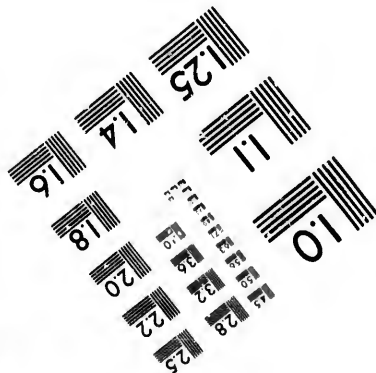
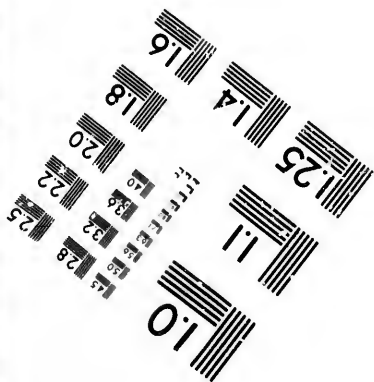
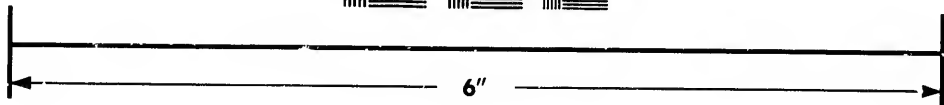
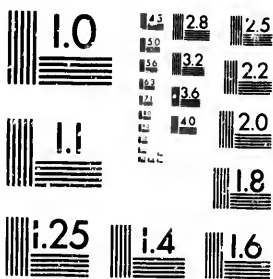


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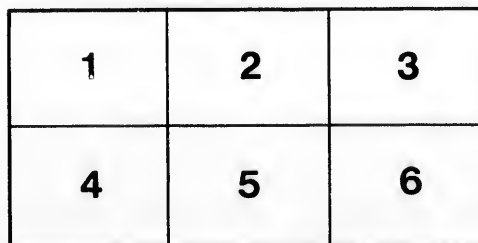
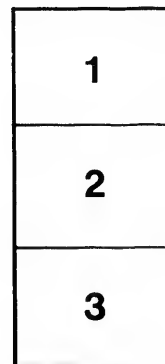
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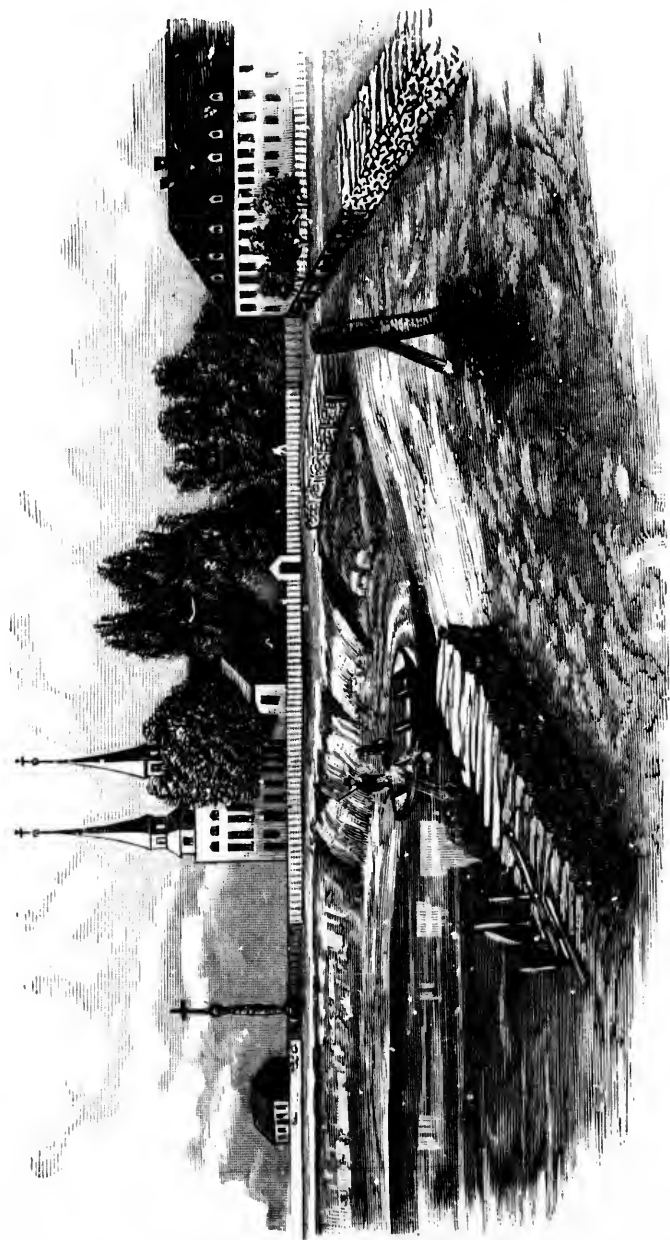
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"The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twin."

—(See page 2.)

The Victorian Readers.

FIFTH READER.

*AUTHORIZED BY THE ADVISORY BOARD
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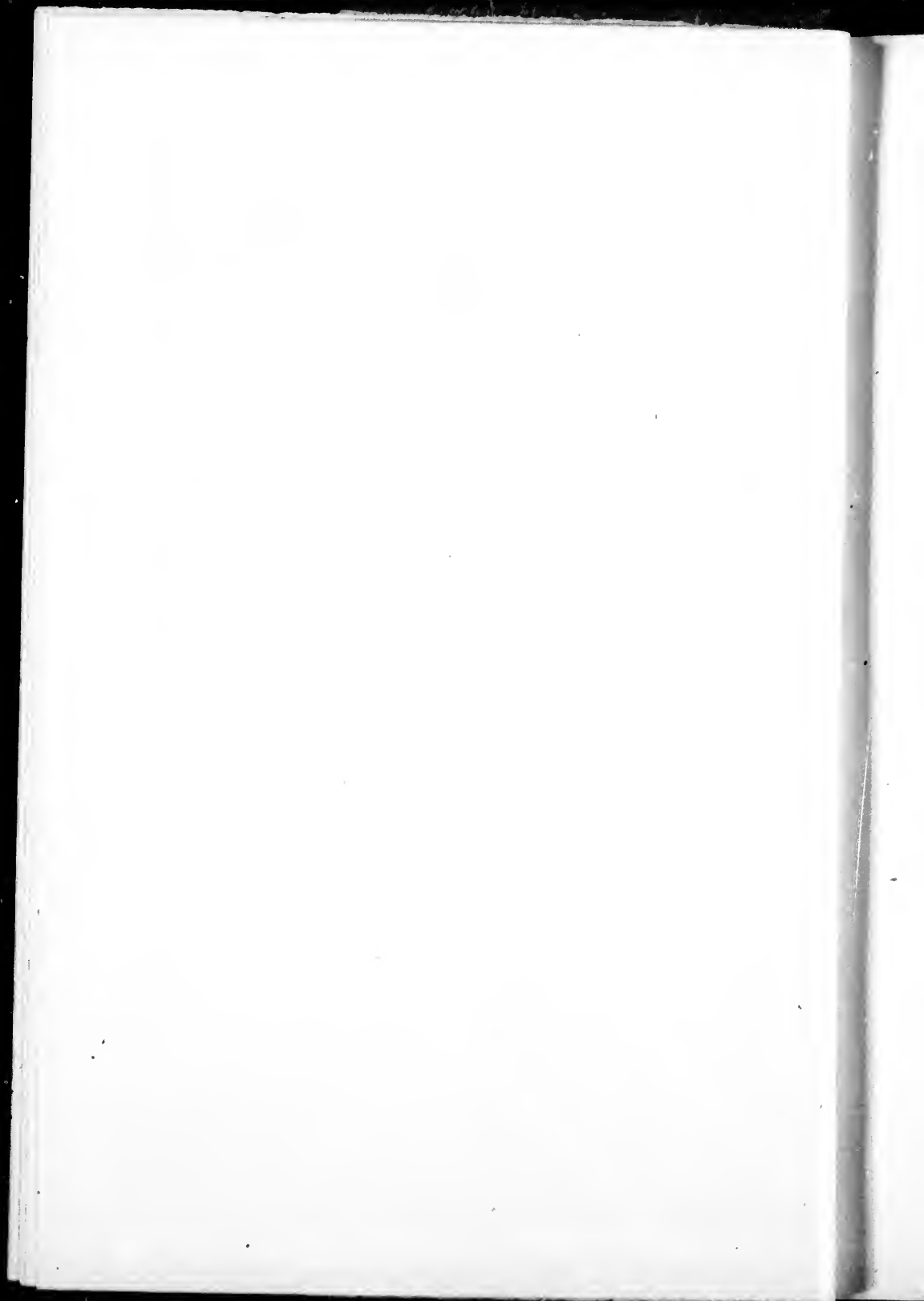
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FIFTH READER.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins !

Drearly blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow ;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell ?

FIFTH READER.

The voyageur smiles as he listens
 To the sound that grows apace ;
 Well he knows the vesper ringing
 Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
 That call from their turrets twain,
 To the boatman on the river,
 To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey
 The bitter north-winds blow,
 And thus upon life's Red River
 Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
 Rests his feet on wave and shore,
 And our eyes grow dim with watching,
 And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
 The signal of his release
 In the bells of the Holy City,
 The chimes of eternal peace !

—John G. Whittier.

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
 Meekly bear the storms of fate !
 Duty be thy polar guide ;—
 Do the right, whate'er betide !
 Haste not ! rest not ! conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last.

—Goethe.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying "What shall I do?"

In this plight, therefore, he went home and restrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children, and thus he began to talk to them: "O my dear wife," said he, "and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am certainly informed that this our city will be burnt with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered." At this his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they

got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, "Worse and worse." He also set to talking to them again; but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriage to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery: he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying; and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way, and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall

fall into Tophet. And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?" He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come."

The man, therefore, read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist (pointing with his finger over a very wide field), "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate: at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, when his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears and ran on, crying, "Life! Life! eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbors also came out to see him run; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they

overtook him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are ye come?" They said, "To persuade you to go back with us." But he said, "That can by no means be; you dwell," said he, "in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born; I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone; be content; good neighbors, and go along with me."

OBST. What! said Obstinate, and leave our friends and comforts behind us?

CHR. Yes, said Christian (for that was his name), because that all which you forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that I am seeking to enjoy; and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself: for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. Come away, and prove my words.

OBST. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

CHR. I seek an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there, to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

OBST. Tush! said Obstinate; away with your book! Will you go back with us or no?

CHR. No, not I, said the other, because I have put my hand to the plough.

OBST. Come, then, neighbor Pliable, let us turn again and go home without him; there is a company of these crazy-headed coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

PLI. Then said Pliable, Don't revile ; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours : my heart inclines to go with my neighbor.

OBST. What ! more fools still ? Be ruled by me and go back, who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you ? Go back, go back, and be wise.

CHR. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbor, Pliable ; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this book ; and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it.

PLI. Well, neighbor Obstinate, said Pliable, I begin to come to a point ; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him. But, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place ?

CHR. I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive instruction about the way.

PLI. Come then, good neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

OBST. And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate ; I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain ; and thus they began their discourse :

CHR. Come, neighbor Pliable, how do you do ? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, neighbor Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my mind, than speak of them with my tongue: but yet since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

PLI. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

CHR. Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lie.

PLI. Well said; what things are they?

CHR. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for ever.

PLI. Well said; and what else?

CHR. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven.

PLI. This is very pleasant; and what else?

CHR. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow: for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

PLI. And what company shall we have there?

CHR. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in His presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps; there we shall see

men that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment.

PLI. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

CHR. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded that in this book; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely.

PLI. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace.

CHR. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

—John Bunyan.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

—Thomas Moore.

THE PICKWICKIANS ON ICE.

“Now,” said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to; “what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time.”

“Capital!” said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

“Prime!” ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

“You skate, of course, Winkle?” said Wardle.

“Ye—yes; oh, yes;” replied Mr. Winkle. “I—I—am *rather* out of practice.”

“Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle,” said Arabella. “I like to see it *so* much.”

“Oh, it is *so* graceful,” said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was “swan-like.”

“I should be very happy, I'm sure,” said Mr. Winkle, reddening; “but I have no skates.”

This objection was at once over-ruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more down stairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice;

and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they call a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off vith you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop," said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home, that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin' ? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what!" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly

out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please Mr. Pickwick," cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share

in the ceremony: to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up: to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance,

and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake," roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep,

prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

“Oh, he’ll catch his death of cold,” said Emily.

“Dear old thing!” said Arabella. “Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick.”

“Ah, that’s the best thing you can do,” said Wardle; “and when you’ve got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly.”

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant; and three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

—*Charles Dickens.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs, when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life’s but a means unto the end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

—*Philip James Bailey, from “Festus.”*

FOR THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS WE
BLESS THEE.

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain-sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die ,
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky ;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by the rod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard ;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred ;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth
 On his quarry from the heights,
 And the stag that knows no master,
 Seeks there his wild delights ;
 But we, for *thy* communion,
 Have sought the mountain-sod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain
 Far, far below us waves ;
 The war-horse of the spearman
 Cannot reach our lofty caves ;
 Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
 Of freedom's last abode ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence,
 Round our camp of rock outspread ;
 For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead ;
 For the snows and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial-sod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

—Mrs. Hemans.

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man in the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal, that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure.

—Socrates.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said—"what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said, eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

“Pardon me,” said Beethoven, “but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician.”

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

“I—I also overheard something of what you said,” continued my friend. “You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is— Shall I play for you?”

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

“Thank you!” said the shoemaker; “but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music.”

“No music!” echoed my friend. “How, then, does the Fräulein—”

He paused, and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

“I—I entreat your pardon!” he stammered. “But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?”

“Entirely.”

“And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?”

“I used to hear a lady practising near us, when we lived at Brühl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her.”

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind

girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the Fräulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

“Give us a song,” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
“We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon ;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain’s glory ;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang “Annie Lawrie.”

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier’s cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot—and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

THE DEMON OF THE DEEP.

When Gilliatt awoke he was hungry. The sea was growing calmer. Although pressed by hunger, he began by stripping himself of his wet clothing,—the only means of getting warmth. His overcoat, jacket, overalls, and sheepskin he spread out and fixed with large round stones here and there. Then he thought of eating.

He had recourse to his knife, which he was careful to sharpen, and to keep always in good condition, and he detached from the rocks a few limpets. He took advantage of the receding tide to wander among the rocks in

search of cray-fish. He wandered, not in the gorge of the rocks, but outside, among the smaller breakers. For the search that Gilliatt was prosecuting, this part was more favorable than the interior. At low water the crabs are accustomed to crawl out into the air.

On this day, however, the cray-fish and crabs were both lacking; the tempest had driven them into their solitary retreats, and they had not yet mustered courage to venture abroad. Gilliatt held his open knife in his hand, and from time to time scraped a cockle from under the bunches of sea-weed, which he ate while still walking. As he was determining to content himself with the sea-urchins, a little clattering noise at his feet aroused his attention. A large crab, startled by his approach, had just dropped into a pool. He chased it along the base of the rock. Suddenly it was gone. It had buried itself in some crevice under the rock.

Gilliatt clutched the projections of the rock, and stretched out to observe where it shelved away under the water. As he suspected, there was an opening there in which the creature had evidently taken refuge. It was a kind of porch. The sea entered beneath it, but was not deep. The bottom was visible, covered with large pebbles. Holding his knife between his teeth, Gilliatt descended, by the help of feet and hands, from the upper part of the escarpment, and leaped into the water. It reached almost to his shoulders.

He made his way through the porch, and found himself in a blind passage, with a roof in the form of a rude arch over his head. The walls were polished and slippery. The crab was nowhere visible. He gained his feet, and advanced in daylight growing fainter, so that he began

to lose the power to distinguish objects. At about fifteen paces the vaulted roof ended overhead. He had penetrated beyond the blind passage. There was here more space, and consequently more daylight. His vision became clearer. He saw before his eyes another vaulted roof, and at the farther end an altar-like stone.

He now observed before him, at a certain height in the wall, a crevice, which, from the point where he stood, appeared inaccessible. Near the moulded arch he saw low dark grottoes within the cavern. The entrance to the nearest was out of the water, and easily approachable. Nearer still than this recess, he noticed above the level of the water and within reach of his hand a horizontal fissure. It seemed to him probable that the crab had taken refuge there, and he plunged his hand in as far as he was able, and groped about in that dusky aperture.

Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm. A strange, indescribable horror thrilled through him. Some living thing—thin, rough, flat, cold, slimy—had twisted itself round his naked arm, in the dark depth below. It crept upward towards his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. In less than a moment some mysterious spiral form had passed round his wrist and elbow, and had reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the arm-pit.

Gilliatt recoiled, but he had scarcely power to move. He was, as it were, nailed to the place. With his left hand he seized his knife, which he still held between his teeth, and with that hand holding the knife he supported himself against the rocks, while he made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm. He succeeded in only dis-

turbing his persecutor, which wound itself still tighter. It was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form—sharp, elongated, and narrow—issued out of the crevice, like a tongue out of monstrous jaws. It seemed to lick his naked body; then, suddenly stretching out, became longer and thinner, as it crept over his skin and wound itself round him. At the same time a terrible sense of pain, comparable to nothing he had ever known, compelled all his muscles to contract. He felt upon his skin a number of flat, rounded points. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened to his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third long, undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock,—seemed to feel its way about his body,—lashed round his ribs like a cord, and fixed itself there. Agony when at its height is mute: Gilliatt uttered no cry. There was sufficient light for him to see the repulsive forms which had entangled themselves about him.

A fourth ligature—but this one swift as an arrow—darted towards his stomach, and wound around him there. It was impossible to sever or tear away the slimy bands which were twisted tightly round his body, and were adhering by a number of points. Each of the points was the focus of frightful and singular pangs. It was as if numberless small mouths were devouring him at the same time.

A fifth long, slimy, riband-shaped strip issued from the hole. It passed over the others, and wound itself tightly round his chest. The compression increased his sufferings; he could scarcely breathe. These living thongs were pointed at their extremities, but broadened like the blade of a sword towards its hilt. All belonged

evidently to the same centre. They crept and glided about him; he felt the strange points of pressure, which seemed to him like mouths, change their places from time to time.

Suddenly a large, round, flattened, glutinous mass issued from the crevice. It was the centre; the five thongs were attached to it like spokes to the nave of a wheel. On the opposite side of this disgusting monster appeared the commencement of three other tentacles, the ends of which remained under the rock. In the middle of this slimy mass appeared two eyes. The eyes were fixed on Gilliatt. He recognized the devil-fish.

It is difficult for those who have not seen it, to believe in the existence of the devil-fish. If terror were the object of its creation, nothing could be imagined more perfect than the devil-fish. The octopus is the sea-vampire. The swimmer who, attracted by the beauty of the spot, ventures among breakers in the open sea,—where the still waters hide the splendors of the deep,—in the hollows of unfrequented rocks,—in unknown caverns abounding in sea-plants, testacea, and crustacea,—under the deep portals of the ocean,—runs the risk of meeting it. The monster was the inhabitant of the grotto—the terrible genius of the place—a kind of sombre demon of the water.

Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it. It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly. He was in the water up to his belt; his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the

glided which in time a mass he five ve of a monster les, the middle s were believe ere the l more a-vam- of the -where -in the caverns -under meeting o—the mon of g; the as the to his ness of nd and ntacles er the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage. Of the eight arms of the devil-fish, three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this way, clinging to the granite on the one hand, and on the other to its human prey, it enchained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, the fingers of which were each nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

It is impossible to tear one's self from the folds of the devil-fish; the attempt ends only in a firmer grasp; the monster clings with more determined force. Its effort increases with that of its victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures. Gilliatt had but one resource,—his knife. His left hand only was free; his open knife was in this hand. The antenna of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance, impossible to divide with the knife,—it slips under the edge. Its position in attack also is such that to cut it would be to wound the victim's own flesh. The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The cephalopod, in fact, is vulnerable only through the head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact. With the octopus there is a certain moment in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. He who loses that moment is destroyed.

The things we have described occupied only a few moments. Gilliatt felt the increasing power of its innumerable suckers. He grasped his knife and looked at the monster, which seemed to look at him. Suddenly it loosened from the rock its sixth antenna, and, darting

it at him, seized him by the left arm. At the same moment it advanced its head with a violent movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man.

But Gilliatt was watchful. He avoided the antenna, and at the moment when the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clenched in his left hand. There were two convulsions in opposite directions,—that of the devil-fish and that of its prey. The movement was rapid as a double flash of lightning. He had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and by a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whip in the air, describing a circle round the two eyes, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The folds relaxed; the monster dropped away, like the slow detaching of hands; the four hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water. The monster was quite dead. Gilliatt closed his knife.

—Victor Hugo.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended to the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream." Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first

arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with that music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach to the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."—"I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of Misery; and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is

that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge first consisted of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very

small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves; some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight; multitudes were busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest any thing that thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flocks of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh: "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist, that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the side of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment

upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sand on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him."

I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean, on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found he had left me. I then turned again to the vision I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

—*Joseph Addison.*

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

—*Thomas Moore.*

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking further, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was not a

duellum, but a *bellum*—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war—the red republicans on the one hand and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer, or die!" In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.

Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in

order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hotel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

—Henry D. Thoreau.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,

With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang :

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !”

Small pity for him !—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck !
“Lay by ! lay by !” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim !
Brag of your catch of fish again !”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be !
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away ?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,

Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain :
 “ Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
 By the women o’ Morble’ead ! ”

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near :
 “ Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
 By the women o’ Morble’ead ! ”

“ Hear me, neighbors ! ” at last he cried,—
 “ What to me is this noisy ride ?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin
 To the nameless horror that lives within ?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead ! ”
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, “ God has touched him !—why should we ? ”
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 “ Cut the rogue’s tether and let him run ! ”

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE CRUSADER AND THE SARACEN.

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way, were forgotten, as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe, which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the Garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in color as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was "brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon"; the land as well as the lake might be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation, and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odor of bitumen and sulphur, which the burning sun exhaled from the waters of the lake, in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of waterspouts. Masses of the slimy and sulphurous substance called naphtha which floated idly on the sluggish and sullen waves, supplied those rolling clouds with new vapors, and afforded awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flittings and at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long

sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The Knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they had come to war.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle-bow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the Western warriors, who hurried to Palestine, died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns

in every corner of Europe, where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

It was not, however, to all the race that fortune proposed such tempting rewards; and those obtained by the solitary knight during two years' campaign in Palestine, had been only temporal fame, and, as he was taught to believe, spiritual privileges. Meantime, his slender stock of money had melted away, the rather that he did not pursue any of the ordinary modes by which the followers of the Crusade condescended to recruit their diminished resources, at the expense of the people of Palestine; he exacted no gifts from the wretched natives for sparing their possessions when engaged in warfare with the Saracens, and he had not availed himself of any opportunity of enriching himself by the ransom of prisoners of consequence. The small train which had followed him from his native country, had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick-bed, and unable to attend his master, who travelled, as we have seen, singly and alone. This was of little consequence to the Crusader, who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companion.

Nature, had, however her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid-day station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now

lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender

circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of an hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this elusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen

was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in

which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me?—Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mahommed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not

treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look, or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED.

To horse, trot, gallop, and out with each blade.
 To-day, Lads, we ride on a dare-devil raid;
 'Tis death, or a halo that never shall fade.
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah!

An Army o'erhanging us, in the death-hush
 Massed, like an Avalanche crowded to crush;
 Up at them, pierce them, ere on us they rush!
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah!

Stick to old Scarlett, Lads! See how he goes
 In for a *near-sighted* look at our foes:
 Faster, men, faster, or singly he'll close!
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah!

Chariots of fire in the dark of death stand,
 With crowns for the foremost who fall for their land:
 My God, what a time ere we meet hand to hand!
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah!

O the lightning of life ! O the thunder of steeds !
 Saddles are emptied, but nobody heeds ;
 All fighting to follow where Elliot leads.
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Spring too now, wedge through now, and cleave crest and
 crown ;
 All one as a mowing-machine, cut them down !
 For each foe round you strewn now a wreath of renown.
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

There's fear in their faces ; they shrink from the shock ;
 They will open the door, only loud enough knock ;
 Keep turning the key, lest we stick in the lock !
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Well done ! Soul and steel alike trusty and true !
 By Thousands they faced our invincible Few ;
 Like sand in a sieve you have riddled them through.
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

Charge back ! Once again we must ride the Death-ride,
 Torn, tattered, but smiling with something of pride :
 Charge home : out of Hell ; gory-grim ; glorified !
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

One cheer for the living ! One cheer for the dead !
 One cheer for the deed on that hill-side red !
 The glory is gathered for England's proud head !
 Old England for Ever, Hurrah !

—*Ger. 'Id Massey (by permission of the Author).*

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

At length Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward, and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along; for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made.

As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe." The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary soldiers sunk to rest, but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes.

Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and Oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and cham-

bers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was setting over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced,—the *Burning of Moscow*.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire; but the next night, September 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene was now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings; and the next moment light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments.

