'll never fag for him again," said Tom, thumping the table.

"Fa-a-a-ag!" sounded along the passage from Flashman's study. The two boys looked at one another in silence. It had struck nine, so the regular night-fags had left duty, and they were the nearest to the supper-party. East sat up and began to look comical, as he always did under difficulties.

"Fa-a-a-ag!" again. No answer.

"Here, Brown! East! you cursed young skulks," roared out Flashman coming to his open door, "I know you're in—no shirking."

Tom stole to their door, and drew the bolts as noiselessly as he could; East blew out the candle. "Barricade the first," whispered he. "Now, Tom, mind, no surrender."

"Trust me for that," said Tom, between his teeth.

In another minute they heard the supper-party turn out and come down the passage to their door. They held their breaths, and heard whispering, of which they only made out Flashman's words, "I know the young brutes are in."

Then came summonses to open, which being unanswered, the assault commenced: luckily the door was a good strong oak one, and resisted the united weight of Flashman's party. A pause followed, and they heard a besieger remark, "They're in safe enough—don't you

see how the door holds at top and bottom? So the bolts must be drawn. We should have forced the lock long ago." East gave Tom a nudge, to call attention to this scientific remark.

Then came attacks on particular panels, one of which at last gave way to the repeated kicks; but it broke inwards, the broken piece got jammed across, the door being lined with green baize, and couldn't easily be removed from outside; and the besieged, scorning further concealment, strengthened their defences by pressing the end of their sofa against the door. So, after one or two more ineffectual efforts, Flashman & Co. retired, vowing vengeance in no mild terms.

The first danger over, it only remained for the besieged to effect a safe retreat, as it was now near bed-time. They listened intently, and heard the supper-party resettle themselves, and then gently drew back first one bolt and then the other. Presently the convivial noises began again steadily. "Now then, stand by for a run," said East, throwing the door wide open and rushing into the passage, closely followed by Tom. They were too quick to be caught, but Flashman was on the look-out, and sent an empty pickle-jar whizzing after them, which narrowly missed Tom's head, and broke into twenty pieces at the end of the passage. "He wouldn't mind killing one if he wasn't caught," said East, as they turned the corner.

There was no pursuit, so the two turned into the hall, where they found a knot of small boys round the fire. Their story was told—the war of independence had broken out—who would join the revolutionary forces? Several others present bound themselves not

to fag for the fifth-form at once. One or two only edged off and left the rebels. What else could they do? "I've a good mind to go to the Doctor straight," said Tom.

"That'll never do—don't you remember the levy of the school last half?" put in another.

In fact, that solemn assembly, a levy of the school, had been held, at which the captain of the school had got up, and, after premising that several instances had occurred of matters having been reported to the masters: that this was against public morality and school tradition; that a levy of the sixth had been held on the subject, and they had resolved that the practice must be stopped at once; had given out that any boy, in whatever form, who should thenceforth appeal to a master, without having first gone to some præpostor and laid the case before him, should be thrashed publicly, and sent to Coventry.

"Well, then, let's try the sixth. Try Morgan," suggested another. "No use—blabbing won't do," was the general feeling.

"I'll give you fellows a piece of advice," said a voice from the end of the hall. They all turned round with a start, and the speaker got up from a bench on which he had been lying unobserved and gave himself a shake; he was a big, loose-made fellow, with huge limbs which had grown too far through his jacket and trousers. "Don't you go to anybody at all—you just stand out; say you won't fag—they'll soon get tired of licking you. I've tried it on years ago with their forerunners."

"No! did you!—tell us how it was," cried a chorus of voices, as they clustered round him.

"Well just as it is with you. The fifth form would fag us, and I and some more struck, and we beat 'em. The good fellows left off directly, and the bullies who kept on soon got afraid."

"Was Flashman here then?"

"Yes! and a dirty little snivelling, sneaking fellow he was too. He never dared join us, and used to toady the bullies by offering to fag for them, and peaching against the rest of us."

"Why wasn't he cut then?" said East.

"Oh, toadies never get cut, they're too useful. Besides, he has no end of great hampers from home, with wine and game in them; so he toadied and fed himself into favour."

