

the next room, which had so welrd and unearthly a sound, that the wordy combatants involun-tarily paused, and perfect sitence reigned. After seconds the sound was repeated, accompanied by a hard scratching noise at the bottom of the door. At this second manifestation, Miss Knocksoftly, with the greatest presence of mind, plunged her sword heroically into the keyhole, and ran, screaming into the opposite corner of the room, where she threw herself violently on the sofa, and cried aloud for help. Confusion the soin, and cried aloud for help. Contasion was now the order of the evening, and all crowded into the corner, cowering down, frightened, and crying loudly for help. Again the sound was repeated, this time followed by a short, sharp back. The group of trembling females looked much relieved, and the tall President actually smiled as she said, "11's only Ponto," and, within to the heart many it and condition walking to the door, opened it and admitted a line species of the genus puppy-dog. It was a long time before order was restored, and when the discussion was renewed, it was in such a low the discussion was renewed, it was it such now tone, that I could with difficulty hear what was said, and I was therefore obliged to place my car very close to the window. Miss heachwood was just speaking in savage tones of the male sex in general, and wishing that she had one before her now on whom to exercise her will, when I heard in there growt to any invaniable grow. I beard a flerre growt in my immediate rear, and experienced the unpleasant sensation of being selzed by the leg by a flerce specimen of the canine race. My head, involuntarily forced forward, burst through the pane of glass, severely wounding me in the face. I heard a volley of shricks, and was conscious of a rapid disappearance of crinoline, after which my memory is much confused, until I found myself quite a dis-tance down the road, minus hat, wig, spectacles and cont-tail, running at full speed, with the dog

I soot managed to rid myself of hiscompany, and end-avoured to find my way to the station; but as I was totally unacquainted with the neighborhood, I should no doubt have been forced to pass the night in the open fields, had not fortune thrown a stray pedestrian in my way, who kindly siloted me to the ears, and whom I informed I had been robbed. My appearance certainly supported my assertion, and he faxed my inven-tion solely by usking all sorts of questions about

to york my way up stairs. The first part so managed with no worse result than a broken that the should be fashed. When this new state of things, how-Fig. 4, caused by the cover of the trap dropping on it and crushing it so severely that I was fore-ed to yell with pain. I was obliged to break epen the cellar door, and again had to force a beck to gain the entry. All this had made a great noise, and I was not surprised to hear the policeman ringing the bell violently. However, I went boldly on, knowing there is no law to prevent a man breaking into his own house, if he feels so disposed. I had got half way up the second flight of stairs when the door of Seruphina's room opened, and Mrs. B. bounded out with a buge pitcher of water. In a moment, and ere I could say a word, the contents were emptied over me and the heavy jug striking me on the head sent me rolling down the stairs. At the same time the policeman succeeded in opening the door, and selzing me by the collar he carried me off before I had an opportunity to call on Scraphina to rescue me. A night spent in the station-house did not tend to soothe my ruffled feelings, and on my release next morning I had a tremendous row with Mrs. Bumpus, the upshot of which was that she immediately recognized my right as a "belligerent," and always continned to do so, until by leaving New York I got her away from the Sangulnary S. E. B. H.

## CASTAWAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," " WRECK-ED IN PORT," &C., &C.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII.

MADGE'S CONFESSION.

THE news which had been conveyed to her in her sister's letter had a great effect on Madge Pierrepoint. It placed the relationship of Rose and Gerald entirely in a different relation before her. When the young man, renewing the girl and boyish acquaintance which had existed between them at Wexeter, had merely been in the liabit of paying her sister pretty compli-ments, and of meeting her now and then in her walks, Madge, quite comblent in Rose's strength of mind and knowledge of what was right and roper, was content to let matters be as they here. She remembered Gerald's impulsive manner and the homage which he was naturally inclined to pay to any pretty girl, and she thought this was merely a direction, softened it might be by the recollection of what had passed in those days which seemed now so long away. She had no desire to play the elder sistor's part, to warn her of the danger of the course she was pursaing: she knew right well that Rose was perfectly able to take care of herself, and that Gerald was too much a gentleman to take advantage of any impression which he might make, and she thought that the whole affair would die out as so many hundreds of similar adhirs die out daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly, without any permanent harm being done to the persons interested in them. But when she found that she had been mis-

