

likely to go out, except in their coffins." For the landlady was of a melancholy disposition, and inclined to take the most hopeless view of matters.

"I think it was very polite of them to call," said Rita, feeling a little shame at the memory of Percy's having deceived her about paying the cabman. There was also a faint sensation of disappointment at the way things had turned out; she would have liked to have heard who the young men were, and she would very much indeed have liked them to learn her name, and know that she was respectfully connected. The opportunity was lost for ever of explaining the whole circumstance, or paying Percy what she felt she owed him.

Jane did not mention—for indeed it had utterly slipped her memory—that one morning a handsome cab had driven slowly past, looking at all the houses, as though in search of a particular one whose number he had forgotten, and, seeing Jane cleaning the doorstep, had respectfully addressed her, and asked if she would tell him the names of her mistress's lodgers. Jane complied with his request, thinking nothing of the occurrence; for the man merely thanked her, with a disappointed expression of countenance, supposing "she could not oblige him by saying at what number an old gentleman of the name of Johnson lived!" Nor would it have occurred to Rita that this was a little piece of amateur detective business; for she did not remember the appearance of the man who had driven her to Welbeck street, though the faces of both Alfred and his companion were vividly before her.

But Percy considered a great point gained when he had learned the name of Alfred's "Folly," and the business of discovering the house in Kensington where a fancy ball had taken place that evening was not very difficult.

"Now, you old duffer!" he cried one morning, bursting into his friend's room, "you'll go to Rome now, won't you, just when the heat is getting intolerable, and look for some one to give you an introduction to Miss Courtland?"

Alfred coloured. "It was a wild-goose idea, of course. I never really entertained it. I must wait patiently; very likely I shall meet her somewhere some day. But have you picked up anything fresh? How is she? Tell me that, if you know."

"The servant-girl won't talk to the chemist's young man. He thinks she loves a policeman, but there are too many of the species in London to settle with; moreover, it's a risky thing to corrupt a servant of the Government; besides, I think we can do without. But you want to know if she is better. Pills suppose so, as there are fewer and different prescriptions to make up. And now for my business, you slow-pulsed, nineteenth-century, unidentical wooer! Read this first, and then this;" and he produced a couple of letters, watching the expression of his friend's handsome face as he perused them.

The first was this:

"Gainsborough House, Kensington.

"Mr. Moreton presents his compliments to Lord Percy Trevor, and will be happy to allow him to visit his studio any Tuesday from three to seven o'clock."

The second caused greater excitement:

"Grosvenor-place, Monday.

"Dear Lord Percy,—Of course we perfectly remember meeting you three years ago at Spa, and are only sorry chance has not sooner afforded an opportunity of renewing so pleasant an acquaintance, but we have been so little in town. In answer to your questions about my husband's niece, I have very little doubt that she is the same Miss Courtland whom your friend knew in Rome, as her father always lived abroad, and her mother was an Italian. However, Margherita is now paying us a visit, and we shall all look forward to seeing you and your friend Mr. Standish. I enclose cards for my first evening this season, and hope to see you then, if not earlier.

"With kind regards, sincerely yours,

"ELEANOR COURTLAND."

"My dear boy, what have you been doing?" cried the bewildered Alfred.

"Well, I told a cram or two; but all's fair in love, don't you know, and if they come to cross-question me, I shall have made a mistake, and been too officious, or something of that sort. But we'll go and call, and you can pretend to have seen Margherita in Rome, as well as her portrait. Or if you are too conscientious, you can stick to facts now we have gained the *entrée* to her friends' house, and the girl will be less than female if she is not flattered at the pains you have been at (per deputy) to become introduced to her. O, as for that one," Percy continued, anticipating a query of the other's about Mr. Moreton's note, "I showed you that first because it leads up to Lady Courtland's, don't you know. When I found out that there had only been one fancy ball within reasonable cab-distance of Queen's-gate (where we fell in with 'Margherita,' if you remember), my first business was to obtain admission to the said house. So I wrote an effusive note about my great admiration of Moreton R. A.'s pictures, and humbly asked if he ever admitted the vulgar public to his studio. I received this answer, and acted upon it. Moreton is a very nice fellow, and has got such a jolly house. He took me all over it to show me his collection of china and Old Masters; both very valuable, at least he says so, and I didn't tell him I knew nothing about either. Well, I was wondering how I could introduce the subject of his fancy ball, when Fate arranged the matter most splendidly for me. We entered a fresh room, and suddenly my attention was arrested at the sight of