The quarter-to-ten bell now rang, and the small boys went off upstairs, still consulting together, and praising their new counsellor, who stretched himself out on the bench before the hall fire again. There he lay, a very queer specimen of boyhood, by name Diggs, and familiarly called the "Mucker." He was young for his size, and a very clever fellow, nearly at the top of the fifth. His friends at home, having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, hadn't put him into tails; and even his jackets were always too small; and he had a talent for destroying clothes, and making himself look shabby. He wasn't on terms with Flashman's set, who sneered at his dress and ways behind his back, which he knew, and revenged himself by asking Flashman the most disagreeable questions, and treating him familiarly whenever a crowd of boys were round them. Neither was he intimate with any of the other bigger boys, who were warned off by his

oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, amongst other failings, he had that of impecuniosity in a remarkable degree. He brought as much money as other boys to school, got rid of it in no time, no one knew how. And then, being also reckless, borrowed from anyone, and, when his debts accumulated and creditors pressed, would have an auction in the hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study-table. For weeks after one of these auctions, having rendered his study uninhabitable, he would live about in the fifth-form room and hall, doing his verses on old letter-backs and odd scraps of paper, and learning his lessons, no one knew how. He never meddled with any little boy, and was popular with them, though they all looked on him with a sort of compassion, and called him "poor Diggs," not being able to resist appearances, or to disregard wholly even the sneers of their enemy Flashman. However, he seemed equally indifferent to the sneers of big boys and the pity of small ones, and lived his own queer life with much apparent enjoyment to himself. It is necessary to introduce Diggs thus particularly, as he not only did Tom and East good service in their present warfare, as is about to be told, but soon afterwards, when he got into the sixth, chose them for his fags, and excused them from study-fagging, thereby earning unto himself eternal gratitude from them, and all who are interested in their history.

And seldom had small boys more need of a friend, for the morning after the siege the storm burst upon the rebels in all its violence. Flashman laid wait, and caught Tom before second lesson, and receiving a point-blank "No," when told to fetch his hat seized him

and twisted his arm, and went through the other methods of torture in use. "He couldn't make me cry, though," as Tom said triumphantly to the rest of the rebels, "and I kicked his shins well, I know." And soon it crept out that a lot of the fags were in league, and Flashman excited his associates to join him in bringing the young vagabonds to their senses; and the house was filled with constant chasings, and sieges and lickings of all sorts; and in return, the bullies' beds were pulled to pieces, and drenched with water, and their names written up on the walls with every insulting epithet which the fag invention could furnish. The war, in short, raged fiercely; but soon, as Diggs had told them, all the better fellows in the fifth gave up trying to fag them, and public feeling began to set against Flashman and his two or three intimates and they were obliged to keep their doings more secret, but being thorough bad fellows, missed no opportunity of torturing in private. Flashman was an adept in all ways, but, above all, in the power of saying cutting and cruel things, and could often bring tears to the eyes of boys in this way, which all the thrashings in the world wouldn't have wrung from them.

NAPOLEON AND THE ENGLISH SAILOR BOY

In 1806 Napoleon assembled his fleet and forces at Boulogne, preparatory to invading England: but his scheme came to nought. The poem relates how a little English lad was captured, and how his devotion procured his restoration to his friends.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy—*they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking,

Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.
Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder!

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows!

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger:

"Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said;
"Ye've both my favour fairly won.

A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scant'ly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

CAMPBELL.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"

* * * * *

My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!

But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,

Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems to be so desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

* * * * * *

COWPER.

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betrothed were they:

They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day.

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands, so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse;
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;—
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "ye speak so wild?"—
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth—you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast—
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true;
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse;
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife,"

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by!"

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse;
"But keep the secret all ye can."—
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die, to-night!"

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said.
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear —
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown;
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are; —
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald;
"For I am yours in word and deed;—
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald;
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood,
If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

LORD TENNYSON

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

James Fitz James (James, the son of James IV of Scotland) was fond of roaming in disguise among his peasantry partly from sheer love of adventure, and partly to discover for himself how the poor classes fared in his country, and how justice was administered. Indeed he was so much loved by the people that they called him the king of the Commons. In one such adventure he lost his way, and was met by a Highlander, who offered to be his guide to the Lowlands. This was no other than Roderick Dhu, and the two ate and went on their way for a long time without identifying each other. For "the Highlanders carried hospitality to a punctilious excess and are said to have considered it churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment."

Roderick Dhu (the Black), so called from his complexion, was a Highland chief who held something like a patriarchal sway over his tribes or clans. These called themselves Gaels, and termed the Lowlanders the Saxons, who were supposed to have, by violence, wrested lands and countries from them. The Highlanders therefore made raids on the Lowlands, and

carried away plunder, which was in those days a rough and ready way of reclaiming what they had once lost. In fact, a young chief was expected to show his talents for command . . . by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature . . . for which no apology was necessary.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose:
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill:
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace.
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a grey hound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."
"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not:—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war
Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar?"
"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,

Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."
Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou, that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."—
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command,
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.

