

Poetry.

Our Household Queen.

She comes with sunny laughter,
And makes our home divine;—
Our household Queen—whose kisses,
Are sweet as ripened wine.
And in our arms she'll nestle,
When evening's beauty dies;
Like star hushed in the azure,
Of summer's wealthy skies!

Oh! we are never weary,
Of her fair looks and smiles;
Her cheeks have dainty blushes,—
Two little crimson isles!
And there are tints of beauty,
About her night and day;
That we feel the winter spareth,
One blossom touched with May!

About us she will sparkle,
Our growing star of love;
Beauty-crowned and glory-dowered,
Whitely bosomed as a dove!
For she's our greatest treasure;
We feel that she is given;
To light our life with splendour,—
A glory-spark from heaven!

And oh! the deepest dimples,
About her cheeks are seen;—
The rosy cups of beauty,
With lips of fruit between!
And eyes that dance in brightness,
Like orbs in silver set;
And blue as bashful violets,
With morning's jewels wet!

She wakes us in the morning,
With a melody of words;
As from a bush of blossoms,
Swim out the songs of birds.
The ripest, sunniest gladness,
On her young heart springs up;
Like fountain bubbling diamonds,
Of wine in ruby cup;

She glides a wave of beauty,
And home with glory fills;
Like star that smiles and glitters,
O'er faintly moonlit hills.
And when the day has ended,
She lives our angel-guest;
Closes her dear eyes in slumber,
Like bird within its nest.

NAPLES, POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS.

BY LORD E. 2 VOLS.

"Lord B." (who is supposed to be a woman) writes lengthily about Naples and the Neapolitans; and the recent course of events gives an interest to the subject which it might not otherwise possess. The British public desire to know a little about King Bomba's subjects; and the information afforded by these volumes is ample. A contemporary writer, who sums up the character of the Neapolitans by saying that the great mass of them still live in the thirteenth century, gives the following fact worth a million of illustrative arguments:—"Less than four weeks ago, there was a peculiar ceremonial in all the churches in Santa Lucia and bordering on the Marina, the quarters of the lazzaroni, and during

the service ten thousand medals, blessed by the Pope and paid for by the King, were distributed among the rabble, with the special blessing of Ferdinand. No one unacquainted with Naples can conceive the store set on such gifts by this race of ravers and enthralls: the medals were received as a direct message from the King to be ready. Such licence as they once before received they expect to receive again, and those educated persons who have daughters and wives are cautiously putting them beyond the reach of a sudden assault."

LIFE IN THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

"The rumble of carts and carriages of every description, which, with the greatest velocity and frightful shouts, cut through the crowds of people every moment, the running, straggling, pushing, and fighting, form the most extraordinary picture that can be seen in Europe. It has been computed, that at every moment of the day more than fifty thousand persons may be found in the Toledo, with about fifteen hundred vehicles of various kinds: coachmen, cartrien, muleteers, and pedestrians, all contributing to the incessant din; some swearing, some screaming, some singing, some holding forth on the new opera, others on the last lottery, and all talking even more with their hands than with their tongues. Even amidst this throng of passengers, everything which can be done, under the open canopy of heaven, is going forward in this busy street. The shoemaker, the tailor, and the joiner, are all there at work; the writer sits at his desk, and his employers stand beside him, dictating with the utmost gravity the secrets of their hearts, which they are unable themselves to indite; on one side, a begging monk is preaching from a stone post, with the voice of a Stentor, threatening perdition to all who neglect to give him alms; further on a decrepit old woman is screaming out a hymn, as a penance, while her voice is drowned in that of a quack doctor recommending his wares. Jugglers play their tricks—gamblers shout out the number of the game they are playing—females are stuffing mattresses, cleaning vegetables, plucking poultry, and scouring pans, all in the open way. Some people are roasting before large fires, some are boiling and frying, some are buying, some are selling, some are fighting, some are kissing children—these, in the public eye, are openly whipped, and combed, and dressed, and everything but washed. Close to a hissing frying-pan of dainty fresh anchovies, a man is reading aloud, with all the vivacity and gestures of an actor, the verses of Ariosto; and a dirty looking monk whinnily implores the passers-by to bestow a *gran* to purchase masses for the souls of the wretches in hell fire. Escape from them as rapidly as possible, but yet must needs pause to listen to the strange looking pre-ants from the Abuzzi, who are playing their mournful bagpipes under a statue of the Holy Virgin. We had scarcely lost the sound of the bagpipe when we heard the lively sounds of the gay tarantello, to which two Sicilian damsels were dancing, as it insensible to the shouts of the water-seller, who almost deafened us with his clamour. The water is iced, and we find it excellent, though we only pay the smallest possible coin for it. Having satisfied our own thirst, we are not surprised at the eagerness with which we see half-a-dozen ragged urchins fighting for a piece of water-melon, nearly as big as themselves. But they are quickly put to flight by the approach of a procession of a

