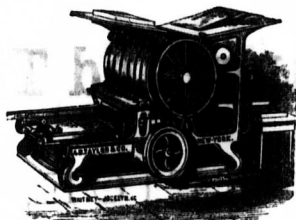


PERTH "COURIER"

1873.



1873.

ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1873.

LARGEST! — BEST! — CHEAPEST!

THE PERTH "COURIER"

Is the Largest Newspaper in Central Canada; and its very large and constantly increasing circulation renders it the Best Advertising Medium in this District.

HOME NEWS of all kinds made a Speciality. All County Affairs of importance faithfully reported and chronicled. Miscellaneous reading carefully selected.

Terms: \$1.50 a year, in advance.

Jobbing Department,

Is one of the Most Complete in Ontario. All kinds of Printing—

Posters, Pamphlets,

Cards, Blanks,

Programmes, Labels,

Plain and Colored—Neatly, Cheaply and Promptly executed.

G. L. WALKER & BRO.,

Proprietors.

SEELEY'S

Exchange and Ticket

OFFICE;

PERTH, ONT.

Agent Canadian Express Co.,

Manager Montreal Telegraph Co.,

Agent Travelers' Insurance Co.,

Agent Isolated Fire Insurance Co.

Sole Agent for the

CELEBRATED VENUS,

Raymond and Howe Sewing Machines.

I have the County Right for

RUGG'S PAT. WASHING MACHINE

The Best Machine in the Dominion. Retail Price only \$5.00. I want a Wide-awake Agent in every Village in the County. A rare chance to make money with a small capital. *Send for Terms, &c., to*

A. E. SEELEY.

G. Northgraves & Son

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS,

—DEALERS IN—

**Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver
Plated Ware, Clocks, Spectacles, Fancy Goods,
Musical Instruments, Guitars, Violins, Concer-
tinas, Accordeons, Violin Strings and
Trimmings, Meerschaum Pipes, &c.**

FANCY STATIONERY,

**Writing Papers, Envelopes—all Sizes and colors, Inkstands,
Blank Books, Albums, School Books, Slates, Window
Shades, Pocket Books, Bibles, Prayer Books, Music
Books, Song Books; the Newest Sheet Music kept
on hand, and received weekly from New York
and Boston.**

—AGENT FOR—

Pianos, Organs, Melodeons, &c.,

Of the Best Makers. A good assortment of

PARLOUR, ORGANS AND MELODEONS

ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

All Goods sold at LOW PRICES, and warranted as represented.

Special attention given to repairing Watches, &c., as usual.

A. McARTHUR, TINSMITH,

—AND GENERAL DEALER IN—

**Tinware of every description,
PERTH, ONT.**

All kinds of **STOVES**—Cooking, Box, Parlor,
and Coal, always on hand.

CHEESE FACTORY REQUISITES made to order on short
notice.

General Jobbing promptly attended to.

PELTRIES, HIDES, &c., bought and the Highest Prices paid.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

F. DAVIES,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit, General Groceries, &c.

APPLES, Wholesale and Retail.

HOME-MADE PRESERVES of every kind,
Wholesale and Retail.

Tapioca, Vermicelli, Maccaroni, Arrowroot,

MACE and all other **Spices,**

CANNED FRUITS AND CANNED FISH. PICKLES AND SAUCES.

NUTS of all kinds, **CONFECTIONERY, &c.**

**Groceries and Provisions, Teas, Sugars, &c.; Potatoes, Meats, all
kinds of Biscuit, and a general assortment of Dainties for all seasons.**

PRICES AT ALL TIMES REASONABLE.

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FIRST PRIZE.

THE CELEBRATED

"Venus" Sewing Machine,



Manufactured by

J. M. MILLAR & CO.,

PERTH, ONT.

T. ENRIGHT,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
(OPPOSITE ALLAN'S HOTEL,
PERTH, ONT.

*Gents' Clothing made up in the Most
Fashionable Style and in the best manner.*

*A choice stock of Cloths and Trimmings
always kept on hand.*

*The Latest Fashion Sheets received as
soon as published.*

Perth Sash Factory

—AND—

PLANING MILL.

Sashes,
Blinds,
Doors,
Mouldings and
House Finishings

On Hand and Made to Order. A

Good Stock of Lumber

On hand and for sale either Rough or Dressed.

ALEX. KIPPEN.

DANIEL GLOSSOP,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL

—MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN—

BOOTS AND SHOES
OF ALL KINDS,
Opposite the Market,
PERTH, ONT.

Men's, Women's, and Children's Wear kept in stock,
Ready-made in Great Variety, or made to order, Cheaply
and Promptly.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

GEO. BLACKBURN,

—PROPRIETOR OF THE—

Union Photograph Gallery,
PERTH, ONT.

Photographs of all Kinds and Sizes taken
in the best style. Old Pictures enlarged.

W. H. GRANT,
COUNTY AUCTIONEER & LAND AGENT.

All Orders promptly attended to anywhere in the County for
the sale of Farm Stock, Merchandise, Real Estate, &c.

Orders left with him at Allan's Hotel, or at the "Courier"
Office, will receive immediate attention.

Blank Promisory Notes and Stamps always on hand.

PERTH, ONT.

FROM A NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR

—AT THE—

Sign of the CIRCULAR SAW

HENRY TAYLOR,

(SUCCESSOR TO W. MARTINDALE.)

—IMPORTER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF—

Shelf & Heavy Hardware.



Agency for Fairbanks' Standard Hay, Coal, Platform, and Counter

SCALES,

Mile's Alarm Till Drawers,

Grain Cradles, and

Harvest Tools, all offered at Manufacturer's Prices.

The Large and Well Assorted Stock, comprising, in part,

Ropes,	Shovels,	Iron,	Rims,
Chains,	Spades,	Steel,	Spokes,
Saws,	Pickaxes,	Horse Nails,	Hubs,
Axes,	Fuse,	Bellows,	Shafts,
Augers,	Powder—	Anvils,	Poles,
&c.	Sporting, Blasting	Vices, &c.	&c.

—AND—

Cut Nails, Pressed Nails, Glass, Putty, &c.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

—AND A FULL SUPPLY OF—

GENERAL HARDWARE to Suit Everyone

Will be Disposed of at a Small Advance on Cost Price.

PERTH, ONT.

RATES

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Post Office Department of Canada.

RATES OF POSTAGE ON LETTERS.

Canadian letters, 3 cents per ½ oz. and 3 cents for every fraction of ½ oz. Unpaid letters are charged 5 cents per ½ oz. Postal cards, 1 cent.

The rate of postage to British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, Manitoba, and Prince Edward's Island is 3 cents per ½ oz. if prepaid; 5 cents per ½ oz. if not prepaid. To Newfoundland 12½ cents per ½ oz. must be prepaid.

UNITED STATES.—The rate of postage on letters between any place in Canada and the United States is, if prepaid, 6 cents per ½ oz.; if unpaid, 10 cents per ½ oz. Letters addressed to, or received from United States, on which stamps are affixed, representing less than the amount of postage to which the letters are liable, are rated as wholly unpaid, no credit being given for partial payment.

The single rate of postage on letters between any place in Canada and any place in the United Kingdom is, by Canadian Packet, sailing on Saturday, 6 cents per ½ oz.; by New York Steamer, sailing on Wednesday, 8 cents per ½ oz.

PARCEL POST.

Parcels may be forwarded between any offices in Canada, at 12½ cents for every 8 oz.; weight not to exceed 4 lbs., and the postage must be prepaid by stamps. The parcel should have the words "By Parcel Post" plainly written on the address.

REGISTRATION.

The following are the fees which, as well as the ordinary postage, must be prepaid at the office at which posted:—

On letters to Canada, Newfoundland, or Prince Edward Island, 2 cents; on letters to any place in the United States, 5 cents; on letters to any place in the United Kingdom, 8 cents; on parcels, packets, &c., to any part of Canada, 5 cents; on books, packets, and newspapers, to the United Kingdom, 8 cents.

When letters are registered for whatever destination, both postage and registration fees should be prepaid by stamps. The postage and registration fee on letters addressed to the United Kingdom, the United States, and places abroad, must be paid wholly in stamps or money.

A Registered letter can only be delivered to the party addressed or to his or her order. The registration does not make the Post Office responsible for its safe delivery, it simply makes its transmission more secure, by rendering it practicable to trace it when passing from one place to another in Canada, and at least to the frontier or port of despatch.

Postage Stamps, to be used in payment of the several rates, are issued as follows:—1 cent stamp, to prepay small Periodicals; 1 cent stamp, to

prepay drop letters; 2 cent stamp, to prepay Transient Newspapers, Registered Letters; 3 cent stamp, to prepay the ordinary letter rate; 6 cent stamp, to prepay the rate on United States letters; 6 cent stamp, to prepay rate to England and Canadian Packet; 8 cent stamp, to prepay rate to England, via Cunard Packet.

A mutilated stamp, or a stamp cut in half is not recognised.

MONEY ORDERS.

Money Orders, payable in the Dominion, may be obtained at any Money Order Office (of which a list can be seen at any Post Office), at the following rates:—

Under an 1 up to \$10, 5 cents, over \$10 and not exceeding \$20, 10 cents, and 10 cents for every additional \$20 up to \$100, above which sum no single order can issue; in New Brunswick, 5 cents on each \$10.

Money Orders on England, Ireland, and Scotland.—Money Orders payable at any Money Order Office in Great Britain and Ireland, can be obtained in any Money Order Office. The orders are drawn in sterling, the commission chargeable being for £2 and under, 35 cents; from £2 to £5, 50 cents; from £5 to £7, 75 cents; from £7 to £10, \$1. No order can be drawn for more than £10, but any number of orders for £10 each may be procured.

The rate of commission charged on orders on Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island over and above the currency value of the sterling is as follows:—

For orders not exceeding £5 sterling, 25 cts.
For £5 and not ex. £10 sterling, 50 cts.
£10 " " £15 " 75 cts.
£15 " " £20 " \$1.

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

Post Office Savings Banks, having the direct security of the Dominion, to every depositor for re-payment of all moneys deposited, with the interest due thereon.

DUTIES ON PROMISSORY NOTES AND BILLS OF EXCHANGE.

Stamps required for Notes, Drafts, and Bills of Exchange.—3 cents for \$100; 3 cents every additional \$100; 3 cents every additional fraction of \$100.

For Notes and Drafts, Bills in Duplicate.—2 cents on each part of \$100, 2 cents for each part of every additional \$100; 3 cents on each part and for every additional fraction of \$100.

For Notes, Drafts, and Bills, in more parts than two.—1 cent on each part for \$100; 1 cent on each part for every additional \$100; 1 cent on each part for every additional fraction of \$100.

\$25, 1 cent; \$25 and upwards to \$50, 2 cents; \$50 and upwards to \$100, 3 cents; interest payable at maturity to be counted as principal. The fourth clause of the Stamp Act enacts that any cheque upon a chartered bank or licensed banker, or on any savings' bank, if the same shall be payable on demand; any Post-office money order, or any municipal debenture, or coupon of such debentures shall be free of duty under this Act.

FESTIVALS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c., FOR THE YEAR 1873.

Epiphany	Jan. 6
Septuagesima Sunday	Feb. 9
Quinquagesima—Shrove Sun.	23
Ash Wednesday	26
St. David	Mar. 1
Quadragesima—1st S. in Lent	2
St. Patrick	17
Annunciation—Lady Day	23
Palm Sunday	April 6
Good Friday	11
Easter Sunday	13
Low Sunday	20
St. George	23
Ascension—1st S. in Pentecost	May 15
Ascension—1st S. in Pentecost	22
Birth of Queen Victoria	24
Pentecost—Whit Sunday	June 1
Trinity Sunday	8
Corpus Christi	14
Ascension of Q. Victoria	20
Proclamation	21
Midsummer Day	24
Midsummer Day	24
Trinity Sunday	29
Birth of Prince of Wales	Nov. 9
St. Andrew	30
First Sunday in Advent	30
St. Thomas	Dec. 21
Christmas Day	25

FOREIGN COINS—BRITISH VALUE.

Cent—America, 1d.	
Grande Nova—Portugal, 2s. 3d.	
Dollar—Spanish, 4s. 3d.; American, 4s. 2d.	
Ducat—Flanders, Sweden, Austria, and Saxony, 2s. 3d.; Denmark, 2s. 3d.	
Florin—Prussia, Poland, 1s. 3d.; Flanders, 1s. 6d.; Germany (Austria), 2s. 3d.; France, or Livre—French, 9d.	
Guilder—Dutch, 1s. 6d.; German, 1s. 7d. to 2s.	
Louis d'or—(Old) 18s. 6d.—Louis, or Napoleon—16s.	
Moldova—Portugal, 2s. 3d.	
Pagoda—Asia, 2s. 3d.	
Piastre—Arabian, 5s. 6d.; Spanish, 2s. 7d.	
Pistole—Spain, or Barbary, 10s. 3d.	
Rial, 12s. 6d.; Sicily, 12s. 6d.	
Re—Portugal, 20th of 1d.; a Mill-re, 4s. 6d.	
Rial—3 to a dollar, 6d.	
Rix-dollar—German, 2s. 6d.; Dutch, Hamburg, Denmark, and Sweden, 4s. 2d.	
Rouble—Russia, 2s. 3d.	
Rupia—Asia, Silver, 1s. 10d.; ditto, Gold, 2s. 3d.	
Sol, or Sou—French, 1d.	



THE LAST INTERVIEW!

1873—JANUARY—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 5th, 5:27 a.m. Last Quar. 21st, 8:30 a.m.
Full Moon, 13th, 4:23 a.m. New Moon, 28th, 8:27 a.m.

1 W	New Year's Day.
2 Th	"Let us turn over a new leaf."
3 F	"Since Time is not a person in a coat over his shoulders, it is not his business to know how his minutes and hours and days of his mortal sojourn here will pass."—GOLDSMITH.
4 S	
5 S	2d Sunday after Christmas.
6 M	Epiphany.
7 Tu	Allan Ramsay (Scottish poet), author of "The Gentle Shepherd"—died, 1733.
8 W	Soup kitchen established in Spitalfields—the first in London—1830.
9 Th	"I, snow pear, a rich pear." OLD FRYER.
10 F	Penny Postage commenced, 1840.
11 S	John Boydell born, 1719.
12 S	1st Sunday after Epiphany.
13 M	Lord Eldon died, 1838—"It matters not to me, where I am going, whether the weather be cold or hot," he remarked, when dying, to a friend who had made the remark that it was a cold day.
14 Tu	El. Home (Lord Kames) b. 1696.
15 W	Hol. Redpath transported for life for fraud on the London and North Western R.R.
16 Th	150th anniversary of the Prussian monarchy celebrated with great state in Berlin, 1861.
17 F	
18 S	2nd Sunday after Epiphany.
19 S	Mr. Drummond, secretary to Sir Robert Peel, assassinated by McKinghly, 1863.
20 M	It was a mournful sight that met the eyes of the crew of H.M.S. <i>Dido</i> , when, on this day, 1852, they found the remains of Captain Gardiner, a missionary sea captain, and his hapless crew, on the dismal shore of Peral del Fuego, at the southern extremity of America!
21 Tu	
22 W	Princess-Royal of England married to Prince Frederick of Prussia, 1858.
23 Th	
24 F	
25 S	
26 S	3rd Sunday after Epiphany.
27 M	Rev. Dr. A. Bell (originator of the Madras system of Juvenile Education) died, 1853.
28 Tu	Edward Moore (poet), died, 1757.
29 W	George III. died, 1820.
30 Th	King Charles executed, 1649.
31 F	Napoleon III. married to Eugenie, Countess of Monaco, 1853.

Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age
8 8r	Set P.M.	2
4 1s	8 10	3
8 8r	9 37	4
4 3s	11 2	5
8 7r	After Mid- night	6
4 6s	A.M.	7
8 8r	1 39	8
4 6s	2 56	9
8 6r	4 13	10
4 11s	5 28	11
8 4r	6 36	12

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH was the second daughter of the unfortunate Charles I., and was born in the year 1635, in the palace of St. James. The child was barely eight years old when the Civil War broke out, which separated her from her parents; and the remaining nine years of her life were passed in the custody of hirelings and strangers. She was the companion of her father in the few short hours preceding his execution, on January 30th, and received from him his Bible as a last gift. With attempts at self-control far beyond her tender years, she listened with reverential awe to the last words she was ever to hear from parental lips. The king, who was told, took her in his arms, embraced her, and placing her on his knees, soothed her by his caresses, requesting her to listen to his last instructions, as he had that to confide to her ears which he could tell to no one else, and it was important she should hear and remember his words. The unhappy girl (then only fourteen years of age), bursting into tears, promised to write down all that passed, and she did so. In her account, preserved in the "*Reliquie Sacree*," she said that, among other things, he told her to tell her mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. This message of undying love remained undelivered, for the gentle girl never again saw her mother!

After the sad death of her father, although kindly trusted by the Cromwells, the princess was strictly watched, and finally she was removed to Carlisle Castle. About eighteen months after her father's death, she accidentally got wet in the bowling-green of the castle; fever and cold ensued, and the frail form succumbed to death on Sunday morning, September 8th, 1650. Supposing her to have fallen asleep, her attendants left the apartment for a short time; on their return, she was dead, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her face resting on an open Bible—her father's last and cherished gift. Her body was embalmed, and with much pomp buried in the church of St. Thomas; but as kings and princesses were at a discount at that time, the initials "E. S." carved on the wall, were her only epitaph, and so she lay forgotten.

In the year 1788, while some men were employed in digging a grave inside the church of St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight, for the reception of a son of Lord of the War, they discovered a wooden coffin in a remarkable state of preservation, upon which was inscribed:—

"Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles, deceased September 8th, MDCL."

Much excitement was created in Newport by this discovery, no one having been aware that a princess was buried in the church; but soon the circumstances of the death and burial of the forgotten princess were brought to light. Her remains were carefully re-encased, and the spot where she lay became a marked one in the church of St. Thomas. But it was not until the virtuous Queen to pay to her the last fitting tribute due to her virtue and her station. A few years ago the restoration of the old church became necessary, when her Majesty, Queen Victoria, with her usual thoughtful consideration, took advantage of the

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"THAT WHICH IS WELL DONE, IS TWICE DONE."

occasion, and instructed Baron Marchetti to prepare a monument worthy of a princess—and the task was well executed. The unhappy Elizabeth is represented in the attitude in which she was found dead. The following inscription records the kindly feeling which prompted the deed:—

"To the Memory of the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of Charles I., who died at Carlisle Castle, on Sunday, September 24th, 1659, and is interred beneath the Chancel of this Church. This monument is erected, as a token of respect for her Virtues, and of sympathy for her Misfortunes, by Victoria R. 1856."

JOHN BOYDELL'S INDUSTRIOUS CAREER.

(11.)—THE career of JOHN BOYDELL is an illustration of what perseverance and industry, combined with cleverness, may accomplish, as the following brief sketch will show:—

He was brought up as a land-surveyor, until he was of the age of twenty-one, when chance threw in his way "Beadley's Picture of a Great Country Gentleman," amongst them was one of Haverhill Castle, which being situated in the parish of which his father was an impropriator, he attracted his attention. From that moment he determined to quit the pen, and take up the graver; and with this spirit and perseverance which he manifested in every succeeding scene of his life, he, at twenty-one years of age, walked up to the metropolis, and bound himself apprentice to Mr. Toms, the engraver of the print which so forcibly attracted his attention. After steadily pursuing his business for six years, finding himself a better artist than his master, he bought from Mr. Toms that year of his apprenticeship, and became his own master as a printmaker, and then devoted himself to promoting a school of British engraving, engaging the best artists to copy the finest pictures of the day. The result was eminently successful; and during a long life he expended no less a sum than £250,000, and accumulated a stock of steel and copper-plate engravings, which, as he stated, all the printmakers in Europe could not purchase. By his talents as an artist, and his industry afterwards as a publisher, he amassed an ample fortune, and attained the highest of civic honours—that of being Lord Mayor of London, during the French Revolution and the ensuing war broke out, Alderman Boydell (by which title he is best known) experienced such great losses as to be in the necessity of procuring an Act of Parliament for the disposal, by way of lottery, of his "Shakespeare Gallery," a collection of paintings executed at his expense, by the best artists of the day, in illustration of the works of Shakespeare. The act was passed, but Boydell lost out in the lottery terminated by the decision of the wheel; but, before he closed his eyes in death, he had the satisfaction of knowing that every ticket had been sold. He died on the 14th December, 1804, a public funeral being accorded to him.

A LOVE FOR OLD CHINA!

(16.)—LORD KAMES (better known as Henry Home—a Scotch Judge, who became senior lord of session in Scotland), was the author of "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session," and also several other works—his last being "Losee Upon Education, chiefly concerning the Culture of the Heart," and which was published when he was in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The wife of Lord Kames was a Miss Agatha Drummond, a lady greatly distinguished for her attention to domestic duties; and Lord Woodhouselee, the biographer of Lord Kames, narrates the following amusing anecdote respecting one of her follies—a weakness which is said to prevail amongst the fair sex:—

"In the management of her household, where it was the more becoming in her to attend to economy, that her husband's turn for hospitality, and her own sense of what was suitable to the rank they occupied in life, rendered it necessary to maintain a liberal establishment. Mrs. Home's conduct was a model of propriety. Abridging every superfluous expense, including in none of the frivolous gratifications of vanity, but striving alone of suiting the real comforts of life with that modest measure of external show which the station of a gentleman demands, she kept an elegant but simple table, at which the guests of her husband met always with a cheerful welcome. In the earlier period of Mr. Home's married life, attention to economy was a necessary duty; and he found in his partner that excellent good sense and discretion, which felt it no sacrifice to conform their mode of living to the just bounds of their income; but one thing which caused her husband some uneasiness. Mrs. Home, who had a taste for everything that was elegant, was passionately fond of old china; and soon after her marriage she had made such frequent purchases in that way, as to impress her husband with some little apprehensions of her extravagance. But how to come her of this propensity was the question; and after some consideration, he devised an ingenious expedient. He framed a will, bequeathing to her the sum of £100,000, and that should be found in his possession at his death—and this deed he contrived that she should read surreptitiously! The success of the plot was complete; the lady was cured from

that moment of her passion for old china! This little pious fraud Mr. Home was wont frequently to mention with some exultation; but it was not so much the effect as the ingenuity of the stratagem that touched him."

SOMETHING WORSE STILL!

(28.)—EDWARD MOORE was the son of a dissenting minister, and was born at Abington. He was for some years engaged in the business of a linen-draper, but adopted literature as a more congenial profession. He became editor of "The World," a weekly paper, to which Lords Littleton, and Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole contributed—all of whom interested themselves warmly in the fortunes of the poet. The following anecdote is related of him:—

Moore was the author of "Fables for the Young Sex," and other ingenious pieces. For a long time he had the misfortune to labour under an expensive prosecution in Doctors' Commons, for marrying two sisters, and was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his excellent domestic tragedy of "The Gleaner." The proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were so liked at that time were finished. The proctor was so affected by it, that he exclaimed, "Good Heavens! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in their last act?" "Oh, very easily," said the poet; "there I intend to put them both into the Spiritual Court!"

A little pastoral, written by Moore, entitled "The Happy Marriage," from which the two following verses are taken, has a fine vein of sentiment, varnished with ease and elegance:—

"How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made *Jemie* my own!
To joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and raving a pain."

"What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through:
Time, still as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth."

"GEORGY" AND THE PIG-BOY!

(29.)—MANY are the anecdotes told of the private life of GEORGE III., who took a great delight in the pursuit of farming, and spent a great deal of his time in walking about his farm, and would occasionally stop and gossip with any rustic whom he met, to whom he was sometimes unknown. One day he had to pass over a hedge-gate, on which sat a young rustic, who showed no readiness in moving.

"Who are you, boy?" said the king. "I be a pig-boy," answered he. "Where do you come from? Who do you work



for here?" "I be from the low country; out of work at present." "But they want lots here!" said the king. "I don't know," rejoined the boy, "all belongs hereabouts to Georgy." "Pray," said his majesty, "who is Georgy?" "He be the king, and live at his castle, but he does no work for me."

His Majesty immediately gave orders at his farm that the boy should be employed, and when next he saw him, told him to be a steady lad, and "Georgy" might do some good for him.

RATION.

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"BOTH BURNT AND DROWNED, THEY MET A DOUBLE FATE!"

1873—FEBRUARY—28 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 4th, 11-43 a.m. Last Quar. 20th, 11-43 a.m.
Full Moon, 12th, 11-33 a.m. New Moon, 27th, 3-23 a.m.

		Set Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age
1	S	O'Connell mortally wounded Mr. D'Esteire in a duel, 1815.	7 40r	4
2	S	4th Sunday after Epiphany.	4 49s	11 24
3	M	The Times fined £200 for libels on the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, 1790.	7 37r	After Mid-night.
4	Tu	"Holmfirth Flood," 1852.	4 53s	6
5	W	"Victoria Cross" founded, to reward the gallantry of persons of all ranks in the army and navy, 1856. The Queen conferred the honour on 63 persons (of both services) on June 26, 1857, and on many of the Indian army, August 2nd, 1858.	7 43r	2 3
6	Th	"Ides Napoleonicus" published by Louis Napoleon, 1839.	4 56s	3 20
7	F		7 30r	4 29
8	S		5 0s	5 29
9	S	Septuagesima Sunday.	7 26r	6 22
10	M	George Herbert died, 1633.—"And now, Lord, -Lord, now receive my soul!" were his last words. (Herbert's Life was written by Isaac Walton.)	5 4s	7 2
11	Tu	The first printing executed in Australia was in the year 1810.	7 23r	7 33
12	W	Trial of Warren Hastings commenced, 1782; terminated April 23rd, 1795.	5 7s	8 11
13	Th	St. Valentine's Day.	7 19r	9 11
14	F	Transportation of convicts from England to Australia ceased, 1853.	5 11s	10 17
15	S		7 15r	11 28
16	S	Sexagesima Sunday.	5 15s	12 19
17	M	Sir Charles Napier achieved a glorious victory over the Amerees of Scinde, 1843.	7 11r	13 20
18	Tu	Lord Thurlow appointed (second time) Lord High Chancellor, 1788.	5 19s	14 21
19	W	The Prince sailed from L'Orient, 1752.	7 7r	15 22
20	Th	Run on the Bank of England for specie, when £1 and 2s notes were issued, 1797.	5 22s	16 23
21	F	Robert Southwell hung, 1595.	7 3r	17 24
22	S	In the legend was declared to be no longer a felony, but to be punished as larceny.	5 26s	18 25
23	S	Quinquagesima—Shrove Sunday.	7 0r	19 26
24	M	Coleridge's poems pub., 1796.	5 29s	20 27
25	Tu	House of Commons voted the war with France —145 for, 44 against—1200.	6 55r	21 28
26	W	Ash Wednesday.	5 34s	22 29
27	Th	Ultimatum of England and France sent to St. Petersburg, 1854.—The Czar, in his reply, said—"He did not judge it advisable to send an answer."	6 51r	23 30
28	F		5 37s	24 31

"In all difficulties, be patient, and overcome them by perseverance."

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

AMONGST the most distressing and calamitous disasters that have occurred at sea, the burning of a French East Indianman, *The Prince*, was perhaps one of the most dreadful, for nearly three hundred persons were either burnt or drowned, and some of whom met a "double fate."

On the 19th of February, 1752, *The Prince* sailed from port L'Orient, on a voyage outward bound. She suffered greatly during her voyage, from being driven on a sand-bank, and one day in the month of June it was found out that she had caught fire. Perhaps the most distressing and awful circumstance under which a shipwreck can take place is when it is occasioned by fire; it is indeed then that death seems more dreadful, as the chances of escape are so small and the means of counteracting the danger so limited. The moment the captain on board *The Prince* discovered the outbreak of the fire he went on deck, whilst Lieutenant de la Fond caused some sails to be dipped into the sea, and the hatchets to be covered with them to prevent access of air. Every means that could be thought of to procure water was resorted to (pumping, buckets, pipes—all were tried) but ineffectually, the flames baffling every attempt to subdue them, and the general terror increasing. Still, most of those on board continued as active as before. The master made a brave attempt to get down to the hold, but was driven back by the flames, and had not water been thrown over him he would have been severely burnt. They then tried getting the long boat out, but it fell on the guns and could not be righted. The boatswain and three others escaped in the yawl which they took possession of, leaving the rest to their fearful fate, which all now seemed to see was inevitable. Noising bell signals and groans were heard, and even the animals on board (as if instinct warned them of the coming danger) uttered the most dreadful sounds. All hope was gone—the chaplain cheered and encouraged them all to meet their awful fate bravely, which they did. Self-preservation seemed now the only thing; some plunged into the waves as the mildest death of the two—others tried to save themselves by spar, gun-coop—any thing that came first. Nothing was to be seen but floating masts and yards covered with living beings, all struggling with the waves, many of whom were destroyed by the balls from the guns, discharged by becoming heated by the fire—

"What ghastly ruin then deformed the scene?
Here glowing flames, and glowing ribs o' oak,
Here smoking beams, and masts in slender
broke."

Lieutenant de la Fond, who had up to this time borne up with the greatest firmness, was now well aware that he could neither save the ship nor any of his fellow-creatures. His distress at this was so great that he at first thought of sharing the same fate as the others; still, self-preservation was great, and taking off his sword he held it by a drawing soldier, one end of which was in the water, but this was so covered with human beings that he fell into the sea. There he was caught hold of by a drowning soldier. In vain de la Fond tried to get free, twice they went below the surface, and it was only

when de la Fond the float waria a having a giving a now crow the chair sunde the fell into mediatel to let hin friend, t hausted v until it r explosion pieces of mumber de la F escape to found a t some line they need a rudder, then cam hundred anything passed w saved met thirst, an and the t August, ti seemed t At last ti son Bay, the most i sented us thing hup at a low h came forv hospitale landed th Fond and with cloth much wee they had i think for Neap catastroph illustration: calamity. "Doll

(18.)—It was very k continued i shortly aft a note to on the follow: "Tom, th am obligat coach, but alterations." The Blah Lord Bull coronet im pascuante as the carr carriage, as excited. TI stretched f Brother, I same exp James's Pa again, herality.

(21.)—Ron Faith's, No was his p-ade talents, tri against poli victim to th sketch brief When qui Donny, in P but sixteen, turned to E law while a if discovere years among I hended, whe I spend, in doe for the s set privatiz bathome, t his cloth v

"MASTERS SHOULD BE SOMETIMES BLIND, AND SOMETIMES DEAR."

when death freed the poor soldier that he loosed his hold. De la Foud then, in the midst of the number of people who were the floating spark, managed to get hold of a yard, and afterwards a spiritball. He next got to the mainmast, which, having been burnt below, fell overboard, killing some, but giving a temporary shelter to others. Eighty persons were now crowded together on the mainmast, and among them was the chaplain, who was even then doing his utmost to persuade the poor creatures to be resigned, when suddenly he fell into the sea. De la Foud, seeing the poor man fall, immediately rescued him, although requested by the chaplain to let him go, as he was nearly half-drowned then. "No, my friend," the lieutenant nobly replied, "when my strength is exhausted we will perish together." The fire still continued raging until it reached the powder magazine, when the most fearful explosion ensued, and for a while nothing was visible but pieces of flaming timber aloft in the air, threatening to crush numbers of human beings, even then in the agonies of death. De la Foud then, with the pilot and master, managed to escape to the yawl, and as night came on they providentially found a cask of brandy, some pork, a piece of scarlet cloth, some linen, and a small piece of cordage. The scarlet cloth they used as a sail, an oar was used as a mast, and a plank for a rudder. All this was done in the darkness of night, and then came another serious difficulty: they were at least two hundred leagues from land, and had no chart, compass, or anything to show them where to steer. Eight days and nights passed without sight of land, and all this time the three saved men were suffering from the extremes of hunger and thirst, and exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day, and the intense cold by night. But happily, on the 30th of August, they discovered the distant land. The sight of it alone seemed to give them renewed strength for renewed exertion. At last they reached the coast of Brazil, and entered Tronco Bay. On reaching the shore the poor fellows gave way to the most frantic expressions of joy. The appearance they presented may be better imagined than described. Scarcely anything human remained about them. The Portuguese seemed at a loss how to receive them, but after a little reflection became more forward and welcomed them in the kindest and most hospitable manner. The Governor of the place where they landed then came forward and conducted Lieutenant de la Foud and his companions to his house, where he provided them with clothes and a plentiful meal. Though rest was quite as much needed as yet, the survivors would not sleep until they had been in church (which was half a league distant) returned thanks for their preservation.