But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."
The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answer'd with disdainful smile—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain

The Saxon rears one shock of grain:
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."—
Answer'd Fitz-James,—"And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"—
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."—
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour

As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"
"Have, then, thy wish!"—He whistled shrill.
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threat'ning mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?

These are Glen-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

SCENES FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

[Marlow and Hastings are on their way to the castle of Mr. Hardcastle, an old-fashioned country gentleman. Having missed their way, they arrive at an alehouse to ascertain the whereabouts of the castle. Tony, a mischievous fellow and stepson to Mr. Hardcastle, whom they see there, directs them to the castle, but makes them believe that they are going only to an inn—not to Mr. Hardcastle's residence.]

SCENE—*An Alehouse Room. Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco.* TONY *at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.*

Enter Landlord.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundly like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit* Landlord.) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

[*Exeunt mob.*

Tony (*solus*). Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half year. Now if I pleased, I

could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year; and let him frighten me out of *that*, if he can.

Enter Landlord, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir: but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that —you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimiscal fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*Winking upon the* Landlord). Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lock-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash Lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O, sir you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crackskull Common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with—— three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then, let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*aside to* TONY.) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. *(To them.)* You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road-side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way.

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no farther connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. *(To the Landlord.)* Mum!

Exeunt.

ACT. II

SCENE—*An old-fashioned House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home?

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger: and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking: you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going for ward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table

you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (*to* DIGGORY).—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

First Serv. I'm not to leave this pleace.

Second Serv. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

Third Serv. Nor mine, for sartin.

Dig. And I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again——But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. [*Exit* Hardcastle.

Dig. By the elevens, my pleace is gone quite out of my head.

Rog. I know that my pleace is to be everywhere.

First Serv. Where the devil is mine?

Second Serv. My pleace is to be nowhere at all; and so I'ze go about my business. [*Exeunt* servants, *running about as if frighted, different ways.*]

HYMN TO THE SUN

I

Risen in majestic blaze,
Lo! the Universe's eye,
Vast and wondrous, host of rays,
Shineth brightly in the sky.
Soul of all that moveth not,
Soul of all that moves below--
Lighteth he earth's gloomiest spot,
And the heavens are all aglow!

II

See! he followeth the Dawn.
Brilliant in her path above,
As a youth, by beauty drawn,
Seeks the maiden of his love!
Holy men, and pious sages,
Worship now the glorious Sun,
For by rites ordain'd for ages
Shall a good reward be won.

III

Look! his horses, mounted high,
Good of limb, and swift, and strong,
In the Forehead of the sky,
Run their course the heaven along!
Praises to his steeds be given
Racing o'er the road of heaven!

IV

Such the majesty and power,
Such the glory of the Sun,

When he sets at evening hour
The worker leaves his task undone;
His steeds are loosed, and over all
Spreadeth Night her gloomy pall.

V

When he rides in noon-tide glow
Blazing in the nations' sight,
The skies his boundless glory show,
And his majesty of light;
And when he sets, his absent might
Is felt in thickening shades of night.

VI

Hear us, O ye gods, this day!
Hear us graciously, we pray!
As the Sun his state begins,
Free us from all heinous sins!
Mitra, Varun, Aditi!
Hear, O hear us graciously!
Powers of Ocean, earth, and air,
Listen, listen to our prayer!

—FROM THE RIG VEDA.

THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you will be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side will come from far
away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy
bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps
and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the
meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as
they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-
long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh and green and still.
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill.
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance
and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year:

To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

LORD TENNYSON.

BALLAD OF LADY ROSABELLE

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

'"Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.'

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold—
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him:
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

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

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

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

C. WOLFE.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,

Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless d,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

A HARD BARGAIN

Abdul Kareem, the Fadeli Sheikh,
Brought to the Pasha a clean-bred mare,
All radiant bay with a snow-white flake;
Never a drop but of pure blood there;
"See her fearless step and her broad eyes gleam,
She's a steed for the Kaliph," said Abdul Kareem.

