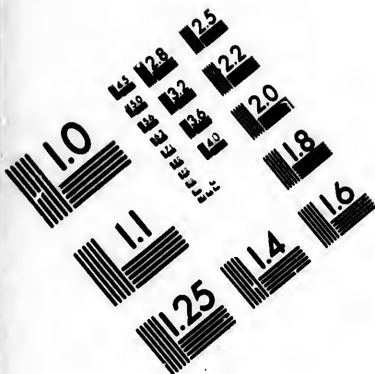
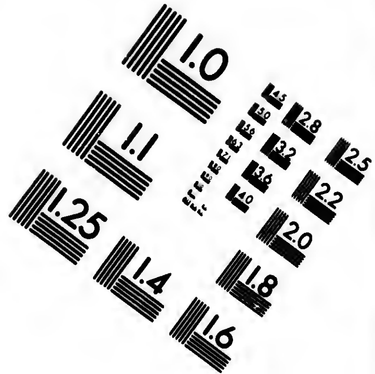

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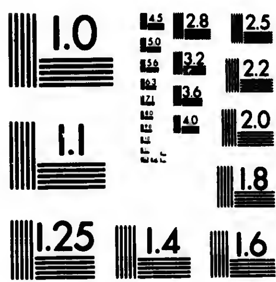
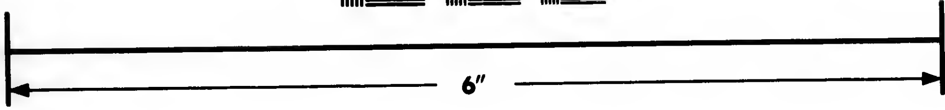

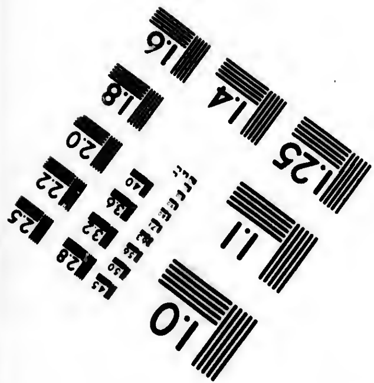
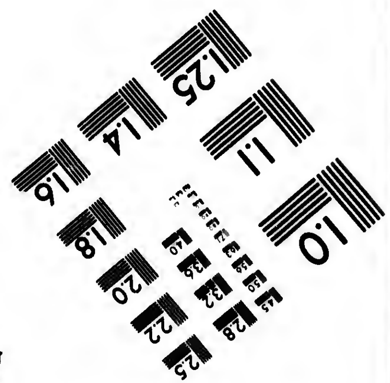

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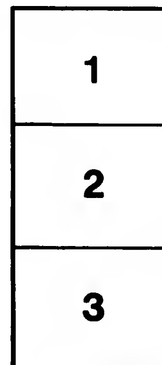

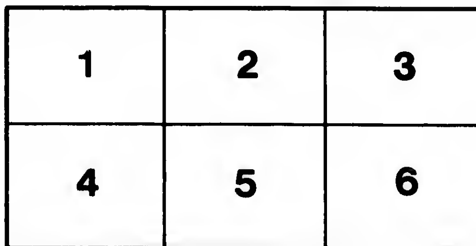

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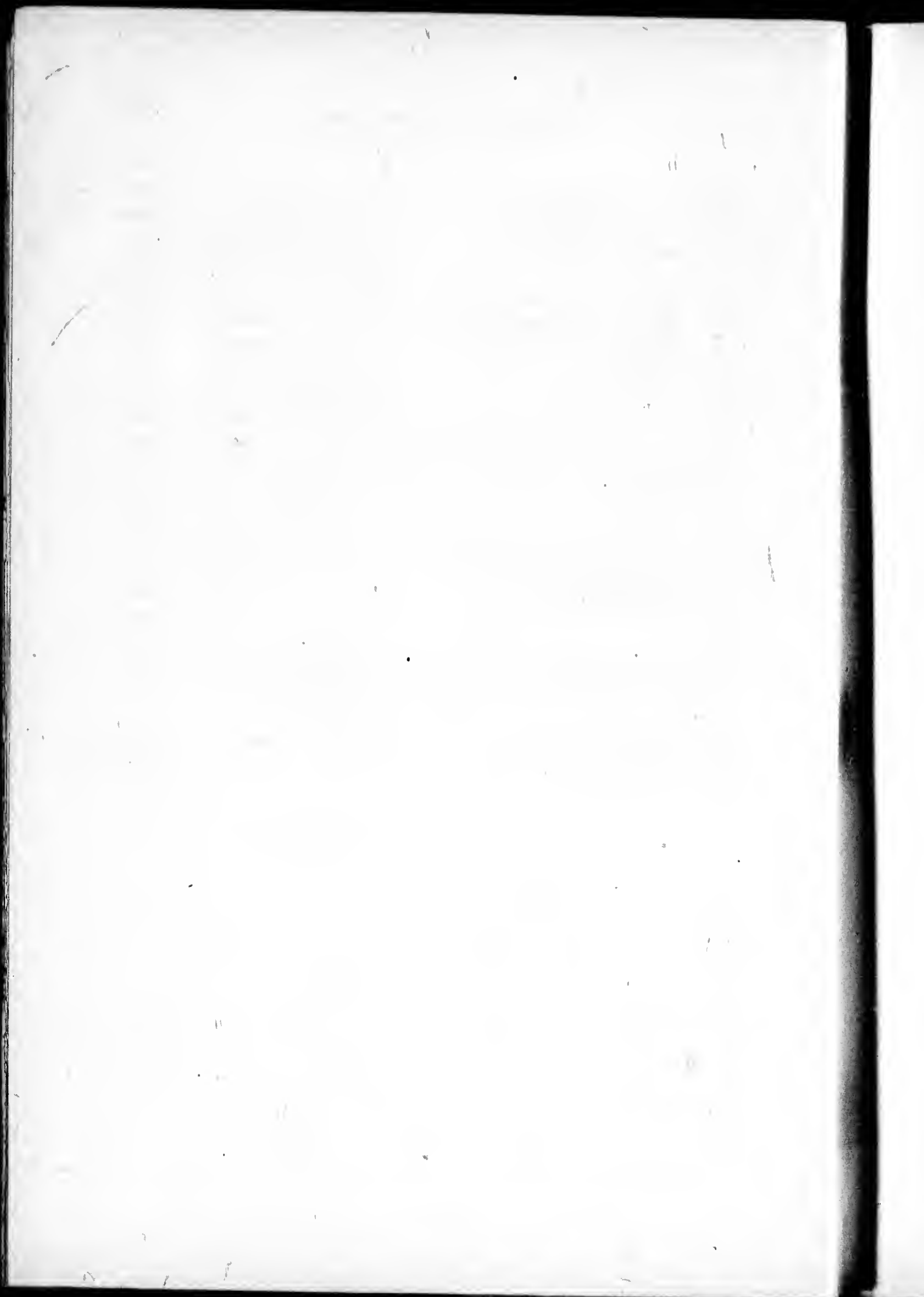


FOURTH READER.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest:
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow:
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!
And far to forward the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore;
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids; we're far ahead:
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—E. Pauline Johnson (by permission of the author).

LOCKSLEY.

"The yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promises, so far as this herd of Saxon serfs is concerned."

"I thank thee, Waldemar," said the Prince; "thou remindest me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant who yesterday insulted our person. Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be an hour sacred to revenge and to pleasure —let new cares come with to-morrow's new day."

The sound of the trumpet soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: nevertheless, unwilling that so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for to-morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken bald-

ric, richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are known to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the longbow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince

John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported as it is by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and

Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your will."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking: I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between the station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the games of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed; and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew the bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows."

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow"——

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee."

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonnie lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A

child of seven years old," he said, "might hit it with a headless shaft; but," he added, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill: a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best," as Hubert says, said Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the

event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service, it shall be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escaps further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown,
Down the gulf of eternity.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE FOREST FIRE.

The night was grim and still with dread;
No star shone down from heaven's dome;
The ancient forest closed around
The settler's lonely home.

There came a glare that lit the north;
There came a wind that roused the night;
But child and father slumbered on,
Nor felt the growing light.

There came a noise of flying feet,
With many a strange and dreadful cry;
And sharp flames crept and leapt along
The red verge of the sky.

There came a deep and gathering roar,
The father raised his anxious head;
He saw the light, like a dawn of blood,
That streamed across his bed.

It lit the old clock on the wall,
It lit the room with splendor wild,
It lit the fair and tumbled hair
Of the still sleeping child;

And zigzag fence, and rude log barn,
And chip-strewn yard, and cabin gray,
Glowed crimson in the shuddering glare
Of that untimely day.

The boy was hurried from his sleep;
The horse was hurried from his stall;

Up from the pasture-clearing came
 The cattle's frightened call.

The boy was snatched to the saddle-bow.
 Wildly, wildly the father rode.
Behind them swooped the hordes of flame
 And harried their abode.

The scorching heat was at their heels;
 The huge roar hounded them in their flight;
Red smoke and many a flying brand
 Flew o'er them through the night.

And past them fled the wildwood forms—
 Far-striding moose, and leaping deer,
And bounding panther, and coursing wolf,
 Terrible-eyed with fear.

And closer drew the fiery death;
 Madly, madly, the father rode;
The horse began to heave and fail
 Beneath the double load.

The father's mouth was white and stern,
 But his eyes grew tender with long farewell,
He said: "Hold fast to your seat, Sweetheart,
 And ride Old Jerry well.

"I must go back. Ride on to the river.
 Over the ford and the long marsh ride,
Straight on to the town, and I'll meet you, Sweetheart,
 Somewhere on the other side."

He slipped from the saddle. The boy rode on,
 His hand clung fast to the horse's mane;

His hair blew over the horse's neck;
His small throat sobbed with pain.

"Father, Father," he cried aloud:
The howl of the fire-wind answered him
With the hiss of soaring flames, and crash
Of shattering limb on limb.

But still the good horse galloped on,
With sinew braced and strength renewed,
The boy came safe to the river ford,
And out of the deadly wood.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from fear,
At play in the heart of the city's hum,
He stops in his play to wonder why
His father does not come.

—*Chas. G. D. Roberts (by permission of the author).*

THE SAXON AND THE GAEL.

The chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle-wings unfurled.
And here his course the chieftain staid,

Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard.
Now man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, stranger, none!
And here—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,

Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strength restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge:
Not yet prepared?—By Heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserves my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
—"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, and steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.

But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield,
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood,
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry-rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.
"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made

The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed;
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide;
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

Old Chiron sat upon his high couch like a king upon his throne. The evening meal was over, and the cave-hall had been set in order. The fire burned brightly up, shining upon all around with a ruddy glow; and the great cavern was emptied of gloom, and was so filled with light and warmth that it seemed a fit place for joy and pleasure. The five comely lads with Odysseus sat before the couch, while Phemius, the bard, stood leaning against the wall. After Chiron had played a brief melody upon his harp, and the boys had sung a pleasant song, the wise old master thus began :—

"There is a cavern somewhere on Mount Pelion, larger by far, and a thousand times more beautiful, than this; but its doorway is hidden to mortals, and but few men have ever stood beneath its vaulted roof. In that cavern the ever-living ones, who oversee the affairs of men, once held high carnival; for they met there at the marriage feast of King Peleus, and the woods and rocks of mighty Pelion echoed with the sound of their merry-making. But wherefore should the marriage-feast of a mortal be held in such a place, and with guests so noble and so great? I will tell you:

"After Peleus had escaped from the plot which King Acastus had laid for him, he dwelt a long time

with me; for he feared to go down upon the plain lest the men of Iolcos should seize him by order of Acastus, or the folk of Phthia should kill him in revenge for old Eurytion's death. But the days seemed long to him, thus shut out from fellowship with men, and the sun seemed to move slowly in the heavens; and often he would walk around to the other side of the mountain, and sitting upon a great rock, he would gaze for hours upon the purple waters of the sea. One morning, as thus he sat, he saw the sea-nymph Thetis come up out of the waves and walk upon the shore beneath him. Fairer than a dream was she—more beautiful than any picture of nymph or goddess. She was clad in a robe of sea-green silk, woven by the Naiads in their watery grottos; and there was a chaplet of pearls upon her head, and sandals of sparkling silver were upon her feet.

"As Peleus gazed upon this lovely creature, he heard a voice whispering in his ear. It was the voice of Pallas Athene.

"'Most luckless of mortal men,' she said, 'there is recompense in store for those who repent of their wrong-doing, and who, leaving the paths of error, turn again to the road of virtue. The immortals have seen thy sorrow for the evil deeds of thy youth, and they have looked with pity upon thee in thy misfortunes. And now thy days of exile and of sore punishment are drawing to an end. Behold the silver-footed Thetis, most beautiful of the nymphs of the sea, whom even the immortals

have wooed in vain! She has been sent to this shore to be won and wedded by thee.'

"Peleus looked up to see the speaker of these words, but he beheld only a blue cloud resting above the mountain top; he turned his eyes downward again, and, to his grief, the silver-footed Thetis had vanished in the waves. All day he sat and waited for her return, but she came not. When darkness began to fall he sought me in my cave-hall, and told me what he had seen and heard; and I taught him how to win the sea-nymph for his bride.

"So when the sun again gilded the crags of Pelion, brave Peleus hid himself among the rocks close by the sea-washed shore, and waited for the coming of the silver-footed lady of the sea. In a little time she rose, beautiful as the star of morning, from the waves. She sat down upon the beach and dallied with her golden tresses, and sang sweet songs of a happy land in the depths of the sounding sea. Peleus, bearing in mind what I had taught him, arose from his hiding-place, and caught the beauteous creature in his arms. In vain did she struggle to leap into the waves.

"Seven times she changed her form as he held her: by turns she changed into a fountain of water, into a cloud of mist, into a burning flame, and into a senseless rock. But Peleus held her fast: and she changed then into a tawny lion, and then into a tall tree, and lastly she took her own matchless form again.

"And Peleus held the lovely Thetis by the hand,

and they walked long time together upon the beach, while the birds sang among the leafy trees on Pelion's slopes, and the dolphins sported in the sparkling waters at their feet; and Peleus wooed the silver-footed lady, and won her love, and she promised to be his bride. Then the immortals were glad, and they fitted up the great cavern on Mount Pelion for a banquet hall, and made therein a wedding feast, such as was never seen before. The vaulted roof of the cavern was decked with gems which shone like the stars of heaven; a thousand torches, held by lovely mountain nymphs, flamed from the niches in the high walls; and upon the floor of polished marble, tables for ten thousand guests were ranged.

"When the wedding-feast was ready all those who live on high Olympus, and all the immortals who dwell upon the earth, came to rejoice with King Peleus and his matchless bride; and they brought rich presents for the bridegroom, such as were never given to another man. They gave him a suit of armor, rich and fair, a wonder to behold, which lame Hephæstus, with rare skill, had wrought and fashioned. Poseidon bestowed on him the deathless horses, Balios and Xanthos, and a deftly wrought chariot with trimmings of gold. And I, one of the least of the guests, gave him an ashen spear which I had cut on Pelion's top, and fashioned with my own hands.

"At the table sat Zeus, the father of gods and of men; and his wife, the white-armed Herè; and the

smiling-loving Aphrodite; and gray-eyed Pallas Athene; and all the wisest and fairest of the immortals. The Nereids, nymphs of the sea, danced in honor of Thetis, their sister; and the muses sang their sweetest songs; and silver-bowed Apollo played upon the lyre. The Fates, too, were there; sad Clotho, twirling her spindle, unloving Lachesis, with wrinkled lips, ready to speak the fatal word: and pitiless Atropos, holding in her hand the unsparing shears. And around the table passed the youthful and joy-giving Hebe, pouring out rich draughts of nectar for the guests.

"Yet there was one among all the immortals who had not been invited to the wedding; it was Eris, the daughter of War and Hate. Her scowling features, and her hot and hasty manners, were ill-suited to grace a feast where all should be mirth and gladness; yet, in her evil heart she planned to be avenged for the slight which had been put upon her. While the merry-making was at its height, and the company were listening to the music from Apollo's lyre, she came unseen into the hall and threw a golden apple upon the table. No one knew whence the apple came; but, on it were written these words: 'For the Fairest.'

"'To whom does it belong?' asked Zeus, stroking his brow in sad perplexity.

"The music ceased, and mirth and jollity at once fled from the banquet. The torches, which lit up the scene, flickered and smoked; the lustre of the gems in the vaulted roof was dimmed; dark clouds

canopied the great hall: for Discord had taken her place at the table, uninvited, and unwelcome though she was.

"'The apple belongs to me, said Herè,' trying to snatch it; 'for I am the queen, and gods and men honor me as having no peer on earth.'

"'Not so,' cried smiling-loving Aphrodite. 'With me dwell Love and Joy, and not only do gods and men sing my praises, but all nature rejoices in my presence. The apple is mine, and I will have it.'

"Then Athene joined in the quarrel. 'What is it to be a queen,' said she, 'if at the same time one lacks that good temper which sweetens life? What is it to have a handsome form and face, while the mind is uncouth and ill-looking? Beauty of mind is better than beauty of face; for the former is immortal while the latter fades and dies. Hence no one has a better right than I to be called the fairest.'

"Then the strife spread among the guests in the hall, each taking sides with the goddess that he loved best; and, where peace and merriment had reigned, now hot words and bitter wrangling were heard. And had not Zeus bidden them keep silence, thus putting an end to the quarrel, all Pelion would have been rent, and the earth shaken to its centre by the mêlée which would have followed.

"'Let us waste no words over this matter,' he said. 'It is not for immortals to say who of their number is most beautiful. But, on the slopes of Mount Ida, far across the sea, the fairest of the sons

of men—Paris, the son of Trojan Priam—keeps his flocks; let him judge who is fairest, and let the apple be hers to whom he gives it.'

"Then Hermes, the swift-footed messenger, arose, and led the three goddesses over sea and land to distant Ida, where Paris, with no thought of the wonderful life which lay before him, piped on his shepherd's reed, and tended his flock of sheep."

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

2 KINGS, xix. 35.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride.
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

—*Lord Byron.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!
  That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
  The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
  To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
  While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
  And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
  Shall start from every wave!—

For the deck it was their field of fame,
  And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
  Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
  While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
  And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
  No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
  Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
  She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
  When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
  And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
  Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
  And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
  Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
  When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
  And the storm has ceased to blow!

—Thomas Campbell.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

On the other side of the sea there stands a city, rich and mighty, the like of which there is none in Hellas. There, an old man, named Priam, rules over a happy and peace-loving people. He dwells in a great palace of polished marble, on a hill overlooking the plain; and his granaries are stored with corn, and his flocks and herds are pastured on the hills and mountain-slopes behind the city. Many sons has King Priam, and they are brave and noble youths, well worthy of such a father. The eldest of these sons is Hector, who, the Trojans hope, will live to bring great honor to his native land. Just before the second son was born, a strange thing troubled the family of old Priam. The queen had dreamed that her babe had turned into a fire-brand, which burned up the walls and the high towers of Troy, and left but smouldering ashes where once the proud city stood. She told the king her dream; and, when the child was born, they called a soothsayer, who could foresee the mysteries of the future, and they asked him what the vision meant.

"It means," said he, "that this babe, if he lives, shall be a firebrand in Troy, and shall turn its walls and its high towers, into heaps of smouldering ashes."

"But what shall be done with the child, that he

may not do this terrible thing?" asked Priam, greatly sorrowing, for the babe was very beautiful.

"Do not suffer that he shall live," answered the soothsayer.

But Priam, the gentlest and most kind-hearted of men, could not bear to harm the babe. So he called Archelaus, his master shepherd, and bade him take the helpless child into the thick woods, which grow high up on the slopes of Ida, and there to leave him alone. The wild beasts which roam among those woods, he thought, would doubtless find him; or, in any case, he could not live without care or nourishment; and thus the dangerous brand would be quenched while yet it was scarcely a spark.

The shepherd did as he was bidden, although it cost his heart many a sharp pang thus to deal barbarously with the innocent. He laid the smiling infant, wrapped in its broidered tunic, close by the foot of an oak, and then hurried away that he might not hear its cries. But the Dryads, who haunt the woods and groves, saw the babe, and pitied its helplessness, and cared for it so that it did not die. Some brought it yellow honey from the stores of the wild bee; some fed it with milk from the white goats which fed on the pastures below; and others stood as sentinels around it, guarding it from the wolves and bears. Thus five days passed, and Archelaus, the shepherd, who could not forget the babe, came cautiously to the spot to see if, mayhap, even its broidered cloak had been spared by the beasts. Sorrowful and shuddering, he glanced toward the foot

of the tree. To his surprise, the babe was still there; it looked up and smiled, and stretched its fat hands towards him. The shepherd's heart would not let him turn away the second time. He took the child in his arms, and carried it to his own humble home in the valley, where he cared for it and brought it up as his own son.

"The boy grew to be very tall and very handsome; and he was so brave and so helpful to the shepherds around Mount Ida, that they called him Alexandros, or the helper of men; but his foster-father named him Paris. And as he tended his sheep in the mountain dells, he met Œnone, the fairest of the river-maidens, guileless and pure as the waters of the stream by whose banks she loved to wander. Day after day he sat with her in the shadow of her woodland home, and talked of innocence and beauty, of a life of sweet contentment, and of love; and the maiden listened to him with wide open eyes, and a heart full of trustfulness and faith. Then, by and by, Paris and Œnone were wedded; and their little cottage in the Mountain glen was the fairest and happiest spot in Ilios. The days sped swiftly by, and neither of them dreamed that any sorrow was in store for them; and to Œnone her shepherd-husband was all the world, because he was so noble and brave and handsome and gentle.

One warm summer afternoon Paris sat in the shade of a tree at the foot of Mount Ida, while his flocks were pasturing upon the hillside before him. The bees were humming lazily among the flowers;

the cicadas were chirping among the leaves above his head; and now and then a bird twittered softly among the bushes behind him. All else was still, as if enjoying to the full the delicious calm of that pleasant day. Paris was fashioning a slender reed into a shepherd's flute; while Œnone, sitting in the deeper shadows of some clustering vines, was busy with some simple piece of needle-work. A sound, as of sweet music, caused the young shepherd to raise his eyes. Before him stood the four immortals, Herè, Athene, and Aphrodite, and Hermes, the messenger; their faces shone with a dazzling radiance, and they were fairer than any tongue can describe. At their feet rare flowers sprang up, crocuses and asphodels and white lilies; and the air was filled with the sweet odor of orange-blossoms. Paris, scarce knowing what he did, arose to greet them. No handsomer youth ever stood in the presence of beauty. Straight as a mountain pine was he; a leopard skin hung carelessly upon his shoulders; his head was bare, but his locks clustered round his temples in sunny curls, and formed fit frame-work for his fair brows.

Then Hermes spoke first: "Paris, we have come to seek thy help; there is strife among the folk who dwell on Mount Olympus. Here are Herè, Athene, and Aphrodite, each claiming to be the fairest, and each clamoring for this prize—this golden apple. Now we pray that you will judge this matter, and give the apple to the one whom you may deem most beautiful."

Then Herè began her plea at once: "I know that I am the fairest," she said, "for I am queen, and mine it is to rule among gods and men. Give me the prize and you shall have wealth and a kingdom, and great glory; and men in after times shall sing your praises."

And Paris was half tempted to give the apple, without further ado, to Herè, the proud queen. But gray-eyed Athene spoke: "There is that, fair youth, which is better than riches or honor or great glory. Listen to me, and I will give thee wisdom and a pure heart; and thy life shall be crowned with peace and sweetened with love, and made strong by knowledge. And though men may not sing of thee in after times, thou shalt find lasting happiness in the answer of a good conscience towards all things."

Then Œnone whispered from her place among the leaves: "Give the prize to Athene, she is the fairest." And Paris would have placed the golden apple in her hand had not Aphrodite stepped quickly forward, and in the sweetest, merriest tones, addressed him:

"You may look at my face and judge for yourself as to whether I am fair," she said, laughing and tossing her curls. "All I shall say is this—give me the prize, and you shall have for your wife the most beautiful woman in the world."

The heart of Œnone stood still as Paris placed the apple in Aphrodite's hand; and a nameless dread came over her, as if the earth were sinking beneath her feet. But the next moment the blood came back to her cheeks, and she breathed free and strong

again, for she heard Paris say: "I have a wife, Œnone, who to me is the loveliest of mortals, and I care not for your offer; yet I give to you the apple, for I know that you are the fairest among the deathless ones who live on high Olympus."

On the very next day it happened that King Priam sat thoughtfully in his palace, and all his boys and girls—nearly fifty in number—were about him. His mind turned sadly to the little babe whom he had sent away, many years ago, to die alone on wooded Ida. And he said to himself, "The child has been long dead, and yet no feast has been given to the gods that they may make his little spirit glad in the shadowy land of Hades. This must not be neglected longer. Within three days a feast must be made, and we will hold games in his honor."

Then he called his servants, and bade them go to the pastures of Mount Ida, and choose from all the herds that pastured there, the fattest and handsomest, to be given as a prize to the winner in the games. And he proclaimed through all Ilios, that on the third day there would be a great feast in Troy, and games would be held in honor of the little babe who had died twenty years before. Now, when the servants came to Mount Ida, they chose a bull for which Paris had long cared, and which he loved more than any other. And he would not let the beast be driven from the pasture until it was agreed that he might go to the city with it and contend in the games for the prize. But Œnone, the river nymph, wept and prayed him not to go.

"Leave not the pleasant pasture-lands of Ida, even for a day," said she, "for my heart tells me that you will not return."

"Think not so, my fair one," said Paris. "Did not Aphrodite promise that the most beautiful woman in the world shall be my wife? And who is the most beautiful but my own Œnone? Dry now your tears, for when I have won the prizes in the games I will come back to you, and never leave you again."

Then the grief of Œnone waxed greater. "If you will go," she cried, "then hear my warning! Long years shall pass ere you shall come again to wooded Ida, and the hearts which are now young shall grow old and feeble by reason of much sorrow. Cruel war and many dire disasters shall overtake you, and death shall be nigh unto you; and then Œnone, although long forgotten by you, will hasten to your side, to help and to heal and to forgive, that so the old love may live again. Farewell!"

But Paris kissed his wife, and hastened, light of heart, to Troy. How could it be otherwise but that, in the games which followed, the handsome young shepherd should carry off all the prizes.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

"My name is Paris," answered the shepherd, "and I feed the flocks and herds on wooded Ida."

Then Hector, full of wrath, because of his own failure to win a prize, came forward to dispute with Paris.

"Stand there, Hector," cried old Priam, "stand

close to the young shepherd, and let us look at you." Then, turning to the queen, he asked, "Did you ever see two so nearly alike? The shepherd is fairer and of slighter build, it is true; but they have the same eye, the same frown, the same smile, the same motion of the shoulders, the same walk. Ah, what if the young babe did not die after all?"

Then Priam's daughter, Cassandra, who had the gift of prophecy, cried out, "Oh blind of eye and heart, that you cannot see in this young shepherd the child whom you sent to sleep the sleep of death on Ida's wooded slopes."

And so it came about that Paris was taken into his father's house, and given the place of honor, which was his by right. And he forgot Œnone, his fair young wife, and left her to pine in loneliness among the woods, and in the narrow dells of sunny Ida.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

It was fifty years ago,
  In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
  A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
  The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
  Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
  "Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
  In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
  With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
  The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
  Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song
  Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
  And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
  For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
  The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
  From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
  For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
  And my boy does not return."