taken in her idea, and that the young man had become so fond of her sister as to make her an offer of marriage, and to renew that offer, and justst upon its fulfilment at a time when his worldly prospects were cloudy, and his fortune anything but assuring, Madge deemed it necessury to throw herself in the breach and to help the young people with all the resources at her command. To say that she did this without a command. To say that she did this without a certain amount of strugglo and irresolution, without much painful reflection and many tears would be to say that Madge was not womanly human, indeed. As a girl raw and unsuphisti-cated, she had been fascinated by the sham glitter and tuwdry sentiment of Philip Vane, but as a woman of the world, young, indeed, but experienced, she had for the first time received that which no woman can ever forget, the unselfless devotion of a fresh Young heart which throbs responsive, but to one touch, which pulsates but to the dictates of one idol. Gerald Hardinge's was the heart, and she was the idol, in those days now so longage! And she had abdicated voluntarily, or as it seemed to him voluntarily, and he had taught his heart

another allegiance, and it was all for the best.
The circumstances stated in the letter from Rose, had placed matters in an entirely new

she did not say so positively, was evidently pre-pared to share his fate, being only desirous that refore their start in life was made, a reconcilla-tion should be effected between Gerald and his tion should be effected between Geritta and his father. That was left for her to do, "and you can do this, Madge, and I know you will. You see the importance of the task I have intrusted to you, and you will throw your whole heart into it." Madge decided that lose should not be deceived. She would throw her whole heart into it, and she would succeed. She re-tread the latter threshelped could be the succeed. into it, and she would succeed. She re-read the letter throughout, smiling somewhat sadly at the reference to the manner in which Gerald employed his leisure while at Wexeter, but laying down the paper with a full determination to do all that was asked of her.

And this determination was not arrived at without a full appreciation of the difficulties to be surnounted, the self-sacrifices to be made.

Madgo knew she could not a full confess t bases and the self-sacrifices to be made.

be surmounted, the self-sacrifices to be made. Madge knew she could not broach the subject to Sir Gooffry willout representing herselfin what was, at least, an unenviable light, without neknowledging her previous intimacy with Gerald Hardinge, without confessing that at the very time the young man was the topic of conversa-tion between them, she had listened to all his father had to say, she had taken her part in the discussion as though its subject had been entire-ly unknown to her, and had given her suggesions from what one might imagine by her confession to be anything but a disinferested point of view. The whole story of the old life must be raked up again and submitted to the examinathree dip again and submitted to the examina-tion of a hard and austere man, who would have but little computation or compassion for such human frailties as were concerned in it, and whose auger at finding that he had been when the homeon authorized and the mail been and whose auger at finding that he had been such human frailites as were concerned in it. Four society?"
and whose auger at finding that he had been misted, however unintentionally, would probably induce him to pursue the course exactly opposite to that which was desired. However, the experiment must and should be made.

Madge was unable to carry her proposed married."

We were thrown constantly together."

"And with the result that might no expected. I suppose? If of the law of the wife, but that was impossible, as at the time I was already married."

Madge was unable to carry her proposed scheme into execution as speedily as she could ave wished. The mental excitement involved step orled my ascrition, and he laxed my invention solely by asking all sorts of questions about my assailant. Fortunately I was able to give such assailant. Fortunately I was able to give such assailant. Fortunately I was able to give the subsequent examination of their documents assailant. Fortunately I was able to give the subsequent examination of their documents and schemes seemed to have been all like too much for him. He complained of dizzinces and lassifule; his favourite occupation of my fare; a thing I should have been unable to do, for the deg had very unhandsomely pulled off the contribult which contained my pocket-book and tatch-key.

On arriving home my position was very little improved, for I was locked out of my own house at two o'clock in the morning. Hinging I knew would be of no use; so, after trying every other means, I conceived the brilliant idea of letting my elf down through the coal hole and then try-life first part fell in with the drift of the general's homeous, knowing that no slight was intended to herself, and thinking it better that he should be in the overland of their documents and the subsequent examination of their documents and the subsequent in his dealings with Messrs. Delabole and Vane. fashion. When C is new state of things, how-ever, bud lasted for more than a week, without any sign of change, Madge thought It advisable to send for some physician; but on the proposi-tion being in ide to Sir Gooffy, he negatived it promptly and decisively. "The was guite well, he had never been better in his life; nothing alled him beyond a slight chill, easily got in this wretched climate at the fall of the leaf. He must beg that Mrs. Pickering would not think of summoning the services of any doctor, who would not understand his constitution, and merely tend to make matters worse."

