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CHAMBERS'S

ELOCUTION

NEW EDITION

THE READINGS AND RECITATIONS

SELECTED BY

R. C. H. MORISON

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PREFACE.

In this new edition the plan of the Introduction, which contains many of the admirable 'Principles of Elocution' by the late Dr William Graham, has been considerably changed, the Editor believing that the present form is more in harmony with the best teaching of the day.

The selection of extracts has been greatly altered and much enlarged. While favourite passages from the older writers which are still considered standard subjects for elocutionary practice have been retained, many pieces by living authors which have not before appeared in similar collections have been added. These have all undergone the actual test of the public platform, and will, it is believed, be found admirably adapted both for the development of elocutionary skill and for effective public recital.

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ELOCUTION.

INTRODUCTION.

ELOCUTION (Lat., 'speaking out') is the art of effective speaking, more especially of public speaking. It regards the utterance or delivery, while the wider art of oratory takes account also of the matter spoken. Elocution may be considered as it relates both to reading and to speaking.

Reading is the delivery of language from writing; speaking is the utterance of spontaneous composition. Reading is merely mechanical when words are intelligibly but unimpressively delivered; and it is oratorical in effect when the sentiment proper to the utterance is expressed by pauses, tones, emphasis, &c. Recitation from memory is another form of reading, the matter being delivered from a mental transcript. This mode is highly favourable to oratorical effect, but it is limited in application, and untrustworthy where the importance of the matter rather than the manner makes exactness of phraseology essential. Speaking from spontaneous composition is the highest form of oratory. The qualities requisite for these arts are very different.

To read or recite well involves a perfect understanding of the construction of sentences, and ability to analyse complex forms of composition, and to discriminate between essential and expletive words. It also involves a nice perception of the qualities of modulation, and of their relation to expressiveness, together with ability to regulate the voice so as exactly to suit the sound to the sense. The study of the art of

reading is thus valuable as a means of improvement in composition, as well as for its influence in refining the taste, and exercising all the faculties of perception, expression, and adaptation.

In good reading or recitation, the thoughts of the writer must first be taken into the reader's mind, and then delivered as the writer himself might have uttered them immediately on their conception. Children, when set to read language above their comprehension, are of necessity merely mechanical readers; and in this way they acquire habits of unintelligent reading, which are seldom perfectly thrown off in after-life. In silent reading, or the perusal of language for our own information, we gather the sense as we proceed, and correct misapprehensions by reflection; in reading aloud for the information of others, we must perfectly comprehend the matter before we utter it, so as to avoid misleading the hearer. A practised reader can, no doubt, exercise sufficient prevision at the time of reading, by keeping his eye in advance of his utterance, to read any ordinary composition fairly at first sight; but for public reading this would be insufficient. Whatever is to be read in public should first be well studied in private. The reader, thus knowing definitely what he has to express, will give forth no uncertain sounds, and his manner will have the freedom of delivery from memory without the disadvantage of its constraint upon the mind. His whole attention will be concentrated on the object of his reading—the effective *conveyance* of the matter and spirit of the composition. The presence of the book before him will be necessary chiefly to give confidence, and prevent the possibility of rambling. The eye, assisted by memory, will take in clauses and even sentences at a glance, so that it may be freely raised during utterance. If the eye of a reader is fixed on the book, he seems to be perusing it for his own information; but if he look his hearers in the face, as with due preparation he should be able to do, his delivery may have all the qualities of spontaneous oratory, and be to the hearers speaking rather than reading. This effectiveness is rarely exemplified, because the requirements for public reading are so little understood, and so habitually neglected in our systems of education. The tameness, monotony, and rhythmical singsong so generally associated with reading, have created a prejudice against the use of 'paper' in pulpit addresses, in consequence of which, in some churches, the practice of reading sermons is discountenanced, while in others it is positively interdicted. The quality of sermons, as compositions, is seriously impaired under such circumstances; but the cure for bad reading—against which the prejudice is directed—is *good* reading. All men cannot be orators, but all may be taught to read oratorically; and were students systematically trained in this

art, the services of the church would be rendered far more attractive and influential.

The chief points of difference between ordinary reading and the utterance of spontaneous composition are the uniform force and time, and continuative tones of the former, as contrasted with the reflective breaks and varying modulations and emphases of the latter. The speaker feels what he wishes to say, and he conveys with definiteness the felt relation of each word to the idea which is dominant in his mind. Explctive and explanatory phrases are given parenthetically; ellipses, interpolations between grammatically related words, similes, quotations, and all other elements of rhetorical style, are indicated by changes of modulation; and the *point* of every sentence is made unmistakably apparent. The reader sees all the parts of a sentence level to his eye, and he is apt to deliver them with a corresponding indiscriminativeness of manner; either without variety of time, tone, and stress, or with mere alternation of force and feebleness, or the equal indefiniteness of emphasis on every phrase.

The first requisite for effective reading is a clear conception of the author's intention, together with such a command of the voice as may enable the reader to express that one meaning to the exclusion of all other possible meanings. For every cluster of words is like a many-sided crystal, which may be made to throw light from any of its facets, according as one or another of them is presented uppermost. The most prominent word in the utterance of a sentence is not necessarily the most important grammatical word, but that which is new in reference to the context; and such words as are already before the mind—whether directly stated, inferentially included in former expressions, or otherwise implied—are pronounced with subordinateness of manner. Thus, in the following lines:

> The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

If the first line were read independently, it would be emphasised as follows:

> The quality of *mercy* | is not *strained;*

but if read in connection with the preceding context, the emphasis would be different. Thus:

> *Portia.* Then must the Jew have mercy
> *Shylock.* On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

'Mercy' and the 'compulsion' of mercy being thus already before the mind, the chief point in Portia's reply will now be:

> The quality of mercy *is* not strained,
> It droppeth, &c.

But, as to 'drop' is the natural characteristic of 'rain,' and as rain always falls 'from heaven,' and necessarily 'upon the place beneath,' these implied words will be pronounced subordinately; thus:

> It droppeth as the *gentle rain* from heaven
> Upon the place beneath.

Bearing in mind, further, that mercy is of necessity 'blessed,' the reader will proceed:

> It is *twice* blessed;

and as the object of the speech is to *solicit* mercy, he will give prominence to the word that advances the suit. Thus:

> It blesseth him that *gives*, and him that takes.

On this principle, the reader shows that he has, in his own mind, performed the writer's process of thought, and so made the language which he interprets virtually his own. But in order to express with definiteness the thoughts and sentiments thus adopted, the reader must have the *instrument* of expressiveness perfectly under control. His voice should have no more predisposition to any particular tune than the flute or violin of a musician. Tones have an inherent value, which is above and independent of language, so that assertive construction may be made to convey interrogative meaning, and interrogative language may have assertive or imperative force. The modulations of the voice unravel all the complexities of composition, separating words from their immediate context, or connecting them with others from which they are most widely separated in the sentence. Thus, in the following lines:

> Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
> From the field of his fame fresh and gory,

the clause 'fresh and gory,' is, by relative modulation, shown to refer to 'him' in the preceding line, and not to the nearer words 'fame' or 'field.' So, also, in the following passage: 'And they came with haste, and found Joseph and Mary, and the babe lying in a manger.' Here the series, 'Joseph and Mary | and the babe' is divided by a modulation of the voice, so as to show that the last word 'babe' is alone the grammatical antecedent to the clause 'lying in a manger.' From such illustrations it will be obvious that good reading or recita-

tion involves close thinking, and that the governing qualities of tone demand accurate appreciation and careful culture.

The tendency of the best teachers nowadays is to place little reliance on the artificial rules laid down by writers on elocution (although these rules have some value as attempts more or less successful to furnish students with a notation of vocal inflections and tones), and to instruct rather by direct imitation of nature; and undoubtedly the best way to learn the art is to go to a cultured master. Still some useful practical hints may be given here. And, first, as to the management of the breath. This is almost as important to the speaker as to the singer, for on it depend ease and fluency of utterance, artistic grouping of words, and resonance of voice. The speaker should adopt an easy attitude, head erect and chest thrown well out, and should breathe at every opportunity. It is a great mistake to pump out all the breath, and then gulp down a new supply. As far as possible, too, every opportunity should be taken to inhale quietly and deeply through the nostrils, the lips being gently closed. Nose-breathing should be practised at all times, not only for the improvement of the voice, but for the general health both when waking and sleeping.

Probably the best description ever given of good articulation—on which so much of the clearness and carrying quality of speech depends—is that of Austin: 'In just articulation the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they are neither abridged, nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth; they are not trailed nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are delivered from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight.'

Good pronunciation is very important to the speaker, for nothing so disturbs the attention of an audience as a solecism in pronunciation. Association with persons of education and refinement, particularly in youth, is of course the surest way to acquire a good pronunciation, though the student may do a good deal for himself by listening attentively to public speakers of acknowledged culture, and also by consulting a good pronouncing dictionary.* Provincialisms of speech, which are generally to be found in the vowel sounds, and of 'accent,' such as the 'Scotch accent,' as the peculiar singsong utterance heard

* Chambers's *Twentieth Century Dictionary*, 3s. 6d.

in Scotland is called (arising mainly from a monotonous use of certain inflections of the voice), must be got rid of.

The tones of the speaking voice are all more or less *inflected*—that is, they do not remain for any appreciable time on any one pitch. In this respect they differ essentially from singing tones, which are level, and only varied in pitch: as Hullah puts it—'Speech consists almost exclusively of *concrete* sounds; song almost exclusively of *discrete* sounds.' The term 'modulation, as understood by elocutionists, has reference to the general pitch of the vocal inflections in a passage. The inflections themselves are all either rising or falling. The rising turn of voice carries on the hearer's attention to what is to *follow*, and is used consequently when a statement is incomplete; the falling turn directs attention to what has gone *before*, and is used consequently when a statement is complete. The former asks, or appeals to the hearer; the latter affirms, or enjoins from the speaker. The former is negative; the latter is positive. Simple inflections rise or fall directly from their accentual pitch—that is, from the accented syllable—to their termination; and the range of the inflection may have any extent, from less than a semitone to more than an octave, according to the nature and force of the sentiment. The strongest rising tones are expressive of interrogation, incredulity, or entreaty; and the strongest falling tones, of affirmation, assurance, or command. In ordinary unimpassioned narrative, or description, or plain argument, the range of the inflections will be correspondingly more limited. Compound inflections unite the two vocal movements—falling before a rising termination, and rising before a falling termination—with one accentual impulse; and the effect of this opposition of tone is to add to the expressiveness of the termination a suggestion or *inference* (frequently of an ironical nature) in accordance with the expressiveness of the commencing turn. Thus: 'Not ŏne,' with compound rising tone, implies 'but more.' 'Even ône,' with compound falling tone, implies 'and not more.'

The emphatic force of tones depends on their accentual pitch in relation to that of preceding tones, as well as on the extent and the direction of the inflection. The amount of possible variety in these degrees is exceedingly great, but the peculiar expressiveness of individual modes of inflection is definite, traceable to systematic principles, and of limited extent, depending principally on three qualities:

1. Rising or falling inflection as well as termination; as,
   Cónstánt, Cònstànt.
2. Rising or falling inflection with opposite termination; as,
   Cŏnstánt, Cônstànt.

3. Inflection higher or lower than preceding pitch; as,

dïe? To To drêam.
To slèep. slëep? Perchance to

These three sources of vocal variety the student of elocution should have under ready and perfect control. The acute accent (') is used to denote the rising inflection, and the grave accent (`) the falling inflection.

The model for effective reading is to be found in the ordinary style of animated conversation. The speaker's tones are not governed by the laws of punctuation, nor by formal grammatical periods. Every clause in a sentence is, to the speaker, a period. The most complex sentence is only an aggregation of correlative sentences, each of which is a separate act of thought, and should be delivered as such in reading, as it always is in speaking. Modulation will show the relation of each part to the whole, but inflection should at the same time show each part to be in itself complete, as the statement of a distinct though subordinate fact or circumstance.

The formal arrangements of inflections which have been gravely prescribed for 'simple' and 'compound,' 'commencing' and 'concluding' series, 'penultimate' and 'antepenultimate' clauses, &c., have done much to discourage students from paying proper attention to the art of elocution, and have almost justified the denunciations of some authors, who have declared elocution to be altogether unworthy of study. Thus, Archbishop Whately, in his disgust at the jerking alternations of ups and downs prescribed in elocutionary rules, counsels students to have nothing to do with rules, but simply to be 'natural.'

To acquire a natural style of reading, the chief point to be attended to is the logical clausing of sentences, so as to present, with separate completeness to the hearer's mind, every fact and every associated circumstance, whether principal or subordinate. Punctuation is not a sufficient guide for this purpose; it will sometimes even mislead. Thus, in the following sentence from Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*, no comma occurs, but the reader will nevertheless divide the period into at least three modulative clauses: 'The blaze of truth and liberty | may at first dazzle and bewilder | nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage.' Here the first section contains the *subject* of the sentence, the second the *predicate*, and the third the *object*, with its dependent clauses. It is to be observed that the object 'nations is separated from its governing verb 'bewilder,' only because the former is itself the governing antecedent to a new but subordinate sentence.

Nor is any particular mode of vocal inflection necessarily associated with any of the marks of punctuation. This is particularly to be noted in connection with the sign of interrogation. The position of this mark, too, at the end of a period often misleads readers into an unnatural tone. The interrogative part of the sentence may not extend beyond a single clause, and this may be followed by many clauses within the same period. The mark of interrogation would therefore be better placed at the beginning of a sentence. But, as above shown, interrogative language may sometimes require for its just expression any one of all the tones in the gamut of speech. Thus: 'Wíll you?' If pronounced with a simple rising tone, this question asks or appeals; and with an extended range of inflection, it expresses doubt or surprise. But the form of words does not necessitate the rising tone. Thus: 'Will you?' If pronounced with a simple falling turn, the question expresses desire or expectation on the part of the speaker; and with an extended range of inflection, it conveys more or less of authoritative injunction.

The same question may legitimately, also, take either of the compound forms of inflection. Thus: 'Will you?' If pronounced with a compound rising turn, it infers some cause of opposition or hindrance; and with an extended range of inflection, insinuates more or less of threatening or penalty. With a compound falling tone, thus: 'Wîll you?' it suggests more or less of defiance and contempt, according to the pitch of the commencing turn, and the extent of the concluding inflection. When reading difficult passages in such authors as Shakespeare and Browning, where thought and sentiment are closely interwoven in the texture of the verse, a very useful practical rule for ascertaining the proper tones and inflections is to express the passage in one's own words, and note the tones and inflections which nature prompts. To read poetry well is the highest form of elocutionary art, for in addition to the requirements in reading prose, the rhythm of the verse must be indicated, as without that the soul of poetry has indeed fled. Assiduous practice in reading aloud the best poets, and a careful study of their metrical effects, is the only method by which the student can learn to bring out the full meaning of the thought and feeling together with the music of the rhythm.

The principles of vocal expression, clausular pronunciation, emphasis, &c., as above sketched, apply equally to speaking as to reading; but it is in connection with the latter chiefly that they require to be studied, as they are generally applied instinctively in spontaneous speaking, even by those who are most enslaved by vicious habits in reading. The management of the voice, however, should be more than an instinct to the orator; and there is

much in the philosophy of vocal expression that will be studied with equal advantage by both speakers and readers.

Nothing marks out the finished reader so clearly as his power of modulating his voice. It is by subtle changes of tone that the infinite variety of feeling is represented, and a speaker or reader who wishes to fix and continue to hold the attention of his audience must acquire the power of *dramatising* his speech by means of modulation. His effects must, of course, be 'natural'—there must be no undue straining after effect. On this subject the student cannot do better than read and re-read Hamlet's famous speech to the players, in which will be found the whole sum and substance of the art of dramatic speaking. In addition, the following paragraphs of practical instruction will be useful.

elocution

The Keys of the Voice.—The voice is usually considered as capable of assuming three keys—the low, the high, and the middle. This variety is undoubtedly too limited; but for the first lessons of a student it may perhaps be sufficiently useful. A well-trained voice is capable of ranging in these with various degrees of loudness, softness, stress, continuity, and rapidity. Before pointing out passages where the adoption of these united qualities of voice is required, it is necessary to consider the means by which the voice, as an instrument, is made capable of acquiring these qualities.

STRESS, SUDDEN AND GRADUAL.—If the muscles of the glottis are forcibly tightened, the sounds are given out with a force which has tempted some to call it *Explosive Power*. So important is this compression of the throat to the acquisition of distinctness and power in speaking, that it is impossible to arrive at eminence in speaking without its employment. This compression may be familiarly illustrated by stating that it is nothing more than that exertion of the muscles of the breast and throat which we experience when we endeavour to raise anything exceedingly heavy, or that closing up of the throat which takes place before coughing. If the pronunciation of a learner is relaxed or feeble, he might, in the pronunciation of such a word as *power*, compress his lips, then exert the muscular action of the throat, then relax the lips suddenly, and the consequence will be a forcible pulsation of the voice. In doing this, it should be kept in mind that the compression of the lip must be firm, in accordance with the compression of the throat. This sudden and forcible utterance may at first be practised on vowels, or sounds beginning

with mutes. In the syllables beginning with semi-vowels, the explosive action follows the aspiration; thus, in *same*, the hissing sound of *s* is first heard, and the muscular compression necessary to give stress to *a* must be made immediately after. The vowel-sound *ah* preceded by a consonant should be practised most frequently. The practice of explosion has led several speakers into a disagreeable separation of the consonant and vowel sounds; thus *blame* is sounded *bl-ame*, and sometimes with an approximation to the aspirate on the *a*, like *bl-hame*. Whatever force is given to the consonant-sounds, or to the vowel-sound on which they alight, the one should flow into the other smoothly.

SWELL AND VANISH OF THE VOICE.—What are termed the *swell* and *vanish* of the voice are accompanied by a gradual compression and relaxation of the muscles, and are employed together in the pronunciation of solemn and magnificent passages.

SPEAKING VOICE—ACQUIRED VOICE.—In common conversation our tone is light, and appears to come from the lip; in serious and impressive speaking it appears to be formed farther back, and is accompanied by a greater tension of the muscles of the throat. This deeper formation of the voice (generally called 'orotund') is the secret of that peculiar tone which is found in actors and orators of celebrity. Some have this voice naturally; but the greater number must acquire it by assiduous practice in speaking farther down in the throat than is usual in ordinary conversation. This peculiar voice, which is adapted to the expression of what is solemn, grand, and exciting, 'is formed in those parts of the mouth posterior to the palate, bounded below by the root of the tongue, above by the commencement of the palate, behind by the most posterior part of the throat, and on the sides by the angles of the jaw. The tongue, in the meantime, is hollowed and drawn back, and the mouth is opened in such a manner as to favour the enlargement of the cavity described as much as possible.' By practising on suitable passages the student will gradually acquire the orotund voice.

LOW KEY.—To acquire strength and distinctness in this key, the remarks made in the last paragraph will be found useful. It is a rare accomplishment, but one which is a most valuable principle in speaking. Strengthening the low notes, after forming them, should be a great object with the student of Elocution; but it too often happens that the acquisition of a screaming high note is reckoned the desideratum in declamation. The difficulty of being distinct and audible in the low key is at first discouraging; but practice will in most cases attain the object.

MIDDLE KEY.—This is the key of common discourse. It is capable

of being rendered effective for public speaking, by the sudden force and swell which have been already mentioned. Sheridan points out a simple method of acquiring loudness in this key: 'Anyone who, through habit, has fallen into a weak utterance, cannot hope suddenly to change it; he must do it by degrees and constant practice. I would therefore recommend it to him, that he should daily exercise himself in reading or repeating in the hearing of his friend; and that, too, in a large room. At first, his friend should stand at such a distance only as the speaker can easily reach in his usual manner of delivering himself. Afterwards, let him gradually increase his distance, and the speaker will, in the same gradual proportion, increase the force of the voice.' In doing this, the speaker still keeps on the same pitch of voice, but gives it with greater power. If his friend were to go beyond the reach of the middle key, then the speaker would employ the high bawling note which one would use in calling to another on the opposite side of a broad river. It is material to notice that a well-formed middle key, and even a low key, is capable of filling any room; and that the neglect of strengthening the voice in these keys leads a speaker to adopt the high shouting note which is often heard in our pulpits. Exhaustion and hoarseness ensue; and the difficulty of utterance gives a vehemence to the address of the speaker, which is often out of harmony with the sentiments which he delivers.

HIGH KEY.—This key of the voice, though very uncommon in ordinary speaking or reading, ought to be practised, as it tends to give strength to the voice generally, and as it is frequently employed in public speaking. Every one can speak in a high key, but few do it pleasingly. There is a compression necessary in the high notes, as well as the middle and the low: this compression distinguishes the vociferous passion of the peasant from that of the actor or orator. We are often struck with the height of tone assumed by the chivalrous actor; but we hear every day higher and louder tones from untutored people: the difference lies in the modulation. Strength and soundness in the high notes may be acquired by inflecting vowels, and continuing them on a monotone.

TIME.—We have noticed the principal keys of the voice, and the method by which they may be successfully attained, and also the stress or power of the voice in these keys. Modulation also includes the consideration of the *time* which is natural in the pronunciation of certain passages. The combinations, then, of pitch, force, and time, are extremely numerous: as low, loud, slow; low, soft, slow; low, feeble, slow; low, loud, quick, &c.; middle, loud, slow; middle, soft, slow; middle, feeble, slow, &c. Thus we have a copious

Earnestness. Middle key, loud, time quicker :

Rise ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play,
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day. A. A. PROCTER.

Revenge. Middle key, loud, aspirated :

O that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues. *Othello*—SHAKESPEARE.

Courage—Chivalrous Excitement. High, loud, slow :

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility ;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger :
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.
On ! on ! you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot :
Follow your spirit ; and upon this charge,
Cry—Heaven for Harry ! England ! and St George !
Henry V.—SHAKESPEARE.

Courage—Desperate Excitement. High, loud, slow, more aspirated :

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head :
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom !

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms!

Richard III.—SHAKESPEARE.

Fondness, mixed with Sorrow. High, soft, slow:

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo and Juliet—SHAKESPEARE.

SHIFT OF THE VOICE.—In the examples given above, the *prevailing* tone of the voice was pointed out; but in passionate composition, and even in that of vivacious reasoning and narrative, there is frequently in the same sentence, and, generally, at the beginning of a new sentence and paragraph, a marked variety of tone. The effect of a transition from the major to the minor key in music is not more striking than the variety which the voice will occasionally assume.

A change of key is generally necessary at the commencement of a new sentence. When in the preceding sentence the voice has sunk down towards the close, in the new sentence it sometimes recovers its elasticity, and sometimes it continues in the depressed note on which the preceding sentence terminates. This latter is generally the case when the second sentence is illustrative or expository of the first.

No blessing of life is comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. *It eases* and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Here the second sentence, beginning, *It eases*, assumes the low note, which terminates the preceding sentence. In the remaining clauses the voice is varied, in order to rivet the attention on each particular.

Specialty, in the same sentence, has a similar effect:

The flying Mede—*his shaftless, broken bow.*
The fiery Greek—*his red pursuing spear.*

Opposition, variety, modification of the sense, interruption of the thought, whether in one sentence or in separate sentences, produce a change of key.

To die – to sleep: to sleep! *perchance to dream:*
Ay, there's the rub.

In these examples the shifts of the voice take place within the sentence; and it may perhaps be thought that they do not come within the rule which was laid down for commencing a new sentence or paragraph. But they are founded on the same principle—the mood of the speaker's mind. In passionate composition the changes of key are more frequent than in argument, as the mind is more restless; in the latter case, it is principally at the *beginning* of sentences or paragraphs that a change is necessary. In order to keep the minds of an audience awake to an argument, it is well that the speaker should at times use the artifices of sincerity, wonder, &c., to indicate the feelings which must fill the breast of every one who speaks with intensity.

PASSION—ITS MODULATION.—The management of passion in accordance with the character that is represented to labour under it, must be intuitively present to the mind of the dramatic author. The person who *acts* a character has, in some respects, a minuter and more delicate task to perform, as he must watch over every tone, look, and gesture, and keep them in consistency with the situation of the person represented. There is a smile of benignity, of love, of contempt; there is a smile of innocence and of guilt; of dignity and of silliness; there is the smile of the peasant and that of the king. To vary the expression of passion, so as to preserve it in keeping with the character—to exhibit inferior and incidental passions, as modified by a dominant one—are the attainments of a great actor, who, in his delineations, is not always assisted by the composition of the dramatist. For, although in representations of passion the dramatist exhibits the sentiment of passion in agreement with the character represented, yet the actor has the difficult task of preserving the consistency of the functions of voice, look, and gesture, in those portions where there is little excitement, and where the familiar parts of the dialogue are apt to make one forget the idiosyncrasy of the character. The influence of passion on utterance, and the analysis of the structure of eloquent composition, must be investigated, that we may be enabled to give that *reading*, as it is called, which a cultivated taste prefers.

> Up with my tent! Here will I lie to-night—
> *But where to-morrow?* Well, all's one for that.
> Who hath descried the number of the traitors? *Richard III.*

The guilty mind is full of starts, and will catch prophecies from its own inadvertent words. There is a marked pause after '*night*,' the mention of '*to-night*' calls his mind to the future. '*But where to-morrow?*' follows in a deep, slow, reflective voice. The familiar

direction and remark of '*Up with my tent! Here will I lie to-night,*' are spoken, not in a careless, light voice, but in a suppressed tone; the mind is oppressed with suspicion, and the fear of impending evil; and the most familiar expressions are tinged with a shade of the ruling passion.

The utterance of familiar, incidental remarks, then, must be in keeping with the colouring of the ruling passion. There is nothing which lends more life and reality to a picture than these trivialities; but their introduction requires a delicate appreciation of character, and of the varying moods of the mind. In the lines above, we observe that Richard's *habitual state of mind* would lead him to speak even common things in a tone of suppression. Accordingly, in certain tragedies, the tone of the principal character, from the beginning to the end, is what may be termed *passion-formed*, and extends over the business of every scene. In the lines we have quoted, the familiar direction is tinged with the *state of mind;* in those which are to follow, the familiar remarks are strongly coloured by an incontrollable ruling passion at the moment, and courtesy is carried off in the whirlwind of rage.

Desdemona. I will not stay to offend you.
Lodovico. Truly an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Othello. Mistress.
Desd. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient: Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home: Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon. *Sir, I obey the mandate,*
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. *Othello*—SHAKESPEARE.

A violent passion does not long keep possession of the mind. It has a train of feelings flowing from it, and the utterance must be varied accordingly. There is a beautiful exemplification of this in the reply of Coriolanus to Aufidius, on being taunted as a boy.

Aufidius. Name not the god,
Thou boy of tears.
Coriolanus. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.
Boy! Cut me to pieces, Volscians: men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. Boy! But let us part,
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids. *Coriolanus*—SHAKESPEARE.

In this piece the word '*boy*' is repeated thrice; and an inexperienced speaker might rise in intensity on each succeeding reiteration. But a little reflection will show that each succeeding '*boy*' should sink in intensity, the last being merely slightly contemptuous. In the first part of the quotation astonishment and rage completely occupy the mind, and the word *boy* is given full and prolonged, with the rising inflection. But a man in vehement commotion soon becomes ashamed of his own situation: if he is proud, his mind whispers to him that he is giving his enemy an advantage, by acknowledging that he has the power of moving him so much. In such situations the mind will suddenly adopt ironical and sneering language, which may argue contempt and coolness. 'Tis there, that, like an eagle in a dovecot, I fluttered your Volscians in Corioli.' After this, the mind, as if it felt that it had got satisfaction for the insult by the taunt thrown out, acquires more calmness, and the last 'boy' is slightly contemptuous. So quickly has the passion exhausted itself, that, in the end, prudence has obtained a place: 'But let us part, lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed my cooler thought forbids.'

To acquire variety of tone, the reading of dialogues (as recommended above), where the characters are affected by different passions, is very useful. Thus, the tones of stern and deep resolve are strongly set off by those of tenderness and innocent fear, in the following dialogue:

Othello. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?
Desdemona. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Desd. Alas! my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No, Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

Desd. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Desd. Then, Heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Desd. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Desd. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Desd. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still. *Othello*—SHAKESPEARE.

The voice of Desdemona is high, soft, clear, slow, and tremulous; that of Othello deep, compressed, slow, and aspirated.

IMITATIVE MODULATION.—In all languages there is a connection betwixt certain words and their pronunciation, naturally significant of the ideas which they represent. In those words which signify objects with which sound and motion are associated, the connection is obvious. By a natural association this imitation is extended to the qualities of roughness, smoothness, height, extension, &c., and also to the metaphysical qualities of gentleness, melancholy, &c. To heighten this imitation in common conversation, or in plain reading, would be ridiculous; but in descriptive reading the voice enters into the imitation, and seems to endeavour to give every word a natural expression. It increases the effect of a reading or recitation to give an imitation—taking care always not to 'o'erstep the modesty of nature —of the tone of the person who is represented. Some of these tones are faulty qualities, and have been divided by elocutionists into the *Guttural*, the *Oral*, the *Nasal*, and the *Falsetto*.

The **Guttural** quality is the deep rasping sound emitted from the larynx. It expresses loathing, rage, revenge, and horror.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian.
If I can catch him once upon the hip.
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him:
Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him.
Merchant of Venice—SHAKESPEARE.

The **Oral** quality (*oris*, of the mouth) is the tone resulting from

slovenly articulation, particularly when caused by affectation or indolence.

'Any fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he'th going to make an ath of himthelf.' That's vewy twue—I—I've often thed tho before.

Lord Dundreary—F. J. SKILL.

The **Nasal** quality (*nasus*, the nose) is a twanging sound given to the pronunciation of words, particularly in some parts of the United States of America.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut 's right an' wut ain't ;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint.
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

Biglow Papers—LOWELL.

The **Falsetto** quality is a weak tone used to express feebleness, fatigue, and old age. It is produced when the natural voice 'breaks' or gets beyond its compass.

There was a silence for a little while; then the old man replied in a thin, trembling voice: 'Nicholas Vedder; why he's been dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell about him, but that's gone too.'

Rip Van Winkle—WASHINGTON IRVING.

EXTEMPORE FORCE.—There is one species of force, connected with pausing, which consists in conveying the impression to the hearer that what is said is the immediate prompting of the mind. The sudden thought dashing on the mind is indeed expressed by the point known as the 'dash,' at which there is a momentary pause, and a suddenness in coming on the succeeding word; but when the ideas flow continuously and in order, the same pause and sudden seizing on the word which expresses the idea which is labouring in the mind, are equally applicable. The pause indicates that the mind is employed in conceiving, and the sudden seizing of the word shows that the orator is afraid of its escaping him. This artifice—for it is only as an artifice that it can be regarded in Elocution—is rendered more imposing if there is a triumphant seizing of the word; for thus the speaker, who seems, as it were, gratified that he has hit on what he wanted, will appear more in the light of one really interested. Besides, this appearance of extemporaneous expression gives the hearer an idea of the *power* of the speaker's mind, and disposes him to listen with the greater

respect. This artifice gives reality to the language of passion in the actor, and lends an interest to the orator. It is not meant that an oration should consist of broken words; it is at times only, when the mind seems oppressed with a labouring thought, or entangled in difficulty, that this artifice can be resorted to with safety. At the same time, in all public speaking, in order to give it this extemporaneous effect, there should be a deliberate timing; without this, the hearer is apt to imagine that the rapidity arises from the fear of the speaker's losing the connection. This connection, too, in cases of servile reliance on the memory, is frequently dependent not merely on the intimacy of thought, but on verbal associations, as is often seen in the case of school-boys, who pronounce with extreme rapidity those tasks which they do not understand. This deliberative speaking does not interfere with the rapidity of extreme earnestness; when the mind is excited, the ideas will come rapidly, and the language will be ready; but there must be a visible excitement to account for the rapidity; as,

What! my lords! the aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people!—they who sprang from the people—are inseparably connected with the people—are supported by the people—are the natural chiefs of the people?

On the Second Reading of the Reform Bill—BROUGHAM.

Gesture regulates the looks, movements, and attitudes which are natural in certain passions and emotions. In strong excitement, there is a similarity of gesture among all nations; but the extent and variety of its employment in common conversation, and in formal addresses to the public, are greatly regulated by the temper, taste, and intellectual improvement of each individual nation. The gesture of the actor is more violent and profuse than that of the orator, who is supposed to be more under the influence of reason, and to address himself to the understanding of his audience. In civilised and polished countries a profusion of gesture is to be avoided in public discourses: it should be neither minute nor violent. The first is inconsistent with that absorption of thought which is necessary in an intellectual address; the second is an outrage on the taste and feelings of the audience, and is apt to raise indignation and aversion. Many modern speakers offend by the vehemence and impropriety of their gesticulation; indeed, the instruction which is given on gesture should often be occupied in reducing within the limits of grace extravagant positions and movements. The ancients were more chaste in their gesture

than is commonly imagined. Although, in seasons of great excitement, they adopted at times a bold and striking gesture, they were generally more restrained in their movements than many modern speakers. Gesture regulates the position and movement of the body, the eye, the limbs, and, indeed, the whole deportment. In oratory, the regulation of the hand is of peculiar importance, not only as it serves to express passion, but to mark the dependence of clauses, and to express the emphasis. In the suspension of a sentence, for instance, the hand may take an upward slide; while at the completion, the hand may sink in a line with the breast. In the stroke of emphasis, the hand rests in the same position, but comes down with a combined jerk of the elbow and wrist. The arm in its movements must not be much curved, but come freely from the shoulder.

A book might be written on the subject of gesture; but as this accomplishment can be learned more quickly and effectually by a few instructions from the living model, it has been deemed unnecessary to swell this volume by a detail of its numerous laws.

HINTS TO THE RECITER.*

1. Commit the recitation thoroughly to memory, and master it in all its relations before attempting to speak in public. In committing, break the recitation up into its natural divisions, which will greatly help the memory.

2. Without attracting attention, breathe deep and long just before, and, as often as opportunity will permit, while speaking; this prevents embarrassment and redness of face, besides preparing the vocal organs for effort.

3. Speak with a view to being heard by the persons farthest from you; and, if the room echoes, speak slowly.

4. Walk upon the platform with a firm, easy tread.

5. Stand with one foot a little in advance of the other.

6. Let the weight rest upon one foot, so that the other can be moved at pleasure.

7. In repose—that is, when no action is required—the hands may (one or both) hang at the side; or one hand may be placed upon the hip, with the elbow pressed back. Some speakers preserve the grace of attitude, and throw one hand behind them, with the palm out. To adhere to any one position, however graceful, during an entire recitation, would be in bad taste.

8. Look about you, over the audience, before beginning to speak, taking the matter quite easily.

9. Do not bow abruptly or nod the head, but bend the body and head simultaneously; then step forward and commence speaking.

10. Gesture should be decided, and not weak and uncertain.

11. When the gesture requires a glance, look toward the object of which you speak, *not after*, *but before or while speaking of it.* First the look, then the action and words in quick succession.

12. Make no gesture without a reason, and avoid excess of action.

13. Make the *climax* of gesture on the most emphatic word, and let the hand fall easily to the side on the next emphatic word thereafter. Having attained the climax, do not shake the hand or otherwise emphasise the climax, but hold the hand still, ready to resume the position of repose. Otherwise the gesture is weakened.

* Partly abridged from *A Manual of Reading*, published by Messrs Harper & Brothers, New York.

14. Do not occupy the hands by twisting any article of apparel, as the watch chain, coat, or dress.

15. Do not thrust the hands into the pockets, or use a handkerchief more than is absolutely necessary, except for special effects.

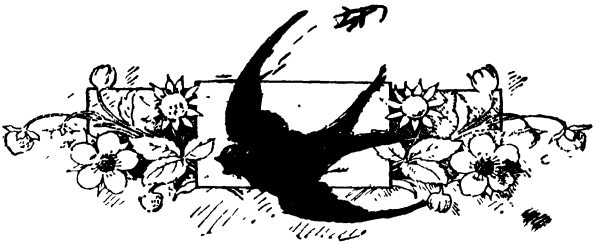
16. Do not walk to and fro upon the platform, sway backward or forward, or make any other monotonous recurrent movement.

17. Do not turn the back to the audience while speaking, but show at least a three-quarters' view of the chest.

18. In personating two characters, as in dialogue, turn the face to the right when one person speaks, and to the left when the other speaks. If there be explanations by the author, speak them in a lower tone of voice, with the face front.

19. In personating more than two characters, select a style of general appearance and quality of voice for each, and resume their respective signs when they speak. Keep in mind that, except perhaps in broad farce, the characters should be suggested rather than fully acted.

20. The final bow may be made simultaneously with a short, backward step, as you turn to leave the platform. Let the weight be carried with the retiring foot, so that the other may be free to move away.



POETICAL PIECES—SERIOUS AND PATHETIC.

THE MOSQUE OF THE CALIPH.—Austin Dobson.

Unto Seyd the vizier spake the Caliph Abdallah—
'Now hearken and hear, I am weary, by Allah!
I am faint with the mere over-running of leisure;
I will rouse me and rear up a palace of pleasure!'

To Abdallah the Caliph spake Seyd the vizier:
'All faces grow pale if my Lord draweth near;
And the breath of his mouth not a mortal shall scoff it—
They must bend and obey, by the beard of the Prophet!'

Then the Caliph that heard with becoming sedateness,
Drew his hand down *his* beard as he thought of his greatness;
Drained out the last bead of the wine in the chalice:
'I have spoken, O Seyd; I will build it, my palace!

'As a drop from the wine where the wine cup hath spilled it,
As a gem from the mine, O my Seyd, I will build it;
Without price, without flaw, it shall stand for a token
That the word is a law which the Caliph hath spoken!'

Yet again to the Caliph bent Seyd the vizier:
'Who shall reason or rail if my Lord speaketh clear?
Who shall strive with his might? Let my Lord live for ever!
He shall choose him a site by the side of a river.'

Then the Caliph sent forth unto Kür, unto Yemen—
To the south, to the north—for the skilfullest freemen;
And soon, in a close, where the river breeze fanned it,
The basement uprose, as the Caliph had planned it.

Now the courses were laid, and the corner-piece fitted,
And the butments and set-stones were shapen and knitted,
When lo! on a sudden the Caliph heard frowning,
That the river had swelled, and the workmen were drowning.

Then the Caliph was stirred, and he flushed in his ire as
He sent forth his word from Teheran to Shiraz;
And the workmen came new, and the palace, built faster,
From the bases up-grew unto arch and pilaster.

And the groinings were traced, and the arch-heads were chasen,
When lo! in hot haste there came flying a mason,
For a cupola fallen had whelmed half the workmen,
And Hamet the chief had been slain by the Turc'men.

Then the Caliph's beard curled, and he foamed in his rage as
Once more his scouts whirled from the Tell to the Hedjaz;
'Is my word not my word?' cried the Caliph Abdallah;
'I *will* build it up yet—*by the aiding of Allah!*'

Though he spoke in his haste like King David before him,
Yet he felt as he spoke that a something stole o'er him;
And his soul grew as glass, and his anger passed from it,
As the vapours that pass from the Pool of Mahomet.

And the doom seemed to hang on the palace no longer.
Like a fountain it sprang when the sources feed stronger;
Shaft, turret, and spire leaped upward, diminished,
Like the flames of a fire—till the palace was finished!

Without price, without flaw. And it lay on the azure,
Like a diadem dropped from the emperor's treasure;
And the dome of pearl white, and the pinnacles fleckless,
Flashed back to the light, like the gems in a necklace.

So the Caliph looked forth on the turret-tops gilded;
And he said in his pride, 'Is my palace not builded?
Who is more great than I that his word can avail, if
My will is my will,' said Abdallah the Caliph.

But lo! with the light he repented his scorning,
For an earthquake had shattered the whole ere the morning,
Of the pearl-coloured dome there was left but a ruin,
But an arch as a home for the ringdove to coo in.

Shaft, turret, and spire—all were tumbled and crumbled;
And the soul of the Caliph within him was humbled;
And he bowed in the dust—'There is none great but Allah!
I will build Him a Mosque,' said the Caliph Abdallah.

And the Caliph has gone to his fathers for ever,
But the mosque that he builded shines still by the river
And the pilgrims up-stream to this day slacken sail, if
They catch the first gleam of the 'Mosque of the Caliph.'

(From *Old-World Idylls*, by kind permission of the author.)

THE MIDSHIPMITE.—CLEMENT SCOTT.

Well! that's a woman I pity!
Get out of your easy chair—
Look out of the window—that woman in black,
With glory of red-gold hair.
Why does she carry a primrose cross?
And what has her misery been?
She has only lost her child, my lad,
And is walking to Kensal Green.

We prate of our little troubles,
We men of muscle and brain,
We curse if our pipes of peace won't draw,
And howl at the wind and rain;
And those of our band who scribble a bit,
Are instantly down in luck

If they 're stabbed in the back by an ignorant fool
Who hasn't a grain of pluck.

'Tis grim to feel you 're honest, no doubt,
Possessing a soul to save,
When editors bribe some desolate cad
To hound you as cheat or knave.
'Tis God will winnow the false and true,
Who knows what our sins have been,
But think of poor innocent Margaret Gray
Who is walking to Kensal Green.

What is her story? Well, light your pipe
And sit you down in your chair.
Two chapters, one it is headed of love,
The other is marked despair.
I 've seen some joy, but the Park at Knowle
Was never in spring so gay
As when Margaret Welsh in Seven Oaks Church
Was married to Bernard Gray.

'Twas a runaway match, in the Weald of Kent,
That was blest by the parson prim.
His life was given to art—the stage—
And hers was given to him.
Never a man have I known so pure,
And never a woman so brave,
As were married that day in Seven Oaks Church
When the primrose covered the grave.

They talk of love in an empty way,
But this was the pride of life,
When Bernard seemed in a happy dream,
And thrilled at the touch of his wife.
Whenever they kissed, their eyes for love
Were brimming with tears of joy;
And the prize of happiness came next spring
With the birth of their baby boy.

What had they done to deserve God's wrath?
In the old mysterious way
Death stretched his finger out and touched
The heart of Bernard Gray.
Life was too happy for him, poor lad:
He had been fading for years, they said,
And the mother and child were asleep one night
When Bernard Gray lay dead.

Down like an avalanche swept despair
O'er the house where love had smiled,
Crushing the innocent mother there
By the side of her only child.
'As you make your bed, you must tumble down,'
Is the rule of this worldly life,
And there wasn't a soul to pity the fate
Of the destitute actor's wife.

For six long years—as I live 'tis true—
In the midst of the city's din
She slaved and starved for her baby boy,
And her soul was free from sin.
And at last, they said, for the actor's child
They had found on the stage a part,
So she said, 'The gift that an artist gave
I will dedicate pure to art.'

They took him away from his mother,
And her heart was sick and sore,
Though her baby boy was the life and soul
Of 'Her Majesty's Pinafore.'
Whenever the theatre rang with cheers,
And echoed with wild delight,
A heart in the gallery shook with fear
For the fate of the midshipmite.

For the boy was odd, old-fashioned,
And over clever; 'twas said

He was full of the strangest fancies
Complained of an aching head.
And one day, half in earnest,
And possibly half in fun,
He asked, 'Who will help us, mother,
When the Pinafore's ceased to run?'

'Twas the close of a heartless winter
That changed to a cheerless spring,
With wind in the east, that struck with a chill
The child at the draughty wing—
When the mother found to her horror
The boy was too ill to sup,
And he said, in his curious manner,
'The Pinafore run is up.

'Give me a kiss, my mother,
And put me away to bed,
For my limbs they ache—I shiver—
I've pains in my throbbing head.
I feel to-night so weary'—
And out of his tuneful store
He murmured the airs in a child-like way
Of Her Majesty's Pinafore.

'Oh, say that you love me, darling,'
She whispered, pale with fears;
But he answered, 'Hardly ever,'
As she wiped away her tears.
And then as a nightmare vision
The mind of a sleeper haunts,
He said, 'You 'll be kind—to my—cousins,
And my sisters, and my aunts.'

On the ship that had been his playground
He sailed to his rest at last
With a cheer for his baby comrades
As he clung to the yielding mast.

And he moaned out, racked with torture
As the sand in the hour-glass ran,
'Well, in spite of all temptation
Your boy is an Englishman.'

They buried the little sailor
Quite close to his father's side,
Just seven years from the joyful day
His mother was made a bride.
So there 's the story of that which is
(God knows what might have been !),
And this is the reason why Margaret Gray
Is walking to Kensal Green.

(By kind permission of the author.)

TROUBLE IN THE 'AMEN CORNER.'—T. C. HARBAUGH.

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown, and its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town, and the chorus—all the papers favourably commented on it, for 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet. Now in the 'amen corner' of the church sat Brother Eyer, who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir; he was poor, but genteel-looking, and his heart as snow was white, and his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might. His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords, and nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words of the hymns: and 'twas no wonder; he was old and nearly blind, and the choir rattling onward always left him far behind. The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow, and then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago; at last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine, that the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay, and having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two, they put their heads together to determine what to do. They debated,

thought, suggested, till at last 'dear Brother York,' who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork, rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer, and proceed to rake him lively 'for disturbin' of the choir.' Said he: 'In that 'ere organ I 've invested quite a pile, and we 'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style. Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing. We 've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town, we pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown; but if we must humour ignorance because it 's blind and old—if the choir 's to be pestered, I will seek another fold.'

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four, with the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door; and the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb, as they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb. They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair, and the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair; he was singing 'Rock of Ages' in a voice both cracked and low, but the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: 'We 're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation, to discuss a little matter that affects the congregation. 'And the choir, too,' said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge. 'And the choir, too!' he echoed with the graveness of a judge. 'It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus, that it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us; if we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother, it will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another. We don't want any singing except that what we 've bought! The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught; and so we have decided —are you listening, Brother Eyer?—that you 'll have to stop your singin', for it flurrytates the choir.'

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear, and on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear; his feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow, as he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low. 'I 've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty years; they 've been

my staff and comfort, and calmed life's many fears. I 'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I 'm doing wrong; but when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song. I wonder if beyond the tide that 's breaking at my feet, in the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet—yes, I wonder, when I try to sing the songs of God up higher, if the angel band will chide me for disturbing heaven's choir.'

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head; the carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead! Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us, and the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus. The choir missed him for a while, but he was soon forgot, a few [illegible] watched the door; the old man entered not. Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sings his heart's desires, where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs!

JACK CHIDDY.—ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE RAIL.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Oh, well you may sneer,
For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a tale
If it bears upon railway men and the rail.
Well, here is one that will suit you, I know,
Though it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy—there you are smiling again
At the name, which I own is both common and plain—
Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with his mates,
Year in and year out, on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no change
But to see that both lines were in gauge and range;
Fasten a key there, and tighten a bolt,
All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may rise,
Say at times, in a moment, before our eyes,
Or right from our side ere we know it, and do
The work of a giant and pass from our view.

But the story? you say. Well, I 'm coming to that,
Though I wander a little—now, where was I at?
Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and clear,
The mouth of the Breslington tunnel from here?

You see it? Well, right on the bank at the top,
When stacking some blocks, all at once, down the slope
A huge slab of stone from the rest shore its way,
And fell down on the up-line of metals, and lay.

One sharp cry of terror burst forth from us all,
As we saw the huge mass topple over and fall.
We stood as if bound to the spot, dumb of speech,
Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each.

Then one of our mates snatched a glance at his watch,
Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch
At our breath, then a cry, that thrilled our hearts through—
'My God! the "Flying Dutchman" is overdue!'

Hark, straight from over the hill we could hear
A dull, dead sound coming faint to the ear,
Then a short, sharp whistle that told with its blast
That the 'Dutchman' was into the tunnel at last.

And there on the rail lay that huge mass of stone,
And the 'Dutchman' behind coming thundering on;
In a minute or less he would come with a dash,
And a hundred lives would be lost in the crash.

'Now, for your life, Jack!' for Chiddy had flown
Down the bank, and three leaps brought him close to the stone
Not of his own life, for wife and child's sake,
Thought he, but the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment. With terrible strength
And a heave of the shoulder the slab moved at length—
Slipped clear of the rail—when, half-muffled in smoke,
From the mouth of the tunnel the 'Dutchman' broke.

There was one sharp whistle, a roar, and a crash
Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a flash
Of coiling smoke, and a glitter and gleam
Of iron and steel, and then down fell the steam.

Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank with dismay
As the train tore along, making up for delay;
Till at last from us all burst a shout and a cheer,
When we knew that the 'Dutchman' had passed and was clear.

And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon these tears,
For he was my mate on the rails many years.
When we found him, one look was enough to reveal
That Jack's life-blood was red on the engine-wheel.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Now you don't sneer
At the name which I own is but harsh to the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

(By kind permission of the author.)

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.—WILL CARLETON.

Little Golden-hair was watching, in the window broad and high,
For the coming of her father, who had gone the foe to fight:
He had left her in the morning, and had told her not to cry,
But to have a kiss all ready when he came to her at night.

She had wandered, all the day,
In her simple childish way,
And had asked, as time went on,
Where her father could have gone.

She had heard the muskets firing, she had counted every one,
Till the number grew so many that it was too great a load;

Then the evening fell upon her, clear of sound of shot or gun,
And she gazed with wistful waiting down the dusty Concord road.

Little Golden-hair had listened, not a single week before,
While the heavy sand was falling on her mother's coffin-lid;
And she loved her father better for the loss that then she bore,
And thought of him, and yearned for him, whatever else she did.

So she wondered all the day
What could make her father stay,
And she cried a little too,
As he told her not to do;

And the sun sank slowly downward, and went grandly out of sight,
And she had the kiss all ready on his lips to be bestowed;
But the shadows made one shadow, and the twilight grew to night,
And she looked, and looked, and listened, down the dusty Concord road.

Then the night grew lighter and lighter, and the moon rose full and round,
In the little sad face peering, looking piteously and mild;
Still upon the walks of gravel there was heard no welcome sound,
And no father came there, eager for the kisses of his child.

Long and sadly did she wait,
Listening at the cottage gate;
Then she felt a quick alarm,
Lest he might have come to harm.

With no bonnet but her tresses, no companion but her fears,
And no guide except the moonbeams that the pathway dimly showed,
With a little sob of sorrow, quick she threw away her tears,
And alone she bravely started down the dusty Concord road.

And for many a mile she [illegible]d, full of weariness and pain,
Calling loudly for her father, that her voice he might not miss;
Till at last, among a number of the wounded and the slain,
Was the white face of the soldier, waiting for his daughter's kiss.

Softly to his lips she crept,
Not to wake him as he slept;
Then, with her young heart at rest,
Laid her head upon his breast;

And upon the dead face smiling, with the living one near by,
All the night a golden streamlet of the moonbeams gently flowed;
One to live a lonely orphan, one beneath the sod to lie—
They found them in the morning on the dusty Concord road.