Nearly three hundred persons perished in this fearful catastrophe, and their sufferings must have been a terrible illustration of the truth of a writer who, describing such a calamity in verse, says that

"Both burnt and drowned, they met a double fate."

LORD THURLOW'S COACH.

(18.)—It is related of the eccentric LORD THURLOW, that he was very kind to his brothers; and, notwithstanding his frequent bursts of passion, which they were a little afraid of, he continued to live upon terms of great familiarity with them. Shortly after he had been made Lord Chancellor, he addressed a note to one of his brothers (whom he had made a bishop) in the following terms:—

"Tom, there is to be a drawing-room on Thursday, when I am obliged to attend; and as I have purchased Lord Bathurst's coach, but have no leisure to give orders about the necessary alterations, do you see and get all ready for me."

The Bishop did so, but forgot to get the arms altered, and Lord Bathurst's arms remained thereon, with an earl's coronet instead of a baron's. Fearing a storm from his associate brother, the Bishop ordered the footmen, as soon as the carriage stopped to take up his lordship, to open the carriage, and keep it open until the Lord Chancellor was seated. This was done; when looking round, Thurlow stretched forth his hand, and in the kindest tones, said—

"Brother, I thank you, ever yours, as I could wish." The same expedient was again resorted to as Thurlow left St. James's Palace; and before his lordship required the carriage again, the arms were altered according to the rules of heraldry.

A POET HANGED!

(19.)—ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born in the year 1660, at St. Faith's, Norfolk, his father being a Roman Catholic; and he was peculiarly unfortunate to live in an era when neither talents, truths, nor even innocence were sufficient protection against political and religious fury, and he fell a wretched victim to the persecuting laws of the period. The following sketch briefly narrates his career:—

When quite a child he was sent to the English College at Douay, in Flanders. From there he went to Rome, and when but sixteen years of age joined the society of Jesuits. He returned to England in 1684, as a missionary, not without the law which threatened all members of his profession with death if discovered. He appeared as a heretic, and was persecuted for eight years amongst his co-religionists without having been apprehended, when, in 1692, he was taken at a gentleman's house at Exendon, in Middlesex, and imprisoned in the Tower of London for three years, during which time he suffered the greatest privations, being confined in a dungeon so noxious and loathsome, that when he was brought out for examination his clothes were covered with vermin. His father, who was a

man of good family, presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging her that if his son had done anything to deserve death that he might suffer death; but if not, as he was a gentleman, he entreated her Majesty to order him to be treated as a gentleman. After this, Southwell was better lodged, but being kept in prison for three years, combined with ten inflictions of much rack, these cruelties tried and wore out his patience so much, that he entreated and begged to be tried. In reply to this, Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State, is said to have made the unfeeling and cruel remark, "If he was to be tried, he would hurry to be hanged he should soon have his wish!" Shortly afterwards, Southwell was tried, found guilty on his own confession of being a Jesuit Priest, condemned, and executed at Tyburn, in the year 1693, with all the dreadful details associated with the old treason-laws of England.

Southwell's life, though short, was one of sadness; his poetry therefore is full of the patient but melancholy resignation with which he wrote, and possesses great richness of imagination, with a felicity of versification. It was in prison he wrote his two longest productions—"St. Peter's Complaint," and "Merry Magdalen's Tears;" and one striking feature of these works is, that although suffering such cruel persecution, he never let any trace of angry feeling be visible in his writings. Although his works were much appreciated at one time (as many as eleven editions having been printed between 1690 and 1697), yet they fell into neglect afterwards.

Southwell was also the author of several prose works, which possessed equal merit with his poems.

COLERIDGE AS A PREACHER.

(20.)—It was at Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills—a rural retreat which Coleridge has commemorated in verse—that he wrote some of his most beautiful poems, including the first part of the "wild and wondrous tale" of "Coleridge," and the two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been the most felicitous of Coleridge's literary life. During his residence there Coleridge officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Sherbury. Mr. Hazlitt has thus described his walking ten miles on winter's day to hear Coleridge preach:—

"When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text. 'He departed again into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out this text his voice rose like a stream of rich distillate perfumes, and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—in the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore. He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team a field or sitting under the hawthorn piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, and brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cut at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.

'Such were the notes our once loved poets sang,' And, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres."



THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

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AN INSANE POET WRITING DOWN HIS PORTENT THOUGHTS.

1873—MARCH—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 6th, 1-25 m. Last Quar. 21st, 10-19 nt.
Full Moon, 14th, 3-41 m. New Moon, 28th, 12-34 m.

1 S	St. David.	Year 1299 of the Moham- medan era commences.	6 41r	Sets P.M.	2
2 S	1st Sunday in Lent.		5 40s	10 22	3
3 M	This day is the anniversary of the birth of three English poets—Edmund Waller, in 1606; Sir William Davenant, in 1606; and Thomas Otway, in 1655.		6 42r	11 44	4
4 Tu	Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) refused to sell his right to the throne of France to the First Consul, Bonaparte, 1803.		5 44s	After Mid- night	5
5 W			6 38r	A.M.	6
6 Th			5 47s	2 18	7
7 F	Lord Collingwood died, 1810.		6 38r	3 26	8
8 S	The British effected a landing in Egypt, after much opposition from the French, 1801.		5 51s	4 20	9
9 M	2nd Sunday in Lent.		6 29r	5 4	10
10 S	Lord Darnley blew up by gunpowder, in his house (Mary Queen of Scots has been ac- cused of conniving at his death, in revenge for the murder of David Rizzio), 1567.		6 54s	5 36	11
11 Tu	Exactly twenty years after (less two days), she was executed at Fotheringhay.		6 24r	6 2	12
12 W	Lord Huxtable (editor of "Pep's Diary") died, 1838.—It was this nobleman's father who, in 1810, made some successful ex- periments in allotting land to poor families in Essex, in order to assist them, and relieve the poor-rates.		5 58s	6 20	13
13 Th			6 20r	6 36	14
14 F			6 1r	Rises P.M.	15
15 S			6 15r	7 30	16
16 S	3rd Sunday in Lent.		6 5s	8 43	17
17 M	St. Patrick.		6 10r	9 56	18
18 Tu	The Rev. Laurence Sterne, author of "Tris- trum Shandy," died, 1758.		6 8s	11 13	19
19 W	Smart (poet), born, 1722.		6 6r	After Mid- night	20
20 Th	The ex-Emperor Napoleon arrived in Eng- land, 1815.		6 12s	1r	21
21 F	Robert Southey died, 1843.		6 1r	1 49	22
22 S	Goethe (German poet) died, 1832.—"Let the light enter," were his last words.		6 15s	3 0	23
23 S	4th Sunday in Lent.		5 57r	3 58	24
24 M	(Kotzebue assassinated, 1810.		6 13s	4 41	25
25 Tu	LADY DAY.		5 52r	5 14	26
26 W	Paul of Russia murdered, 1801.		6 22s	5 37	27
27 Th	So late as the year 1775 nine women were burned in Poland as "witches."		5 47r	5 56	28
28 F	Abercromby died from wounds received at the battle of Alexandria on the 21st, 1803.		6 25s	Sets P.M.	29
29 S	Swedenborg (founder of the New Jerusalem Church) died, 1773.		5 43r	7 50	30
30 S	5th Sunday in Lent.		6 23s	9 15	31
31 M	One hundred years ago there were only three newspapers published in Scotland.		5 38r	10 41	3

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was one of those un-
fortunate and irregular men of genius of
whom biographical history furnishes so many
and illustrations. He was born in the year 1722
at Shipbourne, in Kent. His father was steward
to Lord Barnard—afterwards Earl of Darlington
—and dying when his son was eleven years of age,
the patronage of Lord Barnard was generously
continued to his family; and through the influ-
ence of this nobleman, Christopher procured from
the Duchess of Cleveland an allowance of forty
pounds per annum. He was then sent to Cambridge,
where he took his degree of M.A., and won more
than once, the Sebastian prize for the best poem.
Whilst at college Smart was remarkable for folly
and extravagance, and his contemporary, the poet
Gray, prophesied that the result of his conduct
would be a jail or a madhouse!—a prediction which,
it will be seen, unhappily, came true. When
Smart left college he commenced his career as a
writer, and having contributed several pieces to
periodicals in which Newberry, the eminent pub-
lisher, was interested, the poet became acquainted
with the bookseller's family, and married his step-
daughter in the year 1758. Smart now removed to
London, and endeavored to subsist by his pen;
but the paucity of his disposition rendering him an
acceptable companion to those wits and authors of
the day who were addicted to a convivial life—the
result was, that in the year 1761 his constitution
broke down under repeated excesses, and Smart
became the inmate of a madhouse—thus fulfilling
the prediction of Gray.

During Smart's confinement, it is said, writing
materials were denied him, and the poor fellow
wrote his poetical thoughts with a key on the
wallpaper of his wall!—A lengthy religious poem,
the "Song to David," written in this manner in
his sabbath intervals, possesses passages of consider-
able power and glowing fervor, and must be con-
sidered one of the greatest curiosities of our litera-
ture. But it is impossible that the whole could
have been committed to the walls of his apartment,
and a portion must have been retailed, and
written from memory alone.

The following lines—extracted from his "Song
to David"—are given as a specimen of his poetical
powers:—

"O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of holk, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which while in deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion ring:

"O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou may'st now receive;
From thy best mansion hail and hear,
From thy most eminence appear
To this the wretch I weave."

Dr. Johnson, who had known Smart, and sym-
pathized with him for his infirmity of mind, thus
wrote of him whilst he was labouring under his
affliction:—"He has partly as much exercise as he

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"KINDLE NOT A FIRE THAT YOU CANNOT EXTINGUISH."

Bridge, the launching of the *Great Eastern*, and the uprooting of the trees of more than one forest. Contrast with these, the patient, bee-like, or Braham's last patent for preventing dry-rot in timber, by coating it with Parker's Roman Cement, taken out of the earth, and it will be difficult to see how keen and comprehensive were Braham's perceptions in mechanics, and which were displayed alike in small things as in great. His possessions were not only a ready inventive faculty. But he was quick to observe the need which necessitates invention. He was undoubtedly the first mechanician of his day, and as a manufacturer he stood unrivalled for excellence and faith of workmanship—due, perhaps, to the great development he gave to the art of tool-making. From his workshop came Henry Maudslay and Joseph Clement, whose brilliant mechanical achievements now vie with those of their chief. Braham died in his sixty-sixth year, on the 26th of December, 1814. The parish to which Braham belonged was proud of the distinction he had achieved in the world, and erected a marble tablet to his memory in Stikstone Church.

Braham was a man of excellent moral character, temperate in his habits, of a pious turn of mind—and so even and cheerful was his temperament, that he was the life and soul of every company which he entered. He was also benevolent and affectionate; and whilst being so kind and methodical in his habits, he knew how to temper liberality with economy; and it is related of him, that when there was a stagnation in trade he frequently kept his workmen employed, and laid by the articles they produced until trade revived.

A TRIBUTE TO OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(4)—OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in the year 1728, at Pallas, a small village in the parish of Forney, county Longford, Ireland—his father being a poor curate, who eked out the scanty funds which he derived from his benefice, by cultivating a small quantity of land. The chequered career of Oliver is well known to all readers of English literature; his writing challenging attention chiefly for the unaffected ease, grace, and tenderness of his descriptions of rural and domestic life. Ellis, in reviewing his works and his writings, has paid the following graceful tribute to him:—

"Who of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! To be so loved, and full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musings in the shade of a forest, long to see the world, and to achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, he finds himself back again to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when he sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he joins the friends and the scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Looey. Wanderer he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is transient; in repose it longs for change; as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building air-castles for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a care of necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could ever harm the kind yet graver harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the bary and humble, young and old, the which he delights great and humble, young and old, the expains in the tent of the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the village, at whose porch he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music."

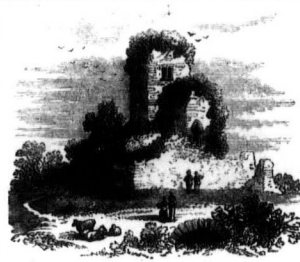
The copyright of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* was sold, in 1764, for fifty guineas, to Newberry the bookseller, in order to enable the writer to discharge a pressing debt. It has since earned for its various publishers great and untold sums.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "FAERIE QUEENE."

(3)—EDMUND SPENSER was, with one illustrious exception, the greatest of those poets whose genius brightened the closing period of Queen Elizabeth's reign. His career is thus briefly sketched—

Spenser was born in London, in 1552, and educated at Cambridge, where, like his great friend Spenser, he obtained a fellowship, he quitted the University, and became a private tutor. It was not until the year 1579 that he published his earliest poem, "The Shepheard's Calendar," which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, who greatly befriended him, and introduced him at Court. This led, in 1580, to his appointment as

secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland—and it was while in that country that he became intimate with Sir Walter Raleigh, who encouraged him in a growing inclination to abandon politics for the Muses. Spenser had received a grant of three thousand acres of confiscated land in the County of Cork, which had belonged to the Earl of Desmond, and as by the terms of the gift he was obliged to reside on the estate, he



KILKOLMAN CASTLE.

built himself a house, known as Kilkoolman Castle, now a ruin, but the spot must ever be dear to the lovers of genius. Availing himself of his seclusion, he wrote there, besides many other poems, his "Complaints," and "The Faerie Queene." These established his success as a poet, and procured him a royal pension of fifty pounds a year—a fair income. In 1586 appeared two poems, beautiful in themselves, but doubly interesting because of the many allusions to the poet's personal history contained in them, viz., "Colin Clout's come Home again," and "Euphantasium," the latter having special reference to his recent marriage. In the following year Spenser revisited England, and it is said that on his voyage he lost the missing books of "The Faerie Queene," but the statement is not well authenticated, and strong reasons exist for believing the poem was never completed.

Besides his poems Spenser wrote an able prose treatise, called "A View of the State of Ireland," which, though completed in 1596, was not printed until 1868, many years after the author's death. It is an excellent specimen of old English style, and is often referred to even now-a-days in connection with Irish questions.

In the year 1598 the poet returned again to Ireland, and at the outbreak of the rebellion—instigated by the Earl of Tyrone—Kilkoolman Castle was plundered and burnt by the merciless cruelty of the insurgents, and the poet and his wife had to flee for their lives, leaving their infant child in the burning pile. Broken in heart, and ruined in fortune, the poet sought shelter in London, where, according to the somewhat doubtful testimony of Ben Jonson, he died of want in 1599. Be this as it may, at any rate he was buried with great pomp by the ill-fated Earl of Essex, in Westminster Abbey, near to the grave of Chaucer, and the Countess of Dorset erected a monument to his memory. Spenser was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and the immortal bard has referred to him in laudatory language in the eighth sonnet of his "Pamphileto Pilgrim."