But though the old general could and would do without calling in a physician, he very soon found that the pleasant company of his house-keeper had become an absolute necessity to him. After about ten days' sollinde, in which he nearly moped himself to death. Sir Geoffry, ac-cording to his old custom, knocked at the housekeeper's door, and on being bidden to come in entered as usual with his formal greeting. He remained but a very little time in the room, being slightly ill at case, and obviously afraid that Madge might make some reference to his prolonged absence; but before leaving be ex-pressed his wish that Mrs Plekering should fa-your him with her company in the evening, and that their pleasant readings might be re

and that their pleasant readings might be re-sumed.

Accordingly, when the general had fluished his dinner, Madge repaired to the library, and found Sir ticultry ready to receive her, the news-papers, cut and folded, were in their usual place, and the book which they had last been reading lay ready to her hand. Madge took her sent and began to read aloud, but after some little time, glancing over at the general, she no-ticed that his attention was fixed upon the fire, and to her astonishment she noticed the traces and to her astonishment she noticed the traces of something like tears upon his check. Madge stopped reading, and recalled to him-

self by the abrupt cessation, Sir Geoffry made :

basty endeavour to recover his composure.

Ols there anything the matter," he said,
that you stopped reading so suddenly, Mrs. Pickering?"

No." she replied. "I did not quite know

whether it was agreeable to you."

"Most certainly," he replied. "I should not have asked you to read to me unless——. Ah!" he said, with an effort, "It is useless to continue this. I was inattentive to the reading, I was thinking of something very different. Tell me, Mrs. Pickering, for I know I can trust you to speak frankly to me, do I seem much changed during the last few days?"

"Frankly, then, yes, Sir Geoffry. You have been more than usually quiet, and much less than usually interested about the affairs of the house, and what has been going on around you You have been very much preoccupied, and still are, I venture to think, a little out of

the present moment," said the general, quietly, but I have had a sort of presentment that I shall not live very long."

"Sir Geoffry!" interrupted Madge, with a

" Oh, the mere fact of death would not alarm me. One who for so many years has carried his life in his hands is accustomed to look with tolcrable calminess on death's approach; but there have settled before I die, and when my attention strayed from your reading, I was thinking that I could not do better than discuss them

A gleam of hope flashed through Madge's Was it not possible that Sir Gentry, of

his own free will, might relieve her of the irk-someness of the task she had undertaken? "You will recollect, Mrs. Pickering," said the general, after a pause, "a conversation which took place between us some short time ugo about some—some family matters of mine; you will recollect my telling you of my son, of the sons which had induced me to exile him the other day he attempted to effect a reconci-

"I remember it all, perfectly."
"You did not approve of my behaviour in that matter from first to last?"

"I did not agree with it," said Madge. "If I am to speak frankly to you, I will say that your first decision, when it was a question of Mrs. Heriot's conduct, was arrived at when you were much younger and more impulsive than you are now, and was the foundation of a series of errors which you have since carried out. From what for proper medical advice."

"Let it be as you wish, my dear," said the light. It was no longer a question of lovers' which you have since carried out. From what meetings and tender episodes in Kensington I learn from you, your son has acted in a noble

Gardens; Gerald was determined to pash his way through the world, taking Rose with him as his companion and his safeguard; that seemed to be his one hold on life. And Rose, though the last few days, Mrs. Pickering, said Sir Geoffry, aniety. "I do not mind making that control of the last few days, Mrs. Pickering, said Sir Geoffry, aniety."

fession." There was a pause for a few moments, after which Madge said:

'I, too, have a confession to make in this

matter.' " You Mrs. Pickering?"

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of de-ception which I have practised towards you."

" Ay, but before that?"
" I confess I have not an idea."
" I was an actress in the Wexeter Theatre. In the same theatre where your son was a scene painter."

"Good God! had he sunk so low as that? Had he dragged my name so deeply through the mire !"

"You need not fear for your name," said Madge, with a touch of sarceam in her voice, o he had abjured a, as he told you he should, and was known as Mr. Gerald W. "dinge. And as for his position in there, neither he, nor those about him saw anything to be ashamed of in it. He carned his living honestly, and by the indus-

try and exercise of his thent."

6 Granted," said Sir Georgy, biting his lips.

6 And now tell me further. Was he much in

"You already married, and he did not knew

" It is not unusual in the heatrical profession

tain their maiden name. Such was my case moreover, as my husband was not an actor, no in any way connected with the company, Mr. Heriot would have no chance of knowing that I

"I am not acquainted with the effected observed amongst theatrical people."
"Exactly," sold Madge, " and that is why I explain it to you,"
"So Mr. Herlot male you am offer of marriage, which you refused?"
"No," said Madge, "I did not refuse. There are elreunstances in the story which it is uncessary that I should explain, but which made me think it better to leave the place abruptly, and to give Mr. Herlot no chance of seeing me again."
"rady to speak freely, Sir Geoffry is in anything but a healthy condition; he has had, if I missue healthy condition; he had had healthy condition; he has had, if I missue healthy condition; he has had, if I missue healthy condition; he had had had healthy condition; he had had he refered to."