HERVÉ RIEL.—Robert Browning.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
'Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!'

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board.
'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?' laughed they;
'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!'

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
'Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!'
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
'Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.'

'Give the word!' But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these,
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And 'What mockery or malice have we here?' cries Hervé Riel;
'Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!' cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
'Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!' cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground.
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last;
And just as Hervé Riel halloos 'Anchor!'—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Greve:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.

'Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!'
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance
Outburst all with one accord,
'This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!'
What a shout, and all one word,
'Hervé Riel,'
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend.
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville.'

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
'Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have I may—
Since the others go ashore—

Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!'
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore.

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BILL MASON'S BRIDE.—Bret Harte.

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you 're through.
On time? well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right;
She 'll come round the curve a-flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? *No?* He 's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I 'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill hands struck,
Just off work, every one;

They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donevan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor 'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on Number One,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't a' done so,
She 'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Ridge;
They come down—the drunken devils,
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a-workin'
And guessed there was somethin' wrong—
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't come here to tell us,
A mile—it wouldn't a' done;
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir.
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her weddin' dress;

Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here 's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason 's on time to-night.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.—W. M. THACKERAY

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I 've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure:
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old nicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed:
A two-penny treasury wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There 's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that 's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair—
I wished myself turned to a cane bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She 'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low and the company 's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.—J. G. WHITTIER.

It was the pleasant harvest-time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,
And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams—
Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.
And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!—
On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!
And jests went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl.

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.
She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree.
Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone.
Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.
And still her weary wheel went round,
Day after day, with no relief:
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.
But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.
And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,
Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.
'Good neighbours mine,' he sternly said,
'This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.
She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.
Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows—not I.
I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I 'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them.'

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.
None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
'The little witch is evil-eyed!
Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!'

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.
She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low despairing cry
Of utter misery: 'Let me die!
Oh, take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach!

'I dare not breathe my mother's name:
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave!
Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.
O God! have mercy on thy child,
Whose faith in thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all.'

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.
Had then God heard her? Had he sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:
'Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.
You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is mixed with gray,
The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled
Upon his knees, a little child!'

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.
'O truest friend of all!' she said,
'God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!'

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.
'Good friends and neighbours!' Esek said,
'I 'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!

'She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.
Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is—
He brooks no wrong to him or his.'

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!
For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!
On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, 'It is well!'

(Abridged for Recitation.)

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Girt round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance lies; in her blue heart reflected, shine back the starry skies. Midnight is there; and Silence, enthroned in heaven, looks down upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town: for Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore, has stood above Lake Constance a thousand years and more.

Mountain and lake and valley a sacred legend know of how the town was saved one night three hundred years ago. Far from her home and kindred a Tyrol maid had fled, to serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread; and every year that fleeted so silently and fast, seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past. And so she dwelt: the valley more peaceful year by year; when suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.

One day, out in the meadow, with strangers from the town some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down. At

eve they all assembled; then care and doubt were fled; with jovial laugh they feasted; the board was nobly spread. The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand, and cried, 'We drink the downfall of an accursed land! The night is growing darker; ere one more day is flown, Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!'

The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part), but one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart. Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang forth again); gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the plain; before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry that said, 'Go forth! save Bregenz, and then, if need be, die!' With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step, she sped; horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed; she loosed the strong, white charger, that fed from out her hand; she mounted, and she turned his head towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and still more fast—the smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed. 'Faster!' she cries, 'oh, faster!' Eleven the church-bells chime. 'Oh God,' she cries, 'help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!' But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine, grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine. She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws the rein; her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane. How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam, and see—in the far distance shine out the lights of home! They reach the gates of Bregenz just as the midnight rings, and out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned; defiance greets the army that marches on the land. Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill an old stone gateway rises to do her honour still. And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade, they see in quaint old carving the charger and the maid. And when, to guard old Bregenz by gateway, street, and tower, the warder paces all night long and calls each passing hour; 'Nine,' 'ten,' 'eleven,' he cries aloud. And then (oh, crown of fame!), when midnight pauses in the skies, he calls the maiden's name!

THE LAST REDOUBT.—Alfred Austin

Kacelyevo's slope still felt
The cannon's bolt and the rifles' pelt;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

'Clear me the Muscovite out!' he cried.
Then the name of 'Allah!' echoed wide,
And the rifles were clutched and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second—a third straight filled his place;
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's throne and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air;
His head erect and his temples bare.

'Fly! they are on us!' his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.

'It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!'
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt·
He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled: but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone;
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade

'Yield!' But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
'Make him a bier of your arms,' he said,
'And daintily bury this dainty dead.'

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade—
'Bismillah!' they cried, ''tis an Infidel maid!'

'Dig her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night.'

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

(By kind permission of the author.)

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.—Felicia Hemans.

The Moslem spears were gleaming round Damietta's towers, though a Christian banner from her wall, waved free its lily-flowers. Ay, proudly did the banner wave, as queen of earth and air; but faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds, in anguish and despair. Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon, their kingly chieftain lay, and low on many an Eastern field their knighthood's best array. 'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met, the wine-cup round to send, for each that touched it silently, then missed a gallant friend! And mournful was their vigil on the beleaguered wall, and dark their slumber, dark with dreams of slow defeat and fall. Yet a few hearts of chivalry rose high to breast the storm, and one—of all the loftiest there—thrilled in a woman's form. A woman, meekly bending o'er the slumber of her child, with her soft sad eyes of weeping love, as the Virgin Mother's mild. Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe, midst the clash of spear and lance, and a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen: fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber, like a scene for wizard-spell, deep in the Saracenic gloom of the warrior citadel; and there 'midst arms the couch was spread, and with banners curtained o'er, for the daughter of the minstrel-land, the gay Provençal shore! For the bright Queen of St Louis, the star of court and hall!—but the deep strength of the gentle heart wakes to the tempest's call! Her lord was in the Paynim's hold, his soul with grief oppressed; yet calmly lay she desolate, with her young babe on her breast! There were voices in the city, voices of wrath and fear—'The walls grow weak, the strife is vain, we will not perish here! Yield! yield! and let the crescent gleam o'er tower and bastion high! our distant homes are beautiful—we stay not here to die!' They bore those fearful tidings to the sad queen where she lay—they told a tale of wavering hearts, of treason and dismay: the blood rushed through her pearly cheek, the sparkle to her eye—'Now call me hither those recreant knights, from the bands of Italy!'

Then through the vaulted chambers stern iron footsteps rang;

and heavily the sounding floor gave back the sabre's clang. They stood around her—steel-clad men, moulded for storm and fight, but they quailed before the loftier soul in that pale aspect bright. Yes—as before the falcon shrinks the bird of meaner wing, so shrank they from the imperial glance of her, that fragile thing! And her flute-like voice rose clear and high, through the din of arms around, sweet, and yet stirring to the soul, as a silver clarion's sound.

'The honour of the lily is in your hands to keep, and the Banner of the Cross, for Him who died on Calvary's steep: and the city which for Christian prayer hath heard the holy bell—and is it *these* your hearts would yield to the godless infidel? Then bring me here a breastplate, and a helm, before ye fly, and I will gird my woman's form, and on the ramparts die! And the boy whom I have borne for woe, but never for disgrace, shall go within mine arms to death meet for his royal race. Look on him as he slumbers in the shadow of the Lance! *then* go, and with the Cross forsake the princely babe of France! But tell your homes ye left *one* heart to perish undefiled; a woman and a queen, to guard her honour and her child!'

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves when winds are in the wood; and a deepening murmur told of men roused to a loftier mood. And her babe awoke to flashing swords, unsheathed in many a hand, as they gathered round the helpless one, again a noble band! 'We are thy warriors, lady! true to the Cross and thee! the spirit of thy kindling words on every sword shall be! Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast, rest—we will guard thee well: St Denis for the lily-flower, and the Christian citadel!'

THE LIGHTS OF LEITH.—R. BUCHANAN.

'The lights o' Leith! the lights o' Leith!'
The skipper cried aloud—
While the wintry gale, with snow and hail,
Blew snell through sail and shroud.

'The lights o' Leith! the lights o' Leith!'
As he paced the decks, cried he;
'How merrily bright they burn this night
Through the reek o' the stormy sea!'

As the ship ran in through the surging sprav,
Afire seemed all the town;
They saw the glare from far away,
And safely steered to the land-locked bay,
They cast their anchors down.

''Tis sure a feast in the town o' Leith,'
To his mate the skipper spoke,
'And yonder shadows that come and go,
Across the quay where the bonfires glow,
Are the merry-making folk.

'In right good time we are home once more
From the wild seas and rough weather—
Come, launch a boat, and we 'll run ashore,
And see the sport together.'

But the mate replied, while he shoreward gazed
With sad and gentle eyes;
While the lights of Leith beyond him blazed,
And he heard the landward cries:

''Tis twenty lang year since I first left here,
In the time o' frost and snaw;
I was only a lad, and my heart was mad
To be up, and free, and awa'!

'My mither she prayed me no' to gang,
For she had nae bairn but me—
My faither was drooned, and sleeping amang
The weeds o' the northern sea.

'I stole awa' in the mirk o' night,
And left my mither asleep;
And ere she wakened at morning light,
I was oot on the roaring deep.

'Aye, twenty lăng year hae passed sin' syne,
And my heart has aît been sair,
To think o' that puir auld mither o' mine,
Alane, in a warld o' care.

'But noo that my wandering days are done,
I hae dree'd a penance sad;
I am coming hame, like the prodigal son,
But wi' siller to mak' her glad!

'And I lang, and lang to seek ance mair
The cot by the side o' the sea,
And to find my gray, auld mither there,
Waiting and watching for me.'

O bright and red shone the lights of Leith
In the snowy winter-tide;
Down the cheeks of the man the salt tears ran,
As he stood by the skipper's side.

'The face sae dear, that for mony a year
I hae prayed to see again;
O, a mither's face has a holy grace
'Bune a' the faces o' men!

'I will cry, "O mither, I 'm here, I 'm here
Forgie me, O forgie!
And never mair shall ye ken a care!
Your son shall lea' thee never mair,
To sail on the stormy sea!" ' . . . .

II.

They rowed him to the lonely shore,
Beyond the lights of the quay;
And he climbed the brae to the cottage door
A hundred yards from the sea.

He saw no light through the mirk of night,
And his heart sank down with dread;
'But 'tis late,' thought he, 'and she lies, maybe,
Sound sleeping in her bed!'

Half-way he paused, for the blast blew keen,
And the sea roared below;
And he turned his face to the town-lights, seen
Through the white and whirling snow.

The lights of Leith! the lights of Leith!
How they flashed on the night-black bay,
White with sullen roar on the rocky shore,
The waters splashed their spray!

When close he came to the lonely cot,
He paused in deeper dread;
For the gleam that came from the far-off flame,
Just touched the walls with red.

Through the doorway dark did the bleak wind blow,
The windows were black and bare;
And the house was floored with the cruel snow,
And roofed with the empty air!

'O mither, mither!' he moaned aloud,
'And are ye deid and gane?
Hae I waited in tears through the weary years,
And a' in vain, in vain?'

On his eager ears, as he stood in tears,
There came a faint foot-tread—
Then out of the storm crept a woman's form,
With hooded face and head.

Like a black, black ghost, the shape came near,
Till he heard its heavy breath—
'What man,' it sighed, 'stands sabbing here,
In the wearifu' hoose o' death?'

'Come hither, come hither, whae'er ye be,'
He answered loud and clear—
'I am Robin Sampson, come hame frae the sea,
And I seek my mither dear.'

'O Robin, Robin,' a voice cried sobbing,
'O Robin, and is it yersel?

I 'm Janet Wylie, lame Janet Wylie,
Your kissen, frae Marywell !'

Wailing she sank on the snow-heaped hearth,
And rocked her body in pain—
'O Robin, Robin,' she cried to him sobbing,
'Your mither—your mither—is gane !'

The lights of Leith ! the lights of Leith !
How brightly still they glow !
The faint flame falls on the ruined walls,
On the hearthstone heaped in snow !

'O Janet, Janet, kind Cousin Janet,
If ever ye cared for me,
Noo let me hear o' my mither dear,
And hoo she cam' to dee !'

Wailing she lifted her weeping face,
And answered in soul's despair :
'O Robin, awa' frae the wicked place,
Awa' and ask nae mair !'

But he grasped her arm with a grip of steel,
And cried, 'O Janet, speak !'
'O Robin dear, dinna seek to hear,
For oh ! my heart must break !'

But he pressed her more, and he pleaded sore,
Till at last the tale was told ;
And he listened on, till the tale was done,
Like a man death-struck and cold. . . . .

III.

'O Robin dear, when ye sailed awa',
Awa' on the deep, deep sea ;
We knew her heart was breiking in twa,
And we thought that she wad dee.

'But after a while, she forced a smile—
"I 'll greet nae mair," said she ;

" But I 'll wait and pray that the Lord, ae day,
May bring him again to me !" '

The lights of Leith ! the lights of Leith !
That flame o'er sea and skies !
How bright they glow ! while the salt tears flow
From that bearded mariner's eyes.

'But Robin, your mither was auld and puir,
And the season 's cauld and keen ;
The white, white snaw was on her hair,
The frost film ower her een.

'She leeved on a handfu' o' barley meal,
A drink frae the spring sae cauld—
O Robin, Robin, a heart o' steel
Might bleed for the weak and auld !

'Then whiles—when she thought nae folk were near
(O Robin, she thought nae harm !
But stoop your heid, lest they hear, lest they hear !),
She tried—an auld-farrant *charm.*

'A charm aft tried at the ingleside,
When bairns are blythesome and free ;
A charm (Come near lest they hear, lest they hear !)
To bring her boy hame frae the sea !

'And the auld black cat at her elbow sat
(The cat you sent her yersel'),
And the folk, keeking in through the pane, saw a sin,
And thought she was weavin' a spell !'

The lights of Leith ! the lights of Leith !
They flame on the wintry gale !
With sore drawn breath, and a face like death,
He harks to the gruesome tale !

'O Robin, dear Robin, hearken nae mair !'
'Speak on, I 'll heark to the en' !'
'O Robin, Robin, the sea oot there
Is kinder than cruel men !

'They took her before King Jamie, the king,
Whaur he sat wi' sceptre and croon;
And the cooard courtiers stood in a ring,
And the meenisters gathered roon.

'They bade her tell she had wrought a spell,
That made the tempests blaw;
They strippit her bare as a naked bairn,
They tried her wi' pincers and heated airn,
Till she shrieked and swooned awa'!

'O Robin, Robin, the king sat there,
While the cruel deed was done;
And the clergy o' Christ ne'er bade him spare
For the sake o' God s ain son!'

The lights of Leith! the lights of Leith!
Like hell's own lights they glow;
While the sailor stands, with his trembling hands
Pressed hard on his heart, in woe!

'O Robin, Robin—they doomed her to *burn*—
Doon yonner upon the quay;
The night was the night—see the light! *see the light*
How it burns by the side o' the sea!'

She paused with a moan. He had left her alone,
And rushing through drift and snow;
Down the side of the wintry hill he had flown,
His eyes on the lights below!

The lights of Leith! the lights of Leith!
They flame on the eyes of the crowd;
Around, up and down, move the folk of the town,
While the bells of the kirk peal aloud!

High up on the quay blaze the balefires, and see!
Three stakes are deep set in the ground;
To each stake, smeared with pitch, clings the corpse of a witch,
With the fire flaming redly around!

What madman is he who leaps in where they gleam,
Close, close to the centremost form?
'O mither, O mither!' he cries, with a scream,
That rings through the heart of the storm!

He can see the white hair snowing down through the glare,
The white face upraised to the skies;
Then the cruel red blaze blots the thing from his gaze,
And he falls on his face—and dies.

. . . . . .

The lights of Leith! the lights of Leith!
See, see! they are flaming still!
Through the clouds of the past their flame is cast,
While the Sabbath bells ring shrill!

The lights of Leith! the lights of Leith!
They 'll burn till the Judgment Day!
Till the Church's curse and the monarch's shame,
And the sin that slew in the Blessed name,
Are burned and purged away!

(By kind permission of the author.)

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.—LONGFELLOW.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, apparelled in magnificent attire, with retinue of many a knight and squire, on St John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat and heard the priests chant the Magnificat. And as he listened, o'er and o'er again repeated, like a burden or refrain, he caught the words, '*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles;*' and slowly lifting up his kingly head, he to a learned clerk beside him said, 'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer meet, 'He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree.'

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully, ''Tis well that such seditious words are sung only by priests and in the Latin tongue; for unto priests and people be it known, there is no power can

push me from my throne!' And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night; the church was empty, and there was no light, save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, lighted a little space before some saint. He started from his seat and gazed around, but saw no living thing and heard no sound. He groped towards the door, but it was locked; he cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, and uttered awful threatenings and complaints, and imprecations upon men and saints. The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls as if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without the tumult of the knocking and the shout, and thinking thieves were in the house of prayer, came with his lantern, asking, 'Who is there?' Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said, 'Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?' The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse, 'This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!' turned the great key, and flung the portal wide; a man rushed by him at a single stride, haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak, who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke, but leaped into the blackness of the night, and vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, despoiled of his magnificent attire, bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire, with sense of wrong and outrage desperate, strode on and thundered at the palace gate; rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage to right and left each seneschal and page, and hurried up the broad and sounding stair, his white face ghastly in the torches' glare. From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed; voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, until at last he reached the banquet-room, blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the daïs sat another king, wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring, King Robert's self in features, form, and height, but all transfigured with angelic light! It was an Angel; and his presence there with a divine effulgence filled the air, an exaltation, piercing the disguise, though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed, the throneless

monarch on the Angel gazed, who met his look of anger and surprise with the divine compassion of his eyes; then said, 'Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?' To which King Robert answered with a sneer, 'I am the king, and come to claim my own from an impostor, who usurps my throne!' And suddenly, at these audacious words, up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords; the angel answered, with unruffled brow, 'Nay, not the king, but the king's Jester, thou henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape, and for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape; thou shalt obey my servants when they call, and wait upon my henchmen in the hall!'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers, they thrust him from the hall and down the stairs; a group of tittering pages ran before, and as they opened wide the folding-door, his heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms, the boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms, and all the vaulted chamber roar and ring with the mock plaudits of 'Long live the king!'

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, he said within himself, 'It was a dream!' But the straw rustled as he turned his head; there were the cap and bells beside his bed; around him rose the bare, discoloured walls; close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls; and in the corner, a revolting shape, shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape. It was no dream; the world he loved so much had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again to Sicily the old Saturnian reign; under the Angel's governance benign the happy island danced with corn and wine, and deep within the mountain's burning breast Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate, sullen and silent and disconsolate. Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear, with look bewildered and a vacant stare, close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn; by courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn; his only friend the ape, his only food what others left—he still was unsubdued. And when the Angel met him on his way, and half in earnest, half in jest, would say, sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel the velvet scabbard held a sword of steel, 'Art thou the king?' the passion of his woe burst from him

in resistless overflow, and, lifting high his forehead, he would fling the haughty answer back, 'I am, I am the king!'

Almost three years were ended; when there came ambassadors of great repute and name from Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane by letter summoned them forthwith to come on Holy Thursday to his city of Rome. The Angel with great joy received his guests, and gave them presents of embroidered vests, and velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, and rings and jewels of the rarest kind. Then he departed with them o'er the sea into the lovely land of Italy, whose loveliness was more resplendent made by the mere passing of that cavalcade, with plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir of jewelled bridle and of golden spur. And lo! among the menials, in mock state, upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait, his cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind, the solemn ape demurely perched behind, King Robert rode, making huge merriment in all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare of bannered trumpets, on St Peter's Square, giving his benediction and embrace, fervent, and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with prayers he entertained the Angel unawares, Robert the Jester, bursting through the crowd, into their presence rushed, and cried aloud, 'I am the king! Look, and behold in me Robert, your brother, king of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, is an impostor in a king's disguise. Do you not know me? does no voice within answer my cry, and say we are akin?' The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien, gazed at the Angel's countenance serene; the Emperor, laughing, said, 'It is strange sport to keep a madman for thy fool at court!' And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, and Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; the presence of the Angel with its light, before the sun rose, made the city bright, and with new fervour filled the hearts of men, who felt that Christ indeed had risen again. Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, with haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw; he felt within a power unfelt before, and, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor, he heard the rushing

garments of the Lord sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, homeward the Angel journeyed, and again the land was made resplendent with his train, flashing along the towns of Italy unto Salerno, and from thence by sea. And when once more within Palermo's wall, and, seated on the throne in his great hall, he heard the Angelus from convent towers, as if the better world conversed with ours, he beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher, and with a gesture bade the rest retire; and when they were alone, the Angel said, 'Art thou the king?' Then, bowing down his head, King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, and meekly answered him: 'Thou knowest best! My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, and in some cloister's school of penitence, across those stones, that pave the way to heaven, walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!'

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face a holy light illumined all the place, and through the open window, loud and clear, they heard the monks chant in the chapel near, above the stir and tumult of the street: 'He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree!' And through the chant a second melody rose like the throbbing of a single string: 'I am an Angel, and thou art the King!'

King Robert, who was standing near the throne, lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! But all apparelled as in days of old, with ermined mantle and with cloth of gold; and when his courtiers came they found him there, kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.—AYTOUN.

News of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? who should bring

Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant king?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beacon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
'Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?'
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city-band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
'Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?'
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;

But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
'By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come.'
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall
'Your hands are weak with age,' he said,
'Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum—
Then let the warning-bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!'

Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,

And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully.
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring,
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the king.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.

. . . . .

Oh, woful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
'Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face:
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!'
Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—'That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,

By your brothers and your children,
  By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
  As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
  With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye may well look upon it—
  There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
  From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
  Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
  Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
  Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
  Was the life-blood of your king!'

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
  What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
  Shrieking, sobbing in despair!

. . . . .

'O the blackest day for Scotland
  That she ever knew before!
O our king! the good, the noble,
  Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
  O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
  Surely some will come again!'
Till the oak that fell last winter
  Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
  Ye may look in vain for them!

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.—James Hogg.

'Macgregor, Macgregor, remember our foemen; the moon rises broad from the brow of Ben Lomond; the clans are impatient, and chide thy delay; arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away.' Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen, he turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan: 'Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed; the Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest.'

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

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

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

'Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone, I called to remembrance some deeds I had done, when entered a lady, with visage so wan, and looks such as never were fastened on man. I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well! of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell as would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained, so racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained, I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while, though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle, with length of existence no man can enjoy, the same to endure, the dread proffer I 'd fly! the thrice threatened pangs of last night to forego, Macgregor would dive to the mansions below. Despairing and mad, to futurity blind, the present to shun and some respite

to find, I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile, to meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

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

'A parting embrace, in one moment she gave; her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave! then flitting illusive, she said, with a frown, "The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!"'

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

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night, Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light: it faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed—'No! not for the universe!' low he replied. Away went Macgregor, but went not alone: to watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone. They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene, and deep in her bosom, how awful the scene! O'er mountains inverted, the blue waters curled, and rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

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

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream a skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem; her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom; the glow-worm her wake-light, the rainbow her boom; a dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast, like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste. Though rough

was the river with rock and cascade, no torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed; she wimpled the water to weather and lee, and heaved as if born on the waves of the sea. Mute nature was roused in the bounds of the glen; the wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den, fled panting away, over river and isle, nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror; the eagle awoke as slumbering he dozed on the shelve of the rock; astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew, and screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue. Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach, the chieftain salute her and shrink from her touch. He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain, as begging for something he could not obtain; she raised him indignant, derided his stay, then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

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

THE LAST BANQUET.—EDWARD RENAUD.

Gitaut, the Norman marquis, sat in his banquet-hall,
When the shafts of the autumn sunshine gilded the castle wall;
While in through the open windows floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden and filling the lofty room;

And still, like a strain of music breathed in an undertone,
The ripple of running water rose, with its sob and moan,
From the river, swift and narrow, far down in the vale below,
That shone like a silver arrow shot from a bended bow.

Yonder, over the poplars, lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city, red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music, the tall cathedral towers
Told to the panting people the story of the hours.

His was a cruel temper; under his baneful sway,
Peasant and maid and matron fled from his headlong way,
When down from his rocky eyrie, spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble, ripe for some evil deed.

But when the surging thousands, bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages, rose with a mighty roar—
Ever the streets of cities rang with a voice long mute;
Gibbet and tree and *lanterne* bearing their bleeding fruit

Only one touch of feeling—hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshipped, dead in the days of yore,
Now slept in the lonely chapel, hard by the river shore.

High on a painted panel, set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features, lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead, eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses, rivalled the sapphire's hue.

'Why do you come, Breconi?'—'Marquis, you did not call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder, down by the castle wall.'
'Bid her begone!'—'But master—poor child, *she loves you so!*
And, broken with bitter weeping, she told me a tale of woe.

'She says there is wild work yonder, there in the hated town,
Where the crowd of frenzied people are shooting the nobles down;
And to-night, ere the moon has risen, they come, with burning brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle to light the lurid land.

'But first you must spread the banquet—host for the crew abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret they fling my murdered lord.
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis, flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern safe in its friendly gloom!'

'Tush! are you mad, Breconi? spread them the banquet here,
With flowers and fruits and viands, silver and crystal clear;
Let not a touch be wanting—hasten those hands of thine!
Haste to the task, Breconi—and I will draw the wine!'

Slowly the sun went westward, till all the city's spires
Flamed in the flood of splendour—a hundred flickering fires.
Over the peaceful landscape, clasped by the girdling stream,
Quivered, in mournful glory, the last expiring beam.

Then up from the rippling river sounded the tramp of feet,
That rose o'er the solemn stillness laden with perfume sweet;
While high o'er the sleeping city, and over the garden gloom,
Towered the grim, black castle, still as the silent tomb.

Leaning over the casement, heark'ning the busy hum,
Smiling, the haughty marquis knew that his time was come:
And he turned to the panelled picture—that answered his look again,
And beamed with a sigh of welcome—humming a low refrain.

Under the echoing archway, and up o'er the stairs of stone,
Ever the human torrent shouted in strident tone—
Curses and gibes and threat'nings, with snatches of ribald jest,
Stirring the blood to fury in many a brutal breast.

There, under the lighted tapers set in the banquet-hall,
Smiling and calm and steadfast, towered the marquis tall.
Dressed in his richest costume, facing the gibing host,
He wore on his broad blue ribbon the star of 'The Holy Ghost.'

'Welcome, fair guests—be seated!' he cried to the motley crowd,
That drew to the loaded table with curses long and loud;
Waving a graceful welcome, the gleaming lights reveal
The rings on his soft, white fingers, strung with their nerves of steel.

Turned to the panelled picture, calm in his icy hate,
He stood, in his pride of lineage, cold as a marble Fate;
Smiling in hidden meaning—in his rich garments dressed—
As cold and hard and polished as the brilliants on his breast.

Pouring a brimming beaker, he cried, 'Drink, friends, I pray!
Drink to the toast I give you! Pledge me my proudest day!
Here, under the hall of banquet—drink, drink to the festal news!—
Stand twenty casks of powder, set with a lighted fuse!'

Frozen with sudden horror, they saw, like a fleecy mist,
As he quaffed the purple vintage, the ruffles at his wrist.
Turned to the smiling picture, clear as a silver bell
Echoed his last fond greeting—'I drink to thee, *ma belle!*'

Down crashed the crystal goblet, flung on the marble floor:
Back rushed the stricken revellers—back to the close-barred door;
Up through its yawning crater the mighty earthquake broke,
Dashing its spume of fire up through its waves of smoke!

Out through the deep'ning darkness a wild, despairing cry
Rang, as the riven castle lighted the midnight sky;
Then down o'er the lurid landscape, lit by those fires of hell—
Buttress and roof and rafter—the smoking ruin fell!

. . . . . .

Over the Norman landscape the summer sun looks down,
Gilding the gray cathedral, gilding the teeming town.
Still shines the rippling river, lapped in its banks of green;
Still hangs the scent of roses over the peaceful scene;

But high o'er the trembling poplars, blackened and burned and riven,
Those blasted battlements and towers frown in the face of heaven;
And still in the sultry August I seem at times to feel
The smile of that cruel marquis, keen as his rapier's steel!

BRIER-ROSE.—HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Said Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:
'What *will* become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows.
You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom;
You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom.'

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear,
And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear.
And she, as e'er relenting, sighed: 'Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!'

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among the branches green.
She heard the river brawling where the tide was swift and strong,
She heard the summer singing its strange, alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed into the sky;
Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she scarce herself knew why,
And to a merry tune she hummed: 'Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!'

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could hide;
For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flowers' sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose went by,
'You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make a pie.'
But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her curly head:
'But I can sing a pretty song,' full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:
'Ho, [illegible] Brier-Rose, how do you do to-day?'
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the colour flew:
'However much you coax me, I 'll *never* dance with you.'

Thus flew the years light-winged over Brier-Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet remained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: 'The Lord Almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose!'

And while they wondered, came the spring a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills,
With their tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air,
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere;

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud, and tossed its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly plashing croon,
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled,
Now shooting through the rapids and, with a reeling swing,
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline
The waters plunged, and wreathed in foam the dark boughs of the pine,
The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each straggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices in the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring light,
And wandering gusts of dampness, and round us far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of gold and red
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the narrows sped.
And terror smote us: for we heard the mighty tree-tops sway,
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of spray.

'Now, lads,' the sheriff shouted, 'you are strong, like Norway' rock:
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the lumber-lock!
For if another hour go by, the angry waters' spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years of toil.'

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbour would
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant Norsemen should
But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the firm rock quake.

'Two hundred crowns!' the sheriff cried, and breathless stood the crowd.
'Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!' in anxious tones and loud.
But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred,
And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with fainting hearts we stood,
We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood.
We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,
And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people round about,
'Fling her into the river!' we heard the matrons shout;
'Chase her away, the silly thing; for God himself scarce knows
Why ever He created that worthless Brier-Rose.'

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries: a little pensive smile
Across her fair face flitted that might a stone beguile;
And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock:
'Hand me a boat-hook, lads,' she said; 'I think I 'll break the lock.'

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and old:
'Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever bold.'
And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands was flung,
When, lo! into the river's midst with daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding spray;
From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at play.
And now and then faint gleams we caught of colour through the mist:
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill,
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still.
For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange and creaking sound,
And then a crash of thunder which shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky steep.
We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;
We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly bore
And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst nor weave nor spin;
Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy mocking kin;
For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy death to save
A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the Six Hundred.
'Charge!' was the captain's cry,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Fiercely the line they broke;
Strong was the sabre stroke:
Making an army reel
Shaken and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode through the jaws of death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of Six Hundred.

Honour the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward.

(By permission.)

THE RAVEN.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
'"Tis some visitor," I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more.'

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

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

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping—tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you:' here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word 'Lenore!'
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore.'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

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

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

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

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

KING CANUTE.—W. M. THACKERAY.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the chancellor and bishop walked the king with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and goldsticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the officers of state,

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the king was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young:
Thrice his grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleemen sung,
Once the queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

'Something ails my gracious master,' cried the keeper of the seal.
'Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?'
'Pshaw!' exclaimed the angry monarch. 'Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I 'm sick, and tired, and weary.'—Some one cried, 'The king's arm-chair!'

ıen towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the keeper nodded,
:aight the king's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
ınguidly he sank into it. it was comfortably wadded.

,eading on my fierce companions,' cried he, 'over storm and brine,
ıave fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?'
)udly all the courtiers echoed: 'Where is glory like to thine?'

Vhat avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
ıose fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
ould I were, and quiet buried; underneath the silent mould!

)h, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
orrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
ıosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

:ities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
others weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires.'—
uch a tender conscience,' cries the bishop, 'every one admires.

)ut for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious lord, to search,
ıey're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church;
ever, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

,ook! the land is crowned with minsters, which your grace's bounty raised;
bbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised:
ou, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I'm amazed!'

Jay, I feel,' replied King Canute, 'that my end is drawing near.'
)on't say so,' exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
ure your grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.'

'Live these fifty years!' the bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
'Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived *a thousand* years, and sure his majesty will do't.

'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the king as well as they?'
'Fervently,' exclaimed the keeper, 'fervently I trust he may.'

'*He* to die?' resumed the bishop. 'He a mortal like to *us?*
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus:*
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

'With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

'Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.'

'Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?' Canute cried;
'Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

'Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop, if I make the sign?'
Said the bishop, bowing lowly, 'Land and sea, my lord, are thine.'
Canute turned towards the ocean—'Back!' he said, 'thou foaming brine.
'From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!'

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the keeper and the bishop, back the king and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey:
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
.... King Canute is dead and gone: parasites exist alway.

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THE RIDE OF PAUL VENAREZ.—ANON.

Paul Venarez heard them say, in the frontier town, that day,
That a band of Red Plume's warriors was upon the trail of death;
Heard them tell of murder done—three men killed at Rocky Run.
'They're in danger up at Crawford's,' said Venarez, under breath.

'Crawford's'—thirty miles away—was a settlement, that lay
In a green and pleasant valley of the mighty wilderness;
Half a score of homes were there, and in one a maiden fair
Held the heart of Paul Venarez—'Paul Venarez' little Bess.'

So no wonder he grew pale when he heard the settler's tale
Of the men he had seen murdered yesterday, at Rocky Run.
'Not a soul will dream,' he said, 'of the danger that's ahead;
By my love for little Bessie, I must see that something's done.'

Not a moment he delayed, when his brave resolve was made.
'Why, my man,' his comrades told him when they knew his daring plan,
'You are going straight to death!' But he answered, 'Save your breath,
I may fail to get to Crawford's, but I'll do the best I can.'

O'er the forest trail he sped, and his thoughts flew on ahead
To the little band at Crawford's, thinking not of danger near.
'Oh, God help me save,' cried he, 'little Bess!' And fast and free
Trusty Nell bore on the hero of the far-away frontier.

Low and lower sank the sun. He drew rein at Rocky Run;
'Here these men met death, my Nellie,' and he stroked his horse's mane:
'So will they we go to warn, ere the breaking of the morn,
If we fail. God help us, Nellie!' Then he gave his horse the rein.

Sharp and keen a rifle-shot woke the echoes of the spot.
'Oh, my Nellie, I am wounded,' cried Venarez, with a moan,
And the warm blood from his side spurted out in a red tide,
And he trembled in the saddle, and his face had ashy grown.

'I will save them yet,' he cried. 'Bessie Lee shall know I died
For her sake.' And then he halted in the shelter of a hill:
From his buckskin shirt he took, with weak hands a little book;
And he tore a blank leaf from it. 'This,' said he, 'shall be my will.'

From a branch a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak
In the red blood that was dripping from the wound below the heart.
'Rouse,' he wrote, 'before too late. Red Plume's warriors lie in wait.
Good-bye, Bess! God bless you always.' Then he felt the warm tears start.

Then he made his message fast, love's first letter, and its last;
To his saddle-bow he tied it, while his lips were white with pain.
'Bear my message, if not me, safe to little Bess,' said he.
Then he leaned down in his saddle, and clutched hard the sweaty mane.

Just at dusk, a horse of brown, flecked with foam, came panting down
To the settlement at Crawford, and she stopped at Bessie's door.
But her rider seemed asleep. Ah, his slumber was so deep
Bessie's voice could never wake him, if she called for evermore.

You will hear the story told by the young and by the old
In the settlement at Crawford's, of the night when Red Plume came;
Of the sharp and bloody fight; how the chief fell, and the flight
Of the panic-stricken warriors. Then they speak Venarez' name

In an awed and reverent way, as men utter 'Let us pray,'
As we speak the name of heroes, thinking how they lived and died;
So his memory is kept green, while his face and heaven between
Grow the flowers Bessie planted, ere they laid her by his side.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet, his chestnut steed with four white feet, Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou, son of the road and bandit chief, seeking refuge and relief, up the mountain pathway flew. Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed, never yet could any steed reach the dust-cloud in his course. More than maiden, more than wife, more than gold, and next to life, Roushan the Robber loved his horse. In the land that lies beyond Erzeroum and Trebizond, garden-girt his fortress stood. Plundered khan, or caravan journeying north from Kurdistan, gave him wealth and wine and food. Seven hundred and fourscore men at arms his livery wore, did his bidding night and day.

Now, through regions all unknown, he was wandering, lost, alone, seeking without guide his way. Suddenly the pathway ends, sheer the precipice descends, loud the torrent roars unseen; thirty feet from side to side yawns the chasm; on air must ride he who crosses this ravine. Following close in his pursuit, at the precipice's foot, Reyhan the Arab of Orfah halted with his hundred men, shouting upward from the glen, 'La Illáh illa Alláh!' Gently Roushan Beg caressed Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast; kissed him upon both his eyes; sang to him in his wild way, as upon the topmost spray sings a bird before it flies.

'Oh my Kyrat, oh my steed, round and slender as a reed,

carry me this peril through! Satin housings shall be thine, shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine, O thou soul of Kurroglou! Soft thy skin as silken skein, soft as woman's hair thy mane, tender are thine eyes and true; all thy hoofs like ivory shine, polished bright; oh, life of mine, leap, and rescue Kurroglou!'

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet, drew together his four white feet, paused a moment on the verge, measured with his eye the space, and into the air's embrace leaped as leaps the ocean surge. As the ocean surge o'er sand bears a swimmer safe to land, Kyrat safe his rider bore; rattling down the deep abyss, fragments of the precipice rolled like pebbles on a shore. Roushan's tasselled cap of red trembled not upon his head, careless sat he and upright; neither hand nor bridle shook, nor his head he turned to look, as he galloped out of sight. Flash of harness in the air, seen a moment, like the glare of a sword drawn from its sheath.

Thus the phantom horseman passed, and the shadow that he cast leaped the cataract underneath. Reyhan the Arab held his breath while this vision of life and death passed above him. 'Allahu!' cried he. 'In all Kurdistan lives there not so brave a man as this Robber Kurroglou!'

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

MRS BROWNING.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow:
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses—'I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to him I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

'And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath:
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

'And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

'But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face:
He will say, "O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!"

'Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, "Rise and go!

For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand."

'Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say,
Nathless maiden-brave, "Farewell,"
I will utter, and dissemble—
"Light to-morrow with to-day!"

'Then he 'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

'Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
"Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?"

'And the first time, I will send
A white rose-bud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—"Pardon,
If he comes to take my love."

'Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
"I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but thee!"

'He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover

Through the crowds that praise his deeds:
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.'

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

THE CHARCOAL MAN.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries—
'Charco'! charco'!'
While echo faint and far replies—
'Hark, O! hark, O!'
'Charco'!'—'Hark, O!'—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck—though still he cries:
'Charco'! charco'!'
And many a roguish lad replies—
'Ark, ho! ark, ho!'
'Charco'!'—'Ark, ho!'—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labours much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries—
'Charco'! charco'!'
And Martha from the door replies—
'Mark, ho! Mark, ho!'
'Charco'!'—'Mark, ho!'—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries—
'Charco'! charco'!'
And baby with a laugh replies—
'Ah, go! ah, go!'
'Charco'!'—'Ah, go!'—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honoured be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,

'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries—
'Charco'! charco'!'
While mocking echo still replies—
'Hark, O! hark, O!'
'Charco'!'—'Hark, O!'—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

ANNABEL LEE.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea, that a maiden there lived whom you may know by the name of Annabel Lee; and this maiden she lived with no other thought, than to love and be loved by me. I was a child, and she was a child, in this kingdom by the sea; but we loved with a love that was more than love, I and my Annabel Lee: with a love that the winged seraphs of heaven coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago, in this kingdom by the sea, a wind blew out of a cloud, chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee, so that her high-born kinsman came, and bore her away from me, to shut her up in a sepulchre, in this kingdom by the sea. The angels, not half so happy in heaven, went envying her and me—yes, that was the reason (as all men know, in this kingdom by the sea), that the wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love of those who were older than we—of many far wiser than we; and neither the angels in heaven above, nor the demons down under the sea, can ever dissever my soul from the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee. For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride, in the sepulchre there by the sea, in her tomb by the sounding sea.

IN THE TUNNEL.—Bret Harte.

Didn't know Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
Long as he 's been 'yar?
Look'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel,
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
Well, that *is* queer.
Why, it 's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn—
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift
Back to the wall
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
I heard him call—
'Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me.'
And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia.

That 's all about
Flynn of Virginia—
That lets me out
Here in the damp—
Out of the sun—
That 'ar dern'd lamp
Makes my eyes run—
Well, there—I 'm done!
But, Sir, when you 'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you 've been 'yar.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.—Leigh Hunt.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.—T. B. ALDRICH.

Mabel, little Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-birds screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
And the willow-tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone,
With her woe,
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gaunt and palsied hands!
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,

Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your gallant fisher-lover
Is out there in the storm,
And your father—you are weeping!
O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch and tight;
And your father knows the perilous reef
That makes the water white.
—But Mabel, anxious Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder, how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell
In that belfry old and high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them, God pity them,
Wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain!
And pity little Mabel,
With face against the pane.

A boom!—the Lighthouse gun!
(How its echo rolls and rolls!)

'Tis to warn the home-bound ships
Off the shoals!
See! a rocket cleaves the sky
From the Fort—a shaft of light!
See! it fades, and fading, leaves
Golden furrows on the night!
What made Mabel's cheek so pale?
What made Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there,
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight?
Down, down, and out of sight!
Oh, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane;
You cannot see the men that drown
By the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four weary fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah, so ghastly in the light,
With seaweed in their hair!
O friendly fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You 'll find a little child,
With face against the pane,
Who looks toward the beach,
And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again!
Never watch and weep at night.

For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see heaven's Beacon Light.

THE MASTERPIECE OF BROTHER FELIX.

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

Two monks were in a cell at close of day—
A cell, too, that the artist's craft portrayed.
Dying upon a bed the younger lay,
The older one beside him knelt and prayed.

The older spoke: 'Your end is very near,
To see another day you cannot live;
So banish thought of earth, my brother dear,
And to your soul alone all thought now give.'

'Nay, Francis,' said the other, 'speak not so;
I cannot die, my life-work incomplete.
Were that but finished, I would willing go—
Then Death would be a messenger most sweet.'

Then Francis spoke: 'The world counts the success,
But God will judge by what you have essayed;
And though you fail, He will not deem the less
The efforts and the struggles you have made.

'The painter's earthly triumph is but brief,
A passion-flower is fame, that soon decays;
There is a poison in the laurel leaf,
While green the wreath of heaven keeps always.'

And Felix answered: 'Brother Francis, so
You dream I hanker after earthly fame.
I sought for it one time—'twas long ago—
But now a holier, better meed I claim;

'And if grim Death were standing by the gate,
A messenger who brought the final call,

I tell you, brother, that he still should wait
Till I had done yon picture on the wall.

'Nay, more: were I beside the golden throne,
I would bend down at the Almighty's feet,
And beg with tears: "My life-work is not done—
Let me return until it be complete."

'Of praying, therefore, speak not now to me;
Or, if you pray, pray that I still may live
Until my painting all completed be,
That I to coming time the work may give.'

'God give you grace, my brother,' Francis said,
'Your heart submissive to His will to keep.'
And then he turned away, and silent prayed;
But soon, o'ercome with watching, fell asleep.

Then from his bed to rise up Felix tried,
But with the effort, faint and weak, fell back;
Then, clasping hands imploringly, he cried:
'O God of heaven, one little hour I lack

'To work again upon my masterpiece,
Till I the face divine have painted there;
I care not then how soon my life may cease.
Kind God, one hour unto thy servant spare!

'But death creeps fast; too weak is now my hand
To picture true the thought that fills my brain.
Send down an angel from the spirit land,
That I may not have dreamed such dream in vain!'

The cell door opened as he ceased to speak;
A young man entered—tall he was, and fair;
The glow of youth was mantled on his cheek,
His eyes were blue, and golden was his hair.

'Why come you?' Felix questioned, 'and your name?'
The youth made answer: 'I am Angelo,

Who hearing of the Brother Felix's fame,
Have come that I his wondrous art might know.'

Then Felix spoke: 'I am the man you seek;
But I am dying, and have not the power
To teach you aught. My heart and hand are weak,
But you may aid me in this final hour.

'Take yonder painting—set it on the stand
Here at my bedside, full within my view—
Palette and pencils all are here at hand;
Then paint, good youth, as I desire you to.

''Tis all complete except the Saviour's face,
And that upon the canvas faintly lined,
But still so clear that you may plainly trace
The features fair and God-like; you will find

'The face is somewhat of a Jewish cast—
I sketched it from a beggar in the street.
Ah, little dreamed I then, a few weeks past,
Another hand my painting would complete!'

Then spoke the youth: 'A spirit sure has brought
Me to your cell, to be, as 'twere, a hand
Acting responsive to your every thought—
Your faintest wish shall be as a command.

'Speak, and I paint!' The dying Felix spoke
A few words now and then—no need of much;
The canvas into life and beauty woke
Beneath the magic of the artist's touch.

The youth at last his pencil laid aside,
And spoke: 'O master mine, your work is done;
Can I assist you more?' The monk replied,
'Go on your way, and leave me here alone.'

The youth departed, and then Felix prayed;
'I thank thee, God, and death is now most sweet,

Since Thou its shaft a little while hast staid
Until my masterpiece is all complete.'

Francis was wakened by the matin bell;
He rose, and lo! the light of early day
Upon the painting of the Saviour fell
That on the easel all completed lay.

In silence Francis by the painting stood;
The features gleamed as with a love divine,
From hands and feet transpierced gushed forth the blood,
'Twas perfect and complete in every line.

'In truth,' then Francis spoke, 'no mortal hand
Has limned the rapturous beauty of that face.
Heaven surely heard his supplication, and
An angel must have visited the place.'

To Felix turning: 'Yes, the laurel crown
Is yours, for you have reached art's proudest goal.'
Then, bursting into tears, he knelt him down:
'May God have mercy on the passing soul!'

LOCHINVAR.—SCOTT.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented!—the gallant came late!—
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word—
'Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!—
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!'

The bride kissed the goblet! The knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh—
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume:
And the bride-maidens whispered, ''Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near—
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won, we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow!' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan:
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea—
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.—LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
An affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
'Ah! when shall they all meet again?'
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,

And death and time shall disappear—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'

TO A SKYLARK.—P. B. SHELLEY.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden,
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;

If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

THE STRANGER.—WALLACE BRUCE.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent:
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent,
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed he towards the east.
Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies,
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.

But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod—
'Stranger,' he said, 'dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?'
He answered, 'Nay.' The patriarch sadly said,
'Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread.'

Another came that wild and fearful night:
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;

But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
'Where is that aged man?' the Presence said,
'That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?'

'Forgive me, Lord,' the patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
'Ah me! the stranger might with me have stayed,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee.'
'I've borne him long,' God said, 'and still I wait;
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?'

(From *In Clover and Heather*, by kind permission of the author.)

MARCO BOZZARIS.—FITZGREENE HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent, the Turk was dreaming of the hour when Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, should tremble at his power: in dreams, through camp and court, he bore the trophies of a conqueror; in dreams, his song of triumph heard, then wore his monarch's signet-ring, then pressed that monarch's throne—a King; as wild his thoughts, and gay of wing, as Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades, Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band, true as the steel of their tried blades, heroes in heart and hand. There had the Persian's thousands stood, there had the glad earth drunk their blood on old Platæa's day; and now there breathed that haunted air the sons of sires who conquered there, with arm to strike and soul to dare, as quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke; that bright dream was his last; he woke to hear his sentries shriek: 'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!' He woke to die, 'midst flame and smoke, and shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke, and death-shots falling thick and fast like forest-pines before the blast, or lightnings from the mountain cloud; and heard with voice as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band: 'Strike, till the last armed

foe expires; strike, for your altars and your fires; strike, for the green graves of your sires, God, and your native land!'

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

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

But to the hero, when his sword has won the battle for the free, thy voice sounds like a prophet's word, and in its hollow tones are heard the thanks of millions yet to be. Come, when his task of Fame is wrought; come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought; come in her crowning hour, and then thy sunken eyes' unearthly light to him is welcome as the sight of sky and stars to prisoned men; thy grasp is welcome as the hand of brother in a foreign land; thy summons welcome as the cry which told the Indian isles were nigh to the world-seeking Genoese, when the land-wind from woods of palm, and orange groves, and fields of balm, blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave Greece nurtured in her glory's time, rest thee: there is no prouder grave, even in her own proud clime; she wore no funeral weeds for thee, nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume, like torn branch from Death's leafless tree in sorrow's pomp and pageantry, the heartless luxury of the tomb; but she remembers thee as one long loved, and for a season gone. For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed, her marble wrought, her music breathed; for thee she rings the birthday bells; of thee her babe's first lisping tells; for thine her evening prayer is said at palace couch and cottage bed. Her soldier closing with the foe,

gives for thy sake a deadlier blow; his plighted maiden, when she fears for him, the joy of her young years, thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears; and she, the mother of thy boys, though in her eye and faded cheek is read the grief she will not speak, the memory of her buried joys; and even she who gave thee birth, will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth, talk of thy doom without a sigh; for thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's; one of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—Thomas Hood.

With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red, a woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread. Stitch—stitch—stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt; and still, with a voice of dolorous pitch, she sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'Work—work—work! while the cock is crowing aloof! And work—work—work! till the stars shine through the roof! It's oh! to be a slave, along with the barbarous Turk, where woman has never a soul to save, if this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work! till the brain begins to swim; work—work—work! till the eyes are heavy and dim! Seam, and gusset, and band, band, and gusset, and seam, till over the buttons I fall asleep, and sew them on in a dream!

'O men, with sisters dear! O men, with mothers and wives, it is not linen you're wearing out! but human creatures' lives! Stitch—stitch—stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt; sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt.

'But why do I talk of Death? that phantom of grisly bone; I hardly fear its terrible shape, it seems so like my own. It seems so like my own, because of the fasts I keep; O God! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work! my labour never flags; and what are its wages? A bed of straw, a crust of bread, and rags. That shattered roof—and this naked floor—a table—a broken chair; and a wall so blank, my shadow I thank for sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work! from weary chime to chime, work—work—work—as prisoners work for crime! Band, and gusset, and seam, seam, and gusset, and band, till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, as well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work! in the dull December light, and work—work—work! when the weather is warm and bright—while underneath the eaves the brooding swallows cling, as if to show me their sunny backs, and twit me with the spring.

'Oh, but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet, with the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my feet; for only one short hour to feel as I used to feel, before I knew the woes of want, and the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh, but for one short hour! a respite, however brief! No blessed leisure for love or hope, but only time for grief! A little weeping would ease my heart, but in their briny bed my tears must stop, for every drop hinders needle and thread.'

With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red, a woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread. Stitch—stitch—stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt; and still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—would that its tone could reach the rich!—she sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.—TENNYSON.