All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and

moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and a wild tempest, that swept like the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving toward the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames, struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned,—a day of tempest and of flame,—and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast.

The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin; and already the roar of the flames and crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on

their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it; but they had passed still further into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye round the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke, and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses and the raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on. At length, half suffocated, he emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant.

Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes; canopied by flame and smoke and cinders; surrounded by walls of fire, that rocked to and fro, and fell, with a crash, amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron,—he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe or courage overcome.

Those brave troops had often heard without fear the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the

incessant crash of falling houses, palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood affrighted and powerless.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil, tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky.

Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces, glowing with a red heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets.

Children were seen carrying their parents; the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder which they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower; and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. O, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely packed city of houses, churches,

and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire.

Columns of flames would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Krémelin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, again emerging into view, and standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like Virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements.

Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterward, "It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and

then sinking into the flame below. O, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

—*J. T. Headley.*

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring ;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 In old Plataea's day ;
 And now, there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on ; the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! They come—the Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,

And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“ Strike, till the last armed foe expires !
Strike, for your altars and your fires !
Strike, for the green graves of your sires—
God, and your native land ! ”

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh,
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST.

Whilst the council was sitting in Pampeluna the White Company, having encamped in a neighboring valley, close to the companies of La Nuit and of Black Ortingo, were amusing themselves with sword-play, wrestling, and shooting at the shields, which they had placed upon the hillside to serve them as butts. The younger archers, with their coats of mail thrown aside, their brown or flaxen hair tossing in the wind, and their jerkins turned back to give free play to their brawny chests and arms, stood in lines, each loosing his shaft in turn, while Johnston, Aylward, Black Simon, and half-a-score of the elders lounged up and down with critical eyes, and a word of rough praise or of curt censure for the marksmen. Behind stood knots of Gascon and

Brabant crossbowmen from the companies of Ortingo and of La Nuit, leaning upon their unsightly weapons and watching the practice of the Englishmen.

A sunburnt and black-eyed Brabanter had stood near the old archers, leaning upon a large crossbow and listening to their talk, which had been carried on in that hybrid camp dialect which both nations could understand. He was a squat, bull-necked man, clad in the iron helmet, mail tunic, and woollen gambesson of his class. A jacket with hanging sleeves, slashed with velvet at the neck and wrists, showed that he was a man of some consideration, an under-officer, or file-leader of his company.

"I cannot think," said he, "why you English should be so fond of your six-foot stick. If it amuse you to bend it, well and good; but why should I strain and pull, when my little moulinet will do all for me, and better than I can do it for myself?"

"I have seen good shooting with the prod and with the latch," said Aylward, "but, by my hilt! camarade, with all respect to you and to your bow, I think that is but a woman's weapon, which a woman can point and loose as easily as a man."

"I know not about that," answered the Brabanter, "but this I know, that though I have served for fourteen years, I have never yet seen an Englishman do aught with the long-bow which I could not do better with my arbalest. By the three kings! I would even go further, and say that I have done things with my arbalest which no Englishman could do with his long-bow."

"Well said, mon gar," cried Aylward. "A good cock has ever a brave call. Now, I have shot little of late,

but there is Johnston here who will try a round with you for the honor of the Company."

"And I will lay a gallon of Jurançon wine upon the long-bow," said Black Simon, "though I had rather, for my own drinking, that it were a quart of Twynham ale."

"I take both your challenge and your wager," said the man of Brabant, throwing off his jacket and glancing keenly about him with his black, twinkling eyes. "I cannot see any fitting mark, for I care not to waste a bolt upon these shields, which a drunken boor could not miss at a village kermesse."

"This is a perilous man," whispered an English man-at-arms, plucking at Aylward's sleeve. "He is the best marksman of all the crossbow companies and it was he who brought down the Constable de Bourbon at Brignais. I fear that your man will come by little honor with him."

"Yet I have seen Johnston shoot these twenty years, and I will not flinch from it. How say you, old war-hound, will you not have a flight shot or two with this springald?"

"Tut, tut, Aylward," said the old bowman. "My day is past, and it is for the younger ones to hold what we have gained. I take it unkindly of thee, Samkin, that thou shouldst call all eyes thus upon a broken bowman who could once shoot a fair shaft. Let me feel that bow, Wilkins! It is a Scotch bow, I see, for the upper nock is without and the lower within. By the black rood! it is a good piece of yew, well nocked, well strung, well waxed, and very joyful to the feel. I think even now that I might hit any large and goodly mark with a bow like this. Turn thy quiver to me, Aylward. I love an ash arrow pierced with cornelwood for a roving shaft."

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"By my hilt! and so do I," cried Aylward. "These three gander-winged shafts are such."

"So I see, comrade. It has been my wont to choose a saddle-backed feather for a dead shaft, and a swine-backed for a smooth flier. I will take the two of them. Ah! Samkin, lad, the eye grows dim and the hand less firm as the years pass."

"Come then, are you not ready?" said the Brabanter, who had watched with ill-concealed impatience the slow and methodic movements of his antagonist.

"I will venture a rover with you, or try long-butts or hoyles," said old Johnston. "To my mind the long-bow is a better weapon than the arbalest, but it may be ill for me to prove it."

"So I think," quoth the other with a sneer. He drew his moulinet from his girdle, and fixing it to the windlass, he drew back the powerful double cord until it had clicked into the catch. Then from his quiver he drew a short, thick quarrel, which he placed with the utmost care upon the groove. Word had spread of what was going forward, and the rivals were already surrounded, not only by the English archers of the Company, but by hundreds of arbalestiers and men-at-arms from the bands of Ortingo and La Nuit, to the latter of which the Brabanter belonged.

"There is a mark yonder on the hill," said he; "mayhap you can discern it."

"I see something," answered Johnston, shading his eyes with his hand; "but it is a very long shoot."

"A fair shoot—a fair shoot! Stand aside, Arnaud, lest you find a bolt through your gizzard. Now, com-

rade, I take no flight shot, and I give you the vantage of watching my shaft."

As he spoke he raised his arbalest to his shoulder and was about to pull the trigger, when a large gray stork flapped heavily into view skimming over the brow of the hill, and then soaring up into the air to pass the valley. Its shrill and piercing cries drew all eyes upon it, and, as it came nearer, a dark spot which circled above it resolved itself into a peregrine falcon, which hovered over its head, poising itself from time to time, and watching its chance of closing with its clumsy quarry. Nearer and nearer came the two birds, all absorbed in their own contest, the stork wheeling upwards, the hawk still fluttering above it, until they were not a hundred paces from the carap. The Brabanter raised his weapon to the sky, and there came the short, deep twang of his powerful string. His bolt struck the stork just where its wing meets the body, and the bird whirled aloft in a last convulsive flutter before falling wounded and flapping to the earth. A roar of applause burst from the crossbowmen; but at the instant that the bolt struck its mark old Johnston, who had stood listlessly with arrow on string, bent his bow and sped a shaft through the body of the falcon. Whipping the other from his belt, he sent it skimming some few feet from the earth with so true an aim that it struck and transfixed the stork for the second time ere it could reach the ground. A deep-chested shout of delight burst from the archers at the sight of this double feat, and Aylward, dancing with joy, threw his arms round the old marksman and embraced him with such vigor that their mail tunics clanged again.

"Ah! camarade," he cried, "you shall have a stoup

with me for this! What then, old dog, would not the hawk please thee, but thou must have the stork as well. Oh, to my heart again!"

"It is a pretty piece of yew, and well strung," said Johnston with a twinkle in his deep-set gray eyes. "Even an old broken bowman might find the clout with a bow like this."

"You have done very well," remarked the Brabanter in a surly voice. "But it seems to me that you have not yet shown yourself to be a better marksman than I, for I have struck that at which I aimed, and, by the three kings! no man can do more."

"It would ill beseem me to claim to be a better marksman," answered Johnston, "for I have heard great things of your skill. I did but wish to show that the long-bow could do that which an arbalest could not do, for you could not with your moulinet have your string ready to speed another shaft ere the bird drop to the earth."

"In that you have vantage," said the crossbowman. "By Saint James! it is now my turn to show you where my weapon has the better of you. I pray you to draw a flight shaft with all your strength down the valley, that we may see the length of your shoot."

"That is a very strong prod of yours," said Johnston, shaking his grizzled head as he glanced at the thick arch and powerful strings of his rival's arbalest. "I have little doubt that you can overshoot me, and yet I have seen bowmen who could send a cloth-yard arrow further than you could speed a quarrel."

"So I have heard," remarked the Brabanter; "and yet it is a strange thing that these wondrous bowmen are never where I chance to be. Pace out the distances with

a wand at every five score, and do you, Arnaud, stand at the fifth wand to carry back my bolts to me."

A line was measured down the valley, and Johnston, drawing an arrow to the very head, sent it whistling over the row of wands.

"Bravely drawn! A rare shoot! shouted the bystanders. "It is well up to the fourth mark."

"By my hilt! it is over it," cried Aylward. "I can see where they have stooped to gather up the shaft."

"We shall hear anon," said Johnston quietly, and presently a young archer came running to say that the arrow had fallen twenty paces beyond the fourth wand.

"Four hundred paces and a score," cried Black Simon. "I' faith, it is a very long flight. Yet wood and steel may do more than flesh and blood."

The Brabanter stepped forward with a smile of conscious triumph, and loosed the cord of his weapon. A shout burst from his comrades as they watched the swift and lofty flight of the heavy bolt.

"Over the fourth!" groaned Aylward. "By my hilt! I think that it is well up to the fifth."

"It is over the fifth!" cried a Gascon loudly, and a comrade came running with waving arms to say that the bolt had pitched eight paces beyond the mark of the five hundred.

"Which weapon hath the vantage now?" cried the Brabanter, strutting proudly about with shouldered arbalest, amid the applause of his companions.

"You can overshoot me," said Johnston gently.

"Or any other man who ever bent a long-bow," cried his victorious adversary.

"Nay, not so fast," said a huge archer, whose mighty shoulders and red head towered high above the throng of his comrades. "I must have a word with you ere you crow so loudly. Where is my little popper? By sainted Dick of Hampole! it will be a strange thing if I cannot outshoot that thing of thine, which to my eyes is more like a rat-trap than a bow. Will you try another flight, or do you stand by your last?"

"Five hundred and eight paces will serve my turn," answered the Brabanter, looking askance at this new opponent.

"Tut, John," whispered Alyward, "you never were a marksman. Why must you thrust your spoon into this dish?"

"Easy and slow, Aylward. There are very many things which I cannot do, but there are also one or two which I have the trick of. It is in my mind that I can beat this shoot, if my bow will but hold together."

"Go on, old babe of the woods!" "Have at it, Hampshire!" cried the archers, laughing.

"By my soul! you may grin," cried John. "But I learned how to make the long shoot from old Hob Miller of Milford." He took up a great black bow, as he spoke, and sitting down upon the ground he placed his two feet on either end of the stave. With an arrow fitted, he then pulled the string towards him with both hands until the head of the shaft was level with the wood. The great bow creaked and groaned, and the cord vibrated with the tension.

"Who is this fool's-head who stands in the way of my shoot?" said he, craning up his neck from the ground.

"He stands on the further side of my mark," answered the Brabanter, "so he has little to fear from you."

"Well, the saints assoil him!" cried John. "Though I think he is over-near to be scathed." As he spoke he raised his two feet, with the bow-stave upon their soles, and his cord twanged with a deep rich hum which might be heard across the valley. The measurer in the distance fell flat upon his face, and then, jumping up again, he began to run in the opposite direction.

"Well shot, old lad! It is indeed over his head," cried the bowmen.

"It is but a trick," quoth John. "Many a time have I wen a gallon of ale by covering a mile in three flights down Wilverley Chase."

"It fell a hundred and thirty paces beyond the fifth mark," shouted an archer in the distance.

"Six hundred and thirty paces! but that is a shoot! And yet it says nothing for your weapon, my big comrade, for it was by turning yourself into a crossbow that you did it."

"By my hilt! there is truth in that," cried Aylward. "And now, friend, I will myself show you a vantage of the long-bow. I pray you to speed a bolt against yonder shield with all your force. It is an inch of elm with bull's hide over it."

"I scarce shot as many shafts at Brignais," growled the man of Brabant; "though I found a better mark there than a cantle of bull's hide. But what is this, Englishman? The shield hangs not one hundred paces from me, and a blind man could strike it." He screwed up his string to the furthest pitch, and shot his quarrel at the dangling shield. Aylward, who had drawn an

arrow from his quiver, carefully greased the head of it, and sped it at the same mark.

“Run, Wilkins,” quoth he, “and fetch me the shield.”

Long were the faces of the Englishmen and broad the laugh of the crossbowmen as the heavy mantlet was carried towards them, for there in the centre was the thick Brabant bolt driven deeply into the wood, while there was neither sign nor trace of the cloth-yard shaft.

“By the three kings!” cried the Brabanter, “this time at least there is no gainsaying which is the better weapon, or which the truer hand that held it. You have missed the shield, Englishman.”

“Tarry a bit! tarry a bit, mon gar.!” quoth Aylward, and turning round the shield he showed a round clear hole in the wood at the back of it. “My shaft has passed through it, camarade, and I trow the one which goes through is more to be feared than that which bides on the way.”

—“*The White Company*,” Conan Doyle (by arrangement with the Publishers).

ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!

No haughty feat of arms I tell:

Soft is the note, and sad the lay,

That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!

And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!

Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,

Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white ;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
 The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”—

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”—

O’er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
 And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffined lie ;
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of High St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild wind sang,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

RALEIGH AND THE QUEEN.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her

by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass; somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his

cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drap-de-bure, which despises all colors."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *cuerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendanee on me," said Blount,—"on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his

head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation,—“Who the good jere would have thought this!” And, shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Ger'leman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order, apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose"—

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be—It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances.—I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends.—What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, "scarcely, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the queen graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due; and that is in your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well, and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters—the poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he was just returned from certain visits in London, and he held it matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So bark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:

OR, "THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY."

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way,
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 Left without a scalp to its crown,
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.
 Now, in building of chaises, I'll tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will—
 Above or below, or within or without—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*"),
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:
 "Fur," said the Deacon, "'tis mighty plain
 That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
 'n' the way to fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

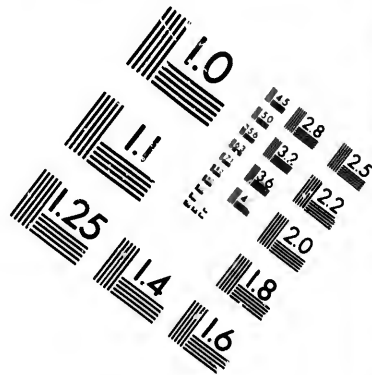
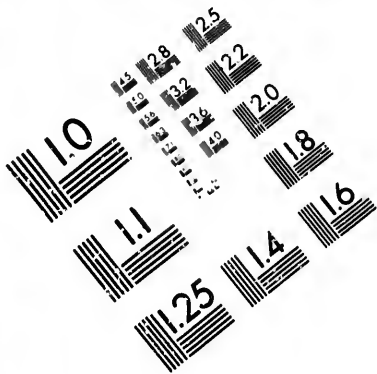
So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;

He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees ;
 The panels, of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these ;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
 Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em,
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."—
 "There !" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

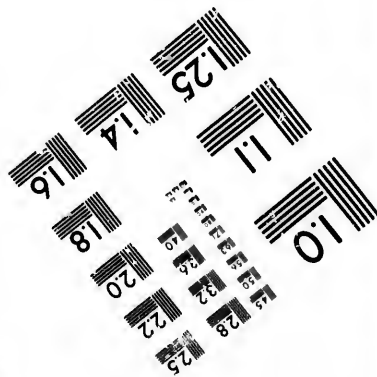
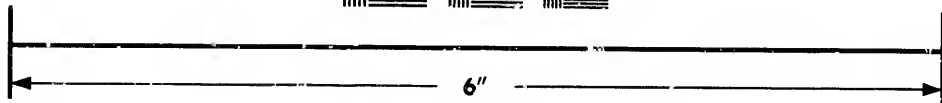
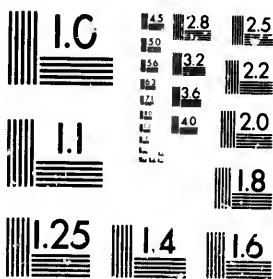
Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less !
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and Deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they ?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED : it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
 Running as usual ; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty and FIFTY-FIVE,





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Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large ;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the Earthquake-day.—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be, for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup !" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text—
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,

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Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE WINTER LAKES.

Out in a world of death, far to the northward lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.

Never a bud of spring, never a laugh of summer,
Never a dream of love, never a song of bird,
But only the silence and white, the shores that grow chiller
and dumber,
Whenever the ice-winds sob, and the griefs of winter are
heard.

Craggs that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming
 Under the sunset's flush, and the pallid faint glimmer of
 dawn,
 Shadowy, ghost-like shores, where midnight surfs are booming
 Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like spectres, whited regions of winter,
 Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore,
 A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter,
 Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,
 Miles and miles of lake far out under the night,
 Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,
 Shadowy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Lonely hidden bays, moon-lit, ice-rimmed, winding,
 Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shadowy shores ;
 Hushed from the outward strife, where the night surf is
 grinding,
 Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and landward it
 roars.

— *William Wilfred Campbell (by permission of the Author)*

THE CAPTAINS AT PLYMOUTH.

What if the spectators who last summer gazed with
 just pride upon the noble port of Plymouth, its vast
 breakwater spanning the Sound, its arsenals and docks,
 its two estuaries filled with gallant ships, and watched
 the great screw-liners turning within their own length
 by force invisible, or threading the crowded fleets with
 the ease of the tiniest boat ;—what if, by some magic
 turn, the nineteenth century, and all the magnificence of

its wealth and science, had vanished—as it may vanish hereafter—and they had found themselves thrown back three hundred years into the pleasant summer days of 1588 ?

Mount Edgecombe is still there, beautiful as ever : but where are the docks, and where is Devonport ? No vast dry-dock roofs rise at the water's edge. Drake's island carries but a paltry battery, just raised by the man whose name it bears ; Mount Wise is a lone gentleman's house among fields ; the citadel is a pop-gun fort, which a third-class steamer would shell into rubble for an afternoon's amusement. And the shipping, where are they ? The floating castles of the Hamoaze have dwindled to a few crawling lime-hoys ; and the Catwater is packed, not as now, with merchant craft, but with the ships who will to-morrow begin the greatest sea-fight which the world has ever seen.

There they lie, a paltry squadron enough in modern eyes ; the largest of them not equal in size to a six-and-thirty gun frigate, carrying less weight of metal than one of our new gunboats, and able to employ even that at not more than a quarter of our modern range. Would our modern spectators, just come down by rail for a few hours, to see the cavalry embark, and return to-morrow in time for dinner, have looked down upon that petty port, and petty fleet, with a contemptuous smile, and begun some flippant speech about the progress of intellect, and the triumphs of science, and our benighted ancestors ? They would have done so, doubt it not, if they belonged to the many who gaze on those very triumphs as on a raree-show to feed their silly wonder, or use and enjoy them without thankfulness or under-

standing, as the ox eats the clover thrust into his rack, without knowing or caring how it grew. But if any of them were of the class by whom those very triumphs have been achieved; the thinkers and the workers, who, instead of entering lazily into other men's labors, as the mob does, labor themselves; who know by hard experience the struggles, the self-restraints, the disappointments, the slow and staggering steps, by which the discoverer reaches to his prize; then the smile of those men would not have been one of pity, but rather of filial love. For they would have seen in those outwardly paltry armaments the potential germ of that mightier one which now loads the Black Sea waves; they would have been aware, that to produce it, with such materials and knowledge as then existed, demanded an intellect, an energy, a spirit of progress and invention, equal, if not superior, to those of which we now so loudly boast.

But if, again, he had been a student of men rather than of machinery, he would have found few nobler companies on whom to exercise his discernment, than he might have seen in the little terrace bowling-green behind the Pelican Inn, on the afternoon of the nineteenth of July. Chatting in groups, or lounging over the low wall which commanded a view of the Sound and the shipping far below, was gathered almost every notable man of the Plymouth fleet, the whole *posse comitatus* of "England's forgotten worthies." The Armada has been scattered by a storm. Lord Howard has been out to look for it, as far as the Spanish coast; but the wind has shifted to the south, and fearing lest the Dons should pass him, he has returned to Plymouth, uncertain whether the Armada will come after all or not.

Slip on for a while, like Prince Hal, the drawer's apron; come in through the rose-clad door which opens from the tavern, with a tray of long-necked Dutch glasses, and a silver tankard of wine, and look round you at the gallant captains, who are waiting for the Spanish Armada, as lions in their lair might wait for the passing herd of deer.

See those five talking earnestly, in the centre of a ring, which longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft long eyes and pointed chin you recognize already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-colored doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the *Elizabeth Jonas*; but who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen grey eyes, into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse plebeian stamp of man: yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him;—for his name is Francis Drake.

A burly, grizzled elder, in greasy, sea-stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his

neck, waddles up, as if he had been born, and had lived ever since, in a gale of wind at sea. The upper half of his sharp dogged visage seems of brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur; and as he claps Drake on the back, and, with a broad Devon twang, shouts, "Be you a coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not?—saving your presence, my Lord;" the Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, Admiral of the port, is the Patriarch of Plymouth seamen, if Drake be their hero, and says and does pretty much what he likes in any company on earth; not to mention that to-day's prospect of an Armageddon fight has shaken him altogether out of his usual crabbed reserve, and made him overflow with loquacious good-humor, even to his rival Drake.

So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth. Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on that bench, smoking tobacco from long silver pipes; and by them are Fenton and Withrington, who have both tried to follow Drake's path round the world, and failed, though by no fault of their own. The man who pledges them better luck next time, is George Fenner, known to "the seven Portugals," Leicester's pet, and captain of the galleon which Elizabeth bought of him. That short prim man in the huge yellow ruff, with sharp chin, minute imperial, and self-satisfied smile, is Richard Hawkins, the Complete Seaman, Admiral John's hereafter famous and hapless son. The elder who is talking with him is his good uncle William, whose monument still stands, or should stand, in Deptford Church.

There is John Drake, Sir Francis' brother, ancestor of the present stock of Drakes; and there is George, his nephew, a man not overwise, who has been round the world with Amyas; and there is Amyas himself, talking to one who answers him with fierce curt sentences, Captain Barker, of Bristol, brother of the hapless Andrew Barker who found John Oxenham's guns, and, owing to a mutiny among his men, perished by the Spaniards in Honduras, twelve years ago. Barker is now captain of the *Victory*, one of the Queen's best ships; and he has his accounts to settle with the Dons, as Amyas has; so they are both growling together in a corner, while all the rest are as merry as the flies upon the vine above their heads.

—"Westward Ho!" Charles Kingsley (by permission of the Publishers).

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time :
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE VOYAGE.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimage: but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link; and we

feel that the last of them still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf, subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may be ever his lot to re-visit the scenes of his childhood?

I said, that at sea all is vacaney; I should correct the expression. To one given to day dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea;—to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon; fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own;—to

watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols: shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence. What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely

wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lay whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more!”

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain:

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the day-time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail ahead!’—it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with a broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned as nearly as we could guess to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything of them more.”

I confess these stories for a time put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulkheads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the side of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering

gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant, she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep! I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage; for with me it is almost a continual reverie—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming of everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands

were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated; when I heard a faint voice call her name.—It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eyes darted on his features; it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

—Washington Irving.

THE WATER-FOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

CROMWELL'S EXPULSION OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the Parliament House, and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it"; and, rising, put off his hat to address the House.

At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated. At last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians, who had apostatized from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power, and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform His work.

Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language

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so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had made what he was. At these words, Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed, “Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating!” For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added, “you are no parliament! I say you are no parliament! Bring them in, bring them in!” Instantly the door opened; and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers.

“This,” cried Sir Henry Vane, “is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty.” “Sir Henry Vane!” replied Cromwell; “O, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler and has not common honesty himself!” From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, “There,” he cried, “sits a drunkard”; and afterwards selecting different members in succession, he described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard, and ordered them to clear the house. At these words, Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand, and led him from the chair; Algernon Sydney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door.

Cromwell now resumed his discourse. “It is you,” he exclaimed, “that have forced me to do this. I have

sought the Lord both day and night, that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away." Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the Council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-General entered, and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the council of state, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the house this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that."

After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and

their partisans—if partisans they had—reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave.

—*John Lingard.*

THE PRAIRIES.

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name ;
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo ! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless !
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye ;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges.

Breezes of the South !

Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not ! ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limped brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific, have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this ?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work :
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved

And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky,
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations ! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love ;
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footsteps seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here,
The dead of other days ? And did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion ? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer.

A race that long has passed away
Built them ; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice.

The red man came,
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone ;
All,—save the piles of earth that hold their bones ;
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods ;
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses.

The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to these vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply, some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly words
Welcomed and soothed him ; rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs ; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and, at length,
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long.

