



"HANDS ACROSS AND DOWN THE MIDDLE!"

1873—AUGUST—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 1st, 2.29 aft. | Last Quar. 15th, 4.41 mn.
Full Moon, 8th, 1.32 aft. | New Moon, 23rd, 1.30 mn.
First Quarter, 31st, 3-48 morn.

		Sex Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
1 F	Gainsborough (celebrated landscape and portrait-painter) died, 1788.—"He are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," were his dying words.	4.26r	Sets P.M.	3
2 S		7.45s	10.58	9
3 S	8th Sunday after Trinity.	4.29r	11.24	10
4 M	"Bloody Assizes" commenced by Jeffreys in the West of England, 1665.	7.42s	After Mid-night	11
5 Tu	Tangiers bombarded by the French, under the Prince de Joinville, 1644.	4.32r	0.56	12
6 W	Eugene Aram executed at York for murder of D. Clarke (thirteen years previous), 1752.	7.38s	0.56	13
7 Th	Queen Caroline died, 1821.	4.34r	2.9	14
8 F	Canning (one of the ablest statesmen of the present century) died at Chiswick, 1827.	7.34s	Rises P.M.	15
9 S	Marriage of the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augusta Murray annulled, 1794.	4.38r	8.40	16
10 S	9th Sunday after Trinity.	7.31s	8.58	17
11 M	<i>Præd's Poems published</i> , 1864.	4.41r	9.13	18
12 Tu	Grouse Shooting begins.	7.27s	9.29	19
13 W	Bomarsund surrendered unconditionally to the allied English and French, 1854.	4.45r	9.45	20
14 Th	The Governor Bodeco, and the garrison, about 2,000 men, became prisoners.	7.23s	10.2	21
15 F	Bonaparte born at Ajaccio, 1769.	4.47r	10.24	22
16 S	Dr. Matthew Tindal (a free-thinking writer) died, 1733.	7.19s	10.54	23
17 S	10th Sunday after Trinity.	4.51r	11.34	24
18 M	Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino executed for high treason on Tower Hill, 1746.—"The Earl of Kilmarnock, a gentleman of two-and-forty, professed penitence.	7.16s	After Mid-night	25
19 Tu	Lord Balmerino, a bluff old dragon, met death with cheerful resignation avowing his zeal for the House of Stuart to the last."	4.53r	A.M.	26
20 W		7.11s	1.26	27
21 Th		4.57r	2.33	28
22 F	(90) William Maginn died, 1842.	7.7s	3.43	29
23 S	Toulon besieged and taken by the English, in the name of Louis XVI., 1793.	5.0r	Sets P.M.	30
24 S	11th Sunday after Trinity.	7.3s	7.57	1
25 M	Chatterton, the boy poet, committed suicide, 1770.	5.3r	8.9	2
26 Tu	Louis Philippe, ex-King of France, died at Claremont, 1850.	6.59s	8.21	3
27 W	Thomson died, 1748.	5.6r	8.32	4
28 Th	Hugo Grotius (Dutch statesman and writer) died, 1645.—His last words were, "Be serious!" (At the age of eight years Grotius composed Latin verses.)	6.54s	8.46	5
29 F	Queen Cleopatra of Egypt committed suicide at Alexandria, 30 B.C.	5.10r	9.2	6
30 S		6.49s	9.54	7
31 S	12th Sunday after Trinity.	5.13r	9.24	31

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

THERE have been many instances of clever poets, who, with great natural gifts, have expressed themselves so vaguely, yet withal in such high-flown language, that their meaning has been hidden in obscurity, and has failed to be appreciated by lesser intellects, and consequently, their verses have lacked the power of pleasing. But this cannot be said of the writings of Winstanor Macworth Praed, a most genial poet, who has written several poems that stand unrivalled for grace and pleasantness; and which, while they at once commend themselves to the reader by their great truth and sprightliness, will be popular while humour, elegance, and pathos command a welcome.

The "*Bells of the Hall*" is a happy illustration of Praed's style, and it is a poem," says Miss Mitford, "as truthful as if it had been written in prose by Jane Austen." In the first verse, the poet tells us that he "fell in love with Laura Lily," and proceeds—

"I saw her at a country hall
Where where the sound of flute and fiddle,
Gave signal, sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle;
Hers was the subtlest spell by far,
Of all that sets young hearts romancing,
She was our queen, our rose, our star, [sing]
And when she danced—Oh, heaven! her dance!

"She talked of politics or prayers,
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of dangers, or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

"Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling.
My father frowned; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

"She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second-cousin was a peer,
And Lord-lieutenant of the county.

"She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanised; I envied each
Young blossom on her bosom fading;

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