It has been observed of Spenser that "he is one of the most purely poetic of all poets. Yet, as it is with Milton, so it is with him; his name is spoken with a proud admiration, and his 'Faerie Queene' is not read! Some, like Hume, find it more a taste than a pleasure, to read this poem." Pope says of it—"There is something that pleases us as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth." Mr. Craik, in his sketches of "Literature and Learning in England," observes—"Without calling Spenser the greatest of all poets, we may still say that his poetry is the most poetical of all poetry." But tastes in literature, as in everything else, differ, and illustrative of this, it is related that when Spenser had finished his "Faerie Queene," he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered the servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, "Carry the man another twenty pound." Proceeding further, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more!" But at length, his admiration increasing as he read, he said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read farther, I shall be ruined."



THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

1873—MAY—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 4th, 12.33 m. Last Quar. 19th, 11-0 m.
Full Moon, 12th, 11.18 m. New Moon, 26th, 9.30 m.

		Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age
1 Th	Prince Arthur born, 1850.	4 33r	Sets A.M.	5
2 F	William Beckford died at Bath, 1844—"It seemed nothing to him to take down a palace with which he was dissatisfied, and build up a new one!"	7 23s	0 56	6
3 S		4 30r	1 38	7
4 S	3rd Sunday after Easter.	7 26s	2 10	8
5 M	Sermon on persons burnt at St. Oeghis, Essex, for witchcraft, 1678.	4 26r	2 33	9
6 Tu	The great Battle of Prague (the first in the Seven Years' War), 1757.	7 28s	2 49	10
7 W	Until the reign of George IV. the crime of burglary was punished by death.	4 22r	3 4	11
8 Th	Lady Anne Barnard died, 1825.	7 32s	3 17	12
9 F	In 1748 there was a famine throughout Great Britain; and again in 1780 and 1791.	4 19r	3 30	13
10 S	Tasman discovered Van Dieman's Land (part of which is now called Tasmania), 1642.	7 35s	3 41	14
11 M	4th Sunday after Easter.	4 16r	3 55	15
12 M	"Morrington v. Wellesley" and "Wellesley v. Morrington," a twenty-nine years' suit, in Chancery, decided, 1868. The costs, it is said, amounted to above £30,000.	7 38s	Rises P.M.	16
13 Tu	Dr. Jenner made the first experiment in vaccination by transferring the pus from the pustule of a milkmaid who had caught the cow-pox from the cows, 1769. For his discovery he received £10,000 from Parliament in 1801, and £20,000 in 1807.	4 11r	10 43	18
14 W	Anne Boleyn beheaded, 1536.	7 44s	After Mid- night	20
15 Th		4 7r	A.M.	21
16 F		7 47s	1 19	22
17 S	Rogation Sunday.	4 4r	1 48	23
18 S	The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands paid a visit to England, and were well received, 1884. But both taking the measles they died in London.	7 49s	2 7	24
19 M	The Marquis of Montrose (Royalist) executed at Edinburgh, 1685.	4 1r	2 24	25
20 Tu	Holy Thursday.	7 52s	2 38	26
21 W	Scheele died, 1786.	3 59r	2 54	27
22 Th		7 56s	3 9	28
23 F	Queen Victoria born, 1819.	3 56r	3 28	29
24 S	Sunday after Ascension.	7 59s	Sets P.M.	30
25 M	[Dr. Paley died, 1805.	3 54r	9 43	1
26 Tu	"Mid in May, and heat in June, Make the harvest right soon."	8 1s	10 45	2
27 W	Old Proverb.	3 52r	10 18	3
28 Th	Sir Humphry Davy died, 1829.	8 3s	After Mid- night	4
29 F	Cardinal Beaton (persecutor of the Reformers) assassinated at St. Andrews, 1546.	3 50r	0 10	5
30 S	[Francis fired a pistol at the Queen, 1845.			

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a clergyman of the Scottish Church, residing at Brechin, in the county of Angus, and brother to the celebrated Dr. Tytler translator of "Colossus."

Young Tytler derived his principal instruction from his father, who was a good classical scholar; added to this, the boy became well grounded in biblical literature and scholastic theology—but the study of medicine seemed to be the one most in accordance with his tastes, and he was therefore apprenticed for some time to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards settled as an apothecary at Leith. In spite of his employment (which brought him in a tolerable income) he was one of those unfortunate persons who could not keep away want from his door, and in 1778 he was obliged to take sanctuary within the precincts of Holyrood-house (where debtors are safe from arrest). Whilst in the "precincts of the sanctuary" he met with a severe trial, for his wife, doubtless tired of her unhappy lot, and the troubles she had undergone, left him, taking with her their five children, and returned to her relatives.

Being unsuccessful in everything that he had hitherto put his hand to, and for which there was no doubt an assignable cause, Tytler next turned his attention to literature, and began his career by a work entitled "*Essays on the most important subjects of Natural and Revealed Religion.*" This publication was issued from the debtors' prison—had what was most singular about it was, that having by some means or other learnt the art and mystery of printing, he was enabled to place the type together, and he not only did that, but composed the matter entirely from his own conceptions, without a manuscript before him; and after he had done this, he proceeded to print off the work he had executed—and this at a press of his own construction. This singular work, which was to have been published in two volumes, was, however, left unfinished. The bookellers afterwards engaged him, and kept him constantly employed in composition, abridgments, translations, and miscellaneous essays.

Tytler was the principal editor of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" (the first part of which was issued a hundred years since), for which important and well-known work he not only filled a large proportion of the scientific histories and treatises, but almost all the minor articles. He had a strong given to him in the printing-office, where he performed the office of compiler and corrector of the press, at a salary of sixteen shillings a week! He next commenced a periodical called the "*Weekly*"

* Robert Burns, who was contemporary with Tytler, in a remark in one of the Scotch songs, mentions him as an "obscure, impelling, but extraordinary body, commonly known by the name of 'Balloon Tytler,' from his having projected a balloon. A mortal who, though he trades about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and linen breeches, as unlike George the Third as the son of David, yet the same drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous '*Encyclopædia Britannica*,' which he composed at half-a-guinea a week."

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"IN THE COMPANY OF STRANGERS, SILENCE IS SAFETY."

Review," and whilst labouring on this work he lodged in the house of a washerwoman, and wrote his articles surrounded by her children, with an unheeded regard for his table, and in one small mean room lived the whole of the family, and in the room stood a press, made by Tytler's own hands! But being unable to support this work, it fell into other hands.

Tytler was also the editor of sixteen different works, six of which were periodicals. His last work was of so inflammatory a nature that it made him obnoxious to the government, and publishing "A Handbill Addressed to the People"—a warrant was issued for his apprehension, but he evaded being arrested, and escaped to America, and for some time resided in the town of Salem, Massachusetts. Here he established a newspaper in connection with a printer, with which he remained connected until his death, which occurred in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the year 1868.

THE AUTHORESS OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

(8).—LADY ANNE BARNARD, the authoress of "*Auld Robin Gray*," was the daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres. She married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary, under Lord Macartney, to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She died without issue, on the 8th of May, 1825. It has been remarked of "*Auld Robin Gray*," that it "is the most perfect and tender of all our ballads or tales of humble life;" and whilst our language remains, "*Auld Robin Gray*" will be remembered and sung—

"When the sheep are in the fold, when the kye's come
And a' the weary waird to rest are gane, (hame,
The wae o' my heart fa' in shewers fine my e'e
Unkent by my guidman wha sleeps sound by me.

"Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving as crown piece he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

"He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father lankt his arm and the cow was stown
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea, (away,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

"My father couldna work, my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win:
Auld Robin maintained them baith, and w' bears in his e'e,
Said, Jennie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?

"My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jennie die—
Oh why am I cursed to cry, was I me?

"My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was guidman to me.



"I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mourner's I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said: 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'

"Oh, hae, sair did we greet, and muckle say of a'
I gied him ae kisse, and lade him gang awa'—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
For though my heart is broken I'm but young, was I me!

"I gang like a ghaist and I carena much to spin,
I carena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me."

Lady Anne composed "*Auld Robin Gray*" in the year 1771—the music being adapted from an ancient air. It immediately became popular, but the lady kept the secret of its authorship silent for the long period of fifty years, when she disclosed it, in 1822, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott—sending at the same time two continuations to the ballad, but which are greatly inferior to the original.

ENNOBLING THE WRONG MAN!

(23).—SCHEELLE, the chemist, discoverer of chlorine and manganese, and to whom the world is indebted for so many other valuable discoveries in chemical science, was a native of Sweden. It is related that when Gustavus III. was in Paris, a deputation of the learned waited upon him to congratulate him on having so illustrious a subject. The king had never heard of him—justifying the adage that "a man is no prophet in his own country"—but, ashamed of his ignorance, immediately sent off a courier to say that Scheelle was to be made a noble. "All very fine!" said his prime minister, on receiving the despatch, "but who is Scheelle?" A clerk in the Foreign Office volunteered the information that he was a "very good fellow—captain in the artillery—great friend of mine—plays billiards divinely." The puzzled minister immediately turned the captain into a count, and the mistake was not discovered till the king's return.

THE COPYRIGHT OF "MORAL PHILOSOPHY."

(28).—WHEN DR. PALEY had finished his "*Moral Philosophy*," the M.S. was offered to Mr. Faulder, of Bond Street, London, for one hundred guineas; but he declined the risk of publishing it on his own account. When it was published, and the success of the work had been in some degree ascertained, Dr. Paley again offered it to the same bookseller for three hundred pounds; but he refused to give more than two hundred and fifty. While this negotiation was pending, a bookseller from Carlisle happening to call on an eminent publisher in Paternoster Row, was commissioned by him to offer Dr. Paley one thousand pounds for the copyright of this work. The bookseller, on his return to Carlisle, duly executed his commission, which was communicated without delay to the Bishop of Clonfert, who, being at that time in London, had undertaken the management of the affair. "Never did I suffer so much anxious fear," said Dr. Paley, in relating the circumstance, "as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain with Mr. Faulder before my letter could reach him." Luckily he had not; but, on receiving the letter, went immediately into Bond Street, and made his new demand. Mr. Faulder, though in no small degree surprised at the advance, yet thought it advisable to agree for the sum required before the bishop left the house.

THE MIXED PASSAGES OF LIFE!

(29).—IT may not be uninteresting to quote the view Sir HUMPHRY DAVY entertained of human happiness, and which he entered in his journal, when in the midst of the most triumphant period of his life:—

"I treasure of too much prosperity and popularity. Life is made up of mixed passages—dark and bright, sunshine and gloom. The unnatural and excessive greatness of fortune of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon—the first did after divine honours were paid him; the second gained empire, the consummation of his ambition, and lost his life immediately; the third, from a private individual, became master of continental Europe, and allied to the oldest dynasty, and after his elevation, his fortune immediately began to fall. Even in private life too much prosperity either injures the moral man and occasions conduct which ends in suffering, or is accompanied by the workings of envy, calumny, and malevolence of others."



THE MENSCHIKOFF FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA!

1873—JUNE—30 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 3rd. 6-19 mn. Last Quar. 17th. 3-31 aft.
Full Moon, 10th, 10-1 nt. New Moon, 24th, 9-12 nt.

		Sun Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
1 S	Whit Sunday.	3 50r	Sets A.M.	6
2 M	(Memorable engagement between the Shan- non and the Chesapeake, 1813.)	8 7s	0 55	7
3 Tu	William Harvey (discoverer of the circula- tion of the blood) died, 1657.	3 48r	1 11	8
4 W	Marshall Davout (Prince d'Eckmühl and Duc de Angoulême) died, 1823. (He was a fellow-student with Bonaparte at the mili- tary school of Brienne.)	8 8s	1 24	9
5 Th	Napoleon I. conferred the crown of Spain on his brother Joseph, 1808.	3 47r	1 37	10
6 F	Bishop Warburton died, 1778.—He was the son of the town-clerk of Newark.	8 10s	1 49	11
7 S		3 46r	2 0	12
8 S	Trinity Sunday.	8 12s	2 16	13
9 M	(The Allied Sovereigns, amidst enthusiastic rejoicings, entered London, 1814.)	3 45r	2 33	14
10 Tu	Crystal Palace, Sydenham, opened by the Queen, 1854.	8 13s	Rises P.M.	15
11 W	James III. of Scotland killed near Banock- burn by his rebellious nobles, 1488.	3 44r	9 38	16
12 Th	The Dutch entered the Medway, and de- stroyed several ships, 1667.	8 15s	10 37	17
13 F	<i>Prince Menschikoff banished, 1727.</i>	3 44r	11 20	18
14 S	The Bastille taken, when the governor and officers were put to death, 1788.	8 16s	11 52	19
15 S	1st Sunday after Trinity.	3 44r	After Mid-	20
16 M	(Campbell (poet) died, 1844.)	8 17s	night A.M.	21
17 Tu	Broadwards forbidden by law to be worn in Scotland, 1724.	3 44r	0 32	22
18 W	Battle of Bunker's Hill, and defeat of the Americans, 1776.—Although defeated, they refer to the battle with national pride, on account of their heroic resistance.	8 18s	0 45	23
19 Th	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.	8 18s	1 16	24
20 F	Siege of Gibraltar commenced, 1779; ter- minated Feb. 5, 1781.	3 44r	1 33	25
21 S	2nd Sunday after Trinity.	8 19s	1 53	26
22 S	(Battle of Banockburn, 1314.)	3 45r	2 20	27
23 M	MIDSUMMER DAY.	8 19s	2 56	28
24 Tu	Mutilated remains of a human body dis- covered near Norwich, 1831.—In Jan. 1830, William Sheward, a publican, confessed they were the remains of his wife, murdered by him. He recanted this, but was found guilty and executed on April 20, 1830.	3 45r	Sets P.M.	1
25 W		8 20s	10 8	2
26 Th		3 47r	10 38	3
27 F		8 19s	11 0	4
28 S	Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.	3 47r	11 16	5
29 S	3rd Sunday after Trinity.	8 18s	11 30	6
30 M	In the reign of Henry VIII. land was gen- erally let in England for 1s. per acre.			

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

THE remarkable career of ALEXANDER MEN-
SCHIKOFF—who rose to the highest office of state
in Russia during the reign of Peter the Great—is
a remarkable instance of the fickleness of fortune
exhibited not only in his rise, but in his downfall.
He was born of parents who were so excessively
poor that they could not afford to have him taught
to read and write. After their death, he went to
Moscow, where he found an asylum with a pastry-
cook. He had a fine voice, and in a short time be-
came well known in that great city by the musical
tone of his cry when vending his master's pastry in
the street. Having attracted the notice of that
eccentric monarch, Peter the Great, he was taken
into his service, and soon became a great favourite
with him, accompanying him in his travels; and
on several occasions he personated the Czar, who
appeared as a private person in his train. In the
war with Charles XII. of Sweden, Menschikoff
greatly distinguished himself, and won great
honour at the celebrated battle of Poltava, when
Charles was totally defeated, and fled to Bender.
Peter now made Menschikoff first minister, and
conferred upon him the titles of Baron and Prince
of the Russian Empire, and also the title of Duke
of Ingria. It was through Menschikoff that the
celebrated Catherine (afterwards empress) was
introduced to Peter. This remarkable woman was
a Lithuanian of low birth, who, on the morning
after her marriage with a sergeant in the Swedish
army, found herself a prisoner of war to the
Russians. She became the companion first of
General Brure; next of Count Schvemenetz; and
then of Menschikoff; by whom she was transferred
to Peter when she was but nineteen years old.
After a time he secretly married her, and when a
period of twelve years had elapsed, their marriage
was publicly solemnized with great pomp at St.
Petersburg (in 1740), on which occasion she received
the diadem and sceptre from the hands of her hus-
band. Peter died the following year, and she was
proclaimed sovereign Empress of all the Russias.
It is not very surprising that so extraordinary
and sudden an elevation should cause Menschikoff
sometimes to forget that he was a man. His
enemies trembled at his presence; for, as his
power was great, so was his revenge. After the
death of his imperial master, to whom he was
very devotedly attached, he remained faithful to
Catherine; and upon her accession, in the year 1762,
(which was hastened by intemperance) he placed
the crown upon the head of Peter, the grandson
to his benefactor, and son of the unfortunate
Alexis,* whose mother, Eudoxia, was the first wife
of Peter the Great, and who was most barbarously
treated by him. It is said that Menschikoff had
formed the ambitious design of marrying his
daughter to the son of Peter II. the son of prosperity,
* Alexis was tried by a secret tribunal by order
of his father on a charge of conspiracy, and was
condemned to death, after being made to renounce
the succession to the crown. It was stated that he
died from apoplexy, but there is little doubt but
that he was secretly put to death in the year 1718
by order of his father.