And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face ; among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps ; yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill the deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone. — *William Cullen Bryant.*

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly

kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some

out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled

out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging barque, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For

some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a

stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head,

broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a lace doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He

even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's

gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it

would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed

for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the

crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony

Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their

foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle

once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Halfmoon*, being permitted in this way to

revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty

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George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins: and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

—*Washington Irving.*

BURNS.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires :

Yet read the names that know not death ;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt,
The poet's mastery ?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours ;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his "Cotter's" hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod—
Lived, died, in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel ;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven.
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,—
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,—
As when a loved one dies.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas, of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns ?

—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

THE BELL OF ATRI.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,

The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts ;--
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : " What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell !
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then arose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong !"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio !" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,

And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
 Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
 That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
 The proclamation of the King ; then said :
 "Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
 But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;
 Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
 Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
 These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
 They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
 What fair renown, what honor, what repute
 Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
 He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
 Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
 To comfort his old age, and to provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and care beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
 And cried aloud : "Right well it pleaseth me !
 Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
 But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

THE STORY OF MUHAMMAD DIN.

The polo-ball was an old one, scarred, chipped, and dented. It stood on the mantel-piece among the pipe-stems which Imam Din, *khitmatgar*, was cleaning for me.

"Does the Heaven-born want this ball?" said Imam Din, deferentially.

The Heaven-born set no particular store by it; but of what use was a polo-ball to a *khitmatgar*?

"By your Honor's favor, I have a little son. He has seen this ball, and desires it to play with. I do not want it for myself."

No one would for an instant accuse portly old Imam Din of wanting to play with polo-balls. He carried out the battered thing into the veranda; and there followed a hurricane of joyful squeaks, a patter of small feet, and the thud-thud-thud of the ball rolling along the ground. Evidently the little son had been waiting outside the door to secure his treasure. But how had he managed to see that polo-ball?

Next day, coming back from office half an hour earlier than usual, I was aware of a small figure in the dining-room—a tiny, plump figure in a ridiculously inadequate shirt which came, perhaps, half-way down the tubby stomach. It wandered round the room, thumb in mouth, crooning to itself as it took stock of the pictures. Undoubtedly this was the "little son."

He had no business in my room, of course; but was so deeply absorbed in his discoveries that he never noticed me in the door-way. I stepped into the room and

startled him nearly into a fit. He sat down on the ground with a gasp. His eyes opened, and his mouth followed suit. I knew what was coming, and fled, followed by a long, dry howl which reached the servants' quarters far more quickly than any command of mine had ever done. In ten seconds Imam Din was in the dining-room. Then despairing sobs arose, and I returned to find Imam Din admonishing the small sinner, who was using most of his shirt as a handkerchief.

"This boy," said Imam Din, judicially, "is a *budmash*, a big *budmash*. He will, without doubt, go to the *jailkhana* for his behavior." Renewed yells from the penitent, and an elaborate apology to myself from Imam Din.

"Tell the baby," said I, "that the sahib is not angry, and take him away." Imam Din conveyed my forgiveness to the offender, who had now gathered all his shirt round his neck, stringwise, and the yell subsided into a sob. The two set off for the door. "His name," said Imam Din, as though the name was part of the crime, "is Muhammad Din, and he is a *budmash*." Freed from present danger, Muhammad Din turned round, in his father's arms, and said gravely: "It is true that my name is Muhammad Din, *tahib*, but I am not a *budmash*. I am a man!"

From that day dated my acquaintance with Muhammad Din. Never again did he come into my dining-room, but on the neutral ground of the compound we greeted each other with much state, though our conversation was confined to "*Talaam, tahib*" from his side, and "*Salaam, Muhammad Din*" from mine. Daily on my return from office, the little white shirt, and the fat

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little body used to rise from the shade of the creeper-covered trellis where they had been hid; and daily I checked my horse here, that my salutation might not be slurred over or given unseemly.

Muhammad Din never had any companions. He used to trot about the compound, in and out of the castor-oil bushes, on mysterious errands of his own. One day I stumbled upon some of his handiwork far down the ground. He had half-buried the polo-ball in dust, and stuck six shrivelled old marigold flowers in a circle round it. Outside that circle again was a rude square, traced out in bits of red brick alternating with fragments of broken china; the whole bounded by a little bank of dust. The *bhistie* from the well-curb put in a plea for the small architect, saying that it was only the play of a baby and did not much disfigure my garden.

Heaven knows that I had no intention of touching the child's work then or later; but that evening a stroll through the garden brought me unawares full on it; so that I trampled, before I knew, marigold-heads, dust-bank, and fragments of broken soap-dish into confusion past all hope of mending. Next morning I came upon Muhammad Din crying softly to himself over the ruin I had wrought. Some one had cruelly told him that the sahib was very angry with him for spoiling the garden, and had scattered his rubbish, using bad language the while. Muhammad Din labored for an hour at effacing every trace of the dust-bank and pottery fragments, and it was with a tearful and apologetic face that he said "*Talaam, tahib,*" when I came home from the office. A hasty inquiry resulted in Imam Din informing Muhammad Din that by my singular favor he was permitted to

disport himself as he pleased. Whereat the child took heart and fell to tracing the ground-plan of an edifice which was to eclipse the marigold polo-ball creation.

For some months the chubby little eccentricity revolved in his humble orbit among the castor-oil bushes and in the dust, always fashioning magnificent palaces from stale flowers thrown away by the bearer, smooth water-worn pebbles, bits of broken glass, and feathers pulled, I fancy, from my fowls—always alone and always crooning to himself.

A gaily spotted sea-shell was dropped one day close to the last of his little buildings; and I looked that Muhammad Din should build something more than ordinarily splendid on the strength of it. Nor was I disappointed. He meditated for the better part of an hour, and his crooning rose to a jubilant song. Then he began tracing in dust. It would certainly be a wondrous palace, this one, for it was two yards long and a yard broad in ground-plan. But the palace was never completed.

Next day there was no Muhammad Din at the head of the carriage-drive, and no "*Talaam, tajib*" to welcome my return. I had grown accustomed to the greeting, and its omission troubled me. Next day Imam Din told me that the child was suffering slightly from fever and needed quinine. He got the medicine and an English doctor.

"They have no stamina, these brats," said the doctor, as he left Imam Din's quarters.

A week later, though I would have given much to have avoided it, I met on the road to the Mussulman

burying-ground, Imam Din, accompanied by one other friend, carrying in his arms, wrapped in white cloth, all that was left of little Muhammad Din.

—“*Plain Tales from the Hills*,” Rudyard Kipling (by permission of the publishers).

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave ;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Look'd on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior,
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet,
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

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And had he not high honor ;—
 The hill-side for a pall,
 To lie in state while angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall,
 And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave.

In that strange grave, without a name,
 Whence his uncoffin'd clay
 Shall break again, O wondrous thought
 Before the judgment-day,
 And stand with glory wrapt around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife, that won our life,
 With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

—Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

 SEDGEMOOR.

And now the time for the great hazard drew near.
 The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The
 moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers
 were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick

on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces.

The clock struck eleven; and the Duke with his body guard rode out of the Castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognize one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor

Rhine: but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the King's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the King," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which King?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth," mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colors of the parliamentary regiments, "God with us." The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose

horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the Duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The waggoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The King's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got

out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left: but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the King's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the

great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake: the ranks broke; the King's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the King's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

—Lord Macaulay.

THE THIN RED LINE.

The cavalry, who had been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons.

The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators. But events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-

General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out a warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a

cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the Red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can, to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians—which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre—were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like a bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.

—*W. H. Russell.*

THE PANTHERS.

One side of the ravine was in darkness. The darkness was soft and rich, suggesting thick foliage. Along the crest of the slope tree-tops came into view—great pines and hemlocks of the ancient unviolated forest—revealed against the orange disk of a full moon just rising. The low rays slanting through the moveless tops lit strangely the upper portion of the opposite steep,—the western wall of the ravine, barren, unlike its fellow, bossed with great rocky projections, and harsh with stunted junipers. Out of the sluggish dark that lay along the ravine as in a trough, rose the brawl of a swollen, obstructed stream.

Out of a shadowy hollow behind a long white rock, on the lower edge of that part of the steep which lay in the moonlight, came softly a great panther. In common daylight his coat would have shown a warm fulvous hue, but in the elvish decolorizing rays of that half hidden moon he seemed to wear a sort of spectral gray. He lifted his smooth round head to gaze on the increasing flame, which presently he greeted with a shrill cry. That terrible cry, at once plaintive and menacing, with an undertone like the fierce protestations of a saw beneath the file, was a summons to his mate, telling her that the hour had come when they should seek their prey. From the lair behind the rock, where the cubs were being suckled by their dam, came no immediate answer. Only a pair of crows, that had their nest in a giant fir-tree across the gulf, woke up and croaked harshly their indignation. These three summers past

they had built in the same spot, and had been nightly awakened to vent the same rasping complaints.

The panther walked restlessly up and down, half a score of paces each way, along the edge of the shadow, keeping his wide-open green eyes upon the rising light. His short, muscular tail twitched impatiently, but he made no sound. Soon the breadth of confused brightness had spread itself further down the steep, disclosing the foot of the white rock, and the bones and antlers of a deer which had been dragged thither and devoured.

By this time the cubs had made their meal, and their dam was ready for such enterprise as must be accomplished ere her own hunger, now grown savage, could hope to be assuaged. She glided supplely forth into the glimmer, raised her head, and screamed at the moon in a voice as terrible as her mate's. Again the crows stirred, croaking harshly; and the two beasts, noiselessly mounting the steep, stole into the shadows of the forest that clothed the high plateau.

The panthers were fierce with hunger. These two days past their hunting had been well-nigh fruitless. What scant prey they had slain had for the most part been devoured by the female; for had she not those small blind cubs at home to nourish, who soon must suffer at any lack of hers? The settlements of late had been making great inroads on the world of ancient forest, driving before them the deer and smaller game. Hence the sharp hunger of the panther parents, and hence it came that on this night they hunted together. They purposed to steal upon the settlements in their sleep, and take tribute of the enemies' flocks.

Through the dark of the thick woods, here and there

pierced by the moonlight, they moved swiftly and silently. Now and again a dry twig would snap beneath the discreet and padded footfalls. Now and again, as they rustled some low tree, a pewee or a nuthatch would give a startled chirp. For an hour the noiseless journeying continued, and ever and anon the two gray, sinuous shapes would come for a moment into the view of the now well-risen moon. Suddenly there fell upon their ears, far off and faint, but clearly defined against the vast stillness of the Northern forest, a sound which made those stealthy hunters pause and lift their heads. It was the voice of a child crying,—crying long and loud, hopelessly, as if there were no one by to comfort it. The panthers turned aside from their former course and glided toward the sound. They were not yet come to the outskirts of the settlement, but they knew of a solitary cabin lying in the thick of the woods a mile and more from the nearest neighbor. Thither they bent their way, fired with fierce hope. Soon would they break their bitter fast.

Up to noon of the previous day the lonely cabin had been occupied. Then its owner, a shiftless fellow, who spent his days for the most part at the corner tavern three miles distant, had suddenly grown disgusted with a land wherein one must work to live, and had betaken himself with his seven-year-old boy to seek some more indolent clime. During the long lonely days when his father was away at the tavern the little boy had been wont to visit the horse of the next neighbor, to play with a child of some five summers, who had no other playmate. The next neighbor was a prosperous pioneer, being master of a substantial frame house in the midst

of a large and well-tilled clearing. At times, though rarely, because it was forbidden, the younger child would make his way by a rough wood road to visit his poor little disreputable playmate. At length it had appeared that the five-year-old was learning unsavory language from the elder boy, who rarely had an opportunity of hearing speech more desirable. To the bitter grief of both children, the companionship had at length been stopped by unalterable decree of the master of the frame house.

Hence it had come to pass that the little boy was unaware of his comrade's departure. Yielding at last to an eager longing for that comrade, he had stolen away late in the afternoon, traversed with endless misgivings the lonely stretch of wood road, and reached the cabin only to find it empty. The door, on its leathern hinges, swung idly open. The one room had been stripped of its few poor furnishings. After looking in the rickety shed, whence darted two wild and hawklike chickens, the child had seated himself on the hacked threshold, and sobbed passionately with a grief that he did not fully comprehend. Then seeing the shadows lengthen across the tiny clearing, he had grown afraid to start for home. As the dusk gathered, he had crept trembling into the cabin, whose door would not stay shut. When it grew quite dark, he crouched in the inmost corner of the room, desperate with fear and loneliness, and lifted up his voice piteously. From time to time his lamentations would be choked by sobs, or he would grow breathless, and in the terrifying silence would listen hard to hear if any one or anything were coming. Then again would the shrill childish wailings arise, startling the unexpectant

night, and piercing the forest depths, even to the ears of those great beasts which had set forth to seek their meat from God.

The lonely cabin stood some distance, perhaps a quarter of a mile, back from the highway connecting the settlements. Along this main road a man was plodding wearily. All day he had been walking, and now as he neared home his steps began to quicken with anticipation of rest. Over his shoulder projected a double-barrelled fowling-piece, from which was slung a bundle of such necessities as he had purchased in town that morning. It was the prosperous settler, the master of the frame house.

The settler passed the mouth of the wood road leading to the cabin. He had gone perhaps a furlong beyond, when his ears were startled by the sound of a child crying in the woods. He stopped, lowered his burden to the road, and stood straining ears and eyes in the direction of the sound. It was just at this time that the two panthers also stopped, and lifted their heads to listen. Their ears were keener than those of the man, and the sound had reached them at a greater distance.

Presently the settler realized whence the cries were coming. He called to mind the cabin; but he did not know the cabin's owner had departed. He cherished a hearty contempt for the drunken squatter; and on the drunken squatter's child he looked with small favor, especially as a playmate for his own boy. Nevertheless he hesitated before resuming his journey.

"Poor little fellow!" he muttered, half in wrath. "I reckon his precious father's drunk down at 'the Corners,' and him crying for loneliness!" Then he reshoouldered his burden and strode on doggedly.

But louder, shriller, more hopeless and more appealing, arose the childish voice, and the settler paused again, irresolute, and with deepening indignation. In his fancy he saw the steaming supper his wife would have awaiting him. He loathed the thought of retracing his steps, and then stumbling a quarter of a mile through the stumps and bog of the wood road. He was foot-sore as well as hungry, and he cursed the vagabond squatter with serious emphasis; but in that wailing was a terror which would not let him go on. He thought of his own little one left in such a position, and straightway his heart melted. He turned, dropped his bundle behind some bushes, grasped his gun, and made speed back for the cabin.

"Who knows," he said to himself, "but that drunken idiot has left his youngster without a bite to eat in the whole miserable shanty? Or maybe he's locked out, and the poor little beggar's half scared to death. *Sounds* as if he was scared;" and at this thought the settler quickened his pace.

As the hungry panthers drew near the cabin, and the cries of the lonely child grew clearer, they hastened their steps, and their eyes opened to a wider circle, flaming with a greener fire. It would be thoughtless superstition to say the beasts were cruel. They were simply keen with hunger, and alive with the eager passion of the chase. They were not ferocious with any anticipation of battle, for they knew the voice was the voice of a child, and something in the voice told them the child was solitary. Theirs was no hideous or unnatural rage, as it is the custom to describe it. They were but seeking with the strength, the cunning, the deadly swiftness

given them to that end, the food convenient for them. On their success in accomplishing that for which nature had so exquisitely designed them, depended not only their own, but the lives of their blind and helpless young, now whimpering in the cave on the slope of the moon-lit ravine. They crept through a wet alder thicket, bounded lightly over the ragged brush fence, and paused to reconnoitre on the edge of the clearing, in the full glare of the moon. At the same moment the settler emerged from the darkness of the wood road on the opposite side of the clearing. He saw the two great beasts, heads down and snouts thrust forward, gliding toward the open cabin door.

For a few moments the child had been silent. Now his voice rose again in pitiful appeal, a very ecstasy of loneliness and terror. There was a note in the cry that shook the settler's soul. He had a vision of his own boy, at home with his mother, safe-guarded from even the thought of peril. And here was this little one left to the wild beasts! "Thank God! Thank God I came!" murmured the settler, as he dropped on one knee to take a surer aim. There was a loud report (not like the sharp crack of a rifle), and the female panther, shot through the loins, fell in a heap, snarling furiously and striking with her fore-paws.

The male walked around her in fierce and anxious amazement. Presently, as the smoke lifted, he discerned the settler kneeling for a second shot. With a high screech of fury, the lithe brute sprang upon his enemy, taking a bullet full in his chest without seeming to know he was hit. Ere the man could slip in another cartridge the beast was upon him, bearing him to the ground and fixing keen fangs in his shoulder. Without a word, the

man set his strong fingers desperately into the brute's throat, wrenched himself partly free, and was struggling to rise, when the panther's body collapsed upon him all at once, a dead weight which he easily flung aside. The bullet had done its work just in time.

Quivering from the swift and dreadful contest, bleeding profusely from his mangl'd shoulder, the settler stepped up to the cabin door and peered in. He heard sobs in the darkness.

"Don't be scared, sonny," he said, in a reassuring voice. "I'm going to take you home along with me. Poor little lad, *I'll* look after you if folks that ought to don't."

Out of the dark corner came a shout of delight, in a voice which made the settler's heart stand still. "*Daddy*, daddy," it said, "I *knew* you'd come. I was so frightened when it got dark!" And a little figure launched itself into the settler's arms, and clung to him trembling. The man sat down on the threshold and strained the child to his breast. He remembered how near he had been to disregarding the far-off cries, and great beads of sweat broke out upon his forehead.

Not many weeks afterwards the settler was following the fresh trail of a bear which had killed his sheep. The trail led him at last along the slope of a deep ravine, from whose bottom came the brawl of a swollen and obstructed stream. In the ravine he found a shallow cave, behind a great white rock. The cave was plainly a wild beast's lair, and he entered circumspectly. There were bones scattered about, and on some dry herbage in the deepest corner of the den, he found the dead bodies, now rapidly decaying, of two small panther cubs.

—*Do Seek their Meat from God. "Earth's Enigmas,"*

Charles G. D. Roberts (by permission of the Author).

THE DRAGONFLY.

I.

Winged wonder of motion
In splendor of sheen,
Cruising the shining blue
Waters all day,
Smit with hunger of heart
And seized of a quest
Which nor beauty of flower
Nor promise of rest
Has charm to appease
Or slacken or stay,—
What is it you seek,
Unopen, unseen?

II.

Are you blind to the sight
Of the heavens of blue,
Or the wind-fretted clouds
On their white, airy wings,
Or the emerald grass
That velvets the lawn,
Or glory of meadows
Aflame like the dawn?
Are you deaf to the note
In the woodland that rings
With the song of the whitethroat,
As crystal as dew?

III.

Winged wonder of motion
In splendor of sheen,
Stay, stay a brief moment

Thy hither and thither
Quick-beating wings,
Thy flashes of flight ;
And tell me thy heart,
Is it sad, is it light,
Is it pulsing with fears
Which scorch it and wither,
Or joys that up-well
In a girdle of green ?

IV.

“O breather of words
And poet of life,
I tremble with joy,
I flutter with fear !
Ages it seemeth,
Yet only to-day
Into this world of
Gold sunbeams at play,
I came from the deeps.
O crystalline sphere !
O beauteous light !
O glory of life !

V.

“On the watery floor
Of this sibilant lake,
I lived in the twilight dim.
‘There’s a world of Day,’
Some pled, ‘a world
Of ether and wings athrob
Close over our head.’
‘It’s a dream, it’s a whim,
A whisper of reeds,’ they said,—

And anon the waters would sob.
 And ever the going
 Went on to the dead
 Without the glint of a ray,
 And the watchers watched
 In their vanishing wake.

VI.

“The passing
 Passed for aye,
 And the waiting
 Waited in vain!
 Some power seemed to enfold
 The tremulous waters around,
 Yet never in heat
 Nor in shrivelling cold,
 Nor darkness deep or grey,—
 Came token of sound or touch,—
 A clear unquestioned ‘Yea!’
 And the scoffers scoffed,
 In swelling refrain,
 ‘Let us eat and drink,
 For to-morrow we die.’

VII.

“But, O, in a trance of bliss,
 With gauzy wings I awoke!
 An ecstasy bore me away
 O'er field and meadow and plain.
 I thought not of recent pain,
 But revelled, as splendour broke
 From sun and cloud and air,
 In the eye of golden Day.

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VIII.

"I'm yearning to break
 To my fellows below
 The secret of ages hoar ;
 In the quick-flashing light
 I dart up and down,
 Forth and back, everywhere,
 But the waters are sealed
 Like a pavement of glass,—
 Sealed that I may not pass.
 O for waters of air !
 Or the wing of an eagle's might
 To cleave a pathway below !"

IX.

And the Dragonfly in splendor
 Cruises ever o'er the lake,
 Holding in his heart a secret
 Which in vain he seeks to break.

—"*At Minas Basin,*" Theodore H. Rand (by permission of the Author).

 ENGLISH SCENERY.

England has no Alps, no Rocky Mountains, no Niagara, no very grand or romantic scenery. The English lakes are charming in their quiet way; perhaps the quietest of them, such as Grasmere, charm more than those which, by their bolder scenery, make higher claims on our admiration. The mountain district of North Wales well repays a visit: Snowdon, though its height is not Alpine, is in form a genuine mountain, and the road from Barmouth to Dolgelly, under Cader Idris, is about the most

beautiful thing in the island. If the excursion is extended to Scotland when the purple heather is in bloom, hills and lakes will be seen which in brilliancy of coloring at least vie with any lakes and hills in the world. For the English lakes Wordsworth has given us not only a poetic but a spiritual handbook, while we see the Scotch Highlands in the company of Walter Scott, who imparts a sense of enjoyment as fresh as Highland air. Killarney is famed above all its rivals, Scotch or English, and almost the whole of the coast of Ireland is as fine as the interior is unattractive. The island has been compared to an ugly picture set in a beautiful frame. Beautiful above all is the western coast of Ireland, with its purple mountains and the long inlets, into which the Atlantic rolls. The coast scenery of Cornwall and Devonshire, too, is very lovely, while its interest is enhanced by quaint old villages, such as Clovelly and Polperro, perched on rocky eyries or nestling in deep "combes," with which are linked memories of maritime adventure, of daring warfare with the Armada, of buccaneering forays on the Spanish Main, or of the hardly less daring though less honorable feats of the smugglers in later days. From those shores, too, sailed the adventurers who explored the New World and linked it to the Old. The rocky amphitheatres of the north-eastern coast are magnificent when the waves of the German Ocean climb them in a storm. But the characteristic beauty of England, the beauty in which she has no rival, is of a kind of which mention is fittingly made after a description of her rural society and life. It is the beauty of a land which combines the highest cultivation with sylvan greenness, of an ancient land and a land of lovely homes. The eastern counties are flat and tame. But elsewhere

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the country is rolling, and from every rising ground the eye ranges over a landscape of extraordinary richness and extraordinary finish. The finish, which is the product of immense wealth laid out on a small area, is perhaps more striking than anything else to the stranger who comes from a raw land of promise. Trees being left in the hedgerows as well as in the parks and pleasure grounds and in the copses, which serve as covers for game, the general appearance is that of woodland, though every rood of the land is under the highest tillage. Gray church towers, hamlets, mansions, homesteads, cottages, showing themselves everywhere, fill the landscape with human interest. There is many a more picturesque, there is no lovelier land, than Old England, and a great body of essentially English poetry from Cowper to Tennyson attests at once the unique character and the potency of the charm. The sweetest season is spring, when the landscape is most intensely green, when the May is in bloom on all the hedges, and the air is full of its fragrance, when the meadows are full of cowslips, the banks of primroses and violets, the woods of the wild hyacinth. Then you feel the joyous spirit that breathes through certain idyllic passages of Shakespeare.

Her perpetual greenness England owes to her much maligned climate. The rain falls not in a three days' storm or a water-spout, but in frequent showers throughout the year. On the western coast, which receives the clouds from the Atlantic, the climate is wet. But the rainfall elsewhere is not extraordinary. England is in the latitude of Labrador. She owes the comparative mildness of her climate to the Gulf Stream and other oceanic influences, the range of which is limited, so that there are in fact several climates in the island. In the

south, tender evergreens flourish and the fig ripens. In the south-west, on the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, where the Gulf Stream warms the air, the myrtle flourishes and flowers are seen at Christmas. In the North, on the other hand, the winter is very sharp, and the flora is much more limited. Americans, who cannot bear to think that there is anything bad in their country without comforting themselves with the reflection that there is something worse in England, generally, on a disagreeable day, salute you with the remark, "This is something like English weather!" They can show no weather finer than an English summer evening drawn out into a long twilight. The London fogs are hideous and dangerous, but they are not the climate of England; they are the coal-smoke of five millions of people.

— "A Trip to England," Goldwin Smith (by permission of the Author).

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy touch is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

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Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! etc.

— *Shakespeare.*

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances !
Honored and blessed be the ever-green pine !
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow ;
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! ”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! ”

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied :
 Glen Iuss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of a fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral,—how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass,—how beauty, strength, and youth with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter!

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scene, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the griefs of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I

reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together!

—*Joseph Addison.*

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
“Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread!”

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;

Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
“ A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society ! ”

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill ;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will ;

His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondaek hill ;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;
There never was so wise a man before ;
He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you so !"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound ;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;

Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets ; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scatched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love !
And when you think of this, remember too
’T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds !
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot’s brain remembered words
Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams !
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

“What ! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

“You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know,
They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?”