one particular picture. I struck an attitude, and, like the fellow in 'The Tapestry Chamber,' ejaculated 'Tis she!' It was a picture of a little girl, with rough hair, and tears in her eyes, and a sort of enchantingly naughty expression—"

"Not 'La Ragazuccia'?" cried Alfred.

"Yes; some such name as that he called it. He had painted it, he said, in Rome some years ago; but it was 'Margherita' all the same, bar the difference of costume. I fell into ecstasies about it, said I had seen her, and wondered who she was; and he told me all about the little creature. She has hardly a rap of her own, and is going to live with her relations, the Courtlands, very good people, whose acquaintance I luckily remembered making at a *table d'hôte*. You'll get on splendidly with them, and of course they'll be glad enough to persuade the little girl to accept you, supposing you are not disappointed in her when you meet her again. O my, won't there be desolation in some tender breasts when it is known that you have been hooked!"

"My dear fellow," said Alfred warmly, "I have heard of friendship and unselfish devotion, but it is difficult to imagine it possible for any one to have done all this for another man—a fool who never would have thought of half the things you have done. Percy, you have fallen a victim like myself to that girl's exquisite face!"

"Blessed if I have! *Pas si bête*—at least, I don't mean to speak disparagingly of your infatuation, but I assure you I am as incapable of being inspired with a romantic passion, or love at first sight, as you would make a fellow incapable of friendship," replied Percy. "No, believe me, I have managed this from pure love of a lark, and I shall be amply rewarded by witnessing your wedded bliss, and hearing all the envious disappointed ones picking Miss Margherita Courtland to pieces."

This story would never have been written had it ended differently from Percy's expectations, and therefore it is hardly necessary to say anything more. But in consideration of the young man's meritorious services, it is only just to add that he experienced no disappointment in either respect. Alfred and Margherita were a very happy and satisfactory couple, and Percy was amused to find that much of the popular admiration of Alfred Standish had been transferred to himself since the appearance of the lovely Miss Courtland in society. He had the candour, however, to avow that he was only becoming a favourite because he pretended to condescend with those who lamented Alfred's sudden infatuation, as a mad freak of fancy, as a wild dream from which he would one day awake only too sadly, and he often delighted in bringing a bright colour to the pretty cheeks of Mrs. Standish, by speaking of her husband as "a victim of Folly."

POETS OF ONE POEM.

"Sing many songs that thou mayest be remembered."—Isa. 23, 16.

This is rather a satire than a serious recipe for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single master-piece than a multitude of splendid things, and great authors' names generally go, in public mention, with the name of some single great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have "sung one song and died." They saved themselves a world of useless labor for fame by striking twelve the first time. Somewhat like the following, the author and his best production, have found a lodgement in our minds:

Henry Carey—God Save the King.
Hopkins—Hail Columbia.
Key—Star Spangled Banner.
John Howard Payne—Home, Sweet Home.
Chas. Wolfe—Burl of Sir John Moore.
Chas. Kingsley—The Three Fishers.
Edgar A. Poe—The Raven.
Tom Hood—The Song of the Shirt.
Julia Ward Howe—Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Bret Hart—The Heathen Chinee.
The history of some of the poems which have immortalized their authors will be found entertaining.

