

SUMMER.

I sing the rapture of the Summer days
Wherein always
Angels, robed, crowned, and winged with light abide.
And soar and glide.
By us mistook for sunbeams. How they swim
Upon the sea, and lead its choral hymn!
How dewy white
They poise, like clouds in heaven, and melt away.
Beyond our sight,
Merged in the splendour of immortal day!
Like fever-nurtured dreams, the rainy, cold,
And manifold
Sad days of Autumn and of Winter are
Fled fast and far—
So far, methinks they never can have been.
Oh, joy to lie and watch the emerald sheen
Of flick'ring leaves—
To catch, 'mid other sounds, their languid kiss,
Which each receives
And gives as though it brought an actual bliss!
Earth is prophetic of Heaven; the sea
Whispers to me,
What time it lays its white hand on the shore,
"Sorrow no more!"
The blue air fainting on its jewelled breast,
The wild cliff-shadows wav'ring into rest,
The winged things
Which float, like films upon the atmosphere,
In airy rings—
All have a voice for him with ears to hear.
Slight, graceful grasses touch me unafraid,
And nod to me, made
From the superfluous azure of the sky
By elves, which lie
In their fine domes by day, and shine by night
Like drops of dew, the harbells cluster bright,
And softly chime.
Where'er the South wind swings them at a breath,
To find those coral stars which grow beneath,
In tuneful time.
The lark's glad song is chorused in my brain
With almost pain;
And purest joy hath bred these tears, which rise
Swift to mine eyes.
Earth seems indeed like Paradise regained,
And something of lost Eden hath remained
For Summer hours;
God hath still left us some of its delight,
Some of its flow'rs,
Some of its colour rare to bless our sight.
The bliss of being overflows me quite:
Height after height,
It floods what erst was barren in my soul,
And leaves the whole
Flow'ring with ecstasy. I feel the wings
Of Mind burst from the shell of earthly things!
I am possessed
Of radiant fancy, clothed in rainbow hues,
That—scarce confessed—
With new emotions my pale life endues!
I will look up, I will take heart once more!
Winter is o'er—
Summer betokens the dear love of God:
And from the soil
Each buried hope and withered joy shall rise,
Tempest shall pass for ever from our skies—
Summer shall reign:
Joy's morning ever crowns the night of gloom,
Peace crowneth pain,
And life shall spring immortal from its tomb.

SHIRLEY WYNNE.

PHAROS AND PSYCHETTA.

The Prince Pharos was receiving the deputation which arrived at the palace with a charter in a wagon drawn by six horses.
It is true one steed could have done it; but six gave half a dozen times as much importance to the procession as a single horse would have obtained for it.
The population boasted that everyone in the kingdom had signed the petition, because there were quite as many signatures as there were inhabitants in the land, including the babies of five years old and under.
In fact, there were more signatures than natives; but this abundance was accounted for on the plea of enthusiastic foreigners.
It is true the various lengths of the petitions were displayed at the street-corners, and it was suggested by a very few wiseacres that perhaps in some cases the signatories attached their names more than once. Indeed, it was whispered that in one instance a school of boys had quite outshone themselves in finding new designations for their pen's points, and that there was one portion of the great petition to the Prince which might be found to be exceedingly light reading.
But as the persons who said these things were limited in number, others only had to make a slight hubbub, and there was an end to the matter.
There could be no question about this, that the petition was in the court-yard of the palace, the six cart-horses could be seen by everyone, and at that very moment the Prince was being interviewed by the deputation.
The great organ of the land, the *Diurnal*, had sung great praises concerning the learned nature of the deputation. It was composed of persons of every antagonistic interest and all varieties of opinion.
"The Prince," said the magnate of the *Diurnal*—"will, for the first time in his life, have to confront the representatives of all the classes of his people; from the peer to the peasant, from the philosopher to the plough-boy, it will be permitted him to see and to question all. It is a great day for his royal highness, and if he profits not by the magnificence of the opportunity ours will not be the blame. In times gone past, when ignorance was omnipotent, and distrust prevailed, the potentate was by the very nature of his position shut out from community with his people; but in our enlightened age, the Prince moves from pole to pole of society, and it is the fault of the latter if the former is still unconscious of his duties and his true value. When these lines are read, the mighty communion of all classes of society demonstrating to our royal chief the unanimity of their sentiments and the quality of their wants, will be in the full pomp

of progress. May the Prince be so enlightened and illuminated that he may gain by a communion denied to his forefathers, and even unpermitted to his immediate predecessor. His highness, properly advised and admirably concessive on this point, has undertaken to answer all questions, and to give lucid, direct, and unmistakable replies.