With this he closed ; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause ;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again ;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doomsday book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue !
A waggon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

—Henry W. Longfellow.



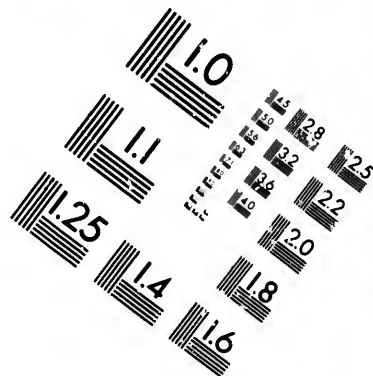
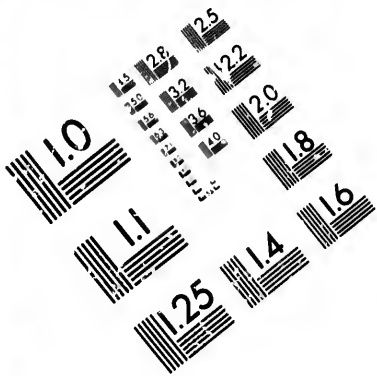
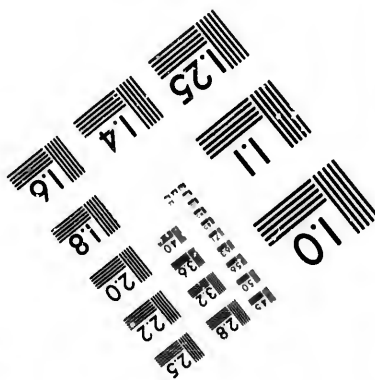
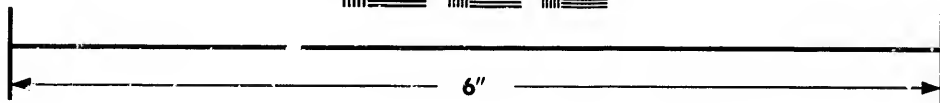
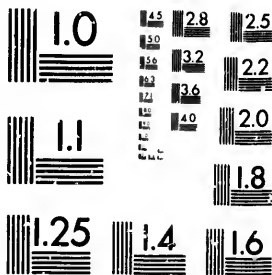


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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eyes were attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176). I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon the gravestones, I was roused by the sound

of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together, and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook—a gloomy corner—a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy: and how many shapes,

and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for a sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions,

but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!—And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

—*Washington Irving.*

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet ;
By what we have mastered of good, and gain
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—*Holland.*

THE LAY OF THE PHŒNIX.

- “Shineth far hence—so
Sing the wise elders—
Far to the fire east
The fairest of lands.
- “Daintily dight is that
Dearest of joy fields ;
Breezes all balm-y-filled
Glide through its groves.
- “There to the blest, ope
The high doors of heaven,
Sweetly sweep earthward
Their wavelets of song.
- “Frost robes the sward not,
Rushes no hail-steed ;
Wind-cloud ne'er wanders,
Ne'er falleth the rain.
- “Warding the woodholt,
Girt with gay wonder,
Sheen with the plummy shine,
Phœnix abides.
- “Lord of the Lleod,
Whose home is the air,
Winters a thousand
Abideth the bird.
- “Hapless and heavy then
Waxeth the hazy wing ;
Year-worn and old in the
Whirl of the earth.

“Then the high holt-top,
Mounting, the bird soars ;
There, where the winds sleep,
He buildeth a nest ;—

“Gums the most precious, and
Balms of the sweetest,
Spices and odors, he
Weaves in the nest.

“There, in that sun-ark, lo,
Waiteth he wistful ;
Summer comes smiling, lo,
Rays smite the pile !

“Burden'd with eîd-years, and
Weary with slow time,
Slow in his odor-nest,
Burneth the bird.

“Up from those ashes, then,
Springeth a rare fruit ;
Deep in the rare fruit
There coileth a worm.

“Weaving bliss-meshes
Around and around it,
Silent and blissful, the
Worm worketh on.

“Lo, from the airy web,
Blooming and brightsome,
Young and exulting, the
Phœnix breaks forth.

“Round him the birds troop,
Singing and hailing ;
Wings of all glories
Engarland the king.

“Hymning and hailing,
Through forest and sun-air,
Hymning and hailing,
And speaking him ‘King.’

“High flies the phoenix,
Escaped from the worm-web ;
He soars in the sun-light,
He bathes in the dew.

“He visits his old haunts,
The holt and the sun-hill ;
The founts of his youth, and
The fields of his love.

“The stars in the welkin,
The blooms on the earth,
Are glad in his gladness,
Are young in his youth.

“While round him the birds troop, the
Hosts of the Himmel,
Blisses of music, and
Glories of wings ;

“Hymning and hailing,
And filling the sun-air
With music and glory
And praise of the king.”

—*Bulwer Lytton.*

KILLIECRANKIE.

Early in the morning of Saturday, the twenty-seventh of July, Dundee arrived at Blair Castle. There he learned that Mackay's troops were already in the ravine of Killiecrankie. It was necessary to come to a prompt decision. A council of war was held. The Saxon officers were generally against hazarding a battle. The Celtic chiefs were of a different opinion. Glengarry and Lochiel were now both of a mind. "Fight, my Lord," said Lochiel, with his usual energy: "fight immediately: fight, if you have only one to three. Our men are in heart. Their only fear is that the enemy should escape. Give them their way; and be assured that they will either perish or gain a complete victory. But if you restrain them, if you force them to remain on the defensive, I answer for nothing. If we do not fight, we had better break up and retire to our mountains."

Dundee's countenance brightened. "You hear, gentlemen," he said to his Lowland officers, "you hear the opinion of one who understands Highland war better than any of us." No voice was raised on the other side. It was determined to fight; and the confederated clans in high spirits set forward to encounter the enemy.

The enemy meanwhile had made his way up the pass. The ascent had been long and toilsome: for even the foot had to climb by twos and threes; and the baggage horses, twelve hundred in number, could mount only one at a time. No wheeled carriage had ever been tugged up that arduous path. The head of the column had emerged and was on the table land, while the rear-guard was still

in the plain below. At length the passage was effected ; and the troops found themselves in a valley of no great extent. Their right was flanked by a rising ground, their left by the Garry. Wearied with the morning's work, they threw themselves on the grass to take some rest and refreshment.

Early in the afternoon, they were roused by an alarm that the Highlanders were approaching. Regiment after regiment started up and got into order. In a little while the summit of an ascent which was about a musket shot before them was covered with bonnets and plaids. Dundee rode forward for the purpose of surveying the force with which he was to contend, and then drew up his own men with as much skill as their peculiar character permitted him to exert. It was desirable to keep the clans distinct. Each tribe, large or small, formed a column separated from the next column by a wide interval. One of these battalions might contain seven hundred men, while another consisted of only a hundred and twenty. Lochiel had represented that it was impossible to mix men of different tribes without destroying all that constituted the peculiar strength of a Highland army.

On the right, close to the Garry, were the Macleans. Nearest to them were Cannon and his Irish foot. Next stood the Macdonalds of Clanronald, commanded by the guardian of their young prince. On their left were other bands of Macdonalds. At the head of one large battalion towered the stately form of Glengarry, who bore in his hand the royal standard of King James the Seventh. Still further to the left were the cavalry, a small squadron, consisting of some Jacobite gentlemen who

had fled from the Lowlands to the mountains, and of about forty of Dundee's old troopers. The horses had been ill fed and ill tended among the Grampians, and looked miserably lean and feeble. Beyond them was Lochiel with his Camerons. On the extreme left, the men of Skye were marshalled by Macdonald of Sleat.

In the Highlands, as in all countries where war has not become a science, men thought it the most important duty of a commander to set an example of personal courage and of bodily exertion. Lochiel was especially renowned for his physical prowess. His clansmen looked big with pride when they related how he had himself broken hostile ranks and hewn down tall warriors. He probably owed quite as much of his influence to these achievements as to the high qualities which, if fortune had placed him in the English Parliament or at the French court, would have made him one of the foremost men of his age. He had the sense, however, to perceive how erroneous was the notion which his countrymen had formed. He knew that to give and to take blows was not the business of a general. He knew with how much difficulty Dundee had been able to keep together, during a few days, an army composed of several clans; and he knew that what Dundee had effected with difficulty Cannon would not be able to effect at all. The life on which so much depended must not be sacrificed to a barbarous prejudice. Lochiel therefore adjured Dundee not to run into any unnecessary danger. "Your Lordship's business," he said, "is to overlook everything, and to issue your commands. Our business is to execute those commands bravely and promptly." Dundee answered with calm magnanimity that there was much

weight in what his friend Sir Ewan had urged, but that no general could effect anything great without possessing the confidence of his men. "I must establish my character for courage. Your people expect to see their leaders in the thickest of the battle; and to-day they shall see me there. I promise you, on my honor, that in future fights I will take more care of myself."

Meanwhile a fire of musketry was kept up on both sides, but more skilfully and more steadily by the regular soldiers than by the mountaineers. The space between the armies was one cloud of smoke. Not a few Highlanders dropped; and the clans grew impatient. The sun, however, was low in the west before Dundee gave the order to prepare for action. His men raised a great shout. The enemy, probably exhausted by the toil of the day, returned a feeble and wavering cheer. "We shall do it now," said Lochiel: "that is not the cry of men who are going to win." He had walked through all his ranks, had addressed a few words to every Cameron, and had taken from every Cameron a promise to conquer or die.

It was past seven o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids. The few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what probably was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men. The whole line advanced firing. The enemy returned the fire and did much execution. When only a small space was left between the armies, the Highlanders suddenly flung away their firelocks, drew their broadswords, and rushed forward with a

fearful yell. The Lowlanders prepared to receive the shock; but this was then a long and awkward process; and the soldiers were still fumbling with the muzzles of their guns and the handles of their bayonets when the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds, and Camerons came down. In two minutes the battle was lost and won. The ranks of Balfour's regiment broke. He was cloven down while struggling in the press. Ramsay's men turned their backs and dropped their arms. Mackay's own foot were swept away by the furious onset of the Camerons. His brother and nephew exerted themselves in vain to rally the men. The former was laid dead on the ground by a stroke from a claymore. The latter, with eight wounds on his body, made his way through the tumult and carnage to his uncle's side. Even in that extremity Mackay retained all his self-possession. He had still one hope. A charge of horse might recover the day; for of horse the bravest Highlanders were supposed to stand in awe. But he called on the horse in vain. Belhaven indeed behaved like a gallant gentleman: but his troopers, appalled by the rout of the infantry, galloped off in disorder: Annandale's men followed: all was over; and the mingled torrent of red coats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie.

Mackay, accompanied by one trusty servant, spurred bravely through the thickest of the claymores and targets, and reached a point from which he had a view of the field. His whole army had disappeared, with the exception of some Borderers whom Leven had kept together, and of the English regiment, which had poured a murderous fire into the Celtic ranks, and which still

kept unbroken order. All the men that could be collected were only a few hundreds. The general made haste to lead them across the Garry, and, having put that river between them and the enemy, paused for a moment to meditate on his situation.

He could hardly understand how the conquerors could be so unwise as to allow him even that moment for deliberation. They might with ease have killed or taken all who were with him before the night closed in. But the energy of the Celtic warriors had spent itself in one furious rush and one short struggle. The pass was choked by the twelve hundred beasts of burden which carried the provisions and baggage of the vanquished army. Such a booty was irresistibly tempting to men who were impelled to war quite as much by the desire of rapine as by the desire of glory. It is probable that few even of the chiefs were disposed to leave so rich a prize for the sake of King James. Dundee himself might at that moment have been unable to persuade his followers to quit the heaps of spoil, and to complete the great work of the day; and Dundee was no more.

At the beginning of the action he had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him, and rode forward. But it seemed to be decreed that, on that day, the Lowland Scotch should in both armies appear to disadvantage. The horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and, waving his hat, invited them to come on. As he lifted his arm, his cuirass rose, and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket ball struck him: his horse sprang forward and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust, which hid from both armies the fall of the

victorious general. A person named Johnstone was near him, and caught him as he sank down from the saddle. "How goes the day?" said Dundee. "Well for King James;" answered Johnstone: "but I am sorry for Your Lordship." "If it is well for him," answered the dying man, "it matters the less for me." He never spoke again: but when, half an hour later, Lord Dunfermline and some other friends came to the spot, they thought that they could still discern some faint remains of life. The body, wrapped in two plaids, was carried to the Castle of Blair.

—Lord Macaulay.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share .

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
 Await alike the inevitable hour :—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. 197

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—Thomas Gray.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships—laden with the fresh-scented fir planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal—are borne along to the town of St. Ogg's, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves between the low wooded hill and the river-brink, tingeing the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun. Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures, and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. There is a remnant still of the last year's golden clusters of bee-hive ricks rising at intervals beyond the hedgerows; and everywhere the hedgerows are studded with trees: the distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town the tributary Ripple flows with a lively current into the Floss. How lovely the little river is, with its dark changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to its low, placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge.

And this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds

are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at—perhaps the chill damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast. The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered waggon coming home with sacks of grain. That honest waggoner is thinking of his dinner getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their blinkers, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner, as if they needed that hint! See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope toward the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home! Look at their grand shaggy feet, that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks, bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty

muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hard-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered waggon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes to the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too: she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in his movement. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her: the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge.

Ah, my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, as it looked one February afternoon many years ago. Before I dozed off I was going to tell you what Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver were talking about, as they sat by the bright fire in the left-hand parlor, on that very afternoon I have been dreaming of.

—“*The Mill on the Floss*,” George Eliot (by permission of the Publishers).

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace.
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea :
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free.
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah, no : the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one, arise—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords :
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold Bacchanal ?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh, that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore :
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells :
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die!
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

—Lord Byron

LABOR.

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of

Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what

gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, “self-knowledge” and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vertices, till we try it and fix it. “Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.”

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will

keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defence, the while: valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in

thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep : a Silence unsoundable ; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is : thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down ; and make it bear thee on, —to new Americas, or whither God wills !

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since : their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm, or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

—Lord Byron.

THE EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

At daybreak he was awakened by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, and to tell him it was the King's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. "I am much bounden to the King," he said, "for the benefits and honors he has bestowed upon me ; and so help me God, most of all am I bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world."

Pope told him the King desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold." "Mr. Pope," he answered, "you do well to give me warning, for otherwise I had purposed somewhat to have spoken ; but no

matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness's command."

He afterwards discussed the arrangements for his funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears.

"Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope," More said, "and be not discomfited, for I trust we shall once see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone, he dressed in his most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner who was to do him so great a service. Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer suit; but that his intended liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him nothing, but rather loved him extremely."

"So about nine of the clock he was brought by the lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven." He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston. "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the

sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the King. He then repeated the Miserere psalm on his knees; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short. Take heed therefore that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said; and binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured; "that has not committed treason." With which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever.

"So," concludes his biographer, "with alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe, which no sooner had severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade nor decay; and then he found those words true which he had often spoken, that a man may lose his head and have no harm."

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act

which was sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their color from the simplicity of his faith; and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced than in that last scene lighted with its lambent humor."

—*History of England, James Anthony Froude (by permission of the Publishers).*

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the Blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
 Lightning my pilot sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits.
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the Genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead :
 As on the jag of a mountain crag
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
 Whom mortals call the Moon
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The Stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang life a roof ;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The Sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise, and unbuild it again.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oarlock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the General's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see the General plainly; and once, when our boats almost touched, he saw me, and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Moray, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted on the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low, clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which

I had never then read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring distant thirty-two-pounders in the air, I heard him say :

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

I have heard finer voices than his—it was as tin beside Doltaire's—but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said :

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats for Montcalm : these, we knew, had been expected ! Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Laney's tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infan-

try at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.

Here Clark and I drew back, for such honor as there might be in gaining the heights first, I wished to go to these soldiers who had trusted their lives to my guidance. I let six go by and reach the heights, and then I drew myself up. We did not stir till all twenty-four were safe; then we made a dash for the tents of Lancy, which now showed in the first gray light of morning. We were discovered, and shots greeted us; but we were on them instantly, and in a moment I had the pleasure of putting a bullet in Lancy's heel, and brought him down. Our cheers told the General the news, and soon hundreds of soldiers were climbing the hard way that we had come.

And now, while an army climbed to the heights of Maitre Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats, as if to land there; while shots, bombs, shells, and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm. At last, however, suspecting, he rode towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eyeing us in amazement, the

white-coated battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Laney. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in the clear September air, the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight: the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Béarn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of *coureurs de bois* in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked, though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. On the left their Indians and burghers overlapped our second line, where Townsend with Amherst's and the Light Infantry, and Colonel Burton with the Royal Americans and Light

Infantry, guarded our flank, prepared to meet Bougainville. In vain our foes tried to get between our right flank and the river; Otway's Regiment, thrown out, defeated that.

It was my hope that Doltaire was with Montcalm, and that we might meet and end our quarrel. I came to know afterwards that it was he who had induced Montcalm to send the battalion of Guienne to the heights above the Anse du Foulon. The battalion had not been moved till twenty-four hours after the order was given, or we should never have gained those heights; stones rolled from the cliff would have destroyed an army!

We waited, Clark and I, with the Louisbourg Grenadiers while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from the left, and our skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or drive them from the houses where they sheltered and galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, we lay down, and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain there came that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in two long hours was in watching our two brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our left flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-travelling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped corn-fields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here; of La Pompadour's spite which I had roused to action against my country; of the struggle between Doltaire and myself.

The public stake was worthy of our army—worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world; the private stake was more than worthy of my long sufferings. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our General raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible

cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

Thus checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from nearly four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen, ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles scattered the soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on I observed the General sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him, for I saw what gave the battle a new interest to me: Doltaire, cool and deliberate, animating and encouraging the French troops.

I moved in a shaking hedge of bayonets, keeping my eye upon him; and presently there was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*, out of which I fought to reach him. I was making for him, where he now sought to rally the retreating columns, when I noticed, not far away, Gabord, mounted, and attacked by three grenadiers. Looking back now, I

see him, with his sabre cutting right and left, as he drove his horse at one grenadier, who slipped and fell on the slippery ground, while the horse rode on him, battering him. Obliquely down swept the sabre, and drove through the cheek and chin of one foe; another sweep, and the bayonet of the other was struck aside; and another, which was turned aside as Gabord's horse came down, bayoneted by the fallen grenadier. But Gabord was on his feet again, roaring like a bull, with a wild grin on his face, as he partly struck aside the bayonet of the last grenadier. It caught him in the flesh of the left side. He grasped the musket-barrel, and swung his sabre with fierce precision. The man's head dropped back like the lid of a pot, and he tumbled into a heap of the faded golden-rod flower which spattered the field.

At this moment I saw Juste Duvarney making towards me, hatred and deadly purpose in his eyes. I had will enough to meet him, and to kill him too, yet I could not help but think of Alixe. Gabord saw him also, and, being nearer, made for me as well. For that act I cherish his memory. The thought was worthy of a gentleman of breeding; he had the true thing in his heart. He would save us—two brothers—from fighting, by fighting me himself!

He reached me first, and with an "Au diable!" made a stroke at me. It was a matter of sword and sabre now. Clark met Juste Duvarney's rush; and there we were, at as fine a game of cross-purposes as you can think: Clark hungering for Gabord's life (Gabord had once been his jailer too), and Juste Duvarney for mine; the battle faring on ahead of us. Soon the two were clean cut off from the French army, and must fight to the death or surrender.

Juste Duvarney spoke only once, and then it was but the rancorous word "Renegade!" nor did I speak at all; but Clark was blasphemous, and Gabord, bleeding, fought with a sputtering relish.

"Fair fight and fowl for spitting," he cried. "Go home to heaven, dickey-bird!"

Between phrases of this kind we cut and thrust for life, an odd sort of fighting. I fought with a desperate alertness, and presently my sword passed through his body, drew out, and he shivered—fell—where he stood, collapsing suddenly like a bag. I knelt beside him and lifted up his head. His eyes were glazing fast.

"Gabord! Gabord!" I called, grief-stricken, for that work was the worst I ever did in this world.

He started, stared, and fumbled at his waistcoat. I quickly put my hand in, and drew out—one of Mathilde's wooden crosses!

"To cheat—the devil—yet—aho!" he whispered, kissed the cross, and so was done with life.

When I turned from him, Clark stood alone beside me. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of that fact. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis Gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Côte Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a volunteer in the Twenty-second; and then, almost at my feet, stretched out as I had seen him lie in the Palace courtyard two years before, I beheld Juste Duvarney.

But now he was beyond all friendship or reconciliation—forever!

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ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn :
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—*John Keats.*

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has been long disputed whether it was the work of Nature or of human industry.

The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains, on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl which Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell, with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees. The banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers.

Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them.

On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of Nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of the time.

Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought capable of adding novelty to luxury.

Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suf-

ferred to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight and new competitors for imprisonment.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

Over his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully and far away,
 First lets his fingers wander as they list,
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay :
 Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
 Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
 First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie ;
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.
 Over our manhood bend the skies ;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives
 The great winds utter prophecies ;
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives ;
 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite ;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.
 Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;

At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking ;
No price is set on the lavish summer ;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays :
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebb'd away
 Comes flooding back with a rippling cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it ;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
 We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack ;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
 And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving ;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living :
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST.

I.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him.
And into his soul the vision flew.

II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drownd the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees.
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,

Save to lord or lady of high degree ;
 Summer besieged it on every side,
 But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
 She could not scale the chilly wall,
 Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
 Stretched left and right,
 Over the hills and out of sight ;
 Green and broad was every tent,
 And out of each a murmur went
 Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
 And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
 Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
 In his gilded mail that flamed so bright
 It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
 Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its w
 In his siege of three hundred summers long,
 And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth : so, young and strong,
 And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
 Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
 To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
 And morning in the young knight's heart ;
 Only the castle moodily
 Rebuffed the gift of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart ;
 The season brimmed all other things up
 Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate
 He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
 The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
 The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
 And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall ;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust :
 " Better to me the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door ;
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty ;
 But he who gives a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of sight,—
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
 Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,
 For a god goes with it and makes it store
 To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand summers old ;

On open wold and hill-top bleak
 It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare ;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams ;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight ;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one :
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice ;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
 By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

I.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;

The river was numb and could not speak,
 For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun ;
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun
 Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
 As if her veins were sapless and old,
 And she rose up decrepitley
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
 For another heir in his earldom sate ;
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail ;
 Little he reeked of his earldom's loss,
 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
 For it was just at the Christmas time ;
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
 In the light and warmth of long-ago ;
 He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
 O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
 Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
 He can count the camels in the sun,
 As over the red-hot sands they pass
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
 And with its own self like an infant played,
 And waved its signal of palms.

IV.

“For Christ’s sweet sake, I beg an alms;”—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V.

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!”

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
’Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
’Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And ’twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
 A light shone round about the place ;
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,
 But stood before him glorified,
 Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
 Himself the Gate whereby men can
 Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
 That mingle their softness and quiet in one
 With the shaggy unrest they float down upon :
 And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
 “ Lo it is I, be not afraid !
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
 Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
 This crust is my body broken for thee,
 This water His blood that died on the tree ;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need ;
 Not what we give, but what we share,—
 For the gift without the giver is bare ;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.”

IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond :—
 “ The Grail in my castle here is found !
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,

Let it be the spider's banquet hall ;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Ho'y Grail."

x.

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough ;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er ;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise ;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round ;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command ;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

Nebuchadnezzar the king made an image of gold, whose height *was* threescore cubits, *and* the breadth thereof six cubits: he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king sent to gather together the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Then the princes, the governors, and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, were gathered together unto the dedication of the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and they stood before the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up.

Then an herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages,

That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up:

And whoso falleth not down and worshippeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

Therefore at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, all the people, the nations, and the languages, fell down *and* worshipped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain Chaldeans came near, and accused the Jews.

They spake and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar, O king, live for ever.

Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the golden image:

And whoso falleth not down and worshippeth, *that* he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

Then Nebuchadnezzar in *his* rage and fury commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Then they brought these men before the king.

Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, *Is it true*, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?

Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; *well*: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who *is* that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we *are* not careful to answer thee in this matter.

If it be *so*, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver *us* out of thine hand, O king.

But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego: *therefore* he spake, and commanded that

they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated.

And he commanded the most mighty men that *were* in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, *and* to cast *them* into the burning fiery furnace.

Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their *other* garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, *and* spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king.

He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.

Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, *and* spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come *hither*. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, came forth of the midst of the fire.

And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these

men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God.

Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort.

Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, in the province of Babylon.

—*Daniel, Chapter III.*

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—

Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;—
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping—tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you ”—here I opened wide the
door :—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
“Lenore !”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
“Lenore !”

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window
lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—

"Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore ;

Not the least obeisance made he ; not an instant stopped or
stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art
sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly
shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
shore !"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he
fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown
before !

