

A SONG IN SEASON.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.
Thou whose beauty
Knows no duty
Due to love that moves thee never,
Thou whose mercies
Are men's curses,
And thy smile a scourge for ever.

II.
Thou that givest
Death and livest
On the death of thy sweet giving,
Thou that sparest
Not nor carest
Though thy scorn leave no love living.

III.
Thou whose rootless
Flower is fruitless
As the pride its heart incloses,
But thine eyes are
As May skies are,
And thy words like spoken roses.

IV.
Thou whose grace is
In men's faves
Fierce and wayward as thy will is,
Thou whose peerless
Eyes are fearless,
And thy thoughts as cold sweet lilies.

V.
Thou that takest
Hearts and makest
Wrecks of loves to strew behind thee,
Whom the swallow
"Sure should follow,
Finding summer where we find thee.

VI.
Thou that wakest
Hearts and breakest,
And thy broken hearts forgive thee,
That wilt make no
Pause and take no
Gift that love for love might give thee.

VII.
Thou that blindest
Eyes and blindest,
Serving worst who served thee longest;
Thou that speakest,
And the weakest
Heart is his that was the strongest;

VIII.
Take in season
Thought with reason;
Think what gifts are ours for giving;
Hear what beauty
Owes of duty
To the loves that keeps it living;

IX.
Dust that covers
Long dead lovers,
Song blown off with breath that brightens;
As its flashes
Their white ashes
Burst in bloom that lives and lightens.

X.
Had they bent not
Head or lent not
Ear to love and amorous duties,
Song had never
Saved for ever
Love, the feast of all their beauties.

XI.
All the golden
Names of olden
Women yet by men's love cherished,
All our dearest
Thoughts hold nearest,
Had they loved not, all had perished.

XII.
If no fruit is
Of thy beauties,
Tell me yet, since none may win them,
What and wherefore
Love should care for
Of all good things hidden in them!

XIII.
Pain for profit,
Comes but of it,
If the lips that lure their lover's
Hold no treasure
Past the measure
Of the lightest hour that hovers.

XIV.
If they give not
Or forgive not
Gifts or thefts for grace or guerdon,
Love that misers
Fruits of kisses
Long will bear no thankless burden.

XV.
If they care not
Though love were not,
If no breath of his burn through them,
Joy must borrow
Song from sorrow,
Fear teach hope the way to woo them.

XVI.
Grief has measures
Soft as pleasure's,
Fear has moods that hope lies deep in,
Songs to sing him,
Dreams to bring him,
And a red-rose bed to sleep in.

XVII.
Hope with fearless
Looks and fearless
Lies and laughs too near the thunder;
Fear hath sweeter
Speech and meeter
For heart's love to hide him under.

XVIII.
Joy by daytime
Fills his playtime
Full of songs loud mirth takes pride in,
Night and morrow
Weave round sorrow
Thoughts as soft as sleep to hide in.

XIX.
Graceless faces,
Loveless graces
Are but moves in light that quicken,
Sands that run down
Ere the sundown
Rose leaves dead ere Autumn sicken.

XX.
Fair and fruitless
Charms are bootless
Spells to ward off ages' perils;
Lips that give not
Love shall live not
Eyes that meet not eyes are sterile.

XXI.

But the beauty
Bound in duty
Fast to love that falls off never,
Love shall cherish
Lest it perish.
And its root bears fruit for ever.

"TWIXT WHIG AND TORY.

The ball-room of Vallhurst Hall was magnificently lit, and with its many flashing mirrors reflecting "fair women and brave men," presented a very brilliant appearance.

It is the birthday of the only daughter of Sir Janus Vallhurst, the last remaining scion of a noble Tory family.

In an alcove stands the lady in whose honour this "fair company" have assembled.

Diana Vallhurst is surpassingly lovely. Her tall, slender figure is attired in sea-green silk, almost entirely covered with white lace that rests on the carpet in voluminous folds.

A gentleman in military uniform approaches her, exclaiming, "Ah, cousin, I have been looking for you! What dances will you grant me?"

"How many would you like, Charles? My programme is nearly full already."

"Three."

"On conditions," she said, impressively laying her little jewelled hand on his arm.

