

## MNEMOSYNE; OR, THE RETROSPECT.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Still were the azure fields, thick strewn  
With stars, and trod by luminous feet;  
In the low west the wan white Moon  
Walked in her winding-sheet—  
Holding her taper up, to see  
Thy cold fair face, Mnemosyne.

And on that face her lustre fell,  
Deepening the marble pallor there,  
While by the stream, and down the dell,  
Thy slow still feet did fare;  
Thy maiden thoughts were far from me,  
Thy lips were still, Mnemosyne!

I knew thee by a simpler name,  
Fit for a maid of English birth,  
And though thy beauty put to shame  
All beauty born of earth,  
Not till that night could my soul see  
Thy soul's dark depths, Mnemosyne!

At last thy voice thrilled soft and low—  
"Oh, blessed be the silent night!  
It brings strange life of long ago  
Back to the soul's sad night—  
It trances sense, and thought is free  
To tremble through eternity.

"Oh, thinkest thou this life we live,  
In this strange haunted planet nurst,  
So mythical, so fugitive,  
Could be the last? or first?  
Nay, I remember!"—Pale stood she,  
Fronting the west, Mnemosyne!

The moonlight on her cheek of snow,  
The starlight in her raven hair,  
Her eyes in one divine dark glow  
On heaven, she waited there—  
"Nay, I remember!" murmured she,  
The earthly maid Mnemosyne.

And as she spake, it seemed I saw  
Before me, in the mystic light,  
That old Greek woman's shape of awe,  
Large, lustrous-eyed, and white—  
The twilight goddess, fair to see,  
With heavenly eyes—Mnemosyne!

The haunter of green moonlit toms,  
The reader of old midnight lore,  
The glorious walker through God's glooms,  
Back looking evermore,  
I shook and almost bent the knee,  
Naming the name, "Mnemosyne!"

"I can remember!—all the day  
Memory is dark, the past is dead,  
But when the light orb fades away,  
And from the void o'erhead  
Heaven's eyes flash open, I can see  
That lost life!" said Mnemosyne.

"Before this mortal sphere I trod,  
I breathed some strange and silvery air;  
Ay, wandered 'mid the glooms of God,  
A living soul, up there;  
The old lost life comes back to me  
With starry gleams of memory.

"I can remember!—In a trance,  
O love, thou didst up-gazing stand,  
Nor turned from heaven thy lustrous glance,  
While soft I kissed thy hand,  
Whispering that mystic name to me,  
"Mnemosyne! Mnemosyne!"

And all the luminous eyes above  
Concentrated one pale gaze on thine,  
While warm wild words of earthly love  
Poured in thine eyes divine,  
Till, with thy soft lips kissing me,  
Thy soul saw mine, Mnemosyne!

A sense of that forgotten life  
Blew on our cheeks like living breath;  
Lifted above the world's dark strife,  
Beyond the gates of death,  
Hand linked in hand, again lived we  
That starlight life of mystery.

Go by, bright days of golden blooms!  
She shrinks and darkens in your gleam;  
Come, starry nights and glistening glooms,  
And deepen that sweet dream;  
Let her remember: let her be  
Priestess of peace—Mnemosyne.

O child of heaven, the life we live,  
In this strange haunted planet nurst,  
So mythical, so fugitive,  
Is not the last, nor first;  
That lost life was, new life shall be—  
So keep thy name, "Mnemosyne!"

## For Everybody.

## Poetical Quotation.

The line "Tho' lost to sight to mem'ry dear" has been traced at last to Ruthven Jenkyns, and was published in *The Greenwich Magazine*, for mariners, in 1701.

## A French Custom.

A Paris dentist was reported to have hung out a sign on which was inscribed—

"Teeth extracted  
Without pain for 2 francs."

To his disgust, no patients made their appearance, and, after enduring the heart-sickness of hope deferred for three months, he added a line to his announcement thus—

"With pain for 1 franc."

To his gratification, he had crowds of patients, but they all preferred to pay the two francs.

## Paddy's Berth.

"While journeying by rail," says a traveller in America.

\* The Greek name of the goddess of Memory.

"I witnessed the following incident. One night, just after I had scrambled into my sleeping-berth, I heard loud and angry voices proceeding from the rear of the car. 'I tell you this is a sleeping car, and you can't come in without a ticket.' 'Be-gone, I had a ticket.' 'Where is it?' 'I've lost it.' 'If you really had the misfortune to lose your ticket, perhaps you can remember your berth.' There was an interval of silence, Paddy evidently employing his thinking powers. 'Och, by jabers!' he exclaimed at length, 'I was born on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1838.'"