[Continued.]

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First Quar.	Full Moon, 1	
1 Tu	Lo	
2 W	Si	
3 Th	Dr.	
4 F	Am	
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18 F	Jane	
19 S	Dr.	
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THE RETURN FROM SIBERIA!

1873—JULY—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 2nd, 11-10 m. Last Quar. 16th, 8-58 m.
Full Moon, 10th, 6-33 m. New Moon, 24th, 10-34 m.

		New Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Asc.
1 Tu	Louis Bonaparte (father of Napoleon III.) abdicated the throne of Holland, 1830.	3 49r	Sets P-M 11 55	7
2 W	Sir Robert Peel died, 1850.	8 18s	11 55	9
3 Th	Dr. Lyell murdered in the streets of Patna by the Indian mutineers, 1857.	3 50r	After Mid-night A.M.	9
4 F	America declared "free, sovereign, and independent," 1776.	8 17s	0 20	10
5 S	Battle of Wagram, and defeat of the Austrians by the French, 1809.	3 51r	0 20	11
6 S	4th Sunday after Trinity.	8 16s	0 37	12
7 M	William Cobbett tried (the eighth time) for a seditious libel; the jury did not agree, 1831.	3 54r	0 58	13
8 Tu	Sir William Edward Parry (Arctic voyager) died, 1855.	8 15s	1 30	14
9 W	William, Prince of Orange ("William the Silent") assassinated at left, 1584.	3 56r	2 15	15
10 Th	The first paper-mill erected in England was at Dartford, Kent, 1588.	8 14s	9 52	16
11 F	Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria met at Villa Franca (after the battle of Solferino), and by mutual arrangement agreed to a treaty of peace, 1859.	3 57r	9 52	17
12 S		8 12s	10 18	18
13 S	5th Sunday after Trinity.	3 59r	10 37	19
14 M	(Marat mortally stabbed whilst in his bath by Charlotte Corday, 1793—"A moi, ma chère!") he exclaimed to his waiting-maid, when the fatal blow had been struck.	8 10s	10 53	20
15 Tu	The Great Salt Lake chosen by the Mormons for an "everlasting abode," 1847.	4 2r	11 8	21
16 W	Janet, Lady Glamis, burned as a witch on Castle Hill of Edinburgh, 1587.	8 9s	11 23	22
17 Th	Dr. John Dee, astrologer and mathematician and also clergyman, born, 1577; died, 1638.	4 4r	11 40	23
18 F	George IV. crowned with great pomp and ceremony in Westminster Abbey, 1821.	8 6s	11 58	24
19 S		4 7r	Mid-	25
20 S	6th Sunday after Trinity.	8 3s	night A.M.	26
21 M	Peter Thelsson died, 1797.—He left a remarkable will, directing that his money, considerably above half a million, should accumulate for a certain period, when, if there were none of his descendants and name existing, the whole was to go towards paying off the national debt. The great Thelsson will case, therefore, afforded sixty years' litigation!	4 10r	0 57	27
22 Tu	First Jew (Baron Rothschild) set in the House of Commons, 1858. To commemorate this, he endowed a scholarship in London.	8 0s	1 37	28
23 W		4 13r	2 31	29
24 Th		7 58s	Sets P-M 9 4	30
25 F		4 16r	9 4	1
26 S		7 55s	9 22	2
27 S	7th Sunday after Trinity.	4 18r	9 37	3
28 M	Battle of Talavera, and defeat of the French by the British and Spanish armies, 1809.	7 52s	9 50	4
29 Tu	In 1850 there were a great many incendiary fires in England.	4 21r	10 1	5
30 W	Mrs. Hicks and her daughter (aged nine) executed at Huntington, for witchcraft, 1716.	7 49s	10 13	6
31 Th	£10,000 awarded to Captain Johnson for making the first steam voyage to India, 1825.	4 24r	10 26	7

however, which had hitherto shone in meridian splendour upon Alexander Menschikoff, was now fast sinking into the darkest gloom. The Dolgoroukies, a noble family who hated him, were artful, pliable, and insinuating: Peter was young, unsuspicious, and easily imposed upon by the frank and apparently disinterested friendship of the younger branches of the family. The ruin of the man who had placed him on the throne was now, at the instigation of the Dolgoroukies, resolved on, and a charge of pecuniary large sums of money was brought against him—when the fall of Menschikoff was even more rapid than his rise! As he had seldom shown mercy, so little was shown him, and he and his family were sentenced to banishment to Siberia—the mandate being attended with every aggravation that could be imagined. Previous to this dreadful sentence, he had been deprived of his dignity, his pension, and his employments. This blow was quickly followed by another—he was banished the court, and requested to confine himself to his country house. On his way thither he was overtaken by a messenger, accompanied by a party of dragoons, who brought the fatal mandate of banishment to Siberia, and hereof was the place named for his abode—where, during six months in the year there is no actual daylight, and the earth is covered with frost and snow. The Princess Menschikoff had always been afflicted with weak eyes, and they were so affected by the cold and her excessive weeping, that the lost her sight before the half of her journey was completed; but death mercifully ended her sufferings, and she was buried on the banks of the Volga. Menschikoff, with his son and one of his daughters, lived to reach Berzou, that fearful place of solitude, where, in two years after, Menschikoff died.

When Menschikoff found his death approaching, he called his children to his wretched bedside, and thus pathetically addressed them: "My children, I draw near to my last hour; death, the thoughts of which have been familiar to me since I have been here, would have nothing terrible in it, if I had only to account to the Supreme Judge for the time I have passed in misfortune. Hitherto your hearts have been free from corruption. You will preserve your innocence better in these deserts than at court; but should you return to it, I recollect the example which your father has given you here." When he was banished, Menschikoff's confiscated jewels were worth half a million of money, and on his vast estates there were no less than 100,000 serfs; yet in his exile he lived in such great frugality, that out of the income of thirty-three shillings a day he managed to save enough to erect a church. He also supported the hardships of his situation with great courage. On the accession of the Empress Anna to the throne, she recalled them from their exile, and all the honours and Menschikoff's youngest daughter and his son returned to Russia. The Dolgoroukies were then banished, and fell, in their turn, all the honours they had contributed to inflict on the Menschikoffs with this aggravation, that the same person who conducted them to Berzou, carried with him the recollection of Menschikoff and his family!

It was the grandson of the above Menschikoff who was in command at Sebastopol, when it was besieged by the Russians in 1854; and the duty devolved upon him of sinking the Russian fleet at the entrance of the port.



"HANDS ACROSS AND DOWN THE MIDDLE!"

1873—AUGUST—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quar. 1st, 2-29 aft. Last Quar. 15th, 4-41 mn.
Full Moon, 8th, 1-55 aft. New Moon, 23rd, 1-30 mn.
First Quarter, 1st, 3-48 morn.

		NEW Rises & Sets.	MOON Rises & Sets.	AGE
1 F	Gainsborough (celebrated landscape and portrait-painter) died, 1788—"He was all going to heaven, and Van Dyke it of the company," were his dying words.	4 26r	Sets P.M.	③
2 S		7 45a	10 58	9
3 S	8th Sunday after Trinity.	4 29r	11 24	10
4 M	"Bloody Assizes" commenced by Jeffreys in the West of England, 1685.	7 42a	After Mid-	11
5 Tu	Tangiers bombarded by the French, under the Prince de Joinville, 1694.	4 32r	night A.M.	12
6 W	Eugene Aram executed at York for murder of D. Clarke (thirteen years previous), 1750.	7 38a	0 56	13
7 Th	Queen Caroline died, 1821.	4 34r	2 9	14
8 F	Canning (one of the ablest statesmen of the present century) died at Chiswick, 1827.	7 34a	Rises P.M.	⑤
9 S	Marriage of the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augusta Murray annulled, 1794.	4 38r	8 40	16
10 S	9th Sunday after Trinity.	7 31a	8 58	17
11 M	<i>Praed's Poems published</i> , 1864.	4 41r	9 13	18
12 Tu	Grouse Shooting begins.	7 27a	9 29	19
13 W	Bomarsund surrendered unconditionally to the allied English and French, 1854.	4 45r	9 45	20
14 Th	The Governor Lockso, and the garrison, about 3,000 men, became prisoners.	7 23r	10 2	21
15 F	Bonaparte born at Ajaccio, 1769.	4 47r	10 24	②
16 S	Dr. Matthew Tindal (a free-thinking writer) died, 1736.	7 19a	10 54	23
17 S	10th Sunday after Trinity.	4 51r	11 34	24
18 M	Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino executed for high treason on Tower Hill, 1746—"The Earl of Kilmarnock, a gentleman of two-and-forty, professed penitence.	7 16a	After Mid-	25
19 Tu	Lord Balmerino, a bluff old dragon, met death with cheerful resignation avowing his zeal for the House of Stuart to the last."	4 53r	night A.M.	26
20 W		7 11a	1 26	27
21 Th		4 57r	2 33	28
22 F	(a) William Maginn died, 1842.	7 7a	3 43	29
23 S	Toulon besieged and taken by the English, in the name of Louis XVII., 1793.	5 0r	Sets P.M.	③
24 S	11th Sunday after Trinity.	7 3a	7 57	1
25 M	Chatterton, the boy poet, committed suicide, 1770.	5 3r	8 9	2
26 Tu	Louis Philippe, ex-King of France, died at Clamart, 1880.	6 59a	8 21	3
27 W	Thomson died, 1748.	5 6r	8 32	4
28 Th	Hugo Grotius (Dutch statesman and writer) died, 1645.—His last words were, "Be serene!" (At the age of eight years Grotius composed Latin verses.)	6 54a	8 46	5
29 F	Queen Cleopatra of Egypt committed suicide at Alexandria, 30 B.C.	5 10r	9 2	6
30 S		6 49a	9 24	7
31 S	12th Sunday after Trinity.	5 13r	9 54	③

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

There have been many instances of clever poets, who, with great natural gifts, have expressed themselves so vaguely, yet withal in such high-drawn language, that their meaning has been hidden in obscurity, and has failed to be appreciated by meager intellects, and, consequently, their verses have lacked the power of pleasing. But this cannot be said of the writings of Winifred MacFARLANE, a most genial poet, who has written several poems that stand unrivalled for grace and pleasantness; and which, while they at once commend themselves to the reader by their great truth and sprightliness, will be popular while humour, elegance, and pathos command a welcome.

The "Belle of the Ball" is a happy illustration of Praed's story: "and it is a poem," says Miss Milford, "so truthful as if it had been written in prose by Jane Austen." In the first verse, the poet tells us that he "fell in love with Laura Lily," and proceeds—

"I saw her at a country hall,
There where the sound of fute and fiddle,
Gave signal, sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle;
Hers was the subtlest spell by far,
Of all that sets young hearts romancing,
She was our queen, our rose, our star, (ing)
And when she danced—Oh, heaven! her dance

"She talked of politics or prayers,
Of Southern's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,
Of dangers, or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,
If these bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.
"Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday journals
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling.
My father frowned; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?"

"She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apple-pie;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second-cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

"She sketched the vale, the wood, the beach
Drew lovelier than her people's shading;
She botanised! I envied each
Young blossom on her bosom fading;

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"LET YOUR TROUBLE TARRY TILL ITS OWN TIME COMES."

"She warbled Handel: it was grand,
She made the Catalan jealous;
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the fellows."

The poet then proceeds to say that "Laura Lily" kept an album, and enumerates and criticises its miscellaneous contents. He then goes on—

"Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet," upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir;
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature; a lock of hair;
The usual vows; and then we parted.
We parted: months and years rolled by
We met again some summers after;
Our parting was all rob and sigh!
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter!
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mistress—something—Rogers!"

Mr. Præd was the son of a wealthy London banker. He entered Parliament for Trear in 1830, where his political career was marked by his resolute opposition to the Reform Bill. He afterwards sat for Yarmouth, as also Aylesbury. In 1838, he held for a short time, the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. His poetical pieces were contributed to periodicals, and were first collected by an American publisher, and issued in the year 1864. When Præd died, in 1839, at the early age of thirty-eight, a lament arose from a large circle of admiring friends that he had written so little.

DR. MAGINN AND MR. BLACKWOOD.

20.—It has been remarked of WILLIAM MAGINN, that—" whilst being learned amongst the learned, witty amongst the witty, and gentle and unassuming as a child among men of less ability," yet his life affords a melancholy instance of genius and talent impeded and crippled by the want of a little ordinary prudence and circumspection of conduct—his being utterly incapable of husbanding and turning to proper account his inestimable gifts. He was born at Cork in the year 1785, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, when only ten years of age. Gifted with a strong and imaginative mind, and great classical learning, he made such rapid progress that he was enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, when only ten years of age. Gifted with a strong and imaginative mind, and great classical learning, he made such rapid progress that he was enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, when only ten years of age. Gifted with a strong and imaginative mind, and great classical learning, he made such rapid progress that he was enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, when only ten years of age.

Dr. Maginn had already contributed to the *Magazine* several incisive papers, which had excited considerable notice in the literary world; but the intercourse between him and his publisher had as yet been wholly by correspondence. Determined to have an interview with Mr. Blackwood, Maginn set out for Edinburgh, and presenting himself in the shop in Princes Street, the following conversation took place. (But to give a zest to the story, I must observe that Mr. Blackwood had received numerous furious communications, more especially from Ireland, demanding the name of the writer of the obnoxious articles, and he now believed that this was a visit from one of them to obtain redress in *proprio personâ*.)

"You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume?"—"I am." I have rather an unpleasant business, then, with you regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are so and so mentioning them—would you be so good as to give me the name of the author?" That requires consideration, and I must first be satisfied that—

"Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that."—"I decline at present giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business—and your purpose—who you are."

"You are very shrewd. I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott of Cork? (the assumed name which he had used).—"I beg to decline giving any information on that subject."—"If you don't know him, then, perhaps you could know your own handwriting" (drawing forth a bundle of letters from his pocket).—"I am not at all acquainted with correspondence with that gentleman—I am not that gentleman."

Dr. Maginn also contributed voluminously to *Fraser's Magazine*, and in addition he wrote so much and for so great a variety of work that a mere enumeration would be tedious. In the latter years of his life he was involved in serious pecuniary difficulties, and he was at length driven to the good-nature of others, and he repeatedly became the inmate of a debtor's goal; and in the spring of 1848 the misery and depression he had undergone terminated in a rapid decline. Returning from London to Walton-on-Thames his disease gradually gained strength, and in the month of August death kindly relieved him from his trials and suffering—his frame having completely wasted to a shadow.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS."