"You are sold had had healthy condition; he again."

"And you did so ?"
"I did so, and from that hour to this I have iever set eyes upon him."

"I do not ask you for your reasons Mrs. Pick-ering," said Goofiry, taking Madge's hand and bending over it, "I am certain they were right and proper ones. How small the world is, after all. To think that you have known George, and that he should have asked you to marry him. l'oor George ! poor George !'

The tone in which he pronounced these last words was so soft and sad as to inspire Madge with fresh hope. "There are stranger things to come yet, Sir Geoffry," she said. "George is in love with some one else now."

"How do you know that? You said you had not seen him since," said the general, quietty." "From the best of all possible authorities...

the lady herself," said Madge.
" He has not fallen in love with any more ne-

tress, I hope," said the general. "I could over-look anything in you, Mrs. Pickering: but I confess it is not from behind the scenes of a theatre that I should wish my daughter-in-law to be scheeted. o be selected. " You run no risk of that, Sir Geoffry. The

young lady in question is my own sister."

"What, the young lady that I have heard Clecthorpe and Mr. Drage speak about, who lived for some time with you, and was so pretty and

"The same. Gerald—I cannot call him anything else—twok great notice of her when she was a child! gave her drawing-lessons, and was very kind to her."

"That was for her sister's sake," said the ge-

"That was as a continuous to London, and cares for her the continuous to the con a Undoubtedly; but it seems he has renewed the acquaintance in London, and cares for her entirely for herself. He hasonigrown that foolish fancy of his boy-hood, and settled down into the were called upon to undergo so great an exchange serious regard."

""book you, doctor," said Madge, after a mo-And does—George—propose to marry your ster "

" He does. In a letter which I have just had from her, she explains that his carnest wish is, that they should be at once married, and emi-

rate to some distant country, where they can commence a new life."

"And does he mean to leave England?" "And does he mean to leave ranguma."

"So I learn from Rose. Since Gerald's last interview with you, he is, she says, quite a changed man. He seems to find it impossible to get over the wrong which has been done him; treatment which he then received. Above all things, he feets the injustice he received at your hands in your suspicion that his story of having discovered his mother's innocence was "I don't know that I am actually ailing at merely a fabrication, intended to dohim good in your eyes. You bade me speak frankly, Sir Geoffry," added Madge, looking at the old gene-ral, who had fallen back into his previous attitude, and with his head sunk on his breast, and his hands spread out on his knees before him, was glancing vacantly into the fire; e.you bade me speak frankly, and I have done so, I fear to

your distress and annoyance."
"I have brought the distress and annoyance on myself, and must make the best of it. God it has not gone too far! This self-exile that he contemplates, can it he averted?"

"If he knew himself forgiven by you: If he

only knew you acknowledge that you had misconstrued his intention in his last attempt to se you, I will answer for you being able to do what you wish with him."

"What I wish," said the general, in a low voice " is to see him once again before I

die."
"You must not speak in that manner, Sir
"You must not speak in her seat and Geoffry," said Madge, rising in her seat and bending over his chair. "I must ask permis-sion to insist on acting as I proposed some days since, off calling in a physician."

"He could do me no good," said the old man,
"I have no illness, no pain, nothing save a
strong conviction that my death is close at hand. And that thought would trouble me but little if I could see George again." " You shall see him again, and please Heaven

live many happy years with him, in which all

general, "only recollect what is now the one de-sire of my life," And he sunk back in his chair and sighed wearily.

Madge had no idea that within a few days he

could have become so feeble and so prostrate.

