

## A REQUIEM.

SOFTLY the golden sunshine broods  
Like kiss of peace o'er land and sea,  
Touching to gold the yellowing woods  
With subtle skill of alchemy.

Too soon, alas ! that gold shall pass  
Into the brown of dull decay ;  
Too soon, upon the yellowing grass,  
The frost its withering touch must lay.

Too soon, too soon, that glory fades,  
Glowing upon the woodland there,  
Till rugged rocks and forest glades  
A more than royal splendour wear.

The oak in deepest crimson fine,  
The birch with fleece of living gold,  
The sumach dyed in blood-red wine,  
The maple's tinting manifold,

All go, and swiftly leave behind  
A shadowy mass of gray and black,  
In which the sun can scarcely find  
A spot to give his brightness back.

Nature must rest, that she may keep  
Tryst with the first flowers' blossoming,  
So, like a tired child, let her sleep,  
The while we wake and watch for Spring !

FIDELIS.

## IN OCTOBER.

THE wind comes rushing o'er the plain :  
Not soft and gentle like a maiden's kiss,  
But boisterous glad and free is this,  
The herald of the wintry rain.

It rushes thro' the poplar trees  
Whose quivering leaves no longer dance in green,  
But blotched like parchment old, are seen  
To flutter sad and yellow in the breeze.

Beneath the trees in crimson brown  
The glowing shrubbery hints of Autumn's brush—  
We hear the lessening brooklet's rush,  
Or see the dead leaves floating down.

Not such its freight in Spring-time days—  
The bushes bowing down along the shore  
Remember well the rush, the roar,  
As murky waters forced new ways ;

While on their foaming breast was borne  
Some grassy island from the cut bank's edge,  
Or tree with tangled roots and sedge  
That from the shore it clutched was torn.

The water swirls are crystal clear  
Beneath the steep and crumbling gravel bank,  
Whose top with tufted grass grows rank  
While red vine up gray side creeps near.

The horsetails nod beside the stream  
And toss their shrivelled yellow arms about :  
The ripples fleck the lazy trout  
That gather in the pool to dream.

The wind comes rushing o'er the hill ;  
No mourner he among the pine that sighs,  
But free with broad wing, swift he flies  
With whirring sound of distant mill.

O'er broad brown hills the wind-waves pass  
Bowing on tall brown stems the seed-filled head,  
Shaking the rose-bush burning red  
That flames amid the faded grass.

And when there comes a breath of cold  
Our eyes are lifted to the glitter bright  
Of snow-clad mountains, where last night  
The ruby sun was set in gold.

How quiet, how pure, how strong ! They stand  
Like guardian angels clad in white, and send  
This warning wind, that man, their friend,  
May bide from storms to sweep the land.

And so cold-laden is the wind ;  
O'er faded grass, 'mid yellow leaves he flies,  
A snowy glitter in his eyes,  
To warn of storms that come behind.

W. P. M.

## THE QUEEN'S LIFE IN HER EARLIER DAYS.

THE Court is certainly not gay ; but it is perhaps impossible that any Court should be gay where there is no social equality ; where some ceremony, and a continual air of deference and respect must be observed, there can be no ease, and without ease there can be no pleasure. The Queen is naturally good-humoured and cheerful ; but still she is Queen, and by her must the social habits and the tone of conversation be regulated, and for this she is too young and inexperienced. She sits at a large round table, her guests around it, and Melbourne always in a chair beside her, where two mortal hours are consumed in such conversation as can be found, which appears to be, and really is, very uphill work. This, however, is the only bad part of the whole ; the rest of the day is passed without the slightest constraint, trouble, or annoyance to anybody ; each person is at liberty to employ himself or herself as best pleases them, though very little is done in common, and in this respect Windsor is totally unlike any other place. There is none of the sociability which makes the agreeableness of an English country house ; there is no room in which the guests assemble, sit, lounge and talk as they please, and when they please ; there is a billiard table, but in such a remote corner of the Castle that it might as well be in the town of Windsor ; and there is a library well stocked with books, but hardly accessible, imperfectly warmed, and only tenanted by the librarian ; it is a mere library, too, unfurnished, and offering none of the comforts and luxuries of a habitable room. There are two breakfast rooms, one for the ladies and the guests, and the other for the equerries, and when the meal is over everybody disperses, and nothing but another meal reunites the company, so that, in fact, there is no society whatever, little trouble, little etiquette, but very little resource or amusement.

The life which the Queen leads is this : she gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business ; she reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large *suite* (and she likes to have it numerous) ; Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerries-in-waiting generally on her right ; she rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop ; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing and romping with children, if there are any in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near eight. The lord-in-waiting comes into the drawing-room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take into dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies ; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there ; she remains at the table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, when she goes round and says a few words to each, of the most trivial nature, all, however, very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over the Duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged, and then the round table is marshalled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about half-past eleven she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers, and the band have performed all the pieces on their list for the night. This is the whole history of her day ; she orders and regulates every detail herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the Castle, settles about the riding or the driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention. But while she personally gives her orders to her various attendants, and does everything that is civil to all the inmates of the Castle, she really has nothing to do with anybody but Melbourne, and with him she passes (if not in *tête-à-tête* yet in intimate communication) more hours than any two people, in any relation of life, perhaps ever do pass together besides. He is at her side for at least six hours every day, an hour in the morning, two hours on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. This monopoly is certainly not judicious ; it is not altogether consistent with social usage, and it leads to an infraction of those rules of etiquette which it is better to observe with regularity at Court. But it is more peculiarly inexpedient with reference to her own future enjoyment, for if Melbourne should be compelled to resign, her privation will be the more bitter on account of the exclusiveness of her intimacy with him. Accordingly, her terror when any danger menaces the Government, her nervous apprehension at any appearance of change, affects her health, and upon one occasion during the last session she actually fretted herself into an illness at the notion of their going out. It must be owned that her feelings are not unnatural, any more than those which Melbourne entertains toward her. His manner to her is perfect, always respectful, and never presuming upon the extraordinary distinction he enjoys ; hers to him is simple and natural, indicative of the confidence she reposes in him and her lively taste for his society but not marked by any unbecoming familiarity. Interesting as his position is, and flattered, gratified and touched as he must be by the