27.—JAMES THOMSON, the author of "*The Seasons*," was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, in 1700—his father being at that time minister of the parish. The gift of poetry came early to Thomson, but probably the scenes of agricultural life which in this beautiful district surrounded him in his childhood, as well as those of the pastoral parish of Southdean, to which his father afterwards removed, had some influence in developing his poetical faculties. The following is a brief retrospect of the poet's life and writings:—

After passing through the borough school at Jedburgh, Thomson, at the age of eighteen, went to Edinburgh, with the view of preparing himself for the church; but, after remaining several years at the university, he is said to have abandoned his intention as to the ministry in consequence of a course passed upon one of his exercises by a theological professor. His father dying, the young poet, with his poem of "*Winter*" in his pocket, and hopeful of obtaining literary employment, started for London, as many others have done before and since, to "seek his fortune," and fortunately he had one friend in the great metropolis, David Mallet, who materially assisted him, and, by so doing, did greater service to literature than by his own writings. Thomson now offered his "*Wages*" to a bookseller, and, being hard pressed for money, not having enough wherewith to buy himself a pair of shoes, of which he was sadly in need, congratulated himself on receiving for it the modest sum of three guineas. It was published in 1726; and, after some notices in literary circles, became rapidly popular. His "*Summer*" appeared in 1727, and "*Spring*" in the year following. "*Autumn*" was added in 1730, and the four poems were then printed together under their common title of "*The Seasons*." In the year 1731 Thomson was chosen as travelling companion to Mr. Talbot, and during the three years over which the engagement extended he visited nearly all the courts of Europe. On his return, the father of his pupil, Lord Chancellor Talbot, nominated him secretary of briefs in his court of chancery, a sinecure. His patron's death soon afterwards deprived him of this office, and he was again constrained to write for the stage. It is said that the succeeding Chancellor bestowed the appointment Thomson had on another person, from characteristic indulgence he had solicited the continuance of the office. The Prince of Wales now bestowed upon Thomson a small pension, which raised him just above poverty; and in 1745 he was made Surveyor of the Leeward Islands by his friend Lord Lylestone, at a salary of three hundred a year, and the duties of which he was allowed to perform by deputy. This raised him to a position of comparative affluence, and he then took a cottage at Kew, near Richmond. Here he fully extended into his poetry his social pleasures and lettered ease, whilst retirement and nature became to him more and more his passion every day. He wrote to a friend:—"I have enlarged my rural domain;

ARBOUR IN THOMSON'S GARDEN.

the two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walked—no, no, poled in—about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night." It was here that he wrote his beautiful poem, "*The Castle of Indolence*," which was printed in 1748. This was his last literary work for he died the same year from the effects of a cold caught whilst sailing up the Thames.

* DAVID MALLET was a Scotch poet, whose memory, it has been remarked, is now only kept in remembrance as one of the fossils of literary history. In 1740 he published a "*Life of Isaac Bacon*," which is a very insignificant work, and totally unworthy of the subject. The Duchess of Marlborough left Mallet a legacy of one thousand pounds to write the life of her husband, in which it was stated that she had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher, so he would probably omit to notice Marlborough as a general: of this life, however, he never wrote a line. Mallet's poetical works were collected and published by himself in 1765.



A SCENE FROM THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1873—SEPTEMBER—30 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th, 9-9 aft. New Moon, 23d, 5-31 ev.
Last Quar. 13th, 3-40 aft. First Quar. 20th, 2-56 aft.

		St S Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
1 M	Battle of Sedan, when upwards of 14,000 Frenchmen were slaughtered, 1870. Next day Napoleon wrote to the King of Prussia: "Mon frere, n'ayant pu mourir a la tete de mes troupes, je depose mon epée au pied de votre majeste."— <i>Napoleon</i> .	5 14r	Set P.M.	9
2 Tu		6 43s	11 42	10
3 W		5 17r	After mid-night	11
4 Th	<i>Princess de Lamballe</i> died, 1792.	6 29s	Mid-night	12
5 F	John Howe died, 1803.	5 21r	2 31 P.M.	13
6 S	Sir John Fielding (celebrated London magistrate) died, 1780.	6 34s	1 P.M.	14
7 S	13th Sunday after Trinity.	5 24r	7 17	15
8 M	Lieutenant Gale (an Englishman) made a balloon ascent with a horse from the Hippodrome, near Bordeaux. He landed safely; but from some mismanagement in detaching the horse from the balloon the latter broke away, and next morning Lieutenant Gale was found, dashed to pieces, in a field; 1860.	6 29s	7 33	16
9 Tu		5 27r	7 49	17
10 W		6 25s	8 7	18
11 Th	Captain Tackett wounded in a duel by the Earl of Cardigan, 1849.	5 30r	8 26	19
12 F	The Spanish defeated in their grand attack upon Gibraltar by General Elliott, 1782.	6 21s	8 54	20
13 S		5 33r	9 31	21
14 S	14th Sunday after Trinity.	6 16s	10 18	22
15 M	At Bourbon (France), the vault of the church fell in, and 600 persons were killed, 1778.	5 36r	11 16	23
16 Tu	Lord Bathurst died, 1775.	6 12s	After mid-night	24
17 W	The ship <i>Kite</i> lost on a sand-bank on the coast of China, when the captain's wife and a part of the crew were captured by the natives, and exhibited in cages! 1849.	5 39r	A.M.	25
18 Th	"Bloody assizes" held in the West of England by the infamous Judge Jeffries, 1665.	6 7s	1 33	26
19 F	Robert Emmet executed at Dublin for high treason, 1803.	5 43r	2 46	27
20 S		6 2s	3 56	28
21 S	15th Sunday after Trinity.	5 46r	5 5	29
22 M	The Year 5634 of the Jewish era commences.	5 58s	Set P.M.	1
23 Tu	Sir Frederick Pollock born, 1783.	5 49r	6 39	2
24 W	In 1884 the income-tax was 14s. in the pound.	5 53s	6 53	3
25 Th	"Holy Alliance," in which Austria, Russia, and Prussia solemnly bound themselves to be guided by Christian principles in all their political transactions! 1815.	5 53r	7 4	4
26 F	Wellington defeated Marshal Massena at Buxton, 1809.	5 48s	7 27	5
27 S		5 56r	7 53	6
28 S	16th Sunday after Trinity.	5 45s	8 32	7
29 M	MICHAELMAS DAY.	5 59r	9 25	8
30 Tu	George Whitefield (celebrated preacher) died, 1770.	5 39s	10 36	9

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

(O)F all the horrors enacted during the First French Revolution, there was probably none that presented so many fearful features as those which occurred from the 2nd to the 26th of September, 1792, when the prisons of Paris were broken open by the bloodthirsty revolutionists, and the hapless prisoners were ruthlessly butchered in cold blood—among them being a bishop and nearly one hundred priests. The perpetrators of this massacre have been termed "Septembriseurs," and it has been computed that they put to death about to five hundred innocent persons, whose only crime was the misfortune of being found in prison at this particular juncture, labouring under the charge of being Royalists. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, now that France has passed through another revolutionary ordeal, to recall one of the fearful scenes of that epoch, which has been appropriately styled the "KISS or TANKON."

Amongst the many who fell victims to the infuriated monsters of this period there was none whose fate has excited more pity than the unfortunate **MARIA THERESA, PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE**, whose amiable character drew down upon her the odium of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and who, although they dared not cast the slightest aspersions on her good name, yet wreaked their vengeance on her in the most savage way. The Princess was born at Turin, in 1749; and had married the Duke of Bourbon Penfithieu, by whom she was left a wealthy, young, beautiful, and amiable widow. She was a general favourite at the court of Louis XVI., and was devotedly attached to the unfortunate and ill-fated **MARIA ANTOINETTE**—her affection being warmly reciprocated by the Queen, who appointed the Princess intendant of the royal household. When the royal family were obliged to fly for safety to Varennes, Madame Lamballe escaped by another route to England, where, had she thought of herself alone, she could have remained in security, but, hearing of her beloved mistress's imprisonment, she immediately went back to Paris to do all she could to alleviate her sorrow. This devotion, however, brought about her own death.

* **Alison**, in his *History of Europe*, thus describes the assassination of the bishop:—"The crisis now became loud for the Archbishop of Arles. 'I am here,' said the archbishop, mildly. 'Wretch!' exclaimed they, 'you have shed the blood of the patriots of Arles.'—'I never injured a human being,' replied the prelate. 'You have exclaimed a ruffian,' I will despatch you,' and with that he struck him on the head with a sabre. The archbishop remained motionless, without even raising his hands to his head to avert a second blow. Upon this the crowd seized him by the face with his sabre, and the blood flowed in torrents over his dress; but still he neither moved nor fell; a third stroke laid him senseless on the pavement. Another murderer then leapt on his body and plunged his sword into his breast; it went in so far that he could not draw it out, and he broke it, and paraded the stump, with the watch of the archbishop which he seized from the dead body, through the streets."

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"MANY HAVE BEEN RUINED BY BUYING GOOD PENNY WORTHS."

ON THE USE OF RICHES.

She was accused of conspiracy with the Queen, dragged to the prison of La Force, and taken before the bloody tribunal. When questioned about the Queen she answered with the greatest dignity and grace. "Some of the ladies wished to spare her on account of her youth and beauty, but this was over-ruled by the more bloodthirsty, and she was taken back to her cell, and put in solitary confinement. When the 'Septemberizers'—having executed their bloody work at the other prisons—arrived at La Force, they speedily found their way to the cell of the Princess, and breaking in, they offered her life if she would swear hatred to the royal family. This she nobly refused to do, and was instantly dragged out over a pile of dead bodies, standing up to her ankles in blood. She was ordered to cry 'Vive la Nation!' Speechless with horror she was unable to speak, and was instantly dragged out—and awful to relate, it was one of her own servants, whom she had loaded with kindnesses, who struck the first blow. Her head was then cut off, her body torn in pieces, and the fragments put on the end of pikes and paraded through different parts of the city. The head (which according to the custom of the time, was carefully powdered), was raised on a lance and first carried to the Palace of the Duke of Orleans (the father of Louis Philippe—better known by his republican appellation of "Eugénie") who rose from dinner and looked for some minutes in silence upon the ghastly spectacle. Madame Ingham, his favourite, and some other companions of his pleasures, were with him at the time. "My God!" exclaimed she, "they will thus carry my head through the streets!" The head was next conveyed to the Temple, and paraded before the windows of Louis XVI. The king, ignorant of what had passed, but hearing the tumult at the desire of one of the commissioners of the municipality, proceeded to the window, when he recognised by her beautiful hair the head of his once loved child; but to the credit of humanity, it must be said, that another commissioner, more humane, tried to prevent the king from beholding the ghastly sight.

During the progress of this revolutionary outbreak, a contention arose amongst the wretches that the foremost only got a stroke at the guillotine as they emerged from their cell, and it was arranged that the unhappy "aristocrats," as they were called, should run the gauntlet through a long avenue of murderers. The women also made a formal demand to the Commune for lights to see the massacre; and this request being granted, benches were arranged "four à quatre," and "four à quatre" to witness the spectacle, as each successive prisoner emerged from the prison-gate, yells of joy arose from the windows, and the benches applied for light around him like cannibals. It was decreed also "that whoever labours in a prison shall receive a louis from the funds of the Commune, when the benches applied for light, this promised reward, and it was found the funds were not sufficient to discharge these claims, only twenty-four francs being given.—"Do you think a lady will surfeit twenty-four francs?" said a young man, a baker by trade, "I have slain forty with my own hand!" He was surpassed by a negro who had slain above two hundred!

These narrations seem incredible, yet the bills showing the amount the assassins received, that exist if they were not destroyed in the recent Revolution; and in this latter Revolution it would have been well had the historian been spared the melancholy task of recording, that the evidences were not wanting to indicate that the great and numerous horrors of the first revolution would most probably have been equalled by this later one—if the stronger arm of the well-disposed military had not succeeded in arresting its fearful course.

A DISAPPOINTMENT!

(5.)—JOHN HOME, author of the once popular tragedy of "Douglas," was a Scotch clergyman. When his tragedy was first performed at Edinburgh, in 1756, it gave such offence to the presbytery, that the author, to avoid ecclesiastical censure, resigned his living, and after afterwards appeared and acted as a layman.

It is related of an Englishman who was a great admirer of Home's tragedy of "Douglas," that being in Edinburgh, he thought he should like to see the author of his favourite tragedy. He accordingly called at Home's modest tenement, and, knocking at the door, was answered by a laundress that Mr. Home was not in, as he had gone into the highlands,—but, she added, Mr. Home was a great man, and that the Englishman thought Mr. Home would do, and he was therefore ushered in, and much to his surprise, was introduced to an old lady who had her head wrapped up in flannel, and who was engaged in concocting a tumbler of hot wine and water, being in the act of getting into it a few grains of nutmeg. The Englishman's dream of romance was soon dispelled, for in vain he tried to engage her in a topic of conversation, but found her hopelessly stupid and ignorant on all topics that he broached. At last he asked her if she had heard of the piece that had just been concluded with France, when she said "Oh yes; I've heard of the peace." On coming home he thought the Englishman, who was improving, and with a gleam of hope he proceeded.—"It will make a great change in many things; we must all be thankful for it." The old lady paused to think, but at last replied, "Do you think, sir, it will make any difference in the price of nutmegs?" The gentleman, uttering an expression that could not be construed into a blessing, hastily retired!

* The Duke of Orleans not only voted for the death of his son Louis XVI., but was present at his execution (himself afterwards sharing the same fate).

(16.)—The venerable Lord Bathurst, dying at the age of ninety-one, acted a distinguished part in his own regard. He was spared to behold his son, well-stricken in years, sitting on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor—being the only individual, except the father of Sir Thomas More, on whom such a felicity was ever conferred. The author of "Tristram Shandy," in speaking of Lord Bathurst, said of him,

"This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptitude of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew—added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling."

The aged peer, whilst possessing the most elegant tastes, and the most jovial manners, offered a striking contrast to his son Henry (the Lord Chancellor), who was rather abstemious, and of a reserved disposition—and sometimes when the son had retired after supper, the father would rub his hands, and say to his company, "Now that the old gentleman is gone to bed, let us be merry, and enjoy ourselves!" It was to Lord Bathurst that Pope's epistle, "On the Use of riches," was inscribed:

"To sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them and the virtue to impart
Not meanly, not ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy magnificence;
With splendour charily, with plenty health;
O, teach us, BATHURST, yet unpolish'd by wealth!
That secret rare between the extremes to move,
Of mad good-sature and of mean selfishness."

AN ELEVATED SITUATION!

(21.)—THE following anecdote of that eminent Judge, Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, is related by Mr. Edward Foss, in his "Judge of England."

Fredrick Pollock was born on September 23, 1783. In his early years he lost much time at three metropolitan and suburban schools, in which he told his father he was learning nothing. On being taken away from the last, he remained at home for sixteen months, employing them in very miscellaneous reading, privately devoted to chemistry, anatomy, chemistry, physiology, and other scientific subjects. He was then placed under Dr. Roberts of St. Paul's Church, a story related, on good authority, that young Pollock, fancying that he was wasting his time there, as he intended to go to the bar, intimated to the head-master that he should not stay; and that the doctor, who was desirous of keeping so promising a lad, thereupon became so cross and disagreeable, that one day the youth wrote him a note, saying he should not return. The doctor, ignorant of the cordial terms on which the father and son lived together, sent the note to his father, who called on him to express his regret at his son's determination, adding that he had advised him not to quit the note. Upon which the doctor broke out, "Ah, sir, you'll live to see that boy hanged!" The doctor, on meeting Mr. Pollock some years after his pupil had obtained university honours and professional success, congratulated him on her son's good fortune, adding, quite unconscious of the humorous contrast—"Ah! madam, I always said he'd fill an elevated situation."

It may also be interesting to give the following extract from the same work:—

"Of the chief Baron's legal and judicial merits these pages profess not to speak. But at the end of two-and-twenty years from his appointment, and of near eighty-three from his birth, it may be allowed to record that he was to be found in his place exercising all the functions of his arduous office as efficiently as when he was at first appointed; frequently appearing upon the bench in many of the most important cases, and never flinching from undertaking them; tempering his judgments so as not unnecessarily to hurt the feelings of those against whom he was obliged to decide; and ever acting towards his brethren on the bench, and the counsel at the bar of his court, so as to be a general favourer. On July 13, 1866, he retired from his position, having sat on the bench at a more advanced age than any common law judge before him; Lord Mansfield, though a few years older, was actually retired from the duties of his office attending the court for two years before, when he was only eighty-one years old. To the last Sir Frederick never excused himself from his daily duties, but enjoyed the rest of his mind which arose in an important argument, and the exercise of his faculties called forth in addressing a jury. His merits were recognised by the immediate grant of a knighthood, which suffered little from attacks of illness, and retaining much of his former activity, he may be said to have lived to an old age. Sir Frederick has been twice married. He had children by each of his wives no less than twenty-five in all, of whom twenty survive, ten by the first union, and ten by the second. He can boast of a more numerous issue than is usually the lot of humanity. Besides his twenty children, he counts fifty-four grandchildren, and several great-grandchildren, and he has had the gratification of seeing his eldest son's eldest son the first man of his year at his own alma mater."