—Longfellow.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

—Shakespeare.

CHARLES AND OLIVER.

Not long after King James I. took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hinchinbrook. His name was Sir Oliver Cromwell. He spent his life, I suppose, pretty much like other English knights and squires in those days, hunting hares and foxes, and drinking large quantities of ale and wine. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors before him for a good many years. In it there was a great hall hung round with coats of arms and helmets, cuirasses and swords, which his forefathers had used in battle, and with horns of deer and tails of foxes, which they, or Sir Oliver himself, had killed in the chase.

This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew who had been called Oliver, after himself, but who was generally known in the family by the name of little Noll. His father was a younger brother of Sir Oliver. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little fellow to take care of. He was forever in mischief, and always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by a miracle.

One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrook

with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell. This was a high honor, to be sure, but a very great trouble; for all the lords and ladies, knights, squires, guards and yeomen, who waited on the king, were to be feasted as well as himself; and more provisions would be eaten, and more wine drunk in that one day, than generally in a month. However, Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the king's intended visit, and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen; and the neighbors knew, by the smoke which poured out of the chimney, that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, and frying, were going on merrily.

By-and-bye the sound of trumpets was heard approaching nearer and nearer; a heavy, old-fashioned coach, surrounded by guards on horseback, drove up to the house. Sir Oliver, with his hat in his hand, stood at the gate to receive the king. His majesty was dressed in a suit of green, not very new; he had a feather in his hat and a triple ruff round his neck, and over his shoulder was slung a hunting-horn instead of a sword. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world; but the spectators gazed at him as if there were something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands, as if they were dazzled by the glory of his countenance.

"How are ye, man?" cried King James, speaking in a Scotch accent, for Scotland was his native

country. "By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!"

The good knight thanked the king, at the same time kneeling down while his Majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground, he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in the coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the king himself. Though by no means an ill-looking child, he seemed shy or even sulky, and his cheeks were rather pale, as if he had been kept moping within doors, instead of being sent out to play in the sun and wind.

"I have brought my son Charlie to see ye," said the king; "I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own to be his playmate." Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men with their gray beards, humbled themselves before this child. They bent their bodies till their beards almost swept the dust. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him.

"What a noble little prince he is!" exclaimed Sir Oliver, lifting his hands in admiration. "No, please your Majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of his Royal Highness; but there is a nephew of mine somewhere about the house. He is near the prince's age, and will be but too happy to wait upon his Royal Highness."

"Send for him, man! send for him!" said the king. But, as it happened, there was no need of sending for Master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold-faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants, and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose, which had been put on new and clean in honor of the king's visit, were already soiled and torn with the rough play in which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were his uncle, and the prince one of his customary playmates. This was little Noll himself.

"Here, please your Majesty, is my nephew," said Sir Oliver, somewhat ashamed of Noll's appearance and demeanor. "Oliver, make your obeisance to the king's majesty." The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance to the king; for in those days children were taught to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince, in a very grave and dignified manner, extended his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it."

"Nephew," said Sir Oliver, "pay your duty to the prince." "I owe him no duty," cried Noll, thrusting aside the prince's hand with a rude laugh. "Why should I kiss that boy's hand?" All the courtiers were amazed and confounded, and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the king laughed

heartily, saying that little Noll had a stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for his son to learn betimes what sort of people he was to rule over.

So King James and his train entered the house; and the prince, with Noll and some other children, were sent to play in a separate room while his Majesty was at dinner. The young people soon became acquainted; for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or of peasants, all like play, and are pleased with one another's society. What games they diverted themselves with I cannot tell. Perhaps they played at ball, perhaps at blind-man's-buff, perhaps at leap-frog, perhaps at prison-bars. Such games have been in use for hundreds of years; and princes as well as poor children have spent some of their happiest hours in playing at them.

Meanwhile King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver in the great hall. The king sat in a gilded chair, under a canopy, at the head of a long table. All of a sudden there was a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together; while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard, trying to restore order among the children. The king and everybody else at the table looked aghast; for perhaps the tumult made them think that a general rebellion had broken out. "Mercy on us!" uttered Sir Oliver, "that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other. The naughty little whelp!" Getting up from the table, he ran to see what was the matter, followed by

many of the guests, and the king among them. They all crowded to the door of the play-room.

On looking in they beheld the little Prince Charles with his rich dress all torn, and covered with the dust of the floor. His royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should dare to give him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight, not only the prince, but the king and kingdom too.

"You little villain!" cried his uncle, "what have you been about? Down on your knees this instant, and ask the prince's pardon! How dare you lay your hand on the king's majesty's royal son?" "He struck me first," grumbled the valiant little Noll; "and I have only given him his due."

Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king's own son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London, and brought to trial for high treason. Others, in their great zeal for the king's service, were about to lay hands on the boy and chastise him in the royal presence.

But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist. "Thou

art a bold boy," said he, looking fixedly at Noll; "and if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do well to be friends with thee." "I never will!" cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

"Peace, Charlie, peace!" said the king; then addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants: "Harm not the urchin; for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven do but give him grace to profit by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose." So the king finished his dinner and departed; and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. The prince, indeed, might have lived a happier life, and have met a more peaceful death, had he remembered that quarrel and the moral which his father drew from it. But when old King James was dead, and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man and that his meanest subjects were men as well as he. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him and beat him in many battles, and pulled him down from his throne.

Throughout this war between the king and nobles on one side, and the people of England on the other, there was a famous leader, who did more toward the ruin of royal authority than all the rest. The contest seemed like a wrestling-match between King

Charles and this strong man. And the king was overthrown.

When the discrowned monarch was brought to trial, that warlike leader sat in the judgment hall. Many judges were present besides himself; but he alone had the power to save King Charles or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, this victorious general was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his Majesty from death. "No!" said he, sternly; "better that one man should perish than that the whole country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die!"

When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace of Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride, and an evil education, and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on with a steadfast gaze, while a black-veiled executioner lifted the fatal axe and smote off that anointed head at a single blow. "It is a righteous deed," perhaps he said to himself. "Now Englishmen may enjoy their rights."

At night, when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin, in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch. Its gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with the many battles in which he had led the van; his brow was wrinkled with care, and with the continual exercise of stern authority. Probably there was not a single trait, either of aspect or manner,

that belonged to the little Noll who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he!

He lifted the coffin-lid, and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then, probably, his mind went back over all the marvellous events that had brought the hereditary King of England to this dishonored coffin, and had raised himself, an humble individual, to the possession of kingly power. He was a king, though without the empty title or the glittering crown.

"Why was it?" said Cromwell to himself, or might have said, as he gazed at the pale features in the coffin—"why was it that this great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?" And, indeed, why was it?

King Charles had fallen, because, in his manhood, the same as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. He deemed himself a superior being, and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose, because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights and freedom of his fellow-men; and therefore the poor and the oppressed all lent their strength to him.

—*Hawthorne.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

—*Pope.*

THE MAPLE.

All hail to the broad-leaved Maple !
  With its fair and changeful dress—
A type of our young country
  In its pride and loveliness ;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
  Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
  She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
  Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide, umbrageous branches
  The sun-burnt reaper screen ;
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
  Her livelier colors shine,
Like the dawn of a brighter future
  On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,
  Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
  O'er the streets of our busy towns ;
She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
  Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
  On the graves of the silent dead.

When Winter's frosts are yielding,
  To the sun's returning sway,

And merry groups are speeding
To the sugar-woods away;
The sweet and welcome juices,
Which form their welcome spoil,
Tell of the teeming plenty,
Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-toned spring, soft-breathing,
Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
Like the green waves of the deep;
In her fair and budding beauty,
A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves all crimson,
Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of life-blood welling
From a warrior brave and tall,
They tell how fast and freely
Would her children's blood be shed,
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
With her fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's the fairest of them all.

—*Rev. H. F. Darnell.*

THE STAGE COACH.

When the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn that he was half inclined to run away. But he didn't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four grays, felt as if he were another gray himself, or, at all events, a part of the turn-out; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendor of his situation.

And, really, it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman; for, of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of his fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses, and the wildest freedom of the road, could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought him, with particular instructions, and he pitched them into his hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a

day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot; he was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A wagon couldn't have moved slowly with that guard and his key-bugle on top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box, and looked about him. Such a coachman and such a guard never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going yoke coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach; up all night and lying by all day, and leading a terrible life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening, mild and bright; and even with the weight upon his mind, which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells;

and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leader's coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yo, ho! past hedges, gates and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yo, ho! past donkey-chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yo, ho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yo, ho! past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick yards; past last year's stacks cut slice by slice away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yo, ho! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yo, ho! Yo, ho!

Yo, ho! among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same as if the light of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yo, ho! beside the village green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's

foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away! with our four fresh horses from the "Bald-faced Stag," where topers congregate about the door, admiring; and the last team, with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed, and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with the clattering of hoof, and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the world. Yo, ho!

See the bright moon! High up before we know it; making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church-steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own image till morning. The poplars yonder, rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him;* and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager, while our own ghostly likeness travels on. Yo, ho! Yo, ho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy, gauze-like

mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration, gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before, as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yo, ho! Why, now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute, in a grove of trees; next minute, in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad, clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on; our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yo, ho! A match against the moon! Yo, ho! Yo, ho!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt when day comes leaping up. Yo, ho! two stages, and the country roads are almost changed into a continuous street. Yo, ho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not as easy to preserve! Yo, ho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London.

—*Charles Dickens.*

He who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare;
But he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His, who buildeth over these,
Our tents, His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf; "for with thee,
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom, by day and night, I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born; sleep in peace!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck followed, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate bolts, undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the walls to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the light sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Rowland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lockern the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boon, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the half-chime;
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped, of a sudden, the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Rowland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely; the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres: no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle, bright stubble, like chaff;
Till over by Dalhim a dome-tower sprang white,
And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news, which alone could save Aix from her fate;
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood!

And all I remember is friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

—*Robert Browning.*

TUBAL CAIN.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handywork!
Hurra for the spear and sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee;
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came over his heart
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done;

He saw that men, with rage and hate,
  Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
  In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
  Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
  Is to slay their fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
  Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to strike the ore,
  And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
  And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
  While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handicraft!"
  And the red sparks lit the air.
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;
  And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
  In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
  And ploughed the willing lands.
And sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain!
  Our good staunch friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
  To him our praise shall be;
But while oppression lifts his head,
  Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
  We'll not forget the sword!"

—*Charles Mackay.*

THE FORGING OF BALMUNG.

While Siegfried was still a lad, his father, the King, sent him to learn the noble art of the smith, the most worthy of all trades. The smith Mimer was his master, a wise and cunning man. He was kin to the dwarf folk who had ruled the earth in the early days, and who were learned in every lore and skilled in every craft. He had drunk from the flowing spring, the waters of which imparted wisdom and far-seeing knowledge to all who drank of them.

Under such a teacher he soon became a wonderful smith. No one could do more work than he, and none wrought with greater skill. The heaviest chains and the strongest bolts, for prison or for treasure-house, were but as toys in his stout hands, so easily and quickly did he beat them into shape. And he was alike cunning in work of the most delicate and brittle kind. Ornaments of gold and silver, studded with the rarest jewels, were fashioned into beautiful forms by his deft fingers. And among all of Mimer's apprentices, none learned the master's lore so readily, nor gained the master's favor more.

One morning the master, Mimer, came to the smithy with a troubled look upon his face. It was clear that something had gone amiss, and what it was, the apprentices soon learned from the smith

himself. Never, until lately, had any one questioned Mimer's right to be called the foremost smith in all the world; but now a rival had come forward. An unknown upstart—one Amilias, in Burgundy-land—had made a suit of armor which, he boasted, no stroke of sword could dint, and no blow of spear could scratch; and he had sent a challenge to all other smiths, both in the Rhine country and elsewhere, to equal that piece of workmanship, or else acknowledge themselves his underlings and vassals. For many days had Mimer himself toiled, alone and vainly, trying to forge a sword whose edge the boasted armor of Amilias could not foil; and now, in despair, he came to ask the help of his pupils and apprentices.

"Who among you is skilful enough to forge such a sword?" he asked.

One after another, the pupils shook their heads. And Veliant, the foreman of the apprentices, said: "I have heard much about that wonderful armor, and its extreme hardness, and I doubt if any skill can make a sword with edge so sharp and true as to cut into it. The best that can be done is to try to make another war-coat whose temper shall equal that of Amilias' armor."

Then the lad Siegfried quickly said: "I will make such a sword as you want—a blade that no war-coat can foil. Give me but leave to try."

The other pupils laughed in scorn, but Mimer checked them. "You hear how this boy can talk: we will see what he can do. He is the King's son,

and we know that he has uncommon talent. He shall make the sword; but if, upon trial, it fail, I will make him rue the day."

Then Siegfried went to his task. And for seven days and seven nights the sparks never stopped flying from his forge; and the ringing of his anvil, and the hissing of the hot metal as he tempered it, were heard continuously. On the eighth day the sword was fashioned, and Siegfried brought it to Mimer.

The smith felt the razor-edge of the bright weapon, and said: "This seems, indeed, a fair fire-edge. Let us make a trial of its keenness."

Then a thread of wool, as light as thistle-down, was thrown upon the water, and, as it floated there, Mimer struck it with the sword. The glittering blade cleft the slender thread in twain, and the pieces floated undisturbed upon the surface of the liquid.

"Well done!" cried the delighted smith. "Never have I seen a keener edge. If its temper is as true as its sharpness would lead us to believe, it will indeed serve me well."

But Siegfried took the sword again and broke it into many pieces; and for three days he welded it in a white-hot fire, and tempered it with milk and oatmeal. Then in sight of Mimer and the sneering apprentices, he cast a light ball of fine-spun wool upon the flowing waters of the brook; and it was caught in the swift eddies of the stream, and whirled about until it met the bared blade of the sword, which was held in Mimer's hands. And it was parted

as easily and clean as the rippling water, and not the smallest thread was moved out of its place.

Then back to the smithy Siegfried went again; and his forge glowed with a brighter fire, and his hammer rang upon the anvil with a cheerier sound, than ever before. But he suffered none to come near, and no one ever knew what witchery he used. But some of his fellow-pupils afterwards told how, in the dusky twilight, they had seen a one-eyed man, long-bearded, and clad in a cloud-gray kirtle, and wearing a sky-blue hood, talking with Siegfried at the smithy door. And they said that the stranger's face was at once pleasant and fearful to look upon, and that his one eye shone in the gloaming like the evening star, and that, when he had placed in Siegfried's hands bright shards, like pieces of a broken sword, he faded suddenly from their sight, and was seen no more.

For seven weeks the lad wrought day and night at his forge, and then, pale and haggard, but with a pleased smile upon his face, he stood before Mimer with the gleaming sword in his hands. "It is finished," he said. "Behold the glittering terror!—the blade Balmung. Let us try its edge, and prove its temper once again, that so we may know whether you can place your trust in it."

And Mimer looked long at the ruddy hilt of the weapon, and at the mystic runes that were scored upon its sides, and at the keen edge, which gleamed like a ray of sunlight in the gathering gloom of the evening. But no word came from his lips, and his

eyes were dim and dazed; and he seemed as one lost in thoughts of days long past and gone.

Siegfried raised the blade high over his head; and the gleaming edge flashed hither and thither, like the lightning's play when Thor rides over the storm-clouds. Then, suddenly, it fell upon the master's anvil, and the great block of iron was cleft in two; but the bright blade was no whit dulled by the stroke, and the line of light which marked the edge was brighter than before.

Then to the flowing brook they went; and a great pack of wool, the fleeces of ten sheep, was brought, and thrown upon the swirling water. As the stream bore the bundle downwards, Mimer held the sword in its way. And the whole was divided as easily and as clean as the woollen ball or the slender woollen thread had been cleft before.

"Now, indeed," cried Mimer, "I no longer fear to meet that upstart, Amilias. If his war-coat can withstand the stroke of such a sword as Balmung, then I shall not be ashamed to be his underling. But, if this good blade is what it seems to be, it will not fail me; and I, Mimer the Old, shall still be called the wisest and greatest of smiths."

And he sent word at once to Amilias, in Burgundy-land, to meet him on a day, and settle forever the question as to which of the two should be the master, and which the underling. And heralds proclaimed it in every town and dwelling.

When everything was in readiness for the contest, Amilias, clad in his boasted war-coat, went up to

the top of the hill and sat upon a great rock, and waited for Mimer's coming. As he sat there, he looked, to the people below, like some great castle-tower; for he was almost a giant in size, and his coat of mail, so skilfully wrought, was so huge that twenty men of common mould might have found shelter, or hidden themselves, within it. As the smith Mimer, so dwarfish in stature, toiled up the steep hill-side, Amilias smiled to see him; for he felt no fear of the slender, gleaming blade that was to try the metal of his war-coat. And already a shout of expectant triumph went up from the throats of the Burgundian hosts, so sure were they of their champion's success.

When Mimer reached the top of the hill Amilias folded his huge arms, and smiled again; for he felt that this contest was mere play for him, and that Mimer was already as good as beaten, and his thrall. The smith paused a moment to take breath, and as he stood by the side of his foe he looked to those below like a mere black speck close beside a steel-gray castle-tower.

"Are you ready?" asked the smith.

"Ready," answered Amilias. "Strike!"

Mimer raised the gleaming blade in the air, and for a moment the lightning seemed to play around his head. The muscles on his short, brawny arms stood out like great ropes; and then Balmung, descending, cleft the air from right to left. The waiting lookers-on in the plain below thought to hear the noise of clashing steel; but they listened in vain,

for no sound came to their ears, save a sharp hiss, like that which red-hot iron gives when plunged into a tank of cold water. The huge Amilias sat unmoved, with his arms still folded upon his breast; but the smile had faded from his face.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mimer, in a half mocking tone.

"Rather strangely, as if cold iron had touched me," faintly answered the upstart.

"Shake thyself," cried Mimer.

Amilias did so, and lo, he fell in two halves; for the sword had cut sheer through the vaunted war-coat, and cleft in twain the great body incased within. Down tumbled the giant head and the still-folded arms, and they rolled with thundering noise to the foot of the hill, and fell with a fearful splash into the deep waters of the river, and there, fathoms down, they may now be seen, when the water is clear, lying like great gray rocks among the sand and gravel below. The rest of the body, with the armor which incased it, still sat upright in its place; and to this day travellers sailing down the river are shown, on moonlit evenings, the luckless armor of Amilias on the high hill-top. In the dim, uncertain light, one easily fancies it to be the ivy-covered ruins of some old castle of feudal times.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face.
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
  He hears his daughter's voice

Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,— rejoicing,— sorrowing,
Onward, through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—*Longfellow.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

—*Coleridge.*

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare:
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.
The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!—
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show,
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.
As quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out," bang, bang the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let 's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea—the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
chains!
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky
high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing, here
am I!"
Swing in your stroke in order, let foot and hand keep time!
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
"The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we."
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red.
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the "Yeo-heave-o," and the "Heave-away," and the sigh-
ing seaman's cheer;
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and
home,
And sobbing sweethearts in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green
sea!
O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?

The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Norwegian Isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonish'd shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or haply in a cove,
And shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave.
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, could'st thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, could'st thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou 'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!

—*Samuel Ferguson.*

JACQUES CARTIER.

In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westwar'd sail'd away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side;
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride
In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourn'd his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross;

And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hail'd him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship,
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon it cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the
wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe
upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of
St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's
height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er
the sea.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

THE SLAYING OF FAFNIR THE DRAGON.

There was a desert land beyond the forest and the barren mountain range, and there lived Fafnir the Dragon, wallowing among his treasures on the Glittering Heath. Early one morning Siegfried set forth riding upon Greyfell, to slay the Dragon and remove the curse. He rode off through the thick greenwood towards the hills. On the eighth day, in the evening, he came to a dark wall of mountains stretching far on to either hand, and towering high above him. Far into the night Siegfried and Greyfell toiled up the steep ascent, picking their way among crags and cliffs, sometimes leaping from rock to rock, or over some deep gorge, sometimes following a dangerous path along the edge of a precipice.

The sun at last went down, and one by one the stars came out; and the moon was rising, round and red, when Siegfried stood and gazed from the mountain-top down upon the Glittering Heath which lay beyond. And a strange weird scene it was that met his sight. At the foot of the mountain was a river, white and cold and still; and beyond it was a smooth and barren plain, lying silent and lonely in the pale moonlight. But in the distance was seen a circle of flickering flames, ever changing—now growing brighter, now fading away, and now shining with a dull, cold light, like the glimmer of the glow-worm or the fox-fire. And as Siegfried gazed upon the scene, he saw the dim outline

of some hideous monster moving hither and thither, and seeming all the more terrible in the uncertain light. It was Fafnir, wearing the Helmet of Terror.

"Before the setting of another sun," said Siegfried, "Fafnir shall feel the edge of Balmung."

Then he dashed down the eastern slope of the mountain, leaving Greyfell behind him. Soon he stood on the bank of the white river, which lay between the mountain and the heath; but the stream was deep and sluggish, and the channel was very wide. He paused a moment, wondering how he should cross; and the air seemed heavy with deadly vapors, and the water was thick and cold. While he thus stood in thought, a boat came silently out of the mists, and drew near; and the boatman stood up and called to him and said:—

"What man are you who dares come into this land of loneliness and fear?"

"I am Siegfried," answered the lad; "and I have come to slay Fafnir, the Terror."

"Sit in my boat," said the boatman, "and I will carry you across the river."

And Siegfried sat by the boatman's side; and without the use of an oar, and without a breath of air to drive it forward, the little vessel turned, and moved silently towards the farther shore.

"In what way will you fight the dragon?" asked the boatman.

"With my trusty sword, Balmung, I shall slay him," answered Siegfried.

"But he wears the Helmet of Terror, and he

breathes deathly poisons, and his eyes dart forth lightning, and no man can withstand his strength," said the boatman.

"I will find some way by which to overcome him."

"Then, be wise, and listen to me," said the boatman. "As you go up from the river you will find a road, worn deep and smooth, starting from the water's edge, and winding over the moor. It is the trail of Fafnir, adown which he comes at dawn of every day to slake his thirst at the river. Do you dig a pit in this roadway—a pit narrow and deep—and hide yourself within it. In the morning, when Fafnir passes over it, let him feel the edge of Balmung."

As the man ceased speaking, the boat touched the shore, and Siegfried leaped out. He looked back to thank his unknown friend, but neither boat nor boatman was to be seen. Only a thin white mist rose slowly from the cold surface of the stream, and floated upwards and away towards the mountain-tops. Then the lad remembered that the strange boatman had worn a blue hood, bespangled with golden stars, and that a gray kirtle was thrown over his shoulders, and that his one eye glistened and sparkled with a light that was more than human. And he knew that he had again talked with Odin. Then, with a braver heart than before, he went forward, along the river-bank, until he came to Fafnir's trail—a deep, wide furrow in the earth, beginning at the river's bank, and winding far away over the heath, until it was lost to sight in the darkness. The bottom of the trail was soft and slimy, and its

sides had been worn smooth by Fafnir's frequent travel through it.

In this road, at a point not far from the river, Siegfried, with his trusty sword Balmung, scooped out a deep and narrow pit, as Odin had directed. And when the gray dawn began to appear in the East, he hid himself within this trench, and waited for the coming of the monster. He had not long to wait; for no sooner had the sky begun to redden in the light of the coming sun than the dragon was heard bestirring himself. Siegfried peeped warily from his hiding-place, and saw him coming far down the road, hurrying with all speed, that he might quench his thirst at the sluggish river, and hasten back to his gold; and the sound which he made was like the trampling of many feet and the jingling of many chains. With bloodshot eyes, and gaping mouth, and flaming nostrils, the hideous creature came rushing onwards. His sharp, curved claws dug deep into the soft earth; and his bat-like wings, half trailing on the ground, half flapping in the air, made a sound like that which is heard when Thor rides in his goat-drawn chariot over the dark thunder-clouds. It was a terrible moment for Siegfried, but still he was not afraid. He crouched low down in his hiding-place, and the bare blade of the trusty Balmung glittered in the morning light. On came the hastening feet and the flapping wings: the red gleam from the monster's flaming nostrils lighted up the trench where Siegfried lay. He heard a roaring and a rushing like the sound of a Whirl-

wind in the forest; then a black inky mass rolled above him, and all was dark. Now was Siegfried's opportunity. The bright edge of Balmung gleamed in the darkness one moment, and then it smote the heart of Fafnir as he passed. Some men say that Odin sat in the pit with Siegfried, and strengthened his arm and directed his sword, or else he could not thus have slain the Terror. But, be this as it may, the victory was soon won. The monster stopped short, while but half of his long body had glided over the pit; for sudden death had overtaken him. His horrid head fell lifeless upon the ground; his cold wings flapped once and then lay, quivering and helpless, spread out on either side; and streams of thick black blood flowed from his heart, through the wound beneath, and filled the trench in which Siegfried was hidden, and ran like a mountain torrent down the road towards the river. Siegfried was covered from head to foot with the slimy liquid, and had he not quickly leaped from his hiding-place, he would have been drowned in the swift rushing stream.

The bright sun rose in the east, and gilded the mountain-tops, and fell upon the still waters of the river, and lighted up the treeless plains around. The south wind played gently against Siegfried's cheeks and in his long hair, as he stood gazing on his fallen foe. And the sound of singing birds, and rippling waters, and gay insects—such as had not broken the silence of the Glittering Heath for ages—came to his ears. The Terror was dead, and Nature had awakened from her sleep of dread.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

Last night among his fellow-roughs
He jested, quaff'd and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewilder'd, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay! tear his body limb from limb;
Bring cord, or axe, or flame!—
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd
Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow:
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung:—
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, Honor calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by:
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die!

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink
To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons!
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

—*Sir F. H. Doyle.*

THE SLEEPING VALKYRIE.

All things were still on land and sea. Siegfried and the harper sat in the little ship moored on the sandy shore, and looked toward the sea-green castle and its glowing walls. They looked and listened, but in vain. The great green banner hung motionless at the tower-top. No breath of air was stirring, not so much as to waken the sleeping leaves. There was no song of bird, nor hum of insect, nor sound of human life.

And Bragi, the harper, played upon the harp that all these sleepers might be awakened. He sang of all things beautiful in earth and sea and sky. The strains of magic music rose upon the still air, and floated over the quiet bay, and across the green

meadows which lay around the castle walls, and upward over the battlements, and among the sleeping trees. But nothing stirred.

Never before had Bragi's music failed to quicken nature into life. Siegfried bade him tell why it was. And so, to make the reason plain, Bragi told of Odin's bright home at Gladsheim, and of the many halls that are there.

One of the halls in Gladsheim is called Valhal. This hall is so large and wide, that all the armies of the earth might move within it. Outside, it is covered with gold and with sun-bright shields. A fierce wolf stands guard before it, and a mountain eagle hovers over it. It has five hundred and forty doors, each large enough for eight hundred heroes to march through abreast.

Inside everything is glittering bright. The rafters are made of spears, and the ceiling is covered with shields, and the walls are decked with war-coats. In this hall Odin sets daily a feast for all the heroes that have been slain in battle. These sit at the great table, and eat of the food which Odin's servants have prepared, and drink of the heavenly mead which the Valkyries, Odin's handmaids, bring them.