In her ear he whispers gaily,
'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.'
She replies, in accents fainter,
'There is none I love like thee.'
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips that fondly falter
Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
'I can make no marriage present:
Little can I give my wife.

Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.'
They by parks and lodges going,
See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
'Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.'
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before:
Many a gallant gay domestic,
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.

And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
'All of this is mine and thine.'
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirits sank:
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank:
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmured, 'Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Who did win my heart from me!'
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping, late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,

Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House, by Stamford Town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed.'
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

(By permission.)

OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS.—WALLACE BRUCE.

Move along a trifle, stranger, just a little; don't you see
On the floor that hieroglyphic, something like a letter 'B'
Right there, close to where you're standing, sort of sacred spot we keep;
And we always touch it gently when we scrub up once a week.
Recent? Yes, some time last August, but I put it in to stay;
And the yellow pine will hold it after we are laid away.
No one sets his chair upon it or he's straightway told to shove;
For the boys, you see, won't stand it; that's a plank the neighbours love.

'Somewhat of a Poet's Corner,' once a high-toned traveller said;
They corrected him politely as they showed him up to bed.
He explained about an Abbey, I don't quite recall the name,
With a chapel full of dead folks that had found their way to fame.
But, they said, this is no graveyard; here's the spot where Ole stood,
When he told his Christmas story right before the blazing wood.
Never heard him? Never saw him? Stranger, you don't mean to say
That you never heard the master, Ole Bull, the fiddler, play?

Talk of classic art in music! What was that to Ole Bull,
When his blood with life was tingling and his eyes were brimming full?
I have thought his heart in rapture sent its pulses all the way
Through the bit of seasoned timber that against his bosom lay;
Till the fiddle seemed a fixture, part and parcel of the man,
And the trembling strings a network over which his feelings ran.
He would shake your sides with laughter, make you weep as by a look,
And between the bits of music he could talk just like a book.

Fluent speakers! We have had 'em, noted men from foreign parts;
But, for eloquence, I tell you, Ole held the ace of hearts.
He was not the man to filter idle jests through wabblin' lips;
Born somehow to talk all over from his toes to finger-tips;
Just a sort of natural battery filled the room with life and joy,
Beaming face, with locks of silver, bright and cheerful as a boy.
He would sit here of an evening, reeling off the slickest thread:
And the hour-hand wasn't heeded or the horses in the shed.
'Let 'em whinner,' said the deacon, 'they can stand it once a year;
And our wives—they don't expect us, when they know that Ole's here.'

We were all a bit Norwegian, and he seemed to feel at home;
Said no hearth shone bright as this one from Christiania down to Rome.
He would tell us his adventures in those cities old and gray;
How he struggled, toiled, and suffered when he first began to play;
Of his failures and successes, praise and honour won at last
From patrician, prince, and peasant, wheresoe'er his lot was cast.
But of all his greatest triumphs he regarded this the best,
How he won a gray-haired hermit on the prairies of the west.

It was on a Christmas evening, well-nigh fifty years ago;
None who heard him can forget it; lost in sleet and blinding snow,

Fifteen miles from any farmhouse, twenty from the nearest town,
Ole Bull had missed the guideboard, for the storm had hurled it down.
Stumbling, floundering in the snowdrifts, onward pressed his noble gray,
Led by instinct and devotion; Ole let him have his way.
Many a trail they 'd tried together, but he deemed this trip the last;
Horse and rider both must perish in that wild and howling blast.
Hope had died and life was ebbing, when, from out the cruel night,
Far across the fenceless prairie faintly shone a twinkling light.

Many a time I 've heard him tell it, as he let his fancy play,
Till you heard the storm about you, saw the distant flickering ray;
Felt your nerves and hair a-tingling, all attuned to passion's key;
There it glimmers like a lighthouse just above the blinding sea:
Fainter now: O bitter darkness! idle vision of the brain;
Joy! Behold the ruddy firelight streaming through the window-pane:
Steady, one more drift, my bonnie! bravely done, all danger past!
What! No word or sign of welcome! tried the door and found it fast.
Near at hand a ruined shelter, remnant of a cattle-shed;
Safe within, the gray was grateful, pawing gently to be fed.

Soon a lantern, then a shadow, and within the creaking door
Stood a being such as mortal never saw on earth before:
Fierce his bitter imprecation—'Get you out, whoe'er you be!
I have sealed an oath in heaven never human face to see;
Heart and soul to hate abandoned, love by cruel fortune wronged,
I 've renounced for years, for ever, all that to my life belonged.
Take your way! Begone! Ay, perish in yon wild demoniac yeast;
For the wrongs that I have suffered I will have revenge at least.'
'Fiend or madman!' Ole answered, seized his shoulder in a trice,

Led him straight into the cabin, for his grip was like a vice,
'I am here to stay till daylight, asking neither food nor grace;
Sit you there within the shadow, and I charge you keep your place.'

Hour by hour went by in silence, till the hermit, crooning low,
Took a fiddle from his cupboard, woke the airs of long ago.
Ole wondering looked and listened; though his touch showed little art,
He could feel the deeper music sweetly welling from the heart;
All perhaps to him remaining of a brighter, happier morn,
Ere his heart became a desert, and his curse was yet unborn.
Long he played his old-time music, as unconscious of his guest;
Then with cold and feigned politeness turned and spake in bitter jest,
In a tone of well-bred irony, telling of a better day,
'Will the stranger, who is with us, lay aside his cloak and play?'

Ole rose and took the fiddle; said he never felt before
All the conscious power within him as upon that cabin floor;
Saw in vision panoramic circling galleries of acclaim,
With the flush of joy ecstatic and with beauty's light aflame;
Felt the glowing tide of transport swelling from a thousand hearts,
And the thrill of deep emotion when the tear in rapture starts.
Ah, but that was gilded pageant; this was more than stately dome;
To a lonely heart in exile he is playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'

Nearer still and ever nearer, all entranced, the listener drew,
Gazed with open eyes of wonder through his lashes wet with dew;
Thought his midnight guest an angel come unto him unawares,
As the music softly stealing brought again his mother's prayers.
Long-pent tears, their barriers bursting, coursed his care-worn furrows free,
In that far-off, storm-swept prairie, where God's eye alone might see:
Desolate his heart and harder than the rock by Judah's fold,
Smote by Ole's rod of magic, woke like Meribah of old.

Miracle of love eternal! Ever still life's mystic bowl,
Touched by human kindness, bubbles in the desert of the soul.

Then, ere the morning dawned, like brothers he and Ole, side by side,
Shared the narrow cot between them, made by faith and friendship wide.
'Saved, ay, saved!' the hermit murmured, 'I have found my life again;
Learned a truer, deeper meaning in the words, my fellow-men.'
Then they took their way together when the storm was overpast;
In the crowded city parted, journeying on to meet—at last.

This was Ole's favourite story, which we always liked to hear,
As he stood before the fireplace, so the spot, you see, is dear;
And at evening in the winter, when I hear the village bell,
Ole's music floats about me, all the room seems in a spell;
And again I hear him saying, 'That one hermit to enthrall
Stands among my proudest triumphs, sweetest, grandest of them all.'

(By the kind permission of the author.)

THE OLD KNIGHT'S TREASURE.—Henry Morford.

Sir John was old, and grim, and gray; the cares of sixty years he bore; the charm of youth had withered away from his iron features long before. In his dull old house of blackened stone, with servants quaint and tried and few, for many a year he had lived alone, as the harsh and the cold and the heartless do. There was plate on his sideboard—plate of price; his pouch had ruddy gold at need; and twenty men might well suffice the lands he held by dower and deed. He had lived, the world said, much too long; he had sold his heart for wealth and power; and tales, they thought, of bygone wrong would be wailed, too late, at his dying hour.

Beside the bed of grim Sir John, the quaint old faded bed of state, where, in the centuries dead and gone, had slept gray heads with a diadem's weight, beside his bed and near at hand to his

easy-chair of oaken wood, fastened and strapped with bar and band, a huge black casket ever stood. No friend of his—they were far and few—had ever seen the open lid; not even his trusted servant knew what thing of wealth the casket hid. 'Twas rumoured that at dead of night, when shut and barred were window and door, it opened to the old man's sight; but that was rumour, nothing more.

Eyes glanced upon it, quick and keen, and minds with doubt impatient swelled; what could these years of mystery mean? what could be the wealth the casket held? 'Twas wonderful wealth—so much knew all; for these bold words the covering crossed: 'Remember, all, if harm befall, save *this*, whatever else is lost!' Perhaps the red gold nestled there, loving and close as in the mine; or diamonds lit the sunless air, or rubies blushed like bridal wine. Some giant gem, like that which bought the half of a realm in Timour's day, might here, beyond temptation's thought, be hidden in safety; who could say?

Sir John was dead. The needy heirs followed close and thick behind his bier, blending disgust at the tedious prayers, with a proper sob and a decorous tear. And scarce the sound of feet had died, closing the vault for his mouldering rest, when rung the chisel, opening wide that strange old guarded treasure-chest. What found they? Faces darkened and frowned, and curses smothered under the breath as the heavy lid was at last unbound, and the heirs expectant looked beneath. Not an acre, not a banquet more, would all the wealth of the casket buy! No wonder their faces this anger wore, that curled the lip and flashed the eye.

What found they? Top and whip and ball and knife and cord—each veriest toy that makes, through years of childhood, all the merrier life of the bright-eyed boy! For thirty years that lonely man had held, oh, dearer than honours won, than the wealth that into his coffers ran, *the toys of his buried baby son!* O human love! O human grief! ye make your places wide and far! Ye rustle in every withered leaf, ye are heard, perhaps, where the angels are! In the coldest life may rise some wail o'er broken hopes and memories fond: God help us, when we set the pale that leaves one human heart beyond.

THE BALLAD OF THE 'CLAMPHERDOWN.'

RUDYARD KIPLING.

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
  Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
  To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
  And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
  In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
  Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run
  From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—
  As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once she fired and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
  That lolls upon the stalk.

'Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
  The deck-beams break below,
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again.'
  And he answered, 'Make it so.'

She opened fire within the mile—
  As ye shoot at the flying duck—

And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

'Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below—
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam,'
And he answered, 'Turn and go!'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
And grimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the white whale faces the thresher's ire
When they war by the frozen Pole.

'Captain, the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we;
And it is not meet for English stock
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
The death they cannot see.'

'Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,
We drift upon her beam;
We dare not ram, for she can run;
And dare ye fire another gun,
And die in the peeling steam?'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
That carried an armour-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfelt.

'Captain, they hack us through and through;
The chilled steel bolts are swift!
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be.'
And he answered, 'Let her drift.'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
  Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
  And she ground the cruiser's side.

'Captain, they cry, the fight is done,
  They bid you send your sword.'
And he answered, 'Grapple her stern and bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall have it now;
  Out cutlasses and board!'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
  Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,
  Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
  From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare to the feet,
  As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking 'Clampherdown'
  Heaved up her battered side—
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
  And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the 'Clampherdown'
  Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
  And as it still shall be.

(From *Barrack Room Ballads*, by kind permission of the author, and the publishers, Messrs Methuen & Co.)

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.—LONGFELLOW.

'Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!'
That is what the Vision said.

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

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.

Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

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

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

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

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

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

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,

Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

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

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
'Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!'

THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL.—SARAH DOUDNEY.

Listen to the water-mill;
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves;

And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast;
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gatherèd;
Flows the ruffled streamlet on,
Tranquil, deep, and still;
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill:
Truly speaks that proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'

Take the lesson to thyself,
True and loving heart;
Golden youth is fleeting by,
Summer hours depart;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away!
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last;
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way,

All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy 'to-day;'
Power, and intellect, and health
May not always last;
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'

O the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
O the good *that might have been*—
Lost, without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard;
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast—
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'

(From *Psalms of Life*, by kind permission of Messrs Houlston & Sons.)

THE ROMANCE OF BRITOMARTE.—A. L. GORDON.*

[As related by Sergeant Leigh on the night he got his captaincy at the Restoration.]

I'll tell you a story: but pass the 'jack,'
And let us make merry to-night, my men.
Ay, those were the days when my beard was black—
I like to remember them now and then—
Then Miles was living, and Cuthbert there
On his lip was never a sign of down;
But I carry about some braided hair,
That has not yet changed from the glossy brown
That it showed the day when I broke the heart
Of the bravest of destriers, 'Britomarte.'

* Abridged for Recitation.

Sir Hugh was slain (may his soul find grace!)
In the fray that was neither lost nor won
At Edgehill—then to St Hubert's Chase
Lord Goring despatched a garrison—
But men and horses were ill to spare,
And ere long the soldiers were shifted fast.
As for me, I never was quartered there
Till Marston Moor had been lost; at last,
As luck would have it, alone, and late
In the night, I rode to the northern gate.

I thought, as I passed through the moonlit park,
On the boyish days I used to spend
In the halls of the knight lying stiff and stark—
Thought on his lady, my father's friend
(Mine, too, in spite of my sinister bar,
But with that my story has nought to do)—
She died the winter before the war,
Died giving birth to the baby Hugh.
He passed ere the green leaves clothed the bough,
And the orphan girl was the heiress now.

When I was a rude and a reckless boy,
And she a brave and a beautiful child,
I was her page, her playmate, her toy—
I have crowned her hair with the field-flowers wild,
Cowslip and crowfoot, and coltsfoot bright—
I have carried her miles when the woods were wet,
I have read her romances of dame and knight—
She was my princess, my pride, my pet.
There was then this proverb us twain between,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.

She had grown to a maiden wonderful fair,
But for years I had scarcely seen her face.
Now, with troopers Holdsworth, Huntly, and Clare,
Old Miles kept guard at St Hubert's Chase,

And the chatelaine was a Mistress Ruth,
Sir Hugh's half-sister, an ancient dame,
But a mettlesome soul had she forsooth,
As she showed when the time of her trial came
I bore despatches to Miles and to her,
To warn them against the bands of Kerr.

And mine would have been a perilous ride
With the rebel horsemen—we knew not where
They were scattered over that country side—
If it had not been for my brave brown mare—
She was iron-sinewed and satin-skinned,
Ribbed like a drum, and limbed like a deer,
Fierce as the fire and fleet as the wind—
There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear—
Rich lords had vexed me, in vain, to part,
For their gold and silver, with Britomarte.

Next morn we mustered scarce half a score
With the serving-men, who were poorly armed—
Five soldiers, counting myself, no more,
And a culverin, which might well have harmed
Us, had we used it, but not our foes,
When with horses and foot, to our doors they came,
And a psalm-singer summoned us (through his nose),
And delivered—'This, in the people's name,
Unto whoso holdeth this fortress here,
Surrender! or bide the siege—John Kerr.'

'Twas a mansion built in a style too new,
A castle by courtesy, he lied
Who called it a fortress—yet, 'tis true,
It had been indifferently fortified—
We were well provided with bolt and bar;
And while I hurried to place our men,
Old Miles was called to a council of war
With Mistress Ruth and with *her*, and when
They had argued loudly and long, those three,
They sent, as a last resource, for me.

In the chair of state sat erect Dame Ruth;
She had cast aside her embroidery:
She had been a beauty, they say, in her youth,
There was much fierce fire in her bold black eye.
'Am I deceived in you both?' quoth she,
'If one spark of her father's spirit lives
In this girl here—so, this Leigh, Ralph Leigh,
Let us hear what counsel the springald gives.'
Then I stammered, somewhat taken aback—
(Simon, you ale-swiller, pass the 'jack').

The dame waxed hotter—'Speak out, lad, say,
Must we fall in that canting caitiff's power?
Shall we yield to a knave and a turncoat? Nay,
I had liever leap from our topmost tower.
For a while we can surely await relief:
Our walls are high and our doors are strong.'
This Kerr was indeed a canting thief—
I know not rightly, some private wrong
He had done Sir Hugh, but I know this much,
Traitor or turncoat, he suffered as such.

Quoth Miles—'Enough, your will shall be done;
Relief may arrive by the merest chance,
But your house ere dusk will be lost and won;
They have got three pieces of ordnance.'
Then I cried: 'Lord Guy, with four troops of horse,
Even now is biding at Westbrooke town;
If a rider could break through the rebel force,
He would bring relief ere the sun goes down.
Through the postern door could I make one dart,
I could baffle them all upon Britomarte.'

Miles muttered 'Madness!' Dame Ruth looked grave,
Said 'True, though we cannot keep one hour
The courtyard, no, nor the stables save,
They will have to batter piecemeal the tower,
And thus'—— But suddenly she halted there.
With a shining hand on my shoulder laid,

Stood Gwendoline. She had left her chair,
And, 'Nay, if it needs must be done,' she said,
'Ralph Leigh will gladly do it, I ween,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.'

I had undertaken a heavier task
For a lighter word. I saddled with care,
Nor cumbered myself with corselet or casque
(Being loth to burden the brave brown mare).
Young Clare kept watch on the wall—he cried:
'Now, haste, Ralph! this is the time to seize,
The rebels are round us on every side,
But here they straggle by twos and threes.'
Then out I led her, and up I sprung,
And the postern door on its hinges swung.

. . . . . .

These things are done, and are done with, lad.
In far less time than your talker tells.
The sward with their hoof strokes shook like mad,
And rang with their carbines and petronels;
And they shouted, 'Cross him and cut him off,'
'Surround him,' 'Seize him,' 'Capture the clown,
Or kill him,' 'Shall he escape to scoff
In your faces?' 'Shoot him or cut him down.'
And their bullets whistled on every side:
Many were near us, and more were wide.

. . . . . .

They had posted a guard at the northern gate—
Some dozen of pikemen and musketeers.
To the tall park palings I turned her straight,
She veered in her flight as the swallow veers—
And some blew matches and some drew swords,
And one of them wildly hurled his pike,
But she cleared by inches the oaken boards,
And she carried me yards beyond the dyke;
Then gaily over the long green down
We galloped, heading for Westbrooke town.

. . . . . .

Now, Heaven be praised that I found him there—
  Lord Guy—he said, having heard my tale:
'Leigh, let my own man look to your mare,
  Rest and recruit with our wine and ale;
But first must our surgeon attend to you;
  You are somewhat shrewdly stricken, no doubt.'
Then he snatched a horn from the wall and blew,
  Making 'Boot and saddle' ring sharply out.
'Have I done good service this day?' quoth I,
'Then I will ride back in your troop, Lord Guy.'

In the street I heard how the trumpets pealed,
  And I caught the gleam of a morion
From the window—then to the door I reeled;
  I had lost more blood than I reckoned upon:
He eyed me calmly with keen gray eyes—
  Stern gray eyes of a steel-blue gray,
Said, 'The wilful man can never be wise,
  Nathless the wilful must have his way,'
And he poured from a flagon some fiery wine,
I drained it and straightway strength was mine.

. . . . . .

I was with them all the way on the brown—
  'Guy to the rescue!' 'God and the king!'
We were just in time, for the doors were down;
  And didn't our sword-blades rasp and ring,
And didn't we hew and didn't we hack;
  The sport scarce lasted minutes ten—
(Ay, those were the days when my beard was black;
  I like to remember them now and then),
Though they fought like fiends, we were four to one,
And we captured those that refused to run.

We have not forgotten it, Cuthbert, boy!
  That supper scene when the lamps were lit;
How the women (some of them) sobbed for joy,
  How the soldiers drank the deeper for it;

How the Dame did honours, and Gwendoline,
  How grandly she glided into the hall,
How she stooped with the grace of a girlish queen,
  And kissed me gravely before them all:
And the stern Lord Guy, how gaily he laughed,
Till more of his cup was spilt than quaffed.

Brown Britomarte lay dead in her straw
  Next morn—we buried her—brave old girl!
John Kerr, we tried him by martial law,
  And we twisted some hemp for the trait'rous churl;
And she, I met her alone, said she,
  'You have risk'd your life, you have lost your mare,
And what can I give in return, Ralph Leigh?'
  I replied, 'One braid of that bright brown hair.'
And with that she bowed her beautiful head,
'You can take as much as you choose,' she said.

And I took it, it may be, more than enough—
  And I shore it rudely, close to the roots.
The wine or wounds may have made me rough,
  And men at the bottom are sometimes brutes.
Three weeks I slept at St Hubert's Chase;
  When I woke from the fever of wounds and wine,
I could scarce believe that the ghastly face
  That the glass reflected was really mine.
I sought the hall—where a wedding *had been*—
The wedding of Guy and of Gwendoline.

The romance of a grizzled old trooper's life,
  May make you laugh in your sleeves; laugh out,
Lads; we have most of us seen some strife;
  We have all of us had some sport, no doubt.
I have won some honour and gained some gold,
  Now that our king returns to his own;
If the pulses beat slow, if the blood runs cold,
  And if friends have faded and loves have flown,
Then the greater reason is ours to drink,
And the more we swallow, the less we shall think.

. . . . . .

And Guy—Lord Guy—so stately and stern,
He is changed, I met him at Winchester ;
He has grown quite gloomy and taciturn.
Gwendoline !—why do you ask for her?
Died, as her mother had died before—
Died giving birth to the baby Guy !
Did my voice shake? Then am I fool the more.
Sooner or later we all must die :
But at least let us live while we live to-night.
The *days* may be dark, but the *lamps* are bright.

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STOOD AT CLEAR.—ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

'Where is Adams?' that was the cry, 'let us question him before he die.' Naught around in the night was seen save the glimmer of lamps, where the crash had been. Right across the six-feet way, one huge hulk, engine and tender lay, while the wailing hiss of the steam took the air, by fits, like the low, dull tone of despair. But still above all, rose that one clear cry—'Speak to Adams before he die.' 'Here,' I said, 'turn your lamps on me,' and I laid Jim's head upon my knee. 'Jim, old mate,' I said in his ear, 'they will ask you a question—can you hear?' Then I saw through the grime that was on his face, a white hue coming with slow, sure pace ; and upon his brow by the light of the lamp, other dew than the night's lay heavy and damp. 'Speak to him —quick!' they bent and said, 'Did the distant signal stand at *red?*' Broken and slow came the words with a moan, 'Stood—at —*clear*,' and poor Jim was gone. I turned my head away from the light to hide the tears that were blinding my sight, and prayed from my heart, to God, that Jim might find heaven's signals clear to him.

(By kind permission of the author.)

POETICAL PIECES—HUMOROUS.

CAPTAIN REECE OF THE 'MANTELPIECE.'

W. S. GILBERT.

Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of the 'Mantelpiece.'

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
The captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown Windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,
Lo! seltzogenes at every turn;
And on all very sultry days
Cream-ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger-pops
Stood handily on all the tops;
And, also, with amusement rife,
A 'Zoetrope, or wheel of life.'

New volumes came across the sea
From Mr Mudie's libraree;
The *Times* and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R.N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified the 'Mantelpiece.'

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men):
'Come, tell me, please, what I can do
To please and gratify my crew.

'By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can;
My own convenience counts as *nil;*
It is my duty, and I will.'

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man);
He cleared his throat and thus began:

'You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

'Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

'If you 'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!'

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan.
'I quite agree,' he said, 'O Bill!
It is my duty, and I will.

'My daughter, that enchanting girl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other familee
To peers of various degree.

'But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I 'll fulfil;
It is my duty, and I will.

'As you desire, it shall befall;
I 'll settle thousands on you all;
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board.'

The boatswain of the 'Mantelpiece,'
He blushed, and spoke to Captain Reece,
'I beg your honour's leave,' he said,
'If you would wish to go and wed,

'I have a widowed mother, who
Would be the very thing for you;
She long has loved you from afar—
She washes for you, Captain R.'

The captain saw the dame that day,
Addressed her in his playful way:
'And did it want a wedding ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!

'Well, well, the chaplain I will seek;
We 'll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will!'

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of Captain Reece
Attended there, as they were bid;
It was *their* duty, and they did.

(From *Bab Ballads*, by kind permission of the author.)

VISIONS.—C. S. CALVERLEY.

In lone Glenartney's thickets lies couched the lordly stag,
The dreaming terrier's tail forgets its customary wag;
And plodding ploughmen's weary steps insensibly grow quicker,
As broadening casements light them on toward home, or home-brewed liquor.

It is, in brief, the evening—that pure and pleasant time
When stars break into splendour, and poets into rhyme:
When in the glass of Memory the forms of loved ones shine—
And when, of course, Miss Goodchild's is prominent in mine.

Miss Goodchild!—Julia Goodchild!—how graciously you smiled
Upon my childish passion once, yourself a fair-haired child:
When I was, no doubt, profiting by Dr Crabb's instruction,
And sent those streaky lollipops home for your fairy suction!

'She wore' her natural 'roses, the night when first we met'—
Her golden hair was gleaming 'neath the coercive net:
'Her brow was like the snawdrift,' her step was like Queen Mab's,
And gone was instantly the heart of every boy at Crabb's.

The parlour boarder chasséed tow'rds her on graceful limb;
The onyx decked his bosom—but her smiles were not for him:
With *me* she danced—till drowsily her eyes 'began to blink,'
And *I* brought raisin wine, and said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'

And evermore, when winter comes in his garb of snows,
And the returning schoolboy is told how fast he grows;
Shall I—with that soft hand in mine—enact ideal Lancers,
And dream I hear demure remarks, and make impassioned answers:

I know that never, never may her love for me return—
At night I muse upon the fact with undiminished concern—
But ever shall I bless that day: I don't bless, as a rule,
The days I spent at 'Dr Crabb's Preparatory School.'

And yet we two *may* meet again—(Be still, my throbbing heart!)
Now rolling years have weaned us from jam and raspberry-tart.
One night I saw a vision—'twas when musk-roses bloom,
I stood—*we* stood—upon a rug, in a sumptuous dining-room:

One hand clasped hers—one easily reposed upon my hip—
And 'BLESS YE!' burst abruptly from Mr Goodchild's lip;
I raised my brimming eye, and saw in hers an answering gleam—
My heart beat wildly—and I woke, and lo! it was a dream.

(From *Verses and Fly-leaves*, by kind permission of Mrs C. S. Calverley.)

THE MILLER'S MAID.—FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

Nature, ever fickle jade
Squandered treasure on the Maid
Of the Mill;
Gave her eyes of such rare blue
That her soul kept peeping through
'Will-he-nill.'
On his handsome chestnut-brown
Sat the heir of half the town,
Reining in his horse enchanted with the vision on the hill;
Fresh from college halls was he;
Fell in love?—Well, let me see—
But the story 's told much sweeter by the Maiden of the Mill!

'But he knew not what to say,
So he asked of me the way
To the mill;
It was just to make me speak,
For it stood there by the creek
'Neath the hill!
It is difficult to frown
On such loving eyes and brown,
So I raised my arm and pointed just a moment down the hill;
All he did was stand and stare
At my white arms, plump and bare,
Till I had to doubt this handsome fellow's business at the mill!

'Since you have no grist to grind,
Why so anxious, sir, to find
Father's mill?
But the mill you 'll never see
While you stand and gaze at me—
Think you will?
Then I thought I heard him say,
As he threw a kiss this way:
"I think I see the building at the bottom of the hill!"
But I threw his kisses back
While I bade him get a sack
And take his many kisses to be ground up at the mill!

'Now he brings a grist each day
Which he never takes away
From the mill;
When I ask the reason why,
He will smile and make reply:
"When you will!"
It is plain as plain can be
By his grist he 's meaning *me*,
For my heart is ground up finer than the corn within the mill,
And he says, his gold he 'll share
For the gold that 's in my hair!
Will I wed him? Well, I 'm human, and I rather think I will!'

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.—COLONEL JOHN HAY.

The king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick—and a king should know;
And doctors came by the score;
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was poor as a rat;
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, 'You 're as sound as a nut.'
'Hang him up!' roared the king, in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran:
'The king will be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a happy man.'

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spake,
But they found no happy man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor;
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate;
A beggar lay whistling there;
He whistled and sang and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay,
And one of them said, 'Heaven save you, friend.
You seem to be happy to-day.'

'Oh yes, fair sirs,' the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
'An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad.'

'This is our man,' the courier said;
'Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night.'

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
'I would do it, God wot,' and he roared with fun,
'But I haven't a shirt to my back.'

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.—BRET HARTE.

My sister 'll be down in a minute, and says you 're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I 'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that 's nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

And then you 'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

Suppose you try! I won't tell. You 're afraid to! Oh! you 're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there 's the album: that 's pretty, if you 're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she 's cross.
There 's her picture. You know it? It 's like her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

This is ME. It 's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you 'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It 's the only one that could be bought;
For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat —
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee—

Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright:
You won't run away then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.
Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? and how poor are they?

Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go: sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.—Thomas Hood.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn, and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream;
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with *me*,
Her mother came to live with *her!*
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too—what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own—
A snappish mongrel christened Gog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

The monkey bit—the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learned to use her tongue:
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croaked like any frog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer 'Deary,' 'Duck,' and 'Love,'
I soon came down to simple 'M.!'
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.

The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubbed and huffed—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The maid declared her master wrong—
The parrot learned to call me 'Fool!'
My life was like a London fog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d' ye think of that, my Cat?
What d' ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug,
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

THE BOY.—ANON.

An humble boy with a shining pail,
Went gladly singing adown the dale,
To where the cow with a brindle tail
On clover her palate did regale.
An humble bee did gaily sail
Far over the soft and shadowy vale,
To where the boy with the shining pail,
Was milking the cow with the brindle tail.
The bee lit down on the cow's left ear,
Her heels flew up through the atmosphere—
And through the leaves of a chestnut tree,
The boy soared into futurity.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.—R. H. BARHAM.

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,

Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about:

Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all.
With a saucy air,
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
'We two are the greatest folks here to-day!'
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, 'The deuce must be in that little Jackdaw!'

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys—dear little souls
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles—
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;

And a nice-little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat marked in 'permanent ink.'

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white ;
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise :
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout,
And a terrible rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out ;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to view ;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs ;
But, no ! no such thing—
They can't find THE RING !

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book !

In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped, he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
Regardless of grammar, they all cried, 'THAT'S HIM!'
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing,
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head as much as to say,
'Pray be so good as to walk this way!'
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;

The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
When those words were heard,
The poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd:
He grew sleek and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about
With a gait devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great 'Caw!'
As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they never had known such a pious Jackdaw!

He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint.
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It 's the custom at Rome new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!

OSMANIA COLLEGE LIB

SONG OF SARATOGA.—John G. Saxe.

'Pray what do they do at the Springs?'
The question is easy to ask:
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
I 'll venture a bit of a song,
To tell what they do at the Springs.

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavour is none of the best,
And the odour exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome, medicinal things;
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink—
And that 's what they do at the Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast, or dine;
The latter precisely at three,
The former from seven till nine.
Ye gods! what a rustle and rush,
When the eloquent dinner-bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat—
And that 's what they do at the Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shade of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is heard by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings:
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt—
And that 's what they do at the Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a tapering waist—
How closely and fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz—
And that 's what they do at the Springs!

In short—as it goes in the world—
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance
(With other remarkable things):
They pray, and they play, and they PAY—
And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

THE NEW LOCHINVAR.—WILL CARLETON.

I.

I was hoein' in my corn-field, on a spring day, just at noon,
An' a-hearkin' in my stomach for the dinner-trumpet's tune,
An' reflectin', when my daughter should be married, 'twould be best
She should take Josiah Baker's son, who jines me on the west,
An' consolidate our acres into one immense abode,
When my hired man says, 'By ginger, look a-yender down the road!'

'Well,' I says, 'my goodness gracious! things *is* rather overgrown,
When a buggy-wheel gets loosened, an' goes runnin' round alone.'
But my man he says, 'By mustard!' (as the critter nearer came)
'Don't you see that there 's a feller on a-straddle of the same?'
An' it *was* as nice a shaver as you 'd see 'most any day,
Who was travellin' through the country in that onexpected way.

He was rather young an' han'some, an' as smilin' as you please,
An' his pants they signed a contract with his stockin's at the knees;
An' he had a pair o' treadles some'at underneath his seat,
So 's to run the queer contraption, by a-workin' of his feet;
An' the sun descended on it, in a manner warm an' bright;
'Twas as sing'lar as a circus, an' an interesting sight.

When, as fate was bound to have it, on that quite partic'lar morn,
There was somethin' was the matter with my folks' dinner-horn;
An' the hired girl, when she tried to, couldn't blow it very well,
For to call us into dinner—so she sent my daughter Belle:
Who came up just at that minute—nice a girl as could be found;
An' this fellow looked her over, an' came smashin' to the ground.

Smash to bang he came a-floppin'—wheel an' stockin's, pants an' all;
An' I run to him, remarkin', 'You have caught a dreadful fall.'
An' my daughter hovered round him, tremblin' with her she alarms,
Lookin' just as if she would like to some'at take him in her arms;
But he glanced up, faintly smilin', an' he gaspin'ly replied,
'I am only hurt intern'lly' (which I s'pose he meant inside).

An' we packed him on the stone-boat, an' then drove him to the house,
An' he lay there on the sofa, still an' quiet as a mouse;
An' he would not have a doctor; but he called my daughter Belle,
An' then laughed an' chatted with her, like a person gettin' well;
An' along late in the evenin', I suppose, he went away;
For he wasn't there next mornin', an' Belle hadn't a word to say.

An' he left two silver dollars in an easy-noticed spot,
For to pay us for his passage on the stone-boat, like as not;
An' 'twas quite enough equivalent for his transitory stay;
But whate'er he might have left us, still he carried more away;
For my daughter Belle grew absent, glanced at every sound she heard,
An' Josiah Baker junior couldn't get a civil word.

II.

I was workin' in my meadow, on a blazin' summer's day,
When my son-in-law by contract came a-runnin' 'cross the way,
An' remarked, 'It 's been the bargain—for how long I needn't tell—
That these two farms should be married—as should also me an' Belle;
An' how much the indications indicate that that 'll be,
If you 'll come down here a minute, you will have a chance to see.'

An' he led me 'cross the fallow, underneath some picnic trees,
Where my gal an' that wheel fellow sat as cosy as you please;
An' she 'd put some flowers an' ribbons on the wheel, to make a show,
An' they 'd been a-shakin' hands there, an' forgotten to let go;
An' she sort o' made a chair-back of the fellow's other arm,
With no 'parent recollection of Josiah Baker's farm.

Then we walked round front of 'em, an' I says, 'You 're very fine;
But this gal that you are courtin' is Josiah's gal an' mine;
You 're a mighty breechy critter, an' are trespassin' all round;
Why, this very grove you sit in is Josiah's father's ground.'
Then he rose up, stiff an' civil, an' helped Belle across the stile,
Also put the masheen over with a queer but quiet smile;

An' he stood there, like a colonel, with her tremblin' on his arm,
An' remarked, 'I beg your pardon, if I 've done you any harm.
But so far as "trespass" matters, I 've relieved you of that load,
Since the place I now am standing on is, I think, the public road.
And this very sweet young lady, you in one sense yours may call,
But she 's mine, sir, in another—and Josiah's not at all.

'I 'll escort this lady home, sir, leave my wheel here in your care,
And come back in fifteen minutes to arrange the whole affair.
And please do not touch the "cycle"—'tis as yet without a flaw,
And I do not want a quarrel with my future father-in-law;

If this Mr Baker junior follows up his glances, though,
With his fingers, I will thrash him till he thinks his cake is dough.'

Then he left us both suspectin' that he 'd rather got the start,
An' the acres of the daddies seemed increasin'ly apart;
An' we didn't wait to see him; but with one impatient jerk,
We shook our heads in concert, an' went back unto our work;
An' I couldn't help reflectin': 'He is steady like, an' cool,
An' that wheel may be a folly, but it didn't bring a fool.'

III.

I was on my stoop a-restin', on a hazy autumn day,
Rather drowsy from a dinner that had just been stowed away,
An' regrettin'—when old Baker's an' my homestead jined in one,
That he wasn't to furnish daughter, an' I wasn't to furnish son,
So 's to have my name continued, 'stead of lettin' it go down,
When Josiah Baker junior came a-drivin' home from town.

An' a little ways behind him came that wheel scamp, ridin' hard,
An' they both to once alighted, an' come walkin' through the yard;
When, as fate was bound to have it, also came my daughter Belle,
From a visit in some neighbour's, lookin' very sweet and well;
An' they stood there all together—that 'ere strange, dissimilar three,
An' remained in one position—lookin' steady down at me.

Then Josiah spoke up loudly, in a kind o' sudden pet,
'If this gal an' I 's to marry, it is time the day was set;
For this one-wheel feller 's always round here courtin', on the fly,
An' they say she rides out with him, in the night-time, on the sly.
Father 'll give us board an' victuals, you can give her land an' dower,
Wherefore, if she wants to have me, please to set the day an' hour.'

Then the wheel scamp spoke up quiet, but as if the words he meant,
'*I* would like to wed your daughter, an' have come for your consent.
She is very dear to me, sir, when we walk or when we ride,
And, I think, is not unwilling to become my cherished bride.
I can give her love and honour, and I ask of you no dower;
Wherefore, please bestow your blessing; *we* have set the day and hour.'

Then I might have told my daughter that *she* now could have the floor,
An' remarked that on this question there should be just one speech more;
But I rendered my decision in a flame of righteous rage,
An' I shouted, 'You 'd no business for to court or to engage!
This 'ere girl has long been spoke for; an' you 'll please to clamber on
Your old hind-wheel of a buggy, an' for evermore be gone!'

Then he picked up Belle quite sudden, an' made swiftly for the gate,
An' I formed a move to stop 'em, but was most perplexin' late;
He had fixed a small side-saddle on his everlastin' wheel,
So that she could ride behind him (clingin' round him a good deal);
An' straight down the Beebe turnpike, like a pair o' birds they flew
Towards a preacher's who had married almost every one he knew

'Stop 'em! head 'em! chase 'em! catch 'em!' I commanded very vexed;
'They 'll be hustlin' off our daughters on a streak o' lightnin' next!'
An' we took Josiah's wagon, an' his old gray spavined mare,
An' proceeded for to chase 'em, with no extra time to spare;
An' Josiah whipped an' shouted, it was such a dismal pinch,
An' kept just so far behind 'em, but we couldn't gain an inch!

Down the turnpike road we rattled; an' some fellows loudly cried,
'Go it, Baker, or you 'll lose her! ten to one upon the bride!'
An' I fumed an' yelled an' whistled, an' commanded them to halt,
An' the fact we couldn't catch 'em wasn't Josiah Baker's fault;
But he murmured, 'I am makin' father's mare into a wreck,
Just to see my gal a-huggin' round another feller's neck!'

An' they rushed into that preacher's maybe twenty rods ahead,
An' before I reached the altar all their marriage-vows was said;
An' I smashed in wildly, just as they was lettin' go o' han's,
An' remarked, in tones of sternness, 'I hereby forbid the banns!'
While Josiah Baker junior close behind me meekly came,
Sayin', 'Were my father present, he would doubtless do the same!'

But they turned to me a-smilin', an' she hangin' on his arm,
An' he said, 'I beg your pardon; let Josiah have the farm.
We 've accomplished the sweet object for which we so long have striven,
And, as usual in such cases, are prepared to be forgiven.'
An' the whole thing seemed so funny, when I thought of it awhile,
That I looked 'em both all over, an' then blessed 'em with a smile.

Then Josiah Baker junior took his spavined mare for home,
An' 'twas difficult decidin' which indulged the most in foam;
An' he said, 'I 'll drive alone, sir, if the same you do not mind;
An' your son an' daughter Wheeler maybe 'll take you up behind.'
An' he yelled, while disappearin', with a large smile on his mouth,
'I kin git a gal whose father jines my father on the south!'

IV.

I was workin' in my wood-house on a snowy winter day,
An' reflectin' on a letter that had lately come our way,

How that Belle had every blessin' that a married gal could need,
An' had bought her two twin daughters a small-sized velocipede,
When the thought came stealin' through me, 'Well, so far as I can see,
In the line of love an' lovin', what 's to be is apt to be.'

THE DEMON SHIP.—Thomas Hood.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud:
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

. . . . . .

'Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?'
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black; his brow was black; his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same; and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky waves.
'Alas!' I cried, 'for love of truth and blessèd mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I 'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!'

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole;
'Our skins,' said he, 'are black ye see, because we carry coal;
You 'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has picked you up—the "Mary Ann" of Shields!'

AUNT TABITHA.—O. W. HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When she was a girl (forty summers ago),
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice—
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!
And besides I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare,
It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me, *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in!—but stay—
Were the men such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked—I 'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma?
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! who knows?
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's *aunt* must have been!
And her *grand-aunt*—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let us perish to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me—she never did so.

THE COURTIN'.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
  Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
  All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
  An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
  With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
  To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm from floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1,
  Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet

Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*
She seemed to 've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

'You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?'
'Wall—no—I come designin' '——
'To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'.'

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, 'I 'd better call agin;'
Says she, 'Think likely, Mister;'

Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—— Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Till mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.—W. C. BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.'

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:

'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.'

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.'

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.'

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.'

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood:

'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.'

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.'

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
'Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.'

PATIENT MERCY JONES.—James T. Fields.

Darius and Mercy were born in Vermont;
Both children were christened at baptismal font
In the very same place, on the very same day
(Not much acquainted just then, I daresay).
The minister sprinkled the babies, and said,
'Who knows but this couple some time may be wed,
And I be the parson to join them together,
For weal or for woe, through all sorts of weather!'

Well, they *were* married, and happier folk
Never put both their heads in the same loving yoke.

They were poor, they worked hard, but nothing could try
The patience of Mercy, or cloud her bright eye.
She was clothed with content as a beautiful robe;
She had griefs—who has *not* on this changeable globe?—
But at such times she seemed like the sister of Job.

She was patient with dogmas, where light never dawns,
She was patient with people who trod on her lawns;
She was patient with folks who said blue skies were gray,
And dentists and oxen that pulled the wrong way;
She was patient with phrases no husband should utter,
She was patient with cream that declined to be butter;
She was patient with buyers with nothing to pay,
She was patient with talkers with nothing to say;
She was patient with millers whose trade was to cozen,
And grocers who counted out ten to the dozen;
She was patient with bunglers and fault-finding churls,
And tall, awkward lads who came courting her girls;
She was patient with crockery no art could mend,
And chimneys that smoked every day the wrong end;
She was patient with reapers who never would sow,
And long-winded callers who never would go;
She was patient with relatives, when, uninvited,
They came and devoured, then complained they were slighted;
She was patient with crows that got into the corn,
And other dark deeds out of wantonness born;
She was patient with lightning that burned up the hay,
She was patient with poultry unwilling to lay;
She was patient with rogues who drank cider too strong,
She was patient with sermons that lasted too long;
She was patient with boots that tracked up her clean floors,
She was patient with peddlers and other smooth bores;
She was patient with children who disobeyed rules,
And, to crown all the rest, she was patient with fools.

The neighbouring husbands all envied the lot
Of Darius, and wickedly got up a plot
To bring o'er his sunshine an unpleasant spot.

'You think your wife's temper is proof against fate,
But *we* know of something her smiles will abate.
When she gets out of wood, and for more is inclined,
Just send home the *crookedest* lot you can find;
Let *us* pick it out, let *us* go and choose it,
And we 'll bet you a farm, when she comes for to use it,
Her temper will crack like Nathan Dow's cornet,
And she 'll be as mad as an elderly hornet.'

Darius was piqued, and he said, with a *vum*,
'I 'll pay for the wood, if *you 'll* send it hum;
But depend on it, neighbours, no danger will come.'

Home came the gnarled roots, and a crookeder load
Never entered the gate of a Christian abode.
A ram's horn was straighter than any stick in it;
It seemed to be wriggling about every minute;
It would not stand up, and it would not lie down;
It twisted the vision of one-half the town.
To *look* at such fuel was really a sin,
For the chance was strabismus would surely set in.

Darius said nothing to Mercy about it;
It *was* crooked wood—even *she* could not doubt it;
But never a harsh word escaped her sweet lips,
Any more than if the old snags were smooth chips.
She boiled with them, baked with them, washed with them through
The long winter months, and none ever knew
But the wood was as straight as Mehitable Drew,
Who was straight as a die, or a gun, or an arrow,
And who made it her business all male hearts to harrow.

When the pile was burned up, and they needed more wood,
'Sure, now,' mused Darius, 'I *shall* catch it good;
She has kept her remarks all condensed for the spring,
And my ears, for the trick, now deserve well to sting.
She never *did* scold me, but now she will pout,
And say with *such* wood she is nearly worn out.'

But Mercy, unruffled, was calm, like the stream
That reflects back at evening the sun's perfect beam;
And she looked at Darius, and lovingly smiled,
As she made this request with a temper unriled:
'We are wanting more fuel, I 'm sorry to say;
I burn a great deal too much every day,
And I mean to use less than I have in the past;
But get, if you can, dear, a load like the last;
I never had wood that I liked half so well—
Do see who has nice *crooked* fuel to sell;
There 's nothing that 's better than wood full of knots,
It lays so complete round kettles and pots,
And washing and cooking are really like play
When the sticks nestle close in so charming a way.'

THE ANNUITY.—GEORGE OUTRAM.

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce an' fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
An'—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she 'd prove sae teugh,
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, an' years have gane,
An' there she 's yet as stieve 's a stane—
The limmer 's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She 's cried awa' to bane an' skin,
But that it seems is nought to me;
She 's like to live—although she 's in
The last stage o' tenuity.

She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by her ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity!

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company;
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She 's lived ten years beyond her share,
An 's like to live a dizzen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully;
In vain he yerked his souple head,
To find an ambiguity:
It 's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
An' diligence, as on decreet,
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free,
I led her out, 'mang snaw an' frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
An' missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fatuity!
She threeps, an' threeps, he 's livin' yet,
For a' the tellin' she can get;
But catch the doited runt forget
To ca' for her annuity!

If there 's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she 's fever-proof—
The pest gaed o'er her very roof;
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure would undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It 's cured! she handles 't like a flail,
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I 'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her an' her annuity.

Her broozled flesh an' broken banes
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they 're exposed to air,
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her! expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity. . . .

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore an' ten perchance may be,
She 's ninety-four; let them wha can
Explain the incongruity,

She should hae lived afore the Flood—
She 's come o' patriarchal blood—
She 's some auld pagan, mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She 's been embalmed inside an' out—
She 's sauted to the last degree—
There 's pickle in her very snout
Sae caper-like an' cruety;
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
They 've Kyanised the useless knir,
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But no the continuity.
It 's pay me here, an' pay me there,
An' pay me, pay me, evermair;
I 'll gang demented wi' despair—
I 'm *charged* for her annuity!

TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.—THOMAS HOOD.

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age.
(The wretch has come to dinner!)
Your daughters, too, what loves of girls!
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears!
(And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)

Your charming boys, I see, are home,
From Reverend Mr Russel's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both.
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

What! little Clara left at home?
Well now, I call that shabby!
I should have loved to kiss her so!
(A flabby, dabby babby!)

And Mr S., I hope he's well;
But, though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup.
(The better for our brandy!)
Come, take a seat; I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day.
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? Next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs;
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
Good-bye! good-bye! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners.
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.—JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Knitting is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy:
'Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock'—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cosy, Billy :
'Time 's a-flying,
Worth your trying ;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy !
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick !
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock '—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something 's happened, very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly ;
'Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses ;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right—left, left—right,
That 's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock '—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they 're sitting, Milly, Billy ;
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly !
'Winter weather,
Close together ;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry,
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock —
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
'Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—O, O—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock'—
Goes the kitchen clock.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.—*Percy Reliques.*

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

'How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me,
And as for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.'

'My liege,' quoth the abbot, 'I would it were known,
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;

And I trust your grace will do me no dere *
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.'

'And first,' quoth the king, 'when I 'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

'Secondly, tell me without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

'Oh, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I 'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.'

'Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy living are forfeit to me.'

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
And never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:
'How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home:
What news do you bring us from good King John?'

'Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give—
That I have but three more days to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

* Harm.

'The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

'The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about.
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.'

'Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never heare yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I 'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

'Nay frown not if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.'

'Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.'

'Now welcome, sire abbot,' the king he did say,
''Tis well thou 'rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

'And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the value of thee,
For I think, thou art one penny worser than he.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St Bittel,
'I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.'

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you 'll ride it about.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St John,
'I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You think I 'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I 'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.'

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
I 'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!'
Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read.'

'Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.—Henry S. Leigh.

I have a friend in Eaton Place—
A very wealthy man—
Whose house is one I love to grace
As often as I can.
His meats are always of the best,
His wines are rich and rare;

A footman, elegantly dressed,
Keeps watch behind my chair.

I like the meats—I love the wine
(For, give me leave to say,
'Tis very seldom that I dine
In that expensive way).
But what is gold and silver plate,
And what is dainty fare?
They cannot make me tolerate
The man behind my chair.

Perchance I venture on a pun,
A quip, or else a crank;
Amongst my auditors is one
Whose face remains a blank.
I hear the table in a roar,
Loud laughter fills the air;
But no—it simply seems to bore
The man behind my chair.

I talk about my Lady This,
Or else my Lady That;
Sometimes an Honourable Miss
Comes in extremely pat.
I quote the Earl of So-and-so,
Of Such-and-such a square;
But, socially, I feel below
The man behind my chair.

Upon the summit of my crown
I have a trifling patch:
A little white amidst the brown,
An opening in the thatch.
From all my fellow-men but one
I hide my loss of hair:
He sees it though; I cannot shun
The man behind my chair.

Some day, should Fortune only smile
  Upon my low estate,
I mean to feed in such a style
  As few can emulate.
Should ever such a lot be mine,
  I solemnly declare
That I will banish, when I dine,
  The man behind my chair.

(From *Carols of Cockayne*, by kind permission of Messrs Chatto & Windus.)

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.—JAMES W. RILEY

Little Orphant Annie 's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
  Ef you
    Don't
      Watch
        Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up-stairs,
His mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turned the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout!—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
  Ef you
    Don't
      Watch
        Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
An' onc't when they was 'company,' an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she 's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick splutters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quiet, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

CANDOUR.—H. C. BUNNER.

October—A Wood.

'I know what you 're going to say,' she said,
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall;
'You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,
And say you 're sorry the summer 's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now, aren't you, honestly?' 'Yes,' I said.

'I know what you 're going to say,' she said;
'You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me'—here she drooped her head—
'Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day,
Now, aren't you, honestly?' 'Yes,' I said.

'I know what you 're going to say,' she said;
'You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And'—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—
'And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren't you, honestly?' 'Yes,' I said.

'I know what you 're going to say,' I said;
'You 're going to say you 've been much annoyed,
And I 'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I 'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you 'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?'
'Ye-es,' she said.

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.—Thomas Hood.

There 's some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have growed a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I 've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warped my legs.

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That fouled my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Though I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making leeway to the ditch,
And yawed her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendus slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond

(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes.
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my burth though, howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting taughter—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!
The chase had gained a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she 's letting out her reefs, I 'm thinking—
And so she swelled, and swelled,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winking.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there 's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lashed and water-logged together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Though sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:
'Hollo!' says I, 'come underneath her quarter!'—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.

So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own concarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I 'll be blowed!—
And that 's the way, you see, my legs got bowed!