Availing herself of the permission implied in
Sir Geoffry's last words, Madge sent to Doctor

Chenoweth, one of the most celebrated physi-clans at Springside, and asked him to come up to Wheateroft and see the general. Her selec-tion was made partly because bosor Chenoweth was a member of Sir Geoffry's club, and was al-ready on terms of club familiarity with his in-tended nation it, martly because the doctor had tended patient; partly because the doctor had the reputation of being so much a man of the world as to believe in nature, rather more than in the pharmacopsela, and inclined to ascribe to disenses a special cause, and a special treat-ment, rather than to generalise verbosely and dogmatically, as was the case with most of his brethren.
Doctor Chenoweth, coming out to Wheat-

croff in his trap, found the general scated in the library, moody and preoccupied, as he had been for many days before. Madge at first had an idea that it would be better if the doctor seemed to have dropped in accidentally; but on a little reflection she abandoned this notion, and receiving Doctor Chenoweth in the hall, raphily explained the state he was in before he saw his patient. With Sir Geoffry the doctor was clos-ted some considerable time, Madge sitting in her own room, with the door open, intent upon seeing him before he wont, heard his words of farewell, "and you will recollect, Sir Geoffry, that above all, I enjoin upon you the strictest quiet and freedom from all mental disturbance. I will not hear for an instant of your giving your attention to business matters, even of your mixing yourself up with your domestic affairs. You have a prime mindster, fully competent to deal with them, and in her hands you must leave them. Understand. tion, and receiving Doctor Chenoweth in the ner hands you must leave them. Understand. I have assumed dictator's power, and 1 require to be obeyed. To a military man, I know I need amplify no more,"

He closed the door behind him as he spoke, and the next listant was in the passage, where he was confounted by Madge.

for ladies, although they may be married, a retain their maiden name. Such was my case; he, answering her eager look; a let us go into moreover, as my busband was not an actor, our room, if you please. In matters of this sort in any way connected with the company, Mr. If riof would have no chance of knowing that 1 even passing a remark in open passages. Now," as anything but what I professed to be, at lee continued, when they had regained her room, at lee your pardon," said Sir Geoffry, stimy, "I am not acquainted with the cliquette observed annough theatreal people," a Synak freely. Sir Geoffry is in anything but a healthy condition; he has bad, if I missing the strength of the strength of

all very well with hypochondriaes, a class of people with which, my dear Mrs. Pickering we are not entirely unfamiliar at Springside, but when there is any real disease it is a thing most specially to be guarded against, and I look to you to---"

Do you mean to say that Sir Geoffry is se-

riously lift" asked Madgo auxiously.

"I speak to you as a practical woman, I know that you are one by your look, your carnestness, your very manner of moving about. As such you are entitled to frankness, while the fribbles and dolls of society should receive mere-ty evasion. Sir Geoffry Heriot's heart is seriously affected, and any sudden emotion night be fatal

Madge turning deadly white, leaned her head upon the table to steady herself, then said, "You speak strongly, Doctor Chenoweth."

" I speak to you the literal, undisgnised truth. I could wrap it up in any form of conversational sweetment that might please you. I should do so, if I were addressing most of my clientale, but you are worthy of plainer speaking, and from me you get it."

"Do you consider Sir Geoffry's life in danger?"

"If any serious news were to be brought suddenly under his notice, most undoubtedly. And I speak thus strongly because from what you have just said, he is evidently labouring under an excess of mental excitement.

"Doctor, in the course of your career, you must have been the recipient of many condidences as strange and stranger than that which I am about to make Sir Geoffry is eager for a reconciliation with his son, from whom by force of circumstances he has been separated for many years. Is it likely that the meeting be-

ment's pause. "It was important that your advice should be asked. You may be certain that it shall be acted upon."

"So," she said to herself, twenty minutes after, when the doctor's swift roans had borne him into Springside, and he was whispering the lightest of nothings into the deafest of ears in the Hot Wells Hotel "so ends my plan of immediate reconciliation between father and son. It is plain from Poetor Chenoweth's opinion, that fir Geoffry's strength is not sufficient for him to bear the meeting, and that it must consequently be deferred."

When, in the course of the afternoon, she commenced talking on the subject with Sir Geoffry, and approaching it in the most cautious manner, was about to suggest the impos sibility of summoning Gerald at once to his fa ther's side, she was surprised to find how com pictely the general coincided with her view,"

"Ouite right," he said, "quite right. There is nothing that I am so anxious for as to see my looy, and to take him to my arms. But we must wait a little; I am not strong enough to go through much excitement, and I've just had some news which necessity might be placing a red in pickle for those scoundrels who were here the other day."

"Secondrols! what secondrols?" "From the Terra del Fuegos mine, my dear. I shall yet be the means of bringing them into the prisoner's dock."

(To be continued.)

True of the succession of spirits, during a collective remody for indirection, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, and for elderly people or where an occasional aperient is required nothing can be better adapted. Persons of a Full Habit who are subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the cars arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use. For funnies these pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache re very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, duliness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pingies and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy juvenile bloom to the complexion.