But the Valkyries have a greater duty. When the battle rages, and swords clash, and shields ring, and the air is filled with shouts and groans, and all the din of war, then these maidens hover over the field of blood and death, and carry the slain heroes home to Valhal.

One of Odin's Valkyries was named Brunhild, and she was the most beautiful of all the maidens that chose heroes for his war-host. But she was wilful too, and did not always obey the All-Father's behests. And when Odin knew that she had sometimes snatched the doomed from death, and sometimes helped her chosen friends to victory, he was very angry. And he drove her away from Gladsheim, and sent her, friendless and poor, to live among the children of men, and to be in all ways like them. But, as she wandered weary and alone over the earth, the good old King of Isenland saw her beauty and her distress, and pity and love moved his heart; and as he had no children of his own, he took her for his daughter, and made her his heir. And not long afterward he died, and the matchless Brunhild became queen of all the fair lands of Isenland, and the hall of Isenstein. When Odin heard of this, he was more angry still; and he sent to Isenstein, and caused Brunhild to be stung with the Thorn of Sleep. And he said:

"She shall sleep until one shall come who is brave enough to ride through fire to awaken her."

And all Isenland slept too, because Brunhild, the Maiden of Spring, lay wounded with the Sleepful Thorn.

When Seigfried heard this story, he knew that the land which lay before them was Isenland, and that the castle was Isenstein, and that Brunhild was sleeping within that circle of fire.

"My songs have no power to awaken such a

sleeper," said Bragi. "A hero, strong and brave, must ride through the flames to arouse her. It is for this that I have brought you hither; and here I will leave you, while I sail onward to brighten other lands with my music."

Siegfried's heart was glad; for here was a worthy deed for him to do. He bethought himself of his beautiful horse, the gift of Odin. This was the swift Greyfell whose coat was white as the fresh fallen snow, his long mane bright with a thousand flashing rays. So he bade his friend Bragi good-bye, and stepped ashore; and Greyfell followed him. And Bragi sat at the prow of the ship, and played his harp again; and the sailors plied their oars; and the little vessel moved swiftly out of the bay, and was seen no more. And Siegfried stood alone on the silent, sandy beach.

As he thus stood, the full moon rose white and dripping from the sea; and its light fell on the quiet water, and the sloping meadows, and the green turrets of the castle. And the last notes of the harp came floating to him over the sea.

He glanced across the meadow, at the green turrets glistening in the mellow moonlight, and then at the flickering flames around the castle walls, and he resolved that on the morrow he would, at all hazards, perform the perilous feat.

In the morning, as soon as the gray dawn appeared, he began to make ready for his difficult undertaking. But, when he looked again at the red flames, he began to hesitate. He paused, uncertain

whether to wait for a sign or for help from the All-Father, or whether to go straightway to the castle, and trusting in his good armor alone, try to pass through the burning moat. While he thus stood in doubt, his eyes were dazzled by a sudden flash of light. He looked up. Greyfell came dashing across the sands; and from his long mane a thousand sunbeams gleamed and sparkled in the morning light. Siegfried had never seen the wondrous creature so radiant; and as the steed stood by him in all his strength and beauty, he felt new hope and courage, as if Odin himself had spoken to him. He hesitated no longer, but mounted the noble horse; and Greyfell bore him swiftly over the plain, and paused not until he had reached the brink of the burning moat.

Now, indeed, would Siegfried's heart have failed him, had he not been cheered by the sunbeam presence of Greyfell. For, filling the wide, deep ditch, were angry, hissing flames, which, like a thousand serpent-tongues, reached out, and felt here and there, for what they might devour; and ever and anon they took new forms, and twisted and writhed like fiery snakes, and then they swirled in burning coils high over the castle-walls. Siegfried stopped not a moment. He spoke the word, and boldly the horse with his rider dashed into the fiery lake; and the vile flames fled in shame and dismay before the pure sunbeam flashes from Greyfell's mane. And, unscorched and unscathed, Siegfried rode through the moat, and through the wide-open gate, and into the castle-yard.

The gate-keeper sat fast asleep in his lodge, while the chains and the heavy key with which, when awake, he was wont to make the great gate fast, lay rusting at his feet; and neither he, nor the sentinels on the ramparts above, stirred or awoke at the sound of Greyfell's clattering hoofs. As Siegfried passed from one part of the castle to another, many strange sights met his eyes. In the stables the horses slumbered in their stalls, and the grooms lay snoring by their sides. The birds sat sound asleep on their nests beneath the eaves. The watch-dogs, with fast-closed eyes, lay stretched at full length before the open doors. In the garden the fountain no longer played, the half-laden bees had gone to sleep among the blossoms of the apple-trees, and the flowers themselves had forgotten to open their petals to the sun. In the kitchen the cook was dozing over the half-baked meats in front of the smouldering fire; the butler was snoring in the pantry; the dairy-maid was quietly napping among the milk-pans; and even the house-flies had gone to sleep over the crumbs of sugar on the table. In the great banquet-room a thousand knights, overcome with slumber, sat silent at the festal board; and their chief, sitting on the dais, slept with his half-emptied goblet at his lips.

Siegfried passed hurriedly from room to room and from hall to hall, and cast but one hasty glance at the strange sights which met him at every turn; for he knew that none of the drowsy ones in that spacious castle could be awakened until he had aroused

the Princess Brunhild. In the grandest hall of the palace he found her. The peerless maiden, most richly dight, reclined upon a couch beneath a gold-hung canopy; and her attendants, the ladies of the court, sat near and around her. Sleep held fast her eyelids, and her breathing was so gentle, that, but for the blush upon her cheeks, Siegfried would have thought her dead. For long, long years, had her head thus lightly rested on that gold-fringed pillow; and in all that time neither her youth had faded, nor her wondrous beauty waned.

Siegfried stood beside her. Gently he touched his lips to that matchless forehead; softly he named her name:

"Brunhild!"

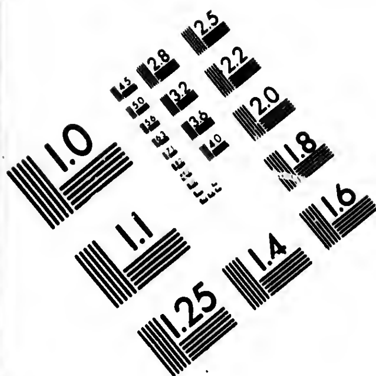
The charm was broken. Up rose the peerless princess in all her queen-like beauty; up rose the courtly ladies round her. All over the castle, from cellar to belfry-tower, from the stable to the banquet-hall, there was a sudden awakening—a noise of hurrying feet and mingled voices, and sounds which had long been strangers to the halls of Isenstein. The watchman on the tower, and the sentinels on the ramparts, yawned, and would not believe they had been asleep; the porter picked up his keys, and hastened to lock the long-forgotten gates; the horses neighed in their stalls; the watch-dogs barked at the sudden clamor; the birds, ashamed at having allowed the sun to find them napping, hastened to seek their food in the meadows; the servants hurried here and there, each intent upon his duty;

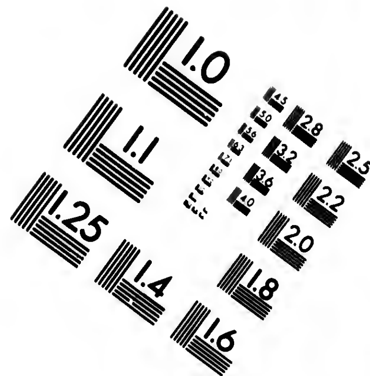
the warriors in the banquet-hall clattered their knives and plates, and began again their feast; and their chief dropped his goblet, rubbed his eyes, and wondered that sleep should have overtaken him in the midst of such a meal.

And Siegfried, standing at an upper window, looked out over the castle-walls; and he saw that the flames no longer raged in the moat, but that it was filled with clear sparkling water from the fountain which played in the garden. And the south wind blew gently from the sea, bringing from afar the sweetest strains of music from Bragi's golden harp: and the breezes whispered among the trees, and the flowers opened their petals to the sun, and birds and insects made the air melodious with their glad voices. Then Brunhild, radiant with smiles, stood by the hero's side, and welcomed him kindly to Isenland, and to her green-towered castle of Isenstein.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

The sky is ruddy in the east,
  The earth is grey below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
  The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
  And grating saw begin;
The broad axe to the knarlèd oak,
  The mallet to the pin!





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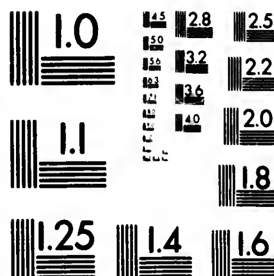

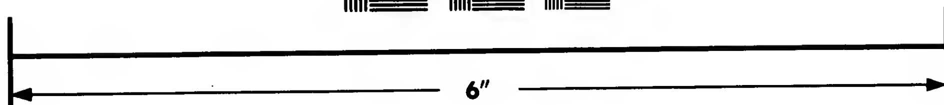

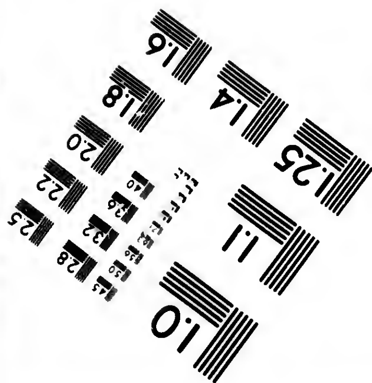

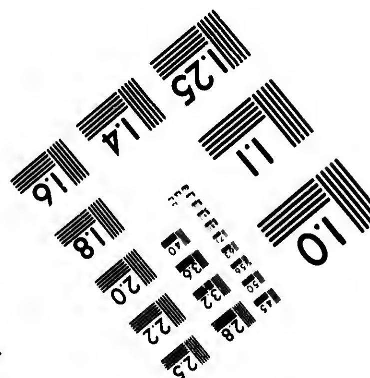

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Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
  The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
  Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
  Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
  The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills the panting team
  For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
  Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axeman's stroke
  In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
  Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
  No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
  The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
  And drive the tree-nails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
  Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
  The sea's rough field shall plough,—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
  With salt-spray caught below,—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
  Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
  As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
  Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
  May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
  We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
  Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
  And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
  The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
  In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
  Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
  Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
  Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
  With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
  Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
  No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
  Her roomy hold within;
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
  Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
  And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

—*Whittier.*

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINBAD.

"I desired, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, as I had the honor to tell you yesterday; but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life. My inclination to trade revived. I bought goods proper for the commerce I intended, and put to sea a second time with merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. We went to take a little fresh air in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others, fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt

two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone. . . . I got up and looked around me, but could not see one of the merchants who landed with me. I perceived the ship under sail, but at such distance, that I lost sight of her in a short time.

"I leave you to guess at my melancholy reflections in this sad condition: I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair, one afflicting thought being succeeded by another still more afflicting. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, that might have sufficed me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance too late.

"At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, from whence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover anything that could give me hopes. When I gazed toward the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking over the land I beheld something white; and coming down, I took what provision I had left and went toward it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was.

"As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent; and when I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth.

I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top as it was so smooth. It was, at least, fifty paces round.

"By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a monstrous size, that came flying toward me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called roc, and conceived that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg. In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc, next morning, would carry me with her out of this desert island.

"After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high, that I could not discern the earth; she afterwards descended with so much rapidity that I lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a serpent of monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

"The spot where she left me was encompassed on all sides by mountains, that seemed to reach above

the clouds, and so steep that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity: so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

"As I walked through this valley, I perceived it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them; but shortly saw at a distance such objects as greatly diminished my satisfaction, and which I could not view without terror, namely a great number of serpents, so monstrous that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the day-time to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

"I spent the day in walking about in the valley, resting myself, at times, in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came on, I went into a cave, where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents; but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the serpents, which began hissing around me, put me into such extreme fear, that you may easily imagine I did not sleep. When day appeared, the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds, without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my apprehensions, not having closed

my eyes during the night, fell asleep, after having eaten a little more of my provisions. But I had scarcely shut my eyes, when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw meat; and at the same time I saw several others fall from the rocks in different places.

"I had always regarded as fabulous what I had heard sailors and others relate of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems employed by merchants to obtain jewels from thence; but now I found that they had stated nothing but truth. For the fact is, that the merchants come to the neighborhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the precipices of the rock, to feed their young: the merchants at this time run to their nests, disturb and drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

"Until I perceived the device, I had concluded it to be impossible for me to get from this abyss, which I regarded as my grave; but now I changed my opinion, and began to think upon the means of my deliverance. I began to collect together the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my provisions. I afterwards took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban,

and then laid myself upon the ground with my face downward, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my girdle.

"I had scarcely placed myself in this posture when the eagles came. Each of them seized a piece of meat, and one of the strongest having taken me up, with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began their shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods. 'You will treat me,' replied I, 'with more civility, when you know me better. Do not be uneasy, I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe to chance, but I selected for myself in the bottom of the valley those which you see in this bag.' I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story. Yet they did not so much admire my stratagem to effect my deliverance, as my courage in putting it into execution.

"They conducted me to their encampment, and there having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed, that in all the courts which they had visited they had

never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant, who owned the nest to which I had been carried (for every merchant had his own), to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that too the least of them; and when I pressed him to take more, without fear of doing me any injury, 'No,' said he, 'I am well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire.'

"I spent the night with the merchants, to whom I related my story a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it. I could not moderate my joy when I found myself delivered from the danger I have mentioned. I thought myself in a dream, and could scarcely believe myself out of danger.

"The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days, and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the next morning, and travelled near high mountains, where there were serpents of a prodigious length, which we had the good fortune to escape. We took shipping at the first port we reached, and touched at the Isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphire. This tree is so large and its branches so thick, that one hundred men may easily sit under its shade. The juice, of which the camphire is made, exudes from a hole bored in the upper part of the tree, is received in a vessel, where it thickens to a consistency, and

becomes what we call camphire; after the juice is thus drawn out, the tree withers and dies.

"I pass over many other things peculiar to this island, lest I should be troublesome to you. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. From hence we went to other islands, and at last, having touched at several trading towns of the continent, we landed at Bussorah, from whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I immediately gave large presents to the poor, and lived honorably upon the vast riches I had brought, and gained with so much fatigue."

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to loose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

—*Lowell.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

When I waked it was broad day. The weather was clear, and the storm had abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but what surprised me most was, that by the swelling of the tide the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, and was driven up almost as far as the rock where I had been so bruised by the waves dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my lodgings in the tree, I again looked about me; and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay, as the wind and sea had tossed her, up on the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to get to her; but found between me and the boat a neck, or inlet of water, which was about half a mile broad; so came back for the present, being more intent upon getting to the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board, we should all have been

safe; that is to say, we should all have got safe on shore, and I should not have been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship.

Accordingly I pulled off my clothes,—for the weather was extremely hot,—and took to the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, and which hung down by the forechains so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got into the forecastle of the ship.

Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, in such a way that her stern was lifted up on the bank, while her bow was low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to find out what was spoiled and what was not. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and, being very well disposed to eat, went to the bread-room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time

to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, and of this took a large dram, for I had need enough of it to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had; and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and so flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not float away.

When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, tied four of them together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft. By laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them, cross-ways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with a carpenter's saw cut a spare top-mast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to do upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. However, I was not long

considering this. I first laid all the plank or boards upon it that I could get, and, having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, namely, bread, rice, three dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh (which we lived much upon), and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but which had been killed.

There had been some barley and wheat together; but to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters; and, in all, about five or six gallons of rack. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor any room for them.

While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though it was very calm, and I had the mortification, to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore, upon the sands, swim away. As for my trousers, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this set me on rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore. And it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed,

a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-load of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them. Two of them were dry and good, the third had taken water. These two I got to my raft, with the arms. And now, I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements: first, a smooth, calm sea; secondly, the fact that the tide was rising and setting in to the shore; thirdly, what little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and, besides the tools which were in the chest, two saws, an axe, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before. By this I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently hoped to

find some creek or river there, which I might use as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found that a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and, not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward the end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water.

I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but, holding up the chests with all my might, stood in that manner nearly half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level. A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, because I hoped, in time, to see some ship at sea. Accordingly I resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft, and at last got so near, that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dropped all my cargo into the sea again; for the shore lay pretty steep and sloping, and, wherever I might land, one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other be sunk so low, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over. And so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her up on that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground —one on one side, near one end, and one on the other side, near the other end. Thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not: whether on the continent or on an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward.

I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill. After I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw to my great affliction, that I was on an island environed on every side by the sea. No land was to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than these, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was on was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none. Yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree, on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable flock of fowls, of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his usual note, but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling that bird, but it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took up the rest of that day. What to do

with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. As I knew the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other work apart, till I had got every thing out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council—that is to say, in my thoughts—whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before and prepared a second raft; and, having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so

hard. Still, I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing, a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder; a large bagful of small shot, and a great roll of sheet-lead; but this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

On the thirteenth day I was preparing for my twelfth trip, when I found the sky overcast. The wind began to rise and in a quarter of an hour it blew a gale from the shore. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no ship was to be seen! I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, that I had lost no time, nor omitted any diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me; and, indeed, there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

—*Daniel De Foe.*

THE CREATION.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that *it was* good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God, said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which *were* under the firmament from the waters which *were* above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry *land* appear: and it was so. And God called the dry *land* Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that *it was* good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, *and* the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed *is* in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, *and* herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed *was* in

itself, after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years: And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: *he made* the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth. And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that *it was* good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day. And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl *that* may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing

that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and, replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which *is* upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which *is* the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein *there is* life, *I have given* every green herb for meat: and it was so. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, *it was* very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for youth and the prime of life are vanity.

Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; or ever the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the street; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one shall rise up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; yea, they shall be afraid of *that which is* high, and terror *shall be* in the way; and the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the caper-berry shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,—
  But we left him alone with his glory.

—Rev. Charles Wolfe.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

  Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
  The river Weser, deep and wide,
  Washes its wall on the southern side;
  A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
  Almost five hundred years ago,
  To see the townsfolk suffer so
    From vermin, was a pity.

  Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
  And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
  And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,

By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous

For a plate of turtle green and glutinous).
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,

Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as me thought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,

Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand gilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw, with our eyes, the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:

With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street,
  And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
  And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling and pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
  Could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,

And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings.
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor

Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

—Robert Browning.

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might!
Haste not! Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

—Goethe.

HOW I KILLED A BEAR.

So many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear, it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear, that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is, that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance—the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears—a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage—there were four of them—to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries. It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briars, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing

among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shot-gun for partridges. I prefer the rifle: it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound) —an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it—if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off—nearly every time. Of course, the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree. I loaded a big shot-gun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show, that,

although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry-patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods, and walked towards them. The girl took to her heels, and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him: at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance towards the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed up the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree, and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in

the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second, and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other end of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs, and doing just what I was doing—picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries

into his mouth—green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do it: I didn't. The bear dropped down on his fore-feet, and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run up hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries—much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast-tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over, and nosed about in the fruit "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. When ever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of syrup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more

than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to

plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head; that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet just planted back of his fore-leg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach; or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear wouldn't wait for me to examine the thermometer, and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of off-hand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts on my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on, and I did not

return! What would the rest of the household think, as the afternoon passed, and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought her that her husband had been eaten by a bear! I cannot imagine any thing more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF
——— ———,
EATEN BY A BEAR,
Aug. 20th, 1877.

But the bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned, and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eye on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still he might be shamming: bears often sham. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He

didn't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:—

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where is your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail! What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it the bear had it."

"Oh, come! You didn't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular—except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" "Don't believe it!" "Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear you must go up into the woods. I couldn't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who keeps one of the summer board-

ing-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at least started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case; but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises,—a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They didn't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he.

But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

THE OWL.

In the hollow tree in the gray old tower,
 The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine-hour,
 But at dusk—he's abroad and well:
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
 All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
 Then the boldest will shrink away;
  Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
  Then, then is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
 And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold
 She awaiteth her ghastly groom!
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
 As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
 She hoots out her welcome shrill!
  Oh, when the moon shines and the dogs do howl,
  Then, then is the cry of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!
 The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
 He is lord in the dark green wood!

Nor lonely the bird nor his ghastly mate ;
They are each unto each a pride—
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside !
So when the night falls and dogs do howl,
Sing ho ! for the reign of the horned owl !
We know not alway who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

—Barry Cornwall (B. F. Procter).

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved Shamrock in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells !
I would not waste my magic mite on diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense—*such* triumph is but cold ;
But I would play th' enchanter's part in casting bliss around—
Oh not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor !—I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as of old !
Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found !

The heart that had been mourning, o'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning—like Noah's faithful dove ;
And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's darkening sea,
And Misery's children have an ark and saved from sinking be.
Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found !

—Lover.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming—"Love of ladies! splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!" Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third.

At length, as the music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he passed into the lists.

As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited.

He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the

Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield! touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain!"

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the centre pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, until it rang again. All stood amazed at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the book of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last time upon the sun, for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise!"

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it I advise thee to

take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again called forth the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned, to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit.

He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from one of his squires.

His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding on one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau!*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other, at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good-wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward on its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and, having glared at each other for an instant with eyes that seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, the waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it it seemed as if the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover

breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprang from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, renders the shock more irresistible. Fair and true, he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold on the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprang from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword.

The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there will be none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants!" He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order which they advanced against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters he had undergone, and

bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum!* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight gained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful. Striking that baron forcibly on the casque, the laces of the helmet broke; and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of its career, so as to disturb the rider's aim; but the stranger declined to take the advantage which this accident afforded him. Raising his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, he wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as well as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force, that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The loud acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, which announced that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
  From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—*Scott.*

"The foremost among the nations will be that one which, by its conduct, will gradually engender in the minds of the others a fixed belief, that it is just."

—*William Ewart Gladstone.*

HOME AND COUNTRY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of Nature's noblest grace.
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
The angel guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

—*James Montgomery.*

THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
  Is it where he by chance is born?
  Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
  O yes! his fatherland must be
  As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
  Where God is God, and man is man?
  Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
  O yes! his fatherland must be
  As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
  Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
  Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair—
  There is the true man's birthplace grand;
  His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
  Where'er one man may help another—
  Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
  There is the true man's birthplace grand;
  His is a world-wide fatherland!

—J. Russell Lowell.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

The plain through which Red River flows is fertile beyond description. At a little distance it seems one vast level plain, through which the windings of the river are marked by a dark line of woods, fringing the whole length of the stream. Each tributary has also its line of forest, a line visible many miles away over the great sea of grass. As one travels on, there first rise above the prairie the tops of trees; these gradually grow larger, until finally, after many hours, the river is reached. Nothing else breaks the uniform level.

Through many marsh-lined channels, and amidst a vast sea of reeds and rushes, the Red River of the north seeks the waters of Lake Winnipeg. A mixture of land and water, of mud and of the varied vegetation which grows thereon, this delta of the Red River is, like other spots of a similar description, inexplicably lonely. The wind sighs over it, bending the tall reeds with mournful rustle, and the wild bird passes and repasses, with plaintive cry, over the rushes which form his summer home.

Emerging from the sedges of Red River, we shot out into the waters of an immense lake which stretched away into unseen spaces, and over whose waters the fervid July sun was playing strange freaks of mirage and inverted shore land. This was Lake Winnipeg, a great lake, even on a continent

where lakes are inland seas. The capes and headlands of what was once a vast inland sea, now stand far away from the shores of Winnipeg. But, vast as it now is, it is only a tithe of what it must have been in the earlier ages of the earth. Hundreds of miles from its present limits, these great landmarks still look down on an ocean; but it is an ocean of grass.

But although Lake Winnipeg has shrunk to a tenth of its original size, its rivers still remain worthy of the great basin into which they once flowed. The Saskatchewan is longer than the Danube; the Winnipeg has twice the volume of the Rhine: four hundred thousand square miles of continent shed their waters into Lake Winnipeg—a lake as changeful as the ocean, but, fortunately for us, in its very calmest mood to-day. Not a wave, not a ripple on its surface; not a breath of breeze to aid the untiring paddles.

A long low point, stretching from the south shore of the lake, was faintly visible on the horizon. It was past midday when we reached it; so, putting in among the rocky boulders which lined the shore, we lighted our fire and cooked our dinner. Then, resuming our way, the Grande Traverse was entered upon. Far away over the lake rose the point of the Big Stone, a lonely cape whose perpendicular front was raised high over the water. The sun began to sink towards the west; but still not a breath rippled the surface of the lake, not a sail moved over the wide expanse—all was as lonely as though our tiny

craft had been the sole speck of life on the waters of the world.

The red sun sank into the lake. It was time to seek the shore and make our beds for the night. A deep sandy bay, with a high backing of woods and rocks, seemed to invite us to its solitudes. Steering in with great caution amid the rocks, we landed in this sheltered spot, and drew our boat upon the sandy beech. The shore yielded large store of drift-wood, the relics of many a northern gale. Behind us lay a trackless forest; in front, the golden glory of the western sky. The night shades deepened around us, and the red glare of our drift-wood fire cast its light upon the woods and rocks.

—*Major W. F. Butler.*

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume:
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Loch-
invar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Scott.*

THE LARK AT THE DIGGINGS.

The house was thatched and white-washed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned safe from overtowering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass-plot and gravel walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Ah well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and indeed it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is, here it is—there!" Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What, is it *this* we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, but what is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it!"

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh, ay, I see! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your cackle," cried one, "he is going to sing;" and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation toward the bird.

Like most singers he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, to call his ancient cadences back to him one by one, and to string them together.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last—amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice—out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled from his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty, and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, the green

meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from and the spring he sang so well, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And, when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey-clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Home! sweet home!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths, and drink, and riot, and remorses; but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back, bright as the immortal notes that had lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears, when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover field hard by in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked, the sweet hours of youth and innocence, and home!

"What will you take for him, mistress? I will give you five pounds for him!"

"No! no! I won't take five pounds for my bird!"

"Of course she won't," cried another, "she wouldn't be such a flat. Here, missus," cried he, "I'll give you that for him," and he extended a brown hand with at least thirty new sovereigns glittering in it.

The woman trembled; she and her husband were just emerging from poverty after a hard fight.

"Oh!" she cried, "it is a shame to tempt a poor woman with so much gold. We had six brought over, and all died on the way but this one!" and she threw her white apron over her head, not to see the glittering bribe.

"Bother you, put the money up and don't tempt the woman," was the cry. Another added, "Why, you fool, it wouldn't live a week if you had it," and they all abused the man: but the woman turned to him kindly, and said:

"You come to me every Sunday, and he shall sing to you. You will get more pleasure from him so," said she sweetly, "than if he was always by you."

"So I will, old girl," replied the rough, in a friendly tone.

George stayed till the lark gave up singing altogether, and then he said: "Now, I'm off. I don't want to hear bad language after that: let us take the lark's chirp home to bed with us." And they made off; and true it was, the pure strains dwelt upon their spirits, and refreshed and purified these sojourners in a godless place.

—*Charles Reade.*

DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting,
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares drop from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;—
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine!

—*Bret Harte.*

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

—*Trench.*

FROM THE "BOOK OF PSALMS."

PSALM 23.

The Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM 103.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord *is* merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* for ever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, *so* far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Like a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we *are* dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord, all *ye* his hosts; *ye* ministers of his, that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

PSALM 148.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him,

all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that *be* above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word: Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl: Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory *is* above the earth and heaven. He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; *even* of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE.

