

Miscellaneous.

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black sin may nestle below a crest,
And crime below a crown;
As good hearts beat beneath a fustian vest,
As under a silken gown.
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold
Their sinews to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard,
Of the men who reap and till?
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng,
Who greet the young morn with toil;
And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—The Kings of the Soil:
Then sing for the Kings that have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand;
But ships would rot and be valued not,
Were there none to till the land.
The wildest heath and the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest fleet,
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,
And give them food to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade and plough,
The gladdening hoar shall come,
When that which is called the "waste land" now,
Shall ring with the "Harvest Home."
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
No Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

I value him whose foot can tread
By the corn his hand hath sown;
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed
It is more than music's tone.
There are prophet-sounds that stir the grain,
When its golden stalks shoot up—
Voices that tell how a world of men
Shall daily dine and sup.
Then shame, oh shame, on the miser's creed,
Which holds back his praise or pay
From the men whose hands make rich the lands,
For who earn it more than they?
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue-sky over their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

The poet hath gladdened with song the past,
And still sweetly he striketh the string,
But a brighter light on him is cast
Who can plough as well as sing.
The wand of Burns had a double power
To soften the common heart,
Since with harp and spade, in a double trade,
He shared a common part.
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
No Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

THE CORNISH GIANT.

From "The Book of the Axe."—By G. P. R. PULMVS.

"Good mornin t'e, what be gwine to haa a tack at et, sir?"
was the friendly salute of a rustic brother craftsman to us as
we wore progressing through the meadows, towards the lower
ground of the Axe, on a glorious day in April last.

"Good morning, my friend," said we—"such is our inten-
tion."

"Ah well! I wish ee luck, but I don't think you'll haa et,
vor th nashun seyzid nit fullers hev bin out all these blessid
night. Lor! Lor! what a river this ood be, if twadd'n ver
they baggerin proachers. Why th vish ed zo zwarz, and be
za deucid fat and sassey, that ted be nct'ly dagerous to walk
bezide th stream wi'out a bull-dog or a p'liceman ta kip em
off! Forty years ago 'twas nothing ta lug out two 'r dree
samman a day wi' th vly; and as ta th trammel, why I've
a-bin ta th landin ov a putt load in two hours. You don't
mind, but I do, when the Carnish Giant was lodgin up ta Ax-
minster. Maacy wull, there was a man—ee stood zebb'n
voot two, wi'out es shoes! A noted chap ver proaching was

he. Bless yer soul, th vish did sir ta know en. Ee'd git
inta ther huvvers za intimate as thof ee was a mermaid called
ta zay "how d'o do;" but ee'd niver lef wi'out kidnapping
one er two o' th findist o'm wi' a bit o' coord rown th tails—
not he. When ee'd dive, the deepist hole in the riv, add'n
deep enough ta cover'n. Ee'd turn auver, and go ta boddam,
but there'd be es heels sticking up 'bove water like th spoon
in a glass o' grog."

"The Cornish Giant must have been a wonderful fellow,"
observed we, interrupting our loquacious companion.

"God bless ee, sir, I b'lieve ee was too. I can tull ee th
best bit o' fun about he that ever I zoed in my days—is a
riggler annydot:—Ee lived in a ole ramshacklo houze that
wadd'n much tallder than ezzulf; and as ta th palloul, ee
coodn ver es life stan upright in en—no, ner nothin like et.
Th up-stair flooring was rottid ta powder—I can't think how
cood hang together under ee's waight. Wull! one marnin
us ee was zitting ta brektus, tullin ta I about vishing and that,
all ev a siddent vire was cried dru th streyts. Imino th time
za wull as thof twas but yes'day—twas when th wold Sammy
Amlin's vuzz-rick was destroyed. 'Es that vire I hears? zos
ee. 'Iss, zes I, 'and there goes agen.' Zes ee, 'hurn out
hurn out, John, good gra——!' That's all I yird, ver ee
was in sitch a vlvryation that ee jumped up all ta once, wi'out
thinkin that ee was tallder than the room—het th toy-board
down, shottin th bwoiling wator auver ny two legs, and mek-
kin a houzevull o' shards wi' th cups and sassors; up he
jumped wi' sitch vimment fo'ce as ta het es head bang dru
the eyling, th floor, and up dru a voot above, inta th bed-room
where es sarvant maid was bad a-bed. Maacy pon me, there
was a piece o' work! Th maid went inta tha 'sturricks; I
had enough ta do ta hold vast my scald ligs, and laff and cry
all ta one time; th giant hollar'd and hoop'd za loud as the
dist and marter ed let er, to; in bust a lot o' fullers, thinking,
vren th hallabelloo we made, that th vire was there; and yon
niver yird such laffin and roarin in your life as vollar'd their
discovery o' us. I and th maid was soon restored, but twas
dree hours, work ta git th giant's head out o' th hote ee'd a-
made. Two cassinders was obliged ta be zend vor, and they
zaw'd, an' zaw'd an' zaw'd, till ta last they zaw'd en out."

CHALLENGE EXTRAORDINARY.—*Steam versus Horseflesh.*—
A gentleman, well known on the turf, has challenged the best
engine belonging to the Great Western Railway Company,
to run half a mile for 1,000 sovs., the steam to travel per rail,
and the biped on the Reading Race Course, which is parallel
with the line, and the only course in the kingdom on which
such a match could come off. Should the company have the
pluck to make the match, it would create great interest, and
speculation would run high.—[We would back the horse for
one half-mile.—ED M. L. E.]

WHAT A GENTLEMAN MAY, AND MAY NOT DO.—He may
carry a brace of partridges, but not a leg of mutton. He may
be seen in the omnibus box at the opera, but not on the box of
an omnibus. He may be seen in a stall inside at theatre, but
not at a stall outside one. He may dust another person's
jacket, but must not brush his own. He may kill a man in a
duel, but he musn't eat peas with his knife. He may thrash
a coalheaver, but he musn't ask twice for soup. He may
pay his debts of honour, but need not trouble himself about
his tradesmen's bills. He may drive a stage coach, but he
musn't take or carry coppers. He may ride a horse as a
jockey, but he musn't exert himself in the least to get his liv-
ing. He must never forget what he owes to himself as a
gentleman, but he need not mind what he owes as a gentle-
man to his tailor. He may do anything or anybody, in fact,
within the range of a gentleman—go through the Insolvent
Debtor's Court, or turn billiard-marker; but he must never
on any account carry a brown-paper parcel, or appear in the
streets without a pair of gloves.—*Comic Almanack.*