EARLY RISING.—J. G. SAXE.

'God bless the man who first invented sleep!'
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right.

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

'Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,'
Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

'The time for honest folks to be abed'
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it 's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks.

Thomson, who sung about the 'Seasons,' said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;

But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At ten o'clock A.M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin.

So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.—
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, 'Served him right! it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!'

THE DOCTOR AND THE LAMPREYS.—HORACE SMITH.

When the eccentric Rabelais was physician
To Cardinal Lorraine, he sat at dinner
Beside that gormandising sinner;
Not like the medical magician
Who whisked from Sancho Panza's fauces
The evanescent meat and sauces,
But to protect his sacred master
Against such diet as obstructs

The action of the epigastre,
O'erloads the biliary ducts,
The peristaltic motion crosses,
And puzzles the digestive process.

The Cardinal, one hungry day,
First having with his eyes consumed
Some lampreys that before him fumed,
Had plunged his fork into the prey,
When Rabelais gravely shook his head,
Tapped on his plate three times and said:
'Pah!—hard digestion! hard digestion!'
And his bile-dreading eminence,
Though sorely tempted, had the sense
To send it off without a question.

'Hip! hallo! bring the lampreys here!'
Cried Rabelais, as the dish he snatched;
And gobbling up the dainty cheer,
The whole was instantly despatched.
Reddened with vain attempts at stifling
At once his wrath and appetite,
His patron cried, 'Your conduct's rude:
This is no subject, sir, for trifling;
How dare you designate this food
As indigestible and crude,
Then swallow it before my sight?'

Quoth Rabelais: 'It may be shown
That I don't merit this rebuff:
I tapped *the plate*, and that, you'll own,
Is indigestible enough;
But as to this unlucky fish,
With you so strangely out of favour,
Not only 'tis a wholesome dish,
But one of most delicious flavour!'

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.—ANON.

Said Mrs A.
To Mrs J.
In quite a confidential way,
'It seems to me
That Mrs B.
Takes too much—something in her tea,'
And Mrs J.
To Mrs K.
That very night was heard to say
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But 'Mrs B. took—such and such!'
Then Mrs C.
Went straight away
And told a friend the self-same day,
''Twas sad to think'—
Here came a wink—
'That Mrs B. was fond of drink.'
The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady 'which she nussed,'
'That Mrs B.
At half-past three,
Was that far gone she couldn't see.
This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needle-work to Mrs B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But future needle-work refuse.
Then Mrs B.,
As you 'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,

That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs K.
And Mrs J.
She got at last to Mrs A.
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye.
Said Mrs A.
In some dismay,
'I no such thing could ever say:
I said that you
Much stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do.'

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.—CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee—
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house.
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot 's oudt;
He sbills mine glass of lager-bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I 'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo

To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup such a touse;
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy,
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, 'Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss.'

TELLIN' WHAT THE BABY DID.—S. W. Foss.

In the cosy twilight hid,
Tellin' what the baby did,
Sits Matilda every night,
'Twixt the darkness and the light.
Tells me in her cutest way
All the hist'ry of the day,
Gives me all; leaves nothin' hid,
Tellin' me what the baby did.

Beats the whole decline an' fall
Of the Roman Empire. Gol!

William Shakespeare never hed
Cuter thoughts than baby said.
An' he hez, to sing his thoughts,
Sweeter words than Isaac Watts.
Tildy, she leaves nothin' hid,
Tellin' me what the baby did.

Pooty hard schoolmarm is Fate
To her scholars, small and great;
I hev felt upon my han'
Tingle of her sharp rattan;
But she pities our distress,
An' she gives a glad recess
When Matilda sits, half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

Trudge off with my dinner-pail
Every mornin' without fail;
Work, with hardly time for breath,
Come home, tired half to death;
But I feel a perfect rest
Settle down upon my breast,
Settin', by the twilight hid,
Hearin' what the baby did.

Sometimes I cannot resist,
An' I shake my doubled fist
In the face of Fate, and swear,
'You don't treat a fellow fair!'
Then, when I go home at night,
My whole system full of fight,
Tildy, she sits there, half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

Then I jest make up with Fate,
An' my happiness is great;
But if Fate should lay her han'
On that baby, understan',

Through the worl' I 'd sulk apart,
With red murder in my heart;
If she sat no more half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

TIM KEYSER'S NOSE.—MAX ADELER.

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

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

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

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

Tim Keyser then was well assured
He had a famous bite;

To pull that pickerel up he tried,
And tugged with all his might;
But the disgusting pickerel had
The better of the fight.

And just as Mr Keyser thought
His nose would split in two,
The pickerel gave its tail a twist,
And pulled Tim Keyser through,
And he was scudding through the waves
The first thing that he knew.

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

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

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

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

'NO, THANK YOU, TOM.'—F. E. WEATHERLEY

They met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And, 'Won't you take my pegtop, dear?'
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came;
She whispered, 'No! no, thank you, Tom,'
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, 'I 've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone.
And won't you take my heart?' he said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed, and said, 'No, thank you, Tom.'
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy;
She has the little pegtop still
He gave her when a boy.
'I 've had no wealth, sweet wife,' says he,
'I 've never brought you fame;'
She whispers, 'No! no, thank you, Tom,
You 've loved me all the same!'

From *Told in the Twilight*, by permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., 41 Jewin Street, London.)

TO A HAGGIS.—ROBERT BURNS.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:

Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, oh what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swalled kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guid man, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a withered rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
Oh how unfit!

But mark the rustic, [illegible] fool.
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He 'll mak it whissle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But if ye wish her grateful pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis!

ON THE DOOR-STEP.—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket flashes bitten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no! she blushed and took my arm:
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said—
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor! if you could but mould it!—
So slightly touched my jacket cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home:
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a 'Thank you, Ned!' dissembled;
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
'Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*'

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet rosy darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Austin Dobson.

Hugh (*on furlough*). Helen (*his cousin*).

Helen.

They have not come! And ten is past,
Unless, by chance, my watch is fast.
—Aunt Mabel surely told us 'ten.'

Hugh.

I doubt if she can do it, then.
In fact, their train . . . .

Helen.

That is—you knew.
How could you be so treacherous, Hugh?

Hugh.

Nay; it is scarcely mine, the crime;
One can't account for railway time!
Where shall we sit? Not here, I vote;
At least there 's nothing here of note.

Helen.

Then *here* we 'll stay, please. Once for all,
I bar all artists—great and small;
From now until we go in June
I shall hear nothing but this tune;
Whether I like Long's 'Vashti' or
Like Leslie's 'Naughty Kitty' more;
With all that critics, right or wrong,
Have said of Leslie and of Long. . . .
No, if you value my esteem,
I beg you 'll take another theme;
Paint me some pictures if you will,
But spare me these, for good or ill. . . .

HUGH.

'Paint you some pictures!' Come, that's kind!
You know I'm nearly colour blind.

HELEN.

Paint them, in words. You did before;
Scenes at—where was it? Dustypoor?
You know. . . .

HUGH (*with an inspiration*).

I'll try.

HELEN.

But mind they're pretty,
Not 'hog hunts.' . . .

HUGH.

You shall be Committee,
And say if they are 'out' or 'in.'

HELEN.

I shall reject them all. Begin.

HUGH.

Here is the first. An antique Hall
(Like Chanticlere) with panelled wall.
A boy, or rather lad. A girl,
Laughing with all her rows of pearl
Before a portrait in a ruff.
He meanwhile watches . . . .

HELEN.

That's enough,
It wants *verve*, *brio*, 'breadth,' 'design.' . . .
Besides, it's English. I decline.

HUGH.

This is the next. 'Tis finer far,
A foaming torrent (say Braemar),
A pony grazing by a boulder,
Then the same pair, a little older,
Left by some lucky chance together.
He begs her for a sprig of heather . . . .

HELEN.

—'Which she accords with smile seraphic.'
I know it—it was in the *Graphic.*
Declined.

HUGH.

Once more, and I forego
All hopes of hanging, high or low;
Behold the hero of the scene,
In bungalow and palankeen. . . .

HELEN.

What! All at once! But that 's absurd,
Unless he 's Sir Boyle Roche's bird!

HUGH.

Permit me. 'Tis a panorama,
In which the person of the drama,
'Mid Orientals dusk and tawny,
'Mid warriors drinking brandy pawnee,
'Mid scorpions, dowagers, and griffins,
In morning rides, at noon-day tiffins,
In every kind of place and weather,
Is solaced—by a sprig of heather. (*More seriously.*)
He puts that faded scrap before
The 'Rajah,' or the 'Koh-i-noor.' . . .
He would not barter it for all
Benares, or the Taj-Mahal. . . .
It guides—directs his every act,
And word, and thought. In short—in fact—
I mean—— (*Opening his locket.*)
Look, Helen, that 's the heather!
(Too late! Here come both aunts together.)

HELEN.

What heather, sir? (*After a pause.*)
And why 'too late?'
—Aunt Dora, how you 've made us wait!
Don't you agree that it 's a pity
Portraits are hung by the Committee?

(From *At the Sign of the Lyre*, by kind permission of the author.)

CUDDLE DOON.—Alexander Anderson.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither 's comin' in.
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, 'I want a piece'—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up, an' cry,
'Noo, weanies, cuddle doon.'

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot frae 'neath the claes,
'Mither, mak' Tam gie owre at ance,
He 's kittlin' wi' his taes.'
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He 'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

At length they hear their faither's fit,
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
'Hae a' the weans been gude?' he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
'The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon.'

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that 's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

(By the kind permission of the author.)

PROSE PIECES—SERIOUS AND PATHETIC.

MR PIPER'S MITTENS.—EDWARD F. TURNER.

It *was* cold that New-year's Day. The people in the streets looked as they only can look when Jack Frost, Esq., is at work. All the noses which were not red were blue, saving a select few (mostly Romans and Grecians), which were purple. Teeth held long conversations without any sort of reference to the wishes of their owners. Fingers and toes were either aching acutely, or else indulging in all known varieties of pins and needles, or else perfectly devoid of any feeling whatever. Breath issued out of mouths in clouds of steam until one might have fancied that all the boilers and steam-engines in London had assumed a human shape and gone out for a holiday.

Marvellous garments and head-coverings were brought into requisition; astounding fur caps—stupendous coats—gloves that nobody could possibly have shaken hands in—comforters that appeared to wind round and round and round, and to have no perceptible beginning or end. The thermometer was falling fast, and so were the foot-passengers, for the pavement was covered with a coagulated mixture of frozen mud and snow as hard as iron and slippery as glass.

Verily it *was* cold, and no one was more thoroughly persuaded of the fact than was Mr Piper, as he walked and ran, and slipped and stumbled along on his way to the City as best he might. There was no appearance of poverty about Mr Piper, but his throat was fully exposed to the biting wind, and his hands were innocent of all covering except a pair of thin kid gloves, through divers rents in which his half-frozen fingers protruded visibly and most unwillingly. And there was generally about him an indescribable air of neglect, a want of being, as it were, finished

off, which would have caused any person of discernment to say in a moment, 'That man has no one to look after him at home.'

Nor had he; for he was a widower, and his only child, a daughter, was for all practical purposes dead to him. She had married secretly, and very imprudently, a young gentleman with light-blue eyes and little fluffy whiskers, and whose means were even smaller than his whiskers. Mr Piper had all along set his face against the match, and when one evening after he had got home the young couple appeared before him, and went down on their knees, by a preconceived movement, with the intention of reciting a carefully prepared petition (not a word of which they could recollect at the critical moment)—I say when this happened he had turned both of them out of the house in a fury, and had vowed that he would never see their faces more. Every avenue of Mr Piper's heart had been locked tight against the luckless couple. The front door had been, so to speak, fastened, the bolts drawn, and the chain put up. Nay, even the letter-box had been sealed, for showers of epistles had remained unanswered, if not even unopened. And now on this particular morning, as he walked along, Mr Piper said aloud with a most determined air, 'I won't.' And when he said 'I won't,' he didn't mean that he wouldn't fall down, because he fell several times, and generally immediately after he said it; but what he did mean was, that he would not open a fat little parcel which was in his pocket, and to which his hand occasionally glided as if involuntarily. And it was when his hand had got hold of it that he said 'I won't,' and then, as I before observed, he generally tumbled down.

Now the little fat parcel had come by the post that morning, and the direction on it was written in a female hand well known to Mr Piper, who, when he saw it on the table, uttered an expression which is generally spelt 'psha' in books, but which it is difficult to reproduce on paper without suggesting to the reader an abortive effort to sneeze dismally. And then, I regret to say, he threw it on the floor.

The little parcel went down in a saucy, unconcerned sort of way, and lay on the carpet in full view of Mr Piper, as he sat at breakfast. And the funny thing was, that whenever he took his

eyes off it, they always went back again with a furtive, inquisitive look.

'What is it?' said Mr Piper, soliloquising. 'It can't be a letter. She could never have written all *that*. But it does not matter what it is, I *won't* open it.'

It was rather a singular circumstance that he should pick up the little parcel and stow it away in his pocket almost immediately after saying this; and more singular still, that, as he struggled along in the cold afterwards (still with the parcel in his pocket), he should think it necessary to say, 'I won't,' so often and with so much determination, as if, indeed, somebody else kept saying, 'Yes, you will;' whereas he was absolutely alone and free to make any remark he pleased, without the least fear of contradiction. However, Mr Piper got to business at last, with the parcel still unopened; but again and again during the day his thoughts reverted to it, and just before he started to go out in the cold that evening he took it out of his pocket and began to turn it over and over, as if it were a hot potato, and he could not make up his mind where to take the first bite.

'After all, I may as well see what is inside it,' said he at last, and he tore it open. A slip of paper with writing on it fell out and fluttered to the ground, and inside the parcel, exposed to view, was one of the neatest, nattiest, cosiest, warmest pairs of woollen mittens that ever you did see.

Mr Piper looked at them in amazement for a few moments, and then he stooped down and picked up the slip of paper.

'For my dear father. A New-year's gift from the sorrowful, repentant little girl that he used to love.'

He read these words slowly, and then he tried to read them again; but he could not manage it the second time because there was some water in his eyes. Eyes do water in cold weather; and Mr Piper was standing in a draught.

Then he appeared to be lost in reflection; so lost, indeed, that he slowly put the mittens on over his cold hands and wrists and placed the slip of paper carefully in an inner pocket. And with that off he started home.

'For my dear father. A New-year's gift from the sorrowful, repentant little girl that he used to love.'

How these words kept ringing in his ears! And how his eyes did water from the cold, to be sure!

Mr Piper was in such an absent state of mind when he sat down to dinner that evening that he quite forgot to take off the mittens, and instead of eating, he kept looking at them, and pulling out the slip of paper and putting it back again; and he did not even hear a timid footstep, which glided into the room and softly approached the back of his chair.

But he did hear voices sounding in the air—voices which spoke of love and pity and forgiveness. And he did see visions,—visions of a child, once the darling of his heart, but banished from it for one heedless act of disobedience; visions of that child as she used to be in the happy days gone by; visions of that same child, sorrowful, repentant, pleading these six weary months past for his forgiveness; but in vain.

'For my dear father,' he murmured once more. 'A New-year's gift from'——

'From me, father; from your wicked, disobedient girl, who begs for your pardon and longs to win back your love!' cries a voice close to him, and two arms are thrown round his neck, and soon his child is sobbing on his bosom, while the blessed peace of the forgiver and the forgiven falls upon them and consecrates their reconciliation.

The young man with light-blue eyes and little fluffy whiskers had been surreptitiously waiting outside the door in a state of profound trepidation; but soon he was conducted in triumph into the room, whereupon he instantly went down on his knees before Mr Piper, and, although he was forcibly hauled up and violently shaken hands with, it was observable of that young man that he could not all the evening quite get over a fixed impression that it was his bounden and imperative duty to place himself in a posture of supplication towards Mr Piper, and that he at intervals relapsed into a sort of triangular attitude, from which he was with some difficulty recalled.

Mr Piper lives now with his daughter and her husband, and he revels in mittens, knitted gloves, and every other accessory to the comfort of an elderly gentleman that the ingenuity of love can devise. But I have reason to believe that a certain pair of

mittens sent to him on a certain New-year's Day are secretly regarded by him as possessing properties of warmth and beauty not to be equalled by any other pair of mittens ever yet made.

(By kind permission of the author. From *T' Leaves,* published by Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co.)

TAMMY'S PRIZE.—ANON.

'Awa' wi' ye, Tammy man, awa' wi' ye to the schule, aye standin' haverin',' and the old shoemaker looked up through his tear-dimmed spectacles at his son, who was standing with his cap on and his book in his hand.

Tammy made a move to the door. 'An' is 't the truth, Tammy? and does the maister say 't himsel'? Say 't ower again.'

The boy turned back, and stood looking on the ground.

'It wasna muckle he said, fayther. He just said, "It 'll be Tammy Rutherford that 'll get the prize i' the coontin'!"'

'He said *you,* did he?' said the old man, as if he had heard it for the first time, and not for the hundredth.

Again Tammy made a move for the door; and again the fond father would have called him back, had not the school-bell at that instant rung out loud and clear.

'Ay, ay!' said he to himself, after his son had gone, 'a right likely lad, and a credit to his fayther;' and he bent again to the shoe he was working at, though he could scarcely see it for the tears that started in his eyes.

The shoemaker seemed to have fallen on a pleasant train of thought; for he smiled away to himself, and occasionally picked up a boot, which he as soon let drop. Visions of Tammy's future greatness rose before his mind. Perhaps of too slight a fabric were they built; but he saw Tammy a great and honoured man, and Tammy's father leaning on his son's greatness. . . .

'Presairve us a'! it 's mair nor half-six!' (half-past five). And he started up from his reverie. 'Schule 'll hae been oot an 'oor, an' the laddie 's no hame.' And he got up, and moved towards the door. The sun was just sinking behind the horizon, and the light was dim in the village street. He put up his hand to his eyes, and peered down in the direction of the school.

'What in a' the world's airth 's keepin' him?' he muttered; and then turning round he stumbled through the darkness of his workshop to the little room behind. He filled an antiquated kettle, and set it on the fire. Then he went to the cupboard, and brought out half a loaf, some cheese, a brown teapot, and a mysterious parcel. He placed these on the table, and then gravely and carefully unrolled the little parcel, which turned out to be tea.

'Presairve us, I can niver min' whaur ye put the tea, or hoo muckle. It 's an awfu' waicht on the min' to make tea.'

His wife had died two years before; and his little son, with the assistance of a kindly neighbour, had managed to cook their humble meals. Porridge was their chief fare; but a cup of tea was taken as a luxury every evening.

'I 'm jist some fear't about it. I 'll wait till Tammas comes in;' and he went out again to the door to see what news there was of his son.

The sun had completely disappeared now; and the village would have been quite dark had it not been for the light in the grocer's window, a few doors down.

The shoemaker leaned against his cottage, and tried to see if any one were in sight; but not a soul seemed about, although now and then a sound of laughter was borne up the street.

The door of his next neighbour's house was wide open. He looked in, and saw a woman standing at the fire, superintending some cooking operation, with her back to him.

'Is yer Jim in, mistress?'

'Na,' she said, without turning her head. 'He 's nae been in frae the schule yet.'

'It 's the same wi' Tam. Losh! I 'm wunnerin' what 's keepin' him.'

'Keepin' him, say ye? What wad keep a laddie?'

Half satisfied, the shoemaker went back to his house, and found the kettle singing merrily on the fire. He felt a little anxious. The boy was always home in good time. He crept round again to his neighbour's.

'I 'm gettin' feart about him,' he said; 'he 's niver been sae late 's this.'

'Hoot, awa' wi' ye! he 'll be doon, maybe, at the bathin' wi' the lave, but I 'll gang doon the village wi' ye, an' we 'll soon fin' the laddie.'

She hastily put her bonnet on her head, for the night-air was cold, and they both stood together outside the cottage.

He clutched her arm. What was that? Through the still night-air, along the dark street, came the sound of muffled feet and hushed voices as of those who bore a burden. With blanched face the old man tried to speak, but he could not. A fearful thought came upon him. . . .

They are coming nearer. They are stopping and crowding together, and whispering low. The two listeners crept up to them; and there in the middle of the group lay Tammy dead—drowned.

With a loud shriek, 'Tammy, my Tammy!' the old man fell down beside the body of his son. . . .

The school is filled with happy, pleasant faces. The prize day has come. There stands the minister, looking very important, and the schoolmaster very excited. The prizes are all arranged on a table before the minister, and the forms for the prize-winners are before the table. And now everything is ready. The minister begins by telling the parents present how he has examined the school, and found the children quite up to the mark; and then he addresses a few words to the children, winding up his remarks by telling them how at school he had thought that 'multiplication is a vexation,' &c., but that now he found the use of it. And then the children laughed, for they heard the same speech every year; but it made the excitement greater when they had the prizes to look at, as they shone on the table in their gorgeous gilding, during the speech. And now the schoolmaster is going to read out the prize-winners, and the children are almost breathless with excitement—you might have heard a pin drop—when from the end of the room, a figure totters forward, the figure of an old man, white-headed, and with a strange, glassy look in his eye. He advances to where the children are sitting, and takes his place among them. Every one looks compassionately towards him, and women are drying their eyes with their aprons. The schoolmaster hesitates a moment, and looks at the minister. The

minister nods to him, and he begins the list. It is with almost a saddened look that the children come to take their prizes, for they think of the sharp, bright, active playmate who was so lately with them; and they gaze timidly toward his father who sits in their midst.

'Thomas Rutherford,' reads out the master, 'gained the prize for arithmetic.'

'I 'll tak' Tam's prize for him. The laddie's na weel. He's awa'. I 'll tak' it;' and the shoemaker moved hastily up to the table.

The minister handed him the book; and, silently taking it, he made his way to the door. . . .

A quiet old man moves listlessly about the village. He does nothing, but every one has a kind word for him. He never walks towards the river, but shudders when its name is mentioned. He sits in his workshop often, and looks up expectantly when he hears the joyous shout of the boys as they come out of school, and then a look of pain flits across his face. He has one treasure —a book, which he keeps along with his family Bible, and he is never tired of reading through his blurred spectacles the words on the first page:

'BARNES SCHOOL—FIRST CLASS.
PRIZE FOR ARITHMETIC
AWARDED TO THOMAS RUTHERFORD.'

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND.—Victor Hugo.

It sometimes happens that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which

is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavours to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognises with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten; which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his

shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.—CHARLES DICKENS.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, 'I see the star.' And often, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, 'God bless the star!'

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, 'I see the star!' and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, 'God bless my brother and the star!'

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither: 'Is my brother come?'

And he said, 'No!'

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, 'Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!' And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader: 'Is my brother come?'

And he said, 'Not that one, but another!'

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, 'Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!' And she turned and smiled upon him—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said: 'Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son.'

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, 'Is my brother come?'

And he said, 'Thy mother!'

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his hands and cried, 'Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!' And they answered him, 'Not yet!'—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, 'Is my brother come?'

And he said, 'Nay, but his maiden daughter!'

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: 'My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!'—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth

face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago: 'I see the star!'

They whispered one another, 'He is dying.' And he said, 'I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And oh my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!'

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

THE POWER OF HABIT.—JOHN B. GOUGH.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, 'What river is that, sir?'

'That,' he said, 'is Niagara River.'

'Well, it is a beautiful stream,' said I; 'bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?'

'Only a mile or two,' was the reply.

'Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?'

'You will find it so, sir.'

And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to the enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, 'Young men, ahoy!'

'What is it?'

'The rapids are below you.'

'Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger.'

'Young men, ahoy there!'

'What is it?'

'The rapids are below you!'

'Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.'

'Young men, ahoy!'

'What is it?'

'Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!'

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick, quick, quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!—ah! it is too late!

Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go. Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, 'When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up!'

ON THE OTHER TRAIN: A CLOCK'S STORY.—ANON.

'There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 A.M.'

'You didn't tell me.'

'Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness.'

'She'——

'*She!* You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poorhouse. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!' and our worthy ticket-agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

'You've missed your train, marm,' he remarked, coming forward to a queer-looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

'Never mind,' said a quivering voice.

''Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05.'

'Very well, sir; I can wait.'

'Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way.'

'No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money.'

'Very well,' said the agent, turning away indifferently. 'Simmons will tell you when it's time.'

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that any one takes the night express, and almost always, after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket-agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously. Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By-and-by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor pinched face.

'I can't believe it,' she sobbed, wringing her thin white hands. 'Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often

have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, "Ise love you, mamma;" and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poorhouse! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!'

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer: 'O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!'

The wind rose higher, and swept through the crevices icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely around him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter, and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!'

A look of joy came over her face.

'I 'm ready,' she whispered.

'Then give me your pass, ma'am.'

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud:

'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

'That 's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?'

The light died away and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start, and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

'Wake up, marm; 'tis train time.'

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted 'All aboard,' but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket-agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict 'apoplexy,' and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know that she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poorhouse.

THE LAST NIGHT.*—J. M. BARRIE.

'Juist another sax nichts, Jamie,' Jess would say, sadly. 'Juist fower nichts noo, an' you 'll be awa.' Even as she spoke seemed to come the last night.

The last night! Reserve slipped unheeded to the floor. Hendry wandered ben and but the house, and Jamie sat at the window holding his mother's hand. You must walk softly now if you would cross that humble threshold. I stop at the door. Then, as now, I was a lonely man, and when the last night came the attic was the place for me.

This family affection, how good and beautiful it is. Men and maids love, and after many years they may rise to this. It is the grand proof of goodness in human nature, for it means the more we see of each other the more we find that is lovable. If you would cease to dislike a man, try to get nearer his heart.

Leeby had no longer any excuse for bustling about. Everything was ready—too soon. Hendry had been to the fish-cadger in the square to get a bervie for Jamie's supper, and Jamie had eaten it, trying to look as if it made him happier. His little box was packed and strapped, and stood terribly conspicuous against the dresser. Jess had packed it herself.

* This piece is slightly abridged for recitation.

'Ye mauna trachle (trouble) yersel, mother,' Jamie said, when she had the empty box pulled toward her.

Leeby was wiser.

'Let her do't,' she whispered, 'it 'll keep her frae broodin'.'

Jess tied ends of yarn round the stockings to keep them in a little bundle by themselves. So she did with all the other articles.

'No 'at it's ony great affair,' she said, for on the last night they were all thirsting to do something for Jamie that would be a great affair to him.

'Ah, ye would wonder, mother,' Jamie said, 'when I open my box an' find a'thing tied up wi' strings sae careful, it a' comes back to me wi' a rush wha did it, an' am as fond o' thae strings as though they were a grand present. There's the pocky (bag) ye gae me to keep sewin' things in. I get the wifie I lodge wi' to sew to me, but often when I come upon the pocky I sit an' look at it.'

Two chairs were backed to the fire, with underclothing hanging upside down on them. From the string over the fireplace dangled two pairs of much-darned stockings.

'Ye 'll put on baith thae pair o' stockin's, Jamie,' said Jess, 'juist to please me?'

When he arrived he had rebelled against the extra clothing.

'Ay, will I, mother,' he said now.

Jess put her hand fondly through his ugly hair. How handsome she thought him.

. . . . . .

Leeby went ben and stood in the room in the dark; Jamie knew why.

'I 'll just gang ben an' speak to Leeby for a meenute,' he said to his mother; 'I 'll no be lang.'

'Ay, do that, Jamie,' said Jess. 'What Leeby's been to me nae tongue can tell. Ye canna bear to hear me speak, I ken, o' the time when Hendry an' me 'll be awa; but, Jamie, when that time comes ye 'll no forget Leeby?'

'I winna, mother, I winna,' said Jamie. 'There 'll never be a roof ower me 'at 's no hers too.'

He went ben and shut the door. I do not know what he and Leeby said. Many a time since their earliest youth had these

two been closeted together, often to make up their little quarrels in each other's arms. They remained a long time in the room, the shabby room of which Jess and Leeby were so proud, and whatever might be their fears about their mother, they were not anxious for themselves. Leeby was feeling lusty and well, and she could not know that Jamie required to be reminded of his duty to the folk at home. Jamie would have laughed at the notion. . . . . Leeby, who was about to die, and Jamie, who was to forget his mother, came back to the kitchen with a happy light on their faces. I have with me still the look of love they gave each other before Jamie crossed over to Jess.

'Ye 'll gang anower, noo, mother,' Leeby said, meaning that it was Jess's bed-time.

'No yet, Leeby,' Jess answered; 'I 'll sit up till the readin's ower.'

'I think ye should gang, mother,' Jamie said; 'an' I 'll come an' sit aside ye after ye 're i' the bed.'

'Ay, Jamie, I 'll no hae ye to sit aside me the morn's nicht, an' hap (cover) me wi' the claes.'

'But ye 'll gang suner to yer bed, mother?'

'I may gang, but I winna sleep. I 'll aye be thinkin' o' ye tossin' on the sea. I pray for ye a lang time ilka nicht, Jamie.'

'Ay, I ken.'

'An' I pictur ye ilka hour o' the day. Ye never gang hame through thae terrible streets at nicht, but I 'm thinkin' o' ye.'

'I would try no to be sae sad, mother,' said Leeby. 'We 've ha'en a richt fine time, have we no?'

'It 's been an awfu' happy time,' said Jess. 'We 've ha'en a pleasantness in oor lives 'at comes to few. I ken naebody 'at 's ha'en sae muckle happiness one wy or another.'

'It 's because ye 're sae guid, mother,' said Jamie.

'Na, Jamie, am no guid ava. It 's because my fowk 's been sae guid, you an' Hendry an' Leeby, an' Joey when he was livin'. I 've got a lot mair than my deserts.'

'We 'll juist look to meetin' next year again, mother. To think o' that keeps me up a' the winter.'

'Ay, if it 's the Lord's will, Jamie; but am gey dune noo, an' Hendry 's fell worn too.'

Jamie, the boy that he was, said, 'Dinna speak like that, mother;' and Jess put her hand on his head.

'Fine I ken, Jamie,' she said, ''at all my days on this earth, be they short or lang, I 've you for a staff to lean on.'

Ah, many years have gone since then, but if Jamie be living now, he has still those words to swallow.

By-and-by Leeby went ben for the Bible, and put it into Hendry's hands. He slowly turned over the leaves to his favourite chapter, the fourteenth of John's Gospel. Always, on eventful occasions, did Hendry turn to the fourteenth of John.

'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.'

'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'

As Hendry raised his voice to read, there was a great stillness in the kitchen. . . .

'And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'

The voice may have been monotonous. I have always thought that Hendry's reading of the Bible was the most solemn and impressive I have ever heard. He exulted in the fourteenth of John, pouring it forth like one whom it intoxicated while he read. He emphasised every other word; it was so real and grand to him.

We went upon our knees while Hendry prayed; all but Jess, who could not. Jamie buried his face in her lap. The words Hendry said were those he used every night. Some, perhaps, would have smiled at his prayer to God that we be not puffed up with riches nor with the things of this world. His head shook with emotion while he prayed, and he brought us very near to the throne of grace. 'Do thou, O our God,' he said, in conclusion, 'spread Thy guiding hand over him whom in Thy great mercy Thou hast brought to us again, and do Thou guard him through the perils which come unto those that go down to the sea in ships. Let not our hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid, for this is not our abiding home, and may we all meet in Thy house, where there are many mansions, and where there shall be no last night. Amen.'

It was a silent kitchen after that, though the lamp burned long in Jess's window. By its meagre light you may take a final glance at the little family; you will never see them together again.

(From *A Window in Thrums*, by kind permission of the author.)

NOBLE REVENGE.—Thomas De Quincey.

A young officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would 'make him repent it.' This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt which has fallen into the enemy's hands must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half-hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what was once a flag, whilst with his right he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that.* For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; 'high and low' are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual [illegible], suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever.

As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: 'Sir,' he said, 'I told you before, that I would make you repent it.'

DEATH OF LONG TOM COFFIN.—JAMES F. COOPER.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. 'God's will be done with me,' he cried: 'I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough

to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer.' But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The cockswain (Tom) still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable (the commander, whom Tom had forced into the boat) issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land.'

'There was One and only One to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the cockswain; 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.' The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and com-

passion, on his companion, he added with reverence: 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest.'

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon.

'To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

''Tis the wind driving by the vessel!'

''Tis the poor thing herself,' said the affected cockswain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks; and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her in framing!'

'Why then did you remain here?' cried Dillon wildly.

'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God,' returned Tom. 'These waves are to me what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave.'

'But I—I,' shrieked Dillon, 'I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!'

'Poor wretch!' muttered his companion; 'you must go like the rest of us: when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster.'

'I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?'

'None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.'

'God!' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy; 'I know no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace!' said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; 'blasphemer, peace!'

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very

rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under-tow,' Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands: 'Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! Sheer to the southward!'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.—Elihu Burritt.

The scene opens with a view of the Great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, 'when the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. 'What man has done, man can do,' is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is 'no royal road to learning.' This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte will rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches

up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceived this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that 'freeze their young blood.' He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: 'William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and

Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!' The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above!

The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words 'God!' and 'mother!' whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting, and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.—Laurence Sterne.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard. I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it? Ask my pen—it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an

empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army,' said the landlord, 'who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. "I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me." If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,' added the landlord, 'I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend,' continued he; 'we are all of us concerned for him.'

'Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee,' cried my uncle Toby; 'and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.'

'Though I am persuaded,' said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, 'he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too: there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host.'

'And of his whole family,' added the corporal; 'for they are all concerned for him.'

'Step after him,' said my uncle Toby; 'do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name.'

'I have quite forgot it, truly,' said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; 'but I can ask his son again.'

'Has he a son with him, then?' said my uncle Toby.

'A boy,' replied the landlord, 'of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days.'

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

'Stay in the room a little,' said my uncle Toby. 'Trim!' said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a

dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. 'Corporal!' said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

'Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.'

'Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, 'has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.'

'I fear so,' replied my uncle Toby; 'but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair,' added my uncle Toby, 'or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?'

'Leave it, an't please your honour, to me,' quoth the corporal. 'I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.'

'Thou shalt go, Trim,' said my uncle Toby; 'and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.'

'I shall get it all out of him,' said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. 'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.'

'Is he in the army, then?' said my uncle Toby.

'He is,' said the corporal.

'And in what regiment?' said my uncle Toby.

'I 'll tell your honour,' replied the corporal, 'everything straightforwards as I learned it.'

'Then, Trim, I 'll fill another pipe,' said my uncle Toby, 'and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.'

The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good. And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered; and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, 'of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked'——

'That 's a right distinction, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed—to join, I suppose, the regiment—he had dismissed the morning after he came. "If I get better, my dear," said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, "we can hire horses from hence." "But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence," said the landlady to me; "for I heard the death-watch all night long: and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already."

'I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, 'when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. "But I will do it for my father myself," said the youth. "Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman," said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. "I believe, sir," said he, very modestly, "I can please him best myself." "I am sure," said I, "his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier." The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.'

'Poor youth!' said my uncle Toby; 'he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here.'

'I never, in the longest march,' said the corporal, 'had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?'

'Nothing in the world, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, 'but that thou art a good-natured fellow.'

'When I gave him the toast,' continued the corporal, 'I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar'——

'And thou mightst have added my purse too,' said my uncle Toby. 'He was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up-stairs with the toast. "I warrant you, my dear," said I, as I opened the kitchen door, "your father will be well again." Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong,' added the corporal.

'I think so too,' said my uncle Toby.

'When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. "I believe," said the landlord, "he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion."

'"I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all." "I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night," said the landlady, "very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it." "Are you sure of it?" replied the curate. "A soldier, an' please your reverence," said I, "prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world."'

'Twas well said of thee, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'"But when a soldier," said I, "an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged," said I, "for months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe," said I—for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, 'for the reputation of the army—"I believe, an' please your reverence," said I, "that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy."'

'Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim,' said my uncle Toby; 'for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.'

'I hope we shall,' said Trim.

'It is in the Scripture,' said my uncle Toby; 'and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,' said my uncle Toby, 'that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.'

'I hope not,' said the corporal.

'But go on, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'with thy story.'

'When I went up,' continued the corporal, 'into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. "Let it remain there, my dear," said the lieutenant.

'He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to

his bedside. "If you are Captain Shandy's servant," said he, "you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me." If he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant. I told him your honour was. "Then," said he, "I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not," said he, a second time, musing. "Possibly he may my story," added he. "Pray, tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent." "I remember the story, an't please your honour," said I, "very well." "Do you so?" said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; "then well may I." In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. "Here, Billy," said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.'

'I wish,' said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—'I wish, Trim, I was asleep.'

'Your honour,' replied the corporal, 'is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?'

'Do, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'I remember,' said my uncle Toby, sighing again, 'the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon.'

''Tis finished already,' said the corporal, 'for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour a good-night.'

'Thou hast left this matter short,' said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; 'and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to

subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.'

'Your honour knows,' said the corporal, 'I had no orders.'

'True,' quoth my uncle Toby; 'thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

'In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,' continued my uncle Toby, 'when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks,' added my uncle Toby smiling, 'he might march.'

'He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world,' said the corporal.

'He *will* march,' said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.

'An' please your honour,' said the corporal, 'he will never march, but to his grave.'

'He *shall* march,' cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—'he shall march to his regiment.'

'He cannot stand it,' said the corporal.

'He shall be supported,' said my uncle Toby.

'He 'll drop at last,' said the corporal; 'and what will become of his boy?'

'He shall not drop,' said my uncle Toby firmly.

'A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him,' said Trim, maintaining his point, 'the poor soul will die.'

'He shall not die, by G—,' cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

THE COLONEL'S DEATH-BED.—W. M. THACKERAY.

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days, the fever, which had attacked him, left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr Goodenough, came to him; he hoped too: but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel, and Madame de Florac,' who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bedclothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little, laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him 'Codd Colonel.' 'Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him!' and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about his lessons and his play; and

prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr Raine and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again —a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the

game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre,** little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustani as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, 'Toujours, toujours!'† But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the latter came to us who were sitting in the adjoining compartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance, Madame de Florac started up. 'He is very bad, he wanders a great deal,' the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards, Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; 'and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly: 'Take care of him when I 'm in India;' and then with a heart-rending voice he called out. 'Léonore, Léonore!' She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum!'‡ and fell back. It was the word we used at school,

* Go, run. † Always, always. ‡ I am present.

when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

THE MAN OF NO ACCOUNT.—Bret Harte.

His name was Fagg—David Fagg. He came to California in '52 with us, in the *Skyscraper*. I don't think he did it in an adventurous way. He probably had no other place to go to. When a knot of us young fellows would recite what splendid opportunities we resigned to go, and how sorry our friends were to have us leave, and show daguerreotypes and locks of hair, and talk of Mary and Susan, the man of no account used to sit by and listen with a pained, mortified expression on his plain face, and say nothing. I think he had nothing to say. He had no associates, except when we patronised him; and, in point of fact, he was a good deal of sport to us. He was always sea-sick whenever we had a capful of wind. He never got his sea-legs on either. And I never shall forget how we all laughed when Rattler took him the piece of pork on a string, and—But you know that time-honoured joke. And then we had such a splendid lark with him. Miss Fanny Twinkler couldn't bear the sight of him, and we used to make Fagg think that she had taken a fancy to him, and send him little delicacies and books from the cabin. You ought to have witnessed the rich scene that took place when he came up, stammering and very sick, to thank her! Didn't she flash up grandly and beautifully and scornfully? So like 'Medora,' Rattler said—Rattler knew Byron by heart—and wasn't old Fagg awfully cut up? But he got over it, and when Rattler fell sick at Valparaiso, old Fagg used to nurse him. You see he was a good sort of fellow, but he lacked manliness and spirit.

He had absolutely no idea of poetry. I've seen him sit stolidly by, mending his old clothes, when Rattler delivered that stirring apostrophe of Byron's to the ocean. He asked Rattler once, quite seriously, if he thought Byron was ever sea-sick. I don't remember Rattler's reply, but I know we all laughed very

much, and I have no doubt it was something good, for Rattler was smart.

When the *Skyscraper* arrived at San Francisco, we had a grand 'feed.' We agreed to meet every year and perpetuate the occasion. Of course we didn't invite Fagg. Fagg was a steerage passenger, and it was necessary, you see, now we were ashore, to exercise a little discretion. But old Fagg, as we called him—he was only about twenty-five years old, by the way—was the source of immense amusement to us that day. It appeared that he had conceived the idea that he could walk to Sacramento, and actually started off afoot. We had a good time, and shook hands with one another all round, and so parted. . . .

You remember how the Coyote Tunnel went in, and how awfully we shareholders were done! Well, the next thing I heard was that Rattler, who was one of the heaviest shareholders, was up at Mugginsville keeping bar for the proprietor of the [illegible] Hotel, and that old Fagg had struck it rich, and didn't know what to do with his money. All this was told me by Mixer, who had been there settling up matters, and likewise that Fagg was sweet upon the daughter of the proprietor of the aforesaid hotel. And so by hearsay and letter I eventually gathered that old Robins, the hotel man, was trying to get up a match between Nellie Robins and Fagg. Nellie was a pretty, plump, and foolish little thing, and would do just as her father wished. I thought it would be a good thing for Fagg if he should marry and settle down; that as a married man he might be of some account. So I ran up to [illegible] one day to look after things.

It did me an immense deal of good to make Rattler mix my drinks for me—Rattler! the gay, brilliant, and unconquerable Rattler, who had tried to snub me two years ago. I talked to him about old Fagg and Nellie, particularly as I thought the subject was distasteful. He never liked Fagg, and he was sure, he said, that Nellie didn't. Did Nellie like anybody else? He turned around to the mirror behind the bar and brushed up his hair! I understood the conceited wretch. I thought I'd put Fagg on his guard and get him to hurry up matters. I had

a long talk with him. You could see by the way the poor fellow acted that he was badly stuck. He sighed, and promised to pluck up courage to hurry matters to a crisis. Nellie was a good girl, and I think had a sort of quiet respect for old Fagg's unobtrusiveness. But her fancy was already taken captive by Rattler's superficial qualities, which were obvious and pleasing. I don't think Nellie was any worse than you or I. We are more apt to take acquaintances at their apparent value than their intrinsic worth. It's less trouble, and, except when we want to trust them, quite as convenient. The difficulty with women is that their feelings are apt to get interested sooner than ours, and then, you know, reasoning is out of the question. This is what old Fagg would have known had he been of any account. But he wasn't. So much the worse for him.

It was a few months afterward, and I was sitting in my office, when in walked old Fagg. I was surprised to see him down, but we talked over the current topics in that mechanical manner of people who know that they have something else to say, but are obliged to get at it in that formal way. After an interval, Fagg in his natural manner said:

'I 'm going home!'

'Going home?'

'Yes—that is, I think I 'll take a trip to the Atlantic States. I came to see you, as you know I have some little property, and I have executed a power of attorney for you to manage my affairs. I have some papers I 'd like to leave with you. Will you take charge of them?'

'Yes,' I said. 'But what of Nellie?'

His face fell. He tried to smile, and the combination resulted in one of the most startling and grotesque effects I ever beheld. At length he said:

'I shall not marry Nellie; that is'—he seemed to apologise internally for the positive form of expression—'I think that I had better not.'

'David Fagg,' I said with sudden severity, 'you 're of no account!'

To my astonishment his face brightened. 'Yes,' said he, 'that 's it!—I 'm of no account! But I always knew it. You

see I thought Rattler loved that girl as well as I did, and I knew she liked him better than she did me, and would be happier, I dare say, with him. But then I knew that old Robins would have preferred me to him, as I was better off—and the girl would do as he said—and, you see, I thought I was kinder in the way—and so I left. But,' he continued, as I was about to interrupt him, 'for fear the old man might object to Rattler, I've lent him enough to set him up in business for himself in Dogtown. A pushing, active, brilliant fellow, you know, like Rattler, can get along, and will soon be in his old position again—and you needn't be hard on him, you know, if he doesn't. Good-bye.'

I was too much disgusted with his treatment of that Rattler to be at all amiable, but as his business was profitable, I promised to attend to it, and he left. A few weeks passed. The return steamer arrived, and a terrible incident occupied the papers for days afterward. People in all parts of the State conned eagerly the details of an awful shipwreck, and those who had friends aboard went away by themselves, and read the long list of the lost under their breath. I read of the gifted, the gallant, the noble, and loved ones who had perished, and among them I think I was the first to read the name of David Fagg. For the 'man of no account' had 'gone home!'

THE STORY OF A MOTHER.—HANS ANDERSEN.

A mother sat by the bedside of her little child; she was very sad, for she feared the child would die. Its eyes were closed; its baby face was white and thin. It drew its breath in deep sighs, and the mother's heart sank as she gazed on the little creature.

Some one knocked at the door, and an old man came into the room; he was dressed in a kind of horse-cloth, for it was winter, and he looked very cold. Out of doors everything was covered with ice and snow, and the keen wind blew sharply across one's face. The old man was trembling with cold, and, as the child seemed as if it were asleep, the mother

went to warm some beer for him. He sat down and rocked himself to and fro; the mother sat near him, looked at her child, who lay drawing deep, painful breaths, and seized its little hand.

'I shall keep him, shall I not?' she said to the old man. 'God will never take him from me.'

The old man—it was Death himself—nodded in a strange fashion, which might mean either yes or no. The mother closed her eyes, and the tears ran down her cheeks. Her head was hot and heavy; she had not closed her eyes for three days and three nights, and now she slept. It was only for one minute though; she felt an icy chill, and started up shivering. What was that? She looked round on all sides, but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone: he had taken it with him. The old clock in the corner yonder began to give warning, the chains rattled and whirred, the leaden weight fell to the ground with a heavy thud—the clock stood still.

The mother rushed from the house, calling for her child.

In the snowy street sat a woman draped in long black garments. 'Death has been in your room,' she said. 'I saw him hurry away with your little child; he flies more quickly than the wind, and he never brings back what he has taken.'

'Tell me the way he went,' cried the mother. 'Only tell me the way, and I will find him.'

'I know the way,' said the woman; 'but before I tell you, you must sing to me all the songs you used to sing to your child. I am Night. I liked the songs; I have heard them before. I saw your tears when you sang them.'

'I will sing them all,' said the mother, 'but not now. Do not hold me back. Let me overtake him and bring back my child.'

But the Night sat mute and still. The mother wrung her hands, and sang the songs. There were many songs, and still more tears. Then the Night said, 'Go to the right in the pine wood yonder. I saw him enter it with the little child.'

In the heart of the forest two roads met, and the mother did not know which to take. Close beside her stood a black-

thorn bush, with neither leaves nor blossom. It was winter time, and long icicles hung on the branches.

'Have you seen Death pass by with my little child?'

'Yes,' said the thorn; 'but I will not tell you which way he went till you have warmed me against your breast. I am freezing to death. I am turning to a mass of ice.'

She pressed the thorn bush to her breast to make it thaw. The thorns tore her flesh, but the bush put forth green leaves and buds in the cold winter night, for a mother's heart is warm. Then the thorn bush told her the way.

She hurried on till she came to a great lake on which there was neither boat nor raft. It was not frozen sufficiently hard for her to walk upon, and it was too deep to wade through. She laid herself upon the ground to try and drink it dry. Any one else would have thought it impossible, but the mother hoped for a miracle.

'No, that will not do,' said the lake; 'let us see if we cannot come to terms. I like collecting pearls, and your eyes are the clearest I have ever seen. If you will cry them out into my depths, I will carry you over to the great hothouse, where Death lives and tends his trees and flowers, every one of which is a human soul.'

'What would I not give to win back my child?' said the poor mother. She wept till her eyes sank like two costly pearls to the bottom of the lake. Then the lake lifted her up and bore her across its waves to the opposite shore. Before her stood a wonderful house, miles long; whether it was a mountain with woods and caves, or a castle full of rooms, no one could tell. But the mother could see nothing, for her eyes were wept away.

'Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?' she cried.

'He is not come back yet,' said an old gray-haired woman, who was watching over the plants in Death's absence. 'How did you get here? Who has helped you?'

'God has helped me. He is merciful, and you will be merciful, too. Where shall I find my little child?'

'I do not know the child, and you cannot see it. Many

flowers and trees have died in the night, and Death will soon come to transplant them. You know that every human being has a life tree or flower; they look like other trees and flowers, but their hearts beat. Children's hearts beat also. Take that for your guide; perhaps you can tell the heart-beats of your child. But what will you give me if I tell you what more you must do?'

'I have nothing to give you,' said the mother in despair; 'but I will go to the end of the world for you.'

'I have nothing to do with the end of the world,' said the old woman; 'but you can give me your long black hair; you know it is beautiful, and it pleases me. You shall have mine in exchange; it is better than nothing.'

'Is that all you ask?' she said. 'Take it with pleasure.' And she gave her her beautiful hair, and received the old woman's snow-white hair in return.

Then they went into the great hothouse where the flowers and trees grew side by side. Delicate hyacinths grew among glass bells and splendid peonies. Water plants grew there also, some fresh and healthy, and others sickly. Water snakes and crabs clung to them and twined round their stems. Mighty oak trees, palms, and plantains grew among parsley and sweet wild thyme. Every tree and flower had its name; each was a human life. The men and women were still alive, some in China, some in Greenland, scattered all over the world. There were strong trees crushed and dwarfed in narrow pots, and sickly little flowers in rich soil, fenced round with moss. But the mother bent over the little plants and heard their hearts beat; and from among a thousand she recognised the heart-beat of her child.

'This is it!' she cried, bending over a little crocus which drooped over the side of its flower-pot.

'Do not touch the flower,' said the old woman, 'but place yourself here. When Death comes—and I expect him every moment—do not let him pull up the flower; threaten him that if he does you will pull up some of the others, and he will be afraid. He has to answer to God for every one; none may be pulled up till leave has been granted.'

An ice-cold breath sighed through the place, and the blind mother felt that Death was come.

'How did you find this place?' he cried. 'How have you been able to reach here before me?'

'I am a mother,' she cried.

Death stretched out his long thin hands towards the little flower, but she held it tightly clasped, tightly but tenderly, lest she should bruise the delicate leaves. Death breathed upon her hands, and they sank down powerless and benumbed, for his breath was colder than the icy wind.

'You cannot prevail against me,' he cried.

'But God can,' she answered.

'I only do His will,' he answered. 'I am His gardener; I take up all the flowers, and transplant them in the garden of Paradise in the unknown. But how they thrive there, and where the land is, I cannot tell you.'

'Give me my child back,' said the mother, weeping and imploring. Suddenly she seized two pretty flowers, and cried aloud, 'I will uproot all your flowers, for I am in despair.'

'Touch them not,' said Death. 'You say you are unhappy, and you would make another mother as unhappy as yourself!'

'Another mother!' said the woman, loosing her hold of the flowers.

'Here are your eyes,' said Death. 'I saw them shining in the lake and fished them up. Take them back—they are clearer now than they were—and look deep into this well. I will tell you the names of the two flowers you were about to pull up, and you will see what you had nearly done.'