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor éstray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE LEGEND OF "THE WHITE HORSE PLAINS."

Formerly the Assiniboines were a part of the Sioux nation, speaking the same language and having frequent intercourse with the other Sioux tribes. The Assiniboines, however, being nearer than any other branch of the Sioux family to the Kristinots, their hereditary foes, observing that the latter had obtained firearms and powder from the English forts at Hudson's Bay, made a treaty of peace with these more powerfully-armed neighbors. Meanwhile the other Sioux tribes, who had no share in this treaty, continued to slay all the Kristinots that fell into their hands. Thus the Assiniboines began to be looked upon with suspicion by their Sioux brethren. They were not yet deemed open enemies, but were on the point of being treated as such, when an event took place that broke the bonds of fellowship for ever.

One day a distinguished young brave of the Kristinot Nation came to an Assiniboine chief, and asked him to give him his daughter in marriage. As this youthful squaw was a maiden of rare beauty, the chief claimed a great price for her hand. Happily the Kristinot warrior possessed what, in the eyes of the Indians, was a peerless and tempting prize—a beautiful, spirited, and fleet-footed steed, white as the driven snow.

The chief, unable to resist this fascinating gift, gave away his daughter, and kept the snow-white steed.

But the Assiniboine tribe had not yet forgotten how the Kristinots had, in the olden time, scalped many of their relatives; so not a few murmured secretly against this new alliance, which estranged them from their blood relations.

A few days later there arrived a numerous band of Sioux, made aware of this marriage by a medicine-man who had a grudge against the Assiniboine chief. One of these Sioux, who was the son of a powerful chief, had asked for the hand of that same maiden, and had been rejected. On learning that a Kristinot had been preferred to him, he was beside himself with rage. Under pretext of reprisals of war, he wanted to capture the Kristinot warrior, and then torture him with all the refinements of savage cruelty. The Sioux were well armed and in great force. On the other hand, the friendship of the Assiniboines for their new allies was far from being firmly established. Seeing the danger that threatened his son-in-law, the Assiniboine chief saddled the snow-white steed, and told the Kristinot to fly to his people in the darkness of the night. The latter eagerly accepted the offer, lifted his young wife up behind him, and fled.

At break of day the Sioux, furious at finding that the Kristinot was about to elude them, mounted in hot pursuit. They overtook him on the banks of the Assiniboine river, a couple of miles west of the

spot on which now stands the parish church of St. François Xavier. With their arrows they slew him and his bride. The white horse, freed from his double burden, dashed off at a mad gallop. In spite of all their skill, the Sioux could not catch him.

For many years after, the white horse continued to rove the neighboring plain. The Indians, ever superstitious, no longer dared to attempt his capture. No one knows exactly what became of him. The medicine-men solemnly averred that the Manitous had carried him off to the happy hunting-grounds of the other world, where the ghost of the luckless Kristinot wandered, awaiting his white horse for the chase.

Henceforth, the story goes, the rupture between the Assiniboines and the Sioux was complete.

Instead of giving to this prairie the name of the Kristinot warrior or of his bride, the Indians, as is their wont, preferred to call it after the snow-white steed. Hence the parish of St. François Xavier has long been known as "The White Horse Plain."

—From the French of Judge L. A. Prud'homme; translated by the Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J.

LIFE! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

—Barbauld.

THE "LAUGHING SALLY."

A wind blew up from the Pernambuco.
  (Yeo heave ho! the "Laughing Sally!"
  Hi yeo, heave away!)
A wind blew out of the east-sou'-east
  And boomed at break of day.

The "Laughing Sally" sped for her life,
  And a speedy craft was she.
The black flag flew at her top to tell
  How she took toll of the sea.

The wind blew up from Pernambuco;
  And in the breast of the blast
Came the King's black ship, like a hound let slip
  On the trail of the "Sally" at last.

For a day and a night, a night and a day;
  Over the blue, blue round,
Went on the chase of the pirate quarry,
  The hunt of the tireless hound.

"Land on the port bow!" came the cry;
  And the "Sally" raced for shore,
Till she reached the bar at the river-mouth
  Where the shallow breakers roar.

She passed the bar by a secret channel
  With clear tide under her keel,—
For he knew the shoals like an open book.
  The captain at the wheel.

She passed the bar, she sped like a ghost,
Till her sails were hid from view,
By the tall, liana'd, unsunned boughs
O'erbrooding the dark bayou.

At moonrise up to the river-mouth
Came the King's black ship of war.
The red cross flapped in wrath at her peak,
But she could not cross the bar.

And while she lay in the run of the seas,
By the grimmest whim of chance
Out of a bay to the north come forth
Two battle-ships of France.

On the English ship the twain bore down
Like wolves that range by night;
And the breaker's roar was heard no more
In the thunder of the fight.

The crash of the broadsides rolled and stormed
To the "Sally" hid from view
Under the tall, liana'd boughs
Of the moonless, dark bayou.

A boat ran out for news of the fight,
And this was the word she brought—
"The King's ship fights the ships of France
As the King's ships all have fought!"

Then muttered the mate, "I'm a man of Devon!"
And the captain thundered then—
"There's English rope that bides for our necks,
But we all be English men!"

The "Sally" glided out of the gloom
  And down the moon-white river.
She stole like a gray shark over the bar
  Where the long surf seethes forever.

She hove to under a high French hull,
  And the red cross rose to her peak.
The French were looking for fight that night,
  And they hadn't far to seek.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
  And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
  And the dead men laid a-row!

And when the stars paled out of heaven
  And the red dawn-rays uprushed,
The oaths of battle, the crash of timbers,
  The roar of the guns was hushed.

With one foe beaten under his bow,
  The other far in flight,
The English captain turned to look,
  For his fellow in the fight.

The English captain turned and stared;—
  For where the "Sally" had been
Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
  With the red cross flag serene!

*   *   *   *   *

A wind blew up from Pernambuco,—
  (Yeo heave ho! the "Laughing Sally!"
  Hi yeo, heave away!)
And boomed for the doom of the "Laughing Sally,"
  Gone down at the break of day.

—Charles G. D. Roberts (by author's permission.)

THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

"Hold the punt-about!" "To the goals!" are the cries, and all stray balls are impounded by the authorities; and the whole mass of boys moves up toward the two goals, dividing as they go into three bodies. That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom among them, who are making for the goal under the school-house wall, are the school-house boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the island goal, are the school-boys in a like predicament. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their jackets, and all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs and braces, on the railings round the small trees; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't mean to say that these fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen; they're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, mark my word; for hasn't old Brooke won the toss, with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals and kick-off? The new ball you may see lie there quite

by itself, in the middle, pointing toward the school or island goal: in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the school-house side is drilled. You will see in the first place, that the sixth-form boy, who has the charge of goal, has spread his force (the goal-keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal-posts, at distance of about five yards apart; a safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play. Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters; and now he moves away; see how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, half-way between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade). These again play in several bodies; there is young Brooke and the bull-dogs—mark them well—they are the "fighting brigade," the "die-hards," larking about at leap-frog to keep themselves warm and playing tricks on one another. And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick off, you see a separate wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to—here Warner, and there Hedge; but over all is old Brooke, absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over willing and worshipping subjects, a true foot-ball king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope, the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The school side is not organized in the same way.

The goal-keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and no-how; you can't distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight it must take more than that to hinder them from winning, and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look, there is a slight move forward of the school-house wings; a shout of "Are you ready?" and loud affirmative reply. Old Brooke takes half-a-dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning towards the school goal; seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick-off; and the school-house cheer and rush on; the ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back among the masses of the school already in motion. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got; you hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side," "Down with him," "Put him over," "Bravo!" This is what we call a scrimmage, gentlemen, and the first scrimmage in a school-house match was no joke in the consulship of Plancus.

But see! it has broken; the ball is driven out on the school-house side, and a rush of the school carries it past the school-house players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring

out: no need to call, though; the school-house captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremest school-boys who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country. And then follow rush upon rush, and scrimmage upon scrimmage, the ball now driven through into the school-house quarters, and now into the school goal; for the school-house have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries. You say you don't see much in it all; nothing but a struggling mass of boys, and a leather ball which seems to excite them all to great fury, as a red rag does a bull. My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you, except that the boys would be men, and the balls iron; but a battle would be worth your looking at for all that, and so is a football match. You can't be expected to appreciate the delicate strokes of play, the turns by which a game is lost and won—it takes an old player to do that, but the broad philosophy of football you can understand if you will. Come along with me a little nearer, and let us consider it together.

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrimmage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it! Here come two of the bull-dogs, bursting through the outsiders; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrim-

mage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do. My sons! my sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrimmage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets a chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers. Here comes Speedicut, and Flashman, the school-house bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after locking up, by the school-house fire, with "Old fellow, wasn't that just a splendid scrimmage by the three trees?" But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through the scrimmage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the school-house—but to make us think that's what you want—a vastly different thing; and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrimmage, where it's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you—we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them—they are most useful players, the dodgers: who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from among the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal: they seldom go into the scrimmage, but must have more coolness than

the chargers; as endless as are boys' characters, so are their ways of facing, or not facing, a scrimmage at football.

Three-quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the school-house have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bull-dogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvellous knack of keeping his legs. The school-house are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind the goal, under the doctor's wall. The doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the school-house. We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bull-dogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In-touch," "Our ball." Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite each other; he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the school line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bull-dogs are close upon it. The

school leaders rush back shouting, "Look out in goal!" and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bull-dogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down!" No! a long stagger, and the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal-posts.

The school leaders come up furious, and adminster toco to the wretched fags nearest at hand; they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard Street to a china orange that the school-house kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who will catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby; if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back; he will not kick out until they are all in goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones,

who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the school-house goal. Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground, to mark where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line must not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones—he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

Then a moment's pause while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the crossbar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real genuine joy rings out from the school-house players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour—such a thing hasn't been done in the school-house match this five years.

"Over!" is the cry; the two sides change goals, and the school-house goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the school; the most openly triumphant of them, among whom is Tom, a school-house boy of two hours standing,

getting their ears boxed in the transit. Tom indeed is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy, kindest and safest of all goal-keepers, has been able to do, to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side, and instructs him in the science of touching.

But now the ball is placed again midway, and the school is going to kick off. Their leaders have sent their lumber into goal, and rated the rest soundly, and one hundred and twenty picked players-up are there, bent on retrieving the game. They are to keep the ball in front of the school-house goal, and then to drive it in by sheer strength and weight. They mean heavy play and no mistake, and so old Brooke sees! and places Crab Jones in quarters just before the goal, with four or five picked players, who are to keep the ball away to the sides, where a try at goal, if obtained, will be less dangerous than in front. He himself, and Warner and Hedge, who have saved themselves till now, will lead the charges.

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the school time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are among us. Meet them like Englishmen, you school-house boys, and charge them home. Now is the time to show what metal is in you—and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire, and honor, and lots of bottled beer to-night, for him who does his duty in the next half hour. And they are all well met. Again and again the cloud of their players-up

gather before the goal, and come threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke and the relics of the bull-dogs, break through and carry the ball back; and old Brooke ranges the field like Job's warhorse, the thickest scrimmage parts asunder before his rush, like the waves before a clipper's bows; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball, and it rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it and sent it away towards the sides with the unerring drop-kick. This is worth living for; the whole sum of school-boy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life.

The quarter to five has struck, and the play slackens for a minute before goal; but there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, on the island side, where our quarters are weakest. Is there no one to meet him? Yes! look at little East! the ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment. Crew passes on without a stagger; East is hurled forward by the shock, and plunges on his shoulders, as if he would bury himself in the ground; but the ball raises straight into the air, and falls behind Crew's back, while the "bravos" of the school-house attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks East up lame and half stunned, and he hobbles back into goal, conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the school gather for their last rush, every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defence of their own goal, on they come across the level big-side ground, the ball well down among them, straight for our goal, like a column of the Old Guard up the slope at Waterloo. All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bull-dogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and, turning short round, picks out the very heart of the scrimmage, and plunges in. It wavers for a moment—he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, "Look out in goal." Crab Jones catches it for a moment; but before he can kick, the rush is upon him and passes over him; and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the school-house goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest school players-up.

There stands the school-house præposter, safest of all goal keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together, and throw themselves on the ball, under the very feet of the advancing column; the præposter on his hands and knees arching his

back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the præposter, but falling flat on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcass. "Our ball," says the præposter, rising with his prize; "but get up there, there's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and rolled off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back, give him air," he says; and then feeling his limbs, adds, "No bones broken. How do you feel, young un?"

"Hah! hah!" gasps Tom, as his wind comes back," "pretty well, thank you—all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke.

"Oh, it's Brown, he's a new boy; I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he is a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side," is called, and the first day of the school-house match is over.

—*Hughes.*

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—*Hood.*

THE DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
  With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
  And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
  In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honors yield,
  They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
  While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
  Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
  To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
  And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
  In moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily spreads perf[illegible]
  The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
  Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
  Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
  It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms in consecrated ground
  In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
  The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem
  Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page: in every place,
  In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
  And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
  Its humble buds unheeded rise:
The rose has but a summer reign,
  The daisy never dies.

—James Montgomery.

TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,
    For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
    Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
    Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humor of the game,
    While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE ARGONAUTS.

There was a King in Greece whose name was Athemas, and whose wife's name was Nephele. They had two children, a son and a daughter, who were very good, and loved each other very much. The son's name was Phrixus, and the daughter's Helle. But the father was wicked and put away his wife, the mother of the good children, and married another wife whose name was Ino, and who was very wicked. She treated the poor children very badly, gave them bad things to eat, and bad clothes, and beat them, although they were good, because they wept after their mother. Ino was a very bad step-mother. At last both Athamas and Ino sought to kill Phrixus and to offer him as a sacrifice.

But when he was brought to the altar, the God Hermes brought a fine large Ram which had wool of gold and could walk on the clouds. On this Ram with the golden fleece, Hermes placed Phrixus and also his sister Helle, and told them to go through the air to the country of Colchis.

The Ram knew his way. The children were told to cling with one hand to one of the horns, and they bent their other arms about each other's waists: but Helle let go her hold, and fell down into the sea. Phrixus wept very much because his good sister was dead, but went on riding until he came to

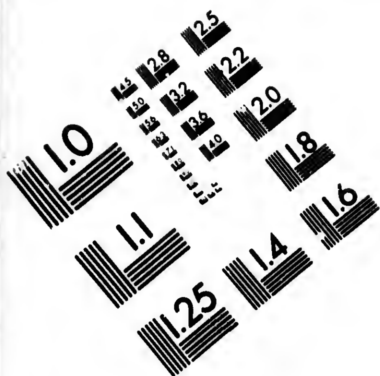
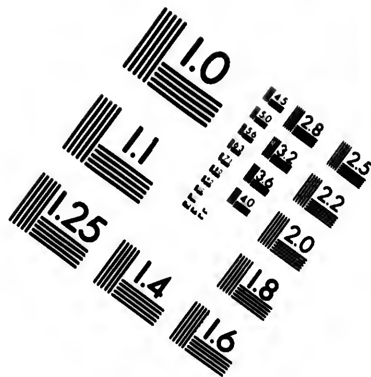
Colchis. There he sacrificed his Ram, and nailed the fleece against an oak-tree.

Some time after, there was a king in Greece whose name was Pelias. He had a brother whose name was Æson, and Æson had a son whose name was Jason. Jason lived with his father in the country. Now it had been told to King Pelias, that if a man with only one shoe should come to him, he would take away his kingdom. Then it happened that King Pelias gave a great feast, to which he invited Jason. Jason had to wade through a brook on his way, for there was no bridge over the brook. There had been in the night a heavy storm, and much rain had fallen, and the brook was swollen. Then the ties of one of Jason's shoes were loosened, so that he lost it in the water, and he came with only one shoe into the King's house. When King Pelias saw this, he was afraid, because of what had been told him, and he bade Jason to depart out of the land, and not to come back unless he brought him the golden fleece from Colchis.

Now he who would get this fleece must make a long voyage and go through many perils. Jason was not at all afraid, and invited many brave warriors to go with him.

Jason built a large ship for himself and for his comrades. Then the Goddess Athene, who loved him, gave him a magic tree for his mast, which, if Jason questioned it, would tell him what he was to do.

The ship's name was Argo, and they who went in her were called Argonauts. Amongst the Argonauts

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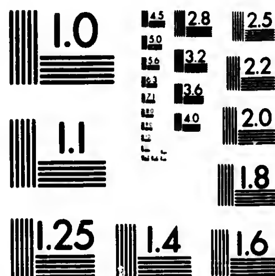
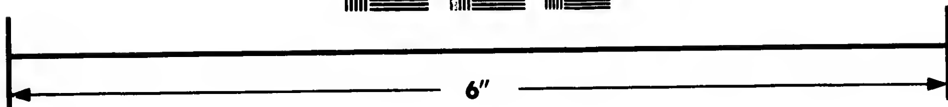

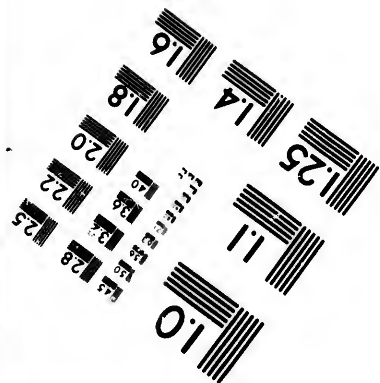
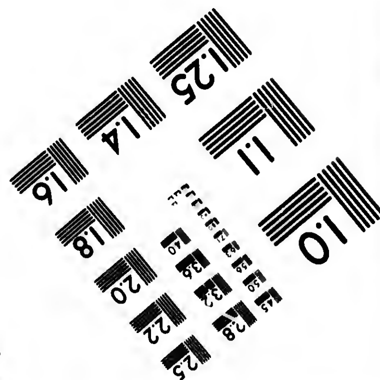

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there were Hercules, the strongest of men, and two brothers, the sons of the North Wind, who had wings and could fly through the air, and another hero named Pollux, the best man in the world with his fists.

Then the Argonauts came with their ship to a country where there was a wicked king whose name was Amycus; when strangers came to his country, he made them fight with him, and he was very strong and killed them. But Pollux knocked him down and struck him dead.

After that, the Argonauts came to a town where there lived a king whose name was Phineus. He had once made Zeus, king of the gods, angry, and Zeus, to punish him, had made him blind. Whenever Phineus sat down to eat, there came great foul birds, called Harpies, which had a skin as hard as iron, and long sharp claws, with which they tore the people to pieces who wished to drive them away. As soon as the food was served, they would come and carry it away, and if they could not carry away all, they dirtied the dishes and the table, so that it was all filthy. So Phineus was near starving.

When the heroes came, he told them of his troubles, and begged them to help him. The heroes sat down with him at the table, and, as soon as the food was brought, the Harpies came flying in. Jason and his comrades drew their swords and struck at them, but it was of no use. Then the two sons of Boreas, the North Wind, who had wings, flew into the air; and the Harpies, being frightened, flew away, and the

two heroes flew after them. The Harpies at last were tired out, and fell into the sea and were drowned. So Phineus had rest and could eat.

When the wind was fair, the heroes went on board their ship Argo, to sail towards Colchis, and when they bade farewell to Phineus, he thanked them for the help they had given him, and gave them good counsel. In the wide sea over which they were to sail, two great rocks were floating, as icebergs float in the sea, and whenever they struck against each other, they crushed everything to pieces that had got between them. If a bird flew through the air when the rocks dashed together, they crushed it to death; and if a ship was about to sail through, they rushed together when the ship was in the middle, and crushed it into bits, and all that were in it died. Zeus had placed these rocks in the sea to prevent any ship from reaching Colchis. Phineus, however, knew that the rocks always parted very widely from each other after having struck each other. He gave advice to the Argonauts, how they might get safely through.

When they came near the place where the rocks were floating, the Argonauts sailed straight toward the passage, and when they were near, one of the heroes stood up, holding a dove in his hand, and let it fly. It went between the rocks, and they came swiftly together to crush it. But the dove flew so fast that the rocks caught only her tail, which was torn out, but the feathers soon grew again. Then the rocks again parted widely asunder, and then the

heroes rowed with all their might and got safely through: so that when the rocks struck together again, they caught only a small bit of the ship's stern, which they knocked off.

When the Argonauts had passed happily through the Symplegades (as these rocks were called), they came at last to the River Phasis, which flows through Colchis. Some of them stayed in the ship; but Jason and Pollux, and many other heroes, went into the town where the king dwelt. The king's name was Æetes, and he had a daughter whose name was Medea. Jason told King Æetes that Pelias had sent him to fetch the golden fleece, and asked him to give it to him. Æetes did not like to lose the fleece, but he was afraid to refuse it; so he told Jason that he should have it: but first he must yoke certain brazen bulls to a plough, and plough up a great tract of land, and then sow the teeth of a dragon. The brazen bulls had been made by the god Hephaistos, who was a cunning smith. They walked and moved and were living like real bulls, and they belched out fire from their nostrils and mouths, and were far more fierce and strong than real bulls. Therefore, they were kept in a stable built of stone and iron, and were bound with strong iron chains. And when the dragon's teeth were sown in the earth, iron men would spring up with lances and swords, to kill him who had sown the teeth. Thus the king hoped that the bulls would kill Jason; and if the bulls should not kill him, then he thought that the iron men would do it.

Medea, the daughter of the king, saw Jason at her father's and loved him, and was sorry that he should perish. She knew how to brew magic liquors; she had a chariot drawn by flying serpents, and on this chariot she was carried where she wished; she gathered herbs on many mountains, and in many vales on the brinks of brooks, and from these herbs she pressed out the juice and prepared it. She went to Jason and brought him the juice, and told him to rub his face and his hands, and arms and legs, and also his armor, his sword and lance, with the juice; whereby he would become for a whole day stronger than all the other heroes together, and fire would not burn him, and steel would not wound him, but his sword and his lance would pierce steel as if it were butter.

Then a day was set when Jason should yoke the bulls and sow the teeth; and early in the morning, before the sun rose, King Æetes and his daughter and all his people came to see. The king sat down on a throne near the place where Jason was to plough, and the people sat around him.

Jason rubbed himself and his weapons with the juice, as Medea had told him, and came to the place. He opened the doors, and loosened the bulls from their chains, and seized each with one hand by its horn and dragged them out. The bulls bellowed most horribly, and all that time fire came out from their nostrils and mouths. Then King Æetes felt glad; but when the people saw what a beautiful man, and how brave Jason was, they were sorry

that he should die; for they did not know that Medea was helping him. Jason pressed the heads of both bulls down to the ground; then they kicked with their hind legs, but Jason held them down so strongly that they fell on their knees.

The plough to which they were to be yoked was all of iron; Pollux brought it near and threw the yoke over their necks and the chain around their horns, whilst Jason kept their mouths and noses so close to the ground that they could not belch out fire. When Pollux had done, and the bulls were yoked, he leapt quickly away, and Jason seized the chain in one hand and the handle of the plough in the other, and let loose his grasp of the horns; the bulls strove to run away, but Jason held the chain so fast that they were obliged to walk slowly and to plough the field. It was sunrise when they were yoked, and by noon, Jason had ploughed up the whole field. Then he unyoked the bulls and let them loose; and they ran without looking behind them to the mountains. There they would have set all the woods on fire if Hephaistos had not come and caught them and led them away.

When Jason had done ploughing, he went to King Æetes to get the dragon's teeth, and Æetes gave to Jason a helmet full of teeth. Jason took them out and went up and down the field and threw them into the furrows; and then with his large spear he beat the clods into small pieces, and smoothed the soil as a gardener does after having sowed. And then he went away and lay down to rest until evening, for he was very weary.

Towards sunset he returned to the field, and iron men were everywhere growing out of the soil. Some had grown out to the feet, others to the knees, others to the hips, others to the under part of the shoulders; of some only the helmet or forehead could be seen, whilst the rest of their bodies stuck in the ground. Those who had their arms already out of the earth and could move them, shook their lances and brandished their swords. Some were just freeing their feet and preparing to come against Jason.

Then Jason did what Medea had told him, and taking a big stone, he threw it upon the field just in the midst of them. When the iron men saw the stone, each sprang quickly to seize it. Then they began to bicker amongst each other, because each wished to have it, and to cut and thrust at each other; and as soon as one got his feet out of the soil, he ran to join the others, and all of them fought together, until every one of them was killed. Meanwhile Jason walked leisurely over the field and cut off the heads of those that were about to grow up. In this way, all the iron men perished, and King Æetes became like a madman; but Medea and the heroes and the people were well pleased.

The next morning, Jason went to King Æetes and asked him now to give him the fleece; but the king did not give it to him, and said that he must come at another time; for he meant to have Jason murdered. Medea told this to Jason, and told him also that he must fetch the fleece himself, or else he would never get it. The fleece was nailed to an

oak, and at the foot of the oak lay a dragon that never slept, and devoured all men that might touch the fleece. As the dragon was immortal, Medea could not help Jason to kill him. But the dragon ate sweet cakes with delight, and Medea gave to Jason honey-cakes, in which she had mixed a juice which would make the dragon go fast asleep. So Jason took the cakes and threw them before him; the dragon ate all of them, and at once fell asleep. Then Jason stepped over him, and drew out the nails with which the fleece was fastened to the oak; and taking down the fleece, he wrapped it in his cloak and carried it off to the ship. Medea came also, and became Jason's wife, and went with him to Greece.

Æetes, thinking the Argonauts would go back in the Argo, the same way they had come, sent a great many vessels to attack them; but they took another way, carried the Argo into the Ocean (which goes all around the earth), and so they came safe back to Iolcos. Jason gave the fleece to Pelias; Pelias soon after was put to death, and Æson became king.

—*Niebuhr*.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystals and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled with peace.

—*Thomas Moore.*

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;

Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone:
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

"And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride—
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

"Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"—
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowells in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reigned his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.

"So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

Right on our flanks the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
The sea turn'd one clear smile. Like things asleep

Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:
ALL TO THE BOATS! cried one;—he was, thank God,
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our colors, Sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought,
With shameful strength, unhonor'd life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What followed, why recall?—the brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf:
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf:—

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

—*Sir F. H. Doyle.*

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

They now began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation. It was a steep hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the valley, Piety said to Christiana: "This is the place where Christian, your husband, met with that foul fiend Apollyon, and where they had that dreadful fight that they had. I know you cannot but have heard thereof. But be of good courage: as long as you have here Mr. Greatheart to be your guide and conductor, we hope you will fare better."

Then said Mr. Greatheart: "We need not be so afraid of this valley, for here is nothing to hurt us, unless we procure it ourselves. 'Tis true, Christian did here meet with Apollyon, with whom he also had a sore combat; but that fray was the fruit of those slips he got in his going down the hill; for they that get slips there must look for combats here.

"Hence it is that this valley has got so hard a name; for the common people, when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such a one in such a place, are of opinion that that place is haunted by some foul fiend or evil spirit; when, alas! it is for the fruit of their own doings that such things do befall them there.

"It is easier going up than down this hill, and that can be said but of few hills in all these parts of the world.

"But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over. It is a fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much of meadows; and if a man were to come here in summer-time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold how green this valley is! also how beautiful with lilies!

"I have known many laboring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation; for 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble;' for, indeed, it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there is an end."

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance, and, as he sat by himself, he sang.

"Hark!" said Mr. Greatheart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith;" and so they hearkened, and he said:

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

Then said the guide: "Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."