## Young Legislator.

In the House of Commons, just elected, there are a few very young men—Viscount Helmsley, twenty-one years old; Earl De Grey, twenty-two; the Marquis of Stafford, twenty-two; Viscount Macduff, twenty-three. In the House the Duke of Abercorn has three sons, the Duke of Devonshire two sons and a brother, the Duke of Buccleuch two sons, the Duke of Rutland two brothers, the Duke of Richmond a son and a brother, the Dukes of Northumberland, Marlborough, and Argyll each a son, and the Duke of Manchester a brother. As there are but twenty-one dukes in Great Britain, the ducal families may be said to be well represented.

## An Historical Shirt.

"It is not generally known," says a relic-hunter, "that in the late fire at the Pantechnicon there was presumably destroyed an interesting relic of King Charles I., in fact a shirt he wore on the day of his execution. Handed down as an heirloom, this historical memento seems to have found its last resting place in one of the doomed rooms of the Pantechnicon, owing to a difference of opinion amongst some family relatives as to its proper ownership. It was stored there to await 'the issue of events' by litigation or otherwise. The story goes that the ill-fated monarch fearing that any symptom of shivering on his part on the scaffold might be attributed to cowardice, held by many to be foreign to his nature, bade his valet array him in two shirts on the fatal morn."

## An Unkind Out.

Macready had been advertised for many weeks. He was a star whose advent invariably filled the company with dread on account of his brusque behaviour. Coleman had acted with him previously, and informed the company, a few days before the arrival of the great man, that he was on intimate terms with him, and that Macready thought very highly of his (Coleman's) attainments. On the arrival of the London star, the company, on the tip-toe of expectation, thronged the "wings" and stage to see the greeting between the patron and his protégé. "You remember me?" said Mr. Coleman, going up confidently with outstretched hands. "No, sir," replied Macready, coldly. "Why, I had the honour of playing Iago to your Othello at Bath last year. Do you remember now?" "Remember you, sir! I shall never forget you."

## Oldest Timber in the World.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man, is that which is found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found in the connection with stone-work which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This wood, and the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in its upper service. When two blocks were laid in place, then it appears that an excavation about an inch deep, was made into each block, into which an hour-glass shaped tie was driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamarisk, or shittim wood, of which the ark was constructed; a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the Valley of the Nile. These dovetailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion.

## Chopines.

High heels for ladies' use are, no new thing. They were introduced under the name of "chopines" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "By'r lady," Hamlet says to one of the lady actors, in his play before the King of Denmark, "your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine!" This fashion also came from Italy, and Coryate reports that in his time the chopine was so common that no one could go without it. "It is a thing made of wood," he says, "and covered with leather of sundry colours, some white, some red, some yellow. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt. There are many of these chopines of a great height, even half a yard high; and by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chopines. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end that they may not fall."

## Singular Beings.

Mr. Darwin's "Missing Link" has at length been found, to judge from the following curious account of dwarfish human beings, said to resemble a race of monkeys, which is given by the *Siam Weekly Advertiser*:—"On the Island of Burneo has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra del Fuego, and in South America. They walk unusually almost erect, on two legs, and in that attitude measure about four feet in height. They construct no habitations, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves and trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants' eggs, and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labour, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When captured alive one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds are like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captors, and females show instincts of modesty; in fine, these wretched beings are men and women."

## Clerical Incomes in New York.

The religious denominations in New York have, in the aggregate, 349 churches. The salaries of the ministers in several instances, in addition to an official residence, range from 800 dollars to 12,000 dollars, but it is right to explain that only sixty receive 5,000 dollars or upwards, while the number receiving over that sum is only thirty, and only ten of the thirty are paid 10,000 dollars or over. Six of these fortunate ten are pastors of Episcopal churches. Twenty Baptist ministers get from 1,000 dollars to 3,000 dollars, ten ministers in the Lutheran Church are paid from 1,000 dollars to 2,500 dollars; forty in the Methodist Church at the same rates;

thirty in the Presbyterian from 1,000 dollars to 3,000 dollars; thirty-five in the Episcopal from 1,000 to 2,500 dollars; and ten in the Reformed Dutch from 1,000 dollars to 3,000 dollars. It is stated as safe to say that not more than half the ministers in New York receive salaries of 2,500 dollars, while a very large number do not get more than half this sum. Still, with few exceptions, the ministers of New York are paid at least as liberally as any class of intellectual workers.

