

arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

—*Lord Brougham.*

IN HOC SIGNO.

“Take thou this cross”—and on her fair white breast
He placed the glittering symbol, with its chain
Of pendant gold—“sign that earth’s loveliest
I crucify. We ne’er will meet again.

“I love thee. Never, dearest, as this hour
Felt I how all, except thy love, is gross.
Yet to relinquish thee I feel a pow’r
New born within my bosom. Wear the cross:

“Emblem of self-denial, sign of love
Triumphant over all; ay, over death—
Love that shall ’dure until we soar above,
And leave behind this life of earthly breath.

“They will not let me love thee. This fond heart
I offer thee they deem not gain, but loss—
I bring a shadow on thy path. We part
To meet no more. Then, dearest, take this cross,

“Yet memory sometimes backward will go straying
To olden times, when, on bright days like this,
We sat, thy tresses on my cheek thus playing,
Our lips, as now, joined in the frequent kiss.

“But take the cross; and let its teaching be
That hereupon each human joy and sorrow
We sacrifice, as on some Calvary,
To deathless love. We’ll meet again to-morrow.

“To-morrow, and to-morrow. Fate may frown,
But naught this happy teaching now may gloss,
Till on the golden shore we lay it down,
Hard by the glassy sea, bear we love’s cross.”

—*Tinsley’s Magazine.*

“THE Bells of Shandon,” “In hoc signo,” a Sonnet, by the late Enylla Allyne, and a few paragraphs from a speech by Lord Brougham, are re-published in this number of the MARITIME MONTHLY.