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden
bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of ' Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust
and door ;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore

Meant in croaking " Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,—
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthé from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthé, and forget this lost Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I im-
plore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked,
upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off
 my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on
 the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
 floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

—Edgar Allan Poe.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that :
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man 's aboon his might—
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It 's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

—Shakespeare.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and

laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublime moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships

have struck." Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, so great that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy was taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently calling Hardy

back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, "Kiss, me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a near friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of

the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honor, whom every tongue would have blessed, whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose

work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this moment inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

—Robert Southey.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view?
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,
 In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
 How soothing! in our last decay
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
 How it is stained with fear and strife!
 In Reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions range and glare!

—John Keble.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—let the pibroch shake the
air

With its wild triumphal music, worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland hear once more the battle-
song

Swell within their glens and valleys as the clansmen march
along!

Never from the field of combat, never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried than we bring with us to-day;
Never, since the valiant Douglas on his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—to our dear Re-
deemer's shore!

Lo! we bring with us the hero—lo! we bring the conquering
Greene,

Crowned as best beseems a victor from the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle whence his spirit took its
flight,

Midst the crashing charge of squadrons, and the thunder of
the fight!

Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, as we march o'er moor
and lea!

Is there any here will venture to bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—let none dare to mourn
for him!

See! above his glorious body lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled with its crimson and its
gold.

See! how calm he looks and stately, like a warrior on his
shield,

Waiting till the flush of morning breaks along the battle-field!

See—Oh never more, my comrades ! shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning, as the hour of fight drew
nigh ;

Never shall we hear the voice that, clearer than the trumpet's
call,

Bade us strike for King and Country, bade us win the field or
fall !

On the heights of Killiecrankie yester-morn our army lay :
Slowly rose the mist in columns from the river's broken way :
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent, and the pass was wrapped
in gloom,

When the clansmen rose together from their lair amidst the
broom.

Then we belted on our tartans, and our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges, and we proved them to be
true ;

And we prayed the prayer of soldiers, and we cried the gather-
ing-cry,

And we clasped the hands of kinsmen, and we swore to do or
die !

Then our leader rode before us on his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels knew that charger in the fight !—
And a cry of exultation from the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se, and we thought of good
Montrose.

But he raised his hand for silence—"Soldiers ! I have sworn
a vow :

Ere the evening-star shall glisten on Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph, or another of the Grames
Shall have died in battle-harness for his Country and King
James !

Think upon the Royal Martyr—think of what his race endure—
Think on him whom butchers murder'd on the field of Magus
Muir :—

By his sacred blood I charge ye, by the ruin'd hearth and
shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland, by your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil lay beneath your blows the
while,
Be they Covenanting traitors, or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels backwards o'er the
stormy Forth ;
Let them tell their pale Convention how they fared within the
North.
Let them tell that Highland honor is not to be bought nor
sold,
That we scorn their Prince's anger, as we loathe his foreign
gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over, if ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest, search for him that was
Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed with our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded in the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane, not a man who heard him
speak
Would that day have left the battle. Burning eye and flushing
cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion, and they harder drew their
breath ;
For their souls were strong within them, stronger than the
grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of the foe :
Down we crouched amid the bracken, till the Lowland ranks
drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer, when they scent the stately
deer.

From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the squadrons
 come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers marching to the tuck of
 drum ;
Through the scattered wood of birches, o'er the broken ground
 and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly, till they gained the field
 beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert.—Judge how looked the
 Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain start to life with armèd
 men !
Like a tempest down the ridges, swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—flashed the broadsword of
 Lochiel !
Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the foremost of our
 band—
On we poured until we met them, foot to foot, and hand to
 hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood when the floods are
 black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—living foe there tarried
 none
On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn fight was
 done !

And the evening-star was shining on Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords, and returned to count
 the dead.
There we found him, gashed and gory, stretch'd upon the cum-
 bered plain,
As he told us where to seek him, in the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage, for within his dying ear

Pealed the joyful note of triumph, and the clansmen's clamorous cheer :
 So, amidst the battle's thunder, shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood passed the spirit of the Graine !

Open wide the vaults of Athol, where the bones of heroes rest —

Open wide the hallowed portals to receive another guest !
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—last of all that dauntless race

Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's disgrace !

O thou lion-hearted warrior ! reek not of the after-time :
 Honor may be deemed dishonor, loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and the true,
 Hands that never failed their country, hearts that never base-
 ness knew.

Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from earth
 and sea,

Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our own
 Dundee !

—*W. E. Aytoun.*

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses or who wins the prize,
 Go, lose or conquer, as you can ;
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman !

—*W. M. Thackeray.*

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

In the mean time, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, and made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him,

and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit,

the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the

natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

—Lord Macaulay.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

—James Hogg.

TO THE SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond
 Mount, daring warbler !— that love-prompted strain
 —"Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
 A privacy of glerious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

—William Wordsworth.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

—Shakespeare.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Til the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering un beholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest : but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now !

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*William Wordsworth.*

REWARD.

All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that “Agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine ! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God’s Eternity ; surviving there, they alone surviving : sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods ; they alone surviving ; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time ! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind ; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother ; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, “With it, my son, or upon it !” Thou too shalt return *home* in honor ; to thy far-distant Home, in honor ; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield ! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien ; thou everywhere art a denizen ! Complain not ; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee ;—thou dost not expect to *sell* thy

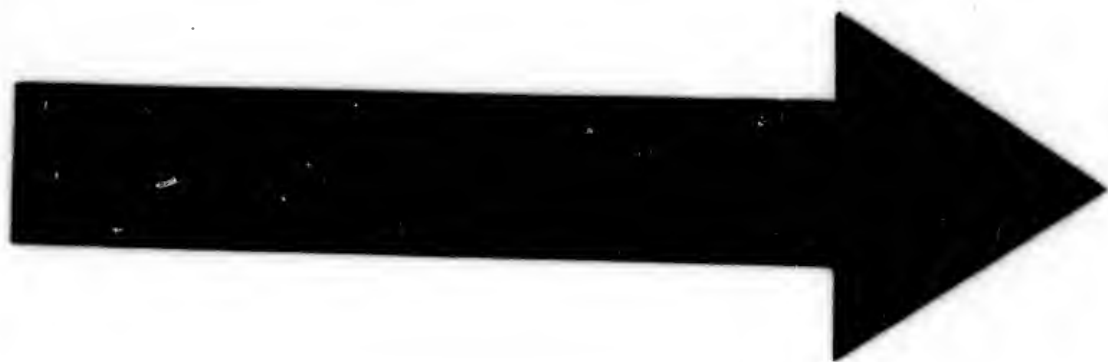
Life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? The just price of thy LIFE to thee,—why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold: that is the price which would content thee: that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou wouldst have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal;—or rather thou art a poor *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be Nothing: thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it! The heroic man,—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dew-drops of Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious: “By Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value; I do not need your guineas for them!” It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be “satisfactory” otherwise; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can! Money for my little piece of work “to the extent that will allow me to keep working”; yes, this,—unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me: but as to “wages”—!

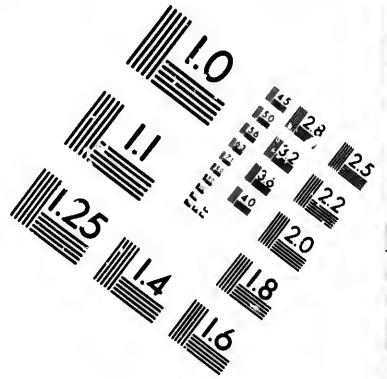
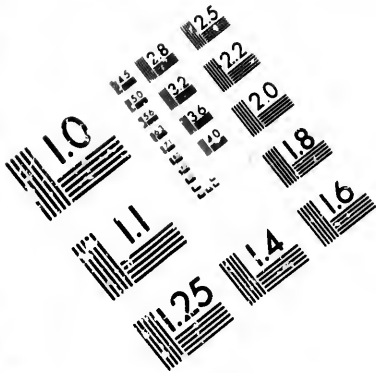
—Thomas Carlyle.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

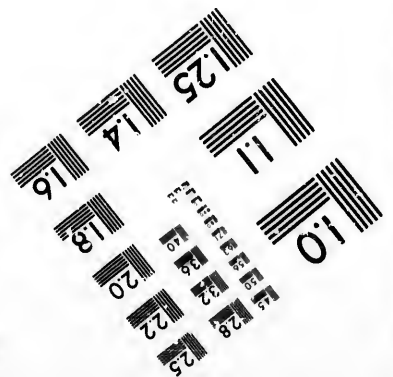
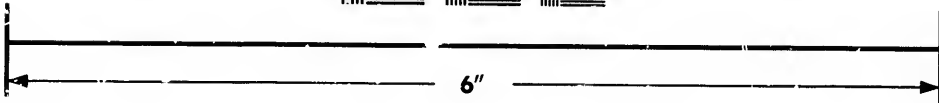
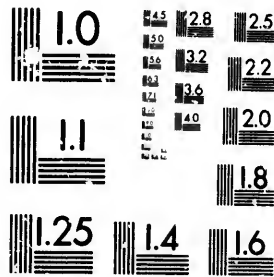
My Lords, I have done ; the part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it!—take it! It is a sacred trust. Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal.

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor, that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime, that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my Lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought at your Lordships' bar for the last seven years. My Lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man ; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain can not possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of Nature itself,





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can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less become the concern of posterity,—if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity: but this is in the hands of the great Disposer of events; it is not ours to settle how it shall be.

My Lords, your House yet stands,—it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, that it stands in the midst of ruins,—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation,—that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself: I mean justice,—that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved: and if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen,—if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands

at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity. It often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. I do not like to go for instances a great way back into antiquity. I know very well that length of time operates so as to give an air of the fabulous to remote events, which lessens the interest and weakens the application of examples. I wish to come nearer to the present time. Your Lordships know and have heard (for which of us has not known and heard?) of the Parliament of Paris. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its constitution, even to its fall: the Parliament of Paris, my Lords, WAS; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell, pierced by the sword of the Comte de Mirabeau. And yet I will say, that that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. Though he had himself smarted under its lash, as every one knows who knows his history, (and he was elevated

to dreadful notoriety in history,) yet, when he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered. A great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body! And never was a eulogy pronounced upon a body more deserved. They were persons, in nobility of rank, in amplitude of fortune, in weight of authority, in depth of learning, inferior to few of those that hear me. My Lords, it was but the other day that they submitted their necks to the axe; but their honor was unwounded. Their enemies, the persons who sentenced them to death, were lawyers full of subtlety, they were enemies full of malice; yet lawyers full of subtlety, and enemies full of malice, as they were, they did not dare to reproach them with having supported the wealthy, the great, and powerful, and of having oppressed the weak and feeble, in any of their judgments, or of having perverted justice, in any one instance whatever, through favor, through interest, or cabal.

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand,—and stand I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom,—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue! May you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants! May you stand the refuge of afflicted nations! May you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable Justice!

—*Edmund Burke.*

SPEECH AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

The counsel, in recommending attention to the public in preference to the private letter, had remarked, in particular, that one should not be taken as evidence, because it was manifestly and abstractedly private, as it contained in one part the anxieties of Mr. Middleton for the illness of his son. This was a singular argument indeed; and the circumstance, in my mind, merited strict observation, though not in the view in which it was placed by the counsel. It went to show that some at least of those concerned in these transactions felt the force of those ties which their efforts were directed to tear asunder; that those who could ridicule the respective attachment of a mother and a son—who would prohibit the reverence of the son to the mother who had given him life—who could deny to *maternal debility* the protection which *filial tenderness* should afford, were yet sensible of the *straining* of those *chords* by which they were connected. There was something connected with this transaction so wretchedly horrible, and so vilely loathsome, as to excite the most contemptible disgust. If it were not a part of my duty, it would be superfluous to speak of the sacredness of the ties which those aliens to feeling, those apostates to humanity had thus divided. In such an assembly as that which I have the honor of addressing, there is not an eye but must dart reproof at this conduct;—not a heart but must anticipate its condemnation. FILIAL PIETY! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle, which, panting for its proper good, soothes,

unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an emanation of that gratitude, which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solitudes, honorable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice, where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love!—it asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase and none can diminish it!—it is the sacrament of our nature!—not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the aching eye—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moments of dissolution! . . .

O Faith! O Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination, as that which I am now compelled to repeat!—where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honor, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade! where

all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway;—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but far from idle and inactive, —turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporizing expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honor! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish!

—*Sheridan.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer-wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare ;
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl :
Wrecked is the ship of pearl ;
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil :
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new ;
Stole with soft step its shining archway through ;
Built up its idle door ;
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings :—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
 As the swift seasons roll ;
 Leave thy low-vaulted past :
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !"

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

What means this rush of hurrying feet,
 Sounding through every lane and street ?
 Are Rhodus' roofs with fire a-blaze ?
 Men thronging choke the narrow ways,
 And, high above the seething crowd,
 I see a knight's plume waving proud.
 Behind, a sight to make men quail,
 A monster strange and huge they trail,
 It seems a dragon by its size,
 Such jaws befit the crocodile ;
 They watch the knight and watch his prize,
 Lost in their wonder for a while.

A thousand tongues shout ceaselessly,
 "That is the monster, come and see !
 Our herds and herdsmen he devoured,
 At last the brute is overpowered ;
 Before this hero many a knight
 Went forth to wage the unequal fight,
 Yet no man e'er returned his ways.
 Give to the noble conqueror praise !"

And to the cloister on they go,
Where sit the knights of good St. John,
Whom men as Hospitallers know.
Into the council they have gone.

Before the Knight Grand-Master's face
The young knight takes his wonted place,
And all the folk with cheer and shout
Throng on the landing-steps without.
The hero speaks when all are stilled,
"My knight's devoir have I fulfilled.
The dragon which laid waste the land,
I met and conquered, sword in hand,
The ways are for the wanderer free,
The herd no more in stall need pine,
And safe the pilgrims now shall be
That travel to Our Lady's shrine."

Sternly the Master gave him heed,
Then saith, "It was a noble deed!
Such feats have honored knights of old,
Thy soul was great, thy heart was bold.
Do thou repeat the first pledge now
Of knights that take our holy vow,
Whose shoulders bear the blessed sign."—
White grows the listening faces' line,—
The young knight speaks with reverence low,
While o'er his cheeks a blush doth flit,
"Tis by obedience men may know
A knight to bear the Cross is fit."

"This duty that thou shouldst have kept,
Son, thou hast boldly overstept:
The fight our Order's law gainsaid
Was impious," the Master said.

“Judge, Lord, when thou hast heard my tale,”
The youth replied, nor did he quail.
“Our Order’s higher law and will
I sought most truly to fulfil.
Not without thought did I go hence
To wage the fight for death and life ;
With wily sleights for my defence,
I hoped to conquer in the strife.

“For of our Order five, the best,
Already had (God give them rest !)
Lost life in that wild game they played,
When thou the waste of life gainsaid.
Yet at my heart the longing lay
To know the joy of that fierce fray,
I started from my couch at night
Gasping in dreams of close-locked fight.
And when the morning dawned unblest,
Fresh terror spread the country through,
My heart beat high within my breast,
I swore to wage the war anew.

“What honors youth ?—my musings ran,—
What deeds give glory to the man ?
What did the mighty heroes hold
Of whom we read in legends old,
In whom misguided heathens blind
The avatars of gods did find ?
They cleansed the world from west to east
Of many a strange and monstrous beast,
They met in fight the lion grim
And battled with the Minotaur
To free the victims claimed by him ;—
Such deeds as these a beacon are.

“ Must the Crusader’s knightly sword
Fall only on the Paynim horde ?
Fights he alone with false gods ? Nay,
World-champion is the knight I say !
The world in every need and harm
Must seek salvation in his arm.
Courage is much, nor wisdom less,
And strength must yoke with wiliness.—
So oft I spake, and went alone
To find the dragon’s track of fear,
A sudden light upon me shone,
I cried, ‘Thank Heaven ! My path is clear !’

“ Then, Sire, I asked a grace of thee,
‘ I fain my home again would see.’
Thou grantedst me the easy boon,
And the grey sea was crossed right soon.
When I had reached my fatherland,
I made a faithful craftsman’s hand
A dragon’s likeness grim portray
Distinct in every hue and trait.
On short distorted legs and feet
Rested the hideous body’s weight,
And o’er the back the scales did meet,
A fearful corslet’s mail and plate.

“ The long neck showed a bristly fell,
And, gruesome as the gate of hell,
The mighty jaws were gaping wide
As if some prey the creature spied.
In the black gulf that yawned beneath
Were rows of sharp and pointed teeth,
Like to a sword-point was the tongue,
From the small eyes green lightnings sprung ;

The uncouth body's loathly length
Was ended in a serpent's train,
So it could coil its fearful strength
Round man and horse and crush the twain.

“So stood the monster, trait by trait,
O'er-clad with cloth of dusky grey,
Half salamander and half snake,
Begotten in some poisonous lake.
When the completed work stood there
I chose of noble hounds a pair,
Strong, swift, and bold ; such dogs are they
That drive the Urus wild to bay.
I set them at the mimic brute,
With voice and hand I hound them on,
Until they grow more resolute,
And fasten savagely thereon.

“And where the belly soft and white
Gave vantage for the hounds' sharp bite,
I taught them to attack it fierce,
With pointed teeth to gnaw and pierce.
With bow and arrows fit for need
I mount my noble well-tried steed,
Of the best blood of Araby,
Of matchless speed and mettle high.
Straight at the dragon-form I ride,
The charger with my spur I prick,
And cast my arrows at its side,
As if to pierce the corslet thick.

“Although the horse reared back from it,
And in his terror champed the bit ;
Though the hounds shrunk when urged too near,
I trained them till they lost all fear.

And so we practised on land on
Till the third moon upon us shone.
When they aright their lesson knew
We sailed across the ocean blue ;
'Tis but three mornings since I stood
Again upon my native strand,
Each idle minute's rest I rued
Till to the work I set my hand.

“ How could my heart in peace lie still ?
New terror all the land did fill ;
Torn in the swamp the herdsmen lay
Who in the marsh had lost their way.
And I resolved upon the deed,
Listing but to mine own heart's rede,
I told my squires of mine intent,
And through the secret ways I went,
Mounted upon my proven steed,
And with my noble hounds beside ;
No witness there could mark my deed,
As on the Quest we forth did ride.

“ Thou know'st, my Lord, the tiny church
High on the mountain set a-perch,
It looks o'er all the island fair,
'Twas a bold spirit set it there !
The outside is but poor and mean,
But o'er the altar may be seen
The pictured Maiden Mary mild,
The Three Kings, and the Holy Child.
Thrice thirty steps wind up the path
By which the pilgrim climbs the height,
Yet he forgets them when he hath
The sweet Lord's face before his sight.

“Hollowed within the mountain-side
Is a dark grotto, low and wide,
On floor and walls swamp vapors steam,
Within its darkness shines no beam.
Within the Dragon housed, and lay
At ravenous watch both night and day,
Here coiled he, like Hell's greedy snake,
And near God's house his lair did make,
So when the pilgrim wandering there
Began to climb the rocky way,
Unknowing of the springe and snare,
The wily monster seized his prey.

“And now I scaled the rocky height ;
Ere I should dare the desperate fight,
The holy place I knelt within
To purify my soul from sin.
And in that temple of the Lord
I donned my harness, girt my sword,
In my right hand I grasped my spear,
And took the downward path of fear,
Some hasty last commands I flung
Unto my squires who stayed behind,
Into my saddle then I sprung,
And to God's care my soul resigned.

“Scarce had I reached the even plain,
When both the hounds gave tongue again,
My horse began to pant and rear,
Recoil and gasp in sudden fear,
For, basking on the sun-warmed soil,
There lay the foe in hideous coil,—
Scarcely his loathly length we knew.
My noble dogs upon him flew,

But back, as arrows swift, they rushed,
When the black jaws yawned sudden-wide,
From whence the poisonous breath out-gushed.
Then, like a jackal's whine, it cried.

“The hounds with voice and hand I cheer,
Again the foe they venture near,
The spear I poise in air and whirl,
Then at the monster's loins I hurl ;
But, powerless as a staff, good lack !
The scaly corslet hurls it back,
And ere I can renew the cast,
My steed rears up as if aghast
At the brute's basilisk-like eyes,
And at his hot and poisonous breath,
And from the combat back he flies, —
That hour I stood at gaze with Death !

“From selle I sprang in naught afraid,
Out flashed from sheath my well-tried blade,
Yet though my strokes fell fast and fierce,
The scaly mail I could not pierce ;
Its tail coiled both my feet around,
And dashed me headlong to the ground !
Close are the hideous teeth and claws,
Above me yawn the open jaws—
'Twas well for me that in that tide
My gallant hounds dashed in between,
And seized the beast by throat and side,
Or else its victim I had been.

“And ere the brute again was free
I rose again right speedilie,
I saw its belly white and bare,
And deep I plunged my falchion there.

Up to the hilt in flesh it stood,
Out leapt the jet of dark-red blood !
Stark-dead down falls the monster great,
And buries me beneath its weight.
All sense and feeling passed from me,
But when I ope my swimming eyes,
My squires around me there I see,
Dead in his blood the Dragon lies."

Now that the story was told out,
The folk could give the long-pent shout,
When all the gallant tale is spoken,
Out the applause at length has broken.
To the groined roofs of that high hall
The shout rose up from one and all ;
Even the stern Order's proud acclaim
Greeted him as worth a hero's fame,
The thankful people ready near
To bear him forth in triumph stand,
Yet the Grand Master frowns austere,
And "Silence !" sternly doth command.

"The Dragon, that laid waste the land,
Hath fallen," he saith, "beneath thy hand.
The folk may hold thee god,—but know
Thine Order holds thee as its foe !
Thine heart a serpent nourisheth
Worse than the one that met its death.
The snake that poisons all within,
That breeds disunion, ruin, sin,
Is the ill spirit that resists
All due control, which, men can tell,
Breaks Peace and Order's golden twists,
And makes God's world like Satan's hell.

" *Valor* even *Paynims* show in fight,
Obedience decks Christ's chosen knight ;
 For where the Lord of Heaven and Earth
 Took servant's place and mortal birth,
 Upon the soil of Palestine
 Our fathers took the pledge we sign,
 They swore to strive and struggle still
 To crush the serpent of self-will :
 You played for fame,—you won your stake,—
 Now go for ever from our sight !
 On you Christ's yoke you would not take,
 To bear Christ's cross you have no right."

The voices of the outraged folk
 Into a sudden storm outbroke,
 For him the Chapter supplicate,
 But silently he hears his fate,
 Doffs the Crusader's mantle, and
 Kisses his stern Superior's hand,
 And goes. The Master's looks were bent
 On him, as humbly forth he went,
 He called him, "To my arms, my son !
 Thou conqueror in this harder fight,
 Take thou thy Cross. It has been won
 By this self-conquest in our sight !"

—Schiller. Translation by Elizabeth Craigmyle (by permission of Walter Scott).

What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark, terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine :
 "The hand that made us is divine !" —*Joseph Addison.*

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

Once upon a time there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London—a very fashionable watering place, at which Roman gentlemen and members of the senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics. The outsides of all the houses were adorned with frescoes, and every shop glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue, and as sunny, as it is now. On a fine day, crowds might be seen lounging here; some sauntering up and down in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro, bearing on their heads splendid vases; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine, and fruit, and flowers. Every house in that town was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple, or one of our great public buildings.

Any one, who thinks a mansion in Belgravia the acme of splendor, would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abode of those Roman lords outshone "the stately homes of England." On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows of pillars, and then found himself in the *impluvium*, in which the household gods kept guard over the owner's treasure, which was placed

in a safe, or strong box, secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony, and the patron heard the complaints, supplications, and adulations of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smiles and bounty, but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablinum*, an apartment paved with mosaic, and decorated with paintings, in which were kept the family papers and archives. It contained a dining room and a supper room, and a number of sleeping rooms, hung with the softest Syrian clothes; a cabinet, filled with rare jewels and antiquities, and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and, last of all, a pillared peristyle, opening out upon the garden, in which the finest fruit hung temptingly in the rich light of a golden sky, and fountains, which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear; while from behind every shrub there peeped out a statue or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrast with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate there was always the image of a dog, and underneath it the inscription, "Beware the dog."

The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek Legends, such as "The Parting of Achilles and the Beautiful Maid Briseis," "The Seizure of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons," etc., many of which are still to be seen in the Museum at Naples. The pillars in the peristyle, of which we have just spoken, were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron-wood were inlaid

with silver arabesques: the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick cushions and tapestry, embroidered with marvellous skill. When the master gave a dinner party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and, having made a libation on the altar of Bacchus, ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, and fruits served up on ice in the hottest days of summer; and while the cup-bearers filled their golden cups with the rarest and most delicate wines in all the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers wet with dew, and dancers executed the most graceful movements, and singers, accompanied by the lyre, poured forth an ode of Horace or Anacreon.

After the banquet a shower of scented water, scattered from invisible pipes, spread perfume over the apartment; and everything around, even the oil and the lamps, and the jets of the fountain, shed forth the most grateful odor; and suddenly, from the mosaic floor, tables of rich dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, rose, as if by magic, to stimulate the palled appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and counsels, and pro-consuls, gambled away provinces and empires by the throw of dice; and, last of all, the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the dance.