Hood's touching lyric, "The Song of the Shirt," was the work of an evening. Its author was prompted to write it by the condition of thousands of women in the city of London. The effect of its production was foreseen by two persons, the poet's wife, and Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*.

"Now mind, Tom; mind my words," said his devoted wife, "this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mr. Lemon, looking over his letters one morning, opened an envelope enclosing a poem, which the writer said had been rejected by three London journals. He begged the editor to consign it to the waste-paper basket if it was not thought suitable for *Punch*, as the author was "sick of the sight of it." The poem was signed Tom Hood, and was entitled the "Song of the Shirt."

It was submitted to the weekly meeting of the editors and principal contributors, several of whom opposed its publication as unsuitable to the pages of a comic journal. Mr. Lemon, however, was so firmly impressed with its beauty that he published it on December 16, 1843.

"The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. People of every class were moved by it. It was chanted by ballad singers in the streets of London and drew tears from the eyes of princes. Seven years after the author's death the English people erected a monument over his grave. The rich gave

guineas, the laborers and sewing women gave shillings and pence. Sculptured on it is the inscription devised by himself: "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon, kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, tear drops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well"

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

Mr. Kingsley's song of "The Three Fishers," was not the mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen of "men who worked and women who wept," while he was a boy in the fishing village of Clovelly. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and such was his sympathy with the fishermen that when the herring fleet put to sea, he would hold a short religious service on the wharf.

The hardy men and boys, and their anxious mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts would join in singing the prayer book version of the 121st Psalm:

"Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest."

It was sung as only those can sing who with stout hearts go out, because it is their duty, to danger and to death.

It was one evening after being wearied and worn out by the work and trials of the day, that Kingsley wrote the song which reproduced the scenes of his youthful days.

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down."

Authors do not always appreciate their good work. We all have enjoyed Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and every school-boy has shouted:

"The combat deepens, on ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!"

Yet Campbell did not know whether this fine ballad was worthy of publication. He and Sir Walter Scott were once travelling in a stage coach, and, as they were alone, they repeated poetry, in order to beguile the time. At last Scott asked Campbell to repeat some of his own poetry. Campbell said there was one thing he had written but never printed. It was full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder," but he didn't know if there was anything good in it. Then he repeated "Hohenlinden."

Scott listened with the greatest interest, and when he had finished, broke out with: "But, do you know that's very fine. Why, it is the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed."

Mrs. Hemans' "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" is familiar to every school-boy; but the history of the little hero thus immortalized is not generally known. Owen Cassabianca, a native of Corsica, was born in 1788. His father was a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and his mother a beautiful Corsican lady. But she died young, and little Owen went with his father in a war vessel, and at the early age of ten he participated with his father in the battle of the Nile.

The ship caught fire during the action, and Capt. Cassabianca fell wounded and insensible upon the deck, while the brave boy, unconscious of his father's fate, held his post at the battery. The flames raged around him; the crew fled one by one, and urged the lad to do the same, but he refused and fought on until the whole vessel was in flames, losing his life in the tremendous explosion which followed.

All of us are familiar with the pretty little Scottish ballad, "Comin' thro' the Rye." The common idea of this song is that a rye field is meant, but who ever saw a Scottish lassie walking through a field of rye, or any other grain? The river Rye, at Daily, in Ayrshire, is meant. Before the days of bridges it was no easy matter to cross rivers without paying such a penalty as has immortalized Jennie in the old ballad. Burns wrote the ballad and Brown modernized it. As Burns wrote it, it includes the river plainly enough:

"Jenny's a' wet, pair bodie,
Jenny's selton dry;
Sae drag' a' her petticoat
Comin' thro' the Rye."

Rye is spelled with a capital R. The air is nearly pentatonic—the only F which occurs in the melody being very characteristic and effective.

The following is the origin of Longfellow's "Hanging the Crane":

A dozen years ago, shortly after the marriage of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Longfellow visited the young couple and took tea with them at their charming little house in Boston. The supper was laid on a very small table, indeed, but the poet, always vigilant in his search for new ideas, took the smallness of the table as a theme for discussion, and associating the ideas

with an old Acadian custom, then and there spun the thread of his future poem.