Long was the chaffering, loud the discourse,
To settle her price was a day's hard work;
But the man of the desert could stay like his horse,
And he wearied the soul of the Stamboul Turk;
Who sent for his treasurer, counted the gold—
"Two thousand, I have her, the mare is sold;

"But the sum is extortionate, double your due;
I am cheated and robbed by a Bedouin thief;
Should a Mussulman trade like a miserly Jew?
Should gold be the god of an Arab chief?
You can take off your booty, my cash with my curse;"
The Arab said nought, as he tied up the purse,

But—"One last farewell to the beast I've bred,
To the pride of my house, ere I leave her there";
So he kissed the star on her stately head—
Then he leapt on the back of the bright bay mare,
He shot through the gateway, and rode down the street:
The Pasha sprang up at the clatter of feet;

Two score troopers in harness stood;
"Mount," cried the Pasha, "and ride with a will,
Bring me the mare back, take his blood;
The money is yours if the man you kill,"—
Down the steep stony causeway they closed on him fast,
But he gained the town gate and the desert at last.

Mile after mile he canters in front;
They may gallop in vain, though he's always near;
Is he riding a race, is he leading a hunt?
Ten lances' length between dogs and deer—
Till he touched the mare's quarter, and lowering his hand
Sailed far out of sight o'er the level sand.

Sadly the Pasha rose next day;
Who is it calls from the court without?
'Tis the Arab chief on his clean-bred bay
With her calm wide eye and her unstained coat:
And he said, as he lighted and loosened her girth,
"O Pasha, the gold, is it double her worth?

"She has shown you her paces and proved her blood;
You have lamed ten horses her mettle to try;
You have sworn more oaths than a Mussulman should;
Will you choose now your cash, or the beast to buy,
Or one more heat o'er the desert course?"
"Begone," said the Pasha, "and leave me the horse."

MAHMOUD

There came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right;
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognize its right, as king with king.
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us:
One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board."

* * * * *

"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No, he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street because I vowed

I'll bring the prince himself, to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery;
And oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out with thee!"
The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread"
(For he was poor), "and other comforts. Go;
And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."
In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
And said, "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a woman's face
That to the window fluttered in affright.
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light:
But tell the females first to leave the room:
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."
The man went in. There was a cry; and hark!
A table falls; the window is struck dark;
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind,
With curses, comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.
"Now *light* the light!" the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done: he took it in his hand, and bowed
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
Then turned, and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.
In reverent silence the beholders wait,
Then bring him, at his call, both wine and meat;
And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amaz'd, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
The reason, first, of that command he gave
About the light: then when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and lastly how it was
That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.
The Sultan said, with much humanity,
"Since first I heard thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread that one
By whom such daring villanies were done
Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son.
Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd.
For this I had the light put out. But when
I saw the face and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thank'd the sovereign Arbiter,
Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear,
And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,
The first time since thou cam'st and marr'dst my solitude.'

LEIGH HUNT.

DARA

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
Weakened by many a vice, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That sniff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
Made his own village, by the self-same spell,
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then gathering strength by slow and wise degrees

Under his sway to neighbour villages
Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now, when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain, and hand, and eyes
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare,
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear
That though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;
But when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight.
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate
The Viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand:
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest!"
'Twas done; and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found therein! Some blushed and hung the head.
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and, "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust!" he said.

"To govern men, lo, all the spell I had!
My soul, in these rude vestments ever clad,
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe the mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids; before 'twas night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE CHAMELEON

Two travellers in friendly chat
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun;
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
Its foot with triple claw disjointed;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! And then its hue!
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm 'tis blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye;"
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them of but little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third,
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other:
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light.
I marked it well,—it's black as jet:
You stare,—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, Sir, do,
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that, when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once to solve the doubt,"

Replies the man, "I'll turn him, out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him—'
He said: then full before their sight,
Produced the beast, and lo! 'twas white!
Both start: the man looks wondrous wise.—
"My children," the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
"You all are right; and all are wrong;
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

J. MERRICK.

THE VICTIM

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
"The Gods are moved against the land."
The Priest in horror about his altar,
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life."

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came:

"The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the Priest.

The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
"The Gods have answer'd:
We give them the boy."

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.

They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or *I*, the wife?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well:
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
"We have his dearest,
His only son!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, not my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking "*I* am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy:
"O, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Which was his dearest?
The Gods have answered;
We give them the wife!"

LORD TENNYSON.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro'.)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
"We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,

Perished him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

—R. BROWNING.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their [mothers,—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—

Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,—
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

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

E. B. BROWNING

BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS

ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

"Why should you speak of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, since all know of it from the king to the meanest of his subjects? It should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led—
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or Freeman fa',
  Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
  Let us Do, or DIE!

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I

HALF a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd;
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made
  All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON.