One day, when such festivities as these were in full

activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine-tree; and suddenly, in broad noon-day, darkness black as pitch came over the scene! There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together. The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness became so dense that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighboring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall, and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then, amidst tremendous and awful noise, a shower of stones, scoria, and pumice, fell upon the town and blotted it out for ever!

The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them—guests in their banqueting halls, brides in their chambers, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeons, thieves in their theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some people attempted flight, guided by some blind people, who had walked so long in darkness that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people came from the surrounding country to the place, they found naught but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with ashes! Down, down beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping “the sleep that knows no waking,” with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries, buried with them.

This took place on the 23rd of August, A.D. 79; and the name of the town, thus suddenly overwhelmed with ruin, was Pompeii. Sixteen hundred and seventeen years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo! they found the city pretty much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago! The marks left by the cups of the tipplers still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters; the belles their chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarded coin; and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and deceived the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dry and crusted upon them; the stable in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept; and the hall of mysteries, in which were symbolical paintings. The researches are still going on, new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town, in the first century of the Christian era, as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains. Pompeii is the ghost of an extinct civilization rising up before us.

—Anon.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

AS SHIPS, BECALMED AT EVE.

As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged !

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
And onward each rejoicing steer'd --
Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

THE TEMPEST.

A TALE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock. It was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study. There he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men. The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban; for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell, and

taught him to speak ; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices ; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy, and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire ; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then, swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in the way of Caliban, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress ! See ! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls ! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from; and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you can not, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda. "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and, as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). Neglecting all worldly ends, and buried among my books, I dedicated my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects, awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of

my dukedom. This he soon effected, with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship; and, when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub, that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda; and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits

were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son Ferdinand was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw this dear son swallowed up by the waves, and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither. My daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect

what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak! tell me!"

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh! was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and, because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful. "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman!" said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,—

"Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them, ding-dong-bell."

THE TEMPEST.

PART II.

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree.

Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father. "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father!" said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Dear me! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father. "It eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself,

when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way. Therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he. "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said her father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble; I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and, not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so

strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me, if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard. My father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

"Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him,

saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish. My girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine, long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

THE TEMPEST.

PART III.

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." Then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, he desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned. This command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples.

Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of

their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero. "If you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother, and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for

you too;" and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter of this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but whom I never saw till now. Of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be

driven from his poor dukedom of Milan that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept, and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who, Prospero said, was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom."—"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship

home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

Here Ariel sung this pretty song:—

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip’s bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples; at which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

—Charles Lamb.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter’s wand!—itself a nothing
But taking sorcery from the master’s hand
To paralyze the Caesars and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it.

—Balwer Lytton.

TO NIGHT.

Mysterious Night ! When our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet, 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of that great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! Creation widened on man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun ? or who could find,
 While fly and leaf and insect lay revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
 Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife ?
 If Light can so deceive, wherefore not Life ?

—*Blanco White.*

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us : late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn :
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn :
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE POETRY OF EARTH IS NEVER DEAD.

The poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—John Keats.

WAPENTAKE.

Poet ! I come to touch thy lance with mine ;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
In English song ; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

FROM DAWN TO DAWN IN THE ALPS.

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths, the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below.

Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless,

only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey.

And then you will hear the sudden rush of awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go.

And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood.

And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo

kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter—brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy,—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!

—*Modern Painters, John Ruskin (by arrangement with George Allen).*

TRIAL SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Scene—A Court of Justice. *Present*—THE DUKE, the Magnificoes,
ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SOLANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solanio. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enough to press a royal merchant down
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
 Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
 But, say, it is my humor ; is it answer'd ?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain themselves : for affection,
 Master of passion, sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer :
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
 Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force
 Must yield to sue! inevitable shame
 As to offend, himself being offended ;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven :
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveyency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,

Because you bought them : shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
 Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,
 "The slaves are ours : " so do I answer you :
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine, and I will have it :
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.

Solanio. My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage yet !
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Nerissa. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter.]

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our court :—
Where is he ?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but, in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished*

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with my opinion : which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes :
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.--

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand : came you from old Bellario ?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome ; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

Portia. I am informèd throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock ?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not ? [To ANTONIO.

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond ?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;

It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
 Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority :
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree establishèd :
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;

And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife;—

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shylock.

Ay, his breast ;

So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge ?—

“Nearest his heart :” those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh ?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Portia. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. Come, merchant, have you anything to say ?

Antonio. But little : I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty ; from which ling'ring penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands ! I have
a daughter ;
Would any of the stock of Bárrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian !—

[*To PORTIA.*] We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge !

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learnèd judge ! A sentence !—Come, prepare.

Portia. Tarry a little ; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are “ a pound of flesh ” :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew :—O learned judge !

Shylock. Is that the law ?

Portia. Thyself shalt see the act :
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gratiano. O learnèd judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learnèd judge!

Shylock. I take this offer, then : pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio. Here is the money.

Portia. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learnèd judge!

Portia. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part,
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Portia. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien
 That by direct or indirect attempts
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
 For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
 That, indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself :
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Portia. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

Shylock. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
 You take my house when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gratiano. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antonio. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
 I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter :
 Two things provided more,—that, for this favor,
 He presently become a Christian ;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

Shylock. I am content.

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
 I am not well : send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gratiano. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;
 Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :
 I must away this night toward Padua,
 And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

—Shakespeare.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE.

At nightfall, once in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines, that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing spell of the pursuit, as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that black verge where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in clouds or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amonoosuck would have been too awful for endurance if only a solitary man had listened, while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the host, and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food

on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a general repast; at the close of which, a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea, that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion, that an odder society had never met, in city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group, a tall, lean, weather-beaten man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear, had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness, and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise—the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea, a Doctor

Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces, and inhaling unwholesome fumes during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him, whether truly or not, that, at the commencement of his studies, he had drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment—and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pignort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story that Master Pignort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature, to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but woefully pined away, which was no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine, whenever he could get it. Certain it is, that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily

among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jewelled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial vault of his dead progenitors, rummaging their mouldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person, in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveller's tale of this marvellous stone in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it as could only be quenched in its intensest lustre. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedi-

tion full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon, and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem, and bewildered those who sought it either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit, all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

“So, fellow-pilgrims,” said he, “here we are, seven wise men, and one fair damsel—who, doubtless, is as wise as any graybeard of the company: here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he

proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bear skin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it; that folly has passed long ago! I keep up the search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength,—the energy of my soul,—the warmth of my blood,—and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it I should fall down dead on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet not to have my wasted lifetime back again would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me forever."

"O wretch, regardless of the interests of science!" cried Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. "Thou art not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the lustre of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe, and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder; other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so

admirable a composition; and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible, or set on fire with the blow-pipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world in a folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem; since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But, verily," said Master Ichabod Pignort, "for mine own part I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages—and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the Evil One. Now think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate, without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pignort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he

holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore, I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard, and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into Heathendom, if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal lustre into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon it; my soul shall drink its radiance; it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!"

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think!" ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse—"to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub Street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday

of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners, and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never, on the diadem of the White Mountains, did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres!"

"It is a noble thought," said the cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow!" exclaimed his lordship, in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle, because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us. It will shine through the house so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows aglowing as if there were a great fire of pine knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth, that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing in *rerum natura*. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man one whit less an ass than thyself that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!"

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills; but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness, instead of heavenward, and who, could they but distinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor, that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river with an illumination unlike that of their fire on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tem-

pest came not near them. The stars, those dial points of heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously-woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons, around the bridal-bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke from visions of unearthly radiance to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were, than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain, and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange folk are all gone! Up, this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither, that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine; while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say

their prayers and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Amonoosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food, ere they turned their faces to the mountain-side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind and cloud and naked rocks and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage and drawing her along with him, for she became timid again the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly-

interwoven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they came to masses and fragments of naked rock heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one centre, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again, more intensely, alas! than, beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together, with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight.

Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb

as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that, her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last, she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully. "We shall never find our way to the earth again. And oh how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart!—we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction, the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid, I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle!"

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight, with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been com-

pletely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff impending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for, as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate—and the consciousness was fearful. Often, from childhood upward, they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest lustre on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance, they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or, perhaps, the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

"The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet, as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it!"

"There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round towards the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it!"

Now these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropped his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light

of heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

“Matthew,” said Hannah, clinging to him, “let us go hence!”

Matthew saw that she was faint, and kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

“Yes, dearest!” cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast,—“we will go hence, and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth, at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us.”

“No,” said his bride, “for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle!”

Out of the hollow of their hands, they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance towards the cliff, and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell, that the worshipful Master Iehabod Pignort soon gave up the quest as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town dock, in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burned with the blow-pipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And, for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say, that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled, in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light, for the willful blindness of his former life. He finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, towards the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who had remembered the ancient lustre of the gem. For it is affirmed that, from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that, as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake, and that, at noontide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills, I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poesy, to be the latest pilgrim of the GREAT CARBUNCLE.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend !

No mercenary bard his homage pays ;

With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,—

My dearest need, a friend's esteem and praise :

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,

The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;

What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;

Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;

The shortening winter-day is near a close ;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;

The blackening trains o' craws to their repose :

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,

This night his weekly moil is at an end,

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;

The expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through

To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,

His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,

An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, among the farmers roun',
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears :
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command,
 The younkers a' are warnèd to obey ;
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play :
 " An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright ! "

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak :
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
 A strappan youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye :
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 “ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.”

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And "Let us worship God !" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name :
 Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then knœling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp !—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

—Robert Burns.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues!

—George Eliot.

VERRES DENOUNCED.

An opinion has long prevailed, fathers, that in public prosecutions men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, ~~so~~ detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or of a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villainies? The public treasure squandered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But his quæstorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing; while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against

these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips—words which, in the remotest region, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very

foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre, and ruin on the commonwealth!

—Cicero.

VIRTUE.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the Earth and Sky,
The Dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—George Herbert.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate :
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—John Fletcher.

HAROLD'S SPEECH TO HIS ARMY.

“This day, O friends and Englishmen, sons of our common land—this day ye fight for liberty. The count of the Normans hath, I know, a mighty army; I disguise not its strength. That army he hath collected together, by promising to each man a share in the spoils of England. Already, in his court and his camp, he hath parcelled out the lands of this kingdom; and fierce are the robbers who fight for the hope of plunder! But he cannot offer to his greatest chief boons nobler than those I offer to my meanest freeman—liberty, and right, and law, in the soil of his fathers! Ye have heard of the miseries endured in the old time under the Dane, but they were slight indeed to those which ye may expect from the Norman. The Dane was kindred to us in language and in law, and who now can tell Saxon from Dane? But you men would rule ye in a language ye know not, by a law that claims the crown as the right of the sword, and divides the land among the hirelings of an army. Outscourings of all nations, they come against you! Ye fight as brothers under the eyes of your fathers and chosen chiefs; ye fight for the children ye would guard from eternal bondage; ye fight for the altars which your banner now darkens! Let no man dream of retreat; every inch of ground that ye yield is the soil of your native land. For me, on this field I peril all. Think that mine eye is upon you wherever ye are. If a line waver or shrink, ye shall hear in the midst the voice of your king. Hold fast to your ranks,

remember, such amongst you as fought with me against Hardrada,—remember that it was not till the Norsemen lost, by rash sallies, their serried array, that our arms prevailed against them. Be warned by their fatal error, break not the form of the battle; and I tell you on the faith of a soldier who never yet hath left field without victory,—that ye cannot be beaten. While I speak, the winds swell the sails of the Norse ships, bearing home the corpse of Hardrada. Accomplish this day the last triumph of England; add to these hills a new mount of the conquered dead! And when, in far times and strange lands, scald and scop shall praise the brave man for some valiant deed wrought in some holy cause, they shall say, ‘He was brave as those who fought by the side of Harold, and swept from the sward of England the hosts of the haughty Norman.’”

—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 “He giveth His beloved, sleep”!

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,

The senate's shout to patriot vows
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows :---
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved ?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake !
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved !" we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !
 O delv'd gold, the wailers heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
 God makes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His beloved, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap ;
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 "He giveth His beloved sleep"

Yea ! men may wonder whie they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 In such a rest his heart to keep

But angels say, and through the word
I think their blessèd smile is *heard*—
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved, sleep!

And, friends! dear friends,—When it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, ‘Not a tear must o’er her fall’;
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language : for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,

Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
 Go forth under the open sky and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
 Thy image.

Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements—
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
 Turns with his share and 'reads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between—
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green; and poured round all
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man.

The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there ;
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan which moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers, lie at such a distance from us that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus by optical laws it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe—in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihilism, were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing? To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream:—

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out apparelled in light; and by my side there stood another Form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. “Two thoughts,” said the Form, “are the wings with which I move: the thought of *Here* and the thought of *There*. And, behold! I am yonder,”—pointing to a distant world. “Come, then, and wait on me with

thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the Form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming flight, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summits of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star; and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet which was travelling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of the solar bodies—flocks past counting, unless to their heavenly Shepherd—that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellations, and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulae. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses: one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us: galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn attitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass into progress. Sometimes the Form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a conurbation amongst the stars—till suddenly I thought again to myself the thought of *There*, and then I was at its side. But as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our heads were not emptier, neither were the heavens below them fuller; and

as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water-spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary, and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side, "Oh, Spirit! has then this universe no end?" And the Form answered and said "Lo! it has no beginning."

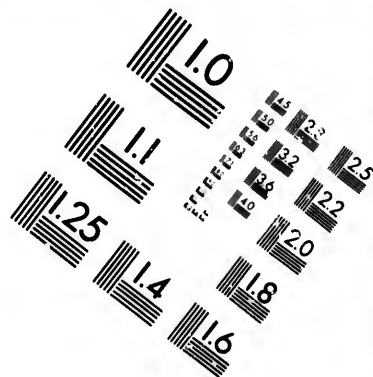
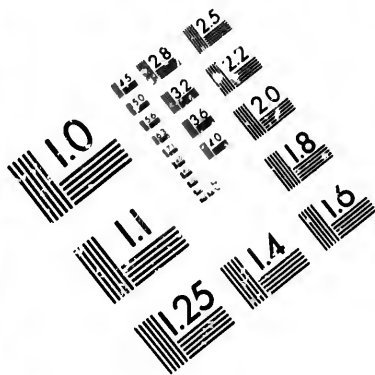
Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula, and at length *that* also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended;" and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation: I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried for ever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish, "Oh! creature of little faith. Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked: and in a moment came a twilight—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries gray with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and at length out of heights inaccessible to thought it had reached us. Now, then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a

starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

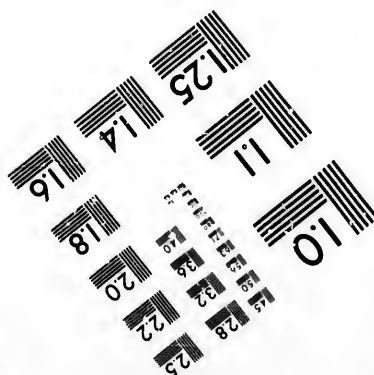
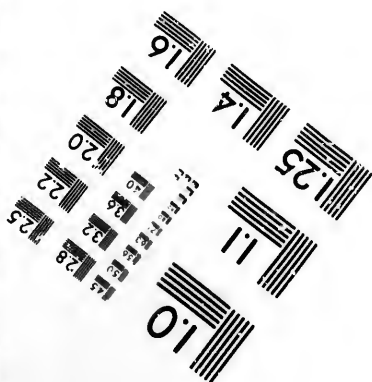
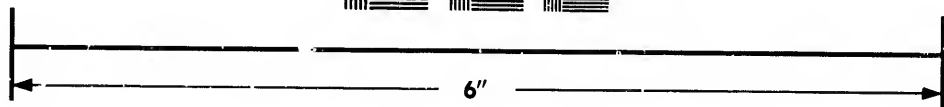
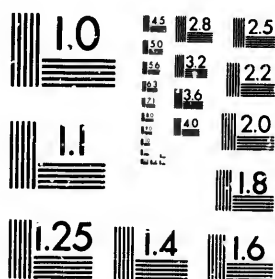
As we thus advanced for ever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, and as once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an Aurora Borealis, the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived; the suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving—rocking, yawning in convulsions, the subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along—from east to west—from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead through the misty vapor a gloomy, ashy, leaden corpse of a solar body, that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista which had no end, mountain towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar and planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, “Rest, rest, and lead me no farther: I am too solitary in the creation itself; and in its deserts yet more so: the full world is great, but the empty world is greater; and with the universe increase its Zaaarahs.”

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before:—“In the presence of God there is no emptiness: above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the





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sum and fountain of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now then I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened; and I looked, and I saw as it were an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light: and there was a thundering of floods; and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas: and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over: and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest: and darkness had become light, and the light darkness: for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men; but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light: and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaaarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning-wheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis, which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life no sadness could endure, but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits: I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathizing being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body; and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna; and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a king, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head: but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth; and, as the earth drew near, this child who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

—*Thomas De Quincey.*

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ben Jonson.*

BRUTUS AND ANTONY.

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CAS., with some of the Cit. BRU. goes into the Rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent that you may hear : believe me for mine honor ; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men ? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honor, for

his valor ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CAESAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; As which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Caesar.

4 *Cit.* Caesar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Erit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man ;

So are they all, all honorable men,)

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.*

Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar :
 I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will ; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
 It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;
 You shall read us the will ; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the honorable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar ; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honorable men !

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers ; The will ! read the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell,

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Caesar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—seek, — burn,
 —fire, —kill,—slay !— let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable ;
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do 't ; they are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterances, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, (poor, poor dumb mouths !)

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
 Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not :—I must tell you then :—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true :—the will ;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Caesar !—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Caesar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private harbors, and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tyber ; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Caesar : When comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never :—Come, away, away :
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Cits., with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt ! —How now, fellow ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

—Shakespeare.

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted

As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momently was forced ;
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momently the sacred river,
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—*Samuel T. Coleridge.*

PERSEUS.

PART I.

HOW PERSEUS AND HIS MOTHER CAME TO SERIPHUS.

Once upon a time there were two princes who were twins. Their names were Acrisius and Prætus, and they lived in the pleasant vale of Argos, far away in Hellas. They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses feeding down in Lerna Fen, and all that men could need to make them biest; and yet they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other. From the moment they were born they began to quarrel; and when they grew up, each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom, and keep all for himself. So, first Acrisius drove out Prætus; and he went across the seas, and brought home a foreign princess for his wife, and foreign warriors to help him, who were called Cyclopes; and drove out Acrisius in his turn; and then they fought a long while up and down the land, till the quarrel was settled; and Acrisius took Argos and one-half the land, and Prætus took Tiryns and the other half. And Prætus and his Cyclopes built

around Tiryns great walls of unhewn stone, which are standing to this day.

But there came a prophet to that hard-hearted Acrisius, and prophesied against him, and said: "Because you have risen up against your own blood, your own blood shall rise up against you; because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred you shall be punished. Your daughter Danae shall bear a son, and by that son's hand you shall die. So the gods have ordained, and it will surely come to pass."

And at that Acrisius was very much afraid; but he did not mend his ways. He had been cruel to his own family; and, instead of repenting and being kind to them, he went on to be more cruel than ever; for he shut up his fair daughter Danae in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. So he fancied himself more cunning than the gods; but you will see presently whether he was able to escape them.

Now it came to pass that in time Danae bore a son; so beautiful a babe that any but King Acrisius would have had pity on it. But he had no pity. For he took Danae and her babe down to the sea-shore, and put them into a great chest, and thrust them out to sea, for the winds and the waves to carry them whithersoever they would.

The north-west wind blew freshly out of the blue mountains, and down the pleasant vale of Argos, and away and out to sea. And away and out to sea before it floated the mother and her babe, while all who watched them wept, save that cruel father, King Acrisius.

So they floated on and on, and the chest danced up and down upon the billows, and the baby slept upon its mother's breast; but the poor mother could not sleep, but watched and wept, and she sang to her baby as they floated; and the song which she sang you shall learn yourself some day.

And now they are past the last blue headland, and in the open sea; and there is nothing round them but the waves, and the sky, and the wind. But the waves are gentle, and the sky is clear, and the breeze is tender and low; for these are the days when Halcyone and Ceyx build their nests, and no storms ever ruffle the pleasant summer sea.

And who were Halcyone and Ceyx? You shall hear while the chest floats on. Halcyone was a fairy maiden, the daughter of the beach and of the wind. And she loved a sailor boy, and married him; and none on earth were so happy as they. But at last Ceyx was wrecked; and before he could swim to the shore, the billows swallowed him up. And Halcyone saw him drowning, and leapt into the sea to him; but in vain. Then the Immortals took pity on them both, and changed them into two fair sea-birds; and now they build a floating nest every year, and sail up and down happily forever, upon the pleasant seas of Greece.

So a night passed and a day; and a long day it was for Danae; and another night and day beside, till Danae was faint with hunger and weeping, and yet no land appeared. And all the while the babe slept quietly; and at last poor Danae dropped her head and fell asleep likewise, with her cheek against her babe's.

After a while she awakened suddenly; for the chest

was jarring and grinding, and the air was full of sound. She looked up, and over her head were mighty cliffs, all red in the setting sun, and around her rocks and breakers, and flying flakes of foam. She clasped her hands together, and shrieked aloud for help. And when she cried, help met her; for now there came over the rocks a tall and stately man, and looked down wondering upon poor Danae tossing about in the chest among the waves.

He wore a rough cloak of frieze, and on his head a broad hat to shade his face; in his hand he carried a trident for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting-net; but Danae could see that he was no common man by his stature, and his walk, and his flowing golden hair and beard; and by the two servants who came behind him, carrying baskets for his fish. But she had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his trident, and leapt down the rocks, and thrown his casting-net so surely over Danae and the chest, that he drew it, and her, and the baby, safe upon a ledge of rock.

Then the fisherman took Danae by the hand, and lifted her out of the chest, and said:—

“O, beautiful damsel, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail a ship? Who are you, and whence? Surely you are some king’s daughter; and this boy has somewhat more than mortal.”

And as he spoke, he pointed to the babe; for its face shone like the morning star.

But Danae only held down her head and sobbed out:—

“Tell me to what land I have come, unhappy that I am; and among what men I have fallen?”

And he said: "This isle is called Seriphus, and I am a Hellen, and dwell in it. I am the brother of Polydectes the king; and men call me Dictys the netter, because I catch the fish of the shore."

Then Danae fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried:—

"Oh, sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom a cruel doom has driven to your land; and let me live in your house as a servant; but treat me honorably, for I was once a king's daughter, and this my boy (as you have truly said) is of no common race. I will not be a charge to you, or eat the bread of idleness; for I am more skillful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land."

And she was going on: but Dictys stopped her, and raised her up, and said:—

"My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray; while I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me, then, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and this babe shall be our grandchild. For I fear the gods, and show hospitality to all strangers; knowing that good deeds, like evil ones, always return to those who do them."

So Danae was comforted, and went home with Dictys the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years were past.

PART II.

HOW PERSEUS VOWED A RASH VOW.

Fifteen years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor, and went many voyages after merchandise to the islands round. His mother called him Perseus: but all the people in Seriphus said that he was not the son of mortal man, and called him the son of Zeus, the king of the Immortals. For though he was but fifteen, he was taller by a head than any man in the island; and he was the most skillful of all in running and wrestling and boxing, and in throwing the quoit and the javelin, and in rowing with the oar, and in playing on the harp, and in all which befits a man. And he was brave and truthful, gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well; and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danae and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his wit to defend his mother and himself.

I said that Dictys's brother was Polydectes, king of the island. He was not a righteous man, like Dictys: but greedy, and cunning, and cruel. And when he saw fair Danae, he wanted to marry her. But she would not; for she did not love him, and cared for no one but her boy, and her boy's father, whom she never hoped to see again. At last Polydectes became furious; and while Perseus was away at sea, he took poor Danae away from Dictys, saying, "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave." So Danae was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the

mill, and perhaps was beaten, and wore a heavy chain, because she would not marry that cruel king. But Perseus was far away over the seas in the isle of Samos, little thinking how his mother was languishing in grief.

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf, and fell asleep. And as he slept, a strange dream came to him; the strangest dream which he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man: but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goatskin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes; and Perseus saw that her eyelids never moved, nor her eyeballs, but looked straight through and through him, and into his very heart, as if she could see all the secrets of his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for since the day that he was born. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

“Perseus, you must do an errand for me.”

“Who are you, lady? and how do you know my name?”

“I am Pallas Athene, and I know the thoughts of all men's hearts, and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away; and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease like

sheep in the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread like the gourd along the ground; but, like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveller; and when they are ripe death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name vanishes out of the land.

“But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man’s. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where; and some of them win noble names and a fair and green old age; but what will be their latter end I know not, and none save Zeus, the father of gods and men. Tell me now, Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seem to you more blest?”

Then Perseus answered boldly: “Better to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep, and die unloved and unrenowned.”

Then that strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried, “See here, Perseus; dare you face such a monster as this and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield?”

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her brows were knit with everlasting pain,

and her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's; and instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples and shot out their forked tongues, while round her head were folded wings like an eagle's, and upon her bosom claws of brass.

