



**LEWIS'S**  
**READINGS AND RECITATIONS.**



LEWIS'S  
READINGS AND RECITATIONS,

ADAPTED FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS,

WITH

*Hints and Suggestions on Public Reading; Leading words marked, and Explanatory Notes to the Selections, for the guidance of the Reader.*

BY RICHARD LEWIS,

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION. AUTHOR OF THE "DOMINION ELOCUTIONIST."

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## CONTENTS.



Hints and Suggestions .....	9-43
The Legend of the Angel .....	44-57
The Changed .....	58-60
Philip, my King .....	61, 62
Ramon .....	63-65
The Conversion of Colonel Quagg .....	66-73
Mrs. Poyser's Opinions .....	74-77
Lost and Found .....	77-81
Han's Baby .....	82
Without the Children .....	83, 84
The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell" .....	84-88
The Murder of Nancy .....	89-100
A Social Science Valentine .....	101, 102
John Brown .....	103-105
"Curfew must not Ring To-night" .....	106-110
An Angel in the House .....	111
Poor Little Joe .....	112-114
"Do this in Remembrance of Me" .....	115-117
A Layman's Confession of Faith .....	117, 118
Widder Green's Last Words .....	119, 120
The Story of the Faithful Soul .....	121-124
At the Church Gate .....	125, 126
Tying her Bonnet under her Chin .....	126, 127
Vergiss-Mein-Nicht .....	128, 129
The Cane-bottom'd Chair .....	130-132
The Souls of the Children .....	133-135
Creeds of the Bells .....	135-137
An Old Bachelor .....	138
The Treasure of Hope .....	139, 140
Dear Little Hand .....	140, 141
Fine Brown Stout .....	141-143

Madness .....	143, 144
The Spanish Jew's Tale.....	145-147
Childhood.....	147, 148
The Happiest Land .....	149, 150
The Relief of Lucknow .....	151-154
Whiter than Snow .....	154-157
Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt.....	157-162
Immortality .....	162
The Wager and the Ball .....	163-179
My Heroine—A True Story .....	179-181
The Daughter .....	182, 183
One by One .....	183, 184
Virginia—A Lay of Ancient Rome .. .	185-192
Her Letter .....	193-195
Thady Delany on the Census.....	196-200

## EXPLANATION OF MARKS USED IN THIS BOOK.



(´) Rising inflection, marked over the word.

(˘) Falling inflection.

⊖ Circumflex inflections.

*Italics*—Emphasis on the italic word.

**SMALL CAPITALS**—Stronger emphasis than italics.

( | ) Pause.



## HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

---

ARTICULATION, the utterance of letters, is the first essential of success in public reading or speaking. Words are formed of vowels and consonants, and every letter, if not silent, must be heard. Inexperienced and defective readers attend to words but neglect letters, and the result follows that they are not "heard," that is, they are not *understood*. Unfinished words crowd upon each other, the voice is heard, but the words are unintelligible.

The student of reading must then pay the best attention to the complete utterance of every letter in each word. In music, expression is secured by prolonging the vowels. Vowels are necessary to the music of speech, and purity, fullness, and power or tone are acquired and accomplished by their aid. But in speaking, consonants play as important a part as vowels, and expression and distinct utterance are more due to the right management and finished delivery of certain consonants than of vowels. The vocalist frequently neglects the consonants and we only hear sounds destitute of meaning, and therefore of expression; but good music and a well-cultivated voice enable us to tolerate such defects. The elocutionist, however, knows that not only does the mean-

ing of what he speaks depend upon a full and finished utterance of each consonant, but also all the effect of earnest expression. This is especially the case with the right use of the liquids *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng* and *r*. These letters can be prolonged in sound, inflected and delivered in the tremulous and tender tones of pathos, or with the fiercest energy of passion.

For the complete utterance of consonants two conditions must be observed. (1.) The vocal organs, the tongue, lips, teeth, and the muscles of the mouth must be prepared and fixed for the utterance of the letter. (2.) The action of utterance must be performed by the application of breath or voice, controlled as it flows by the position of the vocal organs. These two efforts produce sounds, and the sounds will be those of the letters we combine in words. But the completion of the action which finishes the word and makes it be heard is accomplished by restoring the organs to their first or normal condition. Now every one succeeds in the first two actions; the organs are fixed for speaking, the breath acts on the vocal chords and a sound is heard. But the defect that marks the great majority is that of neglecting to finish the sound and restoring the organs to their first condition; and hence the defective delivery of so many readers and speakers. We hear the voice but we cannot understand the speech. Thus, in uttering the word "rob," the *r* is finished because the organs have to change their position for the "b." But in sounding the *b* the speaker first presses his lips for the necessary position;

but after he has produced the sound, he fails to complete it by re-opening the lips, and instead of *rob* we only have *raw*.

Every consonant should be distinctly and clearly uttered and finished. To acquire facility in such utterance the student should sound the letters of each word separately, as in the phonetic system, and with great energy.

Thus, in the word *acquire*, first the mouth is well opened to send out the vowel sound of *a*, then the back of the tongue is brought into contact with the posterior part of the palate; the moment the *cq* (=k) is sounded the tongue is shot forth to its natural position and the lips are protruded to sound the *u* (=w); then when the *i* is sounded the tongue is curled upwards at the tip, the breath is passed over it until it vibrates and *r* is sounded. Thus, the letters really sounded (not named) are *a k w i r*. Practice of this kind should be frequent until the student can utter the sound of any letter in a word with precision and power.

Another method for this purpose is to sound syllables backwards, which induces habits of carefulness in sounding them forwards. Thus, a "powerful government is respected," read backwards—ted-pec-res is ment-vern-go (gu) ful-er-pow a.

Some consonants can be prolonged like vowels, but others have to be finished at once as their prolongation would have a harsh effect upon the ear. The liquids *m*, *n*, *l*, *ng* and *r* can be prolonged and inflected, and when the reader or speaker wishes to stamp a



word with impressiveness, it is on these letters his voice dwells. Thus in the following words :—

“ Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.”

In the first line the greatest force of voice is thrown into the *l* of *Hell*, and in the second line, the voice rests for a moment on the *n* of hundred.

But all the other consonants must be finished at once, and when we wish to give force to the word in which they occur we must dwell on the vowel as in *rode*, and snap off with suddenness the consonant, as *d* in *rode*.

#### THE BREATH.

As all speech is produced by breath, its constant supply and right management are indispensable. All diseases of the throat which are supposed to arise from over-exertion are due to the wrong management of the breath. Speakers fail in supplying breath enough to the lungs; others pour out breath when inhaled *before* they speak and then endeavour to speak with lungs nearly empty; others pour out breath with greater force than they exercise the organs of speech which act on the breath; all, by such defective methods of speaking, seriously injure the throat and produce the worst kind of voice.

The lungs must never be exhausted. Much breath should be drawn in and but little given out and *all* that is given out should be converted into sound. Sore throat arising from too much speaking is caused thus :—The speaker first inhales the air; then, prepar-

ing to speak, he lets out a portion of that air in breath which ought only to issue in pure sound. Anxious to be heard he drives the breath through the wind-pipe with great force, but does not re-act on the wind-pipe by the action of the mouth with equal force. The natural result is that the wind-pipe is pushed upwards, until by repeated mismanagement the clerical sore throat (*dysphonia clericorum*) is produced.

The prevention is simple. Never give out any breath when speaking but what shall be converted into sound, and always use the organs of the mouth with an energy equal to that used in expelling the breath to speak. The mouth organs then control and counteract the force of the lungs and trachea.

The following exercises are recommended to all who aspire to the possession of a good speaking voice. They enlarge the chest, act upon the remotest cells of the lungs, give tone, purity, and strength to the voice, and are most beneficial to general health. They should be practised in the morning before eating, and, if possible in the open air, and repeated in the evening:—

#### EXERCISES TO CONTROL THE BREATH.

I. Stand erect, the shoulders thrown back, the arms a-kimbo, and the hands resting on the loins; keep the head erect but not stiff. Draw in the breath slowly through the nostrils until the lungs are filled to their utmost extent. Then slowly and silently send out breath in a straight column through the open mouth. Repeat from six to twelve times.

II. Inhale as before and expel the breath audibly but not with any explosive effort. Repeat as above.

III. Inhale as before, hold on a moment, then expel with force as if shouting *who* in a whisper to some one at a distance. Repeat as before.

IV. Inhale as before, then drive out the breath in an abrupt and forcible cough, as if sounding the letter *h* with great and audible violence. Repeat.

V. Inhale as before. Send out the breath in forcible jets until the lungs are exhausted. Repeat.

VI. Practice the above exercise in the following way :—Send out two forcible whispers of the letter *a* (as in *arm*), but let the third sound be vocal, *i.e.*, a full tone of voice, equal together to two loud whispers and a shout. Some carefulness and skill are required to practise this exercise. The breath is held and accumulated for a moment, the glottis being closed; then the whispers and the vocal sound are driven out with sudden force like the tapping of a hammer. This preparatory practice will enable the student to exercise for higher purposes the *coup de la glotte* of the singer—an effort of voice of the first importance in the expression of passion or command.

Every exercise should be repeated from six to twelve times.

#### ADDITIONAL EXERCISE.

Great benefit will attend reading in powerful whispers so as to be heard a considerable distance. This effort not only demands a full inflation of the lungs

and energetic efforts of breathing, highly useful to voice culture and beneficial to general health, but to be heard in whispers demands the great essential of elocution, clear and finished articulation.

Inexperienced readers are in the habit of speaking until they are out of breath. This should never be done. The rhetorical pauses (see Pause, p. 29) are frequent and at every pause, and wherever great emphasis is demanded, the speaker should replenish the lungs with a new supply of air. This at first is difficult. It must be practised until it becomes a habit.

The following methods are recommended:—(1). Count from one to a hundred taking a rapid breath between each number. (2). Count one, two, three, (breathe,) four, five, six, (breathe,) and so on to the end. (3). Count without breathing as long as the lungs hold out. (4). Take series of two, three, four, or more words, and breathe at the end of each series.

These exercises, and in fact all breathing exercises, are best done in the open air, and if possible ascending any elevation.

When dizziness attends the exercises it is well to cease then for a few minutes.

#### CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

The speaking voice is as capable of development and improvement as the singing voice. The methods of culture are in many respects similar; but the elocutionist does not require so fine an ear, nor so extensive a compass of his organ as the singer.

Purity of tone and flexibility are essential to both arts, and the power to modulate the voice to the sentiments of passion is as necessary to the one as the other. This power and a quickness of ear to detect the variations of the pitch and the inflections are indispensable to all who aspire to excellence in delivery ; and it is encouraging and satisfactory to add that all who have ears to hear and voices to speak, may by patient and diligent culture attain great excellence in this department of elocution.

Bad voices are *husky*, *nasal*, and *monotonous*. The huskiness is caused by allowing the back part of the mouth to be too contracted ; the nasal twang, by elevating the tongue to the palate when it should lie slightly curved at the base of the mouth, its elevation driving the voice through the nose when it should be poured straight through the mouth ; and the monotony is due to the neglect of pitch and inflection.

#### TRAINING THE VOICE.

PURE TONES.—Sit before a mirror so that the light shall fall on the back of the mouth. Endeavour to raise the palate and the uvula, the little tongue, that hangs down towards the wind-pipe, and depress the base or back part of the tongue so as to make a visible opening down the throat. In other words, *think* you are going to gape. When the student has succeeded in this preparation let him slowly sound the vowels *a* in *arm*, *awe*, *o* in *tone*.

Repeat this exercise many times with the vowels following each other in this order :—

aa — o — a — oo — ee

*aa* as in *arm*.

*o* as in *tone*.

*a* as in *fail*.

*oo* as *who*.

*ee* as in *eel*.

In one exercise sound each letter aloud, beginning gently then swelling in the centre and tapering off to silence at the end. Then when each letter has been well practised, recommence and pass without pausing from one sound to the next. The following is a summary of that method :—

1. Let the mouth be well opened and the lower jaw dropped.
2. Raise the uvula or soft projection of the palate.
3. Expand the back of the mouth by depressing the top of the wind pipe and the base of the tongue.
4. Slightly protrude the lips.
5. Avoid squeezing the voice, but rather let it flow out.
6. Direct the breath or voice to the front of the mouth.

While practising this important exercise with the vowels let the student carefully avoid forcing the voice. If he coughs, or feels any irritation of the throat, the sound is husky, half breath, half voice ; and after a brief rest let him repeat with better effect.

This practice on the vowels should be followed and



accompanied by the utterance of words, and then sentences, selections from this book, with the observance of rules and carefulness of execution. In the commencement of the practice the force of the voice may be moderate ; but as the student gains experience and excellence he should throw more power into the effort. Let him fix his eye on some distant object and address it.

*Loudness and height of voice.*—To accomplish the last exercise the voice must be loud but not necessarily high. Height means an elevation on the gamut. Loudness means force and may be practised on the very lowest notes.

#### OROTUND VOICE.

This is the grandest exercise of the voice. It is that voice which we hear occasionally uttered by the great tragic actor in delivering the sublimest or most solemn passages of tragic poetry ; and in the pulpit or on the platform, or at the bar, the speaker who can command the orotund function gives a new charm to his thoughts and a new and sublime power to his appeals. It is an artificial voice, and by practice can be acquired by all.

I. INITIATORY PRACTICE.—Let the student after filling his lungs well, utter in a *whisper*, with widely opened mouth, and with great force so as to expel all the inhaled air, the sound *hah*. Repeat this many times, carefully avoiding irritation of the throat.

II. Next change the whisper into voice and there will be some approach to the orotund.

III. Let him *gape* violently and continue the loudest sound of the gape.

IV. Practise the *effort* with all the vowels, prolonging the sound.

V. Practise (1) on syllables, (2) on words, (3) on sentences.

VI. Whenever the colloquial voice returns, resume the elementary practice of Nos. I. II. and III.

This orotund voice is applicable to every order of thought and passion; to argument, to appeal, prayer. It is not necessarily low in pitch. It may be high and ringing like a cry "to arms," or it may be deep and solemn, as in warning or in prayer.

When once this practice of the vowel has been acquired its exercise is more agreeable to the speaker, and less fatiguing than the common voice of conversation. It does not affect the common voice, can be assumed at will, can be better controlled because the result of culture, gives a "greater degree of articulative and expressive power to the speaker," and crowns the thought of the orator and poet with grandeur and energy. "It is the only voice capable of fulfilling the solemnity of the church-service and the majesty of Shakspeare and Milton."—(Dr. Rush.)

#### STRESS OR FORCE.

Power and control of voice are essential to good delivery. Emotion can only be expressed by a varia-



tion of force, by swelling or subduing the voice and controlling it so as to make it move in gentle or tremulous softness, or burst on the ear with the explosive sound of a pistol, or swell with the fullness of organ tones. In fact the practice of the singer in this regard should be that of the elocutionist.

The following terms are used in explaining and practising the exercises for cultivating power of voice :

IN SPEECH.		IN MUSIC.
<i>Radical stress,</i>	<i>similar to</i>	<i>Explosive tone.</i>
<i>Medium stress,</i>	"	<i>Swell.</i>
<i>Vanishing stress,</i>	"	<i>Pressure tone.</i>
<i>Thorough stress,</i>	"	<i>Organ tone.</i>
<i>Tremor,</i>	"	<i>Tremulo.</i>

The RADICAL STRESS is explosive. The practice (on p. 17) prepares for this exercise. The lungs are inflated, the breath held for a moment, the wind-pipe as it were held closed, then the voice is driven out with *sudden* and great force. The term *radical* means that the force falls quick and full upon the radix, the root of the sound, that is the first sound, is the loudest. In the following quotations the radical stress fall on the *italic* words :

“ *Up!* comrades, *up!* in Rokeby's halls,  
Ne'er be it said our courage fall ! ”

“ *Arm, arm,* and *rise.* ”

“ Yon common cry of curs whose breath I hate,  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose lives I prize,  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
Who do corrupt my air,—*I banish you!* ”

Here again practise on the vowels and on single words, as *arm, fly, die, charge, &c., &c.*

This effort of voice is necessary to all expressions of alarm, great and excited command, and all lively and sparkling expressions as the "O then I see, queen Mab has been with you," of Shakspeare.

**MEDIUM STRESS.**—In this exercise let the sound begin gently, then gradually swell to its fullest power, then die or taper off to a fine point. It is the effort of voice demanded in all solemn and pathetic delivery. It is unappropriate to sudden and excited passion; it is more suitable to calm and lofty poetry, to prayer, and to all compositions of a meditative and thoughtful character. It is, however, so impressive and frequently demanded in elocution, that the student should practice more diligently to acquire its use than on any other quality of voice. Let the practice be frequent on the vowels—frequent, full and clear; let the vowel practice be followed as usual with the exercise on words, then on sentences, taking the greatest care to lengthen the elements, that is the letters of the words, whenever they can be prolonged. Appropriate passages may be found in Milton, the Psalms, the Prophecies, and all solemn poetry. The following will serve as an example:—

“ From that chamber clothed in white  
 The bride came forth on her wedding night.  
 There in that silent room below  
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the stair.

Forever—never,  
 Never—forever.”—*Longfellow.*

**VANISHING STRESS.**—Here the force ends the word. Let the student begin rather gently, then suddenly burst on the final sound with the greatest vehemence :—

“ And Douglas, more I tell thee *here*,  
 Even in thy pitch of pride ;  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
 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 !**”

**THOROUGH STRESS** is similar to the organ tone in music. It may be defined as that effort of voice which combines the three previous exercises, *Radical*, *Medium* and *Vanishing stress*. The effort commences with explosive force and the energy is sustained to the last. It is used and heard in such exclamations as the following :—

*Boat ahoy ! Ship ahoy ! Fire, Fire !*

*Rejoice you men of Angiers, ring your bells !  
 King John, your king and England’s doth approach.  
 Open your gates and give the victor’s sway.”*

*Princes ! Potentates !*

*Warriors ! the flower of heaven ! once yours, now lost.  
 If such astonishment as this can seize eternal spirits,  
 Awake ! arise, or be forever fallen !*

**TREMOR OF VOICE**, in music tremolo. This is a difficult but very valuable function of the voice. It is an indication of age, and in excess it is exercised in mimicry. Its better use is to denote pathos, the

expression of emotion bordering on tears. It is heard in great passion when the voice trembles with emotion. In some respects it is like the "shake" in music, with this difference, that in music the shake requires an alternate change of pitch ; but the speaking tremor is like a gurgling in the throat. Dr. Rush describes it as consisting of abrupt impulses or tittles of momentary intervals :—

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span.  
 Oh ! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

“ Oh ! I have lost you all !  
 Parents and home and friends.