—*John Bunyan.*

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

There came a youth upon the earth,
  Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
  He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
  Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
  Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
  And yet he used them so,

That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
  In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
  For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
  Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
  But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
  And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
  Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE SNOW STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
And sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreathes;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn:
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

—*Emerson.*

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing— !" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—*E. R. Sill.*

THREE SCENES IN THE TYROL.

THE RESCUE.

You are standing on a narrow, thread-like road, which has barely room to draw itself along between the rocky bank of the River Inn, and the base of a frowning buttress of the Solstein, which towers many hundred feet perpendicularly above you. You throw your head far back and look up; and there you have a vision of a plumed hunter, lofty and

chivalrous in his bearing, who is bounding heedlessly on after a chamois to the very verge of a precipice. Mark!—he loses his footing—he rolls helplessly from rock to rock! There is a pause in his headlong course. What is it that arrests him? Ah! he puts forth his mighty strength, and clings, hand and foot, with the gripe of despair, to a narrow ledge of rock, and there he hangs over the abyss! It is the Emperor Maximillian! The Abbot of Wiltau comes forth from his cell, sees an imperial destiny suspended between heaven and earth, and, crossing himself with awe, bids prayers to be put up for the welfare of a passing soul. Hark! there is a wild cry ringing through the upper air! Ha! Zyps of Zirl, thou hunted and hunting outlaw, art thou out upon the heights at this fearful moment? Watch the hardy mountaineer! He binds his *crampons* on his feet—he is making his perilous way towards his failing Emperor;—now bounding like a hunted chamois; now creeping like an insect; now clinging like a root of ivy; now dropping like a squirrel;—he reaches the fainting monarch just as he relaxes his grasp on the jutting rock. Courage, Kaiser!—there is a hunter's hand for thee, a hunter's iron-shod foot to guide thee to safety. Look! They clamber up the face of the rock, on points and ledges where scarce the small hoof of the chamois might find a hold; and the peasant-folk still maintain that an angel came down to their master's rescue. We will, however, refer the marvellous escape to the interposing hand of a pitying Providence. Zyps,

the outlaw, becomes Count Hallooer von Hohenfelsen—"Lord of the wild cry of the lofty rock;" and in the old pension-list of the proud house of Hapsburg may still be seen an entry to this effect: that sixteen florins were paid annually to one "Zyps of Zirl." As you look up from the base of the Martinswand, you may, with pains, distinguish a cross, which has been planted on the narrow ledge where the Emperor was rescued by the outlaw.

THE RUN.

There is another vision, an imperial one also. The night is dark and wild. Gusty winds come howling down from the mountain passes, driving sheets of blinding rain before them, and whirling them round in hissing eddies. At intervals the clouds are rent asunder, and the moon takes a hurried look at the world below. What does she see? and what can *we* hear? for there are other sounds stirring beside the ravings of the tempest, in that wild cleft of the mountains, which guard Innsbruck, on the Carinthian side. There is a hurried tramp of feet, a crowding and crushing up through the steep and narrow gorge, a mutter of suppressed voices, a fitful glancing of torches, which now flare up bravely enough, now wither in a moment before the derisive laugh of the storm. At the head of the mêlée there is a litter borne on the shoulders of a set of sure-footed hunters of the hills; and around this litter is clustered a moving constellation of lamps, which

are anxiously shielded from the rude wrath of the tempest. A group of stately figures, wrapped in rich military cloaks, with helms glistening in the torchlight, and plumes streaming on the wind, struggle onward beside the litter. And who is this reclining there, his teeth firmly set to imprison the stifled groan of physical anguish? He is but fifty-three years of age, but the lines of premature decay are ploughed deep along brow and cheek, while his yellow locks are silvered and crisped with care. Who can mistake that full, expansive forehead, that aquiline nose, that cold, stern blue eye, and that heavy, obstinate Austrian under-lip, for other than those of the mighty Emperor Charles V.? And can this suffering invalid, flying from foes who are almost on the heels of his attendants, jolted over craggy passes in midnight darkness, buffeted by the tempest, and withered by the sneer of adverse fortune—*can* this be the Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Lord of the Netherland, of Naples, of Lombardy, and proud chief of the golden Western World? Yes, Charles, thou art reading a stern lesson by that fitful torch-light; but thy strong will is yet unbent, and thy stern nature yet unsoftened. And who is the swift "avenger of blood" who is following close as a sleuth-hound on thy track? It is Maurice of Saxony—a match for thee in boldness of daring, and in strength of will. But Charles wins the midnight race; and yet, instead of bowing before Him whose "long-suffering would lead to repentance," he ascribes his escape to the

"star of Austria," ever in the ascendant, and mutters his favorite saying, "Myself, and the lucky moment."

THE RUIN.

One more scene: it is the year 1809. Bonaparte has decreed in the secret council chamber, where his own will is his sole adviser, that the Tyrol shall be cleared of its troublesome nest of warrior-hunters. Ten thousand French and Bavarian soldiers have penetrated as far as the Upper Innthal, and are boldly pushing on towards Prutz. But the mountain-walls of this profound valley are closing gloomily together, as if they would forbid even the indignant river to force its wild way betwixt them. *Is* there a path through the frowning gorge other than that rocky way which is fiercely held by the torrent? Yes, there is a narrow road, painfully grooved by the hand of man out of the mountain-side, now running along like a gallery, now drooping down to the brink of the stream. But the glittering array winds on. There is the heavy tread of the foot soldiers, the trampling of horse, the dull rumble of the guns, the waving and flapping of the colors, and the angry remonstrance of the Inn. But all else is still as a midnight sleep, except indeed when the eagles of the crag, startled from their eyries, raise their shrill cry as they spread their living wings above the gilded eagles of France. Suddenly a voice is heard far up amid the mists of the heights —not the eagle's cry this time—not the freak of a

wayward echo—but human words, which say "*Shall we begin?*" Silence! It is a host that holds its breath and listens. Was it a spirit of the upper air parleying with its kind? If so, it has its answer countersigned across the dark gulf. "*Noch nicht!*" —"not yet!" The whole invading army pause: there is a wavering and writhing in the glittering serpent-length of that mighty force which is helplessly uncoiled along the base of the mountain. But hark! the voice of the hills is heard again, and it says, "*Now!*" *Now* then descends the wild avalanche of destruction, and all is tumult, dismay, and death. The very crags of the mountain-side, loosened in preparation, come bounding, thundering down. Trunks and roots of pine-trees, gathering speed on their headlong way, are launched down upon the powerless foe, mingled with the deadly hail of the Tyrolese rifles. And this fearful storm descends along the whole line at once. No marvel that two-thirds of all that brilliant invading army are crushed to death along the grooved pathway, or are tumbled, horse and man, into the choked and swollen river. Enough of horrors! Who would willingly linger on the hideous details of such a scene? Sorrowful that man should come, with his evil ambitions and his fierce revenges, to stain and to spoil such wonders of beauty as the hand of the Creator has here moulded. Sorrowful that man, in league with the Serpent, should writhe into such scenes as these, and poison them with the virus of sin.

—*Titan.*

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee ;—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight,—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep !

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
It's leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree ;

Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
 Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheer'd with mirth the hearth—
Alas, for love! if *thou* wert all,
 And naught beyond, O Earth!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
 And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
 "Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.

They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transported by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—*Longfellow.*

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have *the gift of* prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall be done away; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall be done

away. For we know in part, and we prophecy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

INDIAN SUMMER.

When summer's verdant beauty flies,
And autumn glows with richer dyes,
A softer charm beyond them lies—
　　It is the Indian summer.
Ere winter's snows and winter's breeze
Bereave of beauty all the trees,
The balmy spring renewal sees
　　In the sweet Indian summer.

And thus, dear love, if early years
　Have drown'd the germ of joy in tears,
A later gleam of hope appears—
　　Just like the Indian summer:
And ere the snows of age descend,
Oh trust me, dear one, changeless friend,
Our falling years may brightly end—
　　Just like the Indian summer.

—*Lover.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

By the purple haze that lies
  On the distant rocky height,
By the deep blue of the skies,
  By the smoky amber light,
Through the forest arches streaming,
Where Nature on her throne sits dreaming,
And the sun is scarcely gleaming,
  Through the cloudless snowy white,—
Winter's lovely herald greets us,
Ere the ice-crowned giant meets us.

A mellow softness fills the air,—
  No breeze on wanton wings steals by,
To break the holy quiet there,
  Or make the waters fret and sigh,
Or the yellow alders shiver,
That bend to kiss the placid river,
Flowing on and on forever;

  But the little waves are sleeping,
  O'er the pebbles slowly creeping,
  That last night were flashing, leaping,
Driven by the restless breeze,
In lines of foam beneath yon trees.

Dress'd in robes of gorgeous hue,
  Brown and gold with crimson blent;
The forest to the waters blue
  Its own enchanting tints has lent;—
In their dark depths, life-like glowing,
  We see a second forest growing,
Each pictured leaf and branch bestowing
  A fairy grace to that twin wood,
  Mirror'd within the crystal flood.

'Tis pleasant now in forest shades ;
  The Indian hunter strings his bow,
To track through dark entangling glades
  The antler'd deer and bounding doe,—
  Or launch at night the birch canoe,
To spear the finny tribes that dwell
On sandy bank, in weedy cell,
Or pool, the fisher knows right well—
  Seen by the red and vivid glow
  Of pine-torch at his vessel's bow.

This dreamy Indian summer-day,
  Attunes the soul to tender sadness ;
We love—but joy not in the ray—
  It is not summer's fervid gladness,
But a melancholy glory,
  Hovering softly round decay,
Like swan that sings her own sad story,
  Ere she floats in death away.

The day declines, what splendid dyes,
  In fleckerèd waves of crimson driven,
Float o'er the saffron sea that lies
  Glowing within the western heaven !
Oh, it is a peerless even !

See, the broad red sun has set
But his rays are quivering yet
Through Nature's vale of violet,
  Streaming bright o'er lake and hill,
  But earth and forest lie so still,
  It sendeth to the heart a chill ;
We start to check the rising tear—
'Tis beauty sleeping on her bier.

—*Mrs. Moodie.*

THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN.

Imagine yourself on a day early in November, floating slowly down the Mississippi River. The near approach of winter brings millions of water-fowls on whistling wings from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season.

The eagle is seen perched on the highest branch of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but pitiless eye looks over water and land, and sees objects afar off. He listens to every sound that comes to his quick ear, glancing now and then to the earth beneath, lest the light tread of the rabbit may pass unheard.

His mate is perched on the other side of the river, and now and then warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a madman. Ducks and many smaller waterfowl are seen passing rapidly towards the south; but the eagle heeds them not—they are for the time beneath his attention.

The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a distant swan is heard. The eagle suddenly shakes his body, raises his wings, and makes ready for flight. A shriek from his mate

comes across the stream, for she is fully as watchful as he.

The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eyes are as watchful as those of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body. Nearer and nearer she comes. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

As the swan is about to pass the dreaded pair, the eagle starts from his perch with an awful scream. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, darts upon the timid bird, which now, in agony and despair, seeks to escape the grasp of his cruel talons. She would plunge into the stream did not the eagle force her to remain in the air by striking at her from beneath.

The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. She has already become much weakened. She is about to gasp her last breath when the eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing, and forces the dying bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

Then it is that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race. He presses down his strong feet, and drives his claws deeper and deeper into the heart of the swan. He screams with delight as he watches the last feeble struggles of his prey.

The eagle's mate has watched every movement that he has made; and, if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was because she felt sure that

his power and courage were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails up to the spot where he is waiting for her, and both together turn the breast of the luckless swan upward and gorge themselves with gore.

—*J. J. Audubon.*

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
  And again,
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
  With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
  Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
  Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
  Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
  "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
  In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
  On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
  Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
  In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
  Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
  In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
  At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,
  Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
  In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
  Where I cling.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

The eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action.

He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from England.

Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,—

> "The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said, as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"*Qui vive?*" shouted a French sentinel, from out the impervious gloom.

"*La France!*" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders from the foremost boat.

As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed.

A few moments after they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety,—an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself,

were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief, though brave, resistance. In a moment, they were cut to pieces, dispersed or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the heights, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and, with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and, far and near, his wide-extended camp resounded

with the roll of alarm-drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon-shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers." With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces,—the Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces,—less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were

filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of their assailants. It was not until the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed: men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and

swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broad-swords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his corps, arrived from the upper country, and hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief

about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword, and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with vain bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a

mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter, and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply, He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me."

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient masters.

—*Francis Parkman.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;

So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he: "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from his boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;

Quoth Sir Ralph: "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "The breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They heard no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
Cried they: "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

—*Robert Southey.*

HOW THESEUS SLEW THE MINOTAUR.

When the spring drew near, all the Athenians grew sad and silent, and Theseus saw it, and asked the reason; but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father, and asked him; but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

"Do not ask, my son, beforehand, about evils which must happen: it is enough to have to face them when they come."

When the spring came, a herald came to Athens, and stood in the market, and cried, "O people and king of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?" Then a great lamentation rose throughout the city. But Theseus stood up to the herald, and cried,—

"And who are you, dog-faced, who dare demand tribute here? If I did not reverence your herald's staff I would brain you with this club."

And the herald answered proudly, for he was a grave and ancient man,—

"Fair youth, I am not dog-faced or shameless; but I do my master's bidding, Minos, the king of huudred-citied Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. And you must be surely a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right."

"I *am* a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you come."

"To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to Minos, and confirmed his promise with an oath. For Minos conquered all this land, when he came hither with a great fleet of ships, enraged about the murder of his son. For his son Androgeos came hither to the games, and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honored him as a hero.

"But when Ægeus saw his valor, he envied him, and feared lest he should join the sons of Pallas, and take away the sceptre from him. So he plotted against his life, and slew him basely, no man knows how or where. Some say that he waylaid him on the road which goes to Thebes; and some, that he sent him against the bull of Marathon, that the beast might kill him. But Ægeus says that the young men killed him from envy, because he had conquered them in the games. So Minos came hither and avenged him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute, seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to hundred-citied Crete."

And Theseus ground his teeth together, and said, "Wert thou not a herald I would kill thee, for saying such things of my father; but I will go to him and know the truth." So he went to his father and asked him; but he turned away his head and wept, and said, "Blood was shed in the land unjustly, and by blood it is avenged. Break not my heart by questions; it is enough to endure in silence."

Then Theseus groaned inwardly, and said, "I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne."

And Ægeus shrieked, and cried, "You shall not go, my son, the light of my old age, to whom alone I look to rule this people after I am dead and gone. You shall not go, to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth. From that labyrinth no one can escape, because of its winding ways. Here lives the Minotaur, a monster who feeds upon the flesh of men."

Then Theseus grew red, and his ears tingled, and his heart beat loud in his bosom. And he stood awhile like a tall stone pillar, on the cliffs above some hero's grave; and at last he spoke,—

"Therefore all the more I will go with them and slay the accursed beast. Have I not slain all evil-doers and monsters, that I might free this land? Where are the fifty sons of Pallas? And this Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dare stay me."

"But how will you slay him, my son? For you must leave your club and your armor behind, and be cast to the monster defenceless and naked like the rest."

And Theseus said, "Are there no stones in that labyrinth? and have I not fists and teeth?"

Then Ægeus clung to his knees; but he would not hear; and at last he let him go, weeping bitterly.

And Theseus went out to the market-place where the herald stood, while they drew lots for the youths and maidens who were to sail in that doleful crew.

And the people stood wailing and weeping, as the lot fell on this one and on that; but Theseus strode into the midst, and cried,—

"Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven."

And the herald asked in wonder, "Fair youth, know you whither you are going?"

And Theseus said, "I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship."

So they went down to the black-sailed ship: seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all, and the people following them lamenting.

But Theseus whispered to his companions, "Have hope, for the monster is not immortal." Then their hearts were comforted a little; but they wept as they went on board, and the cliffs of Sunium rang, and all the isles of the Ægean Sea, with the voice of their lamentation, as they sailed on toward their deaths in Crete.

And at last they came to Crete, and to the palace of Minos the great king. He was the wisest of all mortal kings, and conquered all the Ægean isles; and his ships were as many as the sea-gulls, and his palace like a marble hill. And he sat among the pillars of the hall, upon his throne of beaten gold, and around him stood the speaking statues which Dædalus had made by his skill.

For Dædalus was the most cunning of all Athenians, and he first invented the plumb-line, and the auger, and glue, and many a tool with which wood is wrought. And he first set up masts in ships, and yards, and his son made sails for them. But Perdix his nephew excelled him: for he first invented the saw and its teeth, copying it from the back-bone of a fish; and invented, too, the chisel, and the compasses, and the potter's wheel which moulds the clay.

Therefore Dædalus envied him, and hurled him headlong from the temple of Athene; but the goddess pitied him (for she loves the wise), and changed him into a partridge, which flits for ever about the hills. And Dædalus fled to Crete, to Minos, and worked for him many a year; then having quarreled with his royal patron he fled with his son Icarus. They made themselves wings of feathers, and fixed the feathers with wax, and flew over the sea towards Sicily. But Icarus flew too near the sun, and the wax of his wings was melted, and he fell into the Icarian Sea.

But Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face; and Minos bade take them to prison, and cast them to the monster one by one, that the death of Androgeos might be avenged. Then Theseus cried,—

"A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the beast; for I came hither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot."

"Who art thou, then, brave youth?"

"I am the son of him whom, of all men, thou hatest most, Ægeus, the King of Athens, and am come here to end this matter."

And Minos pondered awhile, looking steadfastly at him, and he thought, "The lad means to atone by his own death, for his father's sin;" and he answered at last, mildly,—

"Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

And at that Minos frowned, and said, "Then thou shalt see him: take the madman away."

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos's daughter, saw him as she came out of her white stone hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, "Shame that such a youth should die!" And by night she went down to the prison, and told him all her heart, and said,—

"Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece; and take me, take me with you! for I dare not stay after you are gone, for my father will kill me miserably if he knows what I have done."

And Theseus stood silent awhile, for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty; but at last he said, "I cannot go home in peace, till I have

seen and slain this Minotaur, and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How, then?"

"I know not, nor do I care; but he must be strong if he be too strong for me."

Then she loved him all the more, and said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care; but it must be a strange road, if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcass."

Then she loved him all the more, and said,—

"Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that perhaps you may slay the beast; and a clew of silk, and by that perhaps you may find your way out again. Only promise me, that if you escape safe, you will take me home with you to Greece; for my father will surely kill me, if he knows what I have done."

Then Theseus laughed, and said, "Am I not safe enough now?" And he hid the sword in his bosom, and rolled up the clew in his hand; and then he swore to Ariadne, and fell down before her, and kissed her hands and her feet; and she wept over him a long while, and then went away; and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

And when the morning came, the guards came in, and led him away to the labyrinth.

And he went down into the doleful gulf, through

winding paths among the rocks, under caverns, and arches, and galleries, and over heaps of fallen stone. And he turned on the left hand, and on the right hand, and went up and down till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clew. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

And when he saw him he stopped awhile, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's, but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth were the teeth of a lion; and with them he tore his prey. And when he saw Theseus he roared, and put his head down, and rushed right at him.

But Theseus stepped aside nimbly, and, as he passed by, cut him in the knee; and, ere he could turn in the narrow path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled, bellowing wildly; for he never before had felt a wound. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clew of silk in his left hand.

Then on, through cavern after cavern, under dark ribs of sounding stone, and up rough glens and torrent-beds, and to the edge of the eternal snow, went they, the hunter and the hunted, while the hills bellowed to the monster's bellow.

And at last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on a slab among the snow, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then he turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clew of silk, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place, and saw waiting for him, whom but Ariadne!

And he whispered, "It is done!" and showed her the sword; and she laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison, and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily; for she had silenced them with wine.

Then they fled to their ships together, and leaped on board, and hoisted up the sail; and the night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos's ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos; and there Ariadne became Theseus's wife.

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary Child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The Minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the Moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The snow came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb ;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept,—and turning homeward, cried,
"In Heaven we all shall meet:"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorne-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the Bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

—*Wordsworth.*

CANADIAN STREAMS.

O rivers rolling to the sea
From lands that bear the maple tree,
How swell your voices with the strain
Of loyalty and liberty!

A holy music, heard in vain
By coward heart and sordid brain,
To whom this strenuous being seems
Naught but a greedy race for gain.

O unsung streams,—not splendid themes
Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams!
Annals of glory gild your waves,
Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams!

St. Lawrence, whose wide water laves
The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves!
Swift Richelieu of lilied fame!
Niagara of glorious graves!

Thy rapids, Ottawa, proclaim
Where Daulac and his heroes came!
Thy tides, St. John, declare La Tour,
And, later, many a loyal name!

Thou inland stream, whose vales, secure
From storm, Tecumseh's death made poor!
And thou small water, red with war,
'Twixt Beaubassin and Beauséjour!

Dread Saguenay, where eagles soar,
What voice shall from the bastioned shore
The tale of Roberval reveal
Or his mysterious fate deplore?

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
Faint memories of Champlain's keel,
  Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat
Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville?

And thou far tide, whose plains now beat
With march of myriad westering feet,
  Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod
So late Canadian blood made sweet!

Your bulwark hills, your valleys broad,
Streams where de Salaberry trod,
  Where Wolfe achieved—where Brock was slain—
Their voices are the voice of God!

O sacred waters, not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
  Ye sound us in triumphant tone
The summons of your high refrain.

—Charles G. D. Roberts (by author's permission).

THE WINGED HORSE.

Early in the morning Bradamant, the warrior-maiden, was awakened by hearing a great noise in the courtyard of the inn. She quickly donned her armor, and ran to the window to see what was the cause of the disturbance. The host and all his family were gazing upward as if at some wonderful thing in the heavens. Everyone about the house seemed greatly excited, and all were talking and shouting in the wildest manner possible. Even the dwarf Brunello was on the balcony, shading his

eyes with his hand, and looking upward with an interest too strong to be hidden.

"What is it?" asked Bradamant.

"A winged horse," answered the dwarf.

"A winged horse! Where? Ah, yes; there he is!"

Bradamant saw the creature very plainly, sailing serenely through the air above them, making his way toward the west. His wings were very broad, and as the rays of the rising sun fell upon them, they seemed colored with every hue of the rainbow. Upon his back sat a knight clad in glittering armor, and holding an open book in his hand. And so rapid was the flight of the strange animal, that in a few moments he was lost to sight among the far-off clouds and the mountain tops.

"A very strange creature that is," said the host, ever ready to amuse his guests. "It is what we call a hippogriff, and I have been told that there is not such another beast in the world. The man who rides him is a great wizard. He reads books and dabbles with the metals, and gazes at the stars. His name is Atlantes; and they say, that, on the other side of the mountains, he has the most wondrous castle that ever was built. I have been told that it is made of steel, and that it crowns a crag so steep and high that no creature without wings can reach it."

"And does the wizard live there all alone?" asked Bradamant.

"Ah, no!" answered the host. "He has many

fine guests, and others arrive every day. The noblest men and women of France are in attendance at his court."

"How can that be when the only road to the castle is through the air?"

"Oh! he has his own way of inviting his guests. Whenever he sees a knight more handsome or more noble than the common sort, he merely swoops down upon him with his hippogriff, picks him up, and carries him aloft to his mountain home. Many fair ladies and young damsels have been stolen from their homes, and doomed to imprisonment in the wizard's fairy palace. And we can only guess whether they are happy or miserable, for who once goes up to those shining halls can ne'er come down again."

"How I should like to try a passage-at-arms with old Father Atlantes!" cried Bradamant. "I wonder if he would think me worth carrying up to his lofty den."

"It is very likely that he would have you there ere you could deal one stroke with sword or lance," answered the host, shaking his head.

"I have made up my mind to try the venture, at any rate," said the maiden. "Is there any one here who knows the way to the thief's retreat, and who will serve me as a guide?"

"May it please you, sir knight," spoke the dwarf very quickly, "I myself will show you the way. I have a little book in which the road is set down and the whole country described. I shall only be too glad to serve you."

Bradamant thanked him very kindly, and the two began at once to make ready for the journey. And, before the sun was very high, the knight and the dwarf bade their friends at the inn good-bye, and set out on their dangerous venture. Bradamant, clad in her white armor, bearing a long lance and a white emblazoned shield, rode erect and proud as any peer of the realm; while the dwarf, with becoming humbleness, followed at some distance, riding upon a lowly mule. Through a deep valley they passed, and over rugged hills, and through untrodden woods, until they reached the foot of the snowy mountains. Then, with many a mishap, and many a weary turn, they climbed the rocky slopes, and came to that place where one may look down and see on one side, Spain, on the other, the fair fields of France. Then, following a narrow path they painfully wended their way down again, and came at last to a broad low plain, and, glancing upward to the craggy slopes on the farther side of the valley, they saw the object of their search—the wizard's air-built castle. The bright towers of steel could plainly be seen, glinting and glistening in the sunlight, but so high that the neighboring cliffs seemed left far below.

"Behold!" cried the dwarf, riding up close to the knight—"behold the enchanter's dwelling, the prison-house where many ladies and cavaliers pine their days away!"

Bradamant knew that the time had come for her to take from the dwarf the magic ring he carried;

but she scorned to harm a creature of so base a sort as the dwarf, weak, unarmed, and unskilled in self-defence as he was. So, while he gazed in rapt wonder at the high built towers, she suddenly seized his hands, and slipped the precious ring from his finger. Then she lifted him from his mule, and with strong cords bound him to a neighboring tree.

Leisurely adown the hillside she rode, until she reached the treeless meadow close under the castle; then pausing, she raised her bugle to her lips, and blew a shrill blast, the sound of which was echoed from cliff to cliff, and from valley to valley, until both earth and sky seemed to ring. And, ere the sound had died away, the winged courser, with his master on his back, leaped from the shining towers above, and soared leisurely up into mid-air. Then slowly he began to settle toward the earth, circling down, nearer and nearer to the fearless maiden. But Bradamant noticed that the wizard carried neither lance, nor sword, nor other weapon, but that on his left arm he bore a small round shield covered all over with crimson silk, and in his right hand was the open book from which he seemed to be always reading.

As the wizard with his winged steed charged down upon the maiden, she aimed blow after blow with her lance at the silk covered shield which he held before him; but every stroke glanced harmlessly aside. At last growing tired of this kind of fray, she dismounted from her palfrey, and drew her sword. The wizard, feeling now that he had amused

himself long enough, began to lift the silken cover from his shield. Bradamant had learned from a weird woman what sort of shield this was. The magic light which shone from its polished sides had the power to blind, disarm, and overthrow all who looked upon it; and it was by means of this shield, and not by any strength or skill of his own, that the wizard won all his victories. Yet such was the virtue of the magic ring, that it rendered its wearer proof against all enchantments of this kind.

With the ring tightly clasped in her left hand, and her sword in her right, Bradamant went boldly forward to meet her foe; but, as she saw the shining shield laid bare, she closed her eyes, as if overcome by its glare, and fell to the ground. The wizard, well pleased, made his steed alight; and, covering the shield again with the crimson cloth, he hung it upon the pommel of his saddle, and dismounted. With a strong cord in his hand he went leisurely forward to bind his prisoner. He had captured scores of valiant knights in this way, and no thought of any mishap had ever entered his mind. So imagine his astonishment, when Bradamant, who had only been feigning, rose quickly, and seized him, and bound him fast with his own strong cord. The first thought of the warrior-maiden was to slay the wicked wizard; but when she saw that he was a very old man, with sorrowing, wrinkled face, and snow-white hair, she pitied his age and grief, and would not harm him.

