

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Sir Walter's Honour

Margaret Doone



I.

"O, mother, cast thy fears away,
Fling sadness from thy brow,
My father's ships, the sailors say,
Are in the offing now."

"Nay, lad!—full oft before, to me,
Hath come the self-same tale;
A thousand times I've scanned the sea,
And never seen his sail."

"But hark, sweet mother! In the street
The folk make wild uproar;
Haste! let us be the first to greet
His step upon the shore."

"Ah, boy!—how dare my heart believe?
How dare I crave, good lack!
While foes so plot, and friends deceive,
To have thy father back?"

"They watch to seize and search his
ship,
And O! mine eyes grow dim,
And terror palsies heart and lip,
—They lay their snares for him."

"My noble lord!—who weighed no pain,
Nor toll, nor cost, I ween,
Nor ruth of savage lands, to gain
New kingdoms for his queen."

"Bermoothes' rocks that gulfed his
masts,
And tempest-wrack and foam,
Are kinder than the king who blasts
The joy of coming home!"

II.

With drooping sail and shattered mast,
Sir Walter's galleons lay
Beyond the bar, but soon they cast
Anchor in Plymouth Bay.

He leaped to shore with bated breath,
For there, right full in view,
Stood his fair wife, Elizabeth,
And his fair son, Carew.

O Mother, Dry thy Tears away

"My Bess!" he cried, "my Bess! my
boy!"
As through the throng he pressed,
And caught her, in his weary joy,
Dead-swooning, to his breast.

And while he soothed her pale alarms,
With words all passion-sweet,
He heard a troop of men-at-arms
Come clattering down the street.

He turned to see, as on they rode,
All dight in gallant gear;
Then out spake he right merrily,
With voice of sudden cheer:

"Ha, my good cousin! Scarce I thought
Such welcomings to win,
As thy fair courtesy hath brought
To greet thy kith and kin!"

"Gramercy! I am fain to vow
I nevvmore will roam,
Since with such knightly guiso as now,
Ye hail the wanderer home!"

Sir Lewis * quickly drew his blade,
As from his steed he sprang,
And on his kinsman's shoulder laid
Its weight, with sudden clang.

* Sir Lewis Stukely, who arrested Sir Walter on his return from his last voyage, was his cousin.

He gave no greet; but on the ear
His words did sharply ring—
"Sir Walter, I arrest thee here,
By mandate of the king!"

"What hath he done?"—the boy Carew
Flashed forth with angry frown;
And from his father's shoulder drew
The naked weapon down.

"What hath he done? Why, treason's
taint**
Hung o'er his head of old;
And he hath failed, though thrice he
sailed,
To find the mine of gold.

"And sheer against the king's com-
mands,
Who craves all grace of Spain,
He left on Orinoco's sands
Full fifty Spaniards, slain.

"Nay! peace!—what if they were the
first
To fall upon thy crew?
The scant pretence of such defence
Is weak to bear thee through!"

** Sir Walter was accused of aiding with the party who wanted to put Arabella Stuart on the throne instead of James.

They drew the linked iron
out,
And clasped it on his
wrist.

"Have off with him. Be-
shrew me, how
Young malapert doth
frown!
But minding of his mother
now,
Will cool his courage
down!"

"Sir Lewis!"—and the boy
Carew
Fast clenched his fist—
"thy son
Will blush with shame, some
day, to name
The deed which thou hast
done!"
(To be continued.)

A CHINESE BOY'S FORTUNE.

Very strange notions
abound among the Chinese,
and we study their singular
ways and habits with a
great deal of surprise. In
nearly all things they are

"Would God I were
a man! I trow
My hand a thrust
should deal,
(Out spake Carew),
and thou
shouldst know
The temper of my
steel!"

"Tush, boy!"—Sir
Lewis jeered in
wrath.

"Let go thy puny
wrest!
—I wot the fledgeling
eaglet hath
The daring of the
nest!"

"Ho, forward! sturdy
musketeers!
Aside the stripling
fling!
—Bold lad be he who
interferes
With orders from
the king!"

(And ere Sir Walter
turned about,
And ere the truth
he wist,

in their place of life, being on the exact
opposite side of the earth from us.
Among the strange habits of this strange
people, the following facts will be read
with interest:

No sooner is a Chinese boy born into
the world than his father proceeds to
write down eight characters or words,
each set of two representing respectively
the exact hour, day, month and year of
his birth. These are handed by his
father to a fortune-teller, whose business
is to draw up from them a certain book
of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's
pat-tsz, or "eight characters." Herein
the fortune-teller describes the good and
evil which the boy is likely to meet with
in after life, and the means to be adopted
in order to secure the one and avert the
other.

In order to understand the value of
this document we must glance at the
Chinese method of reckoning time. There
are only twelve hours to our twenty-
four. Beginning with 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.,
which is their first hour, their names are
rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake,
horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog and pig.
As everybody is supposed to partake
more or less of the nature of the animal at
whose hour he is born, it is obvious that
it would never do to send a rabbit boy
to the school of a tiger school-master.



And While Her
Paled Alarms
Soothed Her