In these and all vocal exercises, the caution must be repeated that the student must never use undue force, any violence which irritates the throat. The first effort should be with moderate force, as facility of execution is acquired, increase of force may follow.

#### PITCH.

The elevation or depression of the voice is necessary to all expression. It is the light and shade of speech, and its practice is one of the means of cultivating the ear, as necessary to good reading as to music. The reading of an untrained voice is marked by a dull and inexpressive monotony. A cultivated reader, on the contrary, varies the modulations of his voice according to the variations and character of the sentiments he is uttering. The principles on which

these changes, so agreeable and natural, are made, are consistent and uniform, and can be applied by the intelligent student ; but he must first possess the vocal power and cultivated ear to give the proper intonation, and to know that he is giving it right. Every voice in a healthy condition can produce the sounds of the gamut ; and a week's practice aided by a musical instrument would enable most persons to distinguish one sound from another, a high from a low pitch. In speaking, the voice never requires a greater range than one octave, that is counting one for the lowest note it can conveniently sound, and ascending eight notes. This is called the compass of the speaking voice, and the following practice is recommended :—Let the student sound the lowest note in his power, guided if possible either by an instrument or *viva voce*--by a human voice. When he has repeated the sound several times, let him read a line of poetry on that note, neither ascending or descending. Then let him try the next note in ascent in the same manner ; and so on until the highest note has been reached. He may then descend by a similar method. The next process would be to sound the middle or half-way note, read a line upon it then leap to the highest, then descend to the lowest, guiding himself by the instrument until facility and correctness were acquired.

The practice should be longest on the middle or half-way notes. With tenor voices these notes, called the dominant, lie on A or B, and the bass voice on E or F.

The following form will serve for such practice :—

### PITCH.

Begin low and ascend to the end, then begin high and descend.

Do C. The waves are high, the night is dark,  
 Re D. Wild roars the foaming tide,  
 Mi E. Dashing around the straining bark,  
 Fa F. As gallantly she rides.  
 Sol G. "Pilot ! take heed what course you steer ;  
 La A. Our bark is tempest driven !"  
 Si B. "Stranger, be calm, there is no fear,  
 Do C. For him who trusts in Heaven !"

This is not to be sung or even chanted, but read in a monotone or loud tone. The reader may select any passages for such practice, understanding that this method is not the natural mode of delivering the above or any passage, but it is the best mode to acquire facility of *transition*.

### INFLECTION.

This is the most difficult branch of elocution to master, and probably the most important. The practice in pitch is a preparation for inflection. The ear must be cultivated as well as the voice to distinguish the variation of voice. Some writers have said that a musical ear is not necessary to expressive reading. But it is impossible to read well without modulations and inflections, and the varied tones must depend on and be in harmony with the sense of the sentiment. As the best readers never fail to give the right modu-

lation and always give the *same* modulation to the same passage, they must be guided by the ear, and therefore they must have a musical ear. That ear may be acquired by, all as the variations are few and do not range beyond one register, that is, from the lower to the higher musical *Do*.

The following practice is recommended :—Sound the lower *Do* and *Re* separately, then slide or slur from *Do* to *Re*. (2.) Sound *Do* and *Mi*, and again slide without a break from *Do* to *Mi*. Proceed in the same way from *Do* to *Fa*, from *Do* to *Sol*, and so on to the higher *Do*. Then descend from *Do* to *Si*, from *Do* to *La*, from *Do* to *Sol*, until the voice can sweep easily without break through the octave. A violin will illustrate this practice admirably when the student fails in getting a competent instructor.

The practice for the inflection is best conducted on the vowels *a* (in *far*) *awe* and *o* in *tone*. It may also be exercised and should be on *l*, *m*, *n*, *ng*. When the student has acquired facility of inflection with the elements, let him apply the practice to the following words, keeping the voice on a sort of level tone until he comes to the words in *italics* :

*Rising inflection—*

May I stay *hère* ?

Are you *síck* ?

Are you *w'ell* ?

Are you *má'd* ?

Any questions that can be answered by "yes" or "no" take this inflection.



*Falling inflection—*

*Depart, leave the room.  
What time is it?*

*Command—*

*Ho'me! ho'me! you idle dol'ts! get you ho'me.  
You blo'cks, you ston'es, you worse than  
Senseless thin'gs! Ho'me to your hu'ts!  
You gro'veling brutes.*

There is another form of inflection which is made an instrument of powerful expression by the experienced and cultivated reader. It is called the circumflex inflection. It expresses scorn, ridicule, irony, reproach, great doubt or suspicion, and all the most powerful passions of the heart. All great actors wield it with wonderful effect, and the orator who cannot give this tone to his sarcasms can never do justice to his feelings, his talents or his sarcasm. The circumflex is the union of the two inflections. It may ascend and then fall or it may fall and then ascend. The voice moves up and down or down without interruption. The practice should first be, as before, on the vowels and the liquids, and then on the words.

The Queen in *Hamlet* says:—

“Hamlet, thou hast thy' father much offended,” meaning her husband, Hamlet's step-father. Hamlet replies with the stern rebuke that *she* had offended by being accessory to his true father's murder:—

“Mother, you have my father much offend'ed.”

It is impossible to enter into all details of this



subject; but if any one faithfully practices the exercises given on the method laid down, giving half an hour daily to the study, the best results would follow. The voice would be developed, enlarged and purified in tone, and its flexibility secured for the delivery of every order of sentiment. The student must follow the practice of the musical scholar. Let him not be in a hurry to read difficult passages, but let him rather aspire to develop and cultivate the speaking voice by practising all the exercises suggested, and by practising on letters, vowels, liquids, and the other consonants, until great accuracy, facility, and excellence are acquired. Then, as in music, he may attempt the grander compositions of the orator, the poet, and the dramatist.

#### THE PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSIVE READING.

**TIME.**—Slow reading is as necessary as good articulation, while, on the other hand, good articulation secures slow reading. The following rules will aid in making reading slow and impressive :—(1.) Let every letter be fully sounded and finished. (2.) Prolong all vowels as much as is consistent with agreeable delivery. (3.) Prolong *m, n, l, ng* and *r* in the same way.

Be careful to sound *every* syllable in words of two and more syllables. Bad readers pronounce the following words in the way shown in the second column.

#### CORRECT.

gen-er-al,  
barrel,

#### INCORRECT.

genrl.  
barl.

squirrel,  
 visited,  
 eternity,  
 mis-er-y,  
 ack-now-ledge,  
 authority.

squirl.  
 visted.  
 uturnty.  
 misry.  
 icknolge.  
 athorty.

The rule is to sound every letter not silent, and to make sure of the *unaccented* syllable, that is the syllable which is the least heard. In the first case above—*general*, *er* is not accented, and hence, all bad speakers and readers, that is the great majority of public speakers and actors, neglect the unaccented syllable.

**RHETORICAL PAUSE.**—The next rule for slow reading is to pause frequently. Every grammatical point demands a pause. Then we should pause before every new thought, that is before relative pronouns and prepositions; wherever a word is left out (*ellipsis*); where a sentence is inverted; after the inverted part; especially before any impressive word or thought; and, in short, when there is the slightest turn or change in the thought or form of expression, we ought to pause.

*When we pause we should breathe.* Hence, the pause has not only a rhetorical effect, but it becomes the means of real power, as, by renewing the breath frequently, we renew our power to speak with the best effect.

“To render pauses pleasing and expressive, they must not only be made expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of

these pauses is intimated much more than by the length of them, which can seldom be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which denote the sentence to be finished. In all these cases we are to regulate ourselves by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to speak when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others."—

*Prof. Plumptre.*

The "sing song" which marks the popular reading of poetry may often be avoided by means of a judicious pause. The "sing song" not only throws too strong an accent on the accented words or syllables, but gives too much prominence to unimportant words, as *to, for, by, in, and as, etc.*

"Soon | *as* the daisy | *decks* the green."

"There | *is* a flower | a little flower."

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.

In reading any of the above lines without pause, the tendency is to give too strong emphasis to the italicized words; but, by pausing where the dash is placed, that tendency is effectually prevented. Finally, always pause before an emphatic word or any expression of great importance, and in poetry always endeavour to pause about the middle of each line without breaking the grammatical relation.

## INFLECTION.

The student of elocution has been shown how to acquire the power of inflection ; he must next learn *when* to use the rising, the falling, and the circumflex inflection. For fuller instruction than our present space allows, he is referred to the author's larger work,\* or to any other treatise. The principles of inflection are, however, very simple and few.

**RISING INFLECTION.**—*All expressions that are incomplete, that refer to, or depend for, the complete sense upon something that is to follow, require the rising inflection.*

“ When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
Ere yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her spell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell.”

The first three lines in this passage (the Passions) depend for their full sense upon the fourth line ; hence they end with the rising inflection. and as the sense is completed on the word “ cell,” it takes the falling inflection.

Questions that can be answered by “ Yes ” or “ No ” ; (1) negative sentences ; (2) appeals to beings or objects ; (3) sentences that express amazement, (4) or doubt or contingency, (5) take a rising inflection.

(1.) “ Did they dare *accu'se th'ee* ? ” — *Ion*.

“ Will you put out mine *e'yes* ? ” — *King John*.

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\* The Dominion Elocutionist.

- (2.) "I come to bury Cæsar, not to *p'raise hi'm.*"—  
[*Julius Cæsar.*]
- (3.) "Ye *cr'ags* and *p'eaks* — I'm with you once  
[again."—*William Tell.*
- "Oh *fr'iends* !—I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way."—*Paradise Lost.*
- (4.) "What, *Mich'ael Cass'eo,*  
That comes a *w'ooing* with you, and so man'y  
a tim'e  
When I had spoken of you *dispra'isingly,*  
Hath ta'en *yo'ur p'art,* to have so much *to d'o*  
To bring *hi'm i'n!*"
- (5.) He said he would accept your terms if you  
would insure her *saf'ety.*"

## FALLING INFLECTION.

When the sense is complete in a sentence, and it does not depend upon any expression that follows for its meaning, the last word of that sentence takes a falling inflection. Hence, in the preceding sentence, on the word "inflection," the voice slides down.

A very important caution, however, is here necessary. The student must carefully distinguish between *slide* and *pitch*. The voice always slides downward on the final word that completes the sense; but it does not always sink lower in pitch. It is frequently sustained as high in pitch on the last as on any preceding word; and it is a marked defect of all bad readers, that at the end of every line of a stanza, their voices suddenly drop two or three notes lower in pitch on the last word than on the preceding word.

Sentences which are negative in form, but expressive of strong conviction, affirmation or command, are exceptions to the rule already given, and take the falling inflection.

“Though I should die with thee, yet I will *not* deny thee.”

“Thou shalt not steal.”

“God is not a man that he should lie; nor the son of man that he should repent.”

In very solemn passages, free from great passion, in which the sublime or the awful predominates more than the sensational, the inflection, though it has slight variation, is subdued and scarcely perceptible. It is then called the monotone, and in tone borders on the chant, but must be entirely free from the intonation of music.

“The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temple, the great globe itself,—  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the unsubstantial pageant, faded—  
Leave not a rack behind.” —*The Tempest.*

In this form of inflection the voice has a level movement from word to word, “like the repeated sounds of a deep-toned bell,” and to complete the impressiveness and beauty of the delivery, the speaker must use the best qualities of the oratorical voice.

For great sadness or plaintive utterance, the voice assumes the semi-tones of music. In IRONY, where we pretend to praise what we condemn, exalt what we would degrade, or admire what we despise, the

voice moves up and down on the circumflex inflection.

*Rise and Fall.*—

“ For Brutus is an honorable man ;  
So are they all, all honorable men.”

*Julius Cæsar*

*Fall and Rise and Fall and Rise.*—

“ He, I warrant him,  
Believed in no other gods than those of the *creed*,—  
Bowed to no *idols*—but his *mon'ey-bags* ;  
Swore no false oaths, except at the *cus'tom-hou'se* ;  
Kept the Sabbath—*idle* ; built a monument  
To honor his—*dead father*.”

*The Funeral, an Eclogue, by Southey.*

#### EMPHASIS.

Just and appropriate emphasis is an instrument of great power with the actor and the orator. In every sentence there will be leading words demanding more force of voice than subordinate ones. As a rule, the leading words are *verbs* and *nouns* ; adjectives and pronouns take the next rank ; adverbs follow next ; while prepositions and conjunctions are the least important and should never be strongly accented, unless by way of contrast or for arbitrary emphasis. In the following passage, “in” is accented :

“ 'Tis mightiest *in* the mightiest.”

*Arbitrary Emphasis.*—By this is meant the selection of any special word which represents the leading



thought, will, purpose or view of the speaker. Then, without regard to any other rule, the word is emphasized, that is, the full force of the voice is brought to bear upon it. But this is not all. Before uttering this word of power the speaker pauses a moment, then he raises his voice several notes higher than the pitch of the preceding word, and finally his voice sweeps *downward*, never upward on that word of power;—add to all this, that he delivers the word more slowly or pours it forth with a rough aspiration as in an expression of deep loathing.

*Examples :*

*Portia.*—"Then must the Jew be merciful."

*Shylock.*—On what compulsion | MU'ST | I, tell me that."

Here, before "*must*," we (1) pause; (2) raise the voice; (3) slide downwards; (4) prolong the sound; and, (5) do all this with the greatest force of the voice.

*Hamlet.*—Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,  
*Blasting* his wholesome brother."

Here, in addition to the above qualities, the voice is aspirated to express extreme loathing.

#### MODULATION OR PITCH.

The method of acquiring facility in varying the Pitch has been explained. Its application should be as anxious an object of study as that of inflection. School and pulpit reading and platform speaking are generally—almost universally—marked by the monotony of their tones. There is no variety, all is read or spoken on one dead level. Sometimes the speaker



thought, will, purpose or view of the speaker. Then, without regard to any other rule, the word is emphasized, that is, the full force of the voice is brought to bear upon it. But this is not all. Before uttering this word of power the speaker pauses a moment, then he raises his voice several notes higher than the pitch of the preceding word, and finally his voice sweeps *downward*, never upward on that word of power;—add to all this, that he delivers the word more slowly or pours it forth with a rough aspiration as in an expression of deep loathing.

bellows to "split the ears," and sometimes he growls with the rasped tone of a bear, but on one point he is consistent, for his voice neither rises nor falls, and is as destitute of music as a wooden bell or a cracked one. The contrast between such a voice and that of an accomplished actor or actress is as great as it is delightful; for the voices of the latter are tuned to music by the varying passions of the speakers, and are modulated to illustrate every change and form of thought. To accomplish this excellence long and faithful drill is needed, under the guidance of good taste and a musical ear. Much, however, may be achieved by listening to the best speakers, readers, and actors, and by private application. The pitch of the speaking voice ranges over a full octave, that is, over eight distinct sounds, and if the semi-tones be embraced in the number, over thirteen distinct sounds. The practice suggested on page 25 will prepare the student to understand and appreciate the character of these tones; but the variety for all practical purposes may be classed under three heads, viz. : Low pitch in bass voices below E or F, and in a tenor below A or B. The middle pitch in the bass voice from E to A, and in the tenor from A to C; and the high pitch which is above the middle pitch. Each of these degrees has its variations, and the skillful elocutionist modulates his pitch according to the nature of the sentiment he utters. For all solemn passages the bass voice should rarely ascend above F and the tenor above B. Amongst great actors, what is called level speaking, that is a pitch not

higher than that named, and sustained with regularity, is esteemed a rare and enviable attainment. The difficulty with most speakers to sustain the level, lies in the tendency to pass into monotony, or by too much prolonging the tone, into chanting. To attain excellence, the speaker should persevere in the practice of reading continuously on one pitch and then upon another, until he can at will undertake any pitch demanded by his subject. Inflection gives expression and meaning to thought, but modulation gives variety and beauty to delivery and destroys monotony. The rules in works on elocution, for adapting the pitch to the sentiment, are numerous, but the following general principles will serve to guide the student:—

Read all the leading words and thoughts (principal sentence) in a higher pitch than the subordinate ones.

Read subordinate phrases, and clauses, similes and parenthetical clauses in a lower tone.

When a leading thought is broken across, interrupted by the intervention of a subordinate phrase, and then resumed, be careful to *tie*, as it were, by the higher pitch the interrupted passages of the leading thought. This is very necessary to sustain the connection, and the force and meaning of the leading thought.

*Cheerfulness, a nymph of health and hue !*

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,

*Blew an inspiring air,—that dale and thicket rung.*

*The hunters call to Fawn and Dryad known.*

Here the words in italics are louder and higher than the words in roman, and in that way their logical relation is exhibited.

The modulations of pitch must be carefully and tastefully managed. The transition must not be too abrupt nor wide ; but in moving from higher to lower tones, and the converse, the voice advances by imperceptible degrees, rather than leaps. Attention to this variety of pitch, in strict harmony with the principles laid down, will not only prevent the dullness of monotony, but by modulating according to the importance of the sentence and phrase, will make the reading an admirable and clear interpretation of the sense. The correct and scientific reading of a passage will often explain the meaning better than a labored commentary.

THE SPIRIT OF AN AUTHOR.—Writers ignorant of the principle of dramatic delivery, often maintain that all that is necessary to render a passage with correctness is to understand it. But this view is erroneous. Many an educated man who understands the meaning of a passage, that is, the literal meaning, reads it abominably. The accomplished reader must realize the spirit of a passage. It is not the grammatical forms but the creation of the author, that he has to study. It is thus necessary that the student shall exert the highest power of his imagination to conceive the nature of an intellectual creation, and his best judgment and knowledge to ascertain if his conception be in harmony with truth and nature. Millions have

read and seen Hamlet, and thousands have studied and endeavored to impersonate that wonderful creation ; yet it is sometimes asserted that no reader or actor has ever yet attained a right conception and presented a right representation of Hamlet. But the judicious and tasteful reader never fails to give a charm and a beauty to his vocal interpretation of an author, because the principles of elocution are based on scientific truth, and because he looks above and beyond the mere literal meaning, into the very soul of the passage he has studied, and reads. One good reader or actor, for example, may deliver a passage or represent a passage differently from another ; but if each is guided by the true principles of Art, he is sure to give a truthful representation of his own conception.