And Perseus looked awhile, and then said, "If there is anything so fierce and foul on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then the strange lady smiled again, and said, "Not yet; you are too young and too unskilled; for this is Medusa the Gorgon, the mother of a monstrous brood. Return to your home, and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man in that before I can think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

Then Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke; and behold, it was a dream. But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head.

So he returned home; and when he came to Seriphus, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's rooms and the women's rooms, and so through all the house (for no one dared to stop him, so terrible and fair was he), till he found his mother sitting on the floor turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it. And he lifted her up, and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. But before they could pass out of the room, Polydectes came in raging. And when Perseus saw him, he flew upon him as the mastiff flies on the boar.

"Villain and tyrant!" he cried; "is this your respect for the gods, and thy mercy to strangers and widows? You shall die!" And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and he lifted it to dash out Polydectes's brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, "Oh, my son, we are strangers and helpless in the land; and if you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die."

Good Dietys, too, who had come in, entreated him. "Remember that he is my brother. Remember how I have brought you up, and trained you as my own son, and spare him for my sake."

Then Perseus lowered his hand; and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother pass.

Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athene, and there the priestess made her one of the temple sweepers; for there they knew she would be safe, and not even Polydectes would dare to drag her away from the altar. And there Perseus, and the good Dietys, and his wife, came to visit her every day; while Polydectes, not being able to get what he wanted by force, cast about in his wicked heart how he might get it by cunning.

Now he was sure that he could never get back Danae as long as Perseus was in the island; so he made a plot to rid himself of him. And first he pretended to have forgiven Perseus and to have forgotten Danae, so that for a while all went as smoothly as ever.

Next he proclaimed a great feast, and invited to it all the chiefs, and land owners, and the young men of

the island, and among them Persens, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came; and, as the custom was then, each guest brought his present with him to the king; one a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword; and those who had nothing better brought a basket of grapes or of game; but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being but a poor sailor lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without his gift, and he was too proud to ask Dictys to lend him one. So he stood at the door sorrowfully, watching the rich men go in; and his face grew very red as they pointed at him, and smiled, and whispered, "What has that foundling to give?"

Now this was what Polydectes wanted; and as soon as he heard that Perseus stood without, he bade them bring him in, and asked him scornfully before them all, "Am I not your king, Perseus, and have I not invited you to my feast? Where is your present, then?"

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed, and some of them began jeering him openly. "This fellow was thrown ashore here like a piece of weed or drift wood, and yet he is too proud to bring a gift to the king."

"And though he does not know who his father is, he is vain enough to let the old women call him the son of Zeus."

And so forth, till poor Perseus grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out, "A present!

who are you who talk of presents? See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together!"

So he said, boasting; and yet he felt in his heart that he was braver than all those scoffers, and more able to do some glorious deed.

"Hear him! Hear the boaster! What is it to be?" cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then his dream at Samos came into his mind, and he cried aloud, "The head of the Gorgon."

He was half afraid after he had said the words; for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all.

"You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head? Then never appear again in this island without it. Go!"

Perseus ground his teeth with rage, for he saw that he had fallen into a trap; but his promise lay upon him, and he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea; and he wondered if his dream were true, and prayed in the bitterness of his soul.

"Pallas Athene, was my dream true? and shall I slay the Gorgon? If thou didst really show me her face, let me not come to shame as a liar and boastful. Rashly and angrily I promised: but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

But there was no answer, nor sign; neither thunder or any appearance; not even a cloud in the sky.

And three times Perseus called, weeping. "Rashly and angrily I promised: but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And it came on, nearer and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes.

Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was no other cloud all around the sky; and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athene, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her a young man more light-limbed than the stag, whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes; and they came up the cliffs towards him more swiftly than the sea-gull, and yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs above the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than man.

But Athene stood before him and spoke gently, and bid him have no fear. Then,—

“Perseus,” she said, “he who overcomes in one trial merits thereby a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa the Gorgon?”

And Perseus said, “Try me: for since you spoke to me in Samos, a new soul has come into my breast, and I should be ashamed not to dare anything which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this.”

“Perseus,” said Athene, “think well before you at-

tempt; for this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot repent or turn back, nor escape; but if your heart fails you, you must die in the unshapen land, where no man will ever find your bones."

"Better so than live here, useless and despised," said Perseus. "Tell me, then, oh tell me, fair and wise Goddess, of your great kindness and condescension, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die!"

Then Athene smiled, and said,—

"Be patient, and listen; for if you forget my words, you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country of the Hyperboreans, who live beyond the pole, at the sources of the cold north wind; till you find the three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth between them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who dance about the golden tree, in the Atlantic island of the west. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. Once she was a maiden as beautiful as morn, till in her pride she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face; and from that day her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle's claws; and her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitter venom; and her eyes became so terrible that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone; and her children are the winged horse, and the giant of the golden sword; and her grandchildren are Echidna the witchadder, and Geryon the three-headed tyrant, who feeds his herds beside the herds of hell. So she became the sister of the Gorgons, Stheno and Euryale the abhorred, the daughters of the Queen of the Sea. Touch them not, for they are immortal: but bring me only Medusa's head."

"And I will bring it!" said Perseus; "but how am I to escape her eyes? Will she not freeze me too into stone?"

"You shall take this polished shield," said Athene; "and when you come near her, look not at her herself, but at her image in the brass; so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat-skin on which the shield hangs, the hide of Amalthea, the nurse of the Ægis-holder. So you will bring it safely back to me, and win to yourself renown and a place among the heroes who feast with the Immortals upon the peak where no winds blow."

Then Perseus said, "I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me my way? And when I find her, how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?"

Then the young man spoke: "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long; for I am Hermes, the far-famed Argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals who dwell on Olympus."

Then Perseus fell down and worshipped, while the young man spoke again.

"The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray; and this sword itself, the Argus-slayer, will kill her, for it is divine, and needs no second stroke. Arise, and gird them on, and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athene cried, "Now leap from the cliff, and be gone."

But Perseus lingered.

"May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys? And may I not offer burnt-offerings to you, and to Hermes, the far-famed Argus-slayer, and to Father Zeus above?"

"You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt-offerings to the Olympians; for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap, and trust in the armor of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered; but he was ashamed to show his dread. Then he thought of Medusa and the renown before him, and he leaped into the empty air.

And behold, instead of falling he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athene had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on northward ever, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

PART III.

HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON.

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And he went by Cythmus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica; and past Athens, and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of Cæta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Pæons and Dardans and Triballi, till he came to the Ister stream, and the dreary Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night, toward the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of feathers, and the soil was hard with ice; and there he found the three Gray Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift wood, beneath the cold, white, winter moon; and they chanted a low song together, "Why the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them; not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor sea-gull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch them in its claws. The surge broke up in foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow; and it frosted the hair of the three Gray Sisters, and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Gray Sisters; but they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh, venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You, therefore, should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he, "I do not reproach, but honor your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon."

Then one,— "There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad." And another,— "We hate your rulers, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep." And another,— "Who is this rash and insolent man, who pushes unbidden into our world?" And the first,— "There never was such a world as ours, nor will be; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all."

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see

him"; and another, "Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But Perseus, when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, "Hungry men must needs be hasty; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved." Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried,—

"Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the road.

"You must go," they said, "foolish boy, to the southward, into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heaven and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye; for we have forgotten all the rest."

So Perseus gave them back their eye; but instead of using it, they nodded, and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs forever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and ice behind; past the isle of the Hyper-

boreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore; while the sun rose higher, day by day, upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the sea-gulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and the Tritons blew upon their conchs, as they played round Galatea their queen, in her car of pearly shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn; while Perseus skimmed over the billows like a sea-gull, and his feet were never wetted; and leapt on from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, till he saw, far away, a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud; and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward among pleasant valleys, and waterfalls, and tall trees, and strange ferns and flowers; but there was no smoke rising from any glen, nor house, nor sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star.

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song; but the words which they spoke he could not understand; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand, around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit:

and round the tree-foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there forever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maids; but when they saw him, they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices,—

“Who are you? Are you Heracles the mighty, who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit?” And he answered,—

“I am not Heracles the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair nymphs, the way which leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her.”

“Not yet, not yet, fair boy; come dance with us around the tree, in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile; we have danced alone here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow. So come, come, come!”

“I cannot dance with you, fair maidens, for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves.”

Then they sighed, and wept, and answered:—

“The Gorgon! she will freeze you into stone.”

“It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them.”

Then they sighed again, and answered: “Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not

the way to the Gorgon; but we will ask the giant Atlas, above upon the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft, and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land."

So they went up the mountain to Atlas, their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand: "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depths of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said: "When you come back with the head of Medusa, you shall show me the beautiful horror; that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone forever; for it is weary labor for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised; and the eldest of the nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the nymphs sat down seven days,

and waited trembling, till the nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams of Ocean, to the isles where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings, and saw the glitter of their brazen talons; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself, and remembered Athene's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed, Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and

pain ; and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror, that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said : " Ah, that it had been either of her sisters ! "

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed ; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings, and showed her brazen claws ; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stept to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with Harpe stoutly once ; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goat-skin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks ; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead.

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge ; and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure ; and then on they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like eagles after a hare ; and Perseus's blood ran cold, for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track ; and he cried : " Bear me well, now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels ! "

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through

cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea; and fast followed the hounds of Death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar came down fainter and fainter, and the howl of their voices died away; for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the garden of the Nymphs; and when the giant heard him coming, he groaned, and said: "Fulfill thy promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head, and he had rest from all his toil; for he became a crag of stone, which sleeps forever far above the clouds.

Then he thanked the Nymphs, and asked them: "By what road shall I go homeward again, for I wandered far round in coming hither?"

And they wept and cried: "Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens, who dwell forever far away from gods and men."

But he refused, and they told him his road, and said: "Take with you this magic fruit, which, if you eat once, you will not hunger for seven days. For you must go eastward and eastward ever, over the doleful Libyan shore, which Poseidon gave to Father Zeus, when he burst open the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, and drowned the fair Lectonian land. And Zeus took that land in exchange, a fair bargain, much bad ground for a little good, and to this day it lies waste and desert, with shingle, and rock, and sand."

Then they kissed Perseus, and wept over him, and he leapt down the mountain, and went on, lessening and lessening like a sea-gull, away and out to sea.

PART IV.

HOW PERSEUS CAME TO THE ÆTHIOPS.

So Perseus flitted onward to the north-east over many a league of sea, till he came to the rolling sand-hills, and the dreary Libyan shore.

And he flitted on across the desert, over rock-ledges, and banks of shingle, and level wastes of sand, and shell-drifts bleaching in the sunshine, and the skeletons of great sea-monsters, and the dead bones of ancient giants, strewn up and down upon the old sea-floor. And as he went, the blood-drops fell to the earth from the Gorgon's head, and became poisonous asps and adders, which breed in the desert to this day.

Over the sands he went, he never knew how far or how long, feeding on the fruit which the Nymphs had given him, till he saw the hills of the Psylli, and the Dwarfs who fought with cranes. Their spears were of reeds and rushes, and their houses of the egg-shells of the cranes; and Perseus laughed, and went his way to the north-east, hoping all day long to see the blue Mediterranean sparkling, that he might fly across it to his home.

But now came down a mighty wind, and swept him back southward toward the desert. All day long he strove against it; but even the wind-sandals could not prevail. So he was forced to float down the wind all night; and when the morning dawned there was nothing to be seen save the same old hateful waste of sand.

And out of the north the sand-storms rushed upon him, blood-red pillars and wreaths, blotting out the

noon-day sun; and Perseus fled before them, lest he should be choked by the burning dust. At last the gale fell calm, and he tried to go northward again; but again came down the sand-storms, and swept him back into the waste, and then all was calm and cloudless as before. Seven days he strove against the storms, and seven days he was driven back, till he was spent with thirst and hunger, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Here and there he fancied that he saw a fair lake, and the sunbeams slining on the water; but when he came to it it vanished at his feet, and there was nought but burning sand. And if he had not been of the race of the Immortals, he would have perished in the waste; but his life was strong within him, because it was more than man's.

Then he cried to Athene, and said,—

“Oh, fair and pure, if thou hearest me, wilt thou leave me here to die of drought? I have brought thee the Gorgon's head at thy bidding, and hitherto thou hast prospered my journey; dost thou desert me at the last? Else why will not these immortal sandals prevail, even against the desert storms? Shall I never see my mother more, and the blue ripple round Seriphus, and the sunny hills of Hellas?”

So he prayed; and after he had prayed there was a great silence.

The heaven was still above his head and the sand was still beneath his feet; and Perseus looked up, but there was nothing but the blinding sun in the blinding blue; and around him, but there was nothing but the blinding sand.

And Perseus stood still awhile, and waited, and said,

"Surely I am not here without the will of the Immortals, for Athènè will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road? Then the road in which I have tried to go must be a wrong road."

Then suddenly his ears were opened, and he heard the sound of running water.

And at that his heart was lifted up, though he scarcely dare believe his ears; and weary as he was, he hurried forward, though he could scarcely stand upright; and within a bowshot of him was a glen in the sand, and marble rocks, and date trees, and a lawn of gay green grass. And through the lawn a streamlet sparkled and wandered out beyond the trees, and vanished in the sand.

The water trickled among the rocks, and a pleasant breeze rustled in the dry date branches; and Perseus laughed for joy, and leapt down the cliff, and drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates, and slept upon the turf, and leapt up and went forward again; but not toward the north this time, for he said, "Surely Athene has sent me hither, and will not have me go homeward yet. What if there be another noble deed to be done, before I see the sunny hills of Hellas?"

So he went east, and east forever, by fresh oases, and fountains, date-palms, and lawns of grass, till he saw before him a mighty mountain-wall, all rose-red, in the setting sun.

Then he towered in the air like an eagle, for his limbs were strong again; and he flew all night across the mountain till the day began to dawn, and rosy-fingered Eos came blushing up the sky. And then, behold,

beneath him was the long green garden of Egypt, and the shining stream of Nile.

And he saw cities walled up to heaven, and temples, and obelisks, and pyramids, and giant gods of stone. And he came down amid fields of barley, and flax, and millet, and clambering gourds; and saw the people coming out of the gates of a great city, and setting to work, each in his place, among the watercourses, parting the streams among the plants cunningly with their feet, according to the wisdom of the Egyptians. But when they saw him they all stopped their work, and gathered round him, and cried,—

“Who art thou, fair youth, and what bearest thou beneath thy goat-skin there? Surely thou art one of the Immortals; for thy skin is white like ivory, and ours is red like clay. Thy hair is like threads of gold, and ours is black and curled. Surely thou art one of the Immortals;”—and they would have worshipped him then and there, but Perseus said,—

“I am not one of the Immortals, but I am a hero of the Hellenes. And I have slain the Gorgon in the wilderness, and bear her head with me. Give me food, therefore, that I may go forward and finish my work.”

Then they gave him food, and fruit, and wine, but they would not let him go. And when the news came into the city that the Gorgon was slain, the priests came out to meet him, and the maidens, with songs and dances, and timbrels and harps; and they would have brought him to their temple and to their king; but Perseus put on the hat of darkness, and vanished away out of their sight.

Therefore the Egyptians looked long for his return,

but in vain, and worshipped him as a hero, and made a statue of him in Chemmis, which stood for many a hundred years; and they said that he appeared to them at times with sandals a cubit long; and that whenever he appeared, the season was fruitful, and the Nile rose high that year.

Then Perseus went to the eastward, along the Red Sea shore; and then, because he was afraid to go into the Arabian deserts, he turned northward once more, and this time no storm hindered him.

He went past the Isthmus, and Mount Casius, and the vast Serbonian bog, and up the shore of Palestine, where the dark-faced Æthiops dwelt.

He flew on past pleasant hills and valleys, like Argos itself, or Lacedæmon, or the fair vale of Tempe. But the lowlands were all drowned by floods, and the highlands blasted by fire, and the hills heaved like a bubbling cauldron before the wrath of King Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.

And Perseus feared to go inland, but flew along the shore above the sea; and he went on all the day, and the sky was black with smoke: and he went on all the night, and the sky was red with flame.

And at the dawn of day he looked toward the cliffs; and at the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image stand.

"This," thought he, "must surely be the statue of some sea-god; I will go near and see what kinds of gods these barbarians worship."

So he came near; but when he came, it was no statue, but a maiden of flesh and blood; for he could see her

tresses streaming in the breeze, and as he came closer still, he could see how she shrank and shivered when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray. Her arms were spread above her head, and fastened to the rock with chains of brass; and her head drooped on her bosom, either with sleep, or weariness, or grief. But now and then she looked up and wailed, and called her mother; yet she did not see Perseus, for the cap of darkness was on his head.

Full of pity and indignation, Perseus drew near and looked upon the maid. Her cheeks were darker than his were, and her hair was blue-black like a hyacinth; but Perseus thought, "I have never seen so beautiful a maiden; no, not in all our Isles. Surely she is a king's daughter. Do barbarians treat their kings' daughters thus? She is too fair, at least, to have done any wrong. I will speak to her."

And lifting the hat from his head, he flashed into her sight. She shrieked with terror, and tried to hide her face with her hair, for she could not with her hands; but Perseus cried,—

"Do not fear me, fair one; I am a Hellen, and no barbarian. What cruel men have bound you? But, first, I will set you free."

And he tore at the fetters; but they were too strong for him, while the maiden cried,—

"Touch me not; I am accursed, devoted as a victim to the sea-gods. They will slay you if you dare to set me free."

"Let them try," said Perseus; and drawing Harpe from his thigh, he cut through the brass as if it had been flax.

"Now," he said, "you belong to me, and not to these sea-gods, whosoever they may be!" But she only called the more on her mother.

"Why call on your mother? She can be no mother to have left you here. If a bird is dropped out of the nest, it belongs to the man who picks it up. If a jewel is cast by the wayside, it is his who dare win it and wear it, as I will win you and will wear you. I know now why Pallas Athene sent me hither. She sent me to gain a prize worth all my toil, and more."

And he clasped her in his arms, and cried—"Where are these sea-gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maids to death? I carry the weapons of Immortals. Let them measure their strength against mine! But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here."

And she answered, weeping,—

"I am the daughter of Cepheus, King of Iope, and my mother is Cassiopea, of the beautiful tresses, and they called me Andromeda as long as life was mine. And I stand bound here, hapless that I am, for the sea-monster's food, to atone for my mother's sin. For she boasted of me once that I was fairer than Atargatis, Queen of the Fishes; so she in her wrath sent the sea-floods, and her brother the Fire King sent the earthquakes, and wasted all the land; and after the floods a monster bred of the slime, who devours all living things. And now he must devour me, guiltless though I am—me who never harmed a living thing, nor saw a fish upon the shore but I gave it life, and threw it back into the sea; for in our land we eat no fish, for fear of Atargatis their Queen

Yet the priests say that nothing but my blood can atone for a sin which I never committed."

But Perseus laughed, and said,—“A sea-monster? I have fought with worse than him; I would have faced Immortals for your sake; how much more a beast of the sea?”

Then Andromeda looked up at him, and new hope was kindled in her breast, so proud and fair did he stand, with one hand round her, and in the other the glittering sword. But she only sighed, and wept the more, and cried,—

“Why will you die, young as you are? Is there not death and sorrow enough in the world already? It is noble for me to die, that I may save the lives of a whole people; but you, better than them all, why should I slay you too? Go you your way; I must go mine.”

But Perseus cried,—“Not so; for the Lords of Olympus, whom I serve, are the friends of the heroes, and help them on to noble deeds. Led by them, I slew the Gorgon, the beautiful horror; and not without them do I come hither, to slay this monster with that same Gorgon's head. Yet hide your eyes when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you too to stone.”

But the maiden answered nothing, for she could not believe his words. And then, suddenly looking up, she pointed to the sea, and shrieked,—

“There he comes, with the sunrise, as they promised. I must die now. How shall I endure it? Oh, go! Is it not dreadful enough to be torn piecemeal without having you to look on?” And she tried to thrust him away.

But he said,—“I go; yet promise me one thing ere

I go; that if I slay this beast, you will be my wife, and come back with me to my kingdom in fruitful Argos, for I am a king's heir. Promise me, and seal it with a kiss."

Then she lifted up her face, and kissed him; and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock, waiting for what might befall.

On came the great sea-monster, coasting along like a huge black galley, lazily breasting the ripple, and stopping at times by creek or headland, to watch for the laughter of girls at their bleaching, or cattle pawing on the sand-hills, or boys bathing on the beach. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and sea-weeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws, as he rolled along, dripping and glistening in the beams of the morning sun.

At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him fish fled leaping.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus, like a shooting star; down to the crest of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted; and then there was silence for a while.

At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus springing toward her; and instead of the monster a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock, and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms, and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove?

Who so proud as Perseus, and who so joyful as all the Æthiop people? For they had stood watching the mon-

ster from the cliffs, wailing for the maiden's fate. And already a messenger had gone to Cepheus and Cassiopea, where they sat in sackcloth and ashes on the ground, in the innermost palace chambers, awaiting their daughter's end. And they came, and all the city with them, to see the wonder, with songs and with dances, with cymbals and harps, and received their daughter back again, as one alive from the dead.

Then Cepheus said,—“Hero of the Hellens, stay here with me and be my son-in-law, and I will give you the half of my kingdom.”

“I will be your son-in-law,” said Perseus, “but of your kingdom I will have none; for I long after the pleasant land of Greece, and my mother who waits for me at home.”

Then Cepheus said,—“You must not take my daughter away at once, for she is to us like one alive from the dead. Stay with us here a year, and after that you shall return with honor.” And Perseus consented; but before he went to the palace, he bade the people bring stones and wood, and built three altars, one to Athene, and one to Hermes, and one to Father Zeus, and offered bullocks and rams.

And some said,—“This is a pious man;” yet the priest said,—“The Sea Queen will be yet more fierce against us, because her monster is slain.” But they were afraid to speak aloud, for they feared the Gorgon's head. So they went up to the palace: and when they came in, there stood in the hall Phineus, the brother of Cepheus, chafing like a bear robbed of her whelps, and with him his sons, and his servants, and many an armed man; and he cried to Cepheus,—

"You shall not marry your daughter to this stranger, of whom no one knows even the name. Was not Andromeda betrothed to my son? And now she is safe again, has he not a right to claim her?"

But Perseus laughed, and answered,—“If your son is in want of a bride, let him save a maiden for himself. As yet he seems but a helpless bridegroom. He left this one to die, and dead she is to him. I saved her alive, and alive she is to me, but to no one else. Ungrateful man! have I not saved your land, and the lives of your sons and daughters, and will you requite me thus? Go, or it will be worse for you.” But all the men-at-arms drew their swords, and rushed on him like wild beasts.

Then he unveiled the Gorgon's head, and said,—“This has delivered my bride from one wild beast; it shall deliver her from many.” And as he spoke, Phineus and all his men-at-arms stopped short, and stiffened each man as he stood; and before Perseus had drawn the goat-skin over the face again, they were all turned into stone.

Then Perseus bade the people bring levers and roll them out; and what was done with them after that, I cannot tell.

So they made a great wedding-feast, which lasted seven whole days, and who so happy as Perseus and Andromeda?

But on the eighth night, Perseus dreamed a dream; and he saw standing beside him Pallas Athene, as he had seen her in Seriphus, seven long years before; and she stood and called him by name, and said,—

“Perseus, you have played the man, and see, you have your reward. Know now that the gods are just, and

help him who helps himself. Now give me here Harpe the sword, and the sandals, and the hat of darkness, that I may give them back to their owners; but the Gorgon's head you shall keep awhile, for you will need it in your land of Greece. Then you shall lay it up in my temple at Seriphus, that I may wear it on my shield forever, a terror to the Titans and the monsters, and the foes of gods and men. And as for this land, I have appeased the sea and the fire, and there shall be no more floods nor earthquakes. But let the people build altars to Father Zeus and to me, and worship the Immortals, the Lords of heaven and earth."

And Perseus rose to give her the sword, and the cap, and the sandals; but he woke, and his dream vanished away. And yet it was not altogether a dream; for the goat-skin with the head was in its place; but the sword, and the cap, and the sandals were gone, and Perseus never saw them more.

Then a great awe fell on Perseus; and he went out in the morning to the people, and told his dream, and bade them build altars to Zeus the Father of gods and men, and to Athene who gives wisdom to heroes; and fear no more the earthquakes and the floods, but sow and build in peace. And they did so for a while, and prospered: but after Perseus was gone, they forgot Zeus and Athene, and worshipped again Atargatis the queen, and the undying fish of the sacred lake, where Deucalion's deluge was swallowed up, and they burnt their children before the Fire King, till Zeus was angry with that foolish people, and brought a strange nation against them out of Egypt, who fought against them and wasted them utterly, and dwelt in their cities for many a hundred years.

PART V.

HOW PERSEUS CAME HOME AGAIN.

And when a year was ended, Perseus hired Phœnicians from Tyre, and cut down cedars, and built himself a noble galley; and painted its cheeks with vermilion, and pitched its sides with pitch; and in it he put Andromeda, and all her dowry of jewels, and rich shawls, and spices from the East; and great was the weeping when they rowed away. But the remembrance of his brave deed was left behind; and Andromeda's rock was shown at Iope in Palestine, till more than a thousand years were past.