"By these utterances we must judge him; by these answers his reign is mighty or he is confounded. We await in calmness the result, conscious that human intellect is the highest force, and that light is the most benignant form of human progression."

Most people were moved to tears by this "leader," and representatives of all classes said, or to the same effect, "Let Prince Pharos get out of that if he can!"

In fact, there were signs of general and subterfugal joy as to the probability that the Prince would not be able to get out of it.

The Prince pained everybody at the start, for instead of receiving the important deputation while seated upon his throne in state, he was standing easily in a window-seat, and actually nodded and smiled as it entered.

"Humph!" thought the aristocratic portion of the deputation: "he receives us in the afternoon fashion in order to curry favour with the multitude."

"Humph!" thought those of the deputation who did not belong to the Court party: "he does not receive us seated on his throne because he does not suppose us worth the trouble mounting the steps."

So the very means the Prince took to simplify the meeting caused the Prince to be condemned at once.

"Sire," said the leader of the deputation, whose forehead was at about the angle of the roof of an ordinary shed, and who had been chosen because he did nothing but smile whenever a dilemma occurred—a very safe way, indeed, of meeting your difficulty—"Sire, we approach your throne"—here the speaker, becoming aware that there was no throne at that moment to approach, caught his breath, and continued—"your highness with abject feelings of humble duty."

At this there were audible murmurs amidst the deputation.

"That is to say we would," said the trimmer, "but that we draw near with sentiments of loyal reproach. As representing this great and mighty deputation, your royal highness, I hardly know how to begin—in fact, what does your highness propose?"

"Ha!" said the deputation, as though the speaker had him there.

"Oh," said Prince Pharos, "permit me to observe that I am not the deputation—I am the target, or, I should say myself—fire away!"

"Sire, this great and mighty deputation—"

Here the man with no forehead worth talking about came to a marvellous full-stop.

"Look here," said the Prince, easily; "suppose you ask all questions; and I will answer, or try to answer, every one to the best of my ability!"

Thereupon, and immediately, every man asked a question.

"Not more than six at a time," suggested the Prince.

Twelve of the more energetic then put questions.

"Suppose you do it in a row!" queried the Prince.

Everybody thereupon tried to be number one.

After, perhaps, an hour's free fight, the line was formed, a noble brother called Kahrot being first, and an old general with a thick stick second. A sweep, who would have been first but for a kick from the butcher, was third, with which position he was, perforce, obliged to be satisfied.

The philosopher, who denied everything, and was a dwarf, stood distinguishedly last.

"I will go down the line," said the Prince, "and answer as loudly as I can."

Out came a fair hundred note-books, and every man holding one frowned.

The butcher began: "We hear, rifleman, as you don't eat meat for breakfast?"

"No," replied the Prince; "it makes me hot. I do not think I want meat more than once a day; and, the less I eat, the more there is for others."

"Then you are opposed to the hinterests of our country?"

The general said: "We" (they almost all began with "we," although each man asked an individual question)—"We hear your highness is opposed to war?"

"I am, except in self-defence."

"Then your royal highness's opinion is adverse to the interests of the country?"

A millionaire said, "The syndicates of the bankers are informed that your royal highness is tainted with the theory of an equal distribution of property?"

"His highness," answered the Prince, "certainly thinks that property ought to be more equally apportioned than it is."

"We are sorry to hear your highness has that impression."

A vineyard owner urged as follows: "The Association of Vine-growers hear with pain your highness rarely drinks anything but water?"

"Seldom."

"Then, if the fashion takes, we shall have to burn our vines!"

Thereupon a water-drinker cried, "We hear your highness now and again tastes of the iniquity of fermented liquors?"