"Ah, brave knight!" said the helpless old man,

"you have conquered me, and all my magic has come to naught. Slay me, I pray thee, for life is no longer worth living."

"Tell me first," said Bradamant, "why you carry on this cruel, and unknightly warfare against your fellow-men. Why have you built those prison towers?"

"It was all for young Roger's sake," answered the wizard. "He is the noblest and fairest of men, and the only being on earth that I love. I built the castle for him. I stored it with every comfort, and brought to it every pleasure that the four quarters of the globe could afford. I have sought out the most worthy knights and the handsomest ladies in Christendom and in Heathendom for his companions. I have kept them in prison, it is true; but it is a prison more delightful than many a palace."

"Ah, sir wizard!" said Bradamant, "you should know that a prison, however gilded and painted, is a prison still. Liberty is the sweetest of enjoyments. So come with me at once, and open your gates, and set your prisoners free."

Old Atlantes, writhing and groaning in helpless distress, obeyed. He led the way to the narrow cleft and the steep, hidden path.

They climbed the rugged precipice, and stood at the golden gate of the castle. Here they paused. From the threshold, whereon was graven wondrous signs and many a magic rune, the wizard lifted a broad flat stone. In a little chamber underneath the sill were ranged all kinds of crucibles and pots

and strangely shaped lamps, wherein burned secret fires such as only sorcerers know how to kindle.

"Oh, sad, sad day!" sighed the old man, groaning and trembling in deep distress. "Sad day that sees the end of my dearest hopes! But then it becomes not poor mortals to struggle against the decrees of Fate."

Then he took the magic vessels, and one by one he hurled them over the precipice into the depths below. As the last one fell and was shattered on the rocks, a wondrous thing took place. The fairy castle, with its steel-bright walls, and its tall towers, and its broad battlements, and pleasant halls, and narrow court-yard, and golden gate, faded away into nothingness; and in its place was a bleak and cheerless mountain cave, through which the cold winds whistled and shrieked, and in which there was neither light, nor comfort, nor aught that could give pleasure or enjoyment. And out through the rocky cave-mouth, where erst had stood the golden gate, there passed in long procession the prisoners who had been entrapped in the wizard's toils.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I stood upon the plain
That had trembled, when the slain
Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the battle-heated foe,
When the steed dashed right and left,
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle-rein was broken, and the rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod
When I marshalled the battalions of my fancy to my aid!
And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick, incessant fire,
And the cannons' echoes startling the reverberating glade.

I heard the chorus dire,
That jarred along the lyre
On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of the wave,
When the storm, at blackest night,
Wakes the ocean in affright,
As it shouts its mighty Pibroch o'er some shipwrecked vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
Flash from its scabbard, o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close and fierce attack;
When victory gave the word,
Auld Scotia drew the sword,
And with arms that never faltered drove the brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips of morn;
No enemy-poisoned darts,
No rancor in their hearts,
To unfit them for their triumph over death's impending scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,
My soul, exultant, praised
The power to whom each mighty act and victory are due,
For the saint-like peace that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant view.

Oh, rare, divinest life
Of peace compared with strife!
Yours is the truest splendor, and the most enduring fame;
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped,
In harsh discord to the music of your undertoned acclaim.

—*Charles Sangster.*

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;

But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sighs the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

—Thomas Campbell.

THE PYGMIES.

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born Giant named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people, who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

The Pygmies had but one thing to trouble them in the world. They were constantly at war with the cranes, and had always been so, ever since the long-lived giant could remember. From time to time very terrible battles had been fought, in which sometimes the little men won the victory, and sometimes the cranes. According to some historians, the Pygmies used to go to battle, mounted on the backs of goats and rams; but such animals as these must have been far too big for Pygmies to ride upon; so that, I rather suppose, they rode on squirrel-back, or rabbit-back, or rat-back, or perhaps got upon hedgehogs, whose prickly quills would be very terrible to

the enemy. However this might be, and whatever creatures the Pygmies rode upon, I do not doubt that they made a formidable appearance, armed with sword and spear, and bow and arrow, blowing their tiny trumpet, and shouting their little war-cry. They never failed to exhort one another to fight bravely, and recollect that the world had its eyes upon them; although, in simple truth, the only spectator was the Giant Antæus, with his one, great, stupid eye, in the middle of his forehead.

When the two armies joined battle, the cranes would rush forward, flapping their wings and stretching out their necks, and would perhaps snatch up some of the Pygmies crosswise in their beaks. Whenever this happened, it was truly an awful spectacle to see those little men of might kicking and sprawling in the air, and at last disappearing down the crane's long, crooked throat, swallowed up alive. A hero, you know, must hold himself in readiness for any kind of fate; and doubtless the glory of the thing was a consolation to him, even in the crane's gizzard. If Antæus observed that the battle was going hard against his little allies, he generally stopped laughing, and ran with long strides to their assistance, flourishing his club aloft and shouting at the cranes, who quacked and croaked, and retreated as fast as they could. Then the Pygmy army would march homeward in triumph, attributing the victory entirely to their own valor, and to the warlike skill and strategy of whomsoever happened to be captain-general; and for a tedious

while afterwards, nothing would be heard of but grand processions, and public banquets, and brilliant illuminations, and shows of waxwork, with likenesses of the distinguished officers as small as life.

In the above-described warfare, if a Pygmy chanced to pluck out a crane's tail-feather, it proved a very great feather in his cap. Once or twice, if you will believe me, a little man was made chief ruler of the nation for no other merit in the world than bringing home such a feather.

But I have now said enough to let you see what a gallant little people these were, and how happily they and their forefathers, for nobody knows how many generations, had lived with the immeasurable Giant Antæus. In the remaining part of the story, I shall tell you of a far more astonishing battle than any that was fought between the Pygmies and the cranes.

One day the mighty Antæus was lolling at full length among his little friends. His pine-tree walking-stick lay on the ground close by his side. His head was in one part of the kingdom, and his feet extended across the boundaries of another part; and he was taking whatever comfort he could get, while the Pygmies scrambled over him, and peeped into his cavernous mouth, and played among his hair. Sometimes, for a minute or two, the Giant dropped asleep, and snored like the rush of a whirlwind. During one of these little bits of slumber, a Pygmy chanced to climb upon his shoulder, and took a view around the horizon as from the summit of a

hill; and he beheld something, a long way off, which made him rub the bright specks off his eyes, and look sharper than before. At first he mistook it for a mountain, and wondered how it had grown up so suddenly out of the earth. But soon he saw the mountain move. As it came nearer and nearer, what should it turn out to be but a human shape, not so big as Antæus, it is true, although a very enormous figure, in comparison with Pygmies, and a vast deal bigger than the men whom we see nowadays.

When the Pygmy was quite satisfied that his eyes had not deceived him, he scampered, as fast as his legs would carry him, to the Giant's ear, and stooping over its cavity, shouted lustily into it,—

"Halloo, brother Antæus! Get up this minute, and take your pine-tree walking-stick in your hand. Here comes another Giant to have a tussle with you."

"Poh, poh!" grumbled Antæus, only half awake, "None of your nonsense, my little fellow! Don't you see I'm sleepy. There is not a giant on earth for whom I would take the trouble to get up."

But the Pygmy looked again, and now perceived that the stranger was coming directly towards the prostrate form of Antæus. With every step he looked less like a blue mountain, and more like an immensely large man. He was soon so nigh that there could be no possible mistake about the matter. There he was, with the sun flaming on his golden helmet, and flashing from his polished breastplate; he had a sword by his side, and a lion's skin over his back, and on his right shoulder he carried a club,

which looked bulkier and heavier than the pine-tree walking-stick of Antæus.

By this time the whole nation of Pygmies had seen the new wonder, and a million of them set up a shout all together; so that it really made quite an audible squeak.

"Get up, Antæus! Bestir yourself, you lazy old Giant! Here comes another Giant, as strong as you are, to fight with you."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" growled the sleepy Giant. "I'll have my nap out, come who may."

Still the stranger drew nearer; and now the Pygmies could plainly discern that, if his stature were less lofty than the Giant's, yet his shoulders were even broader. And, in truth, what a pair of shoulders they must have been! As I told you, a long while ago they once upheld the sky.

"Get up, get up, get up!" cried the Pygmies. "Up with you, lazy bones! The strange Giant's club is bigger than your own, his shoulders are the broadest, and we think him the stronger of the two."

Antæus could not endure to have it said that any mortal was half so mighty as himself. This latter remark of the Pygmies pricked him deeper than their swords; and, sitting up in rather a sulky humor, he gave a gape of several yards wide, rubbed his eye, and finally turned his stupid head in the direction whither his little friends were eagerly pointing.

No sooner did he set eye on the stranger than leaping to his feet, and seizing his walking-stick, he strode a mile or two to meet him; all the while

brandishing the sturdy pine-tree, so that it whistled through the air.

"Who are you?" thundered the Giant. "And what do you want on my dominions?"

There was one strange thing about Antæus, of which I have not yet told you, lest, hearing of so many wonders all in a lump, you might not believe much more than half of them. You are to know, then, that whenever this redoubtable Giant touched the ground, either with his hand, his foot, or any other part of his body, he grew stronger than ever he had been before. The Earth, you remember, was his mother, and was very fond of him, as being almost the biggest of her children; and so she took this method of keeping him always in full vigor. Some persons affirm that he grew ten times stronger at every touch; others say that it was only twice as strong. But only think of it! Whenever Antæus took a walk, supposing it were but ten miles, and that he stepped a hundred yards at a stride, you may try to cipher out how much mightier he was, on sitting down again, than when he first started. And whenever he flung himself on the earth to take a little repose, even if he got up the very next instant, he would be as strong as exactly ten just such giants as his former self.

Any other mortal man, except the very one whom Antæus had now encountered, would have been half frightened to death by the Giant's ferocious aspect and terrible voice. But the stranger did not seem at all disturbed. He carelessly lifted his club and

balanced it in his hand, measuring Antæus with his eye from head to foot, not as if wonder-smitten at his stature, but as if he had seen a great many Giants before, and this was by no means the biggest of them.

"Who are you, I say?" roared Antæus again. "What's your name? Why do you come hither? Speak, you vagabond, or I'll try the thickness of your skull with my walking-stick."

"You are a very discourteous Giant," answered the stranger, quietly, "and I shall probably have to teach you a little civility, before we part. As for my name, it is Hercules. I have come hither because this is my most convenient road to the garden of the Hesperides, whither I am going to get three of the golden apples for King Eurystheus."

"Caitiff, you shall go no farther!" bellowed Antæus, putting on a grimmer look than before, for he had heard of the mighty Hercules, and had hated him because he was said to be so strong. "Neither shall you go back whence you came!"

"How will you prevent me," asked Hercules, "from going whither I please?"

"By hitting you a rap with this pine-tree here," shouted Antæus. So throw down your club and your other weapons; and as for that lion's skin, I intend to have a pair of gloves made of it."

"Come and take it off my shoulders, then," answered Hercules, lifting his club.

Then the Giant, grinning with rage, strode tower-like towards the stranger (ten times strengthened at

every step), and fetched a monstrous blow at him with his pine-tree, which Hercules caught upon his club; and being more skilful than Antæus, he paid him back such a rap upon the sconce, that down tumbled the great lumbering man-mountain, flat upon the ground. The poor little Pygmies (who really never dreamed that anybody in the world was half so strong as their brother Antæus) were a good deal dismayed at this. But no sooner was the Giant down than up he bounced again, with tenfold might, and such a furious visage as was horrible to behold. He aimed another blow at Hercules, but struck awry, being blinded with wrath, and only hit his poor, innocent Mother Earth, who groaned and trembled at the stroke. His pine-tree went so deep into the ground, and stuck there so fast, that before Antæus could get it out, Hercules brought down his club across his shoulders with a mighty thwack, which made the Giant roar as if all sorts of intolerable noises had come screeching and rumbling out of his lungs in that one cry. Away it went, over mountains and valleys, and, for aught I know, was heard on the other side of the African deserts.

As for the Pygmies, their capital city was laid in ruins by the concussion and vibration of the air; and, though there was uproar enough without their help they all set up a shriek out of three millions of little throats, fancying, no doubt, that they swelled the Giant's bellow by at least ten times as much. Meanwhile, Antæus had scrambled upon his feet again, and pulled his pine-tree out of the earth; and,

all aflame with fury, and more outrageously strong than ever, he ran at Hercules, and brought down another blow.

"This time, rascal," shouted he, "you shall not escape me."

But once more Hercules warded off the stroke with his club, and the Giant's pine-tree was shattered into a thousand splinters, most of which flew among the Pygmies, and did them more mischief than I like to think about. Before Antæus could get out of the way, Hercules let drive again, and gave him another knock-down blow, which sent him heels over head, but served only to increase his already enormous and insufferable strength. As for his rage, there is no telling what a fiery furnace it had now got to be. His one eye was nothing but a circle of red flame. Having now no weapons but his fists, he doubled them up (each bigger than a hogshead), smote one against the other, and danced up and down with absolute frenzy, flourishing his immense arms about, as if he meant not merely to kill Hercules, but to smash the whole world to pieces.

"Come on!" roared this thundering Giant. "Let me hit you but one box on the ear, and you'll never have the headache again."

Now Hercules (though strong enough, as you already know, to hold the sky up) began to be sensible that he should never win the victory, if he kept on knocking Antæus down; for, by and by, if he hit him such hard blows, the Giant would inevitably, by

the help of his Mother Earth, become stronger than the mighty Hercules himself. So, throwing down his club, with which he had fought so many dreadful battles, the hero stood ready to receive his antagonist with naked arms.

"Step forward," cried he. "Since I've broken your pine-tree, we'll try which is the better man at a wrestling-match."

"Aha! then I'll soon satisfy you," shouted the Giant; for, if there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another, it was his skill in wrestling. "Villain, I'll fling you where you can never pick yourself up again."

On came Antæus, hopping and capering with the scorching heat of his rage, and getting new vigor wherewith to wreak his passion, every time he hopped. But Hercules, you must understand, was wiser than this numskull of a Giant, and had thought of a way to fight him,—huge, earth-born monster that he was,—and to conquer him too, in spite of all that his Mother Earth could do for him. Watching his opportunity, as the mad Giant made a rush at him, Hercules caught him round the middle with both his hands, lifted him high into the air, and held him aloft overhead.

But the most wonderful thing was, that, as soon as Antæus was fairly off the earth, he began to lose the vigor which he had gained by touching it. Hercules very soon perceived that his troublesome enemy was growing weaker, both because he struggled and kicked with less violence, and because the thunder

of his big voice subsided into a grumble. The truth was, that, unless the Giant touched Mother Earth as often as once in five minutes, not only his overgrown strength, but the very breath of his life, would depart from him. Hercules had guessed this secret; and it may be well for us all to remember it, in case we should ever have to fight a battle with a fellow like Antæus. For these earth-born creatures are only difficult to conquer on their own ground, but may easily be managed if we can contrive to lift them into a loftier and purer region. So it proved with the poor Giant, whom I am really a little sorry for, notwithstanding his uncivil way of treating strangers who came to visit him.

When his strength and breath were quite gone, Hercules gave his huge body a toss, and flung it about a mile off, where it fell heavily, and lay with no more motion than a sand-hill.

But, alas me! What a wailing did the poor little Pygmies set up when they saw their enormous brother treated in this terrible manner! If Hercules heard their shrieks, however, he took no notice. Indeed, his thoughts had been so much taken up with the Giant, that he had never once looked at the Pygmies, nor even knew that there was such a funny little nation in the world. And now, as he had travelled a good way, and was also rather weary with his exertions in the fight, he spread out his lion's skin on the ground, and reclining himself upon it, fell fast asleep.

As soon as the Pygmies saw Hercules preparing

for a nap, they nodded their little heads at one another, and winked with their little eyes. And when his deep, regular breathing gave them notice that he was asleep, they assembled together in an immense crowd, spreading over a space of about twenty-seven feet square. One of their most eloquent orators (and a valiant warrior enough, besides, though hardly so good with any other weapon as he was with his tongue) climbed upon a toadstool, and, from that elevated position, addressed the multitude.

"Tall Pygmies and mighty little men! You and all of us have seen what a public calamity has been brought to pass, and what an insult has here been offered to the majesty of our nation. Yonder lies Antæus, our great friend and brother, slain within our territory by a miscreant who took him at a disadvantage, and fought him (if fighting it can be called) in a way that neither man, nor Giant, nor Pygmy ever dreamed of fighting until this hour. And, adding a grievous contumely to the wrong already done us, the miscreant has now fallen asleep as quietly as if nothing were to be dreaded from our wrath! It behooves you, fellow-countrymen, to consider in what aspect we stand before the world, and what will be the verdict of impartial history, should we suffer these accumulated outrages to go unavenged.

"Antæus was our brother, born of the same beloved parent to whom we owe the thews and sinews, as well as the courageous hearts, which made him proud of our relationship. He was our faithful ally,

and fell fighting as much for our national rights and immunities as for his own personal ones. We and our forefathers have dwelt in friendship with him, and held affectionate intercourse, as man to man, through immemorial generations. You remember how often our entire people have reposed in his great shadow, and how our little ones have played at hide-and-seek in the tangles of his hair, and how his mighty footsteps have familiarly gone to and fro among us, and never trodden upon any of our toes. And there lies this dear brother,—this sweet and amiable friend,—this brave and faithful ally,—this virtuous giant,—this blameless and excellent Antæus,—dead! Dead! Silent! Powerless! A mere mountain of clay! Forgive my tears! Nay, I behold your own. Were we to drown the world with them, could the world blame us?

"But to resume: Shall we, my countrymen, suffer this wicked stranger to depart unharmed, and triumph in his treacherous victory among distant communities of the earth? Shall we not rather compel him to leave his bones here on our soil, by the side of our slain brother's bones, so that, while one skeleton shall remain as the everlasting monument of our sorrow, the other shall endure as long, exhibiting to the whole human race a terrible example of Pygmy vengeance? Such is the question. I put it to you in full confidence of a response that shall be worthy of our national character, and calculated to increase, rather than diminish, the glory which our ancestors have transmitted to us, and which we

ourselves have proudly vindicated in our warfare with the cranes.

"It only remains for us, then, to decide whether we shall carry on the war in our national capacity, —one united people against a common enemy,—or whether some champion, famous in former fights, shall be selected to defy the slayer of our brother Antæus to single combat. In the latter case, though not unconscious that there may be taller men among you, I hereby offer myself for that enviable duty. And believe me, dear countrymen, whether I live or die, the honor of this great country, and the fame bequeathed us by our heroic progenitors, shall suffer no diminution in my hands. Never, while I can wield this sword, of which I now fling away the scabbard,—never, never, never, even if the crimson hand that slew the great Antæus shall lay me prostrate, like him, on the soil which I give my life to defend."

His speech was followed by an uproar of applause, as its patriotism and self-devotion unquestionably deserved; and the shouts and clapping of hands would have been greatly prolonged had they not been rendered quite inaudible by a deep respiration, vulgarly called a snore, from the sleeping Hercules.

It was finally decided that the whole nation of Pygmies should set to work to destroy Hercules; not, be it understood, from any doubt that a single champion would be capable of putting him to the sword, but because he was a public enemy, and all were desirous of sharing in the glory of his defeat. There

was a debate whether the national honor did not demand that a herald should be sent with a trumpet, to stand over the ear of Hercules, and, after blowing a blast right into it, to defy him to combat by formal proclamation. But two or three venerable and sagacious Pygmies, well versed in state affairs, gave it as their opinion that war already existed, and that it was their rightful privilege to take the enemy by surprise. Moreover, if awakened and allowed to get upon his feet, Hercules might happen to do them a mischief before he could be beaten down again. So the Pygmies resolved to set aside all foolish punctilios, and assail their antagonist at once.

Accordingly, all the fighting men of the nation took their weapons, and went boldly up to Hercules, who still lay fast asleep, little dreaming of the harm which the Pygmies meant to do him. A body of twenty thousand archers marched in front, with their little bows all ready, and the arrows on the string. The same number were ordered to clamber upon Hercules, some with spades to dig his eyes out, and others, with bundles of hay, and all manner of rubbish, with which they intended to plug up his mouth and nostrils, so that he might perish for lack of breath. These last, however, could by no means perform their appointed duty; inasmuch as the enemy's breath rushed out of his nose in an obstreperous hurricane and whirlwind, which blew the Pygmies away as fast as they came nigh. It was found necessary, therefore, to hit upon some other method of carrying on the war.

After holding a council, the captains ordered their troops to collect sticks, straws, dry weeds, and whatever combustible stuff they could find, and make a pile of it, heaping it high around the head of Hercules. As a great many thousand Pygmies were employed in this task, they soon brought together several bushels of inflammable matter, and raised so tall a heap, that, mounting on its summit, they were quite upon a level with the sleeper's face. The archers, meanwhile, were stationed within bow-shot, with orders to let fly at Hercules the instant that he stirred. Everything being in readiness, a torch was applied to the pile, which immediately burst into flames, and soon waxed hot enough to roast the enemy, had he but chosen to lie still.

But no sooner did Hercules begin to be scorched, than up he started, with his hair in a red blaze.

"What's all this?" he cried, bewildered with sleep, and staring about him as if he expected to see another Giant.

At that moment the twenty thousand archers twanged their bowstrings, and the arrows came whizzing, like so many winged mosquitos, right into the face of Hercules. But I doubt whether more than half a dozen of them punctured the skin, which was remarkably tough, as you know the skin of a hero has good need to be.

"Villain!" shouted all the Pygmies at once. "You have killed the Giant Antæus, our great brother, and the ally of our nation. We declare bloody war against you and will slay you on the spot."

Surprised at the shrill piping of so many little voices, Hercules, after putting out the conflagration of his hair, gazed all round about, but could see nothing. At last, however, looking narrowly on the ground, he espied the innumerable assemblage of Pygmies at his feet. He stooped down, and taking up the nearest one between his thumb and finger, set him on the palm of his left hand, and held him at a proper distance for examination. It chanced to be the very identical Pygmy who had spoken from the top of the toadstool, and had offered himself as a champion to meet Hercules in single combat.

"What in the world, my little fellow," ejaculated Hercules, "may you be?"

"I am your enemy," answered the valiant Pygmy, in his mightiest squeak. "You have slain the enormous Antæus, our brother by the mother's side, and for ages the faithful ally of our illustrious nation. We are determined to put you to death; and for my own part, I challenge you to instant battle, on equal ground."

Hercules was so tickled with the Pygmy's big words and warlike gestures, that he burst into a great explosion of laughter, and almost dropped the poor little mite of a creature off the palm of his hand.

"Upon my word," cried he, "I thought I had seen wonders before to-day,—hydras with nine heads, stags with golden horns, six-legged men, three-headed dogs, giants with furnaces in their stomachs, and nobody knows what besides. But here, on the palm of my hand, stands a wonder that outdoes them

all! Your body, my little friend, is about the size of an ordinary man's finger. Pray, how big may your soul be?"

"As big as your own!" said the Pygmy.

Hercules was touched with the little man's dauntless courage, and could not help acknowledging such a brotherhood with him as one hero feels for another.

"My good little people," said he, making a low obeisance to the grand nation, "not for all the world would I do an intentional injury to such brave fellows as you! Your hearts seem to me so exceedingly great, that, upon my honor, I marvel how your small bodies can contain them. I sue for peace, and, as a condition of it, will take five strides, and be out of your kingdom at the sixth. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! For once, Hercules acknowledges himself vanquished."

Some writers say, that Hercules gathered up the whole race of Pygmies in his lion's skin and carried them home to Greece, for the children of King Eurystheus to play with. But this is a mistake. He left them, one and all, within their own territory, where, for aught I can tell, their descendants are alive to the present day, building their little houses, cultivating their little fields, waging their little warfare with the cranes, doing their little business, whatever it may be, and reading their little histories of ancient times. In those histories, perhaps, it stands recorded that, a great many centuries ago, the valiant Pygmies avenged the death of the Giant Antæus by scaring away the mighty Hercules.

THE FAMINE.

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints;
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished,
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water,

And the foremost said, "Behold me!
I am Famine, Buckadawin!"
And the other said, "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze, and fell not.

Wrapped in furs, and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er-forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said, with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
"Wahonomin! Wahonomin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonomin! Wahonomin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey

To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah!
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

—*Longfellow.*

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollow of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague
on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;
The South Wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the
leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S REPENTANCE.

"Sam," said Mr. Michael Johnson, of Lichfield, one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the book-stall in the market-place there." This was spoken above a hundred years ago by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at Lichfield, in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go every market-day and sell books at a stall in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted, and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat; then he looked his old father in the face and answered him loudly and deliberately: "Sir," said he, "I will not go to Uttoxeter market."

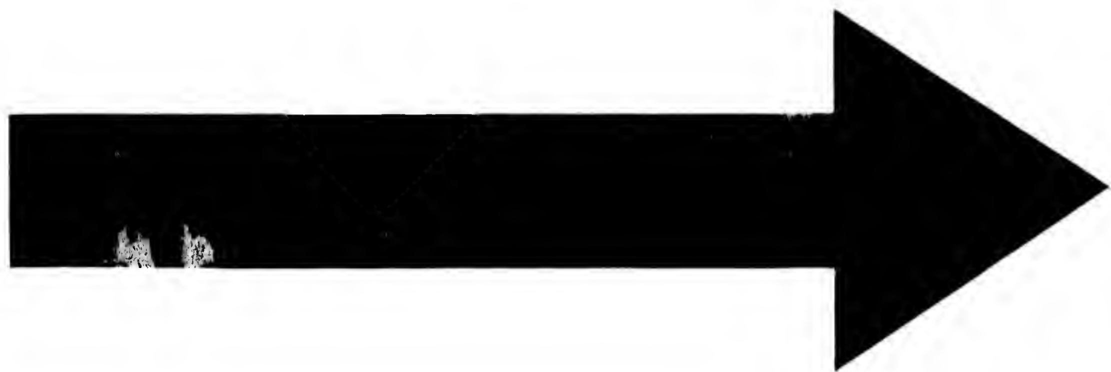
"Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if, for the sake of your foolish pride, you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market, when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone." So the poor old man set forth toward Uttoxeter. The gray-haired, feeble, melancholy Michael Johnson, how sad a thing that he should be forced to go, in his sickness, and toil for the support of an ungrateful son, who was too proud to do anything

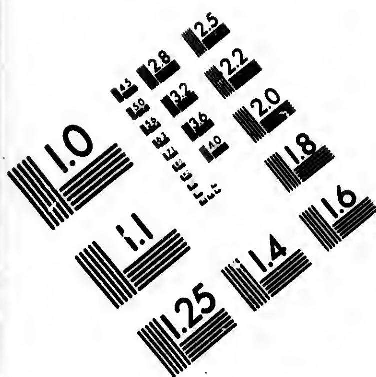
for his father, or his mother, or himself. Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance till he was out of sight.

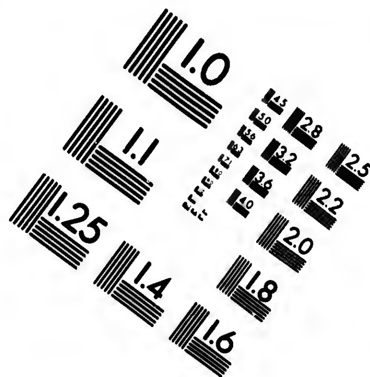
"My poor father," thought Sam to himself, "how his head will ache, and how heavy his heart will be. I am almost sorry I did not do as he bade me." Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know what had passed between Mr. Johnson and Sam. "Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very ill to-day?" "Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire, where she was cooking their scanty dinner, "your father did look very ill; and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a great boy now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you."