Parson's Pernative Paus Best joinily physic Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for Horses.

## (For the Hearthstone.) THE PILBURY PORTFOLIO.

THOUGHTS UPON MEN AND THINGS. IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY REV. II. F. DARNELL.

PAPER IV .- " THE GOOD OLD TIMES." (From an octogenarian in London to a contemporary in York.).

You often shake your head, old friend,—
"Ah! for the good old times!"
Fergive no if 1 answer you
"That deen-drawn sigh in rhymes;
If, whilst I'm mindful of the good
Of which we're now bereft,
I'm full of hope and thankfulness
As to that which yet is left.

You mourn as cone with those good days
Both chivalry and grace:
The courtly, high-bred courtesty,—
The knowledge of one's place;
The kindly hospitality
That crowned the hearth and heard;
The sweet domestic peace at home,
The calm content abroad.

111.

You mourn that a respect for age
And many things we prize.
Finds all too little favour now
In these young people's eyes a
That the bump of veneration is
Most visibly depressed.
Vilgarity more prevalent,
More openly confess'd;

17.

That "feminines" are "nenters" yet
In this mad generation;
That, male nor female, they present
A strange amalgamation:
They hunt, they fish, they shoot, they ride,
Give mechaine's and teach;
Yea, chain the very suffrage too,
Go to colleges, and preach.

Yes, the debtor side is heavy, friend,
Yet there's a credit too,
Nor must we fail to notice it
To make our resk'ning true;
And pardon me if I maintain,
When th'account is balanced fair,
You'll find the softlement is but
A triffe here or there,

VI.

If chivalry was then in vogue,
The duel was not extinct;
A man of breeding never knew
The day he might be pinkt;
Then, true, but Beauty's "hand" we kissed,
But more could beldest seek.
When patches, paint, and powder hid
The bloom upon her cheek?

As to our wives and children dear, Come now, old friend, admit. Didn't we hold the curb-rein once Too tight, a little bit? Now the tension's sheken'd, wisely too, To the present no disgrace If here and there some high-bred colt Gets a leg above the trace.

We cannot press in every case.—
"The old wine is the best!"
For there are wines that sour with age,
But Time's the truest test:
If years but serve to ripen us,
And make our vintage known.
No fear but with these votugsters yet
We'll bravely hold our own.

And as for hospitality.
A cheerful, happy home.
These seem to me to comfort man Where'er I've chanced to roam;
These are not limited by race,
By circumstance or time.
For kindly hearts can shed a glow
On any age or clime.

As for content, it strikes me, friend,
Mankind should rise together;
One class must not expect to get
For aye all the fine weather;
And when one dog gets flosh to eat,
I think you'll freely own.
The most good-natured our will bark
If he gets nought but bone.

But has the present age, old friend, No blessings of its own, That give to life a dearer charm— To thought a higher tone? In arts and manufactures,
In travel and in trade,
Just think, since you and I were born,
The stride the world has made.

XII.

When I was young I visited
Your hear old town a space:
I took the old "High-liyer" coach
We came at broak-neek pace;
Three days and nights it took us,
(But little rest between),
Hefore by our expectant eyes
The Minster tower was seen.

A week or two ngo, old friend,
I went the self-same gait;
I rose half-after-seven,
I broakfasted at eight:
I took the train at ten o'clock,
Reached York exact at four,
And before I dined with you, old friend,
Ilad an hour to spare, or more.

XIV.

In the "good old times" if I had written
To tell you I would come,
I must have sent at least a week
Before I left my home:
The chances then were ten to one
The letter went astray.
For coaches often came to grief,
And foot-pads througed the way.

But now, I simply telegraphed,
"I dine with you at six!"
And there we were, old crony,
As cozy as two sticks.
No lordly host in olden times
Could spread a nobler feast,
No earlier age could give a more
Appreciative guest.

XVI.

We must not think the agethat's past
Monopolized the good;
Or that the youngsters of to-day
Are other flesh and blood;
For British pluck is still confessed
By all on land or son,
And Honesty will not take flight,
Old friend, with you and me.

XVII.

Wisdom and Folly, Right and Wrong,
Will yot maintain the strife;
And Vice and Virtue yet conflict
In every true man's life;
But the issue is not doubtful, friend,
The victory is secure;
The false and ill must perish, friend,
The true and good endure.

The world must move along, old friend. As it has done of yore;
And onward still is upward,
For the goal is yet before; No may not stay its progress,
Old friend, one single day,
But youth, and age, and manhood
May speed it on its way.