"Name them at once, Di."

"Your vote and interest for the election to-morrow."

The Honourable Charles Crawley's eyebrows went up to an alarmingly elevated height.

"You don't mean to say you are collecting votes to-night, do you?"

"I do, though, and must request you to make haste, for I see papa coming to scold me about something. Are we going to dance together?"

He took her proffered programme, as he replied, "Certainly, we are; for Sir Lawrence has my most earnest wishes for his success."

"Sir Lawrence!" she repeated. "I don't want you to give him your vote."

"What? Why, cousin, I understood—that is—I beg your pardon—but Sir James told me you, in company with Sir Lawrence, were on the brink of that frightful gulf termed matrimony."

A deep flush mounted her fair cheek.

"Restrain your surprise, if you please," she replied. "Papa is within hearing. It is for Horace Carlton I want your vote; so come to terms!"

"It is downright bribery," returned he; and giving her back her programme, vanished through an entrance, opposite the ball-room, which led to the grounds.

"Diana!" abruptly spoke a tall, stout gentleman, as he approached.

"Yes, papa," she answered, slowly.

"Attend to me. Don't play with your fan in that ridiculous fashion! Why do you persistently refuse to dance with Sir Lawrence?"

"I do not care to dance with him for a very simple reason, papa."

"Whether you care or not, he is to be your husband, and preparations for the marriage will commence as soon as the election is over."

"Papa!" she exclaimed, reproachfully; and tears ran down her flushed cheek, and found a soft resting-place among the lace that ornamented her corsage.

"Diana, I am perfectly aware that you have entertained thoughts concerning that fellow Carlton, and I tell you now to dismiss them at once from your mind; for never shall you marry a Whig. Remember, I have no son, and Sir Lawrence is in every way suited to become my heir; therefore, when he is again in the House—"

"Suppose, for one moment, that he is unsuccessful—what then?"

"That cannot happen. I have just left him, and he is quite confident of success. He assures me that Carlton is a beggar, besides being a Whig."

"But, papa, do suppose that the "beggar" beats the Baronet at the poll?"

"Should such a misfortune happen, you have my consent to marry the conqueror."

A hopeful smile lit up Diana's features as standing on tiptoe, she kissed Sir Janus's whiskers—whiskers that stood out with quite a Tory-like aggressiveness.

"What do you mean, Meadows? You surely don't think that an adventurous Carlton is going to oust me from a seat that has been in my family for years? Nonsense! I'm as safe as ever."

"I hope so, Sir Lawrence; but you would have been more secure had you been faithful to the promises you made your constituents. They're all grumbling."

"Grumbling! What right have they to grumble? A set of clod-hopping boors!" interrupted the Baronet, as he paced the little parlour of the "Hare and Hounds" in rapid strides.

A slight flush of anger mounted his agent's broad brow as he replied rather warmly, "They are men, sir, and have the right to choose their own representative."

"Do you think they will be such fools as to elect Carlton? For every pound of his I'll pay a hundred, and in a poor town like this it is cash that wins, so spare no money, Meadows; for at present"—and the Baronet emphasized the last word—"my credit is unlimited."

"At present, Sir Lawrence?" repeated the confidential agent, interrogatively.

"Yes, at present; for who knows how it will be in a few days? Meadows, if I am not elected,

I'm ruined completely, hopelessly ruined!" And reaching a hand that perceptibly shook across the table, he drank a glass of brandy.

Andrew Meadows rose, and taking his hat from a chair, said, "Well, Sir Lawrence, I'll go and see if there is anything more to be done. As you say spare no expense, we ought to win, though I didn't guess the situation was so bad. Good night, sir."

"Good night. Meadows?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call down at Bull's Buildings, will you?—there is a capital nest of votes there, and you can send the beer in the morning."

"I'll go there first. Good night, sir."

Bull's Buildings! What dark, dirty looking habitations they were! Though, for that matter, what part of the little town of Stuncombe did not look dark and dirty?

The dust is so thick on the window of the first house, that the feeble rays of a rushlight are scarcely strong enough to penetrate to the street, but through the open door we can see into the front room.

On a low stool before the grate, where a coke fire was burning brightly, sat a strong, heavily-built man, holding a clay pipe between a finger and thumb.

