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SPECIMENS OF OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. II—SPENSER.

THE CHARIOT OF PRIDE DRAWN BY THE PASSIONS.

(Continued.)

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
 Upon a camel laden all with gold;  
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,  
 With precious metal full as they might hold,  
 And in his lap an heap of coin he told;  
 For of his wicked self his God he made,  
 And unto hell himself for money sold;  
 Accursed usury was all his trade,  
 And right and wrong alike in equal balance weigh'd.

His life was nigh unto death's door y'placed,  
 And threadbare coat, and cobbled shoes he ware,  
 Nor scarce good mersel all his life did taste,  
 But both from back and belly still did spare,  
 To fill his bags, and riches to compare;  
 Yet child or kinsman living had he none  
 To leave them to; but thorough daily care  
 To get, and nightly fear to lose his own,  
 He led a wretched life unto himself unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,  
 Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,  
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise,  
 Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor,  
 Who had enough, yet wished evermore;  
 A vile disease, and eke in foot and hand  
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore,  
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand;  
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this fair band.

And next to him malicious Envy rode  
 Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw  
 Between his canker'd teeth a venomous toad,  
 That all the poison ran about his jaw;  
 But inwardly he chawed his own maw  
 At neighbors' wealth, that made him ever sad;  
 For death it was, when any good he saw,  
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:  
 But when he heard of harm, he waxed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say  
 He clothed was, y'painted full of eyes;  
 And in his bosom secretly there lay  
 An hateful snake, the which his tail upties  
 In many folds, and mortal sting implies.  
 Still as he rode he gnashed his teeth to see  
 Those heaps of gold with grapple Covetise,  
 And grudged at the great felicity  
 Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,  
 And him no less that any like did use:  
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
 His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;  
 So every good to bad he doth abuse:  
 And eke the verse of famous poet's wit  
 He doth backbite, and spiteful poison spews  
 From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:  
 Such one vile Envy was, that fifth in row did sit.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,  
 Upon a lion loth for to be led:  
 And in his hand a burning brand he hath,  
 Tho' which he brandisheth about his head;

His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,  
 And stared stern on all that him beheld,  
 As ashes pale of hue and seeming dead;  
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
 Trembling through hasty rage, when cholera in him swell'd.

His ruffian raiment all was stain'd with blood  
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,  
 Through unadvised rashness waxen wood;  
 For of his hands he had no government,  
 Nor car'd for blood in his avengement:  
 But, when the furious fit was overpast,  
 His cruel acts he often would repent;  
 Yet wilful man he never would forecast,  
 How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless haste.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath;  
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
 Unmanly murder, and unbrifly scath,  
 Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,  
 And fretting grief, the enemy of life;  
 All these, and many evils more, haunt ire,  
 The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,  
 The shaking palsy, and Saint Francis' fire:  
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And after all, upon the waggon beam  
 Rode Satan, with a smarting whip in hand,  
 With which he forward lash'd the lazy team,  
 So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand;  
 Huge routs of people did about them band,  
 Shouting for joy, and still before their way  
 A foggy mist had covered all the land;  
 And underneath their feet all scattered lay  
 Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

PAULINE DE MEULAN.

Pauline de Meulan, a young lady of good family in Paris, was deprived of the friends who had brought her up, and was compelled to look out for some source of support for herself. She had received a good education, and, having a taste for literature, made an attempt to gain her bread by the use of her pen. She sent various little stories and other contributions to several of the newspapers, but all her pieces were too long or too short, too grave or too light—any thing, in short, but entitled to reception. Had Pauline not possessed uncommon energies, as well as uncommon abilities, she would have found it impossible to fight her way through the briary path that leads to literary success. Many a time and oft, in her solitary chamber, she would cast down her pen in despairing lassitude, but the difficulty of seeing any better mode of maintenance made her always lift it anew, with revived determination. Her efforts were at length rewarded with something like success. Her essays found favor with the managers of the periodical paper called the *Publiciste*, and she became a regular contributor to its pages, being paid for her labors in such a manner as to maintain herself in comparative comfort. She became even the object of considerable notice, and was occasionally an invited member of the literary soirées so common among the Parisians. At M. Suard's in particular, a well-known member of the world of literature, Pauline met and mingled with many of the rising people of talent, male and female, in the French metropolis.

Things continued thus until Pauline fell ill, and became unable to send her contributions as usual to the *Publiciste*. Unluckily for her, the capital supplied too many young persons of literary ability to make the cessation of her labors a matter of much con-