

But the space of a brief article will not admit of all that might be said on the "In Memoriam." It should be read in connection with Gray's Elegy and David's lament over Jonathan. Clevedon is the place to read the poem, the one illustrates the other. How vivid it became, and how new, as though written on the spot. Many passages came to my lips as I mused in the church, walked out on the cliff, looked on the "cold gray stones," out upon the waters, and across on the grand sweep of the hills on the opposite shore.

But the pleasant day soon passed, twilight was setting in, night, with its solemn stars, was approaching, as the shadows of life steal upon its sunshine. My friend and I hastened to the city, and talked by the way of Clevedon, Coleridge, Hallam and Tennyson.

A CELESTIAL LEGEND.

THE JUDGMENT OF KOON-FU-TSZE.*

Ising of Law that's rational; the bulwark of the Right;
The great Palladium national; to us our shining light
Of balanced scale and verdict meet, as nation ever saw;
Where Wisdom on the Judgment seat propounds the end of Law.

In Nanking's proud Imperial walls; (extol them, hosts above,
Spread thro' those blest Celestial halls the breath of Truth and Love;)
A General Postman, sure and brief, after a well-spent life,
Died; leaving drowned in pious grief, two children and a wife.

The final mournful Ritual o'er, they counted the estate,
And humbly prayed the good Che-hsien,† he would administrate.

The good Che-hsien had pondered much; the Lawyers had been heard;
The widow should receive *the half*; the elder son *a third*;—
A *ninth* the younger's portion was; and then, should aught remain,
That for his trouble, as a fee, should take the good Che-hsien.

All the effects were—Tartar steeds; in number, seventeen;
And how these to divide aright, puzzled the good Che-hsien.
The interested parties, too, grumbled, and made a row;
No steed, they swore, should be sold off—but—to divide them—how?

That way came The philosopher, the glorious KOON-FU-TSZE;
The Che-hsien said: "I drop the case; Master, do Thou decree!"

The Sage spread out his legal robe, shaking his learned wig,
Paused—shifting his judicial chair, with looks of Wisdom big;
And said: "Soh, I administrate—but tell me not of fees,
I have my magisterial pay, and nought will take from these."

* Confucius.

† Magistrate of superior rank.