He is evidently of the "working-man" class of society, and his corduroy clothes have clods of earth and lime adhering to them.

By his side stands a young woman, leaning her bare arm on the mantle-piece. She cannot be more than six-and-twenty.

Yet care has stamped his mark on her good-looking, pallid features. Good-looking they certainly are, though a face that has to be seen twice ere you can discover its charm.

That charm lay in the truth and honesty of her heart, shining out through all the grime, and making the little world wherein she lives the better of her life.

"Well, lass, I don't like them scurvy tricks he's sarved us; and my mate, 'igher up, says he's a sneak; but still he'll give us the beer, an' what is it to the like o' us which us 'em gets our ay or no?"

"But you'd rather the new 'un got in, wouldn't you, Mike?" she inquired, rather sharply.

A hand-bill is in her hand; the approaching election is the subject of their talk.

"Yer right there; I like him best. But we'd better keep to the Baronet. We'll be the richer by it. And I'm told they'll be giving away wine at the 'Hare and Hounds' to-morrow; while, if we support the new man, what ain't got no money, it'll be nothing but beer, and but little o' that."

"Mike, you'll be dishonest if you do it! To help one for a drop o' drink, while yer heart's with the other! I'm ashamed of yer, Mike!"

And she coloured with indignation.

"Don't say that, Mag! You ain't uttered anything so hard this five year. Have your own way, do! Come, which is it to be to-morrow—champagne or cooper?"

"Cooper, honestly bought that'll drink safe, and no fear of it sticking through a lot o' lies going along with it! Shall it be so, Mike?"

"I'm dashed if it shan't!"

On arriving at this virtuous determination, Mike smashed his pipe and kissed his wife.

At this moment Andrew Meadows, Sir Lawrence agent, entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Brigger! Cold, is in't it? Hope you're well, ma'am!" said he, turning to Mag.

Mike Brigger just nodded his greeting, and the agent resumed.

"Regarding this election; I suppose you vote, as formerly, for my employer?"

"Ain't voted yet."

"Well, Sir Lawrence will send you a present of beer in the morning. Daresay I shall see you at the 'Hare and Hounds' to-morrow—eh?"

"No, sir, you won't. I'm going to give my vote to Carlton; and as for the beer—well, take it next door; they're a bit poorer than we, and mebbe can't afford to be over-honest this cold weather. Good night, sir!"

It was the last night of the election, and a great crowd was hurrying down the principal street to hear the addresses of the rival candidates.

Though Stuncombe was a respectable, hard-working little town, its inhabitants were not the hardy, strong men of muscle one sees in agricultural districts; but thin, haggard men, with a weary look in their pale faces.

If it be the reader's pleasure, we will follow this crowd, surging on towards the "Hare and Hounds," where, on the balcony, Sir Lawrence is addressing the electors of Stuncombe for the last time before the state of the poll is proclaimed.

He is speaking in a low, nervous manner; for, perhaps, the first time in his life, he trembles for his success.

During the past year, he had been a hard landlord, and but an indifferent representative, and is perfectly aware that, if he succeeds, it will be by nothing but his money.

He spoke on for a quarter of an hour, flattering his hearers, and making a few promises; was just finishing effectively with a witty phrase respecting some personalities of his opponent, when, through the crowd, there came a volley of missiles, and the noble Baronet was compelled to make an uncomfortable exit from the balcony.

About half a mile further down, at the "Golden Fleece," Horace Carlton was addressing the crowd.

It was a difficult task he had set himself to win.

His rival, a wealthy landlord of the county, his political principles in direct opposition to those professed by the constituency for two decades, and knowing that he had offered no bribe of so much as a penny.

Yet, looking at the man there, above the swaying throng, his lips moving without a quiver, and his heart strong in its honest convictions of right, shining through his clear, gray eyes, one never loses hope of his ultimate success.

And as he warmed to his subject—so loyal to the rights of the people, so earnest for the good of the nation—his hearers became at one with him, almost to enthusiasm.

The very strength of the man's will gave him an eloquence that governed the crowd beneath him; and when he had left the balcony, such a cheer arose that sent a shock to the hearts of Sir Lawrence's employes, whose duty it was to start the groans—and they fled.