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GIVING THEM A SPECIMEN OF HIS PRECOCOUS GENIUS!

1873—OCTOBER—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th, 5:31 pm. New Moon, 21st, 10:53 am.
Last Quar. 13th, 6:35 am. First Quar. 25th, 12:19 pm.

	Rev Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	
1 W	6 3r	Set 11 52	Pheasant Shooting begins.
2 Th	5 34s	After Mid- night	Copenhagen—After a bombardment of three days by the English under Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier—surrendered, 1807.
3 F	6 6r	3	Henry Carey (author of "Sally in our Alley") died, 1743.
4 S	5 30s	3	
5 S	6 9r	4 33	17th Sunday after Trinity.
6 M	5 25s	Rises F: M	Siege of Dunkirk by the Duke of York, and defeat of the English, 1713.
7 Tu	6 13r	9 9	Battle of Bosworth—the most sanguinary in history, 1812.
8 W	5 22s	6 28	Duke of Montpensier married to the Infanta of Spain, 1807.
9 Th	6 15r	6 52	Miguel Cervantes (author of "Don Quixote") born, 1547; died in 1616.
10 F	5 17s	7 26	The Bank of England called in their stamped dollars, 1795.
11 S	6 19r	8 10	Patrick Cotter, the celebrated Irish giant, died, aged 69, 1906. He was 8ft. 7in. high.
12 S	5 12s	9 5	18th Sunday after Trinity.
13 M	6 22r	10 10	Jochim Murat, Bonapartist King of Naples, shot by his former subjects, 1815.
14 Tu	5 8s	11 20	William Penn born, 1644.
15 W	6 26r	After Mid- night	It was a bad time for farmers in the year 1293—in a single Norwich paper there were advertised to be sold the stock of no less than one hundred farmers.
16 Th	5 4s	24	Three of the matineers of the <i>Bounty</i> of six brought to Portsmouth) hanged, 1756.
17 F	6 29r	1 45	Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, died, 1744.
18 S	4 50s	2 53	
19 S	6 33r	4 4	19th Sunday after Trinity.
20 M	4 55s	5 11	The word "interest" was first used in an Act of Parliament in the reign of James I, wherein it was made to signify a lawful increase by way of compensation for the use of money lent. The rate was fixed by the Act at 25 instead of 10.
21 Tu	4 51s	6 24	Ramadan (Month of Abstinence observed by the Turkish communities.
22 W	6 40r	5 31	
23 Th	4 47s	5 56	Comet of great brilliancy visible, 1811.
24 F	6 43r	6 31	Battle of Agincourt, 1415.
25 S			
26 S	4 43s	7 18	20th Sunday after Trinity.
27 M	4 47s	8 23	Madame Pfeiffer, celebrated traveller, died, 1885. Her last journey was to Madagascar.
28 Tu	4 39s	9 41	Smeaton died, 1792.
29 W	6 51r	11 5	Tower of London burnt, 1812.—"A most extraordinary spectacle presented itself in the vaults carrying the crown and other apartments of royalty between groups of soldiers, policemen, and firemen."
30 Th	4 35s	After Mid- night	
31 F	6 55r	9 30	

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

JOHN SMEATON, the celebrated engineer, was born in the year 1724, at a place called Rushthorpe, near Leeds. At an early age he showed great strength of understanding and originality of genius. His playthings were more the tools with which men work than children's toys, and his great delight seemed to be in watching any mechanical work that was going on in the neighbourhood, and asking questions about it. As an instance of his precocious genius, it is related of him that one day, having managed to climb to the top of his father's barn, he was discovered by his family in the act of endeavouring to fix up something like a windmill. The anxiety of his parents could not comprehend that this hazardous effort was but the forerunner of his future genius. It is also related of him that, one day watching some men fixing a pump in a neighbouring village, he picked up a piece of pipe that was left, actually making with it a working-pump that raised water—and all this occurred before he was six years old! His father, being an attorney, was anxious for his son to be in the same profession; but seeing that he had such a distaste for law, he wisely allowed him to follow the impulse of his genius, and he accordingly became a mathematical instrument maker. Previous to this, however, when but fourteen years of age, he made himself an engine to turn rosework, and several of his friends received presents of boxes of wood or ivory turned by him. He also made (which was in that day most uncommon) a lathe, by which he cut a perpetual arrow in brass (which was said to be the invention of Mr. Henry Hindly, of York, a man of most wonderful genius, and with whom Mr. Smeaton was very intimate, spending whole nights with him, conversing until daylight on subjects in which both took such a deep interest). Mr. Smeaton had by his great talent and industry acquired, at the age of eighteen, a large set of tools; and what was more, the art of working without a master!

In 1755, the second Edylstone Lighthouse,* a wooden structure erected by a Mr. Rydely, was destroyed by fire, when Mr. Smeaton (being highly recommended for the purpose) undertook to rebuild it; and he completed it (in 1759)

* The first Edylstone Lighthouse was commenced in 1695, and finished in 1698, by Mr. Winstanley, an enterprising, but incompetent person. He had originally been a silk-mercer in London, having acquired a competency, he amused himself with making curious but useless mechanical toys—and the Edylstone Lighthouse which he constructed was just such a specimen of misapplied ingenuity as might have been expected. But Winstanley was very confident of his ability, and he used to say that he should like to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven. The vain boast was gratified—for in the year 1703, the "Great Storm" occurred, and the Lighthouse was blown down into the sea, and, along with it its unfortunate founder, and five other persons who were with him—they having gone there to do some useful repairs.

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"SHALL THE GOSLINGS TEACH THE GOOSE TO SWIM?"

In such a manly manner that it has his defence to any account since that time. This was his masterpiece in 1751; *Swatara* published a paper on the Power of Wind and Water to Turn Mills, and for this he was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Society, of which he was a member. As an engineer he had now risen to the top of his profession. His last employment was that of engineer for the improvement of the harbour at Bangor. He died in the year 1792.

THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(14.)—WILLIAM PENN (who has been styled by Montaigne "the modern Lycurgus") was born in London in 1644, and was the son of Sir William Penn, a distinguished admiral under the Commonwealth, and of high and ancient lineage. A biographer gives the following outline of Penn's life:—

Whilst pursuing his studies at Christ Church, Oxford, young Penn, then but fifteen years old, became infected with the tenets of Quakerism, then in its infancy—and as length he refused to join the new sect, and leave all the consequences. This not only entailed his expulsion from college, but it gave great offence to his father, and on his return home, he sent him to travel on the Continent, thinking that his long absence from that pliancy of speech and deportment which is characteristic of the sect. In two years Penn returned with all the graces of the accomplished gentleman—much to his father's delight. In a short time, however, the great Plague of London having broken out, it caused all William Penn's serious impressions to be renewed; and, desiring to visit the Court, and forsaking the society of his gay friends, he employed himself in the study of divinity. His father again interfered, and sending him to Ireland to manage an estate which had been presented to the admiral by his king, and furnishing him with letters of recommendation to the Viceroy, the Duke of Ormond, young Penn became a favourite in all circles; and even became a volunteer officer, and served for a short time in the army. One day, however, being at Cork, he happened to hear a sermon preached by the same Quaker preacher that he had listened to at Oxford. The effect was irresistible, and Penn became a Quaker for life! His father sent for him home, and in his father's presence he adhered to the despised and persecuted sect, turned him out of doors. Penn was now in his twenty-fourth year, and the period of his sequestration from the time when he was expelled his first school, *Trinity School*. For his next book, *The Sinner's Pathway to Heaven*, he had to undergo seven months' imprisonment in the Tower of London. During his incarceration he wrote his most celebrated work, "*No Cross, no Crown*," as well as "*Immanuel's Rock*," in which he expounded a doctrine which obtained him his release. It was not long, however, before his spirited promulgation of his tenets by preaching in various parts of the country, and he suffered a further confinement of six months in Newgate. About this time the death of his father, then fully reconciled to his son, left him in possession of a large estate, but far from seeking any repose, Penn now addressed himself still more energetically to the propagation of his opinions, publishing innumerable tracts in support of Quakerism, and travelling in Germany and Holland, in 1677, with George Fox and Robert Barclay, to multiply proselytes on the Continent. It was in 1682 that, in consideration of certain debts due to his father by the Crown (£10,000), Charles II. granted, by letters patent, to Mr. Penn and his heirs, the province west of the Delaware River, known as the New Netherlands. Penn thus became governor and proprietor of that immense territory, and in his honour its name was at once changed to Pennsylvania. With a view to promote its colonisation, he published "*A Brief Account of the Province of Pennsylvania*," in which he offered easy terms of settlement and other tempting inducements to emigrants. He embarked for the new colony in 1682; and in the following year founded Philadelphia. The manner of the colonisation was characterised by a spirit of magnanimous justice, strangely at variance with the notions of the age—the claim of the natives to consideration being freely admitted, and an agreement being made with them before the colonists assumed absolute possession of the land. This treaty under an elm tree, the Indian king being attended by his sachems, or warriors, and Penn, accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, form one of those picturesque passages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell.

Penn, having constituted his council or legislative assembly, revisited England in 1684, and in the year following Charles II. died, when Penn attracted to himself the favour of James II., and he appeared in the novel character of a

Lycurgus, was a celebrated Spartan legislator. His legislation was intended to make public principle predominate over private interest and affection. Children were to be the property of the state, which directed their education, and even determined on their life or death. The severest penalties were imposed on the commission of any intemperance; and it was enjoined that the people should take their meals in public. Iron was used for money; and the people were allowed to possess neither gold nor silver; the latter was prohibited; and nothing but the most indispensable knowledge was allowed to be acquired; in short, all that tended to soften and humanise mankind was prohibited, while everything that could promote a hardy life and personal bravery was encouraged. Thus, in the lapse of a few years, consequently became a nation of warriors, who, for ages, proved the dread of their foes and the bulwark of their friends.

Court favourite! He attended Whitehall daily; his house was crowded with visitors, and in consequence of his buoyant influence with the king, he might, as he states, have amassed great riches, but in preference to this he procured the release of about fourteen hundred of his oppressed Quaker brethren, who had been imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. After the abdication of James II., Penn's conduct did not escape animadversion, and he was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise, though whether the censures were deserved or were merely the shafts of jealousy excited by the high Court favour which he had enjoyed, is a point that has been freely discussed by historians. Be this as



THE BURIAL PLACE OF WILLIAM PENN.

it may, however, Penn defended himself before the Council, who honourably acquitted him, but deprived him of his American grant. It was, however, soon restored to him, and in 1693 (having married his second wife), he returned to Pennsylvania, where he conducted the affairs of his State with great capacity and ability for about two years, after which he came back to England. After this event his sons held the proprietary government of the State of Pennsylvania.

His life henceforth was full of trouble and adversity. Being in debt, he offered the Pennsylvania territory to the Crown for £12,000; and soon after this, at the instance of his agent, he was thrown into a debtor's prison, and this cruel misfortune so preyed upon his mind that he layed himself miserably and secondarily, which ended in his death, at the age of seventy-four, in the year 1718.

After the American Revolution the claims of Penn's descendants upon the State of Pennsylvania were bought up for £130,000.

THE COMET OF 1811.

(24.)—In October and November, in the year 1811, a brilliant comet appeared, and was visible during the autumn to the naked eye. "Hogg," *The Ettrick Shepherd*, wrote a poem entitled "*To the Comet of 1811*," from which the following verses are extracted:—

"Stranger of Heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shed from the fall of glory risen,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven.
"Art thou the flag of war and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath,
Waved o'er a world's sinful world?
"No, from that pure pulchred beam
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!
"Where hast thou roamed those thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the vain?
"To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to o'er systems sun,
Where other moons and planets roll!
"And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gay portals of the morn."

"It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our saviour."—Hogg.



"THAT IS HE! THAT IS HE!"

1873—NOVEMBER—30 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 4th, 3:48 a.m. | New Moon, 20th, 3:37 p.m.
Last Quar. 14th, 12:45 a.m. | First Quar. 27th, 9:13 a.m.

		Rev Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
1 S	Great Earthquake at Lisbon, 1755	6 56r	Sets A.M.	11
2 S	21st Sunday after Trinity.	4 30s	331	12
3 M	St. Jean d'Acre taken, 1840.	7 0r	458	13
4 Tu	Abraham Lincoln elected President of America, 1860.—Assassinated in 1865.	4 29s	Rises P.M.	14
5 W	Battle of Inkermann, and signal defeat of the Russians—who were kept at bay for six hours, until the arrival of 6,000 French, 1854.	7 3r	449	15
6 Th	John Kyrie, "the Man of Ross," died, 1754.	4 23s	520	16
7 F	Richard the Lionheart, "the poor old creature," the man of Ross divides the weekly bread.	7 7r	559	17
8 S		4 19s	651	18
9 S	22nd Sunday after Trinity.	7 10r	754	19
10 M	[Prince of Wales born, 1841.	4 16s	9	20
11 Tu	[Schiller born, 1759.	7 14r	1016	21
12 W	When reviewing the officers of the regiments newly-arrived in Paris, in 1831, Louis Napoleon (then President) said, "If ever the day of danger shall arrive, I will not do as the government which has preceded me did. I will not say to you, 'March, and I will follow you,' but I will say, 'I march, you follow me!'"	4 13s	1129	22
13 Th		7 17r	After Mid- night A.M.	23
14 F		4 10s	24	24
15 S		7 21r	149	25
16 S	23rd Sunday after Trinity.	4 7s	258	26
17 M	Queen Charlotte died, 1818.	7 24r	4	27
18 Tu	Professor Edward Forbes died, 1854.—"My own wife," he said, when dying, to Mrs. Forbes, who inquired as he was dying if he still knew her.	4 4s	521	28
19 W	Dreadful insurrection broke out amongst the artisans of Lyons, 1831.	7 28r	637	29
20 Th	Princes-Loyal born, 1840.—Married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia in 1858.	4 2s	58	30
21 F	Lord Clive, founder of the Indian Empire, died at Moreton Bay, near Brighton, 1771.	7 31r	430	1
22 S		3 50s	515	2
23 S	24th Sunday after Trinity.	7 35r	614	3
24 M	Park Warbeck, pretender to the English throne, hanged at Tyburn, 1459.	3 58s	728	4
25 Tu	Richard Glover (poet) died, 1785.	7 37r	852	5
26 W	The infamous and sanguinary "Head Act" passed at Trim, Ireland, 1463.	3 57s	1019	6
27 Th	The "Great Storm," the most terrible that ever raged in England, 1703.	7 40r	1145	7
28 F	Washington Irving died, 1859, sincerely mourned by the whole world of literature.	3 55s	1189	8
29 S	The Inland Revenue Board (excise, stamps, and taxes) was constituted in 1849.	7 43r	night A.M.	9
30 S	1st Sunday in Advent.	3 54s	234	10

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION.

SCHILLER'S drama of "William Tell" took possession of the hearts of the German people more than any work that he ever wrote. It is related that on one occasion after the performance of this drama—Schiller being present—all the audience frantically rushed out of the theatre to see their beloved poet once more; and when his tall form appeared, sorely bent by suffering, the crowd respectfully made way for him—all heads being quickly uncovered. As the poet passed through the long rows of people, he was received in profound silence, all eyes following his steps; fathers and mothers holding their children aloft, whispering "That is he! that is he!"