In studying a passage, a scene or a poem, whether serious or humorous, the student must ponder all the circumstances, associations and possibilities of the scene, the character and the passage. If it be a scene from Macbeth, he must analyze, and, as it were, dissect the nature of the character,—his history, his motives and his mental qualities, and then assume all these himself. If it be the hatred of revenge, or the jealousy or tenderness or madness of love, the mind of the reader or actor must not only conceive the nature of the passion, but in every sense realize, assume and become it. All this demands close and skilful study, and a strong imagination. But the student who faithfully pursues his work, may be assured that judgment and imagination are developed and matured by such studies.

## THE READER AND THE AUDIENCE.

The reader should never hold his book in his hand. The hands should be free for gesticulation, and every reader should be provided with a proper desk, high enough for him to glance at his book and read it without hesitation and without bending his body or his head. Two powerful lights should be made to fall downwards, not sideways, on the print, and if shaded, not only above so as to throw the light down, but also in front, so as not to shine on the eyes of the audience, it would give the best effect to the facial expression. The light should rather be higher than the face of the reader than fronting it, as the shade formed by the projecting parts of the face have then a finer effect. When the commonest vocalist appears before an audience, every provision is made, and considerable cost incurred, to make the performance effective. The reader *ought* to have his necessary arrangements ; and no reader anxious about his reputation and the success of his reading ought to read without provision similar to the above.

The reader should approach his audience, whatever be the character of his piece, with firm and easy step, and, after bending—not his head alone, but his body—gently and gracefully arrange himself for reading. If he has committed the selection to memory, it is well to have a desk and a book, as any object on which to place the book and lean the arm occasionally, adds to the effect. If he has not committed the entire selection to memory, he should learn off all the more impor

tant, especially the more passionate or impressive passages. Then he should look ahead of his reading, take in a group of words at a glance, and seem to be reading without looking at his book. Hence the necessity for a strong light.

Again, before commencing let all appearance of fear be thrown away. Calmness and self-command should mark the commencement. The reader at that moment is the superior of his audience, and he ought at once to command their attention. Self-possession and confidence, free from self-conceit and assumption, always win the respect and attention of the audience. If there be not complete silence the reader should not commence until that be secured. A fixed and determined look in the direction of any violation of order will generally convey the necessary rebuke with success.

The gesticulation of the reader should always be quiet, never in excess. The lower limbs should never be stiff or too near each other. One foot should be pointed to the audience and the other turned in a direction so as to form a broad V. The reader should, however, occasionally change his position. The motion of the arms, chiefly the right arm, should be in curves and circles and always from the shoulder, never in sharp angles from the elbow. The movement of the hand should be from the wrist with the hand open, unless in defiance. Whatever direction the arm or hand takes the termination of the gesture is that of a graceful and easy and not abrupt curve. In serious readings, the action *accompanies* the



word it is to illustrate ; but in humour it generally *precedes* it. The eye of the reader should always look in the direction of the action, while an occasional change in the position of the feet is agreeable ; the habit practised by some readers and speakers of pacing the platform backwards and forwards, like a wild animal in a cage, is in the highest degree ungraceful, undignified, and unimpressive. It is not *illustrative*, and it distracts the attention of the hearer.

The speaker should never turn his back or his entire side to the audience. The audience is to him a semi-circle, and while he may glance around, the effect is ludicrous when he addresses himself sideways to the right or left corner of the room. The audience should never see less than a three-quarters view of the face and chest.

In personating two or more characters, turn the face, but not the whole body, to the right or left when one speaks, and to the opposite side when the other speaks. When the selection consists of mixed narrative and dialogue, be sure to distinguish the parts. The dialogue is louder and slower, and marked by action. When it is narrative, the speaker addresses his audience in a quieter tone, with little or no gesticulation.

In reading humorous pieces, the reader should avoid that excess of buffoonery, which is a poor substitute for genuine comedy, and which, "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." The best humor is often strengthened by the quiet easy manner in which it is said. Any



one who has seen Charles Matthews, or Sothern as "Dundreary," will understand the force of this advice. The comic reader must take heed lest the audience be laughing, not at the humor of his selection, but at *him*; and if he distorts his face or his voice, or leaps frantically about to illustrate his point, he may be assured he is in danger of marring the genuine humor, and making himself ridiculous. All this is vulgar, and genuine humor need have no vulgarity to set it off.

## THE LEGEND OF THE ANGEL.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

(In full orotund voice throughout.)

- (1) Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allémaine.
- (2) Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
- (3) On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the *Magn'ificât.*
- (4) And, as he listened o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes* (5)  
*De sede, et exaltavit humiles*";  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,  
He to a learned clerk beside him, sa'id,
- (6) "What *mean* these words?" The clerk made  
answer meet,

- (1) Read the first two lines in higher pitch. Narrative style.  
 (2) Read 3rd line in lower pitch.  
 (3) Resume higher pitch.  
 (4) Lower pitch from "as" to "refrain," connect in higher pitch "and"  
with "He caught, &c."  
 (5) Chant the Latin, according to the music.  
 (6) Haughtily.

(1) "He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree."

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,

(2) "'T is well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by *priests* and, in the *Latin* ton'gue ;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is *no* power can push me from my thro'ne!"  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

(3) When he awoke, it was already night :

The church was em'pty, and there was no l'ight,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and  
fai'nt,

Lighted a little space before some sai'nt.

He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;  
He cried aloud, and *listen'ed*, (4) and then  
knocked, (5)

And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,

(1) Meekly but solemnly.

(2) Angrily and haughtily.

(3) Bewildered but angry air.

(4) Low and pause.

(5) Loud and fierce to "saints."

And imprecations upon men and saints.

- (1) The sound re-echoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were *la'ughing* in their stalls !

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the sh'out,  
And thinking *thieves* were in the house of pra'yer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, " *Who* is there ?"  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely  
said,

- (2) " Open : 't is 'I, the *King!* Art thou afr'aid ?"  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
" This is some drunken vagàbond, or wo'rse !"  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
(3) Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor  
spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

(1) Low with an air of terror.  
(2) Fierce and loud  
(3) Hurried and wild.

(1) Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbàne  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemàine,  
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
 Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
 With sense of wrong and outrage despérate,  
 Strode on, and thundered at the palace gâte ;  
 Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his  
 rage

(2) To right and left each seneschal and page,  
 And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
 His white face *ghastly* | in the torches' glare.  
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless  
 spèed ;  
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
*Blazing* with light, and breathing with perfume.

(3) There on the dais sat *another* king,  
 Wearing *his* robes, his crown, his signet-ring,

(1) Haughty and wrathful tone and manner from "Robert" to "perfume."

(2) Fiercer and quicker.

(3) He looks at the angel with mingled expression of wonder, confusion, and rage.

King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light !

- (1) It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, *a'mazed*,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel *gaze'd*,  
Who met his looks of anger and surprise  
With the divine *comp'assion* of his eyes ;

- (2) Then said, "Who art thou ? and why com'st  
thou here ?"

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,

- (3) "I am the *Kin'g*, and come to claim my own  
From an *imp'ostor*, who usurps my throne !"

And suddenly, at these audacious words,

- (4) Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their  
swords ;

The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,

(1) Slowly change to the solemn and reverential.

(2) Dignified rebuke.

(3) Spoken loudly, with mingled contempt, wrath, and defiance, growing higher to "throne."

(4) Appropriate action.

“Nay, *not* the King, but the King's *Fèster*,  
tho' u

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped  
càpe,

And for thy counsellor | shalt lead | an *ape*;

Thou shalt *obèy* my servants when they ca'll,

And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !”

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and  
pra'yers,

They thrust him from the hall and down the  
stairs ;

A group of tittering pages ran before,

And, as they opened wide the folding-door,

(2) *His heart fàiled*, for he heard, with strange  
alarms,

The boisterous *làughter* of the men-at-arms,

(3) And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring

With the mock plaudits of “Long live the  
King !”

(1) Calm and dignified.

(2) Low and full of despair.

(3) Loud and boisterous.

Next morning, waking with the day's first  
beam,

He said within himself, "It was | a dream!" (1)

But the *straw* rustled | as he turned his head,

There were the *c'ap* and *bells* beside his bed,

Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,

Close by, the steeds were champing in their  
stalls,

(2) And, in the corner, a revolting shape,

*Shivering* and *chattering*, sat the wretched ape.

It was no' dream; the world he loved so much

Had turned to *dust* and *ashes* | at his touch!

(3) Days came and went; and now returned  
again

To Sicily, the old Saturnian reign;

Under the Angel's governance benign

The happy island danced with corn and wine,

And deep within the mountain's burning breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

(1) Soft and low.

(2) Shuddering with horror.

(3) Change to a joyous and cheerful tone and air.



Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fa'te,  
Sullen, and silent, and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that *Festers* wear,

- (1) With looks *bewildered* and a vacant *sta're*,  
Close shaven above the ears, as *monks* are shorn,  
By courtiers mockèd, by pages laughed to sco'rn,  
His only *friend* the APE, his only food

What *others léft*—*he still* was UNSUBD'UED.

And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,

- (2) *Sternly* though *tenderly*, that he might feel  
The velvet *scabbard* held a sword of steel,  
“*Art* thou the Ki'ng !” the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,

And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling

- (3) The haughty answer back, “I *am*, I AM the  
King !”

Almost three years were ended ; when there  
came

---

(1) Begin with bewildered air. Let passion grow to “unsubdued.”

(2) Suit action to words.

(3) Let anger grow to a climax to the answer, uttering “am” with extreme vehemence.

(1) Ambassadors of great reputè and namè  
 From Valmond, Empercr of Allemâine,  
 Unto King Robèrt, saying that Pope Urbane,  
 By letter, summoned them forthwith to come,  
*On Holy Thursday*, to his city of Rome.  
 The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
 And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
 Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
 Into the lovely land of Italy,  
 Whose loveliness was more *resplendent* made  
 By the mere *passing* of that *cavalcade*,  
 With plumes, and cloaks, and *housings*, and the  
 stir  
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

(2) And lo! among the menials, in *mock* state,  
 Upon a *piebald* steed, with shambling gait,  
 His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,

---

(1) All this passage cheerfully delivered, orotund voice, radical stress.

(2) Lower tone, as in sorrow at beholding the degradation of greatness.

The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
 King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
 In all the country towns through which they  
 went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and  
 blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
 Giving his benediction and embrace,  
 Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers  
 He entertained the A'ngel unawa'res,

(1) Robert, the Jester, *bursting* through the crowd,  
 Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,

(2) " *I* am the *King!* Look, and behold in me

(3) Robert, your *brother, King of Sicily!*

This man, who wears my semblance to your  
 eyes,

Is an *imp'ostor* in a king's disguise.

(1) Change here from reverence to wrath.

(2) Utter "I" with great power and falling inflection, and "King" with rising inflection.

(3) Earnest appeal.

(1) Do you not know me? does no voice *within*  
 Answer my cry, and say we are *akin*?"

The Pope in silence, but *with* troubled mien,  
 Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;

The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange  
 sport

To keep a *madman* for thy *Fool* at co'urt !"

And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace

(2) Was *hustled* back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
 And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky ;  
 The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
 Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
 And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
 Who felt that Christ *indeed* had risen *again*.

(3) Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
 With haggard eyes, the unwonted splendor saw,  
 He felt within a power unfelt before,  
 And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

---

(1) Tender but earnest appeal,  
 (2) Sorrow : tremor of voice,  
 (3) Tone of solemn devotion,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord

- (1) *Sweep* through the silent air, ascending heaven-ward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's sho're,  
Homeward the Angel jo'urneyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Fiashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,

- (2) " Art thou the King ?" Then bowing down his  
head,

- (3) King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast.

(1) Fervour rising to exalted animation and looking and pointing upward.

(2) Gently.

(3) Corresponding action.

- (1) And meekly answered him : “ Thou knowest  
best !

My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to  
heaven,

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven !”  
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel  
near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street :

- (2) “ He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree !”  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :  
“ I am an Angel, and thou art the King !”

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,

---

(1) Half sobbing, head bowed, hands crossed over the breast.  
(2) High and exalted feeling.

(1) Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !

But all appalled as in days of old,

With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;

And when his courtiers came, they found him  
there

(2) Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent  
prayer.

The musical notation consists of two staves in G major (one flat) and common time. The first staff contains the notes G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), and D5 (quarter), with lyrics 'Deposuit potentes de se de,'. The second staff contains the notes E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), and D5 (quarter), with lyrics 'et exalta vit hu mi les.'.

- 
- (1) Begin with majesty of tone, up to "gold."  
(2) Very solemn and slow.

## THE CHANGED.

## A FRAGMENT.

*From "Hood's Magazine."*

—Again I beheld her—two years of dissipation, of madness, had passed, and once more I saw her whom I had so basely deserted.

It was at the Opera—she sat in a box near me ; and though the paleness of her cheek gave her an almost unearthly appearance, I saw that she was lovely as ever.

All eyes were upon her—all but mine : for one glance had called up so many painful recollections, that I dared not risk a second. The past with its exquisite delights rose vividly before me, as I gazed on her whose happiness I had wrecked. I felt myself a guilty wretch.

"Poor Emily !" I murmured, as tears of bitter remorse filled my eyes. I was interrupted by H——, who, touching my elbow, whispered,—

"Look in that box on the right. Is it not extraordinary to see a young girl with such white hair ?"

I turned impatiently from him : but so many remarks of the same kind were whispered by those near me, that the words seemed to hiss in my ears ; the stage appeared filled with fiery serpents, chasing and entwining each other, and the hilarity of the audience



at the humour of Lablache sounded like the laughter of mocking fiends.

At length the first act was at an end. The curtain dropped.

“ I’ll bet a dozen of champagne,” said one of my neighbours, “ that she has been frightened. Fear has been known to turn the hair gray in a single night.”

“ You are mistaken,” said another. “ No sudden shock could have changed it so completely. I am a surgeon, and know something about these things : it is more likely the result of secret sorrow, some mining grief.”

“ Perhaps she is a widow,” said a third ; “ and has fretted for the loss of her husband ? ‘ So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love.’ ”

If the look with which I regarded the last speaker could have killed him, there would have been one puppy the less in the world.

“ Your conjecture does not seem to be a very probable one,” said the surgeon ; “ She looks too young for a widow. I should say she was not more than seventeen or eighteen.”

“ Just eighteen ! ” exclaimed I, voluntarily.

“ Do you know the young lady, Sir ? ” he asked, turning to me. I was silent, and he continued. “ If the study of physiognomy is to be depended on, an unrequited passion is the cause of the calamity.”

At these words I could no longer restrain my feelings. “ Be silent, for heaven’s sake ! ” I exclaimed, grasping his hand convulsively. “ I am the greatest villain on the face of the earth ! ”

He looked at me in astonishment ; but just then the curtain again rose, and the clang of music drowned all other sounds. While everybody's attention was drawn to the performance, I took courage to look once more at Emily. How beautiful she was, as she sat with her melancholy gaze fixed on the stage. So young, and already grief had decked her brow with the silvery badge of age ! Could it be ? Was it Emily, once the adored of my soul, the queen of my youthful fancy ? Was it she whom I saw ? Her golden hair changed to white by grief for my inconsistency !

The play was over—mechanically I rose to go. As I reached the door, one of my friends hurried to meet me.

“ How long have you been returned ? ” said he. “ Did you know that Emily was in town ? I saw her just now. Good heavens ! how it has changed her ! ”

“ It has, indeed ! ” said I, with a groan, “ dreadfully, awfully changed her ! ”

“ Of course, you know the cause ? ”

“ Too well ! too well ! I am the cause ! ”

“ You ! What ! Did *you* persuade her to do it ? ”

“ To do what ? ”

“ Why, don't you know that fancying her hair had a red tinge, she was persuaded to use the new Victoria dye, which has turned it white ! ”

PHILIP, MY KING.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

“Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty.”

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,

Philip, my King !

For round thee thy purple shadow lies

Of babyhood's regal dignities.

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,

With love's invisible sceptre laden ;

I am thine Esther to command,

Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,

Philip, my King !

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,

Philip, my King !

When those beautiful lips are suing,

And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,

Thou dost enter, Love-crowned, and there

Sittest all glorified !—Rule kindly,

Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair ;

For we that love—ah ! we love so blindly,

Philip, my King !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my king !

Ay ! there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,  
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer  
Let me behold thee in coming years !

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my King !

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my King !

Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way  
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray ;  
Rebels within thee, and foes without,

Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious :  
Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout,

As thou sit'st at the feet of God victorious,  
" Philip, my King !"

## RAMON.

BY BRET HARTE.

Drunk and senseless in his place,  
 Prone and sprawling on his face,  
 More like brute than any man  
     Alive or dead,—

By his great pomp out of gear,  
 Lay the peon engineer,  
 Waking only just to hear,  
     Overhead

Angry tones that called his name,  
 Oaths and cries of bitter blame—

Woke to hear all this, and waking turned and fled !

“To the man who'll bring to me,”

Cried intendant Harry Lee.—

Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—

Bring the sot alive or dead,

I will give to him,” he said,

“Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,

Just to set the rascal's crown

Underneath this heel of mine :

    Since but death

Deserves the man whose deed,

Be it vice or want of heed,

Stops the pumps that give us breath—

Stops the pumps that suck the death  
 From the poisoned lower levels of the mine !"  
 No one answered, for a cry  
 From the shaft rose up on high ;  
 And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below  
 Came the miners each, the bolder,  
 Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,  
 Grappling to their hold, or  
     Letting go,  
 As the weaker gasped and fell  
 From the ladder to the well—  
 To the poisoned pit of hell  
     Down below ?  
 " To the man who sets them free,"  
 Cried the foreman, Harry Lee,—  
 Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—  
 " Brings them out and sets them free,  
 I will give that man," said he,  
 " Twice that sum, who with a rope,  
 Face to face with Death shall cope,  
 Let him come who dares to hope !"   
 " Hold your peace !" some one replied,  
 Standing by the foreman's side ;  
 " There has one already gone, who'er he be !"

Then they held their breath with awe,  
 Pulling on the rope, and saw  
 Fainting figures reappear,  
 On the black rope swinging clear,  
 Fastened by some skillful hand from below,

Till a score the level gained,  
And but one alone remained—  
He the hero and the last,  
He whose skillful hand made fast  
The long line that brought them back to hope  
And cheer !

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he  
At the feet of Harry Lee—  
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine ;  
“ I have come,” he gasped, “ to claim  
Both rewards. Senor, my name  
Is Ramon.  
I’m the drunken engineer—  
I’m the coward Senor”—Here  
He fell over by that sign  
Dead as stone !