So Perseus and the Phœnicians rowed to the westward, across the sea of Crete, till they came to the blue Ægean and the pleasant Isles of Hellas, and Seriphus, his ancient home.

Then he left his galley on the beach, and went up as of old; and he embraced his mother, and Dictys his good foster-father, and they wept over each other a long while, for it was seven years and more since they had met.

Then Perseus went out, and up to the hall of Polydectes; and underneath the goat-skin he bore the Gorgon's head.

And when he came into the hall, Polydectes sat at the table-head, and all his nobles and land-owners on either side, each according to his rank, feasting on the fish and the goat's-flesh, and drinking the blood-red wine. The harpers harped, and the revellers shouted, and the wine-cups rang merrily as they passed from hand to hand, and great was the noise in the hall of Polydectes.

Then Perseus stood upon the threshold, and called to the king by name. But none of the guests knew Perseus, for he was changed by his long journey. He had gone out a boy, and he was come home a hero; his eye shone like an eagle's, and his beard was like a lion's beard, and he stood up like a wild bull in his pride.

But Polydectes the wicked knew him, and hardened his heart still more; and scornfully he called,—

“Ah, foundling! Have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfill?”

“Those whom the gods help fulfill their promises; and those who despise them reap as they have sown. Behold the Gorgon's head!”

Then Perseus drew back the goat-skin, and held aloft the Gorgon's head.

Pale grew Polydectes and his guests, as they looked upon that dreadful face. They tried to rise up from their seats: but from their seats they never rose, but stiffened, each man where he sat, into a ring of cold gray stones.

Then Perseus turned and left them, and went down to his galley in the bay; and he gave the kingdom to good Dictys, and sailed away with his mother and his bride.

And Polydectes and his guests sat still, with the wine-cups before them on the board; till the rafters crumbled down above their heads, and the walls behind their backs, and the table crumbled down between them, and the grass sprung up about their feet; but Polydectes and his guests sit on the hill-side, a ring of gray stones, until this day.

But Perseus rowed westward toward Argos, and landed, and went up to the town. And when he came, he found that Acrisius his grandfather had fled. For Prætus his wicked brother had made war against him afresh; and had come across the river from Tiryns, and conquered Argos, and Acrisius had fled to Larissa, in the country of the wild Pelasgi.

Then Perseus called the Argives together, and told them who he was, and all the noble deeds which he had done. And all the nobles and the yeomen made him king, for they saw that he had a royal heart; and they fought with him against Argos, and took it and killed Prætus, and made the Cyclopes serve them, and build them walls round Argos, like the walls which they had built at Tiryns: and there were great rejoicings in the vale of Argos, because they had got a king from Father Zeus.

But Perseus's heart yearned after his grandfather, and he said, "Surely he is my flesh and blood; and he will love me now that I am come home with honor; I will go and find him, and bring him home, and we will reign together in peace."

So Perseus sailed away with his Phœnicians, round Hydrea and Sunium, past Marathon and the Attic shore, and through Euripus, and up the long Eubœan Sea, till he came to the town of Larissa, where the wild Pelasgi dwelt.

And when he came there, all the people were in the fields, and there was feasting, and all kinds of games; for Teutamias their king wished to honor Acrisius, because he was the king of a mighty land.

So Perseus did not tell his name, but went up to the

games unknown ; for he said, " If I carry away the prize in the games, my grandfather's heart will be softened toward me."

So he threw off his helmet, and his cuirass, and all his clothes, and stood among the youths of Larissa, while all wondered at him, and said, " Who is this young stranger, who stands like a wild bull in his pride? Surely he is one of the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, from Olympus."

And when the games began, they wondered yet more ; for Perseus was the best man of all, at running, and leaping, and wrestling, and throwing the javelin ; and he won four crowns, and took them, and then he said to himself, " There is a fifth crown yet to be won ; I will win that, and lay them all upon the knees of my grandfather."

And as he spoke, he saw where Acrisius by the side of Teutamias the king, with his white beard flowing down upon his knees, and his royal staff in his hand ; and Perseus wept when he looked at him, for his heart yearned after his kin ; and he said, " Surely he is a kingly old man, yet he need not be ashamed of his grandson."

Then he took the quoits and hurled them five fathoms beyond all the rest ; and the people shouted, " Further yet, brave stranger ! There has never been such a hurler in this land."

Then Perseus put out all his strength and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea, and carried the quoit aside, and far beyond all the rest ; and it fell on the foot of Acrisius, and he swooned away with the pain.

Perseus shrieked, and ran up to him; but when they lifted the old man up, he was dead; for his life was slow and feeble.

Then Perseus rent his clothes, and cast dust upon his head, and wept a long while for his grandfather. At last he rose, and called to all the people aloud, and said,—

“The gods are true, and what they have ordained must be. I am Perseus, the grandson of this dead man, the far-famed slayer of the Gorgon.”

Then he told them how the prophecy had declared that he should kill his grandfather, and all the story of his life.

So they made a great mourning for Acrisius, and burnt him on a right rich pile; and Perseus went to the temple, and was purified from the guilt of the death, because he had done it unknowingly.

Then he went home to Argos, and reigned there well with fair Andromeda; and they had four sons and three daughters, and died in a good old age.

And when they died, the ancients say, Athene took them up into the sky, with Cepheus and Cassiopea. And there on starlight nights you may see them shining still; Cepheus with his kingly crown, and Cassiopea in her ivory chair, plaiting her star-spangled tresses, and Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and fair Andromeda beside him, spreading her long white arms across the heaven, as she stood when chained to the stone for the monster. All night long they shine, for a beacon to wandering sailors: but all day they feast with the gods, on the still blue peaks of Olympus.

—Charles Kingsley.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note ! Ho, lictors, clear the way !
The Knights will ride in all their pride along the streets
to-day.

To-day the doors and windows are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum to Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple, with olive each is crowned ;
A gallant war-horse under each paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River, while stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis shall have such honor still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends : December's Nones are gay :
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides, shall be Rome's
whitest day.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren we keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren came spurring from the
east.

They came o'er wild Parthenius, tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam, o'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon, the City of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus, under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum, was fought the glorious fight.

Now on the place of slaughter are cots and sheepfolds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat, and apple-orchards
green ;

The swine crush the big acorns that fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount the reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle ; the hunter twangs his bow ;
Little they think on those strong limbs that moulder deep
below.

Little they think how sternly that day the trumpets pealed ;

How in the slippery swamp of blood warrior and war-horse
reeled ;

How wolves came with fierce gallop, and crows on eager
wings,

To tear the flesh of captains, and peck the eyes of kings ;

How thick the dead lay scattered under the Porcian height ;

How through the gates of Tusculum raved the wild stream of
flight ;

And how the Lake Regillus bubbled with crimson foam,

What time the Thirty Cities came forth to war with Rome.

But, Roman, when thou standest upon that holy ground,

Look thou with heed on the dark rock that girds the dark
lake round,

So shalt thou see a hoof-mark stamped deep into the flint :

It was no hoof of mortal steed that made so strange a dint :

There to the Great Twin Brethren vow thou thy vows, and
pray

That they, in tempest and in fight, will keep thy head away.

Since last the Great Twin Brethren of mortal eyes were seen,

Have years gone by an hundred and fourscore and thirteen.

That summer a Virginius was Consul first in place ;

The second was stout Aulus, of the Posthumian race.

The Herald of the Latines from Gabii came in state :

The Herald of the Latines passed through Rome's Eastern
Gate :

The Herald of the Latines did in our Forum stand ;

And there he did his office, a sceptre in his hand.

“Hear, Senators and people of the good town of Rome,

The Thirty Cities charge you to bring the Tarquins home ;

And if ye still be stubborn, to work the Tarquins wrong,

The Thirty Cities warn you, look that your walls be strong.”

Then spake the Consul Aulus, he spake a bitter jest :
 "Once the jays sent a message unto the eagle's nest :
 Now yield thou up thine eyrie unto the carrion-kite,
 Or come forth valiantly, and face the jays in mortal fight.
 Forth looked in wrath the eagle ; and carrion-kite and jay,
 Soon as they saw his beak and claw fled screaming far away."

The Herald of the Latines hath hied him back in state ;
 The Fathers of the City are met in high debate.
 Thus spake the elder Consul, an ancient man and wise :
 "Now hearken, Conscript Fathers, to that which I advise.
 In seasons of great peril 't is good that one bear sway ;
 Then choose we a Dictator, whom all men shall obey.
 Camerium knows how deeply the sword of Aulus bites,
 And all our city calls him the man of seventy fights.
 Then let him be Dictator for six months and no more,
 And have a Master of the Knights, and axes twenty-four."

So Aulus was Dictator, the man of seventy fights ;
 He made Æbutius Elva his Master of the Knights.
 On the third morn thereafter, at dawning of the day,
 Did Aulus and Æbutius set forth with their array.
 Sempronius Atratinus was left in charge at home
 With boys, and with gray-headed men, to keep the walls of
 Rome.

Hard by the Lake Regillus our camp was pitched at night ;
 Eastward a mile the Latines lay, under the Porcian height.
 Far over hill and valley their mighty host was spread ;
 And with their thousand watch-fires the midnight sky was red.

Up rose the golden morning over the Porcian height,
 The proud Ides of Quintilis marked evermore with white.
 Not without secret trouble our bravest saw the foes ;
 For girt by threescore thousand spears, the thirty standards
 rose.

From every warlike city that boasts the Latian name,
 Foredoomed to dogs and vultures, that gallant army came ;
 From Setia's purple vineyards, from Norba's ancient wall,
 From the white streets of Tusculum, the proudest town of all ;
 From where the Witch's Fortress o'erhangs the dark-blue seas ;
 From the still glassy lake that sleeps beneath Aricia's trees,—
 Those trees in whose dim shadow the ghastly priest doth reign,
 The priest who slew the slayer, and shall himself be slain ;
 From the drear banks of Ufens, where flights of marsh-fowl
 play,
 And buffaloes lie wallowing through the hot summer's day ;
 From the gigantic watch-towers, no work of earthly men,
 Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook the never-ending fen ;
 From the Laurentian jungle, the wild hog's reedy home ;
 From the green steeps whence Anio leaps in floods of snow-
 white foam.

Aricia, Cora, Norba, Velitræ, with the might
 Of Setia and of Tusculum, were marshalled on the right :
 The leader was Mamilius, prince of the Latian name ;
 Upon his head a helmet of red gold shone like flame ;
 High on a gallant charger of dark-gray hue he rode ;
 Over his gilded armor a vest of purple flowed,
 Woven in the land of sunrise by Syria's dark-browed daughters,
 And by the sails of Carthage brought far o'er the southern
 waters.

Lavinium and Laurentum had on the left their post,
 With all the banners of the marsh, and banners of the coast.
 Their leader was false Sextus, that wrought the deed of shame:
 With restless pace and haggard face to his last field he came.
 Man said he saw strange visions which none beside might see,
 And that strange sounds were in his ears which none might
 hear but he.

A woman fair and stately, but pale as are the dead,

Off through the watches of the night sat spinning by his bed,
And as she plied the distaff, in a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses, and fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she, until the east was gray,
Then pointed to her bleeding breast, and shrieked, and fled
away.

But in the centre thickest were ranged the shields of foes,
And from the centre loudest the cry of battle rose.
There Tibur marched and Pedum beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
And Ferentinum of the rock, and Gabii of the pool.
There rode the Volseian succors : there, in a dark stern ring,
The Roman exiles gathered close around the ancient king.
Though white as Mount Soracte, when winter nights are long,
His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt, his heart and hand
were strong ;
Under his hoary eyebrows still flashed forth quenchless rage,
And, if the lance shook in his gripe, 't was more with hate
than age.
Close at his side was Titus on an Apulian steed,
Titus, the youngest Tarquin, too good for such a breed.

Now on each side the leaders gave signal for the charge ;
And on each side the footmen strode on with lance and targe ;
And on each side the horsemen struck their spurs deep in gore,
And front to front the armies met with a mighty roar :
And under that great battle the earth with blood was red ;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn, the dust hung overhead ;
And louder still and louder rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns, the clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers, and screeching of the slain.

False Sextus rode out foremost ; his look was high and bold ;
His corselet was of bison's hide, plated with steel and gold.

As glares the famished eagle from the Digentian rock
 On a choice lamb that bounds alone before Bandusia's flock,
 Herminius glared on Sextus, and came with eagle speed,
 Herminius on black Auster, brave champion on brave steed ;
 In his right hand the broadsword that kept the bridge so well,
 And on his helm the crown he won when proud Fidenæ fell.
 Woe to the maid whose lover shall cross his path to-day !
 False Sextus saw, and trembled, and turned, and fled away.
 As turns, as flies, the woodman in the Calabrian brake,
 When through the reeds gleams the round eye of that fell
 speckled snake ;
 So turned, so fled, false Sextus, and hid him in the rear,
 Behind the dark Lavinian ranks, bristling with crest and
 spear.

But far to north Æbutius, the Master of the Knights,
 Gave Tubero of Norba to feed the Porcian kites.
 Next under those red horse-hoofs Flaccus of Setia lay ;
 Better had he been pruning among his elms that day.
 Mamilius saw the slaughter, and tossed his golden crest,
 And towards the Master of the Knights through the thick
 battle pressed.

Æbutius smote Mamilius so fiercely on the shield
 That the great lord of Tusculum well nigh rolled on the field.
 Mamilius smote Æbutius, with a good aim and true,
 Just where the neck and shoulder join, and pierced him
 through and through ;
 And brave Æbutius Elva fell swooning to the ground,
 But a thick wall of bucklers encompassed him around.
 His clients from the battle bare him some little space,
 And filled a helm from the dark lake, and bathed his brow
 and face ;
 And when at last he opened his swimming eyes to light,
 Men say, the earliest word he spake was, " Friends, how goes
 the fight ? "

But meanwhile in the centre great deeds of arms were wrought;
There Aulus the Dictator and there Valerius fought.

Aulus with his good broadsword a bloody passage cleared
To where, amidst the thickest foes, he saw the long white
beard.

Flat lighted that good broadsword upon proud Tarquin's head.
He dropped the lance; he dropped the reins; he fell as fall the
dead.

Down Aulus springs to slay him, with eyes like coals of fire;
But faster Titus hath sprung down, and hath bestrode his sire.
Latian captains, Roman knights, fast down to earth they
spring,

And hand to hand they fight on foot around the ancient king.
First Titus gave tall Cæso a death wound in the face;
Tall Cæso was the bravest man of the brave Fabian race:
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii, the priest of Juno's shrine:
Valerius smote down Julius, of Rome's great Julian line;
Julius, who left his mansion high on the Velian hill,
And through all turns of weal and woe followed proud Tarquin
still.

Now right across proud Tarquin a corpse was Julius laid;
And Titus groaned with rage and grief, and at Valerius made.
Valerius struck at Titus, and lopped off half his crest;
But Titus stabbed Valerius a span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest, Valerius reeled and fell.
Ah! woe is me for the good house that loves the people well!
Then shouted loud the Latines, and with one rush they bore
The struggling Romans backward three lances' length and
more;
And up they took proud Tarquin, and laid him on a shield,
And four strong yeomen bare him, still senseless, from the
field.

But fiercer grew the fighting around Valerius dead;
For Titus dragged him by the foot, and Aulus by the head,

"On, Latines, on!" quoth Titus, "See how the rebels fly!"
 "Romans, stand firm!" quoth Aulus, "and win this fight or die!"

They must not give Valerius to raven and to kite;
 For aye Valerius loathed the wrong, and aye upheld the right;
 And for your wives and babies in the front rank he fell.
 Now play the men for the good house that loves the people well!"

Then tenfold round the body the roar of battle rose,
 Like the roar of a burning forest when a strong north-wind
 blows.

Now backward, and now forward, rocked furiously the fray,
 Till none could see Valerius, and none wist where he lay.
 For shivered arms and ensigns were heaped there in a mound,
 And corpses stiff, and dying men that writhed and gnawed
 the ground;

And wounded horses kicking, and snorting purple foam;
 Right well did such a couch befit a Consular of Rome.

But north looked the Dictator; north looked he long and
 hard;

And spake to Caius Cossus, the Captain of his Guard:
 "Caius, of all the Romans thou hast the keenest sight;
 Say, what through yonder storm of dust comes from the Latian
 right?"

Then answered Caius Cossus: "I see an evil sight:
 The banner of proud Tusculum comes from the Latian right;
 I see the plumed horsemen; and far before the rest
 I see the dark-gray charger, I see the purple vest;
 I see the golden helmet that shines far off like flame;
 So ever rides Mamilius, prince of the Latian name."

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus: spring on thy horse's back;
 Ride as the wolves of Apennine were all upon thy track;

Haste to our southward battle, and never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius, and bid him come amain."

So Aulus spake, and turned him again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted, and rode for death and life.
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs the helmets of the dead,
And many a curdling pool of blood splashed him from heel to
head.

So came he far to southward, where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh and banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle the stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword that kept the bridge so
well.

"Herminius! Aulus greets thee; he bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle; for sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin, and there the Crest of Flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius, prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting in front of our array,
And Aulus of the seventy fields alone upholds the day."

Herminius beat his bosom, but never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane, he gave the reins a
shake,

Away, away went Auster, like an arrow from the bow;
Black Auster was the fleetest steed from Aufidus to Po.

Right glad were all the Romans who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering rose with a mighty swell:
"Herminius comes, Herminius, who kept the bridge so well!"

Mamilius spied Herminius, and dashed across the way.
"Herminius! I have sought thee through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius, shall nevermore go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum, and lay thou on for Rome!"

All round them paused the battle, while met in mortal fray
 The Roman and the Tusculan, the horses black and gray.
 Herminius smote Mamilius through breastplate and through
 breast ;

And fast flowed out the purple blood over the purple vest.
 Mamilius smote Herminius through head-piece and through
 head ;

And side by side those chiefs of pride together fell down dead.
 Down fell they dead together in a great lake of gore ;
 And still stood all who saw them fall while men might count
 a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning, the dark-gray charger fled ;
 He burst through ranks of fighting men, he'sprang o'er heaps
 of dead.

His bridle far out-streaming, his flanks all blood and foam,
 He sought the southern mountains, the mountains of his home.
 The path was steep and rugged, the wolves they howled and
 whined ;

But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass, and he left the
 wolves behind.

Through many a startled hamlet thundered his flying feet ;
 He rushed through the gate of Tusculum, he rushed up the
 long white street ;

He rushed by tower and temple, and paused not from his race
 Till he stood before his master's door in the stately market-
 place.

And straightway round him gathered a pale and trembling
 crowd,

And when they knew him, cries of rage brake forth, and wail-
 ing loud :

And women rent their tresses for their great prince's fall ;
 And old men girt on their old swords, and went to man the
 wall.

But, like a graven image, black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily, with pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed, and twined in even
tresses,
And decked with colored ribands from her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse in carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus, and seized black Auster's
rein.

Then Aulus sware a fearful oath, and ran at him amain.
"The furies of thy brother with me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house upon black Auster ride!"
As on an Alpine watch-tower from heaven comes down the
flame,
Full on the neck of Titus the blade of Aulus came;
And out the red blood spouie^d in a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court of some rich Capuan's hall.
The knees of all the Latines were loosened with dismay
When dead, on dead Herminius, the bravest Tarquin lay.

And Aulus the Dictator stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths, with heed unto the
rein.
"Now bear me well, black Auster, into yon thiek array;
And thou and I will have revenge for thy good lord this day."

So spake he; and was buckling tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair that rode at his right
hand.
So like they were, no mortal might one from other know;
White as snow their armor was, their steeds were white as
snow.
Never on earthly anvil did such rare armor gleam;
And never did suc'. gallant steeds drink of an earthly stream.

And all who saw them trembled, and pale grew every cheek ;
 And Aulus the Dictator scarce gathered voice to speak.
 "Say by what name men call you ? what city is your home ?
 And wherefore ride ye in such guise before the ranks of Rome ?

"By many names men call us ; in many lands we dwell :
 Well Samothracia knows us ; Cyrene knows us well.
 Our house in gay Tarentum is hung each morn with flowers ;
 High o'er the masts of Syracuse our marble portal towers ;
 But by the proud Eurotas is our dear native home ;
 And for the right we come to fight before the ranks of Rome."

So answered those strange horsemen, and each couched low his
 spear ;
 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome were bold, and of good
 cheer.

And on the thirty armies came wonder and affright,
 And Ardea wavered on the left, and Cora on the right.
 "Rome to the charge !" cried Aulus ; "the foe begins to yield !
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta ! charge for the Golden Shield !
 Let no man stop to plunder, but slay, and slay, and slay ;
 The gods who live forever are on our side to-day."

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish from earth to heaven arose.
 The kites know well the long stern swell that bids the Romans
 close.

Then the good sword of Aulus was lifted up to slay ;
 Then, like a crag down Apennine, rushed Auster through the
 fray.

But under those strange horsemen still thicker lay the slain ;
 And after those strange horses black Auster toiled in vain.
 Behind them Rome's long battle came rolling on the foe,
 Ensigns dancing wild above, blades all in line below.
 So comes the Po in flood-time upon the Celtic plain ;

So comes the squall, blacker than night, upon the Adrian
main.

Now, by our Sire Quirinus, it was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria when the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains turned first his horse's head ;
And fast fled Ferentinum, and fast Lanuvium fled.
The horsemen of Nomentum spurred hard out of the fray ;
The footmen of Velitræ threw shield and spear away.
And underfoot was trampled, amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum, that never stooped before.
And down went Flavius Faustus, who led his stately ranks
From where the apple-blossoms wave on Anio's echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum, chief of the Volscian aids,
And Metius with the long fair curls, the love of Anxur's
 maids,
And the white head of Vulso, the great Arician seer,
And Nepos of Laurentum, the hunter of the deer ;
And in the back false Sextus felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died, like a worm beneath the
 wheel.
And fliers and pursuers were mingled in a mass,
And far away the battle went roaring through the pass.

Sempronius Atratinus sate in the Eastern Gate,
Beside him were three Fathers, each in his chair of state ;
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons that day were in the field,
And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve who kept the Golden
 Shield ;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff, for wisdom far renowned ;
In all Etruria's colleges was no such Pontiff found.
And all around the portal, and high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people, but sad and silent all ;

Young lads, and stooping elders that might not bear the mail,
 Matrons with lips that quivered, and maids with faces pale.
 Since the first gleam of daylight, Sempronius had not ceased
 To listen for the rushing of horse-hoofs from the east.
 The mist of eve was rising, the sun was hastening down,
 When he was aware of a princely pair fast pricking towards
 the town.

So like they were, man never saw twins so like before ;
 Red with gore their armor was, their steeds were red with
 gore.

“Hail to the great Asylum! hail to the hill-tops seven!
 Hail to the fire that burns for aye, and the shield that fell
 from heaven!

This day, by Lake Regillus, under the Porcian height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum was fought a glorious fight ;
 To-morrow your Dictator shall bring in triumph home
 The spoils of thirty cities to deck the shrines of Rome!”

Then burst from that great concourse a shout that shook the
 towers,

And some ran north, and some ran south, crying, “The day is
 ours!”

But on rode these strange horsemen, with slow and lordly
 pace ;

And none who saw their bearing durst ask their name or race.
 On rode they to the Forum, while laurel-boughs and flowers,
 From house-tops and from windows, fell on their crests in
 showers.

When they drew nigh to Vesta, they vaulted down amain,
 And washed their horses in the well that springs by Vesta’s
 fane.

And straight again they mounted, and rode to Vesta’s door ;
 Then, like a blast, away they passed, and no man saw them
 more.

And all the people trembled, and pale grew every cheek ;
And Sergius the High Pontiff alone found voice to speak :
“The gods who live forever have fought for Rome to-day !
These be the Great Twin Brethren to whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren in harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven, through billows and through
gales,

If once the Great Twin Brethren sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses in Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door, I know, but may not
tell.

Here, hard by Vesta's Temple, build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis, marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings, with music and with song ;
And let the doors and windows be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summoned to Mars without the wall.
Thence let them ride in purple with joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse, and each with olive crowned ;
And pass in solemn order before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for
Rome !”

—Lord Macaulay.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and strength,

A very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the
seas ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US ;

THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE !

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of
God,

The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved :

God shall help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved :

He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US ;

THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE !

Come, behold the works of the Lord,

What desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth ;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ;

He burneth the chariots in the fire.

“Be still, and know that I am God :

I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in
the earth.”

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US ;

THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE !

PSALMS XLII AND XLIII.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God :
When shall I come and appear before God ?
My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God ?
These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,
How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of
God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holy-
day.

*Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God :
For I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance
And my God !*

My soul is cast down within me !
Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts :
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me !
Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-
time,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life,

I will say unto God, my rock, "Why hast thou forgotten me?"

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?"

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God:

For I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance

And my God!

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength; why hast thou cast me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me:

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God,

Unto God my exceeding joy:

And upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL?

AND WHY ART THOU DISQUIETED WITHIN ME?

HOPE THOU IN GOD:

FOR I SHALL YET PRAISE HIM,

WHO IS THE HEALTH OF MY COUNTENANCE

AND MY GOD!

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on ;

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on :

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

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