## The Power of the Press.

The wife of the President of France, Madame M'Mahon, found it impracticable to make her grand charity project a success without the aid of the newspaper men. To give the affair a dashing start, Mr. Debrousse, one of the most opulent press proprietors of Paris, gave her a check for 100,000 francs, and got the editors to meet Mrs. President. She made them a little speech, and forthwith the men of the pen organised subscriptions, and devoted space to publishing the names of persons giving. In a few days money began to pour in, and in a little over a week 275,000 francs were raised for the soup-houses. The press does this, although more heavily burdened with taxes than any other industry (each journal pays one-fifth of its value to the state), and yet receives very little credit for it. The walls of Paris were recently covered with notices signed by the Mayor of Paris, saying that Madame M'Mahon had devoted 100,000f. to the release of the mattresses in pawn, and 100,000 more to certain soup-houses which she had founded. Paris is having a charity mania. All the ladies of the *haut monde* are vying with each other, and are happy to see their names in the papers as having passed the plate all day long at some public ceremony.

## Put Out a Bit.

A nervous lady, travelling by rail from Kensington to Croydon, during the recent elections, found herself alone in a first-class compartment. Just as the train was leaving, a wild-looking gentleman, with excited eyes jumped in. Presently he began talking aloud, lending emphasis to angry ejaculations by vehemently slapping his knees. The fog was dense, and, as a matter of course, no lamp illumined the darkness. Naturally, the lady was much alarmed at the strange behaviour of her solitary companion, especially as she had only that morning been told that several escaped lunatics are roving about England. What was to be done? She determined on changing carriages at the first station she came to, but a fear of exciting the madman's suspicion palsied her attempted movement. For a time this continued, the lunatic gesticulating and remonstrating vehemently with some imaginary person. Just when the tension on her nerves was absolutely insupportable the train stopped, and, to her intense relief, the Bedlamite got out. Great was her surprise to see that his ticket was not demanded, whilst the *employés* touched their hats to him with the most obsequious civility. Calling a guard, she inquired who the strange gentleman was, and why he seemed so excited. "One of our directors, ma'am, and he's put out a bit because the election's goin' against his man."

## Henry the Eighth in his Youth.

The Court still wore a festive air; and no one in the Palace gave much thought to either Amboise and his Great Reform, or Catharine and her great appeal. Gentlemen dressed in white, put green branches in their hats, and stood around the butts while Henry fired his bolts. No archer in his guard could bend a stronger bow, nor shoot a greater length, than Catharine's husband. Henry and two companions challenged all the world to stand at barriers, to cast the eight-foot lance, to fight with a two-handed sword. Some knights took up the glove, but Henry and his men received the chief applause. Such deeds delighted soldiers, who desired to see their master give his mind to warlike sports. But he was no less busy and successful in the arts of peace. His day was spent in shooting, singing, casting of the bars, and playing on the flute. An hour was given to wrestling in the morning; another hour was given to setting music in the afternoon. A dance at night was followed by an early mass, in both of which he bore an author's part. For pictures he displayed an early love, and he collected jewellery and armour of the finest workmanship from distant lands. Such tastes were grateful to the Churchmen, who desired to see their master busy with the arts of peace.

## Lord Palmerston.

Lord Palmerston swayed the House of Commons by his eloquence, he attracted it by his presence, and enlightened it by his wit, and kept it in a proper state of mind by his untiring and inexhaustible good humour. He was at once a great statesman, a great political leader, a great judge, a great manager and manipulator of mankind; and all these qualities he used primarily, I am bound to say, for the good of whole parties and the whole House, and secondly, no doubt, to the great advantage of that political party which had the immense honour and advantage of having him for their leader. I cannot express to you the admiration I felt for the mere intellectual and physical power which I have seen Lord Palmerston exert, when I have seen him rise, with more than eighty years on his head, and answer, at two o'clock in the morning, a long and intricate debate—picking out all the topics that required explanation, discarding from the consideration of the House all irrelevant matter, and putting forward in the clearest possible manner that which was important: and that without a single note or having to appeal to any one to assist him or to refresh his memory. But greatly as we all admired Lord Palmerston's intellectual power, there was one thing which we admired even more, and which goes home to every Englishman's mind; that was his extraordinary sense of duty—his indomitable industry and perseverance. Lord Palmerston was the most regular and constant attendant of his Government in the House of Commons. He came at four o'clock four nights weekly, and sat until two o'clock in the morning, never leaving except to take a cup of tea. He was always accessible to everybody and always courteous. No reverse, no taunt, no weight of years, no labour, no exertion that he underwent ever seemed for a moment to disturb his temper or sour his good humour. He had always a courteous word for a friend or a foe, and he never seemed to think it was anything wonderful that he was able at his age to undergo these exertions. Lord Palmerston was not only a great political leader and a great statesman, he was a great Englishman, and his life should be an example to the highest and lowest of us; for whatever duty he undertook he did it, and did it thoroughly. Although he had the society of the whole world at his disposal he never left the House when there was work to be done.