BREATHES THERE THE MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
  Who never to himself hath said,
  'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AWAKE, MY SOUL

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
All praise to Thee Who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN.

PSALM 95

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The heights of the mountains are his also.
The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down;
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:
For he is our God,
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

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

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

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

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main:

"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

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

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

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

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

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

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies;
The Lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!
At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

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

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

LONGFELLOW

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute:
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, this mundane sphere:
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sank away,
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering, said,
"A modest Acorn, never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And O, how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,

Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

H. GOULD.

LABOUR

Pause not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
Hark! how Creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

* * * * *

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth,
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon:
Labour is glory! The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.

Labour is rest, from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,

Fest from world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow:
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.
Droop not—thou shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
Rest not content in thy darkness, a clod:
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Labour! all labour is noble and holy.

* * * * *

FRANCES OSGOOD.

LAUS DEO!*

On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery in America.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound?

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

J. G. WHITTIER.

A RIDE TO THE RESCUE; OR, HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

THE galloping swing and movement of Browning's lines are admirably in accord with the sense and the hasting character of the desperate ride.

What was the good news? It might have been an order to spare a city about to be given up to massacre by its besiegers. Or it might have contained a message of coming rescue for those on the eve of surrender, as in the case of the siege of Lucknow, where the garrison was encouraged to hold out a little longer by the hope of an approaching force bringing relief.

I

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"*Good speed!*" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"*Speed!*" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At *Boom*, a great yellow star came out to see;
At *Duffeld*, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from *Mechelu* church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "*Yet there is time!*"

IV

At *Aerschot*, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

V

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, eyes that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI

By *Hasselt,* Dirck Groaned; and cried Joris: "*Stay spur!*
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII

So we were left galloping, Joris and I;
Past *Looz* and past *Tongres,* no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over at *Dalhem* a dome-spire sprang white,
And "*Gallop,*" cried Joris, "*for Aix is in sight!*"

VIII

"*How they'll greet us!*"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into *Aix* Roland galloped and stood.

X

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

MEN OF ENGLAND

MEN of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood:

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd, kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,

If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and Mitred tyranny;
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

CAMPBELL.

THE SAILOR'S STORY

[A Selection from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."]

IN this story in verse, he tells to a wedding guest this account of a sail from Scotland towards the South Polar regions, the horrors of the voyage, and of his return homewards.

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

[Then a great sea bird, called the Albatross, came through the fog, and was received with great joy. It followed them until they returned northward through floating ice, till the Mariner inhospitably killed the bird. Then his shipmates cried out against him for killing the bird of good luck. They met with new terrors, and the sailors would throw the whole guilt on him, believing that the Albatross was going to be avenged.]

At length did cross an Albatross:
Through the fog it came;

As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog—smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

"*God save thee, ancient Mariner!*
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done an evil thing,
And it would work'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The crimson sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: alas!
That ever this should be;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

And some in dreams assur'd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root:
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
  Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
  About my neck was hung.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
  Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
  How glazed each weary eye!

[One after another, his shipmates drop down dead].

* * * *

Four times fifty living men
  (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
  They dropped down one by one.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
  Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
  My soul in agony.

[Then the spell begins to break. The Mariner is refreshed with rain after being in a trance, and he beholdeth his home again.]

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
  Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
  She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

  The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
  I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge:

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ships,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! delightful joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this my own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!

And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

[Ever throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to teach by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loved.]

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell,
To thee, thou Wedding guest:
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

GRANDEUR OF THE OCEAN

THIS poem describes the pleasure of being alone either in the woods or on the sea-shore, away from the haunts of man.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is Society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

THE ENGLISH BOY

Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

—AKENSIDE.

LOOK from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English boy!

Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have rolled since foeman's march
Passed o'er that old, firm sod;
For well the land hath fealty held
To freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English boy!
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie
Which poured forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, midst oak and yew!
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain:
Gaze on, my English boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have showered their free heart's blood
That England's prayer might rise,
From those gray fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfettered, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English boy!
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perished—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstained,
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memory's light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English boy!
And pray, like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
The altars of the land.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring Swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love;
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove;
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these,
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall:
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

* * * * *

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:

And, as a hare when hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

* * * * *

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spake the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,

The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head so high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place,
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures, placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

* * * * *

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,

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

* * * * *

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band!
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

* * * * *

Goldsmith.

A PSALM OF LIFE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

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

LONGFELLOW.

SOME MURMUR ETC.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

TRENCH.

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