"Oh, yes; and I find myself not any the worse for it."

"Your highness is hurrying to perdition."

A farmer inquired as follows: "It is said your highness thinks every man ought to have a bit of land to cultivate?"

"Yes; for he would love the land the better."

"Rank revolution!" exclaimed the farmer.

A politician spoke high, and asked: "Your highness is stated to actually believe that men can govern themselves?"

"Well, I did think so until an hour since. I still believe that if they exercised their intelligence as much as do their greed they would find they could do it."

The politician shook his head.

"Politics is a science," he observed, "and one denied to princes. In politics all that seems to be is not, and all that appears not to be exists. And between them is at rare intervals the golden mean."

"I do not understand," said the Prince.

"That," rejoined the politician, "I knew before I spoke, so profound is the ignorance of princes."

Having reached the end of the wrangling line, the Prince went back to his standing-place by the window.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a wiser and sadder man than when I rose this morning. I perceive that to please everybody I must be everybody, and that appears to me to be impossible. The millionaire quarrels with me because I would see his poorer brother richer, and the beggar condemns me because I think that in a proper state of society charity need not exist. The coach-builder and horse-seller quarrel with me because I sometimes walk, the bootmaker because I sometimes ride. The wine-presser condemns me because I prefer water to wine, and the water-drinker sends me to perdition because I sometimes drink a cup. The farmer is annoyed because I would give every man a bit of land, or enable him to buy it, and the general is angry because I am undesigning of crowding the men from off the land and having them shot on a field of glory. Well, well, I find that every man wishes me to be himself, and, therefore, I shall keep my own identity. I shall eat what I like, walk when I elect, ride when I wish, and dress as it pleases me. Rule yourself if you can, but you shall never rule me. You ask for your liberty, and you deny me mine; each man requires me to support him, and no one thinks of asking what assistance I want. Either I am right or wrong in all I think—perhaps sometimes one, and sometimes the other; but of this I am certain—you cannot all be right, since each wants a different system, and society depends upon compromise. As to my answer to your petition, you shall have it to-morrow; and I promise you it shall be generally liked, as far as you can like anything, and that you will have nothing more to say to me. Good day."

What princely insolence! He did not even ask them to stay to lunch.

The editor of the *Diurnal* also made one, and his questions we will spare our readers. He wrote an article, in the beginning of which he contrived to say everything that was kind of the Prince, but so arranged matters that before he reached the end of his observations he had demonstrated that the Prince must be a complete idiot.

"I wonder how he will like that," remarked the editor.

Well, he never found out, for next morning it was discovered the Prince had carried his insolence to such a pitch that he had purchased a small portmanteau and other matters, and gone off in a light cart.

Every epithet from "abominable" down to "zany," an adjective coined from zany, was showered upon the Prince, and six hours afterwards the palace was burnt, the streets bore evidence of a sanguinary encounter, and women and children were killed by the hundred.

"See here," said the various members of the deputation—"mark the work of Prince Pharos!"

Now what the Prince had done was this—to learn a lesson in selfishness, and to look after his own interests by flying from a kingdom whose people turned his own virtues against him.

Kahrot gained the day, for he was deeper across the chest than his brother-citizens; while he was thicker in the arm, and his pole-axe had the largest handle in the city.

He began his reign by ordering everybody to eat a pound of beef-steak for breakfast, and by demanding a new palace to be built twice the size of the one destroyed.

When his Prime Minister, El Ben Khaunt, asked him what was to be done with the rest of the bullock, the beef-steaks apart, he cleft the scence of that recumbent, and told the remainder of the court to look out.

Down they fell, and appeared to worship him.

Meanwhile Prince Pharos travelled away, and soon left the kingdom of Babil behind him.

He never felt freer in his life.

He had no money, and wanted not any.

He had with him an astonishing little machine, which was properly prepared, and with the help of the sun produced portraits in a few moments, and even without the sitters knowing what was being done.

This wonderful magic box was quite enough to procure him not only simple sup and bite, and a truss of hay in the stable, but the thanks of his host, for by the good chance of his passing, they could hand down their likeness to their children, and keep together more thoroughly their family ties.