After sunset, old Michael Johnson came slowly home, and sat down in his customary chair. He said nothing to Sam, nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them on the subject of the son's disobedience. In a few years his father died, and left Sam to fight his way through the world by himself. Well, my children, fifty years had passed away since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hard-hearted towards his father. It was now market-day in the village of Uttoxeter.

In the street of the village you might see cattle-dealers with cows and oxen for sale, and pig-drovers with herds of squeaking swine, and farmers with cart-loads of cabbages, turnips, onions, and all other







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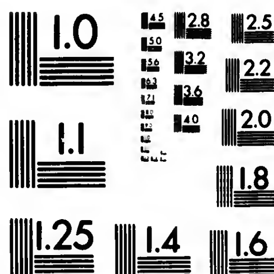

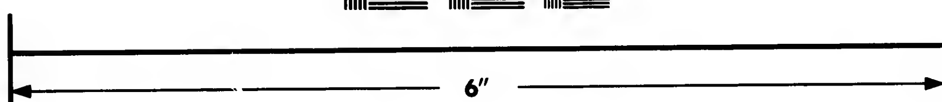

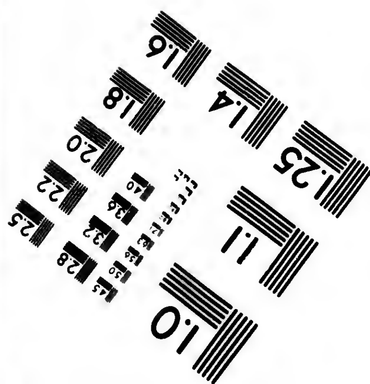

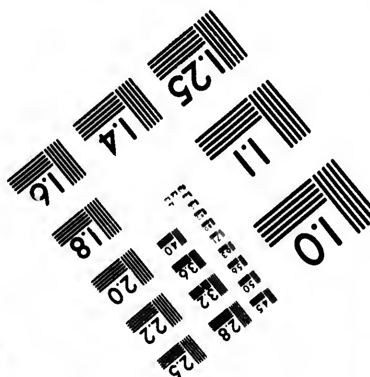

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produce of the soil. Now and then a farmer's red-faced wife trotted along on horseback, with butter and cheese in two large panniers. The people of the village, with country squires and other visitors, from the neighborhood, walked hither and thither, trading, jesting, quarrelling, and making just such a bustle as their fathers and grandfathers had made half a century before.

In one part of the street there was a puppet-show, with a ridiculous merry-andrew, who kept both grown people and children in a roar of laughter. On the opposite side was the old stone church of Uttoxeter, with ivy climbing up its walls and partly obscuring its gothic windows. There was a clock in the gray tower of the ancient church, and the hands on its dial-plate had now almost reached the hour of noon. At this busiest hour of the market a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and small-clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them with a singular kind of gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there.

But when they looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. Though his fea-

tures were scarred and distorted, and though his eyes were dim and bleared, yet there was something of authority and wisdom in his looks which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside to let him pass, and the old gentleman made his way across the market-place, and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it the clock struck twelve.

On the very spot of ground where the stranger now stood, some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his book-stall. The little children who had once bought picture-books of him were grandfathers now.

"Yes, here is the very spot!" muttered the old gentleman to himself. There this unknown personage took his stand and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of the cattle, the squeaking of the pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry-andrews, the market-place was in very great confusion. But the stranger seemed not to notice it any more than if the silence of a desert were around him. He was wrapped in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven, as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if an insupportable weight of sorrow was upon him. It increased the awfulness of his aspect that there was a motion of his head, and an almost continual tremor throughout his frame, with singular twitchings and contortions of his features.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head; but he seemed not to feel its power. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and the rain-drops pattered into the market-place; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with superstitious fear and wonder. Who could he be? Whence did he come? Wherefore was he standing bare-headed in the market-place? Even the school-boys left the merry-andrew and came to gaze, with wide-open eyes, at this tall, strange-looking old man.

Yes, the poor boy, the friendless Sam, with whom we began our story, had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson. He was universally acknowledged as the wisest and greatest writer in all England. But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never, never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over so many years, had he forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart. And now, in his old age, he had come hither to do penance, by standing at noonday, in the market-place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his book-stall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience and forgiveness of God.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
  When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
  And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
  Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
  As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
  And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That, on the night of our luckless flight,
  Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech,
  The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
  And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
  That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
  To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,
  'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
  And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part
Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
  Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
  And Richard his fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
  Before Lord Richard stands,
And as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
  "That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
  That woman void of fear,—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
  'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
  It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
  The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
  And made the holy sign,—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
  A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, demon elf,
  By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
  And what thine errand here?"

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
  When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
  With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
 But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
 Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
 Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
 And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
 When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
 To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
 As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
 That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
 The darker drew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
 He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
 Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
 When all the bells were ringing.

—Sir Walter Scott.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters,
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church-yards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young ; but alas ! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by

Campfires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning in June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended
Into the east again from which it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence!
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley!

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that
conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he finds the spot where it reaches an
outlet.

—*Longfellow.*

SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

The world hath its night. It seemeth necessary that it should have one. The sun shineth by day, and men go forth to their labors; but they grow weary, and nightfall cometh on like a sweet boon from heaven.

The darkness draweth the curtains, and shutteth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillness of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forget awhile our cares, until the morning sun appeareth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches our eyelids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labors of the day.

Night is one of the greatest blessings men enjoy: we have many reasons to thank God for it. Yet night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell

disease, with all those fears that the timorous know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects.

It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that "millions of spiritual creature walk this earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake;" and that at all times they are round about us—not more by night than by day.

Night is the season of terror and alarm to most men. Yet, even night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there?

Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yon stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing, as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise?

Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

—*Spurgeon.*

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
  Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
  From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence by its spell of might,
  Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm majestic presence of the Night,
  As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
  The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
  Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
  My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
  From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
  What man has borne before:
Thou layst thy finger on the lips of Care,
  And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
  Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

—Longfellow.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

In a town of Tartary there lived a tailor, named Mustapha, who was so poor that he could hardly maintain himself, his wife, and his son Aladdin. When the boy was of proper years to serve as an apprentice, his father took him into his shop, and taught him how to work; but all his father could do was in vain, for Aladdin was incorrigible.

His father was therefore forced to abandon him to his evil ways. The thoughts of this brought on a fit of sickness, of which he shortly died; and the mother, finding that her son would not follow his father's trade, shut up the shop; and with the money she earned by spinning cotton thought to support herself and her son.

Aladdin continued to give himself up to all kinds of folly, until one day as he was playing in the street, a stranger passing by stood to observe him.

This stranger was a great magician. Knowing who Aladdin was, and what were his propensities, he went up to him, and said, "Child, was not your father called Mustapha? and was he not a tailor?" "Yes, sir," answered Aladdin; "but he has been dead some time."

The magician threw his arms round Aladdin's neck, and said, "I am your uncle, I have been many years abroad; and now, when I have come with the hope of seeing my brother, you tell me he is dead!"

The magician caressed Aladdin and gave him a very beautiful ring, which he told the youth was of great value. By these artifices he led Aladdin some distance out of the town, until they came between two mountains.

He then collected dry sticks and made a fire, into which he cast a perfume; and turning himself round, pronounced some magical words. The earth immediately trembled and opened, and discovered a stone, with a ring, by which it might be raised up.

The magician said, "Under this stone is a treasure destined to be yours; take hold of this ring and lift it up." Aladdin did as he was directed, and raised the stone with great care.

When it was removed, there appeared a cavern, into which the magician bade him descend; and told him at the bottom of the steps was an open door which led into a large palace, divided into three great halls; at the end of these was a garden, planted with trees, bearing the most delicious fruit. "Across that garden," said he "you will perceive a terrace, and in it a niche, which contains a lighted lamp. Take down the lamp; put out the light; throw out the wick; pour out the oil; put the lamp into your bosom, and bring it to me."

Aladdin jumped into the cavern, and found the halls; he went through them, crossed the garden, took down the lamp, and put it into his bosom.

As he returned, he stopped to admire the fine fruit with which the trees were loaded. Some bore fruit entirely white, others red, green, blue and

yellow. Although he imagined they were colored glass, he was so pleased with them that he filled his pockets, and then returned to the entrance of the cavern.

When he came thither, he said to the magician, "Uncle, lend me your hand to assist me in getting up."

"Give me the lamp first," said the magician.

"I cannot till I am up," replied Aladdin.

The magician would have the lamp before he would help Aladdin to get out; and Aladdin refused to give it to him, before he was out of the cavern. The magician became so enraged that he threw some perfume into the fire, and, pronouncing a few magical words, the stone returned to its former place, and thus buried Aladdin, who in vain called out that he was ready to give up the lamp.

The magician, by the powers of art, had discovered that if he could become possessed of a wonderful lamp that was hidden somewhere in the world, it would render him greater than any prince. He afterwards discovered that this lamp was in a subterraneous cavern between two mountains in Tartary.

He accordingly proceeded to the town which was nearest to this treasure, and knowing that he must receive it from the hands of some other person, he thought Aladdin very suitable to his purpose.

When Aladdin had procured the lamp, the magician was in such extreme haste to become possessed of this wonderful acquisition, or was so unwilling

that the boy should reveal the circumstance, that he defeated his own intention.

In this manner he forgot also the ring which he had formerly given to Aladdin; and which, he had informed the youth, would always preserve him from harm; but went away without either.

When Aladdin found that he was immured alive in this cavern, he sat down on the steps and remained there two days. On the third day he clasped his hands together in terror and despair at his unfortunate condition.

In joining his hands, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him; and immediately a genius of awful stature stood before him.

"What wouldst thou have with me?" said the terrific form. "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, whilst thou dost possess the ring that is on thy finger."

Aladdin said, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place, if thou art able." He had no sooner spoken than the earth opened, and he found himself at the place where the magician had performed his incantations.

Aladdin returned home as fast as he could, and related to his mother all that had happened to him: she naturally uttered imprecations at the vile magician; and lamented that she had no food to give her son, who had not tasted any for three days.

Aladdin then showed her the lamp, and said, "Mother, I will take this lamp and sell it to buy us food; but I think if we were to clean it first, it would

fetch a better price." He therefore sat down, and began to rub it with sand and water. Immediately an awful genius appeared, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and as the slave of all who may possess the lamp in thy hand." Aladdin said, "I hunger: bring me food." The genius disappeared; but in an instant returned with some delicate viands, on twelve silver plates; he placed them on the table and vanished. Aladdin and his mother sat down and ate heartily. The victuals lasted them until the next night, when Aladdin took the plates and sold them. As they lived with frugality the money kept them several years.

One day Aladdin saw the Princess Badroulboudour as she was going to the baths. He was so struck with her beauty that he ran home and requested his mother to go to the sultan, and ask for the princess in marriage. His mother thought he must be mad, and endeavored to dissuade him from such a foolish desire; but he replied that he could not exist without the princess.

He then brought his mother the fruit which he had gathered in the subterranean garden, and told her to take it as a present to the sultan, for it was worthy the greatest monarch; he having found by frequenting the shops of jewellers that, instead of being colored glass, they were jewels of inestimable value.

His mother, being thus persuaded, set off for the sultan's palace, where, having obtained an audience,

she presented the jewels to the sultan in a china vase.

The sultan graciously received the present; and having heard her request, he said, "I cannot allow my daughter to marry until I receive some valuable consideration from your son; yet, if at the expiration of three months from this day, he will send me forty vases like this one, filled with similar jewels, and borne by forty black slaves, each of them led by a white slave in magnificent apparel, I will consent that he shall become my son-in-law."

The sultan, indeed, was unwilling that his daughter should be married to a stranger; but supposing the demand he made would be greater than Aladdin could comply with, he considered that this condition would be as effectual as a refusal; and that, too, without seeming to oppose the young man's request. Aladdin's mother returned home, and told him the stipulations upon which the sultan would consent to his match. His joy was therefore unbounded when he found that he was so likely to espouse the princess. As soon as his mother left him he took the lamp and rubbed it; when immediately the same genius appeared and asked what he would have. Aladdin told him what the sultan required, and that the articles must be provided by the time appointed; which the genius promised should be done. At the expiration of three months, the genius brought the four-score slaves, and the vessels filled with jewels. Aladdin's mother, being attired in a superb robe, set out with them to the palace.

When the sultan beheld the forty vases, full of most precious and brilliant jewels, and the eighty slaves, the costliness of whose garments was as great as the dresses of kings, he was so astonished that he thought it unnecessary to inform himself whether Aladdin had all the other qualifications which ought to be possessed by a monarch's son-in-law. The sight of such immense riches, and Aladdin's diligence in complying with his demand, persuaded the sultan that he could not want any other accomplishments. He therefore said to the young man's mother, "Go, tell thy son that I wait to receive him, that he may espouse the princess, my daughter." When Aladdin's mother had withdrawn, the sultan rose from his throne, and ordered that the vases and jewels should be carried into the princess's apartment.

The mother of Aladdin soon returned to her son. "You are arrived," said she to him, "at the height of your desires. The sultan waits to embrace you, and conclude your marriage." Aladdin, in ecstasies at this intelligence, retired to his chamber, and rubbed the lamp. The obedient genius appeared. "Genius," said Aladdin, "I wish to bathe immediately; and afterwards provide me with a robe more superb than ever monarch wore." The genius then rendered him invisible, and transported him to a marble bath, where he was undressed, without seeing by whom, and rubbed and washed by waters of the most exquisite fragrance. His skin became clear and delicate; he put on a magnificent garment which

he found ready for him, and the genius then transported him to his chamber, where he inquired if Aladdin had further commands for him. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "bring me a horse, and let it be furnished with the most costly and magnificent trappings; let there be a splendid retinue of slaves to attend me, and let them be attired in the most expensive habiliments. For my mother also provide an extensive equipage; let six female slaves attend her, each bearing a different robe, suitable even to the dignity of a sultaness; let not anything be wanting to complete the splendor of her retinue. But, above all, bring ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses."

The genius disappeared and returned with a horse, forty slaves, ten purses of gold, and six female slaves, each bearing a most costly robe for Aladdin's mother. Aladdin entrusted six of the purses to the slaves, that they might distribute the money among the people as they proceeded to the sultan's palace. He then despatched one of the slaves to the royal mansion, to know when he might have the honor of prostrating himself at the sultan's feet.

The slave brought him word that the sultan waited for him with impatience. When he arrived at the gate of the palace, the grand vizier, the generals of the army, the governors of the provinces, and all the great officers of the court, attended him to the council hall; and having assisted him to dismount, they led him to the sultan's throne. The sovereign was amazed to see that Aladdin was more richly

apparelled than he was; he arose, however, from his throne, and embraced him. He gave a signal, and the air resounded with trumpets, hautboys, and other musical instruments. He then conducted Aladdin into a magnificent saloon, where a sumptuous entertainment had been provided. After this splendid repast, the sultan sent for the chief law-officer of his empire, and ordered him immediately to prepare the marriage contract between the princess and Aladdin. The sultan then asked Aladdin if the marriage should be solemnized that day. To which he answered, "Sir, I beg your permission to defer it until I have built a palace suitable to the dignity of the princess; and I therefore entreat you further to grant me a convenient spot of ground near your own palace; and I will take care to have it finished with the utmost expedition." "Son," said the sultan, "take what ground you think proper." After which he again embraced Aladdin, who respectfully took leave and returned home.

He retired to his chamber, took his lamp, and summoned the genius as usual. "Genius," said he "build me a palace near the sultan's fit for the reception of my spouse, the princess; but instead of stone, let the walls be formed of massy gold and silver, laid in alternate rows; and let the interstices be enriched with diamonds and emeralds. The palace must have a delightful garden, planted with aromatic shrubs and plants, bearing the most delicious fruits, and beautiful flowers. But, in particular, let there be an immense treasure of gold and silver coin. The

palace, moreover, must be well provided with offices, store-houses, and stables full of the finest horses, and attended by equerries, grooms, and hunting equipage."

By the dawn of the ensuing morning, the genius presented himself to Aladdin, and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come and see if it accords with your wishes." He had no sooner signified his readiness to behold it than the genius instantly conveyed him thither. He found that it surpassed all his expectations. The officers and slaves were all dressed according to their rank and services. The genius then showed him the treasury, in which he saw heaps of bags full of money, piled up to the very ceiling. The genius then conveyed Aladdin home, before the hour arrived at which the gates of the sultan's palace were opened.

When the porters arrived at the gates of the royal mansion, they were amazed to see Aladdin's palace. The grand vizier, who came afterwards, was no less astonished. He went to acquaint the sultan of it, and endeavored to persuade the monarch that it was all enchantment. "Vizier," replied the Sultan, "you know as well as I do, that it is Aladdin's palace, on the ground which I gave him." When Aladdin had dismissed the genius, he requested his mother to go to the royal palace with her slaves, and tell the sultan she came to have the honor of attending the princess towards the evening to her son's palace. Aladdin soon afterward left his paternal dwelling; but he was careful not to forget

his wonderful lamp, by the aid of which he had become so eminently dignified. Aladdin's mother was received at the royal palace with great honor, and was introduced to the apartment of the beautiful princess. The princess received her with great affection; and while the women were decorating her with the jewels Aladdin had sent, an elegant collation was laid before them. In the evening the princess took leave of the sultan her father, and proceeded to Aladdin's palace. She was accompanied by his mother, and was followed by a hundred slaves, magnificently dressed. Bands of music led the procession, followed by a hundred black slaves, with appropriate officers. Four hundred of the sultan's young pages carried torches on each side; these, with the radiant illuminations of the sultan's and Aladdin's palaces, rendered it as light as day.

When the princess arrived at the new palace, Aladdin, filled with delight, hastened to receive her. He addressed her with that reverence which her dignity exacted; but with that ardor which her extreme beauty inspired. He took her by the hand, and led her into a saloon, where an entertainment, far beyond description, was served up.

The dishes were of burnished gold, and contained every kind of rarity and delicacy. Vases, cups, and other vessels, were also of gold, so exquisitely carved, that the excellency of the workmanship might be said to surpass the value of the material.

Aladdin conducted the princess and his mother to their appropriate places in this magnificent apart-

ment; and as soon as they were seated, a choir of the most melodious voices, accompanied by a band of the most exquisite performers, formed the most fascinating concert during the whole of the repast.

About midnight, Aladdin presented his hand to the princess to dance with her: and thus concluded the ceremonies and festivities of the day.

On the next morning, Aladdin, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and attended by a troop of slaves, proceeded to the sultan's palace. The monarch received him with parental affection, and placed him beside the royal throne.

Aladdin did not limit himself to the two palaces, but went about the city, and attended the different mosques. He visited also the grand vizier, and other great personages. His manner, which had become extremely pleasing, endeared him to his superiors; and his affability and liberality gained him the affection of the people.

He might thus have been happy had it not been for the magician, who no sooner understood that Aladdin had arrived at this eminent good fortune, than he exclaimed, "This poor tailor's son has discovered the secret virtues of the lamp! But I will endeavor to prevent him in the enjoyment of it much longer." The next morning he set forward, and soon afterward arrived at the town in Tartary where Aladdin resided.

The first object he had to attain was a knowledge of the place in which Aladdin kept the lamp. He soon found by his art that this inestimable treasure

was in Aladdin's palace, a discovery which delighted him. He also learned that Aladdin was going on a hunting excursion, which would engage him from home eight days.

The magician then went to a manufacturer of lamps, and purchased a dozen copper ones which he put into a basket. He thus proceeded towards Aladdin's palace; and when he came near it, he cried, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?" This strange inquiry attracted a crowd of people and children about him, who thought he must be mad to give new lamps for old ones; yet still he continued to exclaim, "Who'll change old lamps for new ones?"

This he repeated so often near Aladdin's palace, that the princess sent one of her women slaves to know what the man cried. "Madam," said the slave, "I cannot forbear laughing to see a fool, with a basket full of new lamps on his arm, asking to exchange for old ones." Another woman slave who was present said, "I know not whether the princess has observed it, but there is an old lamp upon the cornice; if the princess pleases, she may try if this foolish man will give a new one for it."

This was Aladdin's wonderful lamp which he had placed upon the cornice before he set off on the hunting excursion; but neither the princess, nor those who were about her, had observed it. At all other times, but when hunting, Aladdin carried it about him. The princess, who knew not the value of the lamp, bade one of the slaves take it, and make the exchange.

The slave went and called the magician; and showing him the old lamp, said, "Will you give me a new one in exchange?"

The magician, knowing that this was the lamp he wanted, snatched it from the slave, and thrust it into his bosom, bidding him take that which he liked best. The slave chose one, and carried it to the princess.

As soon as the magician got beyond the gates of the city, he stopped; and passed the remainder of the day, until it was night, in an adjoining wood, when he took the lamp and rubbed it.

The genius instantly appeared. "I command thee," said the magician, "to convey me, together with the palace thou hast built for Aladdin, with all its inhabitants, to a place in Africa." The genius instantly transported him, with the palace and everything it contained, to the place in Africa which the magician had appointed.

The next morning the sultan went, as usual, to his closet-window to admire Aladdin's palace, but when he saw an uncovered space of ground, instead of a palace, he could not restrain his astonishment and indignation. He went into another apartment, and sent for the grand vizier, who was no less amazed than the sultan had been.

The sultan exclaimed, "Where is that imposter, that I may instantly have his head taken off? Order a detachment of fifty horse soldiers to bring him before me loaded with chains." The detachment obeyed the orders; and about six leagues from the

town they met Aladdin returning home. They told him that the sultan had sent them to accompany him home.

Aladdin had not the least apprehension, and pursued his way; but when they came within half a league of the city, the detachment surrounded him, and the officer said, "Prince Aladdin, I am commanded by the sultan to arrest you, and to carry you before him as a criminal." They then fastened both his arms, and in this manner the officer obliged Aladdin to follow him on foot into the town.

When the soldiers came near the town, the people seëing Aladdin led thus a culprit, doubted not that his head would be cut off; but as he was generally beloved, some took sabres and other kind of arms, and those who had none, gathered stones, and followed the detachment; and in this manner they reached the palace.

Aladdin was carried before the sultan; who, as soon as he saw him, ordered that his head should be instantly cut off, without hearing him, or giving him any opportunity to explain himself. As soon as the executioner had taken off the chains he caused Aladdin to kneel down; then, drawing his sabre, he waited only for the sultan's signal to separate the head from the body.

At that instant the populace had forced the guard of soldiers, and were scaling the walls of the palace. The sultan ordered the executioner to unbind Aladdin, and desired the grand vizier to tell the people that Aladdin was pardoned. When Aladdin found

himself at liberty, he turned towards the sultan, and said to him in an affecting manner, "I beg your majesty to let me know my crime!" "Thy crime," answered the sultan, "follow me!" The sultan then took him into his closet. When he came to the door he said to him, "You ought to know where your palace stood; look and tell me what has become of it."

"I beg your majesty," said Aladdin, "to allow me forty days to make my inquiries."—"I give you forty days," said the sultan. For three days Aladdin rambled about till he was tired. At the close of the third day he came to a river's side; there, under the influence of despair, he determined to cast himself into the water. He thought it right first to say his prayers, and went to the river-side to wash his hands and face, according to the law of Mahomed. The bank of the river was steep and slippery, and as he stood upon it he slid down against a little rock. In falling down the bank, he rubbed his ring so hard, that the same genius appeared which he had seen in the cavern.

Aladdin said "I command thee to convey me to the place where my palace stands, and set me down under the princess's window." The genius immediately transported him into the midst of a large plain, on which his palace stood, and set him exactly under the window, and left him there fast asleep. The next morning, one of the women perceived Aladdin, and told the princess, who could not believe her; but, nevertheless, she instantly

opened the window, when she saw Aladdin, and said to him, "I have sent to have one of the private gates opened for you." Aladdin went into the princess's chamber, where, after they had affectionately embraced, he said to her, "What has become of an old lamp which I left upon the cornice when I went hunting?" The princess told him that it had been exchanged for a new one; and that the next morning she found herself in an unknown country, which she had been told was in Africa, by the treacherous man himself, who had conveyed her thither by his magic art. "Princess," said Aladdin, "you have informed me who the traitor is, by telling me you are in Africa. He is the most perfidious of all men; but this is not the time or place to give you a full account of his iniquity. Can you tell me what he has done with the lamp, and where he has placed it?"

"He carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom," said the princess; "and this I know, because he has taken it out and showed it to me." "Princess," said Aladdin, "tell me, I conjure thee, how this wicked and treacherous man treats you." "Since I have been here," replied the princess, "he comes once every day to see me; and I am persuaded that the indifference of my manner towards him, and the evident reluctance of my conversation, induces him to withhold more frequent visits. All his endeavors are to persuade me to break that faith I pledged to you, and to take him for a husband. He frequently informs me that I have no hopes of seeing you again,

for that you are dead, having had your head struck off by order of the sultan. He also calls you an ungrateful wretch; says that your good fortune was owing to him; besides many other things of a similar kind. He, however, receives no other answer from me than grief, complaints, and tears; and he is, therefore, always obliged to retire with evident dissatisfaction. I have but little doubt that his intention is to allow me some time for my sorrow to subside, in hopes that my sentiments may afterwards become changed; but that, if I persevere in an obstinate refusal, he will use violence to compel me to marry him. But your presence, Aladdin, subdues all my apprehensions."

"I have great confidence," replied Aladdin, "since my princess's fears are diminished; and I believe that I have thought of the means to deliver you from our common enemy. I shall return at noon, and will then communicate my project to you, and tell you what must be done for its success. But that you may not be surprised, it is well to inform you, that I shall change my dress; and I must beg of you to give orders that I may not wait long at the private gate, but that it may be opened at the first knock. All which the princess promised to observe.

When Aladdin went out of the palace, he perceived a countryman before him, and having come up with him, made a proposal to change clothes, to which the man agreed. They accordingly went behind a hedge, and made the exchange. Aladdin

afterwards travelled to the town, and came to that part in which merchants and artizans have their respective streets, according to the articles which are the subject of their trade. Among these he found the druggists, and having gone to one of the principal shops, he purchased half a drachm of a particular powder that he named.

Aladdin returned to the palace, and when he saw the princess, he told her to invite the magician to sup with her. "Then," said he, "put this powder into one of the cups of wine; charge the slave to bring that cup to you, and then change cups with him. No sooner will he have drunk off the contents of the cup, but you will see him fall backwards." The magician came, and at table he and the princess sat opposite to each other. The princess presented him with the choicest things that were on the table, and said to him, "If you please, we will exchange cups, and drink each other's health." She presented her cup, and held out her hand to receive the other from him. He made the exchange with pleasure. The princess put the cup to her lips, while the African magician drank the very last drop, and fell backward lifeless.

No sooner had the magician fallen than Aladdin entered the hall, and said, "Princess, I must beg you to leave me for a moment." When the princess was gone, Aladdin shut the door, and going to the dead body of the magician, opened his vest, took out the lamp, and rubbed it. The genius immediately appeared. "Genius," said Aladdin, "I command

thee to convey this palace to its former position in Tartary." The palace was immediately removed into Tartary, without any sensation to those who were contained in it. Aladdin went to the princess's apartment, and embracing her, said, "I can assure you, princess, that your joy and mine will be complete to-morrow morning."

