

degree in 1842, with a first-class classics, and a second in mathematics. He at first intended to go to the Bar, but after a short study with that view, he turned his attention to the Church, and was ordained. In 1844 he was presented to the living of Eversley in Hampshire, where he had previously been Curate, and to which his affections as well as his duties have always remained attached. There, in his moorland districts, he was first brought into sympathy with the poor, and his frequent relations with the working classes subsequently may be attributed largely to that sympathy so acquired. He was afterward appointed to a canonry in Chester Cathedral, and also was made one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. But it is by his works that he will be chiefly remembered. His recent visit to this country largely increased the number of his friends here, but a kindly feeling toward him on the part of the American people was long before experienced, on account of his earnest exertions in behalf of the labouring poor. His sympathies in their behalf may have been aroused very early in life, but they were certainly stimulated at Eversley, and again by the writings of Horace Mayhew in the London newspapers. As a Churchman, he belonged to the Broad Church Party, of which Dean Stanley is a prominent light; and, as a novelist and a poet, he may be judged according to the estimate of his respective judges, but as a friend to the poor and the oppressed his claims to admiration cannot be gainsaid. Of his books, the best known is, perhaps, "Alton Locke," which was written especially to advance his favorite cause. But throughout his whole life the impulse was at work. His literary labours produced besides, "Twenty-five Village Sermons," "The Saints' Tragedy," a drama in verse; "The Message of the Church to Laboring Men"; "Yeast, a Problem"; "Phaeton, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers"; "Hypathia," "Alexandria and Her Schools," "Westward Ho!"; "Glaucus," "The Heroes," "Two Years Ago," "The Water Babies," "Andromeda and Other Poems," besides a large number of poems, sermons, lectures and essays, and many contributions to the serials, especially *Frazer's Magazine*.

Mr. Kingsley was married in 1844, the same year that he received holy orders, to a daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, who was for many years member of Parliament for Truro and Great Marlow. His death at the yearly age of fifty-five will be regretted everywhere, for his works and labors are known wherever the English language is spoken, but it will be especially deplored in England, where he won universal respect, and more particularly by the poor, who have lost an earnest faithful, and powerful friend.—*N. Y. Times*.

POETRY.

Montero's Flight.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

We were fighting for Don Carlos—the cause of God and Spain.
As in days of Don Pelayo, the mountain 'gainst the plain.
The Republic sat triumphant on Don Pelayo's throne;
And, brave among the bravest, old La Concha led them on.
We held our proud position on Monte Muro's height;
And all around Abarzuza their movements were in sight.
He climbed the village steeple, and bade the assault begin,
And they rushed up like a tempest, our vantage post to win;
Cavalry and footmen, up the rugged mountain track,
They kept their steady progress, and not a man looked back.
Then we poured from our intrenchments, like a rain-swelled

river course;
And they stood against the torrent, like the dam that stems its

force.
That living dam was yielding, their strength was giving way,—
Then he hurried down, exclaiming, "I die or win to day!
My horse, my horse, Montero!" and drew his trusty brand,—
His foot was in the stirrup, but the sword fell from his hand.
A shot of ours had struck him right on his gallant breast;
It struck as strikes the lightning an old oak's honoured crest.
He fell; his bright eye darkened, as the sun's light in eclipse.
With "Death from the Guerillas!" and "God's mercy!" on his

lips.
But time was none for thinking; our advance was near the force,
And quick as light, Montero placed the old man on his horse:
And leaping up behind him, and clasping him round tight
Plunged spurs up to the rowels and darted off in flight.
Oh! glorious more than vict'ry that flight, when as a shield,
The gallant young Montero bore his chieftain from the field!
His back a mark for bullets, but none were shot, I ween;
Or, if shot, they were averted by our Lady, Heaven's Queen.

But men are men, and press on, like hounds upon the chase;
And on we spurred, and ever o'ertook him in the race;
But the three or four that followed him turn'd round; we stood

[at bay;
And along the broken path still Montero held his way.
Now and then he stumbled, but, firm with word and rein.
He cheered up the brown charger, and all was speed again.
He knew, the good steed knew it, the race was for the life
Of the dear and noble master, sore wounded in the strife.
("No quarter," was the watchword, "Give quarter," had been

[his;
Few men were we, and desp'rate, but we never thought of this!"]
They drew rein in Abarzuza, and from the panting horse
Tenderly they lower'd him—was it life still, or a corse?
He breath'd but a few seconds, he press'd Montero's hand;
And every eye was moisten'd, for our hearts were all unmanned.
A priest quick did his office, his sins were all forgiven;
St. Manuel pass him quickly through purgat'ry to heaven!
Slowly we retreated; but while this was going on,
Their rout had been accomplished, and the bloody day was won.
But the glory not with us, but Montero must remain,
And we grudge it not our foemen—they, too, are sons of Spain;
Nor never since the Cid's days, Ruy Diaz of Bivar,
Did knight or squire win honour by a nobler deed of war!
We are brothers, we are brothers; oh! when will discord cease!
St. Michael, give us vict'ry! St. Mary, give us peace!

The Song of Steam.

The following fine poem, by George W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky, *Blackwood* has pronounced "the best lyric of the century."

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a way ward breeze;
When I saw the peasant reel
With the toil that he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or toiled at the weary oar:

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wonderful change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.