"And, pray, why is the forest called 'Goose Wood'?" he asked, one morning, when setting

out from a little cottage where he had passed the night.

"Because there lives a talking goose, who is very wonderful bird."

"Indeed; never have I seen a talking goose. I hope I shall meet her!"

On he went; and it was about mid-day when he flung himself under a tree, whose shadow was deep, and there he lay.

"Good day!" said a voice.

He looked about, and saw no one. Nothing moved but a gray wild goose upon the lake at his feet.

However, he very civilly returned the salutation—"Good day!"

"If I were you I would not remain under that tree."

"I beg your pardon," said the Prince; "but whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"I am the Goose."

The Prince made another bow.

"To be sure; I heard of your existence this morning. You appear to lead a very solitary life."

"I do, sir," answered the goose; "but I get through the day by trying to be useful."

"How useful?"

"I warn the birds against the fowlers' nets; and, whenever there are a bow and an arrow in sight, I give the alarm. Where are you going? Pray, come out from the shadow of that tree. It is too cold!"

"Going? I wander; I have no destination."

"'Tis a very sad journey that has no end."

"Is it not? But I have no friend."

"What are you?"

"I am a Prince, alone in the world. I tried to govern my people justly; but the mere thought of change frightened half my subjects because they wanted not any, while it maddened the remainder with disappointment at not getting more than was possible; so I ran away."

"It is cowardly to run away, sir."

"I should have been slain, whereas I can be of use in the future."

"Well, then, I really cannot blame you. By the way, the winter is coming on, and I should be happy to offer you hospitality."

The Prince laughed.

"Oh, do not be satirical," said the goose. "I am a far more practical person than you think for. Be good enough to remember that some of my progenitors once saved the Capitol."

"Was it worth saving, you goose?" asked the revolutionary Prince.

"That," said the bird, "is quite another question. But I shall have to beg of you not to call me a goose, for there is a certain modern contemptuous suggestion in the name which scarcely agrees with me. My name is Psychetta."

"Indeed! Psychetta?"

"Yes, Yours."

"Prince Eros Pharos."

"Something of a Greek family. Ah! I am Greek myself, by way of Marsolia. What do you say to my offer? My cottage is very tolerable, and I have passed a good deal of the summer laying up dried fruits, roots, and other plain and wholesome food."

"Madame," replied the Prince, "I am altogether your most obliged and obedient servant. It is so long since I heard the language of civilization, that I feel quite at home. Is your place far from here?"

"Yes; but, perhaps you will not mind hanging on to my neck. I am aware it appears to be a familiarity, but it will be a great convenience to both of us. I can confide in your sense of propriety—any man named Eros may certainly be trusted."

The Prince thereupon embraced this wonderful bird's neck; and up flew Psychetta easily, and bore the Prince to one of the most pleasant cottages he had ever seen.

"How peaceful it looks!" said the Prince.

"Yes, because your own mind is at peace," said the goose.

"Really, madame," cried the Prince, "you are a personage of very considerable information and sententiousness."

"Yes," answered the bird; "my education was certainly not neglected when a gosling."

Now it is exceedingly difficult to have to explain that a Prince fell in love with a goose.

But have you never been struck with the strangeness of the love some hideous creature has for its young? A spider will die in defence of her little ones; a serpent cannot be induced to leave its eggs; a very toad loves her young.

Why, then, if man is paramount in besting love, should he not have even a goose if cut off from his kind, and if he is left lonely in a sad world?

So good and simple was the goose—as many a human goose is good and simple—that, long before the spring sun came again, he loved Psychetta.

By that time King Kahrot had sufficiently levelled the land and sat above it—the going even to bed with his pole-axe, to be prepared for emergencies.

"Do you really love me?" asked Psychetta.

"I do with all my heart!"

"And you will prove it?" asked the goose.

"I will."

"No matter what the trial?"

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"Then wring my neck?"

"Alas! of what avail would be your death?"

"No matter; I may not say. All I am permitted to observe is this—that you can only serve me by strangling me; by which means alone can you oblige your hostess."

Great beads of perspiration stood upon the Prince's brow. But his common sense prevailed.

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