

Commemoration Jubilee of the Indian Mutiny

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Commemoration of the jubilee of the Indian Mutiny 700 officers and men...

And were lodged by their hosts in the vicinity of the Albert-hall...

Lord Roberts read the following message from the King, which had just been received:—

An Incident of the Delhi Durbur There they were commemorating the coronation of our King...

There they were commemorating the coronation of our King, who graciously message had just been read...

vant of the nation. (Cheers.) Perhaps the old soldiers before him would remember...

But might they not also feel that along with Lord Roberts and the heroes who sat at the same table with him...

There are some great writers who can reign over our minds only as composers...

THE London Times, reviewing the book just issued, "Poems of Whittier, with an Introduction by Arthur Christopher Benson...

Therefore well may Nature keep Equal faith with all who sleep, Set her watch of hills around...

Lines the felicity of which it would be easy to miss, just as the felicities of Vaughan were missed until Wordsworth discovered them...

The sunrise on his breezy lake, The rosy tint his sunset brought, World-sees, are gladdening all the vales...

the women who faced those perils with equal fortitude and devotion (cheers); honor to the sailors who served the naval guns (cheers); honor to the surgeons...

us the more because it is shy and not self-indulgent. He is afraid of indulging himself too much even in the enjoyment of nature...

I draw a freer breath—I seem Like all I see, Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam...

The elder folks shook hands at last, Down seat by seat the signal passed, To simple ways like ours unused...

But nature is not solitude; She crowds us with her thronging wood; Her many hands reach out to us...

If this is Puritanism, it is Puritanism that Plato would have understood. Then follow some rather intolerant verses against Ritual; but Whittier is never intolerant for long...

I know how well the fathers taught, What work the later schoolmen wrought; I reverence old-time faith and men, But God is near us now as then...

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep, Light mists, whose soft embraces keep, The sunshine on the hills asleek!

den of the crisis rested; it was upon the men whose names were inscribed around that hall, and who had long since passed away...

The more because it is shy and not self-indulgent. He is afraid of indulging himself too much even in the enjoyment of nature...

There still the morning zephyrs play, And there at times the spring bird sings, And mossy trunk and fading spray, Are flowered with glossy wings...

The elder folks shook hands at last, Down seat by seat the signal passed, To simple ways like ours unused, Half solemnized and half amused...

But nature is not solitude; She crowds us with her thronging wood; Her many hands reach out to us, Her many tongues are garrulous;

If this is Puritanism, it is Puritanism that Plato would have understood. Then follow some rather intolerant verses against Ritual; but Whittier is never intolerant for long...

This has often been said before and since, but never better. Whittier is impressive here because he is perfectly serious...

One night at Brooks's when Coke was present, Fox in allusion to something that had been said, made a very disparaging remark about Government powder...

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—Harper's Weekly.