—*Atlantic Month*

## THE CONVERSION OF COLONEL QUAGG.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Colonel Quagg and his anvil were, one April evening, in fierce dispute about a red-hot horseshoe. The fire roared, the sparks flew up the chimney, and the bellows blew fiercely. The colonel had the advantage of a hammer that Tubal Cain might have wielded when he fashioned the first plough-share ; but the anvil was used to hard knocks, and stood out against the blacksmith bravely. Indeed, if a certain metallic vibration was to be taken into account, the anvil had the best of it ; for it had the last word. Only the unfortunate horseshoe came to grief ; and, like the man between two stools who came to the ground, was battered into all sorts of shapes between the two disputants. Suddenly 'Zeek, the bellows-blower, ceased for a moment in his occupation, and remarked—

“ One o' them, colonel, top o' the hill. On a hoss. Legs long as a coulter.”

“ Twankeydillo ! twankeydillo !” sung out Colonel Quagg, in great exultation. Ile, 'Zeek, and plenty of it, for Jack Strap, the crittur, is getting tarnation custy.”

\* The fatal strap being “ iled ” rather more liberally than usual, the colonel grasped it in his mighty hand, and passed out at the smithy door.



He saw, coming towards him down the hill, a long-legged, yellow-faced man in black, with a white neck-cloth and a broad-brimmed hat. He bestrode a solemn-looking white horse, with a long tail. He had but one spur (the rider), but it was a very long and rusty spur. In his hand he carried a little dog's-eared book ; but, as he rode, he sung quite softly a little hymn. . . .

Colonel Quagg waited till the verse of the hymn was quite finished, and the horseman had got to within a couple of yards of his door, when he called out in a terrible voice—

“ Hold hard ! ”

“ Brother,” said the man on the horse, “ good evening, and peace.”

“ For the matter of that,” responded Colonel Quagg, “ rot ! Hold hard, and get out of that hoss.”

“ Brother,” the other interrogated, as if not quite understanding the command.

“ Get out, I tell you, cried the blacksmith. Legs and feet. Get out you long-tailed blackbird. Get out, for I'm ~~in~~ and snakes will wake ! I want to talk to you.”

The long man slid rather than got off his horse. It was indeed Brother Zephaniah Sockdologer ; for his face was quincier than ever, and, as he descended from his steed, he shut one eye and expectorated.

“ Now,” said the blacksmith, seating himself upon the horse-block in front of his dwelling, and giving a blow on the ground with his strap that made the pebbles dance. “ Where do you hail from ? ”

"From Punkington City, brother," answered the Reverend Zephaniah.

"And whar are you a goin' tu?"

"To Rapparoarer City."

"And what may you be goin' for to du in that location?"

"Goin' on circuit."

Colonel Quagg shook out the strap to its full length, and passed it through his horny hand.

"There was a brother of yours," he said sententially, "that went to Rapparoarer last fall. He passe<sup>d</sup> this edifice, he did. He met this strap close by here. And this strap made him see comets, and dance like a shaking Quaker, and feel uncommon like a bob-tailed bull in fly time.

. . . . And I *du* hope," the colonel continued, "that you, brother, aren't of the same religion as this babe of grace was as met the strap as he was riding. That religion was the Grace-Walking religion, and that religion I always lick."

"Lick, brother?"

"Lick. With this strap. Dreadful."

"Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the minister, "for such, I know, is your name in the flesh, I *am* a preacher of the Grace-Walking connection. Humble, but faithful, I hope."

"Then," returned Colonel Quagg, making an ironical bow, "this *is* the strap with which I am going to lick you into sarse."

"Brother, brother," the other cried, shaking his head, "cast that cruel strap from out of thine hand,

Close thine hand, if thou wilt, upon the hammer of thy trade, the coulter of thy plough, upon a pen, the rudder of a ship, the handle of a lantern to light men to peace, and love, and good-will ; but close it not upon sword of iron, or bludgeon of wood, or strap of leathern hide. For, from the uplifting and downfalling of those wicked instruments came never good ; but rather boiling tears, and bruises, and blood, and death."

"Now look you here," the blacksmith cried, impatiently. "Talk as long as you like ; but talk while I am a-licking of you. For time is precious and must not be thrown away nohow. Lick you I must, and lick you I will—hard."

"But, brother—but, colonel——"

"Rot!" exclaimed the colonel. "Straps is waiting. Stubs and fences ! I'll knock you into horseshoes, and then into horsenails, if you keep me waiting."

"Have you no merciful feelings?" asked Zephaniah, as if sorely troubled.

"Not a cent of'm. Air you ready? Will you take it fighting, or will you take it lying down?"

"Some takes it fighting ; some takes it like lambs, lying down. Only make haste."

"Goliah Quagg," the minister responded, "I am a man of peace, and not one that goes raging about with sword and buckler, like unto Apollyon, or a corporal of the Boston Tigers ; and I would rather not take it at all."

"You must," the colonel roared, now fairly infuriated. "Pickled alligators ! you must. Hold hard,

you coon ! Hold hard ! for I'm a goin' to begin. Now, once more ; is it fighting, or is it quiet, you mean for to take it ?”

“ Well,” said Brother Zephaniah, “ you are hard upon me, colone , and that's true. It's fighting or lying down, isn't it ?”

“ Ah,” returned the colonel, brandishing his strap.

“ *Then I'll take it fighting,*” the man of peace said quietly.

Colonel Quagg halted for a moment, as if amazed at the audacity of the Grace-Walker. Then, with a wild halloo, he rushed upon him, very much as a bob-tailed bull does rush about under the aggravating influence of flies. His hand was upon the minister's collar ; the strap that had done so much execution in its time was swinging high in the air, when—

Stay. Can you imagine the rage, astonishment, and despair of a schoolmaster caned by his pupil ; of the Emperor of China sentenced to be bamboosed by a Hong Kong coolie ; of the beadle of the Burlington Arcade expelled therefrom by a boy with a basket ; of a butler kicked by a footpage ; of a Southern planter cow-hided by one of his own niggers ; of a Broadway dandy jostled by a newly-landed emigrant ; of a policeman ordered to move on by an apple-woman ; of the Commander-in-chief of an army ordered to stand at ease by a drummer ; of the Pope of Rome blessed of two fingers by a chorister boy ? If you can imagine anything of that sort—but only if you can—you may be able to form some idea of how Colonel Quagg felt when a storm of blows, hard, well-

directed, and incessant, began to fall on his head, on his breast, on his face, on his shoulders, on his arms, on his legs—all over his body, so rapidly that he felt as if he was being hit everywhere at once—when he found his strap would hit nowhere on the body of his opponent, but that he himself was hit everywhere.

Sledgehammers! Sledgehammers were nothing to the fists of the Grace Walking brother. A bob-tailed bull in fly-time was an animal to be envied in comparison to the colonel. He danced with all the vigour of a nigger toeing and heeling a hornpipe. He saw more comets than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ever dreamed off. He felt that he was all nose, and that a horribly swollen one. Then that he had swallowed all his teeth. Then that he had five hundred eyes, and then none at all. Then that his ribs went in and his blood came out. Then his legs failed under him, and he fell down all of a heap; or, perhaps, to speak classically and pugilistically, he hit out wildly, felt groggy, and went down at the ropes. The tall brother went down atop of him, and continued pounding away at his body—not perhaps as hard as he could, but decidedly much harder than the colonel liked—singing all the while the little hymn.

“Hold hard!” gasped the colonel, at last, faintly, “You don’t mean murder, do you? You won’t hit a man when he’s down, much more, will you, brother?”

“By no means,” answered Zephaniah, bringing down his fist, nevertheless, with a tremendous “bash” upon the colonel’s nose, as if there were a fly there, and he wanted to kill it. “But you’ve took it fight-

ing, colonel ; and you may as well now take it like a lamb, lying down."

"But I'm broke, I tell you, groaned the vanquished blacksmith. "I can't do no more. You air so mighty hard, you *air*."

"Oh ! You give in, then ?"

"Ay," murmured Colonel Quagg, I cave in."

"Speak louder, I'm hard of hearing."

"Yes !" repeated the colonel, with a groan. "I du cave in. For I'm beat ; whittled clean away to the small end o' nothing—chawed up—cornered."

"You must promise me one little thing, Colonel Goliah Quagg," said the Reverend Sockdologer, without, however, removing his knees from the colonel's chest. "You must promise before I leave off hammering of your body, never for to ill-treat by word or deed any of our people—ministers, elders, deacons, or brethren."

"I'll promise," replied the colonel ; "only let me get up. You're choking me."

"Not to rile, lick, or molest any other peaceable critturs as are coming or going past your way."

"I promise," muttered the colonel, who was now becoming purple in the face.

"Likewise," concluded Zephaniah, playfully knocking away one of his adversary's loose teeth, so as to make his mouth neat and tidy, "you must promise to give up drinking of rum ; which is a delusion and a snare, and bad for the innards, besides being on the drunk line to perdition, and finally, you must promise to come to our next camp-meeting, clean-shaved, and with a contrite heart."



"No," cried the almost expiring colonel, I won't, not for all the toebacco in Virginny! Nor yet for Martin van Buren or Dan'el Webster! Nor yet for to be postmaster!"

"You won't, brother?" asked Zephaniah, persuasively raising his fist.

"No, I'm darned if I do."

"Then," said the Grace-Walker meekly, "I must sing you another little hymn."

Immediately afterwards Colonel Quagg's tortures recommenced. He struggled, he roared, he entreated, but in vain. All he could see were the long man's arms whirling about like the sails of windmills. All he could feel was the deadly pain of the blows on his already hideously-bruised face and body. All he could hear was the snuffling voice of his tormentor singing, with an occasional stammer, a verse of a little hymn . . . . He could stand it no longer. He threw out his arms, and groaned, "Spare my life, and I'll promise anything."

"Happy to hear it, colonel," answered Brother Sockdolloger, helping his adversary to rise, and then coolly settling his own white neckcloth and broadbrimmed hat. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to look after my hoss a bit. He cast a shoe just after I left Punkington."

## MRS. POYSER'S OPINIONS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

[The authoress of "Adam Bede" painted probably her happiest character in the person of Mrs. Poyser, the bustling indefatigable farmer's wife, who, busy of hand, restless of eye, and pungent of tongue, gives forth in the above story these witty caustic specimens of rustic proverbial philosophy.]

Folks must put up wi' their own kin, as they put up wi' their own noses—its their own flesh and blood.

Folks as have no mind to be o' use have always the luck to be out o' the road when there's anything to be done.

It's all very fine having a ready-made rich man, but it may happen he'll be a ready-made fool; and its no use filling your pocket full o' money if you've got a hole in the corner. It'll do you no good to sit in a spring cart o' your own, if you've got a soft to drive you: he'll soon turn you over into the ditch. I allays said I'd never marry a man as had got no brains; for where's the use of a woman having brains of her own if she's tackled to a geck as everybody's a laughing at? She might as well dress herself fine to sit back'ards on a donkey.

It's ill livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas.

If you go past your dinner time, there'll be little



relish o' your meat. You turn it o'er and o'er wi' your fork, an' don't eat it after all. You find faut wi' your meat, and the faut's i' your own stomach.

Wi' them three gells in the house I'd need have twice the strength to keep 'em up to their work. It's like having roast meat at three fires; as soon as you've basted one, another's burnin'.

What care I what the men 'ud run after? It's well seen what choice the most of 'em know how to make, by the poor draggle-tails o' wives you see, like bits o' gauze ribbon, good for nothing when the colour's gone.

What's it sinnify what Chowne's wife likes?—a poor soft thing, wi' no more head-piece nor a sparrow. She'd take a big cullender to strain her lard wi', and then wonder as the scratchin's run under . . . You'd never know when you went into her house whether it was Monday or Friday, th' wash draggin' on to the end o' the week; and as for her cheese, I know well enough it rose like a loaf in a tin last year. And then she talks o' the weather bein' i' fault, as there's folks ud' stand on their heads and then say the fault was i' their boots.

You make but a poor trap to catch luck if you go and bait it wi' wickedness. The money as is got so's like to burn holes i' your pocket.

Mr. Bede, will you take some vinegar with your lettuce? Ay, you're i' th' right not. It spoils the flavour o' the chine, to my thinking. It's poor eating where the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruits. There's folks as made bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it.

I know that dancin's nonsense; but if you stick at everything because it's nonsense, yon wanna go far i' this life. When your broth's ready-made for you, you mun swallow the thickenin', or else let the broth alone.

I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about and starin', an' not rightly knowin' what your goin' to do next; an' keepin' your face i' smilin' order, like a grocer o' market day, for fear people shouldna' think you civil enough. And you've nothing to show for it when it's done, if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagree.

I was never over-fond o' gentlefolk's servants—they're mostly like the fine lady's fat dogs, nayther good for barking nor butcher's meat, but on'y for show.

It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, I think; folks have to wait long enough before it's brought to 'em.

I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you've to be corked up forever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I shan't repent saying what I think, if I live to be as old as th' old Squire; and there's little likelihoods, for it seems as if them as are'nt wanted here are th' only folks as are'nt wanted i' the other world.

It's a small joke sets men laughing when they sit a-staring at one another wi' a pipe i' their mouths. Give Bartle Massay his way, and he'd have all the

sharpness to himself. If the chaffcutter had the making of us, we should all be straw, I reckon.

I'm not one o' those as can see the cat i' the dairy, an' wonder what she's come after.

Scarceness o' victual 'ull keep ; there's no need to be hasty wi' the cooking. An' scarceness is what there's the biggest stock of i' the country.

It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry when everybody's got boots on.

---

## LOST AND FOUND.

READ BY J. M. BELLEW.

Some miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—

(1) (I know not whére,—but the facts have fill'd  
A chink in my br'ain, while other tales

Have been swept aw'ay as when pearls are spill'd,  
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor ;  
—Somèwh'er'e, | then, where God's light is kill'd,  
And men *tear* in the dark at the earth's heart-co're,)

(2) These men were at work, when their axes knock'd  
A hole in a passage closed years before.

---

(1) Read the parenthetic clauses in a lower tone to "heart-core."  
(2) Resume higher tone.

A slip in the earth, I supp'ose, had block'd  
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap  
Of rubble; as safe as a chest is lock'd,

Till these men pick'd it ; and 'gan to creep  
In, on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran  
Round the black roof—"Here's a ma'n asle'ep!" (1)

They all push'd forward, and scarce a span  
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp  
Fell on the upturned face' | of a m'an.

- (2) No taint of death, no decaying damp  
Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon  
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,  
Lips hard clench'd, no shadow of fear  
He sat there taking his rest', | *alone*.

He must have been there for many a year'.  
The *spi'rit*' | had fled; but there was its *shrine*,  
In clothes of a century old or near !

The dry and embalming air of the mine  
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,  
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line.

---

(1) Loud and startling.

(2) Read this and nine succeeding stanzas in a solemn but dignified and reverential tone.

Who *was* he, then? No man could *s'ay*  
 When the passage had suddenly fallen in—  
 Its *me'mory*, even, was past away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,  
 They took him up (as a tender lass  
 Will carry a babe,) from that darksome ho'le,

To the outer world of the short warm gra'ss.  
 Then up spoke one, "Let us send for *Be'ss*,  
 She is seventy-nine come, Martin'mass ;

Older than any one here I gu'ess !  
 Belike, she may *mind* | when the wall *fell* there,  
 And remember the chap by his *comeliness*."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,  
 To the side of the hill where the dead man lay,  
 Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,  
 (1) As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,  
 And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a *sharp low cr'y* ! . . . .  
 (2) Bess sank on her knees and wildly toss'd  
 Her wither'd arms in the summer sky . . . .

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(1) Change to the tone and slow manner of age.

(2) Start, uttering "cry," in a wild wailing tone.

(1) "O Willie ! Willie ! my la'd ! my lo'st !  
The Lord be prais'ed ! after sixty years'  
I see you ag'ain !..... The tears you cost,

O Willie darlin,' were bitter tea'rs !.....  
They never looked for ye *undergro'und*,  
They told me a *ta'le'* | to mock my fears !

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found  
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain  
How ye'd a-vanish'd fra sight and sound !

O Darlin', a long, long life o' pain  
(2) I ha' lived since th'en !..... And now I'm 'old,  
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,  
And limbs as straight as ashen beams, ...  
I a'most forget how the years ha' r'olled

(3) Between us ! ..... O Willie ! how strange it seems  
To see ve here as I've seen ye of't, .....  
Auver and auver again in drea'ms !"

In broken words like these, with soft  
Low wails she rock'd herself. And none  
Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

- (1) High pitch, but slow and wailing tone.  
(2) The woman here changes to dreaminess ; but on the words, "O Willie," the wailing tone is resumed.  
(3) From this stanza to the end read with solemnity and pathos.

For surely a sight like this, the sun  
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,  
The old dead love, and the living one !

The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace,  
At the end of threescore years ; the quick,  
Pucker'd, and wither'd, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty ! A wizard's trick  
Bringing the youth and the love that were,  
Back to the eyes of the old and sick !

Those bodies were just of one age ; yet there  
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,  
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare !

But the moment was gone ;—(as a moment will  
To all who have loved, and have parted here,  
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill ;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,  
Over the mists in the vale below,  
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know !)  
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave  
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now though the rains, and winds may rave  
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,  
The miners that evening dug *one* grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide  
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side.

## HAN'S BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day  
 I laugh me vild to saw her vay  
 My schmall young baby dries to play  
     Dot funny leetle baby.

When I look of dhem leetle toes,  
 Und saw dot funny leetle nose,  
 "More like his fader efery day,"  
     I vos so proud like plazes.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle schquall,  
 Dot's vhen her vindy vind vill crawl,  
 Right in his leetle stchomach schmall,  
     Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,  
 Und gorrybarrick he must ead,  
 Und I must chump sphry on my feet  
     To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,  
 Und grawls me ofer eferywhere,  
 Und shlobbers me—but vat I care?  
     Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm  
 Vas schquosin me so nice and warm—  
 O ! may dere nefer coom some harm  
     To dot schmall leetle baby.



## WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh, the weary, solemn silence  
Of a house without the children ;  
Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness,  
    Where the children come no more.  
Ah ! the longing of the sleepless  
For the soft arms of the children,  
Ah ! the longing for the faces  
    Peeping through the opening door—  
    Faces gone for evermore !