Aladdin rose at daybreak in the morning, and put on one of his most splendid habits. At an early hour he went into the hall, from the windows of which he perceived the sultan. They met together at the foot of the great staircase of Aladdin's palace. The venerable sultan was some time before he could open his lips, so great was his joy that he had found his daughter once more. She soon came to him; he embraced her and made her relate all that had happened. The body of the magician was ordered to be thrown as a prey to the wild beasts. Thus Aladdin was delivered from the persecution of his enemy. Within a short time afterwards the sultan died at a good old age; and, as he left no sons, the princess became heiress to the crown; but Aladdin being her husband, the sovereignty, it was agreed by the great officers of the state, should devolve upon him. Aladdin and his wife reigned together many years in happiness and prosperity.

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.

—*Robert Burns.*

A FOREST CALM.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam ;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise !

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,—
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under heaven is blown
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own :
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was !—the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew,
With its soft motion made not less

The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the wide mountain waste
To the soft flower beneath our feet
A magic circle traced,
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life;
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough;
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulfed in a world below;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.

There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,
And through the dark-green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green:
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.

—P. B. Shelley.

THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

"Look from that window, Roland," said the Queen; "see you amongst the several lights which begin to kindle, and to glimmer palely through the gray of the evening, from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say, one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer, it seems, to the verge of the water? It is no brighter, at this distance, than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Stuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven.

"By that signal I know that more than one true heart is plotting my deliverance; and, without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate, and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers; and while it glimmers, my hope lives. Oh, how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal, when it has suddenly kindled, and like the lights of St. Elmo in a tempest, brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!" "If I mistake not," answered Roland, "the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie the gardener."

"Thou hast a good eye," said the Queen; "it is

there where my trusty lieges—God and the saints pour blessings on them!—hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue waters, long ere it could mingle in their council; and yet I can hold communication—I will confide the whole to thee—I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. Place the lamp in the window, Fleming." She obeyed, and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so than the light in the cottage of the gardener disappeared. "Now count," said Queen Mary, "for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself." The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three, and, when she had arrived at ten, the light on the shore again showed its pale twinkle.

"Now our lady be praised!" said the Queen; "it was but two nights since, that the absence of the light remained while I could tell thirty. The hour of deliverance approaches. May God bless those who labor in it with such truth to me!—alas! with such hazard to themselves—and bless you, too, my children!" "And now for the signal from the shore!" exclaimed Catherine; "my bosom tells me we shall see this night two lights, instead of one, gleam from that garden of Eden. And then, Roland, do your part manfully, and we will dance on the greensward like midnight fairies."

Catherine's conjecture misgave not, nor deceived her. In the evening two beams twinkled from the cottage, instead of one; and the page heard, with

beating heart, that the new retainer was ordered to stand sentinel on the outside of the castle. When he intimated this news to the Queen she held her hand out to him—he knelt, and when he raised it to his lips in all dutiful homage, he found it was damp and cold as marble. "For God's sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now." "Call upon Our Lady, my liege," said the Lady Fleming—"call upon your tutelar saint." "Call upon the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from!" exclaimed the page; "in this hour of need you will require all your resolution."

"O Roland Græme!" said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, "be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself! My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France that I should die in prison and by a violent death, and here comes the hour. Oh, would to God it found me prepared!" "Madam," said Catherine Seyton, "remember you are a Queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom than remain here to be poisoned, as men rid themselves of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses." "You are right, Catherine," said the Queen; "and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture."

They separated till again called together by the tolling of the curfew. The Queen appeared grave, but firm and resolved; the Lady Fleming, with the art of an experienced courtier, knew perfectly how to disguise her inward tremors; Catherine's eye was fired as if with the boldness of the project, and the half smile which dwelt upon her beautiful mouth seemed to contemn all the risk and all the consequences of discovery; Roland, who felt how much success depended on his own address and boldness, summoned together his whole presence of mind, and if he found his spirits flag for a moment, cast his eye upon Catherine, whom he thought he had never seen look so beautiful.

"I may be foiled," he thought, "but with this reward in prospect, they must bring demons to aid them ere they cross me." Thus resolved, he stood like a greyhound in the slips, with hand, heart, and eye intent upon making and seizing opportunity for the execution of their project.

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant, while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent

than usual—so at least it seemed to her prisoners—upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint.

Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the Queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sideways to the churchyard, and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles in the vault. The Lady Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light as it was called, in the family burial-place, boded death.

She turned her head towards the casement—saw a distant glimmering—forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had touched them, she looked around, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse-candles.

"I wish your Grace and your company a good evening. Randal, attend us." And Randal, who waited in the antechamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the Queen's apartments, she

retired to her own. "To-morrow?" said the page, rubbing his hands with glee, "fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night. May I pray you, my gracious liege, to retire for one half-hour, until all the castle is composed to rest? I must go and rub with oil these blessed implements of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of."

"Fear them not," said Catherine, "they are as true as steel—if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage."

"We have but brief time," said Queen Mary; "one of the two lights in the cottage is extinguished —that shows the boat is put off."

"They will row very slow," said the page, "to avoid noise. To our several tasks—I will communicate with the good Father."

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the Queen's apartment. "Now turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual, that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised Abbot, asked if the boat were ready.

"This half-hour," said the sentinel. "She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen

by the warder; but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again."

"The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower—a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best headpiece upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wager."

"Then bring the Queen," said the Abbot, "and I will call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat."

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland Græme, and were received at the wicket-gate by Henry Seyton and the churchman. The former seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise. "My Lord Abbot," he said, "give my sister your arm—I will conduct the Queen—and the youth will have the honor to guide Lady Fleming."

This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Græme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the Abbot than receiving assistance—the Queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear and a thousand painful reflections, moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton—while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Græme, who followed in

the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the Queen.

The door of the garden which communicated with the shore of the islet yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation.

Henry Seyton placed the Queen in the stern; the Abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the Queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat-side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, "Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one half-minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bedchamber, threw the Queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

"By Heaven, he is false at last!" said Seyton; "I ever feared it!" "He is as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain." "Be silent, minion," said her brother, "for shame, if not for fear! Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!" "Help me, help me on board!" said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

"Put off—put off!" cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the Queen is safe." "Will you

permit this, madam?" said Catharine, imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death." "I will not," said the Queen. "Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk." "Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Græme as he stepped toward the stern, said, "Your place is not with high-born dames —keep to the head and trim the vessel. Now give way—give way. Row, for God and the Queen!"

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously. "Why did you not muffle the oars?" said Roland Græme; "this dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him."

"It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. "A boat—a boat!—bring to, or I shoot!" And as they continued to ply their oars, he

called aloud, "Treason! treason!" rang the bell of the castle, and discharged his arquebuss at the boat.

The ladies crowded on each other, like startled wild-fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

"Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton. "Stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately." "That is cared for," said Roland; "I locked the gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged into the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now bless thee, my son! thy ready prudence puts shame on us all." "I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry—"I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity. I must have him, dear friends, with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seyton—but where, then, is Douglas?"

"Here, madam," answered the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sat next her, and

who acted as a steersman. "Alas! was it you who stretched your body before me," said the Queen, "when the balls were raining around us?" "Believe you," said he, in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protecting his Queen's life with his own?"

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return which was made by the midnight echoes of Ben-narty, terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners.

The boat was run alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the Abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favored their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the Queen to the house of the gardener.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Darkness before, all joy behind!
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
He soonest reads the lesson right
Who reads with back against the light.

—*George Houghton.*

THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHERDOWN."

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once she fired and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
The deck beams break below,
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again."
And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile—
As ye shoot at the flying duck—
And the great stern gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below—
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam."
And he answered, "Turn and go!"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
And grimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the white whale faces the thresher's ire,
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we;
And it is not meet for English stock,
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
The death they cannot see."

"Lie down, lie down my bold A.B.,
We drift upon her beam;
We dare not ram, for she can run;
And dare ye fire another gun,
And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
That carried an armor-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow,
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfelt.

"Captain, they lack us through and through;
The chilled steel bolts are swift!
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be."
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
  Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
  And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done,
  They bid you send your sword."
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall have it now;
  Out cutlasses and board!"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
  Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,
  Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
  From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare to the feet,
  As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking "Clampherdown"
  Heaved up her battered side—
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
  And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the "Clampherdown"
  Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
  Aud as it still shall be.

—From "Ballads and Barrack-room Ballads," Rudyard Kipling (by permission of the author and the publishers.)

THE BATTLE OF LANDEN.

It was still in the King's power, by a hasty retreat, to put between his army and the enemy the narrow, but deep, waters of the Gette, which had lately been swollen by rains. But the site which he occupied was strong; and it could easily be made still stronger. He set all his troops to work. Ditches were dug, mounds thrown up, palisades fixed in the earth. In a few hours the ground wore a new aspect; and the King trusted that he should be able to repel the attack even of a force greatly outnumbering his own. Nor was it without much appearance of reason that he felt this confidence. When the morning of the nineteenth of July broke, the bravest men of Lewis's army looked gravely and anxiously on the fortress, which had suddenly sprung up to arrest their progress. The allies were protected by a breastwork. Here and there along the entrenchments were formed little redoubts and half-moons. A hundred pieces of cannon were disposed on the ramparts. On the left flank the village of Romsdorff rose close to the little stream of Landen, from which the English have named the disastrous day. On the right was the village of Neerwinden. Both villages were, after the fashion of the low countries, surrounded by moats and fences; and, within these enclosures, the little plots of ground occupied by

different families, were separated by mud walls five feet in height, and a foot in thickness. All these barricades William had repaired and strengthened. Saint Simon, who, after the battle, surveyed the ground, could hardly, he tells us, believe that defences so extensive and so formidable could have been created with such rapidity.

Luxemburg, however, was determined to try whether even this position could be maintained against the superior numbers and the impetuous valor of his soldiers. Soon after sunrise the roar of the cannon began to be heard. William's batteries did much execution before the French artillery could be so placed as to return the fire. It was eight o'clock before the close fighting began. The village of Neerwinden was regarded by both commanders as the point on which everything depended. There an attack was made by the French left wing commanded by Montchevreuil, a veteran officer of high reputation, and by Berwick, who, though young, was fast rising to an eminent place among the captains of his time. Berwick led the onset, and forced his way into the village, but was soon driven out again with a terrible carnage. His followers fled or perished; he, while trying to rally them, and cursing them for not doing their duty better, was surrounded by foes. He concealed his white cockade, and hoped to be able, by the help of his native tongue, to pass himself off as an officer of the English army. But his face was recognized by one of his mother's brothers, George Churchill, who held

on that day the command of a brigade. A hurried embrace was exchanged between the kinsmen; and the uncle conducted the nephew to William, who, as long as everything seemed to be going well, remained in the rear. The meeting of the King and the captive, united by such close domestic ties, and divided by such inexpiable injuries, was a strange sight. Both behaved as became them. William uncovered, and addressed to his prisoner a few words of courteous greeting. Berwick's only reply was a solemn bow. The King put on his hat, the Duke put on his hat, and the cousins parted forever.

By this time the French, who had been driven in confusion out of Neerwinden, had been reinforced by a division under the command of the Duke of Bourbon, and came gallantly back to the attack. William, well aware of the importance of this post, gave orders that troops should move thither from other parts of his line. The second conflict was long and bloody. The assailants again forced an entrance into the village. They were again driven out with immense slaughter, and showed little inclination to return to the charge.

Meanwhile the battle had been raging all along the entrenchments of the allied army. Again and again Luxemburg brought up his troops within pistol-shot of the breastwork; but he could bring them no nearer. Again and again they recoiled from the heavy fire which was poured on their front and on their flanks. It seemed that all was over. Luxemburg retired to a spot which was out of gunshot,

and summoned a few of his chief officers to a consultation. They talked together during some time; and their animated gestures were observed with deep interest by all who were within sight.

At length Luxemburg formed his decision. A last attempt must be made to carry Neerwinden; and the invincible household troops, the conquerors of Steinkirk, must lead the way.

The household troops came on in a manner worthy of their long and terrible renown. A third time Neerwinden was taken. A third time William tried to retake it. At the head of some English regiments he charged the guards of Lewis with such fury that, for the first time in the memory of the oldest warrior, that far-famed band was driven back. It was only by the strenuous exertions of Luxemburg, the Duke of Chartres, and the Duke of Bourbon, that the broken ranks were rallied. But by this time the centre and left of all the allied army had been so much thinned for the purpose of supporting the conflict at Neerwinden that the entrenchments could no longer be defended on other points. A little after four in the afternoon the whole line gave way. All was havoc and confusion. Solmes had received a mortal wound and fell, still alive, into the hands of the enemy. The English soldiers, to whom his name was hateful, accused him of having, in his sufferings, shown pusillanimity unworthy of a soldier. The Duke of Ormond was struck down in the press; and in another moment he would have been a corpse, had not a rich diamond on his finger

caught the eye of one of the French guards, who justly thought that the owner of such a jewel would be a valuable prisoner. The Duke's life was saved, and he was speedily exchanged for Berwick. Ruvigny, animated by the true refugee hatred of the country which had cast him out, was taken fighting in the thickest of the battle. Those into whose hands he had fallen knew him well, and knew that, if they carried him to their camp, his head would pay for the treason to which persecution had driven him. With admirable generosity they pretended not to recognize him, and suffered him to make his escape in the tumult.

It was only on such occasions as this that the whole greatness of William's character appeared. Amidst the rout and uproar, while arms and standards were flung away, while multitudes of fugitives were choking up the bridges and fords of the Gette or perishing in its waters, the King, having directed Talmash to superintend the retreat, put himself at the head of a few brave regiments, and by desperate efforts arrested the progress of the enemy. His risk was greater than that which others ran. For he could not be persuaded either to encumber his feeble frame with a cuirass, or to hide the ensign of the garter. He thought his star a good rallying point for his own troops, and only smiled when he was told that it was a good mark for the enemy. Many fell on his right hand and on his left. Two led horses which, in the field, always followed his person, were struck dead by cannon shots. One

musket ball passed through the curls of his wig, another through his coat; a third bruised his side and tore his blue riband to tatters. Many years later gray-headed old pensioners, who crept about the arcades and alleys of Chelsea Hospital, used to relate how he charged at the head of Galway's horse, how he dismounted four times to put heart into the infantry; how he rallied one corps which seemed to be shrinking: "That is not the way to fight, gentlemen. You must stand close up to them. Thus, gentlemen, thus." "You might have seen him," thus an eye-witness wrote, only four days after the battle, "with his sword in his hand, throwing himself upon the enemy. It is certain that, at one time, among the rest, he was seen at the head of two English regiments, and that he fought seven with these two in sight of the whole army, driving them before him above a quarter of an hour. Thanks be to God that preserved him." The enemy pressed on him so close that it was with difficulty that he at length made his way over the Gette. A small body of brave men, who shared his peril to the last, could hardly keep off the pursuers as he crossed the bridge.

Never, perhaps, was the change which the progress of civilization has produced in the art of war more strikingly illustrated than on that day. Ajax beating down the Trojan leader with a rock which two ordinary men could scarcely lift; Horatius defending the bridge against an army; Richard the Lion-hearted spurring along the whole Saracen line

without finding an enemy to stand his assault; Robert Bruce, crushing with one blow the helmet and head of Sir Henry Bohun in sight of the whole array of England and Scotland, such are the heroes of a dark age. In such an age bodily vigor is the most indispensable qualification of a warrior. At Landen two poor sickly beings, who, in a rude state of society, would have been regarded as too puny to bear any part in combats, were the souls of two great armies. In some heathen countries they would have been exposed while infants. In Christendom they would, six hundred years earlier, have been sent to some quiet cloister. But their lot had fallen on a time when men had discovered that the strength of the muscle is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind. It is probable that, among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled round Neerwinden, under all the standards of western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged on the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.

—*Lord Macaulay.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow.*

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

One afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away. with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people, and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature

in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood, with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley

owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it."

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose coun-

tenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face

became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the

gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the E[illegible]t [illegible]ne, bringing h[illegible] the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his

father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the har-

bingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last."

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed,—

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid the gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy.

He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving

nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown in the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children,

were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs,

with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great

shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now; at length, the mountain visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking a habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through

the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there was seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him,—"fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good of mankind, that it seemed as though he has been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war,— the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates,—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,—it finally persuaded his

countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time,—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated,—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with

a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the members of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers, and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-stirring melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the

loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was

vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage

thoughts in his mind; the wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone,—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at

a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing in its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined

them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of the poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning,

therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated

by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and,

when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of neighboring inhabitants in the open air.

He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them.

Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverently at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,—

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

HORATIUS.

Lars Porsena of Clusium by the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth, east and west and south
To summon his array. [and north,

East and west and south and north the messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage have heard the trumpet's
Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers in his home, [blast,
When Porsena of Clusium is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place; from many a fruitful plain.
From many a lonely hamlet, which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest of purple Apennine;
From lordly Volaterræ, where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants for godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia, whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops fringing the southern sky;
From the proud mart of Pisæ, queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes heavy with fair-hair'd slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders through corn and vines and
flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves the great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatch'd along Clitumnus grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharm'd the waterfowl may dip in the Volsinian mere.
The harvests of Arretium, this year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro shall plunge the struggling
sheep;
And in the vats of Luna, this year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls whose sires have march'd
to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets, the wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty have turn'd the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white by mighty seers of yore.
And with one voice the Thirty have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena; go forth belov'd of heaven.
Go, and return in glory to Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars the golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city sent up her tale of men:
The foot are fourscore thousand, and the horse are thousands
Before the gates of Sutrium is met the great array, [ten;
A proud man was Lars Porsena upon the trysting day.
For all the Etruscan armies were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banish'd Roman, and many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following to join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius, prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign to Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city, the throng stopp'd up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see through two long nights and days.
For sick men borne in litters high on the necks of slaves,

And troops of sunburn'd husbandmen with reaping-hooks and
staves,
And droves of mules and asses, laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep, and endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons that creak'd beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and household goods, choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian, could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City, they sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came with tidings of dismay.
To eastward and to westward have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote in Crusumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath storm'd Janiculum, and the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate, there was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat when that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul, up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns, and hied them to the wall.
They held a council standing, before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess, for musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly: "The bridge must straight
go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost, nought else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul: Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward the consul fix'd his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust rise fast along the sky.
And nearer fast and nearer doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud, from underneath that
rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud, the trampling, and the
hum.

And plainly and more plainly now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right, in broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright, the long array of spears.
And plainly and more plainly above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian, the terror of the Gaul.
And plainly and more plainly now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest, each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium on his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the four-fold shield, girt with the brand none
else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold, and dark Verbenna from the
By reedy Thrasymene. [hold

Fast by the royal standard, o'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius, prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus, that wrought the deed of shame.
But when the face of Sextus was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament from all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman but spat towards him and
hiss'd,
No child but screame[illegible] curses, and shook its little fist.
But the Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly look'd he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the
town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius, the Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his Gods,
And for the tender mother who dandled him to rest,

And for the wife that nurses his baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus that wrought the deed of shame?
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three,
Now who will stand on either hand and keep the bridge with
me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius; a Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with
thee."
And out spake strong Herminius; of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless
Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party; then all were for the state;
Then the great man help'd the poor, and the poor man lov'd
the great:
Then lands were fairly portion'd; then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers in the brave days of old.
Now Roman is to Roman more hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high, and the Fathers grind the
low.
As we wax hot in faction, in battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought in the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening their harness on their
backs,
The Consul was the foremost man to take in hand an axe:

And Fathers mix'd with Commons seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above and loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light, rank behind rank, like
Of a broad sea of gold. [surges bright
Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread, and spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head, where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent, and look'd upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and lifted high
To win the narrow way; [their shields, and flew
Aunus from green Tifernum, lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers from that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers o'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clash'd in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo, the rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium, who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughter'd men, along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns: Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate! no more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark the track of thy de-
    stroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly to woods and caverns when
  Thy thrice accursèd sail." [they spy

But now no sound of laughter was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor from all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth to win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur: and lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand which none but he can
    wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans a smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans, and scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow, if Astur clears the way?"
Then whirling up his broadsword with both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius and smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turn'd, came yet too nigh; it miss'd his helm,
    but gash'd his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry to see the red blood flow.
He reel'd and on Herminius he lean'd one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat, mad with wounds, sprang right at Astur's
    face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet so fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out behind the Tuscan's
    head.

And the great Lord of Luna fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus a thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest the giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low, gaze on the blasted head.
On Astur's throat Horatius right firmly press'd his heel,
And thrice and four times tugg'd amain, ere he wrench'd out
the steel,
"And see," he cried, "the welcome, fair guests, that waits you
here!
What noble Lucumo comes next to taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge a sullen murmur ran, [van.
Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread along that glittering
There lack'd not men of prowess, nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest were round the fatal place.
But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless
Three:

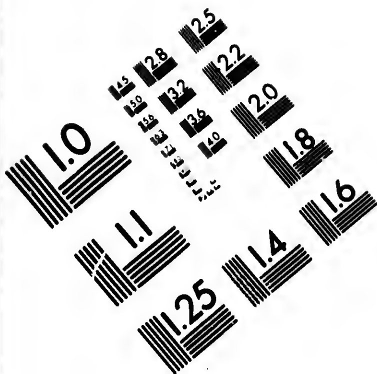
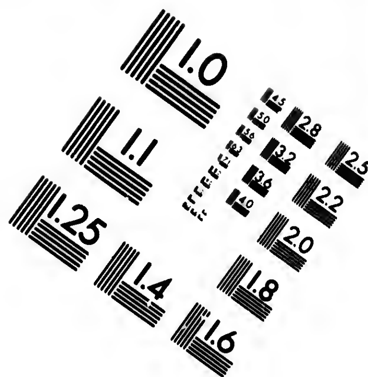
And from the ghastly entrance where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware, ranging the woods to start
a hare,
Come to the mouth of a dark lair where, growling low, a fierce
Lies amidst bones and blood. [old bear
Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!" and those before cried
"Back!"
And backward now and forward wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel, to and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three, and they gave him greet-
ing loud.

"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus! now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away? here lies the road to
Rome."
Thrice look'd he at the city; thrice look'd he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury, and thrice turn'd back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred, scowl'd at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood, the bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"
Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back:
And as they pass'd, beneath their feet, they felt the timbers
crack.
But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone they would have cross'd once
more.
But with a crash like thunder fell every loosen'd beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.
And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and toss'd his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down in fierce career, battlement, and plank, and
Rush'd headlong to the sea. [pier,

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale
face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our
grace."

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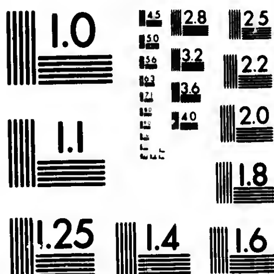
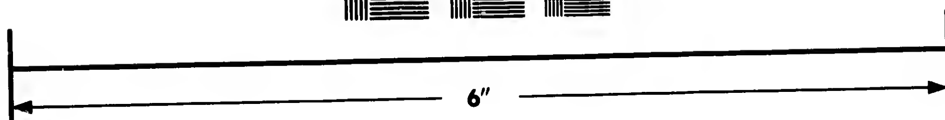
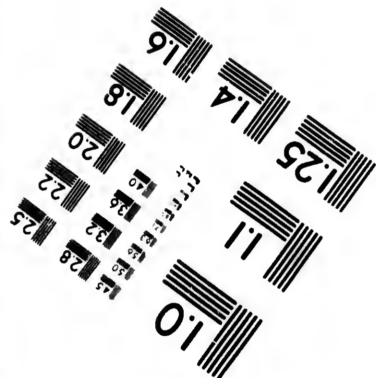
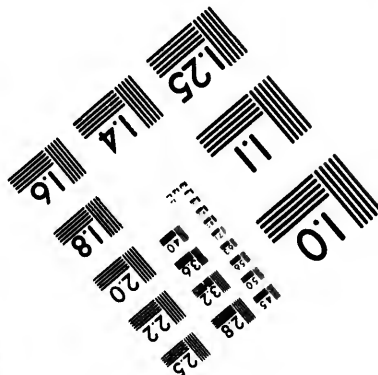

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Round turn'd he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of
Rome.
"O Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"
So spake he, and speaking sheathed the good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise, with parted lips and
Stood gazing where he sank; [straining eyes,
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, and even the ranks of
Could scarce forbear to cheer. [Tuscany
But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing, and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking, but still again he rose.
Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus: "will not the villain
drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sack'd the
town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him safe
to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."
And now he feels the bottom; now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands;

And now with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land, that was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen could plough from morn till night:
And they made a molten image, and set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day to witness if I lie.
It stands in the Comitium, plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness, halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written, in letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge in the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them to charge the Volscian
home;
And wives still pray to Juno for boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well in the brave days of old.
And in the nights of winter when the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus roar louder yet within;
When the oldest cask is open'd, and the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers, and the kid turns on
the spit;
When young and old in circles around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets, and the lads are shaping
bows;
When the goodman mends his armor, and trims his helmet's
plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily goes flashing through the
loom;
With weeping and with laughter still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old.

—*Lord Macaulay.*

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
  Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:
  Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong:
With filial love their bosoms swell:
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
  Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:
  Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

And though in death our hopes decay,
The Rhine will own no foreign sway;
For rich with water as its flood
Is Germany with hero blood.
  Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:
  Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

From yon blue sky are ben[illegible] now
The hero-dead to hear our [illegible]:
"As long as German hearts are free
The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be."
  Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:
  Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,

No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."
  Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:
  Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds; the river flows;
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
  Dear Fatherland! No danger thine:
  Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

—*Max Schneckenburger.*

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
  Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise—
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
  Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
  To arms! to arms! ye brave!
    The avenging sword unsheath:
  March on! march on! all hearts resolved
    On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
  Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
  And lo! our fields and cities blaze;

And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave,
  The avenging sword unsheath:
 March on! march on! all hearts resolved
  On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
 To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave,
  The avenging sword unsheath:
 March on! march on! all hearts resolved
  On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
 That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms! to arms! ye brave,
  The avenging sword unsheath:
 March on! march on! all hearts resolved
  On victory or death.

—*Rouget De Lisle.*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

sle.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud EDWARD's power—
Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
FREE-MAN stand, or FREE-MAN fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!
Lay the proud Usurper's low!
Tyrant's fall in every foe!
LIBERTY's in every blow!—
Let us Do—or Die!

—*Robert Burns.*

DOMINION HYMN.

God bless our wide Dominion,
  Our father's chosen land,
And bind in lasting union,
  Each ocean's distant strand.
From where Atlantic terrors
  Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
  The vast Pacific chain.

Oh bless our wide Dominion,
  True freedom's fairest scene,
Defend our people's union,
  God save our Empire's Queen!

Our sires when times were sorest
  Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
  And wrought the buried mine.
They tracked the floods and fountains,
  And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,—
  The glorious prairie land.

Inheritors of glory,
  Oh! countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag that o'er ye
  Shall onward victory bear,
Where'er through earth's far regions
  Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
  Shall win, or fighting, die!

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
  God save the Queen:
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
  God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
  Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
  God save the Queen. Amen.