

England the rank of the guests is determined by the arrangement of their seats. But it seems to me that true nobility would confer honor on that place—not borrow honor from it. Whatever its position at table might be, there it appears to me, would the seat of distinction always be. And when a vulgarian does succeed in rudely elbowing his way to the head of the table, the mere fact of his being there could scarcely impose him even on Englishmen as a gentleman."

DOCTOR.—Cock-a-doodle-doo! The old mess of ignorance and mendacity re-hashed, and served up on a new dish! Why it is self-evident that citizen Ward has never had the good fortune to meet with a genuine specimen of an English gentleman. Beyond all controversy his social experiences have been limited to the lowest grade of commercial travellers, or gentry of a similar kidney! I will be bound to say that if ever admitted to an aristocratic house, his progress was bounded by the hall, where he was accommodated with a chair by the civil though suspicious porter till his begging petition could be examined by the master of the mansion! Take the carrion out of my sight, it smells pestilently foul!

LAIRD.—I say Doctor, what Yankee-looking newspaper is that sticking out o' your coat pouch?

DOCTOR.—Your question is *à propos*, reminding me, as it does, of a sweet copy of verses which I intended reading to yeez—as the Squireen would say. The journal in question is the *Boston Transcript*, and it contains the lyric to which I refer.

MAJOR.—Let us have it by all means, if only for the novelty's sake. As a general rule your broad sheet poetasters are, excessively small-beeish and spooney.

DOCTOR.—The truth of your rule I subscribe to, but the present instance furnishes a marked exception thereto.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, let us judge for ourselves, as the hungry tailor o' Tarbolten said to his landlady, when she was cracking up her black puddens.

DOCTOR.—Here goes then:

WILLIE—DEAD.

"MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS."

To the gentle Angel Death,  
Yielding up his quiet breath,  
Softly now his eyelids close,  
In a peaceful, calm repose,  
Pain and sorrow all are o'er,  
He will wake on earth no more.

Very still our darling lies,  
All the light gone from his eyes,  
With hands together prest,  
Folded on his snowy breast,  
And the cheeks so cold and white,  
All the roses faded quite.

Mother's love cannot beguile  
From his little mouth a smile,  
Though upon his lips she press  
All a mother's tenderness;  
Ne'er again his prattling voice  
Shall her loving heart rejoice.

Bring the Lily, snowy pale,  
Fragrant Lily of the Vale;  
Wave amid his golden hair  
Pallid rosebuds, frail as fair:  
For at Life's fresh dawn of day,  
Like a flower he passed away.

Bear him to his quiet rest  
On the green Earth's ample breast;  
Circled by her loving arm,  
Nothing rude our babe can harm,  
Very sweet his sleep shall be  
'Neath her gentle ministry.

There her loving hands shall bring  
All the fragrant flowers of spring,  
Flocks of May-bloom, thickly set,  
Buttercup and violet,  
Violet like Willie's eyes,  
Azure-tinted with the skies.

There the golden sunlight falls,  
Birds shall sing sweet madrigals,  
Singing soft and ever low  
To the sleeper far below;  
Low as ring dove's brooding cry,  
Soft as mother's lullaby.

There our steps shall often stray  
Through the balmy summer day,  
While we speak with gentle tone  
Of the sweet babe who is gone,  
Grateful that his soft feet stand  
Safely in the spirit-land.

And his memory we will keep  
In our fond hearts, treasured deep,  
Patient waiting for the day  
When we too shall pass away,  
And upon the heavenly shore  
See our dear child's face once more.

LAIRD.—Rax us your hand, auld frien', for the treat ye hae conferred on us. Od man that metal rings true, and nae mistake. If the author be spared, his name will yet become "familiar as a household word" among the lovers o' the beautiful and touching.

MAJOR.—I entirely agree with the verdict pronounced by the Laird, upon this anonymous gem. My heart has not been so "strangely stirred" by any composition of a kindred description, since I first perused David Macbeth Moir's *Casa Wappy*. Let us hope that the lyre which can discourse such excellent music, will not be permitted to lie dormant.

LAIRD.—Amen, say I! But Crabtree is your catalogue o' new buiks clean exhausted? If I dinna' get spending my premium it will be burning a hole in my breeks' pouch!