The rush to the poll was tremendous; and great was the excitement when, on the state being published, Horace Carlton was returned by a majority of nine; and then, with the victory of the Liberal Ministry, ended an election chiefly remarkable for the bribery and corruption that prevailed throughout the country.

"So, Sir Janus has proved generous at last, darling, notwithstanding his aversion to my principles!"

"How glad I am I was able to give you those nine votes, Horace! Without them you would not have succeeded."

Diana looks worn, poor child; she has had an anxious time during the election. As her lover is remarking it, Sir Janus enters.

"All my fault—every bit of it, Carlton; but when you're safely moored in the harbour of love and happiness, Di, I'll ask you to forgive and forget. And when the grass is green above my grave, may there be no unpleasant memory of my harshness when you were 'Twixt Whig and Tory!"

A. S.

LITERARY.

DR. HOLLAND has made \$100,000 from his writings.

WHITTIER lives frugally on \$1,000 a year—from the muses.

HAWTHORNE never received from his writings enough to live on.

BRYANT has made \$400,000 from the *Evening Post* and only \$15,000 from his books.

Longfellow received \$200,000 with his wife, but has earned only \$60,000 with his pen.

EMERSON lives on a small patrimony and has made only \$20,000 from all his works.

Bayard Taylor gets \$6,000 a year as editorial writer on the *Tribune*. His works have yielded him some \$50,000.

THE bronze statue of Lord Byron is to be erected in the Green Park, opposite the house where he wrote "The Siege of Corinth."

CHARLES READE is said to be the author of the tale entitled "A Woman Hater," now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

M. MOLINIER, who is preparing a complete edition of Pascal, has found two small theological treatises by the famous Jansenist.

INNOCENTIS DA SILVA, the eminent Portuguese writer, author of a great bibliographical dictionary, is dead.

Professor Goldwin Smith expects to sail for Europe in October, with the intention of spending several months in England, and on the Continent.

Joaquin Miller, of Oregon, is at Interlaken, the beautiful country seat of Frank Leslie, at Saratoga Lake, where he will pass the summer as the guest of that gentleman.

SOME brilliant articles have recently appeared in the *World* upon the armies of Europe, and more especially upon the British army. If rumor say aright, they are from the pen of Colonel Baker.

Thomas Carlyle, is at present on a visit to his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, The Hill, Dumfries. He is in excellent health, and able to enjoy his accustomed walks in the neighborhood.

THE Chicago *Handels-Zeitung* is now printed in Roman letters, being the first German newspaper in the United States to adopt that style. In Germany a movement has been started to use Roman letters in school books.

Lady Herbert of Lea is said to be writing a book on the position of the wife and mother in the fourth century, in which she traces the resemblance between the domestic life of the present day and that of the early Christians.

IT is said that the Duke of Bedford, for the credit of the House of Russell, has offered to buy up all the copies of the late Lord Amberley's unfortunate book, and to compensate the publishers liberally for any future profits which may be derived from it.

ALEX. RUSSELL, a Scotch writer of note, is dead. He edited several papers, and was a frequent contributor to *Tatt's* and *Blackwood's Magazines*, the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. He has been editor of the *Edinburgh Scotsman* since 1845.

THE *Illustrated London News* has now mainly passed into the hands of Mrs. Ingram, the widow of the founder, who takes an active part in its management. Mrs. Rideout, the widow of the late proprietor of the *Morning Post*, had a very considerable share in the *Illustrated London News*, but the executors have disposed of her interest, and Mrs. Ingram is the sole lady proprietor.

THE work of overhauling the historical records and papers stored up in the private houses of English nobles and gentry and in church vestries is going on bravely, and the next report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission will contain some revelations of very great interest. The work is being conducted by some well-known literateurs, who visit the places where these treasures are stored up, and who receive so much a day for their work, they being bound in honour to spend on an average six hours a day at it. Some of the earlier MSS. and charters have been wonderfully preserved. Others, however, have been sadly injured by rats. It may not be generally known that the writing of Norman and Plantagenet times is much more easy to decipher than that of Tudor and Stuart times.