holy brotherhood, most frightfully disguised, who are bearing the corpse of an associate, in its coffin, upon their shoulders, to be interred. These have scarcely passed, till Punch and his travelling theatre obstructs the way; every instant you are met by a priest in black garments, or a monk in a frock and cowl, and nuns of charity glide softly through the crowd, their sombre dress contrasting strangely with the elegant ladies, whose French fashions are made Italian by the gaudy of the colours they have adopted, to please their national taste.—But suddenly a little bell is heard, and a priest, followed by incense bearers, appears, carrying the host to the dying. All the wild clamour and movement of that busy street are hushed in an instant, and that passionate, straggling, eager crowd, kneels, as by one impulse, before this symbol of the Divinity. Scarcely has it passed by, when the whirl again commences, and if this pause of seeming adoration, touched the hearts of any of the crowd, even for an instant, it leaves no trace behind; for all resume, as before, their disputes, their occupations, or their bargain. Not the least bias of the motley crowd are the pick-pockets, a class which abounds in Naples; and with which few men venture to interfere, especially since an assassination which occurred in the Toledo a few years ago. Two strangers, Americans, it was said, having almost daily suffered the loss of a pocket-handkerchief during their residence in Naples, resolved to bring the thieves to justice. They agreed, in order to effect this object, that one of them should walk along the street of the Toledo with his handkerchief partly hanging from his pocket; whilst the other a few paces behind, followed him to keep watch. Only a short time elapsed, ere a thief commenced his operations; but scarcely had he secured the prize, ere the second gentleman rushed forward, and seized him by the collar.—The next instant a knife was plunged into the body of the American by another of the gang, who, with the prisoner, readily effected his escape, whilst the stranger fell dead to the ground."

Now, enter King Bomba:—

BOMBA ON THE BOX.

"Two outriders in plain liveries appeared, and then, to our disappointment, an empty carriage, of which the horses were driven four-in-hand. The spectators all stood aside, the men all raised their hats, and, after vainly looking around for some minutes in search of the object of their respect, we discovered, to our astonishment, that the good-looking coachman on the box of the carriage was the King."

THE UPPER & MIDDLE CLASSES.

"No people in the world surpass the Neapolitans in quickness of comprehension, keen wit, and vivid imagination; but untrained, or ill-directed, these faculties are made subservient to intrigue, frivolity, deceit, and superstition. The upper and middle classes derive all their little knowledge from French literature. Modern Italian authors are the objects of their ridicule and contempt; and the profound thinkers of England and Germany are beyond their comprehension. Music alone obtains universal encouragement, and the national taste being here left entirely without restraint, the love of this art has become a perfect passion with the Neapolitans. The beauties of nature, the luxurious softness of the climate, the volatile gaiety, and wild feelings of this Southern people, all by turn find a voice in the works of their composers, most widely differing from the learned pro-