

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Let the great Queen pass !
Amid the acclamations of her people
Let the vast, far-reaching multitude make way
This glad triumphal day ! the great Queen of
A mighty nation goes forth, wearing
Her crown of fifty years, to render thanks
To the High God, in England's ancient Abbey.

Let the gorgeous pageant pass !
Amid the blare of the trumpet, and the
Cannon's mighty thunder, amid the shouts
Of the people that bless her—guarded by the
Warriors that love her—her reign of fifty
Years hath made her England's greatest, best loved
Queen forever, and forever !

In the ancient Abbey, wondrous in
Its olden story, sacred where beneath
Its vaulted aisles, rest a princely host, (the
Empire's glorious dead) lo ! a mighty
Multitude—the pride and pomp of all the
Nations gathered there in silent Majesty,
Save at intervals up the shadowy
Corridors floats an echo of the shout
Of a triumphant people, where they press
The crowded highways, fragrant with the
Perfumes of costly garlands—bright with gilded
Arch and lordly banner floating high

Let the bells ring out, and the thundering
Cannon roar—let the proud strains of martial
Music swell, and the nation's anthem roll
It is the Queen's, Britain's—the vast far-reaching
Empire's great jubilee—

Suddenly
At the wide flung portals, where within the
Gray old walls the silent throng expectant
Wait, the trumpet's clarion blast awakes
The startled air ; and slowly up the broad nave
Where above the old historic banners wave,
The proud procession moves—matted priest
In gorgeous glittering robes—proud
Imperial scions of a long line
Of ancient ancestry—-and Britain's
Royal house—the sons and daughters of that
High Prince who hath gone his way at call of
The Great Voice—and then alone (for none might
Walk beside her since he has not) and last
Of all that princely train, with stately step
And that Imperial Majesty born
Of her high heritage—she came—the great
Queen of earth's greatest kingdom, proud Empress
Of a mighty nation.

Stately she trode !
As if she scorned the pride and pomp of
State—Nor queenly robe, nor jeweled crown
She wore—but her mien was royal—and her
Regal bearing marked her Britain's Queen.

Oh the pride and glory of the thrilling
Story !

The soft light through pictured windows streaming,
On glittering robe and jeweled helmet gleaming
The great fanfare bursts forth—the princely throng
Arise—the Kings and Queens of all the earth
Proud rulers of ancient dynasties
Their haughty hearts low bowed in reverent
Homage—while through the vast arches, adown
The shadowy corridors, the exultant
Music floats thrilling, swelling, reverberating,
Till the lofty dome with the mighty notes
Are shaken, and the distant echoes of
The vaulted aisles where lie the sleeping dead
Awaken—

Peace !
A mightier presence enters here—Let
The proud strains of martial music cease.
Britain and Britain's Queen renders thanks to
The great Giver of all—
"We praise Thee oh God, we acknowledge Thee
To be the Lord—All the earth doth worship Thee
The Father everlasting—Thou art the
King of glory."

The rites are ended—
The solemn prayers chanted, and the
Priest of the High God hath spoken holy
Benedictions—But who are these who
Come with reverent homage lowly bending ?
Stately women and warlike men ? Thy sons
And daughters, oh great Queen, the nation's hope
And glory ! By the light of love that
Gathers in thine eye we know them—by their
High looks and kingly air we know them—
The children thy God hath given thee.

But the solemn rites are ended
And the holy benediction rendered
Forth from the ancient Abbey, amid,
Again, the lofty music pealing
And the nation's anthem ringing ;
Back to the palace halls, oh, triumphant Queen
This is the day of glory, and far down
The ages thy children's children shall repeat
The glad story—and thou—because thou hast
Loved thy God and walked in His footsteps
Thy kingdom shall endure forever.
And when the day is done, thou shalt keep great
Jubilee at His right hand forever.

Round Hill.

SARAH J. H. FRANK.

THE ROMANCE OF THIEVING.

Although a man always looks upon a clever theft with an air of romance, he never quite remains the position until the thief or sharpshooter has fleeced himself. We are apt to laugh at the misfortunes of a man who puts his

head out of his cab on a foggy day, in answer to a knock at the window, and finds his hat disappearing in the gloom. No do we show more sympathy with the man who collides with another individual in the street, and who, on having his hat, which has fallen, handed back with profuse apologies for the accident, finds, from its size and general appearance, that not many hours before it must have adorned a scarecrow. But these incidents in no way illustrate the coolness and intrepidity of the professional thief, who does not usually aim at trifles.

