

ÆSCHYLUS' AGAMEMNON.

(vv. 855—876 AND 887—913.)

Men! citizens! ye reverend Argive citizens
 Unshamed I tell you of my wifely love!
 For weary years kill woman's bashfulness.
 This is no tale at second hand I tell,
 But of my own hard life, so long as he,
 My lord here, fought beneath the walls of Troy.
 For first of all it is a monstrous grief
 To sit with folded hands indoors alone,
 A widowed woman; hearing cruel reports
 Now this now that; now one man come with news,
 And now another, and the bad made worse.
 As, if this man had ta'en as many wounds
 As tidings reached this house—how shall I say?
 I take it he is riddled like a net.
 Why, had he died as tidings multiplied,
 Then, like a second monster of the fable,
 Owing three lives he might have boasted him
 Of bearing triple layers of earth above him,
 Within the grave, besides the earth below,
 Dying one death for each of his three lives.
 And so, through these dark tidings hard to read,
 Many's the time when I was found by friends
 With rope about my neck and loosed by force.

I cannot weep: the passionate floods of tears,
 Have now run dry, and not a drop remains.
 Mine eyes are dull with watching in the night
 With wailing for the beacon-light from Troy
 Which never came: with starting in my dreams,
 At the faint whirring of the droning gnat.
 With seeing catalogues of ills for you
 Too long to happen in the time I dreamt them.
 But now 'tis past; and with a heart at rest,
 I hail this man the watch-dog of the fold
 The stay that saves the ship: the pillar firm
 That props high roofs: the father's only child;
 The land that past all hope the sailor sees.
 Hail! morn of brightness following after storm!
 Hail! water-stream for thirsty wayfarer!
 Ah, well, 'tis pleasant to escape distress
 And therefore with great titles may I greet him,
 (May jealous heaven forgive) for in the past
 Great was my suffering: and now, dear my lord,
 Dismount: yet set not on base earth that foot
 Which trod but yesterday on Xion.
 Arouse ye, loitering maids! why lags your task
 Behind the hour? spread purple where he treads.
 Fitly the brodered carpet marks his path
 Whom justice leads to an unlooked-for home.
 What else remains our wakeful vigilance
 Shall duly guide, as destiny may chance. M. H.

A DAY AMONG THE LAKES.

During one of the most perfect days of last summer it was our good fortune to be touring through the lake district of northern England. Specially fortunate did we consider ourselves, since but two days before Scotland's o'er heavy mist had chilled the ardor of her sun, as well as of her sons, and after two or three fatuous and discouraging attempts to reach a more northern and wilder country we left on the spur of a sudden decision and arrived in Carlisle late one Saturday night.

If here we were to meet disappointment, better the viewless limit of a mighty desert! for there, at least, are mirages of wonderful beauty: here would be *nothing* beautiful, if —!! And, indeed, these anticipatory thoughts were called forth by the fickleness of the following Sunday when looking away from the walls of Carlisle Castle it was only through showers and mists that we caught a glimpse of the hills and valleys of Cumberland.

How continually and eagerly we turned to the west that from the setting of the sun we might forecast its rising. But fortune, who fickle often, oft most partial proves, became propitious, and doubly so, for what spot more beautiful in its peaceful quiet could she have chosen the object of her kind regards. Rising early and finding that the day promised well, we started as quickly as possible that the heat of the sun might not weary the muscles yet unsupple, and so the day's run proved less wearisome. Would that all promises were as well kept!

There rode we right royally:
 For canopy the fleecy clouds,
 For fan the breezes round us.

However, amidst the enjoyment of nature and the intoxication of being and action, there occasionally flits across our day-dream the shadow of doubt and questioning. One sees all around smiling peace and plenty; the earth seems happy, yet into the holiday of our content come unbidden and lazily rebuked practical questions which savored of discussions and theories long since left behind. A pleasant country: surely this is granted. Are the people happy? We are longing to prove it. It is also a country showing grandeur and a quiet restfulness. Are the people noble and trustful? We are already, such is the hopeful enthusiasm of much-experienced inexperienced youth, expecting to see Utopia. The heat of the now far advanced sun prevents much travel, and as often what is least proven is most approved.

Our opportunity soon comes; a load approaches, but stops a distance ahead in a little dip of the road. Loud voices are heard, and soon we up to the scene of action. The load is very heavy, and the horses have discovered it in a most unfortunate, but yet very natural, place. Language proved a very ineffective means of expression, and of all beatings I have ever seen, the most merciless was administered to the delinquents. Such was very rare there, and for this reason I was the more surprised. But it was effectual, and the load was soon on its way. The incident partly answered our questionings, but yet morality and utility had a long and dubious argument, and we inclined to a more uncertain expectation of perfection.

At last our ride has brought us to the top of a succession of rises, and the first good view was lying low and far before us. The sun half-way up the sky lent a drowsy air to every thing. The cattle caught the sheltering shade of hedge and tree. We, too, rested in their shade and quenched our thirst at a small brooklet which crept along with just a murmur like a child's pleased croon.

I tried to take on memory's negative this scene. A word picture would necessitate details which have faded, and many would be wearisome. A few villages were discovered by the columns of smoke, which, like so many giants, drowsily stretched their lazy length up into the summer sky, and some moving wains gave a pleasant contrast and produced that harmony of action and quietness so grateful to the eye. I cannot say more than—it satisfied.

Aroused by a clinking of steel behind, we rushed to the road, fearing an indictment for trespass, but it was only the innocent curiosity of a small boy who, very much like his representative in "Helen's Babies," wanted to see what made "those uns go so quick," meaning the pedals. We endeavored to explain it by a reference to the centrifugal force, cohesion and compulsion which came into play, also mentioning the flume and oil which were used. He seemed first by our *flumen*—*verbosum*, but, at the very close of the explanation, he saw light, evidently by his looks, and we hoped we had done science a good turn by such an able promulgation of her principles; but after the youthful hopeful had put fifteen or twenty yards between us, he shouted back, "You can't fool un!" This means of passing the resting stage did not leave us with our laurels, and we paused so long the next time we tried it that we lost the chance.

What a grand institution for tourists are the sign-posts at the cross-roads! Some, however, of these praiseworthy