Strange it is to wake at midnight  
And not hear the children breathing,  
Nothing but the old clock ticking,  
    Ticking, ticking by the door.  
Strange to see the little dresses  
Hanging up there all the morning ;  
And the gaiters—ah ! their patter,  
    We will hear it never more  
    On our mirth-forsaken floor !

What is home without the children ?  
'Tis the earth without its verdure,  
And the sky without the sunshine ;  
    Life is withered to the core !  
So we'll leave this dreary desert,  
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd

To the greener pastures vernal,  
 Where the lambs have "done before,"  
 With the Shepherd evermore !

Oh ! the weary, solemn silence  
 Of a house without the children ;  
 Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness,  
 Where the children come no more !  
 Ah ! the longing of the sleepless  
 For the soft arms of the children ;  
 Ah ! the longing for the faces  
 Peeping through the opening door—  
 Faces gone for evermore !

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## THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL.

READ BY J. M. BELLEW.

[To be read in the style of an old sailor. The dialogue of the elderly naval man was given by Mr. Bellew in a sort of droll chanting tone. The reader may deliver it in a monotonous sing-song, accompanied by appropriate seaman-like action.]

'Twas on the shores that round our coast  
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
 That I found alone on a piece of stone  
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
 And weedy and long was he,  
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite  
 In a singular minor key :

“ Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,  
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
 And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
 And the crew of the captain’s gig !”

And he shook his fists, and he tore his hair,  
 Till I really felt afraid,  
 For I couldn’t help thinking the man had been drink-  
 ing.

And so I simply said :

(1) “ Oh, elderly man, it’s little I know  
 Of the duties of men of the sea,  
 And I’ll eat my hand if I understand  
 How you can possibly b’e

“ At once a cook and a captain bold,  
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
 And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
 And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
 Is a trick all seamen larn,  
 And having got rid of a thumpin’ quid,  
 He spun this painful yarn :

“ ’Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
 That we sailed to the Indian sea,  
 And there on a reef we come to grief,  
 Which has often occurred to me.

---

(1) Imitate the sing-song of the “cook.”

“ And pretty nigh all o’ the crew was drowned,  
 (There was seventy-seven o’ soul)  
 And only ten of the *Nancy’s* men  
 Said ‘ Here !’ to the muster roll.

“ There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,  
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
 And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
 And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“ For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,  
 Till a-hungry we did feel,  
 So we drawed a lot, and accordin’ shot  
 The captain for our meal.

“ The next lot fell to the *Nancy’s* mate,  
 And a delicate dish he made ;  
 Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
 We seven survivors stayed.

‘ And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,  
 And he much resembled *pig* ;  
 Then we wittled free. did the cook and me,  
 On the crew of th            ain’s gig.

“ Then only the c            ne was left,  
 And the delicate            n, ‘ Which  
 Of us two goes to tl            ?’ arose,  
 And we argued it c            s sich.

“ For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me ;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

“ ‘ I'll be eat if you dines of me,' says Tom,  
‘ Yes, that, says I, ‘ you'll be.’  
‘ I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I ;  
And, ‘ Exactly so,' quoth he.

“ Says he, ‘ Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,  
While I can—and *will* cook *you* ?’

“ So he boils the water and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true,  
(Which he never forgot). and some chopped shalot  
And some sage and parsley too.

“ ‘ Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell,  
‘ Twill soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you'll smell.’

“ And he stirred it round and round and round,  
And he sniffed at the foaming froth—  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

“ And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And—as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,  
For a wessel in sight I see.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ And I never grieve, and I never smile,  
And I never larf nor play,  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which is to say :

“ Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain’s gig !”

## THE MURDER OF NANCY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(From *Oliver Twist*.)

CHARLES DICKENS read the following terrible scene before a number of literary friends and critics ; and although highly sensational, the reading was approved and pronounced to be suitable for delivery. It was afterwards read publicly by Dickens with great success. *Characters* : FAGIN, a low Jew and receiver of stolen goods ; BILL SIKES, a housebreaker and London thief, cruel and brutal ; NANCY, a lost woman, companion of Bill Sikes ; NOAH CLAYPOLE, a London pickpocket. To understand these characters so as to form a proper conception of the scene, the reader is referred to *Oliver Twist*. The reading is an awful and vivid illustration of criminal life and its consequences and therefore valuable for the moral lesson it conveys.

The *Jew* speaks in a high falsetto pitch, in great excitement, and with a broken English accent. His hatred, however, is in no sense comic, but marked by the terrors of tragedy. The speech of *Sikes* is rough, deep-toned, and passionate. The manner of *Nancy* is at first quiet and tender ; then it becomes alarmed and marked by extreme terror ; and in her entreaties for life her speech is hurried and intensely earnest. No reader should attempt this scene without thoughtful study.

It was nearly two hours before daybreak—the time which in the autumn of the year may be truly called the dead of night ; when the streets are silent and deserted, when even sound appears to slumber, and profligacy and riot have staggered home to dream—it was at this still and silent hour that the Jew sat

watching in his old lair, with face so distorted and pale, and eyes so red and bloodshot, that he looked less like a man than some hideous phantom, moist from the grave, and worried by an evil spirit.

He sat crouching over a cold hearth, wrapped in an old torn coverlet, with his face turned towards a wasting candle that stood upon the table by his side. His right hand was raised to his lips, and as, absorbed in thought, he bit his long black nails, he disclosed among his toothless gums, a few such fangs as should have been a dog's or rat's.

Stretched upon a mattress upon the floor lay Noah Claypole, fast asleep. Towards him the old man sometimes directed his eyes for an instant, then brought them back again to the candle, which, with long-burnt wick drooping almost double, and hot grease falling down in clots upon the table, plainly showed that his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

Indeed they were. Mortification at the overthrow of his notable scheme, hatred of the girl who had dared to palter with strangers, an utter distrust of the sincerity of her refusal to yield him up, bitter disappointment at the loss of his revenge on Sikes, the fear of detection, and ruin, and death, and a fierce and deadly rage kindled by all,—these were the passionate considerations which, following close upon each other with rapid and ceaseless whirl, shot through the brain of Fagin, as every evil thought and blackest purpose lay working at his heart.

He sat without changing his attitude in the least, or appearing to take the smallest heed of time, until



his quick ear seemed to be attracted by a footstep in the street.

(1) "At last," muttered the Jew, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. "At last."

The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept up stairs to the door, and presently returned, accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down, and throwing back his outer coat the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes.

"There," he said, laying the bundle on the table, (2) "Take care of that, and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get, I thought I should have been here three hours ago."

Fagin laid his hand upon the bundle, and locking it in the cupboard, sat down again without speaking. But he did not take his eyes off the robber for an instant during this action, and now that they sat over against each other, face to face, he looked fixedly at him, with his lips quivering so violently, and his face so altered by the emotions which had mastered him, that the housebreaker involuntarily drew back his chair, and surveyed him with a look of real afright.

"Wot now?" cried Sikes. "What do you look at a man so for?—*Spe'ak*, will yo'u?"

The Jew raised his right hand, and shook his trembling forefinger in the air, but his passion was so great that the power of speech was for the moment gone.

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(1) Low—half whisper.

(2) Sulkily.

"D—me!" said Sikes, feeling in his breast with a look of alarm. "He's gone mad. I must look to myself here."

"No, no," rejoined Fagan, finding his voice. "It's not—you're not the person, Bill. I've no—*no* fault to find with *yo'u*."

"Oh, you haven't, haven't you?" said Sikes, looking sternly at him, and ostentatiously passing a pistol into a more convenient pocket. "That's lucky—for *one* of us. Which one that is, don't matter."

(1) "I've got that to tell you, Bill," said the Jew, drawing his chair nearer, "will make you worse than me."

"A'y?" returned the robber with an incredulous air. "Tell aw'ay. Look sharp, or Nance will think I'm lost."

"Lost!" cried Fagin. "She has pretty well settled *that* in her own mind already."

Sikes looked with an aspect of great perplexity into the Jew's face, and reading no satisfactory explanation of the riddle there, clenched his coat collar in his huge hand, and shook him soundly.

(2) "Speak, will you!" he said; "or if you don't, it shall be for want of *bre'ath*. Open your mouth, and say what you've got to say in plain words. Out with it, you thundering old cur, out with it."

"Suppose that lad that's lying there——" Fagan began.

(1) Fawning.

(2) Loud and fierce.

Sikes turned round to where Noah was sleeping, as if he had not previously observed him. "Well," he said, resuming his former position.

"Suppose that lad," pursued the Jew, "was to peach—blow upon us all—first seeking out the right folks for the purpose, and then having a meeting with 'em in the street to paint our likenesses, describe every mark that they might *know us* by, and the *crib* where we might be most easily taken. Suppose he was to do all this, and, besides, to blow upon a plant we've all been in, more or less—of his own fancy; not grabbed, trapped, tried, earwigged by the parson, and brought to it on bread and water,—but of his *own fancy*; (1) to please his own taste; stealing out at nights to find those most interested against us, and peaching to them. Do you hear me?" cried the Jew, his eyes flashing with rage. "Suppose he did all this, what then?"

"What then!" replied Sikes, with a tremendous oath. "If he was left alive till *I* came, I'd grind his skull under the iron heel of my boot into as many grains as there are hairs upon his head."

"What if *I* did it!" cried the Jew, almost in a yell. "*I* that know so much, and could hang so many besides myself!"

"I don't know," replied Sikes, clenching his teeth, and turning white at the mere suggestion. "I'd do something in the jail that 'ud get me put in irons; and if I was tried along with you, I'd fall upon you

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(1) Prolong "fancy."

with them in the open court, and beat your brains out afore the people, I should have such strength," muttered the robber, poising his brawny arm, "that I could smash your head as u a loaded waggon had gone over it."

"You would?"

"Would I!" said the housebreaker "Try me."

"If it was Charley, or the Do'cger, or Bèt, or ——"

"I don't care *w'ho*," replied Sikes impatiently.

"Whoever it was, I'd serve them the same."

Fagin again looked hard at the robber, and motioning him to be silent, stooped over the bed upon the floor, and shook the sleeper to rouse him. Sikes leant forward in his chair, looking on, with his hands upon his knees, as if wondering much what all this questioning and preparation was to end in.

"Bolter! Bolter! Poor lad!" said Fagin, looking up with an expression of devilish anticipation, and speaking slowly, and with marked emphasis. "He's tired—tired with watching for *her* (1) so long,—watching for *her*, Bill."

"Wot d'ye mean?" asked Sikes, drawing back.

The Jew made no answer, but bending over the sleeper again, hauled him into a sitting posture. When his assumed name had been repeated several times, Noah rubbed his eyes, and giving a heavy yawn, looked sleepily about him.

"Teil me that again—once again, just for him to hear," said the Jew, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.

(1) Prolong "her."

“Tell yer what?” asked the sleepy Noah, snaking himself pettishly.

“That about—NANCY,” said the Jew, clutching Sikes by the wrist, as if to prevent his leaving the house before he had heard enough. “You followed her!”

“Yes.”

“To London Bridge?”

“Yes.”

“Where she met two people?”

“So she did.”

“A gentleman, and a lady that she had gone to of her own accord before, who asked her to give up all pals and Monks first, which she did; and to describe him, which she did; and to tell her what house it was that we met at, and go to, which she did; and where it could be best watched from, which she did; and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this. She told it all, every word, without a threat, without a murmur—she did—didn’t she?” cried the Jew, half mad with fury.

“All right,” replied Noah, scratching his head.

“That’s just what it was.”

“What did they say about last Sunday?” demanded the Jew.

“About last Sunday?” replied Noah, considering.

“Why, I told yer that before.”

“Again. Tell it again!” cried Fagin, tightening his grasp on Sikes, and brandishing his other hand aloft as the foam flew from his lips.

“They asked her,” said Noah, who, as he grew

more wakeful, seemed to have a dawning perception who Sikes was, "they asked her why she didn't come last Sunday as she promised. She said she couldn't—"

"Why—why?" interrupted the Jew, triumphantly.  
(1) "Tell him that."

"Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill, the man she had told them of before," replied Noah.

"What more of him?" cried the Jew. "What more of the man she had told them of before. Tell him that—tell him that."

"Why, that she couldn't very easily get out of doors unless he knew where she was going to," said Noah; "and so the first time she went to see the lady, she—ha! ha! ha! it made me laugh when she said it, that did,—she gave him a drink of laudanum."

(2) "Hell's fire!" cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew. "Let me go!"

Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted wildly and furiously up the stairs.

"Bill, Bill!" cried the Jew, following him hastily.  
"A word. Only a word."

The word would not have been exchanged, but that the housebreaker was unable to open the door, on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence when the Jew came panting up.

(3) "Let me out!" said Sikes. "Don't speak to me—it's not safe. Let me out, I say."

(1) Very excited, almost to screaming, and expressive of terrible hatred.

(2) Burst of fury, voice high and loud; fling out the arms as if held by some one.

(3) Deep, suppressed rage and determination.



“Hear me speak a word,” rejoined the Jew, laying his hand upon the lock, “you won’t be——”

“Well,” replied the other.

“You won’t be—too—violent, Bill?” whined the Jew.

The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other’s faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both which could not be mistaken.

“I mean,” said Fagin, showing that he felt all disguise was now useless “not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold.”

Sikes made no reply, but, pulling open the door, of which the Jew had turned the lock, dashed into the silent street.

Without one pause or moment’s consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half dressed upon it. He had wakened her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

“Get up,” said the man.

(1) "It *is* you, Bill," said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

(2) "It is," was the reply. "Get up."

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

(3) "Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for wot I've got to do."

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat, dragging her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

(4) "Bill, Bill—" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear, "—I— won't scream, or cry—not once,—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done!"

(5) "You know, you *she-devil!*" returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were *watched* to-night; every *word* you said was *heard*."

(6) "Then, spare my life, for the love of Heaven,

(1) Tenderly.

(2) Low surly tones.

(3) With sternest tones and looks.

(4) Not loud,—but in tones of suppressed terror.

(5) These words are uttered with ominous slowness, distinctness, and expression of malignant hatred.

(6) All this speech must be given as in the terror of death, but with the tenderness of a woman



as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, *dear* Bill ! you cannot have the heart to *kill me* ! Oh, think of all I have given up only this *one night* for *yo'u*. You *shall* have time to think, and save yourself this crime ! I will not loose my hold ; you cannot throw me off. Bill ! Bill ! for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you ; *upon my guilty soul I have.*"

The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and, tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

(1) "Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman, and that dear lady, told me to-night of a home in some foreign country, where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time !"

(2) The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired, flashed across his mind, even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he

(1) Sustain the passionate entreaty for life, with hurried but distinct delivery.

(2) Read this in suppressed tones of horror, turning the eyes away from the light which is supposed to be before the reader.

could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

(1) She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up in her folded hands as high toward Heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

(2) It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggered backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

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(1) Deepest pathos.

(2) Same as 17.

## A SOCIAL SCIENCE VALENTINE.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

Orgillous maid, whose cruel scorn  
 'Twould be gnathonical to say  
 It too mordacious to be borne,  
 Though in an opertaneous way ;  
 Let me coacervate a few  
 Ambagious words amarulent,  
 Ludificatory, but true,  
 Ere I become so macilent,  
 That without voice to ululate  
 My lov'd one's luctisonous name,  
 My honour I impignorate,  
 And raise a temulentive flame.  
 A quodlibetical ess'ay  
 Might stir adiaphoric souls ;  
 But I am bolary—and clay  
 In one fixed advolution rolls.  
 You call me oscitant,—ah ! well,  
 Obtenebration hides my tears ;  
 I may become sejungible,  
 When labefaction comes with years.  
 Exequial nights, egestuous days,  
 No nummary relief can soothe,—  
 No xénodochium allays  
 Radicate thirst with " Bass" or " Booth."

Unaccendible paradigm !  
Call not this effutitious prate ;  
'Tis ecphonesis, though it seem  
But babbling to balbucinate.  
The humble orthoceratite,  
The acanthopterygiuous skate,  
Campestral flowers growing white  
Or candicant, vivificate  
Numerous entities,—for they  
Concatenate in one great chain.  
Divellicated day by day,  
In dread disphoria I complain.  
Were I a logodædalist,  
And not meticulously meek,  
I'd make each epithet a fist  
To smite your etiolated cheek.  
But no ! deuteroscopic thought  
Forbids my uttering a groan ;  
Huxley will tell me it is naught,  
And Darwin claims me for his own.

## JOHN BROWN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a guinea I can spend,  
I've a wife and I've a friend,  
And a troop of little children at my knee,  
John Brown.

I've a cottage of my own,  
With the ivy overgrown,  
And a garden with a view of the sea,  
John Brown.

I can sit at my door,  
And view my sycamore,  
Large of heart though of very small estate,  
John Brown.

So come and drain a glass,  
In the arbor as you pass,  
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate,  
John Brown.

I love the song of bi'rd's,  
And the children's early wo'rd's,  
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet,  
John Brown.

And I hate a false pretence,  
And the want of common sense,  
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit,  
John Brown.

I love the meadow flowers,  
And the briar in the bowers,  
And I love an open face without guile,  
John Brown.

And I hate a selfish knave,  
And a proud contented slave,  
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil,  
John Brown.

I love a simple song,  
That makes emotion strong,  
And the word of hope that raises him who faints,  
John Brown.

And I hate the constant whine,  
Of the foolish who repine,  
And turn their good to evil by complaints,  
John Brown.

But even when I hate,  
If I seek my garden gate,  
And survey the world around and above,  
John Brown,

The hatred flies my m'ind,  
And I sigh for human kin'd,  
And excuse the faults of those I cannot lo've,  
John Brown.

So if you like my ways,  
And the comfort of my days,  
I can tell you how I live so unvexed,  
John Brown.

I never scorn my health,  
Nor sell my soul for wealth,  
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next,  
John Brown.

I've parted with my pride,  
And I take the sunny side,  
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad,  
John Brown.

I keep my conscience clear,  
I've a hundred pounds a year,  
And I manage to exist and be glad,  
John Brown.

“CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.”

England's sun, bright setting o'er the hills so far  
away,

Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of  
one sad day ;

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man  
and maiden fair—

He with step so slow and weary ; she with sunny,  
floating hair ;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful : she  
with lips so cold and white,

Struggled to keep back the murmur, “Curfew  
must not *r`ing* to-night.” (1)

(2) “Sexton,” Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing  
to the prison old,

With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark  
and damp and cold—

“I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very  
night to *diè*

At the ringing of the curfew ; and no earthly  
help is nigh.