She looked into the deep well, and saw the life of one who was a blessing to the world, and spread around him joy and happiness. The other life was filled with pain and care, misery and suffering.

'Both are God's will,' said Death.

'Which is the unhappy, and which the blessed one?' she asked.

'I cannot tell you that,' said Death, 'but one of them is the life of your own child. It was his fate, his future, which you have seen.'

The mother gave a cry of terror. 'Which is my child's life? Tell me that. Save my innocent child from all this misery. Rather carry it away. Take it to God. Forgive my tears and threats and all that I have done!'

'I do not understand you,' said Death. 'Do you wish me to give you your child back, or to take it away to an unknown land?'

The mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed aloud to God: 'Hear me not when I pray against Thy will! Thy will is always best. Oh, hear me not.'

She let her head sink on her breast; and Death carried her child to the unknown land.

WORK.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Two men I honour, and no third. First the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavouring towards inward harmony; revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and inward endeavour are

one; when we can name him artist, not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, and immortality? These two in all their degrees I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the heavens send sleep and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear, dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, fear and indignation bear him company. Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas! was this too a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computation it does.

THE DEATH OF BILL SIKES.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest,

and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built low-roofed houses, there exists, at the present day, the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London, wholly unknown, even by name, to the great mass of its inhabitants.

In such a neighbourhood stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep, and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch.

In Jacob's Island the warehouses are roofless and empty; the walls are crumbling down; the windows are windows no more; the doors are falling into the streets; the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke; the houses have no owners; they are broken open, and entered upon by those who have the courage; and there they live, and there they die.

In an upper room of one of these houses there were assembled three men, who, regarding each other every now and then with looks expressive of perplexity and expectation, sat for some time in profound and gloomy silence.

One of these was Toby Crackit, another Mr Chitling, and the third a robber of fifty years, whose nose had been almost beaten in, in some old scuffle, and whose face bore a frightful scar which might probably be traced to the same occasion.

They had sat thus, for some time, when suddenly was heard a hurried knocking at the door below.

Crackit went down, and returned followed by a man with the lower part of his face buried in a handkerchief, and another tied over his head under his hat. He drew them slowly off. Blanched face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, beard of three days' growth, wasted flesh, short thick breath; it was the very ghost of Sikes.

There was an uneasy movement among the men, but nobody spoke.

'You that keep this house,' said Sikes, turning his face to Crackit, 'do you mean to sell me, or to let me lie here till this hunt is over?'

Crackit intimated, by a motion of his hand, that there was nothing to fear. Scarcely had he done so when he pointed to the

window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud and earnest conversation, the tramp of hurried footsteps—endless they seemed in number—crossing the nearest wooden bridge. The gleam of lights increased, the footsteps came more thickly and noisily on. Then, came a loud knocking at the door, and then a hoarse murmur from such a multitude of angry voices as would have made the boldest quail.

'In the King's name,' cried the voices without; and the hoarse cry arose again, but louder.

Strokes, thick and heavy, rattled upon the door and lower window-shutters, and a loud huzza burst from the crowd; giving the listener, for the first time, some adequate idea of its immense extent.

'Is the down-stairs door fast?' cried Sikes fiercely.

'Double-locked and chained,' replied Crackit, who, with the other two men, still remained quite helpless and bewildered.

'The panels—are they strong?'

'Lined with sheet iron.'

'And the windows too?'

'Yes, and the windows.'

'Curse you!' cried the desperate ruffian, throwing up the sash and menacing the crowd. 'Do your worst! I'll cheat you yet!'

Of all the terrific yells that ever fell on mortal ears, none could exceed the cry of the infuriated throng. Some shouted to those who were nearest to set the house on fire; others roared to the officers to shoot him dead. The nearest voices took up the cry, and hundreds echoed it. Some called for ladders, some for sledge-hammers; some ran with torches to and fro as if to seek them, and still came back and roared again; some spent their breath in impotent curses and execrations; some pressed forward with the ecstasy of madmen, and thus impeded the progress of those below; some among the boldest attempted to climb up by the water-spout and crevices in the wall; and all waved to and fro, in the darkness beneath, like a field of corn moved by an angry wind, and joined from time to time in one loud furious roar.

'The tide,' cried the murderer, as he staggered back into the

room, and shut the faces out, 'the tide was in as I came up. Give me a rope, a long rope. They 're all in front. I may drop into the Folly Ditch, and clear off that way. Give me a rope, or I shall do three more murders and kill myself.'

The panic-stricken men pointed to where such articles were kept; the murderer, hastily selecting the longest and strongest cord, hurried up to the house-top. As he emerged by the door in the roof, a loud shout proclaimed the fact to those in front, who immediately began to pour round, pressing upon each other in one unbroken stream.

He planted a board, which he had carried up with him for the purpose, so firmly against the door that it must be a matter of great difficulty to open it from the inside, and creeping over the tiles, looked over the low parapet.

The water was out, and the ditch a bed of mud.

The crowd had been hushed during these few moments, watching his motions and doubtful of his purpose; but the instant they perceived it and knew it was defeated, they raised a cry of triumphant execration to which all their previous shouting had been whispers. Again and again it rose. Those who were at too great a distance to know its meaning took up the sound; it echoed and re-echoed; it seemed as though the whole city had poured its population out to curse him.

On pressed the people from the front—on, on, on, in a strong struggling current of angry faces, with here and there a glaring torch to light them up, and show them out in all their wrath and passion. The houses on the opposite side of the ditch had been entered by the mob; sashes were thrown up, or torn bodily out; there were tiers and tiers of faces in every window; and cluster upon cluster of people clinging to every house-top. Each little bridge (and there were three in sight) bent beneath the weight of the crowd upon it. Still the current poured on to find some nook or hole from which to vent their shouts, and only for an instant see the wretch.

'They have him now,' cried a man on the nearest bridge. 'Hurrah!'

The crowd grew light with uncovered heads; and again the shout uprose.

'I will give fifty pounds,' cried an old gentleman, 'to the man who takes him alive. I will remain here till he comes to ask me for it.'

There was another roar. At this moment the word was passed among the crowd that the door was forced at last, and that he who had first called for the ladder had mounted into the room. The stream abruptly turned, as this intelligence ran from mouth to mouth; and the people at the windows, seeing those upon the bridges pouring back, quitted their stations, and running into the street, joined the concourse that now thronged pell-mell to the spot they had left; each man crushing and striving with his neighbour, and all panting with impatience to get near the door and look upon the criminal as the officers brought him out. The cries and shrieks of those who were pressed almost to suffocation, or trampled down and trodden under foot in the confusion, were dreadful; the narrow ways were completely blocked up; and at this time, between the rush of some to regain the space in front of the house, and the unavailing struggles of others to extricate themselves from the mass, the immediate attention was distracted from the murderer, although the universal eagerness for his capture was, if possible, increased.

The man had shrunk down, thoroughly quelled by the ferocity of the crowd and the impossibility of escape; but seeing this sudden change with no less rapidity than it had occurred, he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch and, at the risk of being stifled, endeavouring to creep away in the darkness and confusion.

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running noose by the aid of his hands and teeth almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and had his knife ready in his hand to cut it then and drop.

At the very instant when he brought the loop over his head previous to slipping it beneath his armpits, the murderer, looking

behind him on the roof, threw his arms above his head, and uttered a yell of terror.

Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was at his neck. It ran up with his weight, tight as a bowstring, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs; and there he hung, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

The old chimney quivered with the shock, but stood it bravely, and the murderer swung lifeless against the wall.

A dog which had lain concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and, collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went; and striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains.

THE FIDDLING SOUTAR'S LAST TUNE.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Silence endured for a short minute; then he called his wife. 'Come here, Bell. Gie me a kiss, my bonny lass. I hae been an ill man to you.'

'Na, na, Sandy. Ye hae aye been gude to me—better nor I deserved. Ye hae been naebody's enemy but yer ain.'

'Haud yer tongue. Ye're speykin' waur blethers nor the minister, honest man! And, eh! ye war a bonny lass when I merried ye. I hae blaudit [spoiled] ye a'thegither. But gin I war up, see gin I wadna gie ye a new goon, an' that wad be something to make ye like yersel' again. I'm affrontet wi' mysel' 'at I had been sic a brute o' a man to ye. But ye maun forgie me noo, for I do believe i' my hert 'at the Lord's forgien me. Gie me anither kiss, lass. God be praised, and mony thanks to *you*. Ye micht hae run awa' frae me lang or noo, an' a'body wad hae said ye did richt.—Robert, play a spring.'

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Robert began to play *The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn*.

'Hoots! hoots!' cried Sandy angrily. 'What are you aboot?

Nae mair o' that. I hae dune wi' that. What's i' the heid o' ye, man?'

'What 'll I play then, Sandy?' asked Robert meekly.

'Play *The Lan' o' the Leal*, or *My Nannie's Awa'*, or something o' that kin'. I 'll be leal to ye noo, Bell. An' we winna pree o' the whusky nae mair, lass.'

'I canna bide the smell o't,' cried Bell sobbing.

Robert struck in with *The Land o' the Leal*. When he had played it over two or three times, he laid the fiddle in its place, and departed—able just to see, by the light of the neglected candle, that Bell sat on the bedside stroking the *rosiny* hand of her husband, the rhinoceros-hide of which was yet delicate enough to let the love through to his heart. After this the soutar never called his fiddle his *auld wife*.

Robert walked home with his head sunk on his breast. Dooble Sanny [Double Sandy], the drinking, ranting, swearing soutar, was inside the wicket-gate. . . . Henceforth Robert had more to do in reading the New Testament than in playing the fiddle to the soutar, though they never parted without an air or two. Sandy continued hopeful and generally cheerful, with alternations which the reading generally fixed on the right side for the night. Robert never attempted any comments, but left him to take from the Word what nourishment he could. There was no return of strength, and the constitution was gradually yielding.

The rumour got abroad that he was 'a changed character'—how, is not far to seek, for Mr Macleary fancied himself the honoured instrument of his conversion, whereas paralysis and the New Testament were the chief agents, and even the violin had more share in it than the minister. For the spirit of God lies all about the spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chink in the walls that shut him out from his own—walls which even the tone of a violin afloat on the wind of that spirit is sometimes enough to rend from battlement to base, as the blast of the rams' horns rent the walls of Jericho. And now, to the day of his death, the shoemaker had need of nothing. Food, wine, and delicacies were sent him by many who, while they considered him outside of the kingdom, would have troubled

themselves in no way about him. What with visits of condolence and flattery, inquiries into his experience, and long prayers by his bedside, they now did their best to send him back among the swine. The soutar's humour, however, aided by his violin, was a strong antidote against these evil influences.

'I doobt I'm gaein' to dee, Robert,' he said at length one evening, as the lad sat by his bedside.

'Weel, that winna do ye nae ill,' answered Robert; adding, with just a touch of bitterness: 'ye needna care aboot that.'

'I do *not* care aboot the deein' o't. But I jist want to live lang eneuch to lat the Lord ken 'at I'm in doonricht earnest aboot it. I hae nae chance o' drinkin' as lang as I'm lyin' here.'

'Never ye fash yer heid aboot that. Ye can lippen [trust] that to Him, for it's His ain business. He'll see 'at ye're a' richt. Dinna ye think 'at He'll lat ye off.'

'The Lord forbid,' responded the soutar earnestly. 'It maun be a' pitten richt. It wad be dreidfu' to be latten off. I wadna hae Him content wi' cobbler's wark. I hae't,' he resumed, after a few minutes' pause: 'The Lord's easy pleased, but ill to satisfee. I'm sair pleased wi' your playin', Robert, but it's naething like the richt thing yet. It does me gude to hear ye, though, for a' that.'

The very next night he found him evidently sinking fast. Robert took the violin, and was about to play, but the soutar stretched out his left hand, and took it from him, laid it across his chest and his arm over it, for a few moments, as if he were bidding it farewell, then held it out to Robert, saying: 'Hae, Robert, she's yours. Death's a sair divorce. Maybe they'll hae an orra fiddle whaur I'm gaein', though. Think o' a Rothieden soutar playing afore His Grace!'

Robert saw that his mind was wandering, and mingled the paltry honours of earth with the grand simplicities of heaven. He began to play *The Land o' the Leal.* For a little while Sandy seemed to follow and comprehend the tones, but by slow degrees the light departed from his face. At length his jaw fell, and with a sigh the body parted from Dooble Sanny, and he went to God.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.—Bret Harte.

A FORT POINT IDYL.

About an hour's ride from the Plaza there is a high bluff with the ocean breaking uninterruptedly along its rocky beach. There are several cottages on the sands, which look as if they had recently been cast up by a heavy sea. The cultivated patch behind each tenement is fenced in by bamboos, broken spars, and driftwood. With its few green cabbages and turnip-tops, each garden looks something like an aquarium with the water turned off. In fact you would not be surprised to meet a merman digging among the potatoes, or a mermaid milking a sea-cow hard by.

Near this place formerly arose a great semaphoric telegraph with its gaunt arms tossed up against the horizon. It has been replaced by an observatory, connected with an electric nerve to the heart of the great commercial city. From this point the incoming ships are signalled, and again checked off at the City Exchange. And while we are here looking for the expected steamer, let me tell you a story.

Not long ago, a simple, hard-working mechanic had amassed sufficient by diligent labour in the mines to send home for his wife and two children. He arrived in San Francisco a month before the time the ship was due, for he was a western man, and had made the overland journey, and knew little of ships or seas or gales. He procured work in the city, but as the time approached he would go to the shipping office regularly every day. The month passed, but the ship came not; then a month and a week, two weeks, three weeks, two months, and then a year.

The rough, patient face, with soft lines overlying its hard features, which had become a daily apparition at the shipping agent's, then disappeared. It turned up one afternoon at the observatory as the setting sun relieved the operator from his duties. There was something so childlike and simple in the few

questions asked by this stranger, touching his business, that the operator spent some time to explain. When the mystery of signals and telegraphs was unfolded, the stranger had one more question to ask. 'How long might a vessel be absent before they would give up expecting her?' The operator couldn't tell; it would depend on circumstances. Would it be a year? Yes, it might be a year, and vessels had been given up for lost after two years and had come home. The stranger put his rough hand on the operator's, and thanked him for his trouble, and went away.

Still the ship came not. Stately clippers swept into the Gate, and merchantmen went by with colours flying, and the welcoming gun of the steamer often reverberated among the hills. Then the patient face, with the old resigned expression, but a brighter, wistful look in the eye, was regularly met on the crowded decks of the steamer as she disembarked her living freight. He may have had a dimly defined hope that the missing ones might yet come this way, as only another road over that strange unknown expanse. But he talked with ship captains and sailors, and even this last hope seemed to fail. When the careworn face and bright eyes were presented again at the observatory, the operator, busily engaged, could not spare time to answer foolish interrogatories, so he went away. But as night fell, he was seen sitting on the rocks with his face turned seaward, and was seated there all that night.

When he became hopelessly insane—for that was what the physicians said made his eyes so bright and wistful—he was cared for by a fellow-craftsman who had known his troubles. He was allowed to indulge his fancy of going out to watch for the ship, in which she 'and the children' were, at night when no one else was watching. He had made up his mind that the ship would come in at night. This, and the idea that he would relieve the operator, who would be tired with watching all day, seemed to please him. So he went out and relieved the operator every night!

For two years the ships came and went. He was there to see the outward-bound clipper, and greet her on her return. He was known only by a few who frequented the place. When he was

missed at last from his accustomed spot, a day or two elapsed before any alarm was felt. One Sunday, a party of pleasure-seekers clambering over the rocks were attracted by the barking of a dog that had run on before them. When they came up they found a plainly dressed man lying there dead. There were a few papers in his pocket—chiefly slips cut from different journals of old marine memoranda—and his face was turned towards the distant sea.

THE CONSPIRACY ABOARD THE 'MIDAS.'—Q.

'Are you going home to England? So am I. I'm Johnny; and I've never been to England before, but I know all about it. There's great palaces of gold and ivory—that's for the lords and bishops; and there's Windsor Castle, the biggest of all, carved out of a single diamond—that's for the Queen. And she's the most beautiful lady in the whole world, and feeds her peacocks and birds of paradise out of a ruby cup. And then the sun is always shining, so that nobody wants any candles. Oh, words would fail me if I endeavoured to convey to you one half of the splendours of that enchanted realm!'

This last sentence tumbled so oddly from the childish lips, that I could not hide a smile as I looked down on my visitor. He stood just outside my cabin-door—a small, serious boy of about eight with long flaxen curls hardly dry after his morning bath. In the pauses of conversation he rubbed his head with a big bath-towel. His legs and feet were bare, and he wore only a little shirt and velveteen breeches with scarlet ribbons hanging untied at the knees.

'What are you laughing at?' he demanded.

I was driven to evasion.

'Why, you're wrong about the sunshine in England,' I said. 'The sun is not always shining there, by any means.'

'That only shows how little you know about it.'

'Johnny! Johnny!' a voice called down the companion ladder at this moment. It was followed by a thin, weary-looking man, dressed in carpet slippers and a suit of seedy black. I guessed his age at fifty, but suspect now that the lines about his somewhat

prim mouth were traced there by sorrows rather than by years. He bowed to me shyly and addressed the boy.

'Johnny, what are you doing here—in bare feet?'

'Father, here is a man who says the sun doesn't always shine in England.'

The man gave me a fleeting, embarrassed glance, and echoed, as if to shirk answering:

'In bare feet!'

'But it does, doesn't it? Tell him that it does,' the child insisted.

Driven thus into a corner, the father turned his profile, avoiding my eyes, and said dully:

'The sun is always shining in England'——

'Go on, father; tell him the rest.'

'—and the use of candles, except as a luxury, is consequently unknown to the denizens of that favoured clime,' he wound up, in the tone of a man who repeats an old, old lecture.

Johnny was turning to me triumphantly, when his father caught him by the hand and led him back to his dressing. The movement was hasty, almost rough; and it did not puzzle me the less because I heard a sob in the man's throat as they moved away. I stood at the cabin-door and looked after them.

We were fellow-passengers aboard the 'Midas,' a merchant barque of near on a thousand tons, homeward bound from Sydney; and we had lost sight of the Heads of Port Jackson Bay but a couple of days before. It was the first week of the new year, and all day long a fiery sun made life below deck insupportable. Nevertheless, though we three were the only passengers on board, and lived constantly in sight of each other, it was many days before I made any further acquaintance with Johnny and his father. The sad-faced man clearly desired to avoid me, answering my nod with a cold embarrassment, and clutching Johnny's hand whenever the child called 'Good-morning!' to me cordially. I fancied him ashamed of his foolish falsehood; and I, on my side, was angry at it. The pair were for ever strolling backwards and forwards on deck, or resting beneath the awning on the poop, and talking—always talking. I fancied the boy was delicate; he certainly had a bad cough during the

first few days. But this went away as our voyage proceeded, and his colour was rich and rosy.

One afternoon I caught a fragment of their talk as they passed, Johnny brightly dressed and smiling, his father looking even more shabby and weary than usual. The man was speaking.

'—and Queen Victoria rides once a year through the streets of London, on her milk-white courser, to hear the nightingales sing in the Tower. For when she came to the throne, the Tower was full of prisoners; but with a stroke of her sceptre she changed them all into song-birds. Every year she releases fifty; and that is why they sing so rapturously, because each one hopes his turn has come at last.'

I turned away. It was unconscionable, to cram the child's mind with these preposterous fables. I pictured the poor little chap's disappointment when the bleak reality came to stare him in the face. To my mind his father was worse than an idiot, and I could hardly bring myself to greet him, next morning, when we met.

My disgust did not seem to trouble him. In a timid way, even, his eyes expressed satisfaction. For a few days I let him alone, and then was forced to speak.

It happened in this way. Soon after passing the Cape, we had a day or two of total calm. The sails hung slack and the 'Midas' slept like a turtle on the greasy sea. In the seams the pitch bubbled, and to walk the deck bare-foot was to blister the feet. The sailors loafed about and grumbled, with their hands in their pockets, or huddled forward under a second awning that was rigged up to protect them from the flaring heat.

On the second day of the calm, shortly after noon, I happened to pass this awning, and glanced in. Pretty well all the men were there, sitting or lounging; and in their midst, on a barrel, sat Johnny, with a flushed face.

One of the seamen—a fellow named Gibbings—was speaking. I heard him say:

'An' the Lord Mayor'll be down at the docks to meet us, wi' his five-an'-fifty black boys, all a-blowin' on their silver trumpets. Pretty 's the music they make, sonny.' . . .

The whole crew then, it seemed, was in this stupid conspiracy.

I determined, for Johnny's sake, to protest, and that very evening drew Gibbings aside and rebuked him.

'Why,' I asked, 'lay up this certain, this bitter disappointment for the poor boy? Why talk to him as if he were bound for the New Jerusalem?'

Gibbings stared at me out of his honest eyes, and whispered:

'Why, sir, don't you know? Can't you see for yourself? It's because he *is* bound for the New Jeroosalem: because—bless his small soul!—that's all the land he'll ever touch.'

'Good Lord!' I cried. 'Nonsense! His cough is better: and look at his cheeks.'

'Ay—we knows that colour, on this line. His cough's better, you say. You just wait for the nor'-east trades.'

I left Gibbings, and after pacing up and down the deck a few times, stepped to the bulwarks, where a dark figure was leaning and gazing out over the black waters. Johnny was in bed; and a great shame swept over me as I noted the appealing wretchedness of this lonely form.

I stepped up and touched him softly on the arm.

'Sir, I am come to beg your forgiveness.'

Next morning I joined the conspiracy.

After his father I became Johnny's most constant companion. 'Father disliked you at first,' was the child's frank comment; 'he said you told fibs, but now he wants us to be friends.' And we were excellent friends. I lied from morning to night—lied glibly, grandly. Sometimes, indeed, as I lay awake in my berth, a horror took me lest the springs of my imagination should run dry. But they never did. As a liar I out-classed every man on board.

But, by-and-by, the boy began to punctuate my fables with that hateful cough. This went on for a week; and, one day, in the midst of our short stroll, his legs gave way under him. As I caught him in my arms, he looked up with a smile.

'I'm very weak, you know. But it'll be all right when we get to England.'

But it was not till we caught the trade-winds, as Gibbings had foretold, that Johnny grew visibly worse. In a week he had to

lie still on his couch beneath the awning, and the patter of his feet ceased on the deck. The captain, who was a bit of a doctor, said to me one day:

'He will never live to see England.'

But he did.

It was a soft spring morning when the 'Midas' sighted the Lizard, and Johnny was still with us, lying on his couch, though almost too weak to move a limb. As the day wore on, we lifted him, once or twice, to look.

'Can you see them quite plain?' he asked; 'and the precious stones hanging on the trees? And the palaces—and the white elephants?'

I stared through my glass at the naked rocks and white-washed lighthouse above them, and answered:

'Yes, they are all there.'

All day long we were beside him, looking out and peopling the shores of home with all manner of vain shows and pageants; and when one man broke down, another took his place.

As the sun fell, and twilight drew on, the bright revolving lights on the two towers suddenly flashed out their greeting. We were about to carry the child below; but he saw the flash, and held up a feeble hand.

'What is that?'

'Those two lights,' I answered, telling my last lie, 'are the lanterns of Cormelian and Cormoran, the two Cornish giants. They are standing on the shore to welcome us. See—each swings his lantern round, and then for a moment it is dark; now wait a moment and you 'll see the light again.'

'Ah,' said the child, with a little sigh, 'it is good to be—home!'

And with that word on his lips, as we waited for the next flash, Johnny stretched himself and died.

(By kind permission of the author and the proprietor of *The Speaker*.)

DRIFTWOOD.—Margaret Dodge.

'Burn higher, burn higher; light the whole sea up!'

The girl's voice startles me. An hour ago she lay listless on the beach, her eyes strained seaward, her ears closed to all save those angry waves, foaming and plunging like wild beasts on the shore below.

Now a new mood is upon her. She leaps to her feet. She staggers under the weight of logs and spars and timbers. She heaps high the glowing coals with these spoils of the sea. Her breast heaves, her cheeks turn rose red.

Already the flame is winding slender scarlet threads about the wood.

But Rachel waves her hands impatiently.

'Higher, burn higher; light the whole sea up for Richard to come home by.'

The flame leaps into a radiant pillar of fire.

The girl claps her hands softly.

Her cheeks are pale, but her eyes are all aglow.

'More!' she cries. 'I must have more wood.'

Like a bird she darts into the night. A moment and she is back again, across her shoulder a heavy spar; the wood of the spar is new, and at one end there is something knotted.

'Rachel,' I implore, 'give it to me.'

But she shakes her head.

'Give it to me; it's not for you to touch.'

But she pushes me away and sinks upon the sand with her burden.

For the first time I see that her fingers are working convulsively at that white thing knotted about the spar.

I say no more. I only wait; thinking now how suddenly the fire has fallen, and now how fiercely those wild beasts are roaring on the shore. Suddenly she loosens the knot and shakes the folds free. It is a torn, sea-stained handkerchief. I lean across; and there in the last leap of the failing flame I read the name that is upon it, the name of Rachel's lover, Richard Starr.

PROSE PIECES—HUMOROUS.

SKITTLES'S FAVOURITE TOAST.*

JEROME K. JEROME.

'Skittles,' I may mention, was the nickname we had given to a singularly emotional and seriously inclined member of the staff, whose correct cognomen was Beherhend.

Skittles himself always waxed particularly sentimental over Christmas. During the week preceding that sacred festival, he used to go about literally swelling with geniality and affection for all man and womankind. He would greet comparative strangers with a burst of delight that other men would have found difficult to work up in the case of a rich relation, and would shower upon them the good wishes always so plentiful and cheap at that season, with such an evident conviction that practical benefit to the wishee would ensue therefrom, as to send them away labouring under a vague sense of obligation.

The sight of an old friend at that period was almost dangerous to him. His feelings would quite overcome him. He could not speak. You feared that he would burst.

He was generally quite laid up on Christmas-day itself, owing to having drunk so many sentimental toasts on Christmas-eve. I never saw such a man as Skittles for proposing and drinking sentimental toasts. He would drink to 'dear old Christmas-time,' and to 'dear old England;' and then he would drink to his mother, and all his other relations, and to 'lovely woman,' and 'old chums,' or he would propose 'Friendship,' in the abstract, 'may it never grow cool in the heart of a true-born Briton,' and 'Love—may it ever look out at us from the eyes of our sweethearts and wives,' or even 'The Sun—that is ever shining behind

* From *The Diary of a Pilgrimage*, published by Mr Arrowsmith, Bristol.

the clouds, dear boys—where we can't see it, and where it is not of much use to us.' He was so full of sentiment, was Skittles!

But his favourite toast, and the one over which he would become more eloquently lugubrious than over any other, was always 'absent friends.' He appeared to be singularly rich in 'absent friends.' And it must be said for him that he never forgot them. Whenever and wherever liquor was to his hand, Skittles's 'absent friends' were sure of a drink, and his present friends, unless they displayed great tact and firmness, of a speech calculated to give them all the blues for a week.

Folks did say at one time that Skittles's eyes usually turned in the direction of the county jail when he pledged this toast; but on its being ascertained that Skittles's kindly remembrance was not intended to be exclusive, but embraced everybody else's absent friends as well as his own, the uncharitable suggestion was withdrawn.

Still, we had too much of these 'absent friends,' however comprehensive a body they may have been. Skittles overdid the business. We all think highly of our friends when they are absent—more highly, as a rule, than we do of them when they are not absent. But we do not want to be always worrying about them. At a Christmas party, or a complimentary dinner to somebody, or at a shareholders' meeting, where you naturally feel good and sad, they are in place, but Skittles dragged them in at the most inappropriate seasons. Never shall I forget his proposing their health once at a wedding. It had been a jolly wedding. Everything had gone off splendidly, and everybody was in the best of spirits. The breakfast was over, and quite all the necessary toasts had been drunk. It was getting near the time for the bride and bridegroom to depart, and we were just thinking about collecting the rice and boots with which to finally bless them, when Skittles rose in his place, with a funereal expression on his countenance and a glass of wine in his hand.

I guessed what was coming in a moment. I tried to kick him under the table. I do not mean, of course, that I tried to kick him there altogether; though I am not at all sure whether, under the circumstances, I should not have been justified in going even

to that length. What I mean is, that the attempt to kick him took place under the table.

It failed, however. True, I did kick somebody; but it evidently could not have been Skittles, for he remained unmoved. In all probability it was the bride, who was sitting next to him. I did not try again; and he started, uninterfered with, on his favourite theme.

'Friends,' he commenced, his voice trembling with emotion, while a tear glistened in his eye, 'before we part—some of us, perhaps, never to meet again on earth—before this guileless young couple, who have this day taken upon themselves the manifold trials and troubles of married life, quit the peaceful fold, as it were, to face the bitter griefs and disappointments of this weary life, there is one toast, hitherto undrunk, that I would wish to propose.'

Here he wiped away the before-mentioned tear, and the people looked solemn, and endeavoured to crack nuts without making a noise.

'Friends,' he went on, growing more and more impressive and dejected in his tones, 'there are few of us here who have not at some time or other known what it is to lose, through death or travel, a dear beloved one—maybe two or three.'

At this point, he stifled a sob; and the bridegroom's aunt, at the bottom of the table, whose eldest son had lately left the country at the expense of his relations, upon the clear understanding that he would never again return, began to cry quietly into the ice-pudding.

'The fair young maiden at my side,' continued Skittles, clearing his throat, and laying his hand tenderly on the bride's shoulder, 'as you are all aware, was, a few years ago, bereft of her mother. Ladies and gentlemen, what can be more sad than the death of a mother?'

This, of course, had the effect of starting the bride off sobbing. The bridegroom, meaning well, but, naturally, under the circumstances, nervous and excited, sought to console her by murmuring that he felt sure it had all happened for the best, and that no one who had ever known the old lady would for a moment wish her back again; upon which he was indignantly informed

by his newly-made wife that if he was so very pleased at her mother's death, it was a pity he had not told her so before, and she would never have married him—and he sank into thoughtful silence.

On my looking up, which I had hitherto carefully abstained from doing, my eyes unfortunately encountered those of a brother journalist who was sitting at the other side of the table, and we both burst out laughing, thereupon gaining a reputation for callousness that I do not suppose either of us has outlived to this day.

Skittles, the only human being at that once festive board that did not appear to be wishing he were anywhere else, droned on, with evident satisfaction:

'Friends,' he said, 'shall that dear mother be forgotten at this joyous gathering? Shall the lost mother, father, brother, sister, child, friend of any of us be forgotten? No, ladies and gentlemen! Let us, amid our merriment, still think of those lost, wandering souls: let us, amid the wine-cup and the blithesome jest, remember—"Absent friends."'

The toast was drunk to the accompaniment of suppressed sobs and low moans, and the wedding guests left the table to bathe their faces and calm their thoughts. The bride, rejecting the proffered assistance of the groom, was assisted into the carriage by her father, and departed, evidently full of misgivings as to her chance of future happiness in the society of such a heartless monster as her husband had just shown himself to be!

Skittles has been an 'absent friend' himself at that house since then.

(By kind permission of the author.)

A REALLY GOOD DAY'S FISHING.—JAMES PAYN.

The Marquis of B——, whom I call 'B.' in conversation with strangers, is a good friend of mine, who has known me for many years. If he met me in the market-place of our borough, his lordship would, I am sure, say: 'How d'ye do?' or, 'How are you?' and thank me, perhaps, for the pains I took about the

return of his second son. I have dined more than once at the Hall, during election time, and his lordship has not failed to observe to me: 'A glass of wine with you?' or, 'Will you join us, my dear sir?' quite confidentially upon each occasion; the words may be nothing indeed, but his lordship's manner is such that I protest that when he speaks to me I feel as if *I had had the wine.* Well, only a month ago, he sent me a card, permitting me to have one day's fishing in his home preserves. My uncle Piscator tried to persuade me to give it up to *him*, but I said 'No,' because he can catch fish anywhere, and I do not possess that faculty; so he gave me the most minute directions overnight, and lent me his famous book of flies and his best rod.

How beautiful looked the grand old park upon that August morning! The deer—

> In copse and fern,
> Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail—

cropping with reverted glance the short rich herbage, or bounding across the carriage-drives in herds; the mighty oak-trees, shadowing half an acre each; the sedgy pools, with water-fowl rising from their rims with sudden cry; and the winding brooks, where shot the frequent trout from side to side. Now from their right banks I fished—now from their left; and now, regretful that I did not borrow Piscator's boots, I strode, with turned-up trousers, in the very bed of the stream; still, I could not touch a fin. I began to think that my uncle had given me, out of envy, wrong directions, and provided me with impossible flies. At last I came upon a large brown pool, with a tumbling fall; and 'Now,' cried I aloud, 'for a tremendous trout, or never!'

'Never,' cried a hoarse voice, with provincial accent; 'I'm dang'd if thee isn't a cool hand, anyway.'

This was the keeper. I saw how the case stood at once, and determined to have a little sport of some kind, at all events.

'Hush, my good man,' I whispered, 'don't make a noise; I have reason to believe that there are fish here.'

'Woot thee coom out of t' stream [it was up to my waist], or maun I coom in and fetch thee?'

'No,' said I blandly, 'don't come in on any account, the least splash would be fatal: stay just where you are, and I daresay

you will see me catch one in this very spot. It's beautiful weather.'

I got out upon one bank, as the giant, speechless with rage, slipped in from the other. When he had waded half-way across—

'Do you think I am poaching, my good man?' inquired I innocently.

'I knaws thee is't,' quoth the keeper, adding a violent expletive.

'Well, I have a card here from my friend B.,' said I, 'which I should have thought was quite sufficient.'

'Thy friend B.!' roared the other sarcastically; 'let me get at thee.'

'Yes,' said I, 'old B. of the Hall; don't you know him?—the marquis.'

The dripping savage was obliged to confess that my ticket of permission was genuine.

'But how do I knaw as thee beest the right man as is named here?' urged he obstinately.

A cold sweat began to bedew me, for I had not thought it necessary to bring out my visiting cards.

'Right, man!' cried I indignantly; 'of course I am, why not?'

'Of coorse, why, of coorse,' sneered the brutal ruffian, 'thee must coom along with me.'

A bright thought suddenly flashed across me: 'Look here, my good man; look at my pocket handkerchief; J. P.; ain't those the right initials? Confound you, would you like to see the tail of my shirt also? I'll tell B. of you, as sure as you live.' At which the giant, convinced against his will, left me in peace.

I fished until dewy eve, and still caught nothing. At last, in the near neighbourhood of the Hall itself, I came upon a little pond environed by trees; the fish were so numerous in it, that they absolutely darkened the water. I had only just lodged my fly upon the surface, and, behold! I caught and easily landed a magnificent carp; again, and a trout of at least six pounds rewarded me; a third time, and I hooked another carp; and so on. I was intoxicated with my success. In the couple of hours of daylight which yet remained to me, I filled not only Piscator's largest fishing-basket, but my pockets also. 'What will my uncle

say to this?' thought I. He did not know what to say. We dined, we supped, we breakfasted off the very finest; we spent the next morning in despatching the next best in baskets to distant friends. I was the hero of the family for four-and-twenty hours, although Piscator tried to make out that it was all owing to the excellence of his flies. At four o'clock on the following afternoon, however, arrived my friend the keeper, taller than ever, pale with passion, more inimical-looking than on the day before.

'Well, thee hast about been and done it with thy ticket and thy friend B.,' quoth he.

'Yes,' said I cheerfully, 'you 're right: I rather flatter myself I have. Sixty-seven pounds of fish, my man' (triumphantly).

'Sixty-seven pounds!' said he, with a ghastly grin.

'Ay,' said I, 'not an ounce less: thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of—I 'm hanged if I know what fish.'

'Thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of he 's hanged if he knows what fish!' repeated the keeper, as if he were going to cry.

'Yes,' added I; 'and all out of one little bit of a pond.'

'Pond!' cried Piscator, entering the room at this juncture, 'you never told me anything about a pond, Bob.'

'Well—no,' said I, blushing a little. 'I confess I thought it better to say stream. I did catch them in the pond close by the Hall.'

'Why, you 've been fishing in the marquis's private stew, Bob!' cried my uncle, horror-struck.

'Yes,' cried the keeper, blowing into his fists, as if preparing for a murderous assault upon my countenance; 'he 's been a-fishing in the stew-pond, in his friend B.'s private stew.'

And this was the only really good day's fishing I ever had.

(Abridged for recitation.)

LORD DUNDREARY PROPOSING.—F. J. Skill.

'Any fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he 'th going to make an ath of himthelf.'

That 's vewy twue—I—I 've often thed tho before. But the fact is, evewy fellah dothn't make an ath of himthelf, at least not quite such an ath as I 've done in my time. I—don't mind telling you, but 'pon my word now—I—I 've made an awful ath of mythelf on thome occathions. You don't believe it now—do you? I—thought you wouldn't—but I have now—*weally*. Particularly with wegard to women.

To tell the twuth, that is my weakneth—I s'pose I 'm what they call a ladies' man. The pwetty cweachaws like me—I know they do—though they pwetend not to do so. It—it 's the way with some fellahs. There was, for instance, George the Fourth. I never thaw him mythelf, you know, but I 've heard he had a sort of way with him that *no* woman could wesist. They used to call him a cam—what is it? a camelia—no, camel-leopard, no—chameleon, isn't it? that attwacts people with its eyes—no, by the way that—that 's the bwute that changes colour—it couldn't have been that, you know—Georgius Wex—never changed colour—he—he 'd got beyond blushing, he had—he only blushed once—early—vewy early in life, and then it was by mithtake—no, cam—chameleon 's *not* the word. What the dooth is it? Oh, stop—it begins with a B. By the way, it 's 'stonishing how many words begin with a B. Oh, an awful lot! No—no wonder Dr Watts talked about the—the busy B. Why, he 's more work than all the west of the alphabet. However, the word begins with a B, and it 's Bas—Basiloose—yes, that 's it—stop, I 'd better look it out in the dictionary to make certain. I—I hate to make mithtaketh—I do—especially about a thimple matter like this. Oh, here we are—B, Basilica.

No, it—that can't be the word, you know—George was king, and if—if Basilica means a royal palace—they—they might have been—welations—but that 's all—no, it isn't Basilica—it—it 's Basilisk—yes, I 've got it now—it 's Bathilith. That 's what his Majesty was—a Bathilith, and fascinated fair cweachaws with his eye. Let me see—where was I? Oh, I rekomember—or weckolect—which is it? Never mind, I was saying that I was a ladies' man.

I wanted to tell you of one successful advenchaw I had—at least, when I say successful, I mean it would have been as far as

I was concerned—but, of course, when two people are engaged—or wather—when one of 'em *wants* to be engaged, one fellah by himthelf can't engage that he 'll engage affections that are otherwise engaged. By the way, what a lot of 'gages that was in one thentence, and yet—it seems quite fruitless. Come, that's pwetty smart, that is—for me.

Well, as I was saying—I mean, as I meant to have said—when I was stopping down at Wockingham, with the Widleys, last autumn, there was a mons'ous jolly girl staying there too. I don't mean *two* girls, you know—only—only *one* girl—— But stop a minute—is that right? How could *one* girl be stopping there *two?* What doosid queer expressions there are in the English language! . . . Stopping there too! It's vewy odd *I*—I'll swear there was only one girl—at least, the one that *I* mean was the only one—if she 'd been two, of course, I should have known it—let me see now, one is singular, and two is plural—well, you know, she *was* a singular girl—and she—she was one too many for me. Ah, I see now—that accounts for it—one *two* many—of course—I *knew* there was a two somewhere. She had a vewy queer name, Miss—Miss—Missmiss, no, not Miss Missmiss—I always miss the wrong—I mean the right name—Miss Chaffingham—that's it—Charlotte Chaffingham. I weckomember Charlotte, because they called her Lotty—and one day at bweakfast—I made a stunning widdle—I said: 'Why is Miss Charlotte like a London cabman?' Well, none of them could guess it. They twied and twied, and at last my brother Tham—he gave a most stupid anther—he said, 'I know,' he said, 'She 's like a London cabman because she 's got a *fair back.*'

Did you ever hear anything so widiculous? Just as if her face wasn't much pwettier than her back! Why, I could see that, for I was sitting opposite her. It 's twue Tham was just behind her, offering some muffins, but—you know he 'd seen her face, and he weally ought to have known better. I told him so—I said, 'Tham, you ought to be athamed of yourthelf; *that* 'th not the anther!'

Well, of course then they all wanted to know, and I—I told 'em—ha, ha! *my* anther was good, wasn't it? Oh, I forgot I haven't told you—well, here it is—I said:

'Miss Charlotte is like a London cabman, because she's a Lotty Chaffingham' (of course I meant, lot o' chaff in him). D'ye see? Doosid good *I* call it—but would you believe? all the party began woarwing with laughter all wound. At first I thought they were laughing at the widdle, and I laughed too, but at last Captain Wagsby said (by the way, I hate Wagsby—he's so doosid familiar) —Captain Wagsby said, 'Mulled it again, my Lord.' From this low expwession—which I weckollect at Oxford—I thought that they thought I had made a mithtake, and asked them what they meant by woarwing in that absurd manner.

'Why, don't you see, Dundreary,' some one said, 'it won't do—you've forgotten the lady's sex—Miss Charlotte can't be said to have any chaff in *him*. It ought to be chaff in *her*'—and then they began to woar again. Upon my word now, it hadn't occurred to me certainly before, but I don't see *now* that it was such a mithtake. What's the use of being so doosid particular about the *sense* of a widdle as long as it's a good one? Abthurd!

Well, after bweakfast we went out for a stroll upon the lawn, and somehow or other Miss Chaffingham paired off with me. She was a doosid stunning girl, you know. A fellah often talks about stunning girls, and when you see them they're *not* so stunning after all; but Lotty weally was a doosid stunning girl—fair eyes and beautifully blue, ha—no! blue hair and fair—I (confound it, I always make that mithtake when there's more than one adjective in a thentence)—I mean fair hair and beautifully blue eyes, and she had a way of looking at one that—that weally almost took one's bweath away. I've often heard about a fellah's falling in love. I never did tho mythelf, you know—at least not that I weckomember—I mean weckollect—before that morning. But weally she did look *so* jolly bweaking her egg at bweakfast—so bewitching when she smashed the shell all wound with her thpoon before she began to eat it—I, I weally began to feel almost *thpooney* mythelf. Ha, ha! there I am at it again; I weally must bweak mythelf of this habit of joking: it's vewy low, you know—like a beathly clown in a b-beathly pantomine—I oughtn't to have said beathly twice, I know. A fellah once told me, that if—if a man says the same adjective twice in one thentence he's taught

ological. But he's wrong, you know—for *I* often do, and I'm sure *I* never was taught anything of the kind.

However, Lotty was a stunning girl, and we walked all about the lawn—down into the shwubbery to look into some bush after a wobbin wedbweast that she said had built a nest there—and, sure enough, when we got to it, there was this weddin—wob—I mean wobbin—wed—bweast looking out of a gweat lump of moss. I thought Lotty would be pleased if I caught it, and so I thwust my hand in as quick as I could, but you know those little wedding—wobbin—wedbweasts are so doosid sharp—and I'm dashed if it didn't fly out on the other side.

'You stupid man,' Lotty thaid. 'Why—you—you've fwightened the poor little thing away!'

I was wather wild at first at being called *stupid*—that's a sort of thing—*no* fellah likes, but—*dash* it! I'd have stood anything from Lotty—I—I'd have carried her pwayer-book to church—I'd have parted my hair on one side—or—no—yes—I think I'd have thaved off my whiskers for her thake.

'Poor, dear little wobbin,' she said—'it will never come back any more; I'm afraid you've made it desert.' What did she mean by that? I thought she meant the eggs, tho, taking one up, I said, 'You—you don't mean to thay they eat these specky things after dinner?' I said.

'Of course not,' she weplied—and I think I had hit the wite nail on the head, for she began to laugh twemendously, and told me to put the egg quietly in its place, and then pwaps the little wobbin would come back. Which I hope the little beggar did.

At the top of the long walk at Wockingham there is a summer-house—a jolly sort of place, with a lot of ferns and things about, and behind there are a lot of shrubs and bushes and pwickly plants, which give a sort of rural or *wurwal*—which is it? blest if I know—look to the place, and as it was vewy warm, I thought if I'm ever to make an ath of mythelf by pwoposing to this girl—I won't do it out in the eye of the sun—it's so pwecious hot. So I pwoposed we should walk in and sit down, and so we did, and then I began:

'Miss Chaffingham, now, don't you think it doosid cool?'

'*Cool*, Lord D.!' she said; 'why, I thought you were complaining of the heat.'

'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'I—I—can't speak vewy fast' (the fact is, that a beathly wasp was buthhing about me at the moment), 'and I hadn't quite finished my thentence. I was going to say, don't you think it's doosid cool of Wagsby to go on laughing—at—at a fellah as he does?'

'Well, my Lord,' she said, 'I think so too; and I wonder you stand it. You—you have your remedy, you know.'

'What remedy?' I said. 'You—you don't mean to say I ought to thwash him, Miss Charlotte?'

Here she—she somehow began to laugh, but in such a peculiar way that I—I couldn't think what she meant.

'A vewy good idea,' I said. 'I've a vewy good mind to twy it. I had on the gloves once with a lay figure in a painter's studio—and gave it an awful licking. It's twue it—it didn't hit back, you know—I—*I* did all—all the hitting then. And pwaps—pwaps Wagsby would hit back. But if—if he did anything so ungentlemanlike as that, I could always—always'——

'Always *what*, my Lord?' said Lotty, who was going on laughing in a most hysterical manner.

'Why, I could always say it was a mithtake, and—and it shouldn't happen again, you know.'

'Admirable policy, upon my word,' she thaid, and began tittering again. But what the dooth amused her so *I* never could make out. Just then we heard a sort of rustling in the leaves behind, and I confess I felt wather nervouth.

'It's only a bird,' Lotty said; and then we began talking of that little wobbin-wedbweast, and what a wonderful thing nature is—and how doosid pwetty it was to see her laws obeyed. And I said, 'Oh Miss Chaffingham!' I said, 'if I was a wobbin'——

'Yes, Dundreary,' she anthered—vewy soft and sweet. And I thought to mythelf—Now's the time to ask her—now's the time to—I—I was beginning to wuminate again, but she bwought me to my thenses by saying:

'Yes?' interwoggatively.

'If I was a wobbin, Lotty—and—and *you* were a wobbin'—I exclaimed—with a voice full of emothun.

'Well, my Lord?'

'Wouldn't it be—jolly to have thpeckled eggs evewy morning for bweakfast?'

That wasn't *quite* what I was going to say; but just then there was another rustling behind the summer-house, and in wushed that bwute, Wagsby.

'What's the wow, Dundreary?' said he, grinning in a dweadfully idiotic sort of way. 'Come, old fellah' (I—I hate a man who calls me old fellah—it's so beathly familiar). And then he said he had come on purpose to fetch us back (confound him!), as they had just awanged to start on one of those cold-meat excursions—no, that's not the word, I know—but it has something to do with cold meat—pic—pickles, is it?—no, pickwick? pic—I have it—they wanted us to go picklicking—I mean picknicking with them.

Here was a dithappointment. Just as I thought to have a nice little flirtathun with Lotty—to be interwupted in this manner! Was ever anything so pwovoking? And all for a picnic—a thort of early dinner without chairs or tables, and a lot of flies in the muthtard! I was in *such* a wage!

Of course I didn't get another chance to say all I wanted. I had lost my opportunity, and, I fear, made an ath of mythelf.

THE MOVEMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

R. J. BURDETTE.

One day, not a great while ago, Mr Middlerib read in his favourite paper a paragraph copied from the *Präger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt*, a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say anything; he only thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while, and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He

understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two-hundred-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one penny Master Middlerib agreed to procure several—to wit, six bees, age not specified; but as Mr Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr Middlerib and a penny. The penny and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said 'bee' to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With

exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea table he had a great fright. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature said:

'I smell bees. How the odour brings up'——

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:

'Hush up! You don't smell nothing.'

Whereupon Mrs Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: 'Why, pa!' and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretences, Mr Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief, that Mrs Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind-leg as Mr Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr Middlerib could not repress a groan.

'What's the matter with you?' sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to 86 all over, and to 197 on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquillise them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

'Murder!' she screamed, 'murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!'

Mr Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

'Where, oh, where,' he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—'where in the world are these infernal bees?'

And a large 'bumble,' with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then lighted between Mr Middlerib's shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: 'Here is one of them.'

And Mrs Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

'Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!'

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs Middlerib's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib, and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking

irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room; and to his dying day Mr Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar, and shot him.

No one, not even Mr Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

JACK HOPKINS'S STORY.—CHARLES DICKENS.

'Does Mr Sawyer live here?' said Mr Pickwick, when the door was opened.

'Yes,' said the girl, 'first floor. It 's the door straight afore you, when you gets to the top of the stairs.'

Having given this instruction, the handmaid disappeared with the candle in her hand, down the kitchen stairs, perfectly satisfied that she had done everything that could possibly be required of her under the circumstances.

Mr Snodgrass, who entered last, secured the street door, after several ineffectual efforts, by putting up the chain; and the friends stumbled up-stairs, where they were received by Mr Bob Sawyer. 'How are you?' said the student. 'Glad to see you—take care of the glasses.' This caution was addressed to Mr Pickwick, who had put his hat in the tray.

'Dear me,' said Mr Pickwick, 'I beg your pardon.'

'Don't mention it, don't mention it,' said Bob Sawyer. 'I 'm rather confined for room here, but you must put up with all that, when you come to see a young bachelor. Walk in. You 've

seen this gentleman before, I think?' Mr Pickwick shook hands with Mr Benjamin Allen, and his friends followed his example. They had scarcely taken their seats when there was another double knock.

'I hope that's Jack Hopkins!' said Mr Bob Sawyer. 'Hush. Yes, it is. Come up, Jack; come up.'

A heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Jack Hopkins presented himself. He wore a black velvet waistcoat with thunder-and-lightning buttons, and a blue striped shirt with a white false collar.

'You 're late, Jack,' said Mr Benjamin Allen.

'Been detained at Bartholomew's,' replied Hopkins.

'Anything new?'

'No, nothing particular. Rather a good accident brought into the casualty ward.'

'What was that, sir?' inquired Mr Pickwick.

'Only a man fallen out of a four-pair of stairs' window; but it 's a very fair case—very fair case indeed.'

'Do you mean that the patient is in a fair way to recover?' inquired Mr Pickwick.

'No,' replied Hopkins carelessly. 'No, I should rather say he wouldn't. There must be a splendid operation, though, to-morrow—magnificent sight if Slasher does it!'

'You consider Mr Slasher a good operator?' said Mr Pickwick.