Last winter an ingenious theft was perpetrated by two well-known pick-pockets who had followed a gentleman out of the stall of a Leeds theatre. For a moment they parted company, and when the younger joined his companion, he handed him a pocket-book, from which were taken some notes and money. To substitute false notes was the work of a second. "You have lost your pocket-book, sir," said the older thief, hurrying after the gentleman. With a cool bow the thief hastened away, pleased with the gentleman's thanks—and his watch. At Birmingham not long ago, a thief was detected in the act of stealing a gentleman's watch. In his haste to escape, he ran into the arms of a detective, who had been watching him for some time. Naturally the thief must have felt somewhat excited at such a moment ; but if he did, he showed no symptoms of being so. Although instantly secured by the unenviable handcuffs, he had the presence of mind to pass the watch unobserved into the pocket of a passer-by. This person was puzzled to know how he became the possessor of the watch, and being afraid of keeping the gift, was sufficiently honest to hand it to the police.

Another instance of the remarkable coolness and audacity of a thief, though perhaps not an uncommon one, is worth relating. One day a Liverpool "stalker"—a man capable of doing mischief of any kind for a trifle—having watched his opportunity, took up a coat that hung outside a pawnbroker's shop. Flinging it over his arm, and carrying it into the shop as if intending to make a purchase, he offered it for sale. Not recognizing his own property, the pawnbroker bought the coat. But even this did not satisfy the thief. He handled some silk handkerchiefs, and in choosing one, remarked carelessly : "Take pay for this out of the money for the coat"—"But I have given you the money," indignantly answered the pawnbroker.—"Oh no ; you haven't," said the thief. A warm altercation ensued. In vain the shopman protested that he had paid the money ; and at last the thief went out in search of an officer to settle the dispute, taking with him some silver spoons, several silk handkerchiefs, as well as the silk handkerchief in question, which in his excitement the broker had forgotten. But the thief is not always so cool and collected as we are wont to believe him. He is especially unnerved by hunger and the police. Not long ago a well-known actor, whilst in the provinces, had occasion to walk some distance at midnight, and was stopped on a lonely road by an ill-clad ruffian. "Fool !" muttered the actor coolly, "there's an officer within a hundred yards of us, I'll—". With an exclamation the thief disappeared over a wall ; and the next morning his dead body was found in a river close by, into which in his haste he had fallen.

Some five or years ago, the shopkeepers of Bradford were thrown into a state of alarm by a couple of young lads. One of the two used to make a small purchase at a shop, and, by tolling a plausible tale that a boy outside would take the purchase from him if it were seen, he got the shopman to put the article down the back of his coat. Whilst thus employed, the ingenious youth very easily relieved the shopman of his watch, and then bolted. After him came "the boy outside," to inform the shopman of his loss. The latter having had carefully described to him the road the thief had not taken, ran at once after the culprit, the second boy in the meantime helping himself to the contents of the till. How often this larceny was practised, few shopmen in Bradford care to remember. Once, for the writer's edification, a young lad, not more than fifteen years of age, undertook to stand in a prominent thoroughfare in Leeds and open the ladies' satchels as they passed without being observed. He never failed once, and very often succeeded in taking out the purses also, which of course were immediately returned intact. It is often argued, that if taken from their evil associates, many thieves would reform. It is very doubtful ; they love their nefarious orgies and their liberty too dearly. One instance in support of this is enough. A clergyman in Bristol once interested himself in the welfare of a penitent thief, and secured a situation for him in South Australia. But while at his benefactor's house, listening to the bright prospects that awaited him, the thief was stealing the good man's spoons, watch, and ring. The chances of becoming rich in a day are further inducements, as in the case of the gambler, to continue their life of recklessness and crime. A Liverpool detective once stated that four hundred pounds and several watches were found upon a notorious pickpocket during a festival in that city ; and it is no uncommon thing for a couple of thieves during the Derby week to steal five or six hundred pounds' worth of valuables.—*Chamber's Journal*.

ALDERSHOT CAMP.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

The following corps went into camp at Aldershot, on Tuesday, the 6th inst.:

The "King's" Troop of Cavalry, Capt. Ryan—8 officers, 13 non-commissioned officers and men.

The 68th "King's Co." Battalion, Lt.-Col. Chipman, Major Bolcher (Lt.-Col.) Major Lydiard, (Lt.-Col.) Adj. Lt. Coleman. 35 officers, 371 non-commissioned officers and men.

The 78th, "Colchester, Hants and Picton" Battalion, Lt. Col. Blair, Major Sutherland, Major Burgess, 21 officers, 287 non-commissioned officers and men.