(1) Commence in low but earnest tones. Avoid repeating “Curfew must not ring to-night” in the same way.

(2) Read this stanza with tremor, hesitancy, and softness of tone.



Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face  
grew strangely white,

(1) As she spoke in husky whispers: "Curfew must  
*not* ring to-*ni*'ght."

(2) "Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word  
pierced her young heart

Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly-  
poisoned dart),

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that  
gloomy shadowed tower ;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the  
twilight hour ;

I have done my duty *ever*, *tried* to do it *just* and  
*right* ;

Now I'm o'ld, I will not miss it. Girl, the curfew  
RIN`GS to-night !"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and  
white her thoughtful brow ;

And, within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made  
a solemn . . .

She had listened, while the judges read, without  
a tear or sigh,—

"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood  
*must die.*"

---

(1) Read in husky whisper, but decided.

(2) Change to manly tones of firmness, ending with great sternness.

And her breath came fast and faster ; and her  
 eyes grew large and bright ;  
 One low murmur, scarcely spoken, " Curfew *must*  
 NOT ring to-night."

- (1) She with light step bounded forward, sprang  
 within the old church-door,  
 Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod  
 so oft before,  
 Not one moment paused the ma'iden, but, with  
 cheek and brow aglo'w,  
*Staggered* up the gloomy tower, where the bell  
 swung to and fro ;  
 Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without  
 one ray of light,  
 Upward, still her pale lip saying, " Curfew *shall*  
 NOT *ring* to-night."

She has reached the topmost laddèr ; o'er her  
 hangs the great dark béll ;  
 And the awful gloom beneath her, like the path-  
 way down to *hell* ;

- (2) *Sèe!* the ponderous *tongùe*: is *swing`ing* ; 'tis the  
 hour of *curfew* now ;  
 And the sight has *chilled* her bosom, stopped her  
 breath, and *paled* her brow.

---

(1) Higher pitch, quicker movement, more animation.

(2) Action and tone of alarm ; outstretched arm, as if to stop the bell.

- (1) Shall she let it *ring!* *No*, NEVER! Her eyes  
flash with sudden light,  
As she *springs*, and grasps it firmly, “Curfew  
SHALL NOT ring to-night.”

Out | she swung—*far out*: the city seemed a  
tiny *speck* below—

- (2) There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the  
bell *swung* to and fro ;  
And the half-dead sexton ringing (years he had  
not heard the bell) ;  
And he thought the twilight curfew rang young  
Basil's funeral knell :  
Still the maiden, clinging *firmly*, cheek and brow  
so pale and white,  
(3) Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: “*Cur-*  
*few shall not ring to-night.*”

It was *o'er*: the bell *ceased swaying*; and the  
maiden stepped once more

Firmly | on the damp old ladder, where for *hun-*  
*dred* years before,

Human foot had not been planted; and what  
she this night had done

Should be told long ages after. As the rays of  
setting sun

---

(1) Voice grows higher and more animated; great emphasis on “never.”

(2) Imitative action, dwelling longer on “swung.”

(3) Deep, but determined tones.

Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires,  
with heads of white,

- (1) Tell the children why the curfew did not ring  
that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell : Bessie saw  
him ; and her brow,

Lately *white* with sickening *horror*, *glows* with  
sudden *beauty* now ;

- (2) At his feet she told her story, showed her hands  
all *bruised* and *torn* ;

And her sweet young face *so haggard*, with a look  
so sad and wo'm,

*Touched* his *heart* | with sudden *pity*, *lit* his eyes  
with *misty light* :

- (3) "Go ! your lover *LIVES*," cried Cromwell : "*cur-*  
*few shall not ring to-night.*"

(1) Slow and mournful.

(2) With great feeling.

(3) With dignity and firmness, and as if trying to conceal his feelings.

## AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,  
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear  
To see him issue through the silent air  
At evening in our room, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
News of dear friends, and children who have never  
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.  
Alas ! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air :  
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

## POOR LITTLE JOE.

BY PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,  
 Fur I've brought you sumpin' great,  
 Apples? No a derned sight better!  
 Don't you take no int'rest? Wait?  
 Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—  
 Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?  
 Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?  
 There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,  
 Where a bang-up lady sot,  
 All amongst a lot of bushes—  
 Each one climbin' from a pot;  
 Every bush had flowers on it—  
 Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!  
 Wish you could a seen 'em growin',  
 It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller;  
 Lyin' here so sick and weak,  
 Never knowin' any comfort,  
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.  
 "Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,  
 Could I ax you for a rose?  
 For my little brother, missus—  
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—  
 How I bringed you up—poor Joe !  
 (Lackin' woman folks to do it.)  
 Such a' imp you was, you know—  
 Till yer get that awid tumble,  
 Just as I had broke yer in  
 (Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'  
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,  
 So's you couldn't hyper much—  
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you  
 For the first time with yer crutch.  
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,  
 'Pears to weaken every day ;  
 Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—  
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say ! It seems to me, ole feller,  
 You is quite yerself to-night ;  
 Kind o' chirk—its been a fortnit  
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.  
 Better ! Well, I'm glad to hear it !  
 Yes they're mighty pretty, Joe.  
 Smellin' of 'em's made you happy ?  
 Well, I thought it would, you know !

Never see the country, did you ?  
 Flowers growin' everywhere !  
 Some time when you're better, Joey,  
 Mebbe I kin take you there.

Flowers in heaven? M—I s'pose so ;  
Dunno much about it, though ;  
Ain't as fly as wot I might be  
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres  
That in heaven's golden gates  
Things is everlastin' cheerful—  
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.  
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry ;  
So good people, when they dies,  
Finds themselves well fixed forever—  
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes ?

Thought they looked a little sing'lar.  
Oh, no ! Don't you have no fear ;  
Heaven was made for such as you is—  
Joe, wot makes you look so queer ?  
Here—wake up ! Oh, don't look that way !  
Joe ! My boy ! Hold up your head !  
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey ;  
Oh, my God, can Joe be dead ?



“DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

BY DEAN STANLEY.

When the Paschal evening fell  
 Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,  
 When around the festal board  
 Sate the Apostles with their Lord,  
 Then His parting word he said,  
 Blessed the cup and broke the bread—  
 “This whene'er ye do or see,  
 Evermore remember Me.”

Ages passed : in every clime,  
 Changing with the changing clime,  
 Varying through a thousand forms,  
 Torn by factions, rock'd by storms,  
 Still the sacred tables spread,  
 Flowing cup and broken bread,  
 With the parting word agree,  
 “Drink and eat—remember Me.”

When by treason, doubt, unrest,  
 Sinks the soul, dismay'd, opprest ;  
 When the shadows of the tomb  
 Close us round with deep'ning gloom ;  
 Then bethink us at that board  
 Of that sorrowing, suffering Lord,  
 Who, when tried and grieved as we,  
 Dying said. “Remember Me.”

When, thro' all the scenes of life,  
Hearths of peace and fields of strife,  
Friends or foes together meet,  
Now to part and now to greet,  
Let those holy tokens tell  
Of that sweet and sad farewell,  
And, in mingled grief, or glee,  
Whisper still, "Remember Me."

When diverging creeds shall learn  
Toward their central source to turn ;  
When contending churches tire  
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire ;  
Here let strife and clamour cease  
At that still, small voice of peace—  
"May they all united be  
In the Father and in Me."

When, as rolls the sacred year,  
Each fresh note of love we hear :  
When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,  
Full of grace Divine we scan ;  
When the mournful Way we tread,  
Where for us His blood He shed ;  
When on Easter morn we tell  
How He conquer'd Death and Hell ;  
When we watch His Spirit true  
Heaven and earth transform anew ;  
Then with quicken'd sense we see  
Why He said "Remember Me."

When in this Thanksgiving feast  
We would give to God our best,  
From the treasures of His might  
Seeking life and love and light ;  
Then, O friend of human kind,  
Make us true and firm of mind,  
Pure of heart, and spirit free—  
Thus may we remember Thee.

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## A LAYMAN'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

As other men have creeds, so I have mine,  
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,  
And in the angels ministrant between ;  
I hold to one true church of all true souls,  
Whose churchly seal is neither bread, nor wine,  
Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,—  
But only the anointing of God's grace.

I hate all kings and caste and rank of birth,—  
For all the sons of men are sons of God ;  
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born,  
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor Czar a crown  
That makes him more or less than just a man.

I love my country and her righteous cause,  
So dare I not keep silent of her sin ;  
And after freedom may her bells ring Peace !

I love one woman with a holy fire,  
Whom I revere as priestess of my house.  
I stand with wondering awe before my babes  
Till they rebuke me to a nobler life.  
I keep a faithful friendship with my friend,  
Whom loyally I serve before myself.

I lock my lips too close to speak a lie ;  
I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe ;  
I owe no man a debt I cannot pay,  
Save only of the love men ought to owe.

Withal, each day, before the blessed Heaven  
I open wide the chambers of my soul  
And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

Thus reads the fair confession of my faith,  
So crossed with contradictions by my life,  
That now may God forgive the written lie !  
Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,  
I face two worlds, and fear not life nor death.  
O Father, lead me by Thy hand ! Amen.

## WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

“I’m goin’ to die,” says the Widder Green,  
“I’m goin’ to quit this earthly scene ;  
It ain’t no place for me to stay  
In such a world as ’tis to-day  
Such works and ways is too much for me.  
Nobody can’t let nobody be,  
The girls is flounced from top to toe,  
An’ that’s the hull o’ what they know,  
The men is mad on bonds an’ stocks,  
Swearin’ an’ shootin’ an’ pickin’ locks,  
I’m real afraid I’ll be hanged myself  
Ef I ain’t laid on my final shelf.  
There ain’t a creature but knows to-day  
I never was lunatic any way,  
But since crazy folks all go free  
I’m dreadful afraid they’ll hang up me.  
There’s another matter that’s pesky hard—  
I can’t go into a neighbour’s yard  
To say ‘ How be you ? ’ or borrow a pin  
But what the paper’ll have it in,  
We’re pleased to say the Widder Green  
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,  
Or ‘ Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone  
Down to Barkhamstead to see her son.’  
Great Jerusalem ? can’t I stir  
Without a risin’ some feller’s fur ?

There ain't no privacy,—so to say,  
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.  
And as for meetin'—I want to swear  
Whenever I put my head in there—  
Why even Old Hundred's spiled and done,  
Like everything else under the sun ;  
It used to be so solemn and slow,  
Praise to the Lord from men below—  
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,  
High diddle diddle ! there and here.  
No respect to the Lord above,  
No more'n ef he was hand and glove  
With all the creeturs he ever made,  
And all the jigs that ever was played.  
Preachin', too,—but here I'm dumb,  
But I tell you what ! I'd like it some  
Ef good oid Parson, Nathan Strong,  
Out o' his grave would come along,  
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—  
Judgment an' Justice is my desire.  
'Taint all love an' sickish sweet  
That makes this world nor t'other complete.  
But law ! I'm old ! I'd better be dead  
When the world's a turnin' over my head ;  
Sperits talkin' like 'tarnal fools.  
Bibles kicked out o' deestric schools,  
Crazy creeturs a murderin' round—  
Honest folks better be under ground.  
So fare-ye-well ! this airthly scene  
Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

## THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

READ BY J. M. BELLEW.

The fettered spirits, *linger*  
In purgatorial pain,  
With penal fires effacing  
Their last faint earthly stain,  
Which Life's imperfect sorrow  
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet, on each feast of Mary,  
Their sorrow finds release,  
For the Great Archangel Michael  
Comes down and bids it cease ;  
And the name of these brief respites  
Is called " Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend—  
When the Archangel came,  
And all these holy spirits  
Rejoiced at Mary's name,  
One voice alone was wailing,  
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum  
The happy echoes woke,

This one discordant wailing  
 Through the sweet voices broke :  
 So when St. Michael questioned,  
 Thus the poor spirit spoke :

“ I am not cold or thankless,  
 Although I still complain ;  
 I prize our Lady's blessing,  
 Although it comes in vain  
 To still my bitter anguish,  
 Or quench my ceaseless pain.

“ On earth a heart that loved me  
 (1) Still *lives* | and *mourns* me there,  
 And the shadow of his anguish  
 Is *more* | than I can bear ;  
 All the *torment* that I suffer  
 Is the thought of *his* despair.

“ The evening of my bridal,  
 Death took my life away ;  
 Not all love's passionate pleading  
 Could gain an hour's delay,  
 And he I left has suffered  
 (2) A *whole year* | since that day.

“ If I could only *see* him—  
 If I could only go  
 And speak *one* word of *comfort*

---

(1) Pathos and ferv  
 (2) Emphasis



And *solace*—then I know  
 He would endure with patience,  
 And strive | *against* his woe.”

Thus the Archangel answered :  
 “ Your time of pain is *brief*,  
 And soon the peace of Heaven  
 Will give you full relief ;  
 Yet if his earthly comfort  
 So much outweighs you grief,

“ Then, through a special mercy  
 I offer you this grace—  
 You may seek him who mourns you,  
 And look upon his face,  
 (1) And speak to him of comfort  
 For one short minute's space.

“ But—when that time is ended,  
 Return here, and remain  
 A *thousand* years in torment,  
 A *thousand* years in pain ;  
 Thus dearly must you purchase  
 The comfort | he will gain.”

\* \* \* \* \*

(2) The lime-trees' shade at evening  
 Is spreading broad and wide :  
 Beneath their fragrant arches,

---

(1) Solemnly.

(2) Change from solemn to gentle and cheerful.

Pace slowly, side by side,  
In low and tender converse,  
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,  
No other sound is there  
Except their happy voices ;  
(1) What is that cold bleak air  
That passes through the lime-trees  
And stirs the Bridegroom's hair

(2) While one *low cry* of anguish,  
Like the last dying wail  
Of some dumb, hunted creature,  
Is borne upon the gale—  
Why does the Bridegroom *shudder*  
And turn so *deathly pale* ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Near Purgatory's entrance  
The radiant Angels wait ;  
It was the great St. Michael  
Who closed that gloomy gate,  
When the poor wandering spirit  
Came back to meet her fate.

“ Pass on,” thus spoke the Angel ;  
“ Heaven's joy is deep and vast ;  
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,  
For Heaven is yours at last ;  
In that *one* | MINUTE'S anguish  
Your thousand years have PASSED.

---

(1) Start with expression of terror.

(2) Rise in pitch to express pity and terror.

## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Although I enter not  
 Yet round about the spot  
     Ofttimes I hover ;  
 And near the sacred gate,  
 With longing eyes I wait,  
     Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
 Above the city's rout,  
     And noise and humming.  
 They've hushed the minster bell ;  
 The organ 'gins to swell :  
     She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last,  
 Timid, and stepping fast,  
     And hastening hither,  
 With modest eyes downcast ;  
 She comes—she's here, she's past !  
     May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !  
 Pour out your praise or plaint  
     Meekly and duly ;

I will not enter there,  
To sully your pure prayer  
    With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place.  
    Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits, who wait,  
And see, through Heaven's gate,  
    Angels within it.

---

## TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN.

BY NORA PERRY.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied her raven ringlets in ;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill ;  
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy peach-colored face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
 Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
 All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
 That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
 Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
 Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill ;  
 Madder, merrier, chiller still  
 The western wind blew down, and played  
 The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
 As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
 She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
 To play such tricks with her floating hair ?  
 Too gladly, gleefully do your best  
 To blow her against the young man's breast,  
 Where he as gladly folded her in,  
 And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin ?

Ah ! Ellery Vane, you little thought,  
 An hour ago, when you besought  
 This country lass to walk with you  
 After the sun had dried the dew,  
 What perilous danger you'd be in,  
 As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

## VERGISS-MEIN-NICHT.

BY CHARLES MILWARD.

THE TRUE LEGEND OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

[The beautiful little flower so widely known under the name of "Forget-me-not" is said to have derived its appellation from the following German tradition: "Two lovers were sauntering along the banks of a river, when the maiden's attention was attracted by a cluster of strange-looking flowers floating on the surface of the stream. The youth, perceiving the object on which the maiden's gaze appeared to be riveted as by a spell, immediately plunged into the water, and secured the floral treasure; but finding himself unable to regain the bank, he flung the flowers to the feet of his mistress, and, as the waters closed over him for ever, fondly murmured, 'Vergiss-mein-nicht,' 'Forget me not.']

In notes of manly pathos sang  
 A gallant son of Fatherland,  
 As with his heart's fond love he stroll'd  
 Upon a river's golden strand:  
 "When to the distant lands I go,  
 In freedom's cause to fire a shot,  
 Will thou sweet heart, love, still be mine?  
 Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not."

"By yonder darkening clouds, which hide  
 The distant spot where lurks the moon;  
 By thoughts of all the songs you sing—  
 Of each I now forget the tune;  
 By all the promises you made,  
 And all your vows upon this spot;

In life, or death, we're *one*, I swear.  
 Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not."

"O, dat ish good," thus sang the youth,  
 "And sprachen like mine own true vrow ;  
 The signal now mine comrades shoot,  
 So, dearest, I must make mine bow.  
 Those pearl-drops from thine eyelids wipe,  
 Thus from thy face the tears I blot :  
 Cheer up, mine lovely ! One last kiss—  
 Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not."

Whilst thus their parting was delay'd,  
 The maiden's tearful eye espied  
 A modest flower of rarest worth  
 As it was floating down the tide.  
 "O, What a beauty ! Look ! Pray *don't* !  
 You swim no better than a shot."  
 But in he jump'd, and gobbled out,  
 "Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not !"

"Why from the bottom don't you come ?  
 Why do you stay so long below ?"  
 But a gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,  
 Only mock'd the maiden's woe.  
 Wringing then her hands in sorrow  
 For her lover's cruel lot,  
 In she tumbled—p'rhaps she found him ;  
 O'er them floats "Forget me not."

## THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

(Read by Mr. Vandenhoff.)

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,  
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure ;  
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day  
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks  
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,  
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends.  
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from  
friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all crack'd),  
Old rickety tables and chairs broken-back'd ;  
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see ;  
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.



No better divan need the Sultan require,  
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;  
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get  
From the ticky, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;  
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;  
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn ;  
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the  
chimes,  
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old  
times ;  
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,  
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,  
There's one that I love and I cherish the best ;  
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair  
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten  
seat,  
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;  
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have pass' d through your wither' d old  
arms !