'Best alive,' replied Hopkins. 'Took a boy's leg out of the socket last week—boy ate five apples and a gingerbread cake—exactly two minutes after it was all over, boy said he wouldn't lie there to be made game of; and he 'd tell his mother if they didn't begin.'

'Dear me!' said Mr Pickwick, astonished.

'Pooh! that 's nothing, that ain't,' said Jack Hopkins. 'Is it, Bob?'

'Nothing at all,' replied Mr Bob Sawyer.

'By-the-bye, Bob,' said Hopkins, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Mr Pickwick's attentive face, 'we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in who had swallowed a necklace.'

'Swallowed what, sir?' interrupted Mr Pickwick.

'A necklace,' replied Jack Hopkins. 'Not all at once, you know, that would be too much—*you* couldn't swallow that, if the child did—eh, Mr Pickwick, ha! ha!' Mr Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry; and continued—'No, the way was this: Child's parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace—common necklace, made of large black wooden beads. Child being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital fun, went back next day, and swallowed another bead.'

'Bless my heart,' said Mr Pickwick, 'what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, sir. Go on.'

'Next day, child swallowed two beads; the day after that, he treated himself to three, and so on, till in a week's time, he had got through the necklace—five-and-twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out, at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; but I needn't say, didn't find it. A few days afterwards, the family were at dinner—baked shoulder of mutton, and potatoes under it—the child, who wasn't hungry, was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a noise like a small hail-storm. "Don't do that, my boy," said the father. "I ain't a doin' nothing," said the child. "Well, don't do it again," said the father. There was a short silence, and then the noise began again, worse than ever. "If you don't mind what I say, my boy," said the father, "you 'll find yourself in bed in something less than a pig's whisper." He gave the child a shake to make him obedient, and such rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. "Why, it's *in* the child!" said the father; "he 's got the croup in the wrong place!" "No, I haven't, father," said the child, beginning to cry, "it's the necklace; I swallowed it, father." The father caught the child up, and ran with him to the hospital: the beads in the boy's stomach rattling all the way with the jolting; and the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellars, to see where the unusual sound came from. He 's in the hospital now, and he makes so much noise when he walks about, that they 're obliged to muffle him in a watchman's coat, for fear he should wake the patients.'

'That's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of,' said Mr Pickwick, with an emphatic blow on the table.

'Very singular things occur in our profession, I can assure you, sir,' said Jack Hopkins.

'So I should imagine,' replied Mr Pickwick.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAY.—HENRY FIELDING.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr Jones, Mrs Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, 'That here were candles enough burned in one night to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth.'

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost, upon which he asked Jones, 'What man that was in the strange dress, something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?'

Jones answered, 'That is the Ghost.'

To which Partridge replied with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.'

In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior on the stage.

'Oh, la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me.

I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play, and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company: and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.'

'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself?'

'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear sir! don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the Ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.'

'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the Ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.'

'And dost thou imagine then, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was really frightened?'

'Nay, sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case? But hush! O la! what

noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the Ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, sir, now; what say you now; is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and to be sure nobody can help some fears; I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.'

'Indeed, you saw right,' answered Jones.

'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it's only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs Miller, he asked her, 'If she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that

wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I 'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.'

'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, 'Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the Ghost, I thought.'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, 'Which of the players he had liked best?'

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The King, without doubt.'

'Indeed, Mr Partridge,' says Mrs Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.'

'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

A NIGHT WITH A VENTRILOQUIST.—HENRY COCKTON.

SCENE.—*A double-bedded room,* VALENTINE VOX, *a noted Ventriloquist, occupying one of the beds.*

'Now for a beautiful night's rest,' observed Mr Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

'Mew! mew!' cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr Beagle.

'Hish!—confound that cat!' cried Mr Beagle. 'We must have you out at all events, my lady.' And Mr Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried 'hish!' again, emphatically, and threw his trousers towards the spot, as an additional inducement for the cat to 'stand not on the order of her going,' when, as Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr Beagle thanked Heaven that she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

'Mew! mew! mew!' cried Valentine just as Mr Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

'What! are you there still, madam?' inquired that gentleman, in a highly sarcastic tone. 'I thought you had been turned out, madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat?' he continued, addressing Valentine, with a view of conferring upon him the honourable office of tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep, heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

'Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out in my reckoning, that's all!' observed Mr Jonas Beagle, again slipping out of bed. 'I don't much like to handle you, my lady, but if I did, I'd give you poison;' and he 'hished!' again with consummate violence, and continued to 'hish!' until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply—a feat which inspired Mr Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping—when he threw his pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed,

and returned to his bed in triumph, after again securing the pillow.

Now Mr Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. His boast was, that nothing could put him in a passion. He did feel, however, as he violently smote the pillow, that that little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and had just commenced reproaching himself for doing so, when Valentine cried, 'Meyow! —pit!—meyow!'

'Hallo!' exclaimed Mr Jonas Beagle, 'here again?'

'Meyow!' cried Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

'What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening?'

'Meyow!' cried Valentine in a still higher tone.

'Well, how many more of you?' inquired Mr Beagle; 'you'll be able to get up a concert by-and-by;' as Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

'Swear away, you beauties!' cried Mr Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths. 'I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you, for your sakes! At it again? Well, this is a blessing. Don't you hear these cats?' he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. 'Well, this is particularly pleasant;' he continued, as he sat up in bed. 'Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly!' which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact, that at that particular moment the spitting and swearing became more and more desperate. 'What's to be done?' he inquired very pointedly—'what's to be done? My trousers are right in the midst of them. I can't get out now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear these cats, how they're going it?' Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in meyowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals excellently well.

At length the patience of Mr Jonas Beagle began to evaporate,

for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He therefore threw a pillow with great violence at his companion, and shouted so loudly that Valentine, feeling that it would be deemed perfect nonsense for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, yawned very naturally, and then cried out, 'Who 's there?'

''Tis I!' shouted Mr Beagle. 'Don't you hear these witches of cats?'

'Hish!' cried Valentine; 'why, there 's two of them!'

'Two?' said Mr Beagle, 'more likely two-and-twenty! I 've turned out a dozen myself. There 's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more how to strike a light than a fool.'

'Oh, never mind!' said Valentine; 'let 's go to sleep, they 'll be quiet by-and-by.'

'It 's all very fine to say "Let 's go to sleep," but who 's to do it?' cried Beagle, emphatically. 'Plague the cats! I wish there wasn't a cat under heaven—I do, with all my soul! They 're such spiteful vermin, too, when they happen to be put out; and there 's one of them in a passion, I know by her spitting; I wish from the bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her.'

While Mr Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was labouring with great energy. He purred, and mewed, and cried, and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore.

'Well, this is a remarkably nice position for a man to be placed in, certainly,' observed Mr Beagle. 'Did you *ever* hear such wailing and gnashing of teeth? Are you never going to leave off?' he added, throwing the bolster with great violence under the bed, and therefore, as he fondly conceived, right amongst them. Instead, however, of striking the cats therewith, it passed under the bed with great velocity, making such a racket that he began to 'tut! tut!' and to scratch his head audibly.

'Who 's there?' demanded Plumplee, in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the noise had alarmed him. 'Who 's there? d' ye hear? Speak, or I 'll shoot you like a dog!' and on the instant the report of a pistol was

heard, which in all probability had been fired with the view of convincing all whom it might concern that he had such a thing as a pistol in the house. 'Who's there?' he again demanded; 'you vagabonds, I'll be at you! Beagle!' he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

'Here!' cried Beagle, 'come up here! It's nothing! I'll explain! For Heaven's sake,' he added, addressing Valentine, 'open the door!' but Valentine was too much engaged to pay attention to any such request.

At this moment the footsteps of Plumplee were heard upon the stairs, and Beagle, who then began to feel somewhat better, cried, 'Come in, my friend, come in!'

'What on earth is the matter?' inquired Mr Plumplee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost, in his night shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

'It's all right,' said Beagle; ''twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most healthful music under my bed for the last two hours, and I was trying to make them hold their peace with the bolster, that's all.'

'Cats!' cried Mr Plumplee, '*cats!* you ate a little too much cucumber, my friend; that and the crabs were too heavy for your stomach! You have been dreaming, you've had the nightmare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't bear them.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Beagle; 'they're about here in swarms. If I've turned *one* cat out this night, I'm sure that I've turned out twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than a hundred and fifty times; and that young fellow there has been all the while fast asleep!'

'I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises.'

'Meyow—meyow!' cried Valentine, quietly.

'Now, have I been dreaming?' triumphantly exclaimed Mr Beagle; 'now, have I had the nightmare?'

'Bless my life!' cried Mr Plumplee, jumping upon Mr Beagle's bed, 'they don't belong to me.'

'I don't know whom they belong to,' returned Mr Beagle, 'nor do I much care; I only know that there they *are!* If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them! only hook 'em this way!—I'll wring their precious necks off!'

'They're out of my reach,' cried Plumplee. 'Hish! hish!' Finding, however, that harsh terms had no effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of 'Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy; kit, kit, kit!'

'Hish! you brutes!' cried Mr Jonas Beagle, who began to be really enraged.

'Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!—puss, puss, puss!' repeated Mr Plumplee, in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made her appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they were still invisible, while the mewing proceeded in the most melancholy strain.

'What on earth are we to do?' inquired Plumplee; 'I myself have a horror of cats.'

'The same to me, and many of 'em!' observed Mr Beagle. 'Let's wake that young fellow; perhaps he don't mind them.'

'Hallo!' cried Plumplee.

'Hallo!' shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

'Who's there? What's the matter?' cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertions had made him sweat like a tinker.

'For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend,' said Plumplee, 'do assist us in turning these cats out.'

'Cats! Where are they? Hish!' cried Valentine.

'Oh, that's of no use. I've tried the *hishing* business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them, are you?'

'Afraid of them—afraid of a few cats!' exclaimed Valentine,

with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity. 'Where are they?'

'Under my bed,' replied Beagle. '*There's* a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks!' Valentine leaped out of bed, and, after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meyowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

'Thank Heaven! they are all gone at last!' said Mr Beagle. 'We shall be able to get a little rest, now, I suppose;' and after surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle and bade Plumplee good-night.

As soon as Plumplee had departed, Valentine assisted Beagle to re-make his bed. The light was again extinguished, and Mr Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have a six hours' sound and uninterrupted sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes when the mewing was renewed, and as he had not even the smallest disposition to 'listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear,' he started up at once and exclaimed, 'I wish I may *die* if they're all out now? Here's one of them left!' added he, addressing Valentine; but Valentine, having taken a deep inspiration, answered only with a prolonged gurgling sound. 'He's off again, by the living Jove!' continued Beagle. 'I *never* heard of any one sleeping so soundly. Hallo! my good fellow! ho! Fast as a four-year-old! Won't you be quiet, you *witch?* Are you determined not to let me have a wink of sleep to-night? She must be in the cupboard. I must have overlooked her; and yet I don't see how I could. Oh, keep the thing up, dear! Don't let me rest!' And he fumbled about for his box, and, having taken a hearty pinch of snuff, began to turn the thing seriously over in his mind, and to make a second person of himself, by way of having, under the circumstances, a companion with whom he could advise and, if necessary, remonstrate.

'Well, what's to be done, now?' inquired he of the second

person thus established. 'What's to be the next step, Jonas? It's of no use at all, you know! we can't go to sleep; we may just as well try to get a kick at the moon! nor must we again disturb—*Hish!* you—Jonas! Jonas! keep your temper, my boy, keep your temper! Don't let a contemptible cat put you out!' And Mr Beagle took another pinch of snuff, from which he apparently derived a great degree of consolation. 'What! at it again?' he continued. 'I wish I had the wringing of your neck, madam! You want to put me in a passion; but you won't, you can't do it! Therefore, don't lay that flattering unction to your soul! *Well*, Jonas, how are we to act? Shall we sit here all night, or take up our bed and walk?'

Jonas was so struck with the expediency of the latter course, that he apparently urged its immediate adoption; for Mr Beagle, in the first place, half dressed himself in bed, and in the next, threw the counterpane, a blanket, and a sheet over his shoulder, and, tucking a pillow and a bolster under his arm, said, 'We'll leave you to your own conscience, madam! Good-night,' and left the room with the view of seeking repose upon the parlour sofa.

CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

You ought to be very rich, Mr Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds! But so it is: a wife may work and slave. Oh dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the streets! But you always *were* a fool, Mr Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr Caudle? Nothing. Oh no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those that belong to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal, and your poor family pays for it.

And the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I

can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em, but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr Caudle.

The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked the shuttlecock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but, after you lent that five pounds, I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh no; the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He 's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him; if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head, for I 'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might, though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

Next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it 's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it, and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night; but what 's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds, as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. After we 've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There 's poor Caroline, I 'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature, she must stop at home; she 'll go into a consumption, there 's no doubt of that; yes, sweet little angel. I 've made up my mind to lose her now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away five pounds too.

I wonder where little Cherub is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some

mad dog and come home and bite the children. It wouldn't at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia and give it to all the family. However, what 's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

Do you hear that shutter, how it 's banging to and fro? Yes, I know what it wants as well as you: it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it 's out of the question: now it must bang of nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

Well, things have come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper off roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles when folks are always lending five pounds?

Do you hear the mice running about the room! I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for 'em?* But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?

Hark! I 'm sure there 's a noise down-stairs. It wouldn't surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come some night. There 's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth pulled out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth, that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she 'd have been the wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who 'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.

And now, Mr Caudle, see what misery you 've brought on your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all be victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—

the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging for ever—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—the thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be for ever left an unprotected maid—and all, all, Mr Caudle, because *you will go on lending five pounds!*

PREPARING TO RECEIVE COMPANY.—J. M. BARRIE.

Leeby was at the fire brandering a quarter of steak on the tongs, when the house was flung into consternation by Hendry's casual remark that he had seen Tibbie Mealmaker in the town with her man.

'The Lord preserve 's!' cried Leeby.

Jess looked quickly at the clock.

'Half-fower!' she said, excitedly.

'Then it canna be dune,' said Leeby, falling despairingly into a chair, 'for they may be here ony meenute.'

'It's most michty,' said Jess, turning on her husband, ''at ye should tak a pleasure in bringin' this hoose to disgrace. Hoo did ye no tell 's suner?'

'I fair forgot,' Hendry answered, 'but what 's a' yer steer?'

Jess looked at me (she often did this) in a way that meant, 'What a man is this I 'm tied to!'

'Steer!' she exclaimed. 'Is 't no time we was makkin' a steer? They 'll be in for their tea ony meenute, an' the room no sae muckle as sweepit. Ay, an' me lookin' like a sweep; an' Tibbie Mealmaker 'at 's sae partikler genteel seein' you sic a sicht as ye are!'

Jess shook Hendry out of his chair, while Leeby began to sweep with the one hand, and agitatedly to unbutton her wrapper with the other.

'She didna see me,' said Hendry, sitting down forlornly on the table.

'Get aff that table!' cried Jess. 'See haud o' the besom,' she said to Leeby.

'For mercy's sake, mother,' said Leeby, 'gie yer face a dicht, an' put on a clean mutch.'

'I 'll open the door if they come afore you 're ready,' said Hendry, as Leeby pushed him against the dresser.

'Ye daur to speak about openin' the door, an' you sic a mess!' cried Jess, with pins in her mouth.

'Havers,' retorted Hendry. 'A man canna be aye washin' at himsel'.'

Seeing that Hendry was as much in the way as myself, I invited him up-stairs to the attic, whence we heard Jess and Leeby upbraiding each other shrilly. I was aware the room was speckless; but, for all that, Leeby was turning it upside down.

'She 's aye ta'en like that,' Hendry said to me, referring to his wife, 'when she 's expectin' company. Ay, it 's a peety she canna tak things cannier.'

'Tibbie Mealmaker must be some one of importance?' I asked.

'Ou, she 's naething by the ord'nar'; but ye see she was mairit to a Tilliedrum man no lang syne, an' they 're said to hae a michty grand establishment. Ay, they 've a wardrobe spleet new; an' what think ye Tibbie wears ilka day?'

I shook my head.

'It was Chirsty Miller 'at put it through the toon,' Hendry continued. 'Chirsty was in Tilliedrum last Teisday or Wednesday, an' Tibbie gae her a cup o' tea. Ay weel, Tibbie telt Chirsty 'at *she wears hose ilka day*.'

'Wears hose?'

'Ay, it 's some michty grand kind o' stockin'. I never heard o 't in this toon. Na, there 's naebody in Thrums 'at wears hose.'

'And who did Tibbie get?' I asked; for in Thrums they say, 'Wha did she get?' and 'Wha did he tak?'

'His name 's Davit Curly. Ou, a critter fu' o' maggots, an' nae great match, for he 's juist the Tilliedrum bill-sticker.'

At this moment Jess shouted from her chair (she was burnishing the society teapot as she spoke), 'Mind, Hendry M'Qumpha, 'at upon nae condition are ye to mention the bill-stickin' afore Tibbie!'

'Tibbie,' Hendry explained to me, 'is a terrible vain tid, an' doesna think the bill-stickin' genteel. Ay, they say 'at

if she meets Davit in the street wi' his paste-pot an' brush in his hands, she pretends no to ken him.'

Every time Jess paused to think, she cried up orders, such as:

'Dinna call her Tibbie, mind ye. Always address her as Mistress Curly.

'Shak' hands wi' baith o' them, an' say ye hope they 're in the enjoyment o' guid health.

'Dinna put yer feet on the table.

'Mind you 're no' to mention 'at ye kent they were in the toon.

'When onybody passes ye yer tea, say, "Thank ye."

'Dinna stir yer tea as if ye was churnin' butter, nor let on 'at the scones is no our ain bakin'.

'If Tibbie says onything aboot the china, yer no to say 'at we dinna use it ilka day.

'Dinna lean back in the big chair, for it 's broken, an' Leeby 's gi'en it a lick o' glue this meenute.

'When Leeby gies ye a kick aneath the table, that 'll be a sign to ye to say grace.'

Hendry looked at me apologetically while these instructions came up.

'I winna dive my head wi' sic nonsense,' he said; 'it 's no' for a man body to be sae crammed fu' o' manners.'

'Come awa doon,' Jess shouted up to him, 'an' put on a clean dickey.'

'I 'll better do 't to please her,' said Hendry, 'though for my ain part I dinna like the feel o' a dickey on week days. Na, they mak 's think it 's the Sabbath.'

Ten minutes afterwards I went down-stairs, to see how the preparations were progressing. Fresh muslin curtains had been put up in the room. The grand footstool, worked by Leeby, was so placed that Tibbie could not help seeing it; and a fine cambric handkerchief, of which Jess was very proud, was hanging out of a drawer as if by accident. An antimacassar lying carelessly on the seat of a chair concealed a rent in the horse-hair, and the china ornaments on the mantel-piece were so placed that they looked whole. Leeby's black merino was hanging near the window in a good light, and Jess's Sabbath bonnet, which was never worn, occupied a nail beside it. The

tea-things stood on a tray in the kitchen bed, whence they could be quickly brought into the room, just as if they were always ready to be used daily. Leeby, as yet in deshabille, was shaving her father at a tremendous rate, and Jess, looking as fresh as a daisy, was ready to receive the visitors. She was peering through the tiny window-blind looking for them.

'Be cautious, Leeby,' Hendry was saying, when Jess shook her hand at him.

'Wheest,' she whispered; 'they 're comin'.'

Hendry was hustled into his Sabbath coat, and then came a tap at the door, a very genteel tap. Jess nodded to Leeby, who softly shoved Hendry into the room.

The tap was repeated, but Leeby pushed her father into a chair and thrust Barrow's sermons open into his hand. Then she stole but the house, and swiftly buttoned her wrapper, speaking to Jess by nods all the while. There was a third knock, whereupon Jess said, in a loud, Englishy voice: 'Was that not a chap (knock) at the door?'

Hendry was about to reply, but she shook her fist at him. Next moment Leeby opened the door. I was up-stairs, but I heard Jess say:

'Dear me, if it 's not Mrs Curly—and Mr Curly! And hoo are ye? Come in by. Weel, this is, indeed, a pleasant surprise!'

(From *A Window in Thrums*, by kind permission of the author.)

SOFT SAWDER AND HUMAN NATUR.

T. C. HALIBURTON.

In the course of a journey which Mr Slick performs in company with the reporter of his humours, the latter asks him how, in a country so poor as Nova Scotia, he contrives to sell so many clocks. Mr Slick paused (continues the author), as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said, in a confidential tone: 'Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder and human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint's,' said he;

'I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.' At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to alight was accepted by Mr Slick, who said 'he wished to take leave of Mrs Flint before he left Colchester.' We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said: 'If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me—why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike' *——

'Seventy,' said the deacon—'only seventy.'

'Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it. Then there is that water-privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it: the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and'——

'Too old,' said the deacon—'too old for all those speculations.'

'Old!' repeated the Clockmaker—'not you; why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays.'

The deacon was pleased. 'Your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;' saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone: 'That is what I call *soft sawder*. An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture—without looking at him. Now I find'—— Here his lecture on soft sawder was cut short by the entrance of Mrs Flint. 'Jist come to say good-bye, Mrs Flint.'

'What! have you sold all your clocks?'

'Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to

* Flat rich land diked in from the sea.

close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying *all*, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it. I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, secretary of state for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles; it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake, genuine superfine; but I guess I'll take it back; and, beside, Squire Hawk might think it hard that I did not give him the offer.'

'Dear me,' said Mrs Flint, 'I should like to see it; where is it?'

'It is in a chest of mine over the way at Tom Tape's store; I guess he can ship it on to Eastport.'

'That's a good man,' said Mrs Flint, 'jist let's look at it.'

Mr Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he, too, thought it a handsome one; but the deacon was a prudent man: he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

'I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon; it ain't for sale,' said Mr Slick; 'and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it.'

Mrs Flint said that Mr Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

'It's no consarn of mine,' said Mr Slick, 'as long as he pays me, what he has to do; but I guess I don't want to sell it; and, beside, it comes too high: that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars.—Why, it an't possible!' said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; 'why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here!—how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs Flint: I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States—I'll

set it agoing, and put it to the right time.' As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

'That,' said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, 'that I call *human natur!* Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars—it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs Flint will never let Mrs Steel have the refusal—nor will the deacon learn until I call for the clock, that, having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, it is difficult to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in *human natur* to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to human natur that they never come out of it.'

WINKLE ON SKATES.—CHARLES DICKENS.

'Now,' said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to, 'what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time.'

'Capital!' said Mr Benjamin Allen.

'Prime!' ejaculated Mr Bob Sawyer.

'You skate, of course, Winkle?' said Wardle.

'Ye-es; oh yes,' replied Mr Winkle. 'I—I—am *rather* out of practice.'

'Oh, *do* skate, Mr Winkle,' said Arabella. 'I like to see it so much.'

'Oh, it is *so* graceful!' said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was 'swan-like.'

'I should be very happy, I'm sure,' said Mr Winkle, reddening; 'but I have no skates.'

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple

of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down-stairs: whereat Mr Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr Winkle was perfectly marvellous. He described circles with his left leg and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr Pickwick, Mr Tupman, and the ladies: which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some strange evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr Smithers, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr Winkle was raised to his feet.

'Now, then, sir,' said Sam in an encouraging tone; 'off vith you, and show 'em how to do it.'

'Stop, Sam, stop!' said Mr Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. 'How slippery it is, Sam!'

'Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir,' replied Mr Weller. 'Hold up, sir!'

This last observation of Mr Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

'These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?' inquired Mr Winkle, staggering.

'I 'm afraid there 's an awkward gentleman in 'em, sir,' replied Sam.

'Now, Winkle,' cried Mr Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. 'Come; the ladies are all anxiety.'

'Yes, yes,' replied Mr Winkle, with a ghastly smile. 'I'm coming.'

'Just a-goin' to begin,' said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. 'Now, sir, start off!'

'Stop an instant, Sam,' gasped Mr Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr Weller. 'I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam.'

'Thank'ee, sir,' replied Mr Weller.

'Never mind touching your hat, Sam,' said Mr Winkle, hastily. 'You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam.'

'You're very good, sir,' replied Mr Weller.

'Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?' said Mr Winkle. 'There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast.'

Mr Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

'Sam!'

'Sir?'

'Here. I want you.'

'Let go, sir,' said Sam. 'Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir.'

With a violent effort, Mr Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer

had risen to his feet, but Mr Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making vain efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

'Are you hurt?' inquired Mr Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

'Not much,' said Mr Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

'I wish you'd let me bleed you,' said Mr Benjamin, with great eagerness.

'No, thank you,' replied Mr Winkle, hurriedly.

'I really think you had better,' said Allen.

'Thank you,' replied Mr Winkle; 'I'd rather not.'

'What do *you* think, Mr Pickwick?' inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr Weller, and said in a stern voice, 'Take his skates off.'

'No; but really I had scarcely begun,' remonstrated Mr Winkle.

'Take his skates off,' repeated Mr Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

'Lift him up,' said Mr Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the by-standers; and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words, 'You're a humbug, sir.'

'A what!' said Mr Winkle, starting.

'A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor, sir.'

With these words, Mr Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

JACK ABBOTT'S BREAKFAST.—Leigh Hunt.

'What a breakfast I *shall* eat!' thought Jack Abbott as he turned into Middle Temple Lane, towards the chambers of his old friend and tutor Goodall. 'How I shall cram down the rolls

(especially the inside bits), how apologise for one cup more! But Goodall is an excellent old fellow, he won't mind. To be sure, I 'm rather late. The rolls will be cold, but anything will be delicious. If I met a baker I could eat his basket.' Jack Abbott was a good-hearted, careless fellow, who had walked that morning from Hendon to breakfast by appointment with his old tutor. Arrived at the door of his friend's room he knocks, and the door is opened by Goodall himself, a thin grizzled personage, in an old greatcoat, shaggy eyebrows, and with a most bland and benevolent expression of countenance—a sort of Dominie Sampson, an angel of the dusty heaven of bookstalls and the British Museum.

Unfortunately for the hero of our story, this angel of sixty-five, unshaven and with stockings down at the heel, had a memory which could not recollect what had been told him six hours before, much less six days. Accordingly he had finished his breakfast long before his late pupil presented himself. The angel was also very short-sighted, and in response to Jack Abbott's hearty, 'Well, how d' ye do, my dear sir? I 'm afraid I 'm very late,' replied in the blandest tones, 'Ah, dear me!—I 'm very —I beg pardon—pray, who is it I have the pleasure of speaking to?'

'What! don't you recollect me, my dear sir? Jack Abbott. I met you, you know, and was to come and'——

'Oh, Mr Abbott, is it! My dear Mr Abbott, to think I should not see you! And how is the good lady, your mother?'

'Very well, very well indeed, sir.' Here Jack glanced at the breakfast-table. 'I 'm quite rejoiced to see that the breakfast-cloth is not removed. I 'm horribly late. But don't take any trouble, my good sir. The kettle I see is still singing on the hob. I 'll cut myself a piece of bread and butter immediately.'

'Ah! You have come to breakfast, have you, my kind boy? That is very good of you, very good indeed.'

'Ah,' thought hungry Jack Abbott, smiling even while he sighed, 'how completely he has forgotten the invitation!—Thank you, my dear sir, thank you. To tell the truth, I 'm very hungry, hungry as a hunter. I walked all the way from Hendon this morning.'

'Bless me! Did you, indeed? Why, that's a very long way, isn't it? Well, sir, I'll make some fresh tea, and'——

'I beg pardon,' interrupted Jack, who in a fury of hunger and thirst was pouring out what tea he could find in the pot, 'I can do very well with this—at any rate to begin with.'

'Ah! But I'm sorry to see—what are we to do for milk? I'm afraid I must keep you waiting while I step out for some.'

'Don't stir, I beg you!' ejaculated our hero, 'don't think of it, my dear sir. I can do very well without milk, I can indeed; I *often* do without milk.'

'Well, indeed, I have met with such instances before, and it's very lucky that you do not care for milk, but—— Well, well! if the sugar-basin isn't empty! I will go out instantly. My hat must be under those pamphlets.'

'Don't think of such a thing, pray don't, my dear sir,' cried Jack. 'You may think it odd; but sugar, I can assure you, is a thing that I don't at all care for. The bread, my dear sir, the bread is all I require, just that piece.'

'Well, sir, you're very good, and very temperate; but now—ah, as for butter, I declare I don't believe'——

'*Butter!*' interrupted our hero in a tone of the greatest scorn, 'why, I haven't eaten butter I don't know when. Not a step, sir, not a step. I must make haste, for I've got to lunch with my lawyer, and he'll expect me to eat something, and in fact I'm so anxious and feel so hurried that I must be off, my good sir, I must indeed.'

Jack had made up his mind to seek the nearest coffee-house as fast as possible, and there have the heartiest and most luxurious breakfast that could make amends for his disappointment. Being once more out of doors, our hero rushes like a tiger into Fleet Street and plunges into the first coffee-house in sight.

'Waiter!'

'Yessir.'

'Breakfast immediately. Tea, black and green, and all that.'

'Yessir. Eggs and toast, sir?'

'By all means.'

'Yessir. Any ham, sir?'

'Just so, and instantly.'

'Yessir. Cold fowl, sir?'

'Precisely, and no delay.'

'Yessir. Pickles, sir?'

'Bring all—everything—no, I don't care for pickles, but bring anything you like, and do make haste, my good fellow. Do hurry up! I never was so hungry in my life!'

'Yessir. Directly, sir. Like the paper, sir?'

'Thank you, thank you! Now for Heaven's sake, I beg of you'——

'Yessir. Immediately, sir; everything ready, sir.'

'Everything ready!' thought Jack. 'Cheering sound! Beautiful place a coffee-house! Fine *English* place—everything so snug, so comfortable. Have what you like and no fuss about it. What a breakfast I *shall* eat! And the paper, too: horrid murder—mysterious affair—assassination. Bless me, what horrible things—how very comfortable! Waiter!'

'Yessir. Coming sir. Directly, sir.'

'You've another slice of toast getting ready?'

'Yessir. All right, sir.'

'Let the third, if you please, be thicker, and the fourth.'

Everything is served up: toast, hot and rich; eggs, plump; ham, huge; cold fowl, tempting.

'Glorious moment!' inwardly ejaculated Jack Abbott. He had doubled the paper conveniently so as to read the 'Express from Paris,' in perfect comfort. Before he poured out his tea, he was in the act of putting his hand to one of the inner slices of toast when—awful visitation!—whom should he see passing the window but his friend Goodall. He was coming, of course, to read the papers, and this, of all the coffee-houses in the world, was the one he must needs go to! What was to be done? Jack *could* not hurt anybody's feelings. There was nothing left for him but to bolt. Accordingly, after hiding his face with the newspaper till Goodall has taken up another, he rushes out as if a sheriff were after him.

Jack, congratulating himself that he had neither been seen by Goodall nor tasted a breakfast unpaid for, has ordered precisely such another breakfast, has got the same newspaper and seated himself as nearly as possible in the very same place.

'Now,' thought he, 'I am beyond the reach of chance. Goodall cannot read the papers in two coffee-houses. By Jove! was ever a man so hungry as I am? What a breakfast I shall eat?'

Enter breakfast, served up as before.

'Glorious moment!' thinks Jack again.

He has got the middle slice of toast in his fingers, precisely as before, when happening to look up, he sees the waiter of the former coffee-house pop his head in, look him full in the face, and as suddenly withdraw it. Back goes the toast on the plate; up springs poor Abbott to the door, rushes forth for the second time, and makes as fast as he can for a third coffee-house.

'Am I *never* to breakfast?' thought he. 'Nay, breakfast I *will*. People can't go into three coffee-houses on purpose to go out again. What a breakfast I *will* eat!'

Jack Abbott, after some delay, owing to the fullness of the room, is seated as before. The waiter has 'yessired' to their mutual satisfaction; the toast is done, eggs plump, ham huge, &c.

Unluckily, three pairs of eyes were observing him all the while; to wit, the waiter's of the first tavern, the waiter's of the second, and the landlord's of the third. They were now resolving upon a course of action. Jack was in the very agonies of hunger. 'By Hercules, what a breakfast I will, shall, must, and have now certainly *got* to eat! I could not have stood it any longer. *Now*, NOW, NOW is the glorious moment of moments.' Jack took up a slice of the toast and—with a strange look of misgiving laid it down again.

'I 'm blessed if he 's touched it, after all,' said waiter the first. 'Well, this beats everything!'

'He 's a precious rascal, depend on 't,' says the landlord. 'We 'll nab him. Let us go to the door!'

'I 'll be hanged if he ain't going to bolt again!' said the second waiter.

'Search his pockets,' said the landlord. 'Three breakfasts and not one eaten!'

'What a willain!' said the first waiter.

By this time all the people in the coffee-house had crowded into the room, and a plentiful mob was gathering at the door.

'Here's a chap has had three breakfasts this morning,' exclaimed the landlord.

'Three breakfasts!' cried a dry-looking man in spectacles, 'how could he possibly do that?'

'I didn't say he'd eaten them. I said he'd ordered them and didn't eat them. Three breakfasts in three different houses, I tell you. He's been to my house, and to this man's house, and to this man's, and we've searched him and he hasn't a penny in his pockets.'

'That's it,' cried Jack, who had vainly attempted to make himself heard, 'that's the very reason.'

'What's the very reason?' inquired the gentleman in spectacles.

'Why, I was shocked to find, just now, that I had left my purse at home in the hurry of coming out, and'——

'Oh, oh,' cried the laughing audience, 'here's the policeman! He'll settle him.'

'But how does that explain the other two breakfasts?' asked the gentleman.

'Not at all,' said Jack.

'Impudent rascal!' said the landlord.

'I mean,' said he, 'that *that* doesn't explain it, but I can explain it.'

'Well, how?' said the gentleman, hushing the angry landlord, who had meanwhile given our hero in charge.

'Don't lay hands on me!' cried Jack. 'I'll go quietly, if you let me alone; but first let me explain.'

'Hear him, hear him!' cried the spectators, 'and watch your pockets!'

Here Jack gave a rapid statement of the events of the morning. This only excited laughter and derision, and our hero was hustled off, and in two minutes found himself in a crowded police-office. A considerable delay took place before the landlord's charge could be heard.

'Agony of expectation,' groaned poor Jack, 'I'll have bread and butter *when* I breakfast—not toast; it's more hearty, and besides you get it sooner; and yet, O table-cloth, O thick slices, O tea, when shall I breakfast?'

The case at length was brought on. 'Well, now, you sir—Mr What's-your-name,' quoth the magistrate, 'what is your wonderful explanation of this very extraordinary habit of taking three breakfasts, sir? You seem very cool about it.'

'Sir,' answered our hero, 'it is out of no disrespect to you that I am cool. You may well be surprised at the circumstances under which I find myself, but in addressing a gentleman and a man of understanding, I have no doubt he will discover a veracity in my statement which has escaped eyes less discerning.' So Jack gave an account of the whole matter, and the upshot of it was that the magistrate not only proceeded to throw the greatest ridicule on the charge, but gave Jack a note to the nearest coffee-house, desiring the tavern-keeper to furnish the gentleman with a breakfast at his expense, and explaining the reason why.

With abundance of acknowledgments, and in raptures at the now certain approach of the bread and butter, Jack made his way to the tavern. At *last* I have thee!' cried he internally. 'O most fugacious of meals, what a repast I will make of it! What a breakfast I shall have! Never was a breakfast so *intensified!*'

Jack Abbott, with the note in his hand, arrived at the tavern, went up the steps, hurried through the passage. Every inch of the way was full of hope and bliss, when, lo! whom should his eyes light on but the other landlord whom he had just left in the court-room, detailing his version of the story to the new landlord, and evidently poisoning his mind with every syllable. Raging with hunger as he was, Jack could not stand this. With a despair for which he could find no words, he turned away in the direction of his lawyer's. 'Now the lawyer,' quoth he, soliloquising, 'was an intimate friend of my father's, so intimate that if he offers me breakfast I can accept it, and of course he will. I shall plainly tell him that I prefer breakfast to lunch; in short, that I have made up my mind to have it, even if I wait till dinner-time or tea-time, and he'll laugh, and we shall be jolly, and I shall get something to eat at last. Exquisite moment! What a breakfast I *shall* eat!'

The lawyer, Mr Pallinson, occupied a good large house, with

the marks of plenty on it. Jack hailed the sight of the fire blazing in the kitchen. 'Delicious spot!' thought he, 'kettle, pantry and all that. Hope there is milk left, and bread and butter. What slices I *will* eat!'

But Jack unfortunately rang the bell of the office, instead of the house, and found himself among a parcel of clerks. Mr Pallinson was out; was not expected home till evening. Jack in desperation stated his case. No result but, 'Very strange, sir,' from one of the clerks. No *Mrs* Pallinson existed to whom he might apply, so, blushing and stammering 'Good-morning,' Jack found himself out again in the wide world of pavement and houses. The clerks had told him that Mr Pallinson always dined at the Mendall coffee-house when away on special business, and towards it our hero turned his hungry and melancholy steps, determined to wait there for him. 'Ah,' thought Jack, with a sigh, 'five o'clock isn't far off, and then I 'm certain. What a breakfast I shall have when it does come! At length five o'clock strikes, and at the same moment enters Mr Pallinson. He was a brisk, good-humoured man, who greeted Jack heartily. 'Here, John, plates for two! You 'll dine, of course, with your father's old friend.' Jack's heart felt itself at home with this cordiality, and he at once entered into the history of his morning. The good and merry lawyer, who understood a joke, entered heartily, and with great bursts of laughter, into Jack's whim of still having his breakfast, and it was accordingly brought up, with an explanation to the waiter that 'his friend here had got up so late, and kept such fashionable hours, that he must needs breakfast while he himself was dining.' 'And so,' said the shrewd attorney, as the waiter was respectfully bowing himself out, 'no harm 's done, and now peg away.' Jack did not wait for a second bidding. The bread and butter was at last actually before him, not so thick as he had pictured it, but as the waiter had turned his back three slices could be rolled into one. This arrangement was accordingly made, the mouth was ready to swallow—enter Mr Goodall!

'Breakfast is abolished for me,' thought Jack, laying down the bread and butter, 'there 's no such thing. Henceforth I will not attempt it.'

The lawyer and Mr Goodall were well known to each other, but what had brought him thither was a confused story. He had somehow heard of a Mr Abbott having ordered three breakfasts and having been taken to jail. He had followed him up from place to place till he found him in the tavern.

'I 'm very glad indeed, sir, to find you so comfortably situated, after the story that half-witted fellow of a waiter told me at the coffee-house. But don't let me interrupt your *tea*, I beg of you!'

'Luckiest of innocent fancies,' thought our hero, 'he thinks I 'm at tea!' He plunged again at the bread and butter. He was really breakfasting! 'I beg your pardon,' he said, with his mouth full. 'I 'm eating a little too fast—but may I trouble you for that loaf? These slices are very thin, and I 'm so ravenously hungry.' Jack doubled his thin slices; he took huge bites; he swilled his tea, as he had sworn he would; he had eggs on one side of him, ham on the other, his friends before him, and was as happy as a prince escaped from a foreign land; and when he had at length finished, talking and laughing all the while, or hearing talk and laughter, he pushed the breakfast-cup aside, and chuckled to himself, 'I 've had it! Breakfast hath been mine! And now, my dear Mr Pallinson, I 'll take a glass of your port!'

MR STIVER'S HORSE.—J. M. Bailey.

The other morning at breakfast, Mrs Perkins observed that Mr Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day; but what kind of a horse I didn't know. I never went into the stable for two reasons: in the first place, I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know that the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life, and had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr Stiver had left with me might

have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs Perkins I would do it.

'You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?' said she.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact, I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I seized a toothpick and walked out toward the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it; so I looked around. The horse looked around, too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck measure, and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over and never look round to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I wondered if Stiver's horse were one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat box and filled the peck measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats he almost smiled: this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this that I immediately got down, letting go everything to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in that stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me and three stove lids which she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me mad.

'Go away!' I shouted; 'do you want to knock my brains out?' For I remembered seeing Mrs Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once. And at the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs Perkins into the house, and had her do me up, and then I sat down in a chair, and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

'Step off to the left,' I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind-legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head that I sat right down on the floor under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty glycerine can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs Perkins was at the window and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his fore-legs and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind-legs, and threw about two coal hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window, and whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings; but the instant that the mud flew, she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the steps with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind-legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver. I instantly dodged, and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

After a terrific struggle I finally succeeded in bringing him to the road, and then he was quiet enough, and I took him up alongside the fence and got on him. He stopped an instant,

one brief instant, and then tore off down the road at a frightful speed. I lay down on him and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable I was confident he would stop, but he didn't. He drove straight at the door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed, but there was no room for me. I saw if I struck that stable the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then, spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream, and the next moment I was bounding about in the filth of that stable yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs Perkins dreadfully.

'Why, you old fool!' she said, 'why don't you get rid of him?'

'How can I?' said I in desperation.

'Why, there are a thousand ways,' said she.

This is just like a woman. How differently a statesman would have answered!

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast—I could either swallow him where he stood and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming toward me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes-line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to care for him. Mrs Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate, and I am healing as fast as possible.

*

THE WIDOW CUMMISKEY.—ANON.

The widow Cummiskey was standing at the door of her little millinery store, Avenue D, the other evening, as Mr Costello came along. Mr Costello stopped.

'Good-evening to you, ma'am,' said he.

'Good-evening to you,' answered the widow.

'It's fine weather we're havin', ma'am,' continued Mr Costello.

'It is that,' replied Mrs Cummiskey, 'but the winter's comin' at last, and it comes to all, both great and small.'

'Ah!' said Mr Costello, 'but for all that it doesn't come to us all alike. Now, here you are, ma'am, fat, rosy, an' good-lookin', equally swate as a summer greening, a fall pippin, or a winter russet'——

'Arrah, hould yer whist, now,' interrupted the fair widow, laughing. 'Much an old bachelor like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr Costello, and take a cup of tay with me, for I was only standin' be the doore lookin' at the people passin' for company sake, like, and I'm sure the kettle must have sung itself hoarse.'

Mr Costello needed no second invitation, and he followed his hostess into her snug back room. There was a bright fire burning in the little Franklin stove, the tea-kettle was sending forth a cloud of steam that took a ruddy glow from the fire-light, the shaded light on the table gave a mellow and subdued light to the room, and it was all very suggestive of comfort.

'It's very cozy ye are here, Mrs Cummiskey,' said Mr Costello.

'Yes,' replied the widow, as she laid the supper, 'it is that whin I do have company.'

'Ah,' said Mr Costello, 'it must be lonesome for you with only the cat and yer cup o' tay.'

'Sure it is,' answered the widow. 'But take a sate and set down, Mr Costello. Help yourself to the fish, an' don't forgit the purtaties. Look at thim; they're splittin' their sides with laughin'.'

Mr Costello helped himself and paused. He looked at the

plump widow, with her arms in that graceful position assumed in the pouring out of tea, and remarked, 'I 'm sinsible of the comforts of a home, Mrs Cummiskey, although I 've none mesilf. Mind, now, the difference between the taste o' the tay made and served that-a-way and the tay they gives you in an 'ating-house.'

'Sure,' said the widow, 'there 's nothin' like a home of your own. I wonder ye never got marrit, Mr Costello.'

'I was about to make the same remark in riference to yerself, ma'am.'

'Mr Costello, aren't I a widder woman this seven year?'

'Ah, but it 's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get marrit again.'

'Well, it 's sure I am,' said the widow, thoughtfully, setting down her teacup and raising her hand by way of emphasis, 'there never was a better husband to any woman than him that 's dead and gone. He was that aisy, a child could do anythin' with him, and he was as humoursome as a monkey. You favour him very much, Mr Costello; he was about your height, an' dark-complected like you!'

'Ah!' exclaimed Mr Costello.

'He often used to say to me in his bantherin' way, "Sure, Nora, what 's the worruld to a man whin his wife is a widder?" manin', you know, that all timptations in luxuries of this life can never folly a man beyant the grave. "Sure, Nora," says he, "what 's this worruld to a man whin his wife is a widder?" Ah, poor John!'

'It was a sensible sayin', that,' remarked Mr Costello, helping himself to more fish.

'I mind the day John died,' continued the widow. 'He knew everything to the last, and about four in the afternoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly, be the clock, that he died—he says to me, "Nora," says he, "you 've been a good wife," says he, "an' I 've been a good husband," says he, "an' so there 's no love lost betune us," says he, "an' I could give you a good char-ak-tur to any place," says he, "an' I wish you could do the same for me where I 'm goin'," says he, "but it 's case equal," says he; "every dog has his day, and some has a day and a half," says he, "and," says he, "I 'll know more in a bit than Father Corrigan himself," says he, "so I 'll not bother my brains about it:" and he

says, says he, "and if at any time ye see anny wan ye like better nor me, marry him," says he, for the first time spakin' it solemn like. "Ah, Nora, what is the wurruld to a man when his wife is a widder? And," says he, "I lave fifty dollars for masses, and the rest I lave to yourself," says he, "an' I needn't tell you to be a good mother to the children," says he, "for well we know there are none." Ah, poor John. Will ye have another cup of tay, Mr Costello?'

'It must have been very hard on ye,' said Mr Costello. 'Thank ye, ma'am, no more.'

'It was hard,' said Mrs Cummiskey; 'but time will tell. I must cast about me for me own livin', an' so I got until this place, an' here I am to-day.'

'Ah!' said Mr Costello, as they rose from the table and seated themselves before the fire, 'an' here we are both of us this evenin'.'

'Here we are, sure enough,' rejoined the widow.

'An' so I mind ye of—of him, do I?' asked Mr Costello, after a pause, during which he had gazed contemplatively into the fire.

'That ye do. Ye favour him greatly. Dark-complected an' the same pleasant smile.'

'Now, with me sittin' here, and you sittin' there, foreninst me, ye might almost think ye were marrit again,' said Mr Costello, insinuatingly.

'Ah, go 'way now for a taze that ye are,' exclaimed the widow, crushing her clean apron by rolling up the corners of it.

'I disremember what it was he said about seein' anny man you liked better nor him,' said Mr Costello, moving his chair a little nearer to that of the widow.

'He said, said he,' answered the widow, smoothing her apron over her knees with her plump white hands, '"Nora," said he, "if any time ye see anny man ye like better nor me, marry him," says he.'

'Did he say anything about anny wan ye liked as well as him?' asked Mr Costello.

'I don't mind that he did,' answered the widow, reflectively, folding her hands in her lap.

'I suppose he left that to yerself?' pursued Costello.

'Faith, an' I don't know, thin,' answered Mrs Cummiskey.

'D'ye think ye like me as well as him?' asked Costello, persuasively, leaning forward to look into the widow's eyes, which were cast down.

'Ah, go 'way for a taze,' exclaimed the widow, straightening herself, and playfully slapping Costello in the face.

He moved his chair still nearer, and stole his arm around her waist.

'Nivver you think I'm ticklesome, Mr Costello,' says the widow, looking boldly at him.

'Tell me,' he insisted, 'd'ye like me as well as ye did him?'

'I—I most—I most disremember now how much I liked him,' answered the widow, naturally embarrassed by such a question.

'Well, thin,' asked Costello, enforcing his question by gentle squeezes of the widow's round waist, 'd'ye like me well enough as meself?'

'Hear the man!' exclaimed the widow, derisively; 'do I like him well enough as himself?'

'Ah, now, don't be breakin' me heart,' pleaded Costello. 'Answer me this question, Mrs Cummiskey: Is yer heart tender toward me?'

'It is,' whispered the widow; 'an' there, now ye have it.'

'The saints be praised!' exclaimed the happy lover, and he drew the not unwilling widow to his bosom.

A few minutes after Mrs Cummiskey looked up, and, as she smoothed her hair, said: 'But Jam—es, ye haven't told me how ye liked yer tay.'

'Ah, Nora, me jewel,' answered Mr Costello, 'the taste of that first kiss would take away the taste of all the tay that ever was brewed.'

MR PERKINS AT THE DENTIST'S.—James M. Bailey.

I think I must have caught cold by injudiciously sleeping on the floor during the period the house was being rinsed out. I had so much room that I must have become careless in the night, and got to trifling with the draught from a door. As I am a little

bald, the effect was disastrous. Through the day I felt a little stiff about the shoulders, with a sensation between the eyes as if I had been trying to inhale some putty.

I observed to Maria (Mrs Perkins's name is Maria) that I had caught a bad cold, and would probably regret it in time. But she treated the matter lightly by remarking that I had 'caught my granny.' As that estimable lady had been dead thirteen years, the reference to my catching her, with such a start in her favour, was of course a joke. Not a joke to be laughed at, I mean, but one to carry around with you, to draw out once in a while to blow on—a sort of intellectual handkerchief.

When I went to bed that night, I apprehended trouble. Along one jaw, the left one, occasionally capered a grumbling sensation. It kept me awake an hour or so trying to determine whether that was all there was of it, or whether there was something to come after which would need my wakeful presence to contend against. Thus pondering I fell asleep, and forgot all about the trouble. I don't know how long I slept, but I fell to dreaming that I had made a match of fifty dollars a side to fight a crosscut-saw in a steam-mill, and was well at work on the job, when the saw got my head between its teeth. I thought this was a favourable time to wake up, and I did so. It immediately transpired that I might better have stayed where I was, and taken my chances with the saw.

I found myself sitting straight up in bed with one hand spasmodically grasping my jaw, and the other swaying to and fro without any apparently definite purpose.

It was an awful pain. It bored like lightning through the basement of my jaw, darted across the roof of my mouth, and then ran lengthwise of the teeth. If every flying pang had been a drunken plough chased by a demon across a stump lot, I think the observer would understand my condition. I could no more get hold of the fearful agony that was skipping around in me, than I could pick up a piece of wet soap when in a hurry.

Suddenly it stopped. It went off all at once, giving me a parting kick that fairly made me howl.

'What on earth is the matter with you?' said a voice from one corner of the room.

I looked out into the dark astonished.

'Maria, is that you?' said I.

'What there is left of me,' was the curt reply, followed by a fumbling about the mantel.

Presently a light was struck and Mrs Perkins appeared before me. She had on her short-stop clothes. Her hair stuck up in all directions. Her nose was very red, and her eyes were expanded to their fullest capacity.

'Well, I declare, if *this* hasn't been a night of it! What in the name of mercy is the matter with you? Are you gone clean crazy, or have you sat on a pin? For one whole hour you have been rolling on that bed, groaning like a dead man, and flopping your bony arms in all directions. I was literally knocked out of bed, and here I have been doubled up in a corner, the very life frightened out of me, and wondering whether you were going to set fire to the house, or burst out my brains with a hatchet. If you have got through with your contortions I 'll come to bed, and try to get a wink of sleep.'

I had got through, there was no doubt of it, and felt, in the relief I experienced, that it would be a comparatively easy matter to forgive Mrs Perkins the suspicions of her alarm; as for braining her with a hatchet, I never thought of it. We haven't got one.

I thought I was rid of the toothache, but a grumbling set in again next morning. It was just like the feeling of the night before, and a still voice said to me, 'Look out, Perkins.'

