

the Easterlings, or the steel-yard merchants. They belonged to the great German or Hanseatic League, formed for the protection of the Baltic trade from the pirates then infesting that and the North Sea. By a law of Ethelred, it was enacted that "The Emperor's men, or Easterlings, coming with their ships to Billingsgate, shall be accounted worthy of good laws." They were not allowed to forestall the markets from the London burgesses, and were required to pay toll both at Christmas and Easter, of two grey cloths, one brown cloth, two pounds of pepper, five pairs of gloves, and two vessels of vinegar.

Such was London in the times of the Anglo-Saxons, so far as we can gather it from the meagre accounts that have come down to us. Briton and Roman, Saxon and Dane, had alike visited it heavily in their turns; fire and sword, famine and pestilence had devastated it in succession; but, in spite of all, the city struggled on and thrived. There was one more conquest awaiting it; and even while the shouts of the multitude speeded Harold on his way to the North to confront a traitorous brother and a foreign foe, William the Norman was gathering his forces together for the fatal day of Hastings.

THE CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE WALTZ.

BY J. J. PROCTER.

The wind is sighing, the leaves are flying,
Low in the West the sun lies dying;
The birds are fled, and the flowers are dead,
And the eve's grey mists gather overhead.

Far on the verge of the Western sky,
Tranced in bliss, bathed in light,
Purple and gold are the clouds that lie
Waiting their death from Night.

The witch-elms sob, and the great pines throb,
And the maples shower their tears of blood,
For the year is sere, and the earth is drear,
And its glories gone like a summer flood.

The Past hath tears, and the Present fears,
As the Future Terror more plain appears;
Behind us a grave lies closed, before
A grave lies yawning with open door.

"Down on the banks where the grape-vines glow"
So Life sung, when her year was young,
"Purple and gold are the grapes I grow,"—
A curse on her lying tongue!

Fool! for such gold to be bought and sold
For hopes to be blasted, and friends grown cold,
For the wear and tear of struggle and care,
And the treacherous life-stream flowing—where?

And still to the beat of the flying feet
The swift waltz-pulses throb clear and sweet,
But under the air so brightly fair
The time-notes sigh with the soul's despair.

"Down past the bank where the dark streams flow.
Woe is me! ah, woe is me!
Purple and crimson and gold must go
Down to the endless sea.

The days speed on, and the years are gone,
And the mists rise up from the unseen shore,
Youth's dreams are fled, and its hopes are dead
To be raised up—Nevermore!"