It may not be uninteresting to give a brief sketch of the life of this illustrious poet, whose writings could so powerfully influence the feelings of the nation which has always been regarded as of a phlegmatic character:—

JONAS CARSTEN FRANKSCHILLER was born in 1759, at Marbach, in Württemberg; his parents being persons in humble life. When a boy he displayed very strong feeling and great industry, and he was carefully brought up by his pious parents. His mother was a true German—very real and true in all she did, and all she said and thought; and his father (who was in the service of the Duke of Württemberg) was an intelligent military man, with very great energy. Young Schiller was originally intended for the church, but on the establishment of a military school by his father he changed his views, and became one of the most promising students in the academy; and it was there he learned the first elements of science. At this period he found means to procure the works of the immortal Shakespeare; and the dark and strong shadows that give expression to the pictures of this poet, the affecting situations of his heroes, his bold and energetic language, and those beautiful passages where his eloquence becomes a torrent that no obstacle can resist, were so congenial to the feeling soul of young Schiller, that Shakespeare soon engrossed all his admiration, and was his favourite author.

Schiller entertained the greatest admiration and affection for the Duke of Württemberg, and his rare poetical talents were thoroughly appreciated by, and much exercised for the Duchess. He then (after having studied medicine for some time) became a resident surgeon in Stuttgart, but he was soon discontented with this position.

When in his twenty-second year Schiller wrote his most celebrated tragedy of "The Robbers," which at once enabled him to take his position as one of the first dramatists of his country. It was first brought out at Mannheim, but unfortunately the Duke of Württemberg's displeasure was excited by it, because, "during his absence, he had a tendency in it, and he prohibited the poet who could speak his mind so freely from writing again; Schiller, chafing under this treatment, left Stuttgart secretly, and became an exile, and went to Mannheim, where, after experiencing many hard-

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"THE HEALTHIEST FEAST COSTS THE LEAST."

ships, he brought out his tragedy of "Fiesco" on the stage. (Previous to this he had been placed under arrest for fourteen days for scolding to Mannheim, without leave of absence, to see his play of "The Robbers" acted.) Other productions followed, and Schiller found many admirers both in Leipzig and Breslau, to which place he went in 1785. But it was his drama of "William Tell" that was his chief-cure. It seemed peculiarly to attract all hearts, even more so than his previous works.

Some little time after this, Schiller proceeded to Weimar to undertake the management of a periodical called "The German Mercury." and it was at this time he made the acquaintance of Goethe, whose name is always associated with that of Schiller from the very great friendship that existed between them, and which was only terminated by death. In 1790 Schiller was appointed to the Chair of History in the Jena University, and besides giving public lectures (which were always crowded) he published his "History of the Thirty Years' War," and engaged in several literary enterprises which influenced greatly the literature of Germany. His other works (all equally remarkable for their talent and clearness of style) were "Die Horen," "Der Maen," "Annette," the "Xenien," "Waldenstein," "Mary Stuart," and "Joan of Arc." He also wrote a collection of ballads which are reckoned among the finest of their kind in any language.

About the year 1790 Schiller exhibited a strong tendency to that cruel and insidious disease, consumption, and this interfered with his lectures, and greatly reduced his income; but by the Prince of Denmark's great kindness—who settled on him a pension of a thousand dollars for three years—he was saved from the pressure of want and necessity; and he was settled at Weimar, and, in conjunction with Goethe, undertook to direct the theatre there—and it was at Weimar several of his best works were written, and those which have immortalized his name. Debt, or rather uncertainty of income, seems to have been Schiller's lane, for he trusted entirely to his pen and to Providence for subsistence. He was much beloved wherever he went; both old and young seem to have appreciated his talents, and admired his worth, for Schiller had a heart as noble as his forehead; all alike, princes and people, delighted to honour him, and posterity has also paid the just meed of tribute to his memory.

Schiller succumbed to the fatal malady which had set its hand upon him on the 9th of May, 1805; and when the sad news was conveyed to Goethe, he covered his face with his hands, and said, "Half my existence is gone!"

"ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST."

(25).—RICHARD GLOVER was the son of a London merchant, and was educated at Chesham School, where, at sixteen, he wrote some verses to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, which obtained considerable applause. On leaving school, he applied himself to commercial pursuits under his father, who was engaged in the Hamburg trade; and in due time Glover became a London merchant, and married a lady of fortune; shortly after, he was returned M.P. for Weymouth. In the year 1737 he published "Leonidas," an epic poem; and it is related that Thomson, author of "The Seasons," when he heard of this work, exclaimed—"He wrote an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!"

Glover was the author of a popular ballad called "Admiral Hosier's Ghost"—a poem intended to rouse the national spirit against the Spaniards, and was written under the following circumstances. In the year 1726 Admiral Hosier was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the ports; or should the Spanish galleons come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Portobello, but being prevented by orders from the English cabinet from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on the station until he became the jest of the Spaniards! The unhappy admiral continued cruising there those years until the far greater part of his officers and men perished by the diseases of the unhealthy climate, and the admiral himself pined away, and died of a broken heart.

The poem consists of eleven verses, and was written in 1740 on the taking of Carthage from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon. The first verse describes the

* It is related that when "The Robbers" of Schiller was first performed at Erlangen, the youth who had been almost too mad to madness by the ardent and awful scenes which it portrayed, formed the wild design of imitating the hero of the play and his companions. They bound themselves in a confederacy, by the most solemn oaths, to betake themselves to the woods, and live by rapine and plunder, or, as they termed it, to become "the exterminating mode of heroes." Fortunately, the plot was discovered by one of the future finding a copy of the confederacy, and was sent to the earl of Schiller's pen, which, like Rousseau's, may be said to burn the paper.

triumphant crew of Admiral Vernon's squadron, lying at anchor off Portobello, drinking success to England's fleet, when—

"On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hillocks yell and shrieks were heard;
As, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in drummy hamlets shrouded,
Which for windingsheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

"On them gleamed the moon's wan beam,
When the shade of Hosier bare,
His pale hands were seen to move,
Rising from their watery grave,
O'er the glimmering wave he glided him,
Where the *Burford* reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh! heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains here,
Mark those numbers, pale and hoarse,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lest each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did that Spanish town affright,
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And o'ered my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain.

"For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain demaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying,
'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul climate to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain."

There are two verses more—the admiral's ghost concluding—

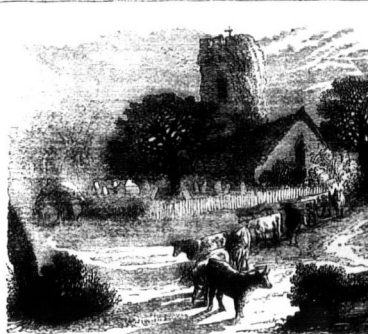
"Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England, shamed in me."

[It is related that Dr. Glover was on a visit at Lady Temple's, at Stowe, when he wrote the poem. The idea occurred to him during the night, and rising early next morning, he went into the garden to compose his poem. In the heat of his composition, he walked into a tulip bed; unfortunately, he had a stick in his hand, and with a true poetical fervour, he bowed down the tulips in every direction! Lady Temple was particularly fond of tulips, and some of the company, who had seen the doctor slashing around him, and suspected how his mind was occupied, asked him at breakfast how he could think of thus wantonly destroying her ladyship's favourite flowers? The poet, perfectly unconscious of the havoc he had made, pleaded not guilty. There were witnesses enough to convict him, and he made his peace by repeating the ballad, which excited great attention, and was immediately printed.]

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"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS WEARY WAY."

1873—DECEMBER—31 days.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 4th, 4.20 pm. New Moon, 15th, 6.40 a.m.
Last Quar. 11th, 9.54 a.m. First Quar. 18th, 4-5 a.m.

		Sec Rises & Sets.	Moon Rises & Sets.	Age.
1 M	Ebenezer Elliott (the "Corn-Law Rhymist"), died, 1842.	7 46r	Set A.M.	11
2 Tu	Louis Napoleon declared Emperor of France, 1852.—Abolished, 1870.	3 53a	5 26	12
3 W	Battle of Hohenlinden, and defeat of the Austrians by the French, 1800.	7 48r	6 45	18
4 Th	Latham House surrendered, 1845.—In the year previous it had been heroically defended for three months by Charlotte, Countess of Derby.	3 52a	Rises P.M.	2
5 F	The first admiral of the United States (Farragut) was nominated in 1862.	7 51r	4 37	15
6 S		3 50a	5 36	16
7 S	2nd Sunday in Advent.	7 54r	6 44	17
8 M	Richard Baxter died, 1691.	3 50a	7 57	18
9 Tu	"I preached as never sure to preach again, And as a dying man to dying men."	7 56r	9 12	19
10 W	BAXTER.	3 49a	10 24	20
11 Th	James II. abdicated by flight, 1688. (He died in exile at St. Germain's, 1701.)	7 59r	11 34	21
12 F	Sir Mark Isambard Brunel (engineer of the Thames Tunnel) died, 1849.	3 49a	After Mid- night	22
13 S	Dr. Johnson, the "Leviathan of Literature," died, 1794.	8 0r	A.M.	23
14 S	3rd Sunday in Advent.	3 49a	1 50	24
15 M	113th.—James V. of Scotland died, 1542.—His dying words were, "I came with a loss, and it will go with me!" alluding to the intelligence brought to him that his wife was delivered of a daughter, the heiress of the crown, and to the fact of the crown having come into his family by the daughter of King Robert Bruce.	8 1r	3 3	25
16 Tu	In the year 1387, a soldier was flogged to death at York.	3 50a	4 17	26
17 W	The obvious stamp-duty on almanacs was abolished in 1834.	8 3r	5 35	27
18 Th		3 50a	6 53	28
19 F		8 4r	8 11	29
20 S		3 51a	Set P.M.	1
21 S	4th Sunday in Advent.	8 5r	5 14	2
22 M	There died at Eastwell, in 1550, a poor working man, named Richard Plantagenet, who was believed to be a son of Richard III., killed at the battle of Bosworth Field.	3 52a	6 38	3
23 Tu	Hugh Miller (geologist) died, 1856.	8 6r	8 5	4
24 W		3 53a	9 33	5
25 Th	CHRISTMAS DAY.	8 7r	10 59	6
26 F	"I love to see this day well kept by rich and poor."—WASHINGTON IRVING.	3 54a	After Mid- night	7
27 S	Gray (poet) born, 1716.	8 7r	Set A.M.	8
28 S	1st Sunday after Christmas.	3 56a	1 44	9
29 M	Rev. T. R. Malpas (political economist) died at Bath, 1864.	8 8r	3 8	10
30 Tu	"Day brings day; month, month; and year the year."—TENNISON.	3 58a	4 34	11
31 W		8 8r	5 07	12

NOTES TO THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION

THOMAS GRAY, an eminent English poet, was the son of a scrivener in London, and was born in the year 1716. His mother, to whom he was indebted for that education which elicited his brilliant talents, seems to have been a woman of most amiable character, and whose energy supplied to the child that deficiency which the improvidence of his father—a man of hard and violent disposition—would have occasioned. Gray was sent to Eton, his maternal uncle being a teacher there; and his intimacy with Horace Walpole, whose friendship was so valuable to him in after life, commenced at Eton.

In the year 1734 Gray was sent to the university of Cambridge, where he addressed himself with great assiduity to languages and poetry, acquiring a favourable reputation as a classical scholar, but neglecting mathematics and philosophy, which he particularly detested. At Cambridge Gray was considered by his fellow collegians as usually fastidious, and amongst other peculiarities he was remarkably fearful of fire, and always kept a ladder of ropes in his bed room. Some mischievous brother collegians knew this, and in the middle of a dark night roused him with the cry of "Fire! Fire!"—the staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went the window, and Gray hastened down his rope-ladder, as quick as possible, into a tub of water which had been placed at the bottom to receive him! The joke, it is said, cured Gray of his fears, but he would not forgive it, and immediately changed his college. Leaving the university in 1738, without taking a degree in arts, he returned to London, and entered the Inner Temple with the view of studying for the bar; it did not, however, accord with his tastes, and the next year he escaped from it by accepting an invitation from Walpole to accompany him in a tour of Europe. They travelled together in France and Italy during two years; but a misunderstanding between them brought Gray back to London in 1741. In the following year he took the degree of B.C.L., and settled himself permanently at Cambridge, leaving it only to make occasional tours in Scotland, Wales, or Westmoreland. His "Letters," describing these excursions, are remarkable for elegance and precision, for correct and extensive observation, and for a dry scholastic humour peculiar to the poet. It was now that Walpole sought to revive their early friendship—a wish which was cordially responded to by Gray, who maintained the friendly intercourse during his life. Gray's energies henceforth were devoted entirely to literature; and, though he carried to maturity few of the literary schemes which he admirably commenced, his "Letters," published after his death, amply prove his mental activity. It was not until 1747 that his "Ode to Eton College" was first printed; and the publication of the "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard," in 1751, would probably have been delayed much longer, but for the previous issue of a surreptitious

"Gray's epitaph on his mother bears mournful witness to the love he bore her, and testifies to the remembrance of her kindness. It is as follows:—"

"Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

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"KEEPING FROM FALLING, IS BETTER THAN HELPING UP."

copy of it. While the former of these poems received but little notice, the latter immediately acquired universal favour,* and it is to-day considered by many the most beautiful short poem in the English language. Byron wrote of it: "Had Gray written nothing but his '*Elegy*,' high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher!"

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 bee's wheels his drowsy 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 mould'ring 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 lap 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 bow'd 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,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye poor, ye proud, in mansions of gauds,
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 honour'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 wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre!

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did never unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd 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 Hamlet, that, with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of its fields withstood;
Some untutored Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and penance to deter,
To seater plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forborne: 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 learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd 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 high,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Improves the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, their birth, their burial's date,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around the strew,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor east one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who lost the 'st unheeded Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brooding with hasty steps the dewy grass:
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—"

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His restless length at noon-time 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 cross'd in hopeless love."

"One morn I miss'd him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another morn, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in aid array,
Saw through the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read the lay)
Grav'd on the stone beneath thy aged tomb."

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 mark'd 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 gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) 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.



GRAY'S HOUSE AT STONE.

The fame the authorship of the *Elegy* brought Gray such that, in 1767, on the demise of Colley Cibber, the post-humous, that office was offered to Gray; but he declined the honour. In 1768 he was appointed to the chair of Modern History, at Cambridge, which brought him in about £400 per annum; and this he held until 1771, when he resigned it. He died the same year, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, from an attack of gout in his stomach, and was interred at Stoke, near Elton, where a monument was erected to his memory—thus adding one more poetical association to that beautiful district of England.

* A manuscript copy of the *Elegy*, in Gray's handwriting, was sold in 1864 for no less a sum than £181.

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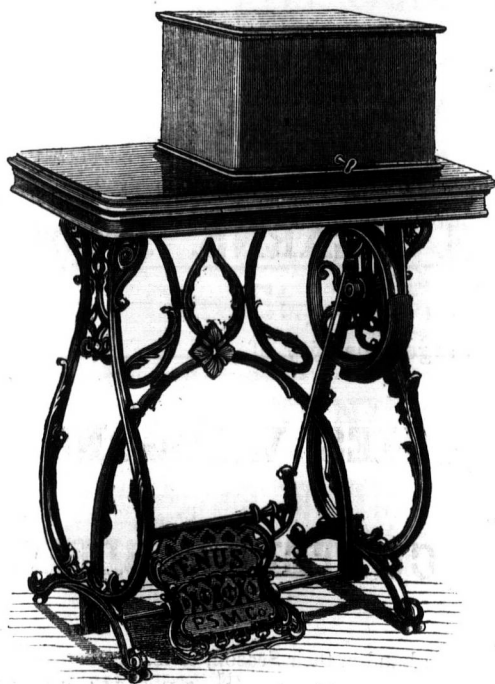
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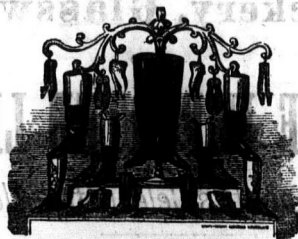
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