I did. I went right away to the dentist who had pulled the teeth of our family and knew our peculiarities. There was an uneasy smell about his office. It was very suggestive of trouble, and as I snuffed it in I experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at him and sickly smiled. He was never, even on a holiday, the handsomest of men, but now his appearance was very, very depressing.

I told him what was the matter with me, how I had been up all night with a fearful pain, how my wife had been thrown out of bed by the violence of my suffering, how——

He asked me if I wouldn't sit down. I sat down on what was once a hogshead, but was now cut down and newly carpeted,

He held back my head, opened my mouth, and went to fishing around inside with a piece of watch-spring.

And while he angled he conversed. Said he:

'You have caught a cold.'

'I have.'

'It seems the trouble is with one of the bicuspids,' he remarked.

Of course I didn't know what a bicuspid was, but thought it wouldn't look well in the head of a family being stuck with so short a word as that, and so I asked, with some vigour:

'Which one?'

'The tumorous,' he said.

'I am glad it ain't any worse,' I replied, throwing in a sigh of relief.

'The frontal bone,' he went on to say, 'is not seriously affected. The submaxillary gland is somewhat enlarged, but it does not necessarily follow that parotitis will ensue.'

'I am proud to hear that,' said I, which I certainly was, although if the parotitis had ensued it isn't at all likely I should have minded it much, unless it was something that would spill, and I was dressed up.

He kept on talking and angling.

'The œsophagus isn't loose,' he next remarked.

'Ah,' said I, winking at him.

'Oh no; the ligaments are quite firm. I might say'——

'Murder! fire!' I shouted, in bewilderment.

'Did it hurt you?' he asked, looking as calm and cool as the lid of an ice-cream freezer.

'Hurt me? Great heavens! did you expect to split me open with a watch-spring, and not have it hurt me? What was the matter—did you slip?'

'Certainly not,' he said; 'I was simply getting hold of the tooth. Just hold your head back an instant, and I will have it out at once.'

'I guess I won't try it again,' said I, with a shiver. 'The toothache is bad enough, but it is heaven alongside of that watch-spring. You may come up sometime and pull it out when I ain't at home. I think I could endure the operation with necessary

calmness if I was off about eight blocks. Come up when you can.'

And I left. I hope he will come. I am boiling some pure spring water for him.

MUMFORD'S PAVEMENT.—ANON.

Some person accidentally upset a bucket of water on Mumford's pavement one of those snapping cold evenings last week, and Jack Frost slipping along soon after transformed it into a sheet of glistening, bone-breaking ice.

Mumford, wholly unconscious of the pitfall in front of his door, had just taken his seat at the basement window, when a stout old gentleman came along, carrying a half-peck of cranberries tied up in brown paper, and softly humming to himself:

'I wish I were a turtle dove,
I wish I were a sparrow,
I'd fly away to——

Je—ru—salem!' he exclaimed, as his legs spread themselves suddenly apart. A frightened, dazed look crept into his eyes, and a minute later he had burst the suspender buttons of his pantaloons, and hopelessly ruined a new eight-dollar silk hat, trying to butt a barrel of ashes into the gutter, while the air in that vicinity was filled with blue profanity and red cranberries.

Owing to the thermometer being down one flight of stairs below zero, and the old gentleman not having a calcium light in his vest pocket, he concluded not to pick the eighty-eight-thousand-and-odd scattered cranberries, but contented himself by shaking his fist violently in Mumford's direction, and yelling as he moved away:

'I can lick the stuffing out of a hull cart-load of such "smartys" as you!'

'Mercy, what a funny old gentleman! first he falls down, and then he jumps up and blames me for it,' remarked Mumford to his wife, who was sitting by the light, sewing.

He can't to this hour recollect what reply his wife made, his

whole attention being suddenly riveted upon a very tall, thin woman with a long nose and big bustle, who was dragging a fat, dumpling-built little boy along by the hand. She had reached about the same spot where the old gentleman a moment before had been performing, when she stopped suddenly, clutched wildly at vacancy, tried to kick her bonnet off, missed it by a few of the shortest kind of inches, tripped up the boy, and sat down on him with a force that threatened to drive him through the earth to China.

The prompt use of the boy preserver saved her bones and bustle from destruction, but it flattened the sacrificing youth to a thickness of a Jack of Clubs in a euchre deck.

'Don't you grin at me, you nasty big baboon, you!' she screamed, nodding her head at Mumford, while she groped around for her false teeth that had slipped out of her mouth in the confusion.

'She must certainly be drunk,' soliloquised Mumford, watching her actions with amazement.

'If I was a man I'd skin you alive for this, you wretch!' she shouted, when she had got her teeth back, her bonnet on, and her bustle propped up.

'Drunk, and a lunatic both. What've I got to do with her slamming herself around on the sidewalk, I'd like to know?' he asked himself, as he watched her fading away in the darkness with her flattened boy in tow.

A few moments later, as he was flattening his nose against the window-pane, a pair of lovers came tripping along.

'And, Amy, love,' said the gentleman, 'I can hardly realise that soon you are to be my own little darling ducksey—— Suffering alligator!' he shrieked, as his legs opened like a pair of compasses, and he struck the sidewalk with a jar that loosened his back teeth, lifted his scalp an inch or two, cooled his love, ripped his pantaloons, started his eyes full of tears, and made him regret bitterly that he'd forgotten so much of his boyhood's profanity.

'O Fred!' exclaimed his *fiancée*, trying to lift him up by his paper collar; and the next instant his charmer's feet slipped on the ice, and after swaying to and fro violently for a moment, she attempted to turn a back somersault; which her lover did not look

upon as a success, owing probably to the fact of her kicking him in the ear as she went over him, with more of the force of a yellow mule or a dynamite cartridge, than that of the cardinal-stockinged idol of his heart.

They got up, glanced sheepishly around to see if any one had noticed them, tried to coax up a sickly smile, and limped away trying to look as if they didn't want to rub themselves.

'Hang it all! why don't you sprinkle some ashes on that ice?' called out a grocer, who had skated off into the gutter, and smashed two dozen eggs, the back of his head, and a bottle of olive-oil, in falling.

'Oh! there's ice there; so that accounts for the gymnastics!' said Mumford, filling a scuttle with hot coals and ashes, and hurrying out.

Some of the neighbours, who happened to be looking out of their front windows about this time, have said since that it was grand and awe-inspiring to see Mumford, after remaining for a second on the back of his neck, pointing at the twinkling stars with his heels, and emptying his pockets out on to the walk, suddenly collapse into a tangled, scorched and bruised heap, and fill the air with shrieks and more sparks than a firework explosion would make.

A policeman helped his wife and the cook to carry him into the house, and he has informed the doctor who is attending him, that as soon as he can cultivate enough skin to cover the burned places, he's going to move to a climate where it don't freeze once in a billion years. His wife thinks she has read of such a place in the Bible.

MARK TWAIN AND THE INTERVIEWER.

MARK TWAIN.

The nervous, dapper, 'peart' young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with *The Daily Thunderstorm*, and added:

'Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you.'

'Come to what?'

'*Interview* you.'

'Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes.'

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said:

'How do you spell it?'

'Spell what?'

'Interview.'

'Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?'

'I don't want to spell it: I want to see what it means.'

'Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what it means, if you—if you'——

'Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too.'

'I n, *in*, t e r, *ter*, *in*ter'——

'Then you spell it with an *I*?'

'Why, certainly!'

'Oh, that is what took me so long!'

'Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?'

'Well, I—I—I hardly know. I had the Unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition.'

'Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e—— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all.'

'Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes: they always speak of it with rapture.'

'I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious.'

'Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?'

'Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain

questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?'

'Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me.'

'Oh! it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can.'

'I will. I will put my whole mind on it.'

'Thanks! Are you ready to begin?'

'Ready.'

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years——

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and——

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What do *you* think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you—— However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, Oct. 31, 1693.

Q. What? Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hand.*) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William, *Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, is he dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead——

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins—defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me. That child was the one that was drowned.*

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't; well, *I* do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; and so he *got up, and rode with the driver.*

. . . . . .

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company; and I was sorry to see him go.

A TWILIGHT IDYL.—R. J. BURDETTE.

On a summer evening, Mr Ellis Henderson, one of our best young men, went out walking with two of the sweetest girls in town. They were nice girls—beautiful, accomplished, and modest. And Mr Henderson was a nice young man, too. He wore that evening a little straw hat with a navy-blue band, a cutaway coat, a pair of light white pantaloons, a white vest, a button-hole bouquet, and fifteen cents. The evening was very warm, and as they walked, these young people talked about the base-ball match, the weather, and sunstrokes. By-and-by one of the young ladies gave a delicate little shriek.

'OO-oo! What a funny sign!'

'Where? Where? Which one, Elfrida?' asked the other young lady eagerly.

'Ha—yes,' said Mr Henderson, in troubled tones, looking gently but resolutely at the wrong side of the street.

'There,' exclaimed Elfrida, artlessly pointing as she spoke. 'How funny it is spelt; see, Ethel.'

'Why,' said Ethel, 'it is spelt correctly. Isn't it, Mr Henderson?'

'Hy—why—aw—why, yes, yes, to be sure,' said Mr Henderson very luckily, staring as hard as he could at the window full of house-plants.

'Why, Mr Henderson,' said Elfrida, in tones of amazement, how can you say so! Just see, "i-c-e, ice, c-r double e-m, cream," that's not the way to spell cream.'

'Oh, Elfrida,' replied her companion, 'you must be near-sighted. That isn't an e, it is an a. Isn't it, Mr Henderson?'

And Mr Henderson, who was praying harder than he ever prayed before that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either himself or all the ice-cream saloons in the United States, he didn't much care which, looked up at the chimney of the house and said:

'That? Oh yes, yes; of course, why certainly. How very

much cooler it has grown within the past few minutes,' the young man suddenly added, with a kind of inspiration; 'surely that cool wave the signal service despatches announced as having entered this country from Manitoba, must be nearing us once more.'

And he took out his handkerchief and swabbed a face that looked as though it had never heard of a cool wave nor even looked into the face of a man who had heard of one. He knew, when he talked of its being cooler, that his face would scorch an iceberg brown in ten minutes.

By this time they turned the corner, and the appalling sign was out of sight. Mr Henderson breathed like a free man.

'I always like to stroll along this street in the evening,' said Ethel. 'It's so lovely. My! just look at the crowd of people going in at that door. What is going on there, Mr Henderson?'

Mr Henderson looked across to the other side of the street, as usual, and said: 'Oh yes, that was Raab & Bros.' clothing house.'

'Why, no, Mr Henderson,' exclaimed Elfrida, 'that's an ice-cream saloon.'

Ethel laughed merrily. 'Do you know,' she said, 'I wondered what so many young ladies could want in a gentleman's clothing house.'

Mr Henderson said, 'Ha, ha! to be sure.' And oh, the feeble, ghastly tincture of mirth there was in his nervous 'ha, ha.' It sounded as though a boy with the earache should essay to laugh.

'Is it true, Mr Henderson,' asked Ethel, 'that soda fountains sometimes explode?'

Mr Henderson, gasping for breath, eagerly assured her that they did, very frequently, and that in every instance they scattered death and destruction around. In many of the Eastern cities, he said, they had been abolished by law, and the same thing should be done here. In New York, the young man went on, all the soda fountains had been removed far outside the city limits, and were located far in the lonely meadows side by side with powder-houses.

'I am not afraid of them,' said the daring Ethel; 'I don't believe they are a bit dangerous.'

'Nor I,' echoed Elfrida; 'I would not be afraid to walk up to one and stand by it all day. Why are you so afraid of them, Mr Henderson?'

Mr Henderson gnashed his teeth and secretly pulled out a great sheaf of hair from his head in a nervous agony. Then he said that he once had a fair, sweet young sister blown to pieces by one of those terrible engines of destruction while she was drinking at it, and he had never since been able to look upon a soda fountain without growing faint.

'How sad!' said both the young ladies, and then Ethel asked:

'How do they make soda-water, Mr Henderson?'

And while the young man was getting ready to recite a recipe composed mainly of dirt and poison, Ethel read aloud four ice-cream signs, and read on a transparency, 'Lemon-ices, cooling, refreshing, and healthful;' and Elfrida read, 'Ladies' and gentlemen's ice-cream parlours,' twice; and Ethel looked in the door and said, 'Oh, don't they look nice and cool in there? How comfortable and happy they do look!' And then Elfrida said, 'Yes, indeed. It makes the dusty street and scorching sidewalk seem like an oven, just to look at them even;' and then young Mr Henderson, who for the last ten minutes had been clawing at his hair, and tearing off his necktie and collar, and pawing the air, shouted in tones of wild frenzy:

'Oh yes, yes, yes! Come in; come in and gorge yourselves. Everybody come in and feed up a whole week's salary in fifteen minutes. Set 'em up! Sody, ice-cream, cake, strawberry cobbler, lemon-ice, and sherbet. Set 'em up! It's one for me. Oh yes, I can stand it. Ha, ha, ha! I am John Jacob Vanderbilt in disguise. Oh yes; it don't cost anything to take an evening walk! Put out your frozen pudding! Ha, ha, ha.'

They carried the young man to his humble boarding-house, and put him to bed, and sent for his physician. He is not entirely out of danger, but will probably recover, with care and good nursing. The physician does not know exactly what ails him, but thinks it must be hydrophobia, as the sight of a piece of ice throws the patient into the wildest and most furious paroxysms.

MRS PARTINGTON.—SYDNEY SMITH.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

SPOOPENDYKE STOPS SMOKING.

'My dear,' said Mr Spoopendyke, rumpling his hair and gazing at his tongue in the glass, 'my dear, do you know I think I smoke too much? It doesn't agree with me.'

'Just what I have always thought!' replied Mrs Spoopendyke, 'and besides, it makes the room smell so. You know this room'——

'I'm not talking about the room,' retorted Mr Spoopendyke, with a snort. 'I'm not aware that it affects the health of the room. I'm talking about my health this trip, and I think I'll break off short. You don't catch me smoking any more;' and Mr Spoopendyke yawned and stretched himself, and plumped down in his easy-chair, and glared out the window at the rain.

'How are you going to break off?' inquired Mrs Spoopendyke, gazing admiringly into her husband's face. 'I suppose the best way is not to think of it at all.'

'The best way is for you to sit there and cackle about it!' growled Mr Spoopendyke. 'If anything will distract my attention from it, that will. Can't ye think of something else to talk about? Don't ye know some subjects that don't smell like a tobacco plantation?'

'Certainly,' cooed Mrs Spoopendyke, rather nonplussed. 'We might talk about the rain. I suppose this is really the equinox. How long will it last, dear?'

'Gast the equinox!' sputtered Mr Spoopendyke. 'Don't you know that when a man quits smoking it depresses him? What d'ye want to talk about depressing things for? Now's the time to make me cheerful. If ye don't know any cheerful things, keep quiet.'

'Of course,' assented Mrs Spoopendyke, 'you want subjects that will draw your mind away from the habit of smoking. Won't it be nice when the long winter evenings come, and the fire is lighted, and you have your slippers and paper'

'That's just the time I want a cigar!' roared Mr Spoopendyke, bounding around in his chair and scowling at his wife. 'Haven't you sense enough to stop your tongue for a minute? The way you're keeping it up you'll drive me back to my habit in less than an hour,' he continued, solemnly, 'and then my blood will be on your head!'

'Oh dear!' sighed Mrs Spoopendyke, 'I didn't mean to. Did you notice about the comet? They say it is going to drop into the sun and burn up'——

'There ye go again!' yelled Mr Spoopendyke. 'You can't open your mouth without suggesting something that breaks me down! What d'ye want to talk about fire for? Who wants fire when he's stopped smoking? Two minutes more and I'll have a pipe in my mouth!' and Mr Spoopendyke groaned dismally in contemplation of the prospect.

'I'm glad you're going to stay at home to-day,' continued Mrs Spoopendyke, soothingly. 'You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out; and by-and-by we'll have a piping hot dinner'——

'That's it!' squealed Mr Spoopendyke, bounding out of his chair and plunging around the room. 'You'd got to say some-

thing about a pipe! I knew how it would be! You want me to die! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!' and Mr Spoopendyke buried his face in his hands and shook convulsively.

'I meant it for the best, my dear,' murmured Mrs Spoopendyke. 'I thought I was drawing'——

'That's it!' shouted Mr Spoopendyke. 'Drawing! You've driven me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done! All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk toast to be an inebriates' home! Where's that cigar I left here on the mantel? Give me my death-warrant! Show me my imported doom! Drag forth my miniature coffin!' and Mr Spoopendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor.

'Isn't that it?' asked Mrs Spoopendyke, pointing to a small pile of snuff on the chair in which Mr Spoopendyke had been sitting. 'That looks like it.'

'Wah!' yelled Mr Spoopendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. 'Another time I swear off you go into the country, you hear?' and Mr Spoopendyke dashed out of the house and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.—*Spoopendyke Papers.*

THAT FIRE AT THE NOLANS'S.—ANON.

It would have been evident to even the most careless and unobservant passer-by that something had happened at the Nolans's. Not that there was anything the matter with the house, for it bore no trace of disaster; but there were many signs which in Shantytown betoken either a fight, a funeral, or a fire.

Old Mrs Murphy, the centre of an interested knot of neighbours, was listened to with great respect because she had just come from within the house. Michael Coogan, presuming on the fact that he had married a sister of Dennis O'Connor, who was Mrs Nolan's great uncle, ascended the steps, and rang the bell.

'Stip in, Mr Coogan,' said Mrs Nolan. 'Good-marnin'

to yer. I suppose it's askin' afther Tirry ye are, an' the foire. Jist walk this way an' contemplate the destroction.'

'The *debree* ain't so much as removed from the flure,' she explained as she held open the parlour door and allowed Mr Coogan to survey the wreck inside the room. Everything in the apartment was broken, and soaked with water; but strangely enough there were no stains of smoke or any other trace of fire to be seen. Pictures and ornaments were all completely demolished, and broken glass covered everything.

'Howly saints!' ejaculated Mr Coogan, 'phat an ixpinsive catastrophe, Mrs Nolan! It's a terrible dimonstration yez must have had.'

'Ah, that it wuz,' she replied, sinking into a damp and mutilated rocking-chair. 'Ter think of that beeutiful Axminister carpet, an' those impoorted Daggystan roogs, an' our new French mantel clock that had the goldfish globe over it—all soppin' wet, an' smashed to smithereens. It 'ud be a tremingious calamity for anybody.'

'Tremingious!' echoed Mr Coogan in an awe-struck tone, 'that it wud. An' how did the occurrince evintuate, Mrs Nolan?'

'It wuz all along av the new domestic an' those divilish greeners,' began Mrs Nolan in a somewhat agitated manner, shaking her head sadly. 'Lasht wake, Katy, our ould gurrl that had been wid us fer noine years, married a longshoreman, an' so I ingaged a domestic be the name av Mary Ann Reilly. She had lost two fingers aff av her lift hand, an' wuz rid-hidded an' pock-marked, but she wuz will ricomminded, an' so I took her at oncet. Tirry didn't loike the looks av her, at all, at all. "Bridget," sez he, "her eyes are not sthraight," sez he. "I don't like google-eyed paple in the house," sez he. "Look out, or she'll be afther lookin' at ye or Tummy, an' bewitchin' ye wid her ayvil eye," sez he. But wud ye belave me, Mr Coogan, she only looked crucked whin she wuz narvous or excoited, and *ginerally* her eyes wuz as sthraight as yer own in yer hid. She hadn't bin in the house over two days, d'ye moind, whin I dropped the flat-oiron on me fut, scalded me hand, an' broke two chiney dishes in wan mornin', and that same day Tummy

got inter the kitchen an ate up three pounds of raishons, an' wuz shriekin' wid epleptic cowulsions all noight: so I began to put some faith in her bewitchment meself.'

'Roight for ye,' said Mr Coogan, nodding approvingly at Mrs Nolan. 'That wuz bad loock enough, so it was.'

'Will, that wuz only the beginnin',' continued Mrs Nolan. 'The nixt thing wuz yisterday mornin' whin Tirry cum home wid a baskitful o' little, round, green bottles. "Phat's thim?" sez I. "Is it Christmas-tree toys, or is it patent midicine?"— "Naythur," sez Tirry; "it's a family foire department," sez he. "Since we have no tilegraft in the house," sez he, "an' insoorance is so expinsible, I 've been afther buyin' some han' greenades ter put out foires wid." "Is it limonade is in 'em, did yer say?" sez I. "No," sez he. "They're greenades, Bridget. The bottles is *green*, an' they *aid* ye ter put out a foire," sez he. So Tirry hung up wan dozen bottles in the parlour near the dure (where that woire rack is, Mr Coogan), an instroocted Mary Ann how to ixtinguish foires wid thim, by throwin' thim at the flames.'

'Is it base-ball that it is?' inquired Mr Coogan.

'No, loike stonin' goats, more,' said Mrs Nolan, and then she resumed her narrative. 'Lasht evenin', the lamp wuz lit on the table, Tummy wuz playin by the winder, an' me husband wuz takin' his convanience in his arrum-chair, wid his back to the dure. *I* wuz sittin' near the table a-readin' the mornin' *Hurruld*, an' Tummy all av a suddent lit the winder-shade run up near the top. "Mudder," sez he, "the b'yes have made a big bonfoire in the lot opposite," sez he. An' from where I sat I could see the reflixion av a blazin' tar-barrel in the lookin'-glass over the mantel-pace. Jist thin, the dure opened behind me, and Mary Ann come in. *She* saw the reflixion too, an' yelled, "*Foire! Foire! Foire!*" I turns round to look at her, an' she wuz trimblin' wid excoitemint, an' as google-eyed as a crab. "*Foire!*" yells she, an' wid that she grabs a bottle of greenade, an' lets it fly. *Smash* goes the bottle, an' doon come our twinty-dollar ingraving av St Patrick drivin' the shnakes out of Ireland. *Crash* goes another, and over comes the clock. "Hullup!" shouts Tirry, an' got out of his chair, but *whang*,

wan of the greeners hits him in the hid an' busts all over him. Wid that he fell spachless on the flure, an' I thought he wuz kilt entoirely. Tummy crawled under the sofa, an' I scrouch doon behind the table. All this toime that cross-eyed Mary Ann wuz screechin' "*Foire! foire!*" an' ploggin' them bottles av greenade round the room. *Bang!* wan hits the vase full av wax fruit, that Tirry got at the fair. *Slam!* another puts out the light, an' clears the lamp off the table, an' she foired the rist of the dozen bottles roight an' lift, *whang! smash!* round in the dark. The glass wuz crashin', and the greenade stoof was splatterin' an' splashin' an' tricklin' all over the wall an' furnitoor.'

'Mother o' Moses!' interrupted Mr Coogan. 'It's bushels of glass there is iverywhere. How did it ind, Mrs Nolan?'

'The b'yes over in the lot heard the scraychin' an' crashin', and they smothered their foire, an' come and bust in the front dure, ter see the foight they thought it wuz. Tirry is in bid, wid a poultice on his hid; an' Mary Ann is a-sittin' in the kitchen, paceable as a lamb, lookin' at the ind av her nose fer occypation. She can pack up an' lave this very day. As fer that young shpalpeen av a Tummy, he ought ter be licked fer littin' up the winder-shade. Take my advoice, Mr Coogan, an' trust to the foiremin or an ould-fashioned pail av water, an' don't be afther buyin' flasks av cologny-perfume to put out foires wid.'

MY UNCLE'S REQUEST.—C. WILCOX.

Four individuals—namely, my wife, my infant son, my maid-of-all-work, and myself—occupy one of a row of very small houses in the suburbs of London. I am a thoroughly domestic man, and notwithstanding that my occupation necessitates absence from my mansion between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M., my heart is generally at home with my diminutive household. My wife and I love regularity and quiet above all things; and although, since the arrival of my son and heir, we had not enjoyed that peace which we did during the first year of our married

life, yet his juvenile, though somewhat powerful little lungs had as yet failed in making ours a noisy house. Our regularity had, moreover, remained undisturbed, and we got up, went to bed, dined, breakfasted, and teaed at the same time, day after day.

We had been going on in this clockwork fashion for a year and a half, when one morning the postman brought to our door a letter of ominous appearance, and on looking at the direction, I found that it came from an old, rich, and very eccentric uncle of mine, with whom, for certain reasons, we wished to remain on the best of terms. 'What can Uncle Martin have to write about!' was our simultaneous exclamation, and I opened it with considerable curiosity.

MARTIN HOUSE, HERTS, *October* 17.

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

We looked at each other in silence, and then my wife said: 'They 're only birds; it might have been worse.'

I said nothing, but got a book on natural history, and turned to 'Stork.' With trembling fingers I passed over the fact of 'his hind toe being short, the middle toe long, and joined to the outer one by a large membrane, and by a smaller one to the inner toe,' because that would not matter much for one night; but I groaned out to my wife the pleasant intelligence that 'his height is four feet, his appetite extremely voracious,' and 'his food—frogs, mice, worms, snails, and eels.' Where were we to provide a supper and breakfast of this description for him?

I went to my office, and passed anything but a pleasant day, my thoughts constantly reverting to our expected visitors. At four o'clock I took a cab to the docks, and on arriving there, inquired for the ship, which was pointed out to me as 'the one with the crowd upon the quay.' On driving up, I discovered why there was a crowd, and the discovery did not bring comfort

with it. On the deck, on one leg, stood the stork. Whether it was the sea-voyage, or the leaving his home, or, being a stork of high moral principle, he was grieving at the continual, and rather joyous and exultant swearing of the parrot, I do not know, but I never saw a more melancholy-looking object in my life.

I went down on the deck, and did not like the expression of relief that came over the captain's face when he found what I had come for. The transmission of the parrot from the ship to the cab was an easy matter, as he was in a cage, but the stork was merely tethered by one leg; and although he did his best, when brought to the foot of the ladder, in trying to get up, he failed utterly, and had to be half-shoved, half-hauled all the way; which, as he got astride, after the manner of equestrians, on every other bar, was a work of some difficulty. I hurried him into the cab, and ordering the man to drive as quick as possible, got in with my guests. At first, I had to keep dodging my head about, to keep my face away from his bill as he turned round; but all of a sudden he broke the little window at the back of the cab, thrust his head through, and would keep it there, notwithstanding I kept pulling him back. Consequently, when we drew up at my door, there was a mob of about a thousand strong around us. I got him in as quick as I could, and shut the door.

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

manœuvred him by throwing a table-cloth over his head, and then rushing by him, gained the top of the stairs before he could disentangle himself.

Added to all this, we had to endure language from that parrot which would have disgraced a pot-house; indeed, so scurrilous did he become, that we had to take him and lock him up in the coal-hole, where, from fatigue, or the darkness of his bedroom, he soon swore himself to sleep.

We were quite ready for rest, and the forgetfulness which, we hoped, sleep, that 'balm of hurt minds,' would bring with it; but our peace was not to last long. About 2 A.M., I was awakened by my wife, and told to listen; I did so, and heard a sort of scrambling noise outside the door.

'What can that be?' thought I.

'He has broken his string, and is coming up-stairs,' said my wife; and then, remembering that the nursery-door was generally left open, she urged my immediately stopping his further progress.

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

My wife's expression at the idea of my considering myself before the baby, determined me at once, come what might, to go and do him battle. Out I went, and sure enough, there he was on the landing, resting himself, after his unusual exertion, by tucking one leg up. He looked so subdued, that I was about to take him by the string and lead him down-stairs, when he drew back his head, and in less time than it takes to relate, I was back in my room, bleeding profusely from a very severe wound in the leg. I shouted out to the nurse to shut the door, and determined to let the infamous bird go where he liked. I bound up my leg and went to bed again; but the thought that there was a stork wandering about the house prevented me from getting any more sleep. From certain sounds that we heard, we had little doubt that he was passing some of his time in the cupboard where we kept our spare crockery, and an inspection the next day confirmed this.

In the morning I ventured cautiously out, and finding he was in our spare bedroom, I shut the door upon him. I then

sent for a large sack, and with the help of the table-cloth, and the boy who cleans our shoes, we got him into it without any further personal damage. I took him off in this way to the station, and sent him and the parrot off to my uncle by the first train.

We have determined that, taking our chance about a place in my uncle's will or not, we will never again have anything to do with any foreign animals, however much he may ask and desire it.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE MEMBRANEOUS CROUP.—MARK TWAIN.

When that frightful and incurable disease membraneous croup was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror, I called Mrs McWilliams's attention to little Penelope and said:

'Darling, I wouldn't let that child chew that pine stick if I were you.'

'Precious, where is the harm in it?' said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick. I replied:

'Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat.'

My wife's hand paused in the act of taking the stick. She bridled perceptibly and said:

'Hubby, you know better than that. You know you do. Doctors *all* say that the turpentine in pine wood is good for a weak back and the kidneys.'

'Ah, I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician had recommended'——

'Who said the child's spine and kidneys were affected?'

'My love, you intimated it.'

'The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind.'

'Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said'——

'I don't care what I said. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she wants to, and you

know it perfectly well. And she shall chew it, too. So there, now!'

'Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want, while I'——

'Oh, please go along to your office and let me haye some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark, but you must take it up and go to arguing and arguing and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do!'

'Very well. It shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which'——

However she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her.

That night she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet.

'Oh, Mortimer, there's another! Little Georgie Gordon is taken!'

'Membraneous croup?'

'Membraneous croup.'

'Is there any hope for him?'

'None in the wide world! Oh, what is to become of us?'

By-and-by the nurse brought in our Penelope to say good-night, and she gave a slight cough. My wife fell back like one stricken with death, but the next moment she was up and brimming with the activities which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bedroom, and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We arranged matters speedily. A cot bed was put up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse, but now Mrs McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he, too, were to have the symptoms in the night? and she blanched again, poor thing. We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery, and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs McWilliams said, suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope! This thought struck a new

panic to her heart, and the whole tribe of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person, and well-nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down-stairs; but there was no place there to stow the nurse, and Mrs M. W. ... said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we returned bag and baggage to our own bedroom once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffeted birds that have found their nest again.

Mrs McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said: 'What can make baby sleep so?'

I said: 'Why, my darling, baby always sleeps like a graven image.'

'I know, I know; but there's something peculiar about his sleep now. He seems to breathe so—so regularly. Oh, this is dreadful!'

'But, my dear, he always breathes regularly.'

'Oh, I know it, but there's something frightful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens.'

'That's a good idea, but who will help you?'

'You can help me all I want. I wouldn't allow anybody but myself to do anything, anyhow, at such a time as this.'

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

'Oh, why don't that doctor come! Mortimer, this room is too warm. Turn off the register, quick!'

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering if seventy degrees was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from town with the news that our physician was ill and confined to his bed. Mrs McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me and said in a dead voice:

'There is a providence in it. It is foreordained. He never was sick before, never. We have not been living as we ought to live, Mortimer. Time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result. Our child will never get well.

Be thankful if you can forgive yourself. I never can forgive myself!'

I said, without intent to hurt, but with heedless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

'*Mortimer!* Do you want to bring the judgment upon Baby too?'

Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed:

'The doctor must have sent medicines!'

'Certainly. They are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance.'

'Well, do give them to me. Don't you know that every minute is precious now? But what was the use of sending medicines when he *knows* that the disease is incurable?'

I said that while there was life there was hope.

'Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than a child unborn. If you would—— As I live, the directions say, give one teaspoonful once an hour! Once an hour! As if we had a whole year before us to save the child in! Mortimer, please hurry! Give the poor perishing thing a tablespoonful, and do *try* to be quick!'

'Why, my dear, a tablespoonful might'——

'Don't drive me frantic! Oh, I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a tablespoonful every half-hour will—— Oh, the child needs belladonna too, and aconite! Get them, Mortimer. Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things.'

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn me out, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. Mrs McWilliams roused me.

'Darling, is that register turned on?'

'No.'

'I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. The room is cold.'

I turned it on and fell asleep again. I was aroused again.

'Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register.'

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more while my wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

'Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease. Will you ring?'

I climbed dreamily out, and stepped on a cat, which responded with a protest and would have got a convincing kick for it—if a chair had not got it instead.

'Now, Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake up the child again?'

'Because I want to see how much I am hurt,' I said.

'Well, look at the chair, too. I've no doubt it's ruined. Poor cat! I suppose you had'——

'Now I am not going to suppose anything about the cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been here to attend to these duties, which are in her line, not mine.'

'Now, Mortimer, I should think you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you can't do the few little things I ask of you at such an awful time as this, when our child is'——

'There, there, I'll do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They are all gone to bed. Where is the goose-grease?'

'On the mantelpiece in the nursery. If you'll step there and speak to Maria'——

I fetched the goose-grease and went to sleep again. Once more I was called.

'Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but this room is too cold to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It's all ready to touch a match to.'

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, then sat down disconsolate.

'Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed.'

As I was stepping in she said:

'Wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine.'

It was a medicine which made the child lively, and my wife made use of its waking interval to grease it all over with the goose-oil. I was asleep once more before long, but once more I had to get up.

'Mortimer, I feel a draught. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draught. Please move the crib in front of the fire.'

I did it, and collided with the rug again, which I threw into the fire. Mrs McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it, and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up by request and constructed a flax-seed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs McWilliams the opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now and then, between times, I reorganised the flax-seed poultices, and applied all sorts of blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Towards morning the wood gave out, and my wife wanted me to go down to the cellar and get more. I said:

'My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be nearly warm enough with all her extra clothing. We might put on an extra layer of poultices and'——

I did not finish because I was interrupted. I lugged up wood for some little time, then lay down and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. Just at broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down upon me and gasping.

'It is all over! All over! The child's perspiring! What shall we do?'

'Mercy, how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do!'

'There is not a moment to lose! Go for the doctor. Go yourself. Tell him he *must* come, dead or alive!'

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed and brought

him. He looked at the child and said she was not dying. This was joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as angry as if he had offered her a personal affront. Then he said that the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this my wife looked as if she intended to show him the door. He said he would give her something that would make her dislodge the trouble. He sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood splinter or two.

'This child has no croup,' said he. 'She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind and got some little slivers in her throat. They won't do her any hurt.'

'No,' said I. 'Indeed the turpentine in them is very good for certain kinds of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so.'

But she did not. She turned away in disdain and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to. And so our days flow by in deep and untroubled serenity.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Sam had been a full hour and a half in the parlour of the Blue Boar, writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

Mr Weller divested himself of his upper coat, and lighting his pipe, and placing himself in front of the fire, with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to 'fire away.'

Sam dipped his pen into the ink, to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air;

'"Lovely"'——

'Stop,' said Mr Weller, ringing the bell. 'A double glass o' the invariable, my dear.'

'Very well, sir,' replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

'They seem to know your ways here,' observed Sam.

'Yes,' replied his father, 'I've been here before in my time. Go on, Sammy.'

'"Lovely creetur',"' repeated Sam.

''Tain't in poetry, is it?' interposed the father.

'No, no,' replied Sam.

'Wery glad to hear it,' said Mr Weller. 'Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin'-day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellers; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy.'

Mr Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

'"Lovely creetur', I feel myself a charmed"'——

'That ain't proper,' said Mr Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

'No, it ain't charmed,' observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light; 'it's 'shamed; there's a blot there—"I feel myself ashamed."'

'Wery good,' said Mr Weller. 'Go on.'

'"Feel myself ashamed and completely cir"—— I forget wot this here word is,' said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

'Why don't you look at it, then?' inquired Mr Weller.

'So I *am* lookin' at it,' replied Sam, 'but there's another blot; here's a "c," and a "i," and a "d."'

'Circumwented, p'r'aps,' suggested Mr Weller.

'No, it ain't that,' said Sam; 'circumscribed—that's it.'

'That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy,' said Mr Weller, gravely.

'Think not?' said Sam.

'Nothin' like it,' replied his father.

'But don't you think it means more?' inquired Sam.

'Vell, p'r'aps it is a more tenderer word,' said Mr Weller, after a few moments' reflection. 'Go on, Sammy.'

'"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal, and nothin' but it."'

'That's a wery pretty sentiment,' said the elder Mr Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

'Yes, I think it is rayther good,' observed Sam, highly flattered.

'Wot I like in that 'ere style of writing,' said the elder Mr Weller, 'is, that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind: wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or an angel, Sammy?'

'Ah! what, indeed?' replied Sam.

'You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, vich is wery vell known to be a collection o' fabulous animals,' added Mr Weller.

'Just as well,' replied Sam.

'Drive on, Sammy,' said Mr Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency which was particularly edifying.

'"Afore I see you I thought all women was alike."'

'So they are,' observed the elder Mr Weller, parenthetically.

'"But now,"' continued Sam, '"now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all." I thought it best to make that rayther strong,' said Sam, looking up.

Mr Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed:

'"So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (which, p'r'aps, you may have heerd on, Mary, my dear), although it *does* finish a portrait, and puts the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter."'

'I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy,' said Mr Weller, dubiously.

'No, it don't,' replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

'"Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your walentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude." That's all,' said Sam.

'That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?' inquired Mr Weller.

'Not a bit on it,' said Sam; 'she'll vish there vos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'.'

'Well,' said Mr Weller, 'there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law'd only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a-goin' to sign it?'

'That's the difficulty,' said Sam; 'I don't know what *to* sign it.'

'Sign it—Veller,' said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

'Won't do,' said Sam. 'Never sign a walentine with your own name.'

'Sign it—Pickwick, then,' said Mr Weller; 'it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell.'

'The wery thing,' said Sam. 'I *could* end with a verse; what do you think?'

'I don't like it, Sam,' rejoined Mr Weller. 'I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he was hung for highway robbery, and *he* was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule.'

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter

'Your love-sick PICKWICK,'

and having folded it in a very intricate manner, he squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner—'To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr Nupkins's, Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk'—and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

A RAILWAY MATINÉE.—R. J. BURDETTE.

The last time I ran home over the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy we had a very small, but select and entertaining, party on the train. It was a warm day, and everybody was tired with the long ride and oppressed by the heat. The precise woman, with her hat swathed in an immense blue veil, who always parsed her sentences before she uttered them, completely worn out and thoroughly lonesome, was glad to respond to the pleasant nod of the big rough man who got on at Monmouth, and didn't know enough grammar to ask for the mustard so that you could tell whether he wanted you to pass it to him or pour it on his hair. The thin, troubled-looking man with the sandy goatee, who stammered so dreadfully that he always forgot what he wanted to say before he got through wrestling with any word with a 'W' in it, lit up with a tremulous, hesitating smile, as he noticed this indication of sociability; for, like most men who find it extremely difficult to talk at all, he wanted to talk all the time. And the fat old gentleman sitting opposite him, who was so deaf he couldn't hear the cars rattle, and always awed and bothered the stammerer into silence by saying 'Hey?' in a very imperative tone every time he got in the middle of a hard word, cocked his irascible head on one side as he saw this smile, and after listening intently to dead silence for a minute, suddenly broke out with such an emphatic, impatient 'Hey?' that everybody in the car started up and shouted, nervously and ungrammatically: 'I didn't say nothing!' with the exception of the woman with the blue veil, who said: 'I said nothing!'

The fat old gentleman was a little annoyed and startled by such a chorus of responses, and fixing his gaze still more intently upon the thin man, said defiantly:

'Wha' say?'

'I-I-I-I w-w-wuh-wuh-wasn'-wasn'—I wasn' s-s-sp—speak'——

'Hey?' roared the fat man.

'He wa'n't sayin' nauthin',' shouted the big rough man,

nodding friendly encouragement to the thin man; 'he hain't opened his mouth!'

'Soap in the South?' queried the fat old gentleman, impatiently. 'Wha' for?'

'Mouth, mouth,' explained the precise woman, with impressive nicety. 'He said, "opened his mouth." The gentleman seated directly opposite you was'——

'"Offers to chew," what?' cried the fat old gentleman in amazement.

'Sir,' said the precise woman, 'I made no reference whatever to chewing. You certainly misunderstood me.'

The thin man took courage from so many reinforcements, and broke in:

'I-I-I-I d-d-d-dud-d-u-d-d-u-d-don't-don't—I don't ch-ch-ch'——

'Hey?' shouted the fat gentleman.

'He don't chaw nauthin'!' roared the big rough man, in a voice that made the car windows rattle. 'He wa'n't a talkin' when you shot off at him!'

'Who got off?' exclaimed the fat old gentleman. 'Wha' d' he get off for?'

'You don't appear to comprehend clearly what he stated,' shrieked the precise woman. 'No person has left the train.'

'Then wha' d' he say so for?' shouted the fat man.

'Oh!' said the thin man, in a surprising burst of fluency; 'he-he-de d-d-did-did'——

'Who did?' queried the fat man, talking louder than any one else.

'Num-num-num-num-n-no-nobody, nobody. He-he d-d-d-dud-didn't-didn't s'——

'Then wha' made you say he did?' howled the deaf man.

'You misunderstand him,' interrupted the precise woman. 'He was probably about to remark that no reference whatever had been intentionally made to the departure of any person from the train, when you interrupted him in the midst of an unfinished sentence, and hence obtained an erroneous impression of the tenor of his remarks. He meant no offence'——

'Know a fence?' roared the fat man. 'Of course I know a fence!'

'He hain't got middlin' good hearin',' yelled the big man, as apologetically as a steam-whistle could have shrieked it. 'Y' ears kind of stuffed up!'

'Time to brush up?' cried the fat man. 'Wha' for?'

'No,' shrieked the precise woman; 'he remarked to the other gentleman that your hearing appeared to be rather defective.'

'His father a detective?' hooted the fat gentleman in amazement.

'N-n-n-n-nun-nun-no!" broke in the thin man; 'h-h-h-h-huh-huh-he-s-s-sa-sa-said-said you w-w-w-wuh was a little dud-dud—was a little deaf?'

'Said I was a thief!' howled the fat man, a scarlet tornado of wrath; 'said I was a thief! Wha' d'ye mean? Show him to me! Who says I'm a thief? Who says so?'

'Now,' shouted the big rough man, 'nobody don't say ye ain't no thief. I jist sayed as how we didn't git along very well. Ye see he,' nodding to the thin man, 'he can't talk very well, an''——

'Wh-wh-wh-why c-c-can't I t-t-t-tut-tut-tut-talk?' broke in the thin man, white with rage. 'I-I-I-I'd like t-t-to know wh-wh-wh-what's the reason I c-c-can't tut-tut-talk as w-w-w-well as any bub-bub-body that's bub-bub-bub-been tut-tut-talking on this car ever s-s-s-since the tut-tut-tut'——

'Hey?' roared the fat man, in an explosion of indignant suspicion.

'I was sayin',' howled the big rough man, 'as how he didn't talk middlin' well'——

'Should say so,' growled the fat man, in tones of intense satisfaction.

'And,' the big rough man went on, yelling with delight at having made the old party hear something, 'and you can't hear only tollable'——

'Can't hear?' the fat old gentleman broke out in a resonant roar. 'Can't hear! Like to know why I can't hear! Why can't I? If I couldn't hear better than half the people on this train I'd cut off my ears! Can't hear? It's news to me if I can't. I'd like to know who'——

'Burlington!' yelled the brakeman. 'Chag car f'r Keokuk,

Ceed Rap's an' For' Mad'son! This car f'r Omaha! Twen' mints f'r supper!'

And but for this timely interruption, I don't think our pleasant little party would have got out of that snarl this side of San Francisco.

TRIPLET AND FAMILY.—CHARLES READE.

James Triplet, water in his eye, but fire in his heart, went home on wings. Arrived there, he anticipated curiosity by informing all hands that he should answer no questions. Only in the intervals of a work which was to take the family out of all their troubles, he should gradually unfold a tale verging on the marvellous—a tale whose only fault was that fiction, by which alone the family could hope to be great, paled beside it. He then seized some sheets of paper, fished out some old dramatic sketches and a list of *dramatis personæ* prepared years ago, and plunged into a comedy.

Mrs Triplet groaned aloud with a world of meaning.

'Wife,' said Triplet, 'don't put me into a frame of mind in which successful comedies are not written.'

He scribbled away, but his wife's despondency told upon the man of disappointments. He stuck fast; then he became fidgety.

'Do keep those children quiet!' said the father.

'Hush, my dears,' said the mother, 'let your father write. Comedy seems to give you more trouble than tragedy, James,' she added soothingly.

'Yes,' was his answer. 'Sorrow comes somehow more natural to me. But for all that I have got a bright thought, Mrs Triplet. Listen, all of you. You see, Jane, they are all at a sumptuous banquet—all the *dramatis personæ*.' Triplet went on writing and reading aloud. 'Music, sparkling wine, massive plate, rose-water in the hand-glasses, soup, fish—shall I have three sorts of fish? I will. They are cheap in this market. Ah, Fortune, you wretch, here, at least, I am your master, and I'll make you know it! Venison,' wrote Triplet with a

malicious grin, 'game, pickles, &c. Then up jumps one of the guests and says he'——

'Oh dear! I'm so hungry!'

This was not from the comedy, but from one of the boys.

'And so am I!' cried a girl.

'That is an absurd remark, Lysimachus,' said Triplet with a suspicious calmness. 'How can a boy be hungry three hours after breakfast?'

'But, father, there was no breakfast for breakfast.'

'Now I ask you, Mrs Triplet,' appealed the author, 'how I am to write comic scenes if Lysimachus and Roxalana here put in the heavy business every five minutes?'

'Forgive them—the poor things are hungry.'

'Then let them be hungry in another room,' said the irritated scribe. 'They shan't cling round my pen and paralyse it just when it is going to make all our fortunes; but you women,' snapped Triplet the Just, 'have no consideration for people's feelings! Send them all to bed—every man Jack of them.'

Finding the conversation taking this turn, the children raised a unanimous howl.

Triplet darted a fierce glance at them.

'Hungry! hungry!' cried he. 'Is that a proper expression to use before a father who is sitting down here all gaiety'—scratching wildly with his pen—'and hilarity—to write a com—comedy?'—— He choked a moment, and then in a very different tone, all sadness and tenderness, he said, 'Where's the youngest? Where's Lucy? As if I didn't know you were hungry!'

Lucy came to him directly. He took her on his knee, pressed her gently to his side, and wrote silently.

'Father,' said Lucy, aged five, the germ of a woman, 'I am not so very hungry.'

'And I'm not hungry at all,' said bluff Lysimachus, taking his sister's cue; and then going upon his own tack he added, 'I had a great piece of bread and butter yesterday.'

'Play us a tune on the fiddle, father,' said Lucy.

'Ay, do, husband. That helps you often in your writing.'

Lysimachus brought the fiddle, and Triplet essayed a merry tune; but it came out so doleful that he shook his head and laid the instrument down.

'No,' said he, 'let us be serious and finish this comedy slap off. Perhaps it hitches because I forgot to invoke the comic muse. She must be a black-hearted jade if she doesn't come with merry notions to a poor devil, starving in the midst of his starving little ones.'

'We are past help from heathen goddesses,' said the woman. 'We must pray to Heaven to look down upon us and our children.'

The man looked up with a very bad expression on his countenance.

'You forget,' said he, sullenly. 'Our street is very narrow and the opposite houses are very high.'

'James!'

'How can Heaven be expected to see what honest folk endure in such a hole as this?' cried the man fiercely.

'James!' said the woman with fear and sorrow, 'what words are these?'

The man rose and flung his pen upon the floor.

'Have we given honesty a fair trial—yes or no?'

'No,' said the woman without a moment's hesitation, 'not till we die as we have lived. Children,' said she, lest perchance her husband's words should have harmed their young souls, 'the sky is above the earth, and Heaven is higher than the sky, and Heaven is just.'

'I suppose it is so,' said the man, a little cowed by her. 'Everybody says so, but I can't see it; I want to see it, but I can't,' cried he fiercely. 'Have my children offended Heaven? They will starve! They will die! If I was Heaven I would be just and send an angel to take these children's part. They cried to me for bread—I had no bread, so I gave them hard words. The moment I had done that I knew it was all over. God knows it took a long while to break my heart, but it is broken at last—quite, quite broken!'

The poor man laid his head upon the table and sobbed beyond all power of restraint. The children cried round him,

scarce knowing why, and Mrs Triplet could only say, 'My poor husband!' and prayed and wept upon the couch where she lay.

It was at this juncture that a lady who had knocked gently and unheard, opened the door and with a light step entered the apartment.

'Wasn't somebody inquiring for an angel just now? Here I am! See, Mr Triplet!'

'Mrs Woffington,' said Triplet, rising and introducing her to his wife. Mrs Woffington planted herself in the middle of the floor, and with a comical glance, setting her arms akimbo, uttered a shrill whistle.

'Now you will see another angel—there are two sorts of them.'

Her black servant Pompey came in with a basket. She took it from him.

'I heard that you were ill, ma'am, and I have brought you some medicine from Burgundy. Mrs Triplet, will you allow me to eat my luncheon with you? I am very hungry.' Turning towards Pompey she sent him out for a pie which she professed she had fallen in love with at the corner of the street.

'Mother,' said Alcibiades, 'will the lady give me a bit of her pie?'

'Hush, you rude boy!' cried the mother.

'She is not much of a lady if she does not,' cried Mrs Woffington. 'Eat away, children. Now's your time! When once I begin, the pie will soon end.'

Lucy said gravely, 'The lady is very funny. Do you ever cry, pretty lady?'

'Oh, of course not!' ironically.

'Comedy is crying,' said Lucy, confidentially. 'Father cried all the time he was writing his one.'

Triplet turned red as fire.

'Hold your tongue!' said he. 'I was bursting with merriment. Wife, our children talk too much; they put their noses into everything and criticise their own father. And when they take up a notion, Socrates couldn't convince them to the con-

trary. For instance, madame, all this morning they thought fit to assume that they were starving.'

'So we were,' said Lysimachus, 'till the angel came and then sent out for a pie.'

'There—there—there—now you mark my words,' said Triplet. 'We shall never get that idea out of their heads'——

'Until,' said Mrs Woffington, putting another huge piece of pie into Roxalana's plate, 'we put a very different idea into their stomachs.' This and the look she cast upon Mrs Triplet fairly caught that good though sombre personage. She giggled, put her hand to her face, and said: 'I'm sure I ask your pardon, ma'am.'

It was no use. The comedian had determined that they should all laugh, and they were made to laugh. Their first feeling was wonder. Were they the same who ten minutes ago were weeping together? Yes! Ten minutes ago they were rayless, joyless, hopeless. Now the sun was in their hearts, and sighing and sorrow had fled away. It was magical! Could a mortal play upon the soul of man, woman, and child like this? Happy Mrs Woffington! And suppose this was more than half acting, but such acting as Triplet never dreamed of? If it were art, glory to such art so worthily applied, and honour to such creatures as this, that come like sunshine into poor men's homes, and turn drooping hearts to happiness and hope.—*Peg Woffington.*

DRAMATIC PIECES.

GEOFFREY WYNYARD'S WOOING.—W. S. GILBERT.

Three Characters.