"As the family increases," said he to Aldrich, "the size of the table must be increased. When, after long years, the children have grown up to manhood and womanhood and have left the fold, the large table will again be replaced by the small one for the two old folks who linger at home. Here you have a picture of life, of the growth of the family; and as you are now entering upon a literary career, and have already written some good essays, why not write an essay on the subject in hand?"

Mr. Aldrich promised to think about it. The years flew by, but no essay had appeared. Three years ago the elder and the younger poet met again. "Have you thought of that theme," asked Mr. Longfellow, "which I proposed to you a long time ago?" "I have thought of it a hundred times," replied Mr. Aldrich, "but I cannot make anything of it." "The subject reverts to me, then," said the venerable poet, and he at once began to write:

"The lights are out and gone are all the guests."

He completed the poem and sent it to Mr. Bonner, receiving in return the princely compensation of a thousand dollars. In the ensuing winter, after its publication in the *Ledger*, the poem was put into the elegant holiday volume in which it may be said it then became widely known.

It would be appropriate, in this connection, to refer to Bishop Heber, whose other poems, whose learned Bampton lectures and able articles in the *Quarterly Review*, are weighed down by a single matchless missionary hymn. It came about in this wise:

While he was rector of the Episcopal church at Hodnet, in Shropshire, he paid a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, the vicar of Wrexham, on the border of Wales. On the next day, which was Sabbath, Dr. Shipley was to deliver a discourse in behalf of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands." Knowing his son-in-law's happy gift in rapid composition, he said to him: "Write something for us to sing at the missionary service to-morrow morning."

Short notice that, for a man to achieve his immortality. Heber retired to another part of the room and in a little time prepared three verses of the popular hymn commencing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

Dr. Shipley was delighted with the production, but Heber was not satisfied. "The sense is not complete," he said. In spite of Dr. Shipley's earnest protest, Heber retired for a few moments longer, and then, coming back, read the following glorious bugle blast which rings like the reveille of the millennial morning:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

The next morning the people of Wrexham church listened to the first rehearsal of a lyric which has since been echoed by millions of voices around the globe.

No profane hymn-tinker has ever dared to lay his bungling finger on a single syllable of those four stanzas which the Holy Spirit moved Heber to write.

On that Sabbath morning he caught the first strains of his own immortality. He "built better than he knew." He did more to waft the story of Calvary around the earth than if he had preached like Apollos, or had founded a board of missions. "In the monthly concerts held in the school-houses of New England, in frontier cabins, on the decks of missionary ships bound to Ceylon's isle, and in the vast assemblies of the American boards, Heber's trumpet hymn has been sung with swelling voices and gushing tears."

Cowper's great Hymn of Providence, too, had a history. He wrote it after those two sweet devotional gems, "O for a Closer Walk with God," and "There's a Fountain Filled with Blood." A foreboding impression of another attack of insanity began to creep over him. The presentiment grew deeper; the clouds gathered fast.

He even meditated self-destruction, and left his quiet cottage to drown himself in the neighboring river. He was under a pall of overwhelming gloom. Just while these black clouds of despair were darting their vivid lightnings into his suffering soul, the grandest inspiration of his life broke upon him, and he began to sing out these wonderful words:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

For several years Cowper's splendid intellect was to be under a total eclipse. The penumbra was already darkening its disc. But in full view of the impending calamity, the inspired son of song chanted forth those strains of holy cheer:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Cowper never could have sung that sublime anthem of victory except under the immediate inspiration of "power from on high." The storm was coming, but Cowper's eye of faith saw "Jehovah riding above the storm." This matchless hymn of providence which God put into the soul of his afflicted servant has been a "song in the night" to millions of people under the discouraging clouds of adversity.