DAN'L DRUCE, blacksmith.
DOROTHY, his adopted daughter.
GEOFFREY WYNYARD, a merchant sailor.

SCENE.—*Interior of* DAN'L DRUCE'S *Forge.*

Enter DOROTHY.

Dor. Oh, father, thou shouldst see the Green, by Raby's End. The village is brave with banners and garlands to do honour to Sir Jasper Combe.

Dan. I shall be right glad to welcome him, but [*wearily*] I'll not go to Raby's End to do it.

Dor. Art thou wearied, father?

Dan. Growin' old, lass, growin' old. It's one o' those blessings that allers comes to him that waits long enough. But I don't grumble, Dorothy. If old age will leave me strength enough to pull a pipe and empty a tankard—two things thou canst not do for me, Dorothy—why, that's all I ask. My lass can do the rest.

Dor. As I have been to thee, so will I be to the end.

Dan. There's no saying, Dorothy. Thou'rt comely, lass, and mebbe, ere long, some smart young lad will whip thee from my arms and carry thee away to t'other side o' the sunrise. There's more'n one within a mile o' this who'd give his right arm to do it now.

Dor. Nay, thou art unkind. Did I not tend thee when thou wast hale and strong, and shall I desert thee now that thou hast most need of me?

Dan. [*With emotion.*] My lass, Heaven knows I never needed thee more than when thou wast left at my hut fourteen year since. But I've news to gladden thee—thine old playmate, Geoffrey Wynyard, is returned from sea, and is now on his road from Norwich to see thee.

Dor. Geoffrey returned? Oh, I am right glad! Oh, indeed, father, I am right glad! Truly thou hast brought me fair news. And is he well—and hath he prospered?

Dan. Aye, and growed out o' knowledge. He was but a long-legged lad when he left, but he 's a man now, and a goodly one, I warrant thee. See to him when he cometh, for he 'll bide here wi' us. [*Pause.*] My darlin'—thou 'lt never leave me?

Dor. Never, while I live.

Dan. God bless thee, my child. [*Kisses her and exit.*

Dor. Geoffrey returned! and Geoffrey a stalwart mariner, and grown to man's estate! I can scarce believe it! Of a truth I could weep for very joy! I was but a child when he left, and now—I am seventeen! Geoffrey loved children—it may be that he will be displeased with me now that I am a woman. I am rejoiced that I am decked in my new gown—it is more seemly than the russet, in which, methinks, I did look pale. Geoffrey a man!—my old playmate a man! Pity that I have not my new shoes, for they are comely; but they do compress my feet, and so pain me sorely. Nevertheless, I will put them on [*rising*], for 'it behoveth a maiden to be neatly apparelled at all seasons.

Enter GEOFFREY.

Geof. Mistress Dorothy!

Dor. [*Turning—she starts.*] Geoffrey! Oh, Geoffrey! [*She rushes towards him.*

Geof. Mistress Dorothy, I am right glad to hold thy little hand once more. I have had this moment in view for many, many months.

Dor. And I too, Master Geoffrey; and oh, I am indeed rejoiced!

Geof. How thou art grown! A woman! By my right hand, a very woman!

Dor. Yes, Master Geoffrey, I am a woman now

Geof. And a fair one, Mistress Dorothy. Nay, 'tis but truth; and truth is made to be told. May I not say that thou art fair?

Dor. Yes, Master Geoffrey, if thou thinkest so in good sooth.

Geof. In good sooth I do. It is strange to be back in the old village again, after three years of blue water. And yet it seems but yesterday that we tossed hay together in the five-acre field.

Dor. I think the time must speed more swiftly with those who seek their fortunes in distant lands, for though I have been happy and full of content, yet it seemeth more than three years since thy departure.

Geof. Yet barely three years have gone.

Dor. [*Sighing.*] It seemeth more.

Geof. The time hath sped with me despite the long night watches and the never-ending days of a calm tropical sea; for no hour is so long but that I can fill it with thoughts of thee, Mistress Dorothy.

Dor. I am rejoiced to know this, for my mind has often dwelt on thy fortunes. Many a time, when the old forge rocked in the wintry gale, my heart has been sad for thee, and I have lain awake weeping and praying for—for——

Geof. For me?

Dor. For all who go down to the sea in ships.

Geof. In truth, if the sea had no other charm I would be a sailor, that I might have thy prayers, Mistress Dorothy.

Dor. Nay, but if it consisted with thy duty to abandon thy perilous calling, and bide here with us for ever, my poor prayers would still be thine, Master Geoffrey. But thou lovest the sea. [*Sighing.*

Geof. All sailors love the sea.

Dor. It is strange, for the sea is cold and cruel and fierce, and many brave men are yearly swallowed up of it.

Geof. Dorothy, I love the sea dearly. There is but one love that is stronger in my heart—one love for which I would yield it up for ever and ever. Dear Dorothy, I have loved thee, boy and man, for ten years past; and I shall love thee, come what may, through my life. I came here to-day to tell thee this. I thought how to say it, but all that I thought of is gone—it's my heart that's speaking now and not my tongue. Bear with me, Dorothy, for every hope of my life—every waking and sleeping dream of ten years past—is in the words I'm speaking now.

Dor. Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey, I know not what to say!

Geof. Fear not for thy father, for I will quit the sea. Sir Jasper has offered to make me his secretary, and that is why I have come. But say nay, and I must needs go to sea again.

Dor. Oh, Geoffrey—let me think—let me think! Do I love thee? I cannot say. It may be that I do—and yet—thou must not go to sea. Oh, I have given no thought to it. Truly thou art dear to me, for I am rejoiced when thou comest, and I am sorely grieved when thou goest. Is that love?

Geof. Dorothy, let us inquire into this.

Dor. Right willingly, for if I love thee I would fain know it, that I might gladden thine heart by telling thee so.

Geof. Then attend to me, sweetheart, while I paint a picture for thee. We will suppose that I have given up the sea—that I have bought a little farm near at hand, and that I have come to live here, close to thee and thy father, for the rest of my life. Canst thou see the picture I am painting?

Dor. Aye. It is a pleasant picture.

Geof. Living here, close to thee, I naturally see thee very often.

Dor. [*Pleased.*] Every day?

Geof. Twice—maybe thrice—a day—for my horses need much shoeing, and I always bring them to the forge myself. Is that pleasant?

Dor. Very pleasant. And on Sabbath thou takest me to church?

Geof. Aye, save only when some other village gallant is beforehand with me and offers to escort thee thither, and in such case I am fain to take Farmer Such-an-one's daughter instead.

Dor. Nay, that were needless, for I would have no other escort than thou.

Geof. Yet it behoves one to be neighbourly, and if Farmer Such-an-one says to me, 'Come and see Susan, for she's lonely and wants cheering'——

Dor. Susan?

Geof. That's the farmer's daughter.

Dor. Is she fair?

Geof. Very fair. What then?

Dor. Why then, thou wouldst not go.

Geof. [*Slyly.*] And wherefore not?

Dor. Wherefore not? Oh, well, wherefore not indeed! Go to Susan if thou wilt, Geoffrey. It is not for me to hinder thee!

Geof. Well, then, I would *not* go. And so we live on—happy—very, very happy, for, say, a year. But a change is at hand. My crops fail, my cattle die, and one evil night my homestead is burnt to the ground, and I am penniless.

Dor. Oh!

Geof. So there is nothing for it but to go to sea again, for three long years.

Dor. No, no, Geoffrey—oh no!

Geof. The time of parting draws near—a few weeks—a few days—a few hours. These few hours we have passed in silence, sitting hand in hand, thou and I. There are tears in my eyes, though I strive to check them, and there are sad thoughts in thine heart, also. Well, at last the horse is at the door and it is time to go. I am at thy porch—one foot in stirrup—one hurried 'God-speed'—and—I am gone.

Dor. Oh no, no, Geoffrey. I cannot bear it.

Geof. Months pass by and no news of me. The village seems blank at first without me, the walks to church seem long and lonely, and the evenings sad and cheerless. At last come tidings of a wrecked ship—thine heart beats quickly, for the name of the ship is

the name of mine. Of all the crew but one man is saved, and that man's name—is not Geoffrey Wynyard—for Geoffrey has gone down to his death in the dark waters.

Dor. No, no, Geoffrey, be silent. I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it; have mercy, for I cannot bear it!

Geof. And dost thou love me?

Dor. [*Bashfully.*] Oh, Geoffrey! [*Pause.*

Geof. Art thou happy, Dorothy?

Dor. Passing happy! And thou?

Geof. Passing happy. [*He places a ring on her finger.*

Dor. Oh, Geoffrey, what is this?

Geof. A ring that I have brought thee from Venice, where there are cunning workers in such matters. Let it stay there in earnest of another ring of plainer workmanship that is not beyond the craft of our English goldsmiths to fashion.

(From *Dan'l Druce*, by kind permission of the author.)

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—ANON.

SNOBBLETON *solus.*

Snobbleton. Yes, there is that fellow Jones again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her like her shadow. Do we go boating?—so does Jones. Do we wander on the beach?—so does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretence of doing so if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match if I cannot spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it. A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

Enter JONES.

Jones. [*Not seeing Snobbleton, and delightedly contemplating a flower which he holds in his hand.*] Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair; I saw it fall from her queenly head. [*Kisses it every now and then.*] How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—— Bless me, here is Snobbleton, and we are enemies!

Snob. Good-morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

Jones. What! you—you forgive! You really——

Snob. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

Jones. With all my heart, my dear fellow.

Snob. What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

Jones. Bless me, you don't say so! [*Aside.*] Confound the man! Here have I been endeavouring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called grumpy—it is unbearable!

Snob. But never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. I know what it is to be in——

Jones. Ah! you can then sympathise with me. You know what it is to be in——

Snob. Of *course* I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! And then the letters—the interminable letters!

Jones. Oh yes, the letters—the *billets-doux!*

Snob. And the bills—the endless bills!

Jones. The bills!

Snob. Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

Jones. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in——

Snob. In debt. *To be sure* I did.

Jones. Bless me! I 'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah me! it 's worse than *that.*

Snob. Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You 're surely not in love?

Jones. Yes I am. Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

Snob. Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow. See! I do not shrink—I stand firm.

Jones. Snobby, I—I love her.

Snob. Whom?

Jones. Your cousin Prudence.

Snob. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winter?

Jones. Now don't be angry, Snobby; I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

Snob. Harm! my dear fellow—not a bit of it. Angry!—not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both.

Jones. You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got her consent yet.

Snob. Well, that is something, to be sure. But leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect——

Jones. Defect! You surprise me.

Snob. What! and you did not know of it?

Jones. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious, I hope?

Snob. Oh no; only a little—— [*He taps his ear with his finger knowingly.*] I see you understand it.

Jones. Merciful Heaven! can it be? But, really, is it serious?

Snob. I should think it was.

Jones. What! But is she ever dangerous?

Snob. Dangerous! Why should she be?

Jones. Oh, I perceive. A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration —scorning the dull world—a mild——

Snob. Zounds! man, she's not crazy!

Jones. My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

Snob. Slightly deaf—that's all.

Jones. Deaf!

Snob. As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Jones. Is it possible? However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say [*elevating his voice considerably*], 'Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?' I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

Snob. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

Jones. Well, how would this do? [*Speaks very loudly.*] 'Miss, will you make me happy'—

Snob. Louder, shriller, man!

Jones. 'Miss, will you'——

Snob. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

Jones. [*Almost screaming.*] 'Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?'

Snob. There, that may do. Still, you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Jones. Very good. Meantime I will go down to the beach, and endeavour to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: 'Miss, will you oblige me'—— [*Exit* JONES.

Enter PRUDENCE.

Prudence. Good-morning, cousin. Who was that speaking so loudly?

Snob. Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Pru. Why, I was not aware of this. Is he very deaf?

Snob. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure, he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he 's in love.

Pru. In love! with whom?

Snob. Can't you guess?

Pru. Oh no; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snob. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Pru. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man, I suppose he would hear me if I should say [*speaks loudly*] 'Good-morning, Mr Jones?'

Snob. Do you think he would hear *that?*

Pru. Well, then, how would [*speaks very loudly*] 'Good-morning, Mr Jones?' How would that do?

Snob. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Pru. [*Almost screaming.*] 'Good-morning!'

Snob. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now do try and make yourself audible.

Enter JONES.

Snob. [*Speaking in a high voice.*] Mr Jones, cousin. Miss Winter, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. [*He retires, but remains where he can view the speakers.*]

Jones. [*Speaking in a loud, orotund voice.*] Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Pru. [*In a high falsetto voice.*] Really, sir, I—I——

Jones. [*Aside.*] She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. [*Increasing his tone.*] Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Pru. [*Also increasing her tone.*] Certainly, Mr Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Jones. [*Aside.*] How she screams in my ear. [*Aloud.*] Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Pru. [*Aside.*] Poor man, what an effort it seems for him to speak. [*Aloud.*] I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? [*Aside.*] He hesitates. I must speak louder. [*In a scream.*] Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Jones. [*Aside.*] Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! [*Aloud.*] Yes, miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

Snob. Glorious! Glorious! I wonder how loud they *can* scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Pru. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Jones. I only know one poem. It is this:

You 'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Pru. Bravo! bravo!

Jones. Thank you! THANK——

Pru. Mercy on us! Do you think I 'm DEAF, sir?

Jones. And do you fancy *me* deaf, miss? [*Natural tone.*]

Pru. Are you not, sir? You surprise me!

Jones. No, miss. I was led to believe that you were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Pru. Snobbleton! Why, he told me that you were deaf.

Jones. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.

HOW OLLAPOD BECAME A CORNET.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Two Characters.

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND.
OLLAPOD, an apothecary.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Mr Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead! But his jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha, Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half-mile walk from our town to cure Mrs Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing, that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop! on a sudden; like the going off of a fieldpiece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, or bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel! I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

Olla. Ha, ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumpt on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients. I thumpt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Take! Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jumped at the offer.

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel-water—he, he! Come, that 's very well —very well indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. Mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean —wheeled, and flourished, with great *éclat:* but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander.

(From *The Poor Gentleman.*)

OLLAPOD VISITS MISS MACTAB.

OLLAPOD visits Miss LUCRETIA MACTAB, a 'stiff maiden aunt,' sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

Enter FOSS.

Foss. There is one Mr Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

Lucretia. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he 's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Lucretia. Ha! some new-raised regiment. Show the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows; good for consumptions—charming woods hereabouts—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. Oh dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*

Luc. I am sorry Mr Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse.

Olla. [*Aside.*] The honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigsty!

Luc. You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great-grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country; where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic as likely as anything.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr Ollapod?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam; served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [*Bowing.*

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothe—— Zounds!—hum!—He, he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in galenicals myself. [*Sheepishly.*

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Olla. Operations! he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed. Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. [*Rising.*] Why, then, you are an apothecary?

Olla. [*Rising too, and bowing.*] And at your service, madam.

Luc. At my service, indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod at the gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the foe as a customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them! [*Aside.*] No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the corps, idolised by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison; which is as light a food for digestion as——

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then——

Olla. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Luc. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mactab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I either: except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I'm a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill-box.' 'Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mactab, that honourable picture of prudence'——

Luc. He, he! Did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toadied!

Luc. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening?

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps! what, in a walk? He, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce——

Luc. [*Curtsying.*] Oh sir!

Olla. By the bye, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary; for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. [*Aside.*] Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. Not a step.

Luc. Nay, I insist——

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary! Sir, in this business I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one.

(From *The Poor Gentleman.*)

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Seer. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown,
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

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

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand—their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

Seer. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,

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

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!

SCENES FROM 'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[The plot of this comedy turns on what may be termed a farcical incident—two young men mistaking Mr Hardcastle's house for an inn. The humour of the idea is heightened by the fact that Marlow and Hastings, who have never met Mr Hardcastle, are proceeding on a visit to that gentleman's house.]

MR HARDCASTLE INSTRUCTS HIS SERVANTS IN DEPORTMENT.

SCENE—*A Room in* HARDCASTLE'S *House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward* SERVANTS.

Hard. Well, I hope you're 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 stirring from home.

All. 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.

All. 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.

Digg. 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.

Digg. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forwards, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a mouthful in the kitchen as good as a mouthful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Digg. 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 alaughing, as if you made part of the company.

Digg. Then, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gunroom : 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?

Digg. Oh, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I 'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I 'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I 'm sure it 's no pleace of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Digg. Wauns, 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. Oh 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 welcome at the gate.

ARRIVAL AT THE SUPPOSED INN.

Enter MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house ; antique, but creditable. . . .

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow? [*Mar advances.*] Sir, you 're heartily welcome. It 's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate ; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling-dresses in the morning ; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr Marlow, you 'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr Marlow—Mr Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Mar. What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT *with a tankard.*

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside to Hast.*

Hard. [*Taking the cup.*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

Mar. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work now and then at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business 'for us that sell ale.'

Hast. So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out than I do about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking.*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*

Hast. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make good work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the

cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least; yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it. [*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading.*] 'For the first course: at the top, a pig and pruin sauce.'

Hast. Confound your pig, I say.

Mar. And confound your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

Mar. 'At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.'

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

Hard. Their impudence confounds me. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. 'Item: a pork-pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking-pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.'

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

Mar. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Mar. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Aside.*

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY.—BULWER LYTTON.

[In the popular drama, *The Lady of Lyons*, Claude Melnotte, who had received many indignities to his slighted love, from Pauline, was induced to marry her under the false appearance of an Italian prince. This extract represents their arrival at his humble home and the exposure of his deception. There, however, he repents his bitter revenge; makes immediate amends by restoring the lady to her parents: enters the army and gains an honourable position, after which he becomes, in fact, her husband.]

Melnotte. Now, lady, hear me.

Pauline. Hear thee! Ay, speak,
That thou mayst silence curses—Speak!

Melnotte. No, curse me:
Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

Pauline. [*Laughing wildly.*] This is thy 'palace, where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!' Dost thou like the picture?

THIS is my bridal home, and THOU my bridegroom!
O fool!—O dupe!—O wretch!—I see it all—
The byword and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons! Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot,
It cannot be! this is some horrid dream:
I shall wake soon. [*Touching him.*] Art flesh? art man? or but
The shadows seen in sleep?—It is too real.
What have I done to thee, how sinned against thee,
That thou shouldst crush me thus?
Melnotte. Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love
And a revengeful heart had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee;
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic—guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stooped from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee, I grew

A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee, I sought to borrow from each grace
And every muse such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some, mad—I heeded not;
But still toiled on, hoped on, for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee!

Pauline. Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

Melnotte. At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled hatred most; when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned, and stung thee!

(From *The Lady of Lyons.*)

SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF 'MONEY.'—BULWER LYTTON.

Two Characters.

LADY FRANKLIN, a widow.
GRAVES, a widower.

SCENE.—LADY FRANKLIN'S *Boudoir.*

Lady F. So Mr Graves has called. The same Mr Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black horse—and, faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to his sainted Maria by marrying a black woman. Ha! ha! we shall see. Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband. I take so much compassion on this poor man, who is determined to make himself

wretched, that I am equally determined to make him happy! Well, if my scheme does but succeed, he shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall ——Mum!—here he comes!

Enter GRAVES.

Graves. [*Sighing.*] Ah, Lady Franklin!

Lady F. [*Sighing.*] Ah, Mr Graves! Pray be seated. You'll excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

Graves. An east wind, ma'am! but nothing comes amiss to you!—it's a happy disposition! Poor Maria!—*she* too was naturally gay.

Lady F. Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

Graves. Spirit? Yes!—nothing could master it. She *would* have her own way! Ah! there was nobody like her! [*Sighs deeply.*

Lady F. And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant!

Graves. Did not they?—Ah! ah!—ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot?—the tiniest little foot—I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing.

Lady F. How well she acted in your private theatricals!

Graves. You remember her Mrs Oakley in *The Jealous Wife?* Ha! ha! how good it was!—ha! ha!

Lady F. Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene, when she came out with [*mimicking*] 'Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!'

Graves. No—no! that's not it! more energy. [*Mimicking.*] 'Your unkindness and barbarity will be the DEATH of me.' Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practise it on me twice a day. Ah! poor dear lamb! [*Wipes his eyes.*

Lady F. And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little lively air she was so fond of?

Graves. Ha! ha! sprightly? was it not? Let me see—let me see.

Lady F. [*Humming.*] Tum ti—ti tum—ti—ti—ti. No, that's not it.

Graves. [*Humming.*] Tum ti—tum ti—tum—tum—tum. [*Throwing himself back.*] Ah! what recollections it revives! It is too affecting. [*Relapses into melancholy.*

Lady F. It *is* affecting, but, dear Mr Graves, we are all mortal. [*Sighs.*] And at your Christmas party, at Cyprus Lodge, do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain Macnaughten?

Graves. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure—to be sure.

Lady F. Can you think of the step?—somehow thus, was it not? [*Dancing.*

Graves. No—no—quite wrong!—just stand there. Now, then. [*Humming the tune.*] La—la-la-la—La, la, &c. [*Dancing.*] That's it! [*He becomes gradually excited, takes hold of his coat-tails, and dances round her a Scotch reel, talking all the while.*] Don't you recollect when she used to do this step, when she used to turn her head so gracefully. That's it, Madam—that 's it—that 's it!

Lady F. [*Aside.*] Excellent—admirable!

Graves. I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we? eh? Shall we? Frankly, now, frankly——

Lady F. Frankly, now, there's my hand, on one condition—that we finish our reel on the wedding-day.

Graves. Accepted. Is it possible? Sainted Maria!

A SCENE FROM 'DOUGLAS.'—REV. JOHN HOME.

Characters.—NORVAL, GLENALVON, and LORD RANDOLPH.

Glen. His port I love; he 's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared. [*Aside.*
[*Aloud.*] Has Norval seen the troops?

Norv. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lightened all the vale,
And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.

Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval,
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour: seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustomed, all my days,

To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skilled;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper;
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
Norv. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Why yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers those disdainful eyes
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, 'You're no match for me,'
What will become of you?
Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus; but such as thou——
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. So I am;
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speak the truth.
Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and basely false
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon—born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more!
Draw, and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs!

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Hold! I command you both! the man that stirs
Makes me his foe.
Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!
Norv. Now you may scoff in safety.
Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.
Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak; and will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject!
Within my bosom reigns another lord—
Honour! sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came; alone—but not dishonoured!
Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields;
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.
Glen. I agree to this.
Norv. And I.
Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,

Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again our strife is mortal.

FATHER AND SON.—THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Three Characters.

Mr DORNTON, a merchant.
HARRY DORNTON, his son.
Mr SULKY, his partner.

SCENE.—*A Chamber in the House of* Mr DORNTON. HARRY DORNTON *and* Mr SULKY *in Conversation.*

Enter Mr DORNTON, *with a newspaper in his hand.*

Dornton. So, sir!

Harry. [*Bowing.*] I am happy to see you, sir.

Dornton. You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight; and you are here [*pointing to the paper*], after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality. Are you not a scoundrel?

Harry. No, sir: I am only a fool.

Sulky. Good-night to you, gentlemen. [*Going.*

Dornton. Stay where you are, Mr Sulky. I beg you to stay where you are, and bear witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices.

Sulky. I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dornton. But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say! [*To Harry.*

Harry. I am your son.

Dornton. [*Calling off.*] Mr Smith! bring in those deeds.

Enter Mr SMITH, *with papers.*

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

Harry. I will deny nothing.

Dornton. A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature?

Harry. A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dornton. A redundancy, a negation; a besotted, sophisticated encumbrance: a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others!

Harry. I am whatever you please, sir.

Dornton. Bills never examined, everything bought on credit, the price of nothing asked. Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense; and, to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming.

Harry. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dornton. But here.—Give me that parchment! [*To Mr Smith.*] The partners have all been summoned. Look, sir! Your name has been formally erased.

Harry. The partners are very kind.

Dornton. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city——

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true. [*Half aside.*

Dornton. [*Passionately.*] If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler. [*Exit Mr Smith.*] You are disinherited. Read.

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dornton. I 'll no longer act the doating father fascinated by your arts.

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dornton. I taught you! What? Scoundrel! What?

Harry. That of loving you, sir.

Dornton. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely.

Dornton. [*Forgetting his passion.*] Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal! I mean—that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir.

Dornton. Harry, Harry! [*Struggling with his feelings.*] No; confound me if I do!—Sir, you are a vile——

Harry. I know I am.

Dornton. [*Going.*] And I 'll never speak to you more.

Harry. Bid me good-night, sir. Mr Sulky here will bid me good-night, and you are my father.—Good-night, Mr Sulky.

Sulky. Good-night. [*Exit.*

Harry. Come, sir——

Dornton. [*Struggling with passion.*] I won't. If I do——

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, disinherit me; I deserve it all, and more; but say, 'Good-night, Harry.'

Dornton. I won't, I won't, I won't!

Harry. Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off; but enmity——

Dornton. I will not.

Harry. Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly? Come, good-night.

Dornton. I won't, I won't! [*Runs off.*

Harry. Say you so? Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel.

Re-enter Mr DORNTON.

Dornton. Good-night! [*Exit.*

Harry. Good-night! [*Exit.*

(From *The Road to Ruin.*)

SCENE FROM 'RICHELIEU.'—BULWER LYTTON.

RICHELIEU, JOSEPH, JULIE, CLERMONT, BARADAS.

Present—RICHELIEU *and* JOSEPH.

Richelieu. Joseph! did you hear the King?

Joseph. I did—there's danger! Had you been less haughty——

Rich. And suffered slaves to chuckle: 'See the Cardinal,
How meek his Eminence is to-day'—I tell thee
This is a strife in which the loftiest look
Is the most subtle armour——

Joseph. But——

Rich. No time
For *ifs* and *buts*. I will accuse these traitors!
François shall witness that De Baradas
Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,
And told him life and death were in the scroll.
I will—I will!

Joseph. Tush! François is your creature;
So they will say, and laugh at you! *Your witness*
Must be that same Despatch.

Rich. Away to Marion!

Joseph. I have been there—she is seized—removed—imprisoned—
By the Count's orders.

Rich. Goddess of bright dreams,
My country, shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshippers? My native land!
Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
And die, but on thy bosom!

Enter JULIE.

Julie. Heaven, I thank thee!

It cannot be, or this all-powerful man
Would not stand idly thus.
Rich. What dost *thou* here?
Home!
Julie. Home! Is *Adrien there?* You're dumb, yet strive
For words; I see them trembling on your lip,
But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth!
Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence, too!
Cardinal, where is Adrien? Think! he saved
Your life: your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!
Rich. Be soothed, child.
Julie. Child no more;
I love, and I am woman!
Where is Adrien?
Let thine eyes meet mine:
Answer me but one word I am a wife—
I ask thee for my *home*—my FATE—my ALL!
Where is my *husband?*
Rich. You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth
Must outface fear—you ask me for your husband?
There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest o'er
The domes of the Bastile!
Julie. Oh, mercy! mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King?—the Lord of life and death—
Art thou not Richelieu?
Rich. Yesterday I was!—
To-day, a very weak old man!—to-morrow,
I know not what!
Julie. [*To Joseph.*] Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot.
Joseph. The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

Enter CLERMONT.

Clermont. Madame de Mauprat!
Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

Julie. [*Clinging to Richelieu.*] Think of my dead father!—
And take me to your breast.
Rich. [*To Clermont.*] To those who sent you!
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here—couched upon this heart, as at an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!
Cler. My Lord, I am your friend and servant!
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?—
It were to be your foe.
Rich. All time my foe,
If I, a priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!
Cler. He is lost! [*Exit Clermont.*
Rich. God help thee, child! she hears not! Look upon her!
The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so! and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?
Oh! shame, shame!—dotage! [*Places her in the arms of Joseph.*
Joseph. Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime when it cowers in secret. The Despatch!
Set every spy to work; the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.
Rich. Ay—and close
Upon my corpse! I am not made to live—
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me; my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down
Rayless and blackened, to the dust—a thing
For all men's feet to trample! Yea! to-morrow
Triumph or death! Look up, child!—Lead us, Joseph.

Enter BARADAS *and* DE BERINGHEN.

Baradas. My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madame,
Obey the King!—no cause for fear!
Julie. My father!

Rich. She shall not stir!
Bar. You are not of her kindred—
An orphan——
Rich. And her country is her mother!
Bar. The country is the King.
Rich. Ay, is it so?—
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark where she stands!—around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn Church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!
Bar. I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my King;
The Church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!
Rich. That *my* stake.—Ah!
Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!
Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!
Bar. [*Aside to De Beringhen.*] He cannot
Have the Despatch?
Joseph. [*Aside to Richelieu.*] Patience is your game.
Reflect; you have not the Despatch!
Rich. O monk!
Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
And now they say thou hast no father! Fie!
Art thou not pure and good? If so, thou art
A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!
Bar. [*Aside.*] He wanders!
Rich. So cling close unto my breast,
Here where thou droop'st lies France! I am very feeble—
Of little use it seems to either now.
Well, well—we will go home.
Bar. In sooth, my Lord,
You do need rest—the burthens of the State
O'ertask your health!
Rich. [*Pauses; aside to Joseph.*] I'm patient, see!

Bar. [*Aside.*] His mind
And life are breaking fast!
Rich. [*Overhearing him.*] Irreverent ribald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha! ha! —how pale he is! Heaven save my country!
[*Falls back in Joseph's arms.*

SCENES FROM 'THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.'

R. B. SHERIDAN.

SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE.—ACT II., SCENE 1.

SCENE.—SIR PETER'S *House.*

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir P. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men; and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort of life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution; a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I 'll never be weak enough to own it. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I 'll not bear it!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything; and what 's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. Very well, ma'am, very well! so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough! ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter, as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat an humbler style: the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I first saw you sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. Oh yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so, indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir P. I am glad you have got so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach, *vis à vis*, and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. No; I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is——

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. 'Slife! madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay, there again; taste! zounds, madam, you had no taste when you married me.

Lady T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's. So, good-bye. [*Exit.*

Sir P. So, I have gained much by my intended expostulations: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE.—ACT III., SCENE I.

SCENE.—*Room at* SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

Sir P. Was ever man so crossed as I am? Everything conspiring to fret me! [*Lady T. sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good-humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me though but a little.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling.

Sir P. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good-humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and, i'faith! there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; [*gives notes*] but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. Oh no! there, my note of hand will do as well.

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus? eh!

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you; you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive——

Lady T. Ay, so I was: and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish, old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never; though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg you pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always give the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel! take care: contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There, now; you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know, if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't; but you will be so peevish——

Sir P. There now, who begins first?

Lady T. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing; but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now, may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you: a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you: an old, dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one that would have him.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who, everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broken his neck since we have been married.

Sir P. I have done with you, madam. A separate maintenance as soon as you please. I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed, agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye, bye! [*Exit.*

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either? Oh! I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to

keep her temper: no; she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

THE PICTURE SCENES.—ACT III., SCENE I.; ACT IV SCENE I.

Three Characters.

SIR PETER TEAZLE.
SIR OLIVER SURFACE.
MOSES, a money-lender.

FIRST SCENE.—SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

Sir O. [*To Moses.*] Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles?

Moses. Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir O. That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Moses. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir O. Unfortunate indeed! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses.

Moses. Yes, he knows that; this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

Sir P. What! one Charles never had money from before?

Moses. Yes; Mr Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir P. Egad! Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me. Charles, you say, does not know Mr Premium?

Moses. Not at all.

Sir P. Now then, Sir Oliver, go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium; and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir O. I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

Sir P. True; so you may.

Row. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure: however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Moses. You may depend upon me. [*Looks at his watch.*] This is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir O. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses. But hold! I have forgot one thing: how shall I be able to pass as a Jew?

Moses. There's no need: the principal is Christian.

Sir O. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, ain't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money-lender?

Sir P. Not at all: 'twould not be out of character if you went in your own carriage: would it, Moses?

Moses. Not in the least.

Sir O. Well, but how must I talk? there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir P. Oh! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands. Eh! Moses?

Moses. Yes, that's a very great point.

Sir O. I'll answer for't, I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

Moses. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir O. Eh! what the plague! how much, then?

Moses. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appear not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the moneys very bad, you may ask double.

Sir P. A good, honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. Truly, I think so; and not unprofitable.

Moses. Then, you know, you haven't the moneys yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of a friend.

Sir O. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Moses. Yes; and your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

Sir O. My friend an unconscionable dog, is he?

Moses. Yes; and he himself has not the moneys by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

Sir O. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

Sir P. I' faith! Sir Oliver—Mr Premium, I mean—you'll soon be master of the trade.

Sir O. Moses shall give me further instructions as we go together.

Sir P. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

Sir O. Oh! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner. [*Exit with Moses.*

[The next Scene is a hall at CHARLES SURFACE'S.]

Four Characters.

SIR OLIVER SURFACE.
CHARLES SURFACE.
CARELESS, his friend.
MOSES.

Moses. Sir, this is Mr Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr Premium, this is——

Charles. Psha! have done. Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow in expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants money to borrow; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred, if you can get it. Now, sir, you see, we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir O. Exceedingly frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles. Oh no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir O. I like you the better for it: however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend, but then, he's an unconscionable dog; isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you; mustn't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed. You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie.

Charles. Right. People that speak truth, generally do; but these are trifles, Mr Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't.

Sir O. Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles. Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window.

Sir O. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles. Nothing but live-stock: and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

Sir O. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles. Then you must know that I have a rich uncle in the East

Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

Sir O. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles. Oh no! there can be no doubt. They tell me I 'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir O. Indeed! this is the first I 've heard of it.

Charles. Yes, yes; 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true, don't you, Moses?

Sir O. Egad! they 'll persuade me presently I 'm at Bengal. [*Aside.*

Charles. Now I propose, Mr Premium, if it be agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though, at the same time, the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear anything had happened to him.

Sir O. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me; for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

Charles. Oh yes, you would; the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir O. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Charles. What! I suppose you 're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life.

Sir O. No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Charles. There again now, you are misinformed. No, no; the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes; he breaks apace, I 'm told: and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him.

Sir O. No! Ha, ha, ha! So much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him!

Charles. Ha, ha! You 're glad to hear that, little Premium.

Sir O. No, no, I am not.

Charles. Yes, yes, you are. Ha, ha, ha! You know that mends your chance.

Sir O. But I 'm told Sir Oliver is coming over: nay, some say he is actually arrived.

Charles. Psha! Sure, I must know better than you whether he 's come or not. No, no; rely on 't, he 's at this moment at Calcutta; isn't he, Moses?

Moses. Oh yes, certainly.

Sir O. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I; though I have it from pretty good authority; haven't I, Moses?

Moses. Yes, most undoubted.

Sir O. But, sir, I understand you want a few hundreds immediately; is there nothing you could dispose of?

Charles. How do you mean?

Sir O. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massive old plate?

Charles. Oh lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how, better than I can.

Sir O. Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls. [*Aside.*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and complete.

Charles. Yes, yes, so it was; vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir O. Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heirloom! [*Aside.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

Charles. You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of the books.

Sir O. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Charles. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a roomful of ancestors above, and if you have taste for old paintings, egad! you shall have 'em a bargain.

Sir O. What! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Charles. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir O. What! your great uncles and aunts?

Charles. Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers, too.

Sir O. Now I give him up. [*Aside.*] What! have you no bowels for your own kindred? Od's life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Charles. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care if you have your money's worth?

Sir O. Well, I'll be the purchaser; I think I can dispose of the family canvas. Oh! I'll never forgive him this; never. [*Aside.*

Enter CARELESS.

Care. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Charles. I can't come yet: i'faith! we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

Care. Oh! burn your ancestors!

Charles. No; he may do that afterwards, if he please. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad! you shall be auctioneer: so come along with us.

Care. Oh! have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box. Going, going!

Sir O. Oh the profligates! [*Aside.*

Charles. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life! little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir O. Oh yes, I do, vastly! Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes; I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction. Ha, ha, ha!—Oh the prodigal! [*Aside.*

Charles. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations?

Sir O. [*Aside.*] I'll never forgive him; never, never. [*Exeunt.*

[The next Scene is a Picture-room at CHARLES SURFACE'S.]

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS.

Charles. Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in; here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir O. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness; all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir O. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Care. Ay, ay; this will do. But, Charles, I have not a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles. Egad! that's true: [*taking pedigree down*] what parchment have we here? Oh! our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue! this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir O. What an unnatural rogue! [*Aside.*

Care. Yes, yes; here's a list of your generation, indeed; 'faith! Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin: A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr Premium? look at him: there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir O. [*Apart to Moses.*] Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr Premium would have you speak.

Charles. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir O. Oh! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*] Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten: the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*] Five pounds ten: she's mine.

Charles. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles. Four guineas! You don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Charles. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir O. That is very extraordinary, indeed; I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir O. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles. Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir O. They're mine.

Charles. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But

plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains, on each side, in a lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well; anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee!

Sir O. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles. What, that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver! Gad! then, you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

[*Slapping him on the shoulder.*

Sir O. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad! I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

Sir O. [*Aside.*] The rogue's my nephew after all. But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles. I am sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Haven't you got enough of them?

Sir O. I forgive him everything. [*Aside.*] But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir O How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*] Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. [*Aside.*]—Here is a draft for your sum.

Charles. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

Sir O. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles. Zounds! no; I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time; but give me your hand on the bargain: you are an honest fellow, Charles—— I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles. Egad! this is a whimsical old fellow! But, harkye! Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir O. Yes, yes: I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But, hold! do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear, extravagant rogue! [*Aside.*] Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who dares call him profligate.

[*Exit with Moses.*

SCENES FROM 'THE RIVALS.'—R. B. SHERIDAN.

MRS MALAPROP.—ACT I., SCENE II.

Three Characters.

MRS MALAPROP.
SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.
LYDIA LANGUISH.

SCENE.—*Room in* MRS MALAPROP'S *Lodgings at Bath.*

Enter MRS MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed, and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you

promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preferment for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs Mal. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit.*

Mrs Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am: all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. On my way hither, Mrs Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs Mal. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—

neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise, that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope there is no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas 'Jack, do this;' if he demurred, I knocked him down, and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs Mal. Ah, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice—keep a tight hand; if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [*Exeunt*

SIR ANTHONY AND JACK.—ACT II., SCENE I.; ACT III., SCENE I.

Three Characters.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.
FAG, a servant.

SCENE.—CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you. Shall I show him into the parlour?

Abs. Ay—you may. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Abs. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly? [*Exit* FAG.] Now for a parental lecture. I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire.

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me; such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention; and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife; why, did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mus'n't forget her though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why—what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live-stock on it, as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry, but business prevents its waiting on her.

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more

easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Abs. Sir, I must repeat—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now hang me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't, by——

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir. I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please! It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What the devil good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-

threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and hang me! if ever I call you Jack again!

SIR ANTHONY AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

SCENE.—*A Parade.*

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Abs. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. However, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but I can assure him it is very sincere. So, so—here he comes. He looks plaguy gruff. [*Steps aside.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him. Die, did I say! I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him: he's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more, never—never—never!

Abs. [*Aside, coming forward.*] Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way.

Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abs. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Abs. I have been revolving and reflecting and considering on your past goodness and kindness and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty and obedience and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Abs. Why, then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why, now you talk sense—absolute sense. I never

heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abs. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! no. Did you ever meet Mrs Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay; I think I do recollect something. Languish! Languish! She squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints! A red-haired girl! Zounds! no.

Abs. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness.

Abs. That's she, indeed. Well done, old gentleman. [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck! Oh, Jack! Jack!

Abs. And which is to be mine, sir; the niece or the aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abs. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father! zounds! not to please—— Oh, my father—odd so!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abs. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find the girl is so beautiful?

Abs. Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire,

Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind. Now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to effect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite! a vile, insensible stock. You a soldier! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life! I have a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—— But, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must; come, now—come, confess, Jack; you have been lying, ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey! I'll never forgive you if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you; come along, I'll never forgive you if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience; if you don't, egad, I will marry the girl myself! [*Exeunt.*

DUEL SCENE.—ACT V., SCENE III.

SCENE.—*King's-Mead-Fields.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER *and* ACRES, *with pistols.*

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards——

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no! by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near; do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.

Sir Luc. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand——

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it, I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Luc. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled! Snug lying in the Abbey! Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough? I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—— [*Levelling at him.*

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius: are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him*]—let him see

the broadside of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Luc. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius, I 'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. [*Looking at his watch.*] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!——

Sir Luc. Ay.—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we won't run, by my valour!

Sir Luc. What's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Luc. Oh fie! consider your honour.

Acres. Ay—true—my honour. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here, they 're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valour should leave me! Valour will come and go.

Sir Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour.—Here they are.

Acres. Oh mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

SCENES FROM 'THE CRITIC.'—R. B. SHERIDAN.

AN AUTHOR AND HIS FRIENDS.—ACT I., SCENE I.

Three Characters—DANGLE, SNEER, SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

SCENE.—*A Room in* DANGLE'S *House.*

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dang. Beg him to walk up.

Dang. Egad, Sir Fretful is one who allows no merit to any author but himself, that 's the truth on 't, though he is my friend. . . .

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dang. There's no denying it; though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dang. Oh yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dang. Why, between ourselves, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most—— He's here—[*Aside.*]—finished and most admirable perform——

Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Dang. Ah, my dear friend! We were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

Sir Fret. You make me extremely happy; for without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours and Mr Dangle's. . . .

Dang. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you?

Sir Fret. No, no, I thank you: I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it. I thank you though. . . . . But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dang. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to——

Sir Fret. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fret. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir Fret. You surprise me! wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fret. Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you,

Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dang. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fret. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dang. No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fret. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul! it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no; it don't fall off. . . .

Dang. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fret. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dang. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fret. No, quite the contrary! their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir Fret. What? where?

Dang. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fret. Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dang. Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for——

Sir Fret. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir Fret. O lud, no! anxious? not I, not the least—I—— But one may as well hear, you know.

Dang. Sneer, do you recollect? [*Aside to Sneer.*] Make out something.

Sneer. [*Aside to* DANGLE.] I will. [*Aloud.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fret. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha! very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he

believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha! very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sentiments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiments stare through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! . . .

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise!

Sir Fret. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this!

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fret. I know it. I am diverted. Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha!—very good! very good!

Sneer. Yes; no genius! ha! ha! ha!

Dang. A severe rogue! ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fret. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and, if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one confounded good-natured friend or other!

PUFF'S HISTORY.—ACT I., SCENE II.

Three Characters—DANGLE, SNEER, PUFF.

SCENE.—*Room in* DANGLE'S *House.* DANGLE *and* SNEER *in Conversation.*

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr Puff, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter PUFF.

Dang. My dear Puff!

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dang. Mr Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr Puff to you.

Puff. Mr Sneer is this? Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment——

Sneer. Dear sir——

Dang. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer; my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow: among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *vivâ voce.* I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service; or anybody else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging! I believe, Mr Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town.—Devilish hard work all the summer, friend Dangle—never worked harder! But, hark'ee, the winter managers were a little sore, I believe.

Dang. No; I believe they took it all in good part.

Puff. Ay! then that must have been affectation in them: for, egad, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!

Sneer. Ay, the humorous ones. But I should think, Mr Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why, yes; but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends? No such thing: nine out of ten manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers, I say—though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit theirs: take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues! No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style: 'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction rooms! From me they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by me, too, their inventive faculties were called forth: yes, sir, by

me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits —to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil; or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dang. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. Service! if they had any gratitude, they would erect a statue to him; they would figure him as a presiding Mercury, the god of traffic and fiction, with a hammer in his hand instead of a caduceus.—But pray, Mr Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Egad, sir, sheer necessity!—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention. You must know, Mr Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes!

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders: and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes! You practised as a doctor and an attorney at once?

Puff. No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer. Hey! what the plague!

Dang. 'Tis true, i' faith.

Puff. Hark'ee!—By advertisements—*To the charitable and humane!* and *To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!*

Sneer. Oh, I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got! for, I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes: then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burned out, and lost my little all both times: I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs: that told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dang. Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me.

Puff. In November last? Oh no; I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—— Oh no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children, and left without money to get me into an hospital!

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

Puff. Why, yes; though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se;* but as I did not find those rash actions answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gout, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishments, through my favourite channels of diurnal communication—and so, sir, you have my history.

TRIAL SCENE FROM 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.'

SHAKESPEARE.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

SCENE.—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord,

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat.
Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them—I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer—shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,

Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damned inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learnèd doctor to our court :—
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place. . . .

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informèd thoroughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?
[*To* ANTONIO.
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—

That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learnèd judge!—A sentence; come; prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learnèd judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. O learnèd judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learnèd judge!
Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learnèd judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate!
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and bid mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state—not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else.
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

SCENES FROM 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

ACT II., SCENES VI. AND VII.

SCENE.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little: comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I 'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly: and I 'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The Same.*

A table set out. Enter Duke *senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transformed into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,

And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lacklustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomised
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good ?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party ?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb ?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost
(Thinking that I mean him), but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech ?
There then ; how then ? what then ? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him : if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself ; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man.—But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of ?

Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress ;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?

Orl. You touched my vein at first ; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say ;

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knolled to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.
Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love; till he be first sufficed—
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger—
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye; and be blessed for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

ACT III., SCENE II.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I ; but yet for fashion sake I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you ; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES.—ROSALIND *comes forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised. If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek—which you have not: a blue eye and sunken—which you have not: an unquestionable spirit—which you have not: a beard neglected—which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I 'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

SCENE FROM 'THE TEMPEST.'

ACT II., SCENE II.

Three Characters—CALIBAN, a deformed slave. TRINCULO, a jester. STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

SCENE.—*An Island.*

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness—Lo! now! lo!

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Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would

this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go, hang:'
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her whene'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go

near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling;
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth. Here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils.—O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress showed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—I afeard of him? a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster. Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink—an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will

mherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.

[*Sings drunkenly*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt*

SCENE FROM 'KING JOHN.'

ACT IV., SCENE I.

Characters—ARTHUR and HUBERT.

SCENE.—*Northampton. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not: and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom—
Read here, young Arthur [*Showing a paper*]. How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside*
Turning despiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your grief?'
Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes,
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's—
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with Cord, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue—let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more. Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

HENRY THE FIFTH'S WOOING.—*HENRY V.*

ACT V., SCENE II.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
KATHARINE.
ALICE.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moi, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment (*sauf votre grace*), *ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer: i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at

leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly have a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off; but, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy: for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!)—*donc votre est France, et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue,

and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English—canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine déesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst: and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud —England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good-fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez votre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour être baissées devant leur noces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France—I cannot tell what is *baiser, en* English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moi.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.—*RICHARD III.*

ACT I., SCENE IV.

CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

SCENE.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; there we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befallen us. As we paced along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Stopped-in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthened after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul !
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick ;
Who cried aloud—'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanished : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud—
'Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !'—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howlèd in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell—
Such terrible impression made my dream.

FALSTAFF'S BOASTING.—*HENRY IV.*, PART I.

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Five Characters.

PRINCE HENRY. GADSHILL.
FALSTAFF. PETO.
POINS.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun. If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it—a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that:—and Poins there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not

who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, nott-pated fool: thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and

were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors [*to* Hostess *within*]; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

FALL OF WOLSEY.—*HENRY VIII.*

ACT III., SCENE II.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal. [*Exit*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun I pray may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature), not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And—prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell.
The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

POTION SCENE.—*ROMEO AND JULIET.*

ACT V., SCENE I.

Three Characters.

ROMEO. BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo. An Apothecary.

SCENE.—*Mantua. A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!);
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my lady Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

SCENES FROM 'HAMLET.'

ACT I., SCENE II.

HAMLET.
HORATIO, his friend.
MARCELLUS and BERNARDO, officers.

SCENE.—*Room in the Castle.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on 't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or e'er those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing of her gallèd eyes,
She married :
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart—for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !
Ham. I am glad to see you well :
Horatio—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I 'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
Marcellus ?
Mar. My good lord—
Ham. I am very glad to see you. Good-even, sir—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio !—
My father—methinks, I see my father.
Hor. O, where, my lord ?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once ; he was a goodly king
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw ! who ?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father !
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For Heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at all points exactly, cap-à-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did:
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar., Ber. We do, my lord.
Ham. Armed, say you?
Mar., Ber. Armed, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar., Ber. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amazed you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stayed it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzled—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul-play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

ACT I., SCENE IV.

SCENE.—*The Platform before the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
And to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo),
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance oft subdue
To his own scandal.
Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canónised bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost *beckons* HAMLET.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removèd ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—

Go on; I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [Ghost *beckons*
Still am I called;—unhand me, gentlemen; [*Breaking from them*
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

ACT III, SCENE IV.

SCENE.—*Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*Within*] Mother! mother! mother!
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *goes behind the arras*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead, for a ducat, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
[*Lifts up the arras, and sees* POLONIUS.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If monstrous custom have not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words!—heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this—
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself,

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command:
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
Is apoplexed: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thralled
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
Stewed in corruption—
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord ;—a vice of kings :
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !
Queen. No more !
Ham. A king of shreds and patches :—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he 's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say !
Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
O, step between her and her fighting soul—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works—
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him !—Look you, how pale he glares !
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me ;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects : then what I have to do
Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there ! look how it steals away !

My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit* Ghost.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this—
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I 'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: but Heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again, good-night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

ACT V., SCENE I.

Characters—Two Clowns, gravediggers.

SCENE.—*A Churchyard.*

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clo. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Second Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver——

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

Second Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

Second Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

Second Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Second Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday.

DAGGER SCENE FROM 'MACBETH.'

ACT II., SCENES I. AND II.

Characters—MACBETH and LADY MACBETH.

SCENE.—*Court of* MACBETH'S *Castle.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleeper; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design,
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quenched them hath given me fire:—
Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shrieked,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it: the doors are open;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores:
I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried, 'Murder!' that they did wake each other;
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
And addressed them again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried, 'God bless us!' and 'Amen,' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear I could not say, 'Amen,'
When they did say, 'God bless us.'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, 'Amen?'
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast——
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!'
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

SCENES FROM 'JULIUS CÆSAR.'

ACT III., SCENE II.

SCENE.—*Rome. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens.*

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen—

Second Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus ?

Third Cit. He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain :
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

Second Cit. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans—

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men) ;
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
Citizens. The will! the testament!
Second Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.
Second Cit. Descend. [ANTONY *comes down.*
Third Cit. You shall have leave.
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Second Cit. Room for Antony—most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Second Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Second Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there!—hear the noble Antony.

Second Cit. We'll hear him, we ll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you off.

Citizens. Most true; the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Cit. Go, fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work:—mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—ACT IV., SCENE III.

SCENE.— *Within the Tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexèth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

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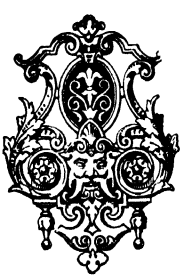

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