I look' d, and I long' d, and I wish' d in despair—  
I wish' d myself turn' d to a cane-bottom' d chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,  
She' d a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face !  
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there, and bloom' d in my cane-bottom' d  
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;  
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,  
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom' d chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom' d chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom' d chair.

## THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

“Who bids for the little children,  
Body, and soul, and brain?  
Who bids for the little children,  
Young, and without a stain?  
Will no one bid?” said England,  
“For their souls, so pure and white?  
And fit for all good and evil,  
The world on their page may write?”

“We bid,” said Pest and Famine,  
“We bid for life and limb;  
Fever, and pain, and squalor,  
Their bright young eyes shall dim.  
When the children grow too many,  
We’ll nurse them as our own,  
And hide them in secret places,  
Where *none* may hear their moan.”

“I bid,” said Beggary, *howling*,  
“I bid for them one and all!  
I’ll teach them a thousand lessons,  
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!

They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,  
 They shall rot in the fair sunshine,  
 And if they serve *my* purpose,  
 I hope they 'll answer *thine*."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"  
 Said Crime, with a wolfish grin,  
 "For I love to lead the children  
 Through the pleasant paths of sin.  
 They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer.  
 They shall plague the broad highway,  
 Till they grow too old for pity,  
 And ripe for the law to slay.

"Prison, and hulk, and gallows,  
 Are many in the land ;  
 'Twere folly not to use them,  
 So proudly as they stand.  
 Give me the little children,  
 I'll take them as they 're born,  
 And feed their evil passions  
 With misery and scorn.

"Give me the little children,  
 Ye rich, ye good, ye wise,  
 And let the busy world spin round,  
 While ye shut your idle eyes ;  
 And your judges shall have work,  
 And your lawyers wag the tongue,  
 And the jailers and policemen  
 Shall be fathers to the young."

" Oh ! shame," said true Religion,  
 " Oh ! shame that this should be !  
 I 'll take the little children—  
 Oh ! give them ALL to me !  
 I 'll raise them up in kindness,  
 From the mire in which they 've trod ;  
 I 'll teach them words of blessing,  
 And lead them up to God."

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## CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

G. W. BEAGAY.

(Read by Mrs. Scott Siddons.)

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells !  
 Each one its creed in music tells,  
 In tones that float upon the air,  
 As soft as song, and pure as prayer ;  
 And I will put in simple rhyme  
 The language of the golden chime.  
 My happy heart with rapture swells  
 Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

(1) " In deeds of love excel—excel,"  
 Chimed out from ivied towers a bell ;

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(1) This line is to be sung like a chime of bells ; the second line is only read, but the succeeding five lines to " excel " should again be chimed, varying the chimings on each two lines. If the reader can not sing the chimings, the lines may be read in a pure high tone.

“ This is the church not built on sands,  
 Emblem of one not built with hands ;  
 Its forms and sacred rites revere,  
 Come worship here—come worship here ;  
 In rituals and faith excel,”  
 Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

(1) “ Oh, heed the ancient *landmarks well*,”  
 In solemn tones exclaimed a bell ;  
 “ No progress made by mortal *man*  
 Can *change* the just, eternal *plan*.  
 Do not invoke the avenging rod ;  
 Come here, and learn the way to God.  
 Say to the world *farewell ! farewell !*”  
 Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

(2) “ Oh swell, ye cleansing waters, *swell*,”  
 In mellow tones rang out a bell ;  
 “ Though faith alone in Christ can *save* ;  
 Man must be plunged beneath the *wave*,  
 To show the world unfaltering faith  
 In what the sacred Scripture saith.

(3) Oh *swell*, ye rising waters, *swell*,”  
 Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

(4) “ Not faith alone, but works as well,  
 Must test the soul,” said a soft bell ;

(1) Read in imitation of the tolling of a bell deep and slow. Dwell on the Italic words like a pealing bell.

(2) Read like No. 2, but higher pitch.

(3) Rise higher on this line and chant “swell.”

(4) Same as No. 3, but softer tone. Swell with greater power on “Do well.” &c, giving a chanting tone to “swell.”

“Come here, and cast aside your load,  
 And work your way along the road,  
 With faith in God, and faith in man,  
 And hope in Christ, where hope began :  
 Do well—do well—do well—do well.”  
 Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

(1) “In after life there is no hell,”  
 In rapture rang a cheerful bell ;  
 Look up to Heaven this holy day,  
 Where angels wait to lead the way.  
 There are no fires, no fiends to blight  
 The future life : be just and right.  
 No hell—no hell—no hell—no hell,”  
 Rang out the Universalists bell.

(2) “To all the truth we tell—we tell,”  
 Shouted, in ecstasies, a bell ;  
 “Come, all ye weary wanders, see !  
 Our Lord has made salvation free.  
 Repent ! Believe ! have faith ! and then  
 Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.  
 Salvation’s free we tell—we tell,”  
 Shouted the Methodistic bell.

(1) Loud and clear toll of a bell, chanting “No hell,” &c., in a high, triumphant tone.

(2) Chant loud and clear. Rise higher on “Come all,” &c., Chant loud and rapid “Repent,” &c. The last line is to be read.

## AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY HOOD.

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is,  
With his cheerless house and his rueful phiz ;  
On a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow,  
And when all the earth is covered with snow,  
When his fire is out, and in shivering dread,  
He slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed ;  
                  How he draws up his toes,  
                  All encased in yarn hose,  
                  May not chance to get froze !  
Then he puffs and he blows, and he says that he knows,  
No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes.  
                  And with Ah's and with Oh's  
                  With his limbs to dispose,  
So that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze,  
To his slumber's in silence the bachelor goes.  
In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun is just  
    rose,  
                  From beneath the bedclothes  
                  Pops the bachelor's nose,  
And, as you may suppose, when he hears how the wind  
    blows,  
                  Sees the windows all froze,  
Why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's  
    nose ;  
For full well he knows, if from that bed he rose  
To put on his clothes, that he 'd surely be froze.



## THE TREASURE OF HOPE.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

O fair bird, singing in the woods,  
To the rising and the setting sun,  
Does ever any throb of pain  
Thrill through thee ere thy song be done :  
Because the summer fleets so fast ;  
Because the autumn fades so soon ;  
Because the deadly winter treads  
So closely on the steps of June ?

O sweet maid, opening like a rose  
In Love's mysterious, honeyed air,  
Dost think sometimes the day will come  
When thou shalt be no longer fair :  
When Love will leave thee and pass on  
To younger and to brighter eyes ;  
And thou shalt live unloved, alone,  
A dull life, only dowered with sighs ?

O brave youth, panting for the fight,  
To conquer wrong and win thee fame,  
Dost see thyself grown old and spent,  
And thine a still unhonoured name :

When all thy hopes have come to naught,  
 And all thy fair schemes droop and pine ;  
**And Wrong still lifts her hydra heads**  
**To fall to stronger arms than thine ?**

Nay ; song and love and lofty aims  
 May never be where faith is not ;  
 Strong souls within the present live ;  
 The future veiled,—the past forgot  
 Grasping what is, with hands of steel,  
 They bend what shall be, to their will ;  
 And blind alike to doubt and dread,  
**The End, for which they are, fulfil.**

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### DEAR LITTLE HAND.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

Dear little hand that clasps my own,  
 Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife ;  
 Pink little fingers not yet grown  
 To the poor strength of after-life,—  
**Dear little hand !**

Dear little eyes which smile on mine  
 With the first peep of morning light ;  
 Now April-wet with tears, or fine  
 With dews of pity, or laughing bright.  
**Dear little eyes !**

Dear little voice, whose broken speech  
 All eloquent utterance can transcend  
 Sweet childish wisdom strong to reach  
 A holier deep than love or friend :  
 Dear little voice !

Dear little life ! my care to keep  
 From every spot and stain of sin :  
 Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,  
 To struggle and—which ? to fall or win ?  
 Dread mystical life !

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FINE BROWN STOUT.

A Brewer in a country town  
 Had got a monstrous reputation ;  
 No other beer but his went down.  
 The hosts of the surrounding station  
 Carved its great name upon their mugs,  
 And painted it on every shutter ;  
 And tho' some envious folks would utter  
 Hints that its flavour came from drugs,  
 Others maintained 'twas no such matter,  
 But owing to his monstrous vat,  
 At least as corpulent as that  
 At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,  
 An honest fellow,  
 But one who had an ugly knack  
 Of tasting samples as he brewed.  
 Till he was stupified and mellow.  
 One-day, in his top-heavy mood,  
 Having to cross the vat aforesaid  
 (Just then with boiling beer supplied),  
 O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he  
 Reeled, fell in, and nothing more said,  
 But in his favourite liquor died,  
 Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about  
 The negro absentee was sought,  
 But as no human noddle thought  
 That our fat black was now brown stout,  
 They settled that the rogue had left  
 The place for debt, or crime, or theft,  
 Meanwhile, the beer was, day by day,  
 Drawn into casks and sent away,  
 Until the lees flowed thick and thicker ;  
 When lo ! outstretched upon the ground,  
 Once more their missing friend they found,  
 As they had often done in liquor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning a publican, whose tap  
 Had helped to drain the vat so dry,  
 Not having heard of the mishap,  
 Came to demand a fresh supply—

Protesting loudly that the last  
 All previous specimens surpassed,  
 Possessing a much richer gusto  
 Than formerly it ever used to,  
 And begging as a special favour  
 Some more of the exact same flavour.

“Zounds!” said the brewer, “that’s a task  
 More difficult to grant than ask;  
 Most gladly would I give the smack  
 Of the last beer to the ensuing,  
 But where am I to find a black  
 And boil him down at every brewing?”

---

MADNESS.

A wanderer stood by a rapid stream  
 When a scroll unto him was brought;  
 ’Twas a father’s message of love, addrest  
 To one whose childhood his care had blest,  
 ’Twas an offer of pardon, peace and rest;—  
 But the prodigal whom he sought,  
 Only flung the scroll from the river’s brink,  
 And watched it slowly and slowly sink,  
 Oh! madman, to break love’s golden link!

On a hill stood a poor wayfaring man,  
 When a parchment to him was given  
 By which he was proved the rightful heir  
 To all the broad regions before him there,

The wooded valleys, and meadows fair,  
Bounded but by the arch of heaven.  
But with reckless hand he the parchment tore,  
And the breezes afar the fragments bore ;  
Oh ! madman, that wealth can be thine no more !

A doomed man crouched o'er his prison fire,  
His heart for his fate he steeled ;  
Already he heard the castle bell  
Boom drearily forth his dying knell,  
When his eye on a royal writing fell ;  
'Twas his pardon, signed and sealed !  
But he flung the pardon into the flame,  
And so went forth to a death of shame !  
Oh ! madman, well hast thou earned the name !

Such madmen amongst us live and dwell,  
Such madmen amongst us die ;  
A father's message is heard—forgot ;  
A treasure offered—accepted not ;  
Men wildly prefer the demon's lot,  
To freedom and life on high !  
A king's free pardon—a parent's stay,  
Infinite wealth may be theirs to-day,  
Oh ! madmen, to cast them all away !

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

## THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read  
A volume of the Law, in which it said,  
"No man shall look upon my face and live."  
And as he read, he prayed that God would give  
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye  
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,  
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,  
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,  
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.  
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,  
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.  
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"  
The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near  
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,  
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."  
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes  
First look upon my place in Paradise."  
Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."  
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,  
And rising, and uplifting his grey head,

"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,  
 "Lest thou should'st fall upon me by the way."  
 The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,  
 Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,  
 And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,  
 Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,  
 Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord  
 The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,  
 And through the streets there swept a sudden breath  
 Of something there unknown, which men call death.  
 Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,  
 "Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,  
 "No! in the name of God, whom I adore,  
 I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,  
 See what the son of Levi here has done!  
 The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,  
 And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"  
 The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;  
 Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?  
 Let him remain; for he with mortal eye  
 Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death  
 Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,  
 "Give back the sword, and let me go my way."  
 Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!  
 Anguish enough already has it caused



Among the sons of men." And while he paused  
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord  
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"  
The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;  
Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,  
No human eye shall look on it again;  
But when thou takest away the souls of men,  
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,  
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,  
And walks on earth unseen for evermore.

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## C H I L D H O O D .

BY LONGFELLOW.

There was a time when I was very small,  
When my whole frame was but an ell in height,  
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee;  
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,  
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,  
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;  
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,  
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,  
And thought, "O, were I on that island there,  
I could find out of what the moon is made,  
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun through western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,  
And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,  
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,  
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:  
"O Gentle God! O, let me strive alway  
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother  
And for my sister, and for all the town;  
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,  
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,  
All the gladness, all the peace I knew!  
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—  
God! may I never, never, lose that too!

## THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LONGFELLOW.

There sat one day in quiet,  
By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
Four hale and hearty fellows,  
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,  
Around the rustic board ;  
Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,  
A Swabian raised his hand,  
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,  
" Long live the Swabian land !

" The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with that compare ;  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens there."

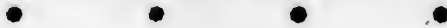
" Ha ! " cried a Saxon, laughing,—  
And dashed his beard with wine ;

“ I had rather live in Lapland,  
Than that Swabian land of thine !

“ The goodliest land on all this earth,  
It is the Saxon land !  
There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand ! ”

“ Hold your tongue ! both Swabian and Saxon ! ”  
A bold Bohemian cries ;  
“ If there's a heaven upon this earth,  
In Bohemia it lies.

“ There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,  
And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn.”



And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,  
And said, “ Ye may no more contend,—  
*There* lies the happiest land ! ”

## THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

BY ROBERT LOWELL.

Oh that last day in Lucknow fort !  
We knew that it was the last,  
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,  
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to the foe meant worse than death,  
And the men and we all worked on ;  
It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
A fair, young, gentle thing,  
Wasted with fever in the siege,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee ;  
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she  
said,  
"Oh ! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine shade,  
When the house dog sprawls by the half-open door,  
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke, and roar, and powder stench,  
 And hopeless waiting for death ;  
 But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,  
 Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had a dream  
 Of an English village lane  
 And wall and garden—till a sudden scream  
 Brought me back to the rear again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,  
 And then a broad gladness broke  
 All over her face, and she took my hand,  
 And drew me near and spoke :

“ The Highlanders ! Oh ! dinna ye hear  
 The slogan far awa ?  
 The McGregor's ? Ah ! I ken it weel ;  
 It is the grandest of them a'.

“ God bless the bonny Highlanders ;  
 We're saved ! we're saved ! ” she cried ;  
 And fell on her knees, and thanks to God  
 Poured forth, like a full-flood tide.

Along the battery line her cry  
 Had fallen among the men ;  
 And they started ; for they were to die :  
 Was life so near them then ?

They listened for life, and the rattling fire  
Far off, and the far off roar  
Were all,—and the colonel shook his head,  
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, “The slogan’s dune,  
But can ye no hear them noo?  
The Campbells are comin! It’s nae a dream,  
Our succors hae broken through!”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
But the pipers we could not hear;  
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,  
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long erè it must be heard,  
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;  
It was no noise of the strife afar,  
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipe of the Highlanders,  
And now they played “Auld Lang Syne,”  
It came to our men like the voice of God;  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each others’ hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
And every one knelt down where we stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them in,  
 Our men put Jessie first ;  
 And the General took her hand ; and cheers  
 From the men like a volley burst.

And the piper a' ribbons and tartan streamed,  
 Marching round and round our line ;  
 And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,  
 And the pipers played "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

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## WHITER THAN SNOW.

BY WATSON.

Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
 Filling the sky and earth below,  
 Over the housetops, over the street,  
 Over the heads of the people you meet,  
     Dancing,  
         Flirting,  
             Skimming along ;  
 Beautiful snow ! it can do no wrong,  
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,  
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,  
 Beautiful snow from the heavens above  
 Pure as an angel, gentle as love !



Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow !  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go ;  
Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,  
Laughing,  
Hurrying by ;

It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye ;  
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow !

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song !  
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,  
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye

Ringing,  
Swinging,  
Dashing they go

Over the crest of the beautiful snow ;  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,  
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,  
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow ;

Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
 Flattered and sought for the charms of my face

Father,

Mother,

Sisters all,

God, and myself, I have lost by my fall ;  
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
 Will make a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh.  
 For all that is on or about me, I know  
 There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !  
 How strange it would be, when the night comes again,  
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain !

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone.

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan  
 To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
 Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down ;  
 To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,  
 Sinner, despair not ! Christ stoopeth low  
 To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,  
 And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning,  
 Bleeding,  
 Dying for thee,

The Crucified hung on the accursed tree !  
 His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear.

“ Is there mercy for me ? Will he heed my weak  
 prayer ?

“ O God ! in the stream that for sinners did flow,  
 Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow !”

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## HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

One of the “ Nine Stories of China.”

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A beautiful maiden was little Min-Ne,  
 Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke ;  
 Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,  
 And her nose was flat as flat could be ;  
 And never were seen such beautiful eyes,  
 Two almond-kernels in shape and size,  
 Set in a couple of slanting gashes,  
 And not in the least disfigured by lashes ;  
     And then such feet ;  
     You'd scarcely meet  
 In the longest walk through the grandest street  
     (And you might go seeking  
     From Nanking to Peking)  
 A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps  
Mere pedal lumps,  
That toddle along with the funniest thumps,  
In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.  
It seems but a trifle to make such a boast of it ;  
But how they *will* dress it,  
And bandage and press it,  
By making the least, to make the most of it !  
As you may suppose,  
She had plenty of beaux  
Bowling around her beautiful toes,  
Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose  
In rapturous verse and elegant prose !  
She had lots of lovers, old and young ;  
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,  
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,  
Musical Sing, and, the rest among,  
Great Hang-yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk 'd, and bow 'd,  
None could please her of all the crowd ;  
Lung and Tung she thought too loud ;  
Opulent Tin was much too proud ;  
Lofty Long was quite too tall ;  
Musical Sing sung very small ;  
And, most remarkable freak of all,  
Of great Hung-yu the lady made game,  
And Yu-be-Hung she mock 'd the same,  
By echoing back his ugly name !

But the hardest heart is doom 'd to melt ;  
Love is a passion that will be felt ;

And just when scandal was making free  
To hint "What a pretty old maid she'd be,"

Little Min-ne,  
Who but she?

Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt  
A man, I must own, of bad reputation,  
And low in purse though high in station—  
A sort of Imperial poor relation,  
Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin  
Multiplied by a hundred dozen ;  
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,  
Had a pension clear  
Of three pounds a year,  
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt !

And gallant Ho-Ho  
Could really show

A handsome face, as faces go  
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,  
The finest flowers of beauty grow,  
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,  
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,  
And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—  
(Truth is mighty and will prevail !)  
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause  
Under the Emperor's chancery laws !

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne  
The men declared they couldn't see :  
But all the ladies, over their tea,  
In this one point were known to agree :

*Four gifts* were sent to aid his plea ;  
 A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,  
 A box of tea and a poodle dog ;  
 And a painted heart that was all a-flame,  
 And bore, in blood, the lover's name.  
 Ah ! how could presents pretty as these  
 A delicate lady fail to please ?  
 She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,  
 And drank the tea, and ate the dog,  
 And kept the heart—and that 's the way  
 The match was made, the gossips say.

I can 't describe the wedding-day,  
 Which fell in the lovely month of May ;  
 Nor stop to tell of the honey-moon,  
 And how it vanish 'd all too soon ;  
 Alas ! that I the truth must speak.  
 And say that in the fourteenth week,  
 Soon as the wedding guests were gone,  
 And their wedding suits began to doñ,  
 Min-Ne was weeping and " taking on,"  
 For *he* had been trying " to take her off."

Six wives before he had sent to heaven,  
 And being partial to number " seven,"  
 He wish 'd to add his latest pet  
 Just, perhaps to make up the set !  
 Mayhap the rascal found a cause  
 Of discontent in a certain clause  
 in the Emperor's very liberal laws,

Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,  
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed ;  
And if in his turn he marry a score,  
With every wife six hundred more.

First, he tried to murder Min-Ne  
With a special cup of poison 'd tea,  
But the lady smelling a mortal foe,  
Cried, " Ho-Ho !  
I 'm very fond of mild Souchong,  
But you, my love, you make it too strong."

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,  
Contrived the most consummate plan  
Invented since the world began ;  
He went and got him a savage dog,  
Who 'd eat a woman as soon as a frog ;  
Kept him a day without any prog.  
Then shut him up in an iron bin,  
Slipp 'd the bolt and lock 'd him in ;  
Then, bringing the key  
To poor Min-Ne,  
Said, " Love, there 's something you *mustn't* see  
In the chest beneath the orange tree."

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor mangled Min-Ne ! with her latest breath  
She told her father the cause of her death ;  
And so it reach 'd the Emperor's ear,  
And his highness said, " It is very clear

Ho-Ho has committed a murder here !”  
 And he doom 'd Ho-Ho to end his life  
 By the terrible dog that kill 'd his wife ;  
 But in mercy (let his praise be sung !)  
 His thirteen brothers were merely hung,  
 And his slaves bamboo 'd in the mildest way  
 For a calendar month three times a day.  
 And that 's the way that justice dealt  
 With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt !

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## IMMORTALITY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Foil'd by our fellow men, depressed, outworn,  
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,  
 And *Patience, in another life*, we say,  
*The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne !*  
 And will not then the immortal armies scorn  
 The world's poor routed leavings ; or will they,  
 Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,  
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn ?  
 No, no ! the energy of life may be  
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun ;  
 And he who flagg'd not in the early strife,  
 From strength to strength advancing—only he,  
 His soul well knit, and all his battles won,  
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.



THE WIDOW MALONE,  
OR THE  
WAGER AND THE BALL.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

I was sitting at breakfast with Webber, a few mornings after the mess dinner I have spoken of, when Power came in hastily.

“Ha, the very man!” said he. “I say, O’Malley, here’s an invitation for you from Sir George to dine on Friday. He desired me to say a thousand civil things about his not having made you out, regrets that he was not at home when you called yesterday, and all that. By Jove, I know nothing like the favour you stand in; and as for Miss Dashwood, faith! the fair Lucy blushed, and tore her glove in most approved style, when the old General began his laudation of you.”

“Pooh! nonsense,” said I; “that silly affair in the west.”

“Oh, very probably; there’s reason the less for your looking so excessively conscious. But I must tell you, in all fairness, that you have no chance; nothing short of a dragoon will go down.”

“Be assured,” said I, somewhat nettled, “that my pretensions do not aspire to the fair Miss Dashwood.”

"*Tant mieux et tant pis, mon cher.* I wish to Heaven mine did ; and, by St. Patrick, if I only played the knight-errant half as gallantly as yourself, I would not relinquish my claim to the Secretary at War himself."

"What brought the General down to your wild regions?" inquired Webber.

"To contest the county."

"A bright thought, truly. When a man is looking for a seat, why not try a place where the law is occasionally heard of?"

"I'm sure I can give you no information on that head ; nor have I ever heard how Sir George came to learn that such a place as Galway existed."

"I believe I can enlighten you," said Power. "Lady Dashwood—rest her soul !—came west of the Shannon ; she had a large property somewhere in Mayo, and owned some hundred acres of swamp, with some thousand starving tenantry thereupon, that people dignified as an estate in Connaught. This first suggested to him the notion of setting up for the county ; probably supposing that the people who never paid in rent might like to do so in gratitude. How he was undeceived, O'Malley there can inform us. Indeed, I believe the worthy General, who was confoundedly hard up when he married, expected to have got a great fortune, and little anticipated the three Chancery suits he succeeded to, nor the rent-charges to his wife's relatives that made up the bulk of the dower. The only vestige of his unfortunate matrimonial connection is a correspondence kept up by a maiden sister of his late wife's with him. She insists upon claiming the

ties of kindred upon about twenty family eras during the year, when she regularly writes a most loving and ill-spelled epistle, containing the latest information from Mayo, with all particulars of the Macan family, of which she is a worthy member. To her certain hints of the acceptable nature of certain small remittances the poor General is never inattentive; but to the pleasing prospect of a visit in the flesh from Miss Judy Macan the good man is dead. In fact, nothing short, of being broke by a general court-marshal could at all complete his sensations of horror at such a stroke of fortune; and I am not certain, if choice were allowed him, that he would not prefer the latter."

"Then he has never yet seen her?" said Webber.

"Never," replied Power; "and he hopes to leave Ireland without that blessing, the prospect of which, however remote and unlikely, has, I know well, more than once terrified him since his arrival."

"I say, Power, and has your worthy General sent me a card for his ball?"

"Not through me, Master Frank."

"Well, now, I call that precious shabby, do you know. He asks O'Malley there from *my* chambers, and never notices the other man, the superior in the firm."

"But, Webber, Sir George must really be excused in this matter. He has a daughter, a most attractive, lovely daughter, just at that budding, unsuspecting age when the heart is most susceptible of impressions; and where, let me ask, could she run such a risk as in the chance of a casual meeting with the redoubted

lady-killer, Master Frank Webber? If he has not sought you out, then here be his apology."

"A very strong case certainly," said Frank; "but still had he confided his critical position to my honour and secrecy, he might have depended on me; now, having taken the other line——"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, he must abide the consequences. I'll make fierce love to Louisa; isn't that the name?"

"Well, be it so—to Lucy—talk the little girl into a most deplorable attachment for me."

"But how, may I ask, and when?"

"I'll begin at the ball, man."

"Why, I thought you said you were not going?"

"There you mistake seriously. I merely said that I had not been invited."

"Then, of course," said I, "Webber, you can't think of going, in any case, on *my* account."

"My very dear friend, I go entirely upon my own. I not only shall go, but I intend to have most particular notice and attention paid me. I shall be prime favourite with Sir George—kiss Lucy——"

"Come, come? this is too strong."

"What do you bet I don't? There, now, I'll give you a pony a-piece, I do. Do you say done?"

"That you kiss Miss Dashwood, and are not kicked down-stairs for your pains; are those the terms of your wager?" inquired Power.

"With all my heart. That I kiss Miss Dashwood, and am not kicked down-stairs for my pains."

"Then I say, done."

“And with you too, O'Malley?”

“I thank you,” said I, coldly; “I'm not disposed to make such a return for Sir George Dashwood's hospitality as to make an insult to his family the subject of a bet.”

“Why, man, what are you dreaming of? Miss Dashwood will not refuse my chaste salute. Come, Power, I will give you the other pony?”

“Agreed,” said he. “At the same time understand me distinctly—that I hold myself perfectly eligible to winning the wager by my own interference; for, if you do kiss her, by Jove! I'll perform the remainder of the compact.”

“So I understand the agreement,” said Webber, arranging his curls before the looking-glass. “Well, now, who's for Howth? the drag will be here in half an hour.”

“Not I,” said Power; “I must return to the barracks.”

“Nor I,” said I, “for I shall take this opportunity of leaving my card at Sir George Dashwood's.”

“I have won my fifty, however,” said Power, as we walked out in the courts.

“I am not quite certain——”

“Why, the dickens! he would not risk a broken head for that sum; besides, if he did, he loses the bet.”

“He's a precious keen fellow.”

“Let him be. In any case, I am determined to be on my guard here.”

So chatting, we strolled along to the Royal Hospital, when, having dropped my pasteboard, I returned to the college.

I have often dressed for a storming party with less of trepidation than I felt on the evening of Sir George Dashwood's ball. Since the eventful day of the election I had never seen Miss Dashwood ; therefore, as to what precise position I might occupy in her favour was a matter of great doubt in my mind, and great import to my happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our quadrille over, I was about to conduct her to a seat, when Sir George came hurriedly up, his face greatly flushed, and betraying every semblance of high excitement.

“ Dear papa, has anything occurred ? pray, what is it ? ” inquired she.

He smiled faintly, and replied, “ Nothing very serious, my dear, that I should alarm you in this way ; but, certainly, a more disagreeable *contretemps* could scarcely occur.”

“ Do tell me ; what can it be ? ”

“ Read this,” said he, presenting a very dirty-looking note, which bore the mark of a red wafer upon its outside.

Miss Dashwood unfolded the billet, and, after a moment's silence, instead of participating, as he expected, in her father's feeling of distress, burst out laughing, while she said, “ Why, really papa, I do not see why this should put you out much after all. Aunt may be somewhat of a character, as her note evinces, but after a few days——”

“ Nonsense, child ; there's nothing in this world I have such a dread of as that confounded woman—and to come at such a time ! ”



“When does she speak of paying her visit?”

“I knew you had not read the note,” said Sir George hastily; “she’s coming here to-night—is on her way this instant, perhaps. What is to be done? If she forces her way in here I shall go deranged outright. O’Malley, my boy, read this note, and you will not feel surprised if I appear in the humour you see me.”

I took the billet from the hands of Miss Dashwood, and read as follows :—

“DEAR BROTHER,—When this reaches your hand I’ll not be far off. I’m on my way up to town, to be under Dr. Dease for the ould complaint. Cowley mistakes my case entirely; he says it’s nothing but religion and wind. Father Magrath, who understands a good deal about females, thinks otherwise—but God knows who’s right. Expect me to tea, and, with love to Lucy, believe me yours, in haste.

“JUDITH MACAN.

“Let the sheets be well aired in my room; and if you have a spare bed, perhaps we could prevail upon Father Magrath to stop too.”

From the account Power had given me in the morning, I had no difficulty in guessing that the writer was the maiden sister of the late Lady Dashwood, for whose relationship Sir George had ever testified the greatest dread, even at the distance of two hundred miles, and for whom in any nearer intimacy he was in no wise prepared.

“I say, Lucy,” said he, “there’s only one thing to be done; if this horrid woman does arrive, let her

be shown to her room, and for the few days of her stay in town, we 'll neither see nor be seen by any one."

Without waiting for a reply, Sir George was turning away to give the necessary instructions, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the servant announced in his loudest voice, " Miss Macan."

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

No sooner had the servant pronounced the magical name of Miss Macan than all the company present seemed to stand still. The spell exercised over the luckless General seemed to have extended to his company, for it was with difficulty that any one could continue his train of conversation, while every eye was directed towards the door. About two steps in advance of the servant, who still stood do or in hand, was a tall, elderly lady, dressed in an antique brocade silk, with enormous flowers embroidered upon it. Her hair was powdered and turned back, in the fashion of fifty years before ; while her high-pointed and heeled shoes completed a costume that had not been seen for nearly a century. Her short, skinny arms were bare, and partly covered by a falling flower of old point lace, while on her hands she wore black silk mittens ; a pair of green spectacles scarcely dimmed the lustre of a most piercing pair of eyes, to whose effect a very palpable touch of rouge on the cheeks, certainly added brilliancy. There stood this most singular apparition, holding before her a fan about the size of a modern tea-tray, while at each repetition of her name by the servant she curtseyed deeply, bestowing the while upon the gay crowd before her a very



curious look of maidenly modesty at her solitary and unprotected position.

As no one had ever heard of the fair Judith save one or two of Sir George's most intimate friends, the greater part of the company were disposed to regard Miss Macan as some one who had mistaken the character of the invitation, and had come in a fancy dress. But this delusion was but momentary, as Sir George, armed with the courage of despair, forced his way through the crowd, and taking her hand affectionately, bid her welcome to Dublin. The fair Judy, at this, threw her arms about his neck, and saluted him with a hearty smack, that was heard all over the room.

“Where's Lucy, brother? let me embrace my little darling,” said the lady in an accent that told more of Miss Macan than a three-volume biography could have done. “There she is, I'm sure; kiss me, my honey.”

This office Miss Dashwood performed with an effort at courtesy really admirable; while, taking her aunt's arm she led her to a sofa.

It needed all the poor General's tact to get over the sensation of this most *mal à propos* addition to his party, but, by degrees, the various groups renewed their occupations, although many a smile, and more than one sarcastic glance at the sofa, betrayed that the maiden aunt had not escaped criticism.

Power, whose propensity for fun very considerably outstripped his sense of decorum to his commanding officer, had already made his way to Miss Dashwood,

and succeeded in obtaining a formal introduction to Miss Macan.

“ I hope you will do me the favour to dance next set with me, Miss Macan ? ”

“ Really Captain, it's very polite of you, but you must excuse me. I was never anything great in quadrilles, but if a reel or a jig——”

“ Oh, dear aunt, don't think of it, I beg of you ! ”

“ Or even Sir Roger de Coverley,” resumed Miss Macan.

“ I assure you, quite equally impossible.”

“ Then I'm certain you waltz,” said Power.

“ What do you take me for, young man ? I wish Father Magrath heard you ask me that question, and for all your laced jacket——”

“ Dearest aunt, Captain Power didn't mean to offend you ; I'm certain he——”

“ Well, why did he dare to—*sob, sob*—did he see anything light about me, that he—*sob, sob, sob*—oh, dear ! oh, dear ! is it for this that I came up from my little peaceful place in the west?—*sob, sob, sob*—General, George, dear ; Lucy, my love, I'm taken bad. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! is there any whiskey negus ? ”

Whatever sympathy Miss Macan's sufferings might have excited in the crowd about her before, this last question totally routed them, and a most hearty fit of laughter broke forth from more than one of the bystanders.

At length, however, she was comforted, and her pacification completely effected by Sir George setting her down to a whist-table.

\* \* \* \* \*

Resolving to wish Sir George a very good night, I sought him out for some minutes. At length I saw him in a corner, conversing with the old nobleman to whom he had presented me early in the evening.

“ True, upon my honour, Sir George,” said he ; “ I saw it myself, and she did it just as dexterously as the oldest blackleg in Paris.”

“ Why, you don ’t mean to say that she cheated ? ”

“ Yes, but I do though—turned the ace every time. Lady Herbert said to me, ‘ Very extraordinary it is—four by honours again.’ So I looked, and then I perceived it—a very old trick it is ; but she did it beautifully. What ’s her name ? ”

“ Some western name ; I forget it,” said the poor General, ready to die with shame.

“ Clever old woman, very ! ” said the old lord, taking a pinch of snuff ; “ but revokes too often.”

Supper was announced at this critical moment, and before I had further thought of my determination to escape, I felt myself hurried along in the crowd towards the staircase. The party immediately in front of me were Power and Miss Macan, who now appeared reconciled, and certainly testified most openly their mutual feelings of goodwill.

“ I say, Charley,” whispered Power, as I came along, “ it is capital fun—never met anything equal to her ; but the poor General will never live through it, and I ’m certain of ten days’ arrest for this night’s proceeding.”

“ Any news of Webber ? ” I inquired.

“ Oh, yes, I fancy I can tell something of him ; for I heard of some one presenting himself and being refused the *entree*, so that Master Frank has lost his money. Sit near us, I pray you, at supper. We must take care of the dear aunt for the niece's sake, eh ? ”

\* \* \* \* \*

I was deep in thought when a dialogue quite near me aroused me from my reverie. I was not long in detecting the speakers, who, with their backs turned to us, were seated at the great table, discussing a very liberal allowance of pigeon-pie, a flask of champagne standing between them.

“ Don 't, now ! dont 't, I tell ye ; it 's little ye know Galway, or ye wouldn't think to make up to me, squeezing my foot.”

“ Upon my soul you 're an angel, a regular angel. I never saw a woman suit my fancy before.”

“ Oh, behave now. Father Magrath says——”

“ Who 's he ? ”

“ The priest ; no less.”

“ Oh ! confound him.”

“ Confound Father Magrath, young man ? ”

“ Well, then, Judy, don't be angry ; I only meant that a dragoon knows rather more of these matters than a priest.”

“ Well, then, I 'm not so sure of that. But, anyhow, I'd have you to remember it ain't a Widow Malone you have beside you.”

“ Never heard of the lady,” said Power.

“ Sure, it 's a song—poor creature—it 's a song they made about her in the North Cork, when they were quartered down in our county.”

“I wish to heaven you 'd sing it.”

“What will you give me, then, if I do?”

“Anything—everything—my heart—my life.”

“I wouldn't give a trauneen for all o' them. Give me that old green ring on your finger then.”

“It's yours,” said Power, placing it gracefully upon Miss Macan's finger; “and now for your promise.”

“Maybe my brother might not like it.”

“He'd be delighted,” said Power; “he dotes on music.”

“Does he, now?”

“On my honour, he does.”

“Well, mind you get up a good chorus, for the song has one, and here it is.”

“Miss Macan's song!” said Power, tapping the table with his knife.

“Miss Macan's song!” was re-echoed on all sides; and before the luckless General could interfere she began.

### “THE WIDOW MALONE.”

“Did ye hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone  
Alone?

Oh! she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts,  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.

“Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more;

And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store ;
From the minister down  
To the clerk of the crown,  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !
All were courting the Widow Malone.

“ But so modest was Mrs. Malone,  
’Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone !
Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne’er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Wldow Malone,  
Ohone
So bashful the Widow Malone.

‘ Till one Mr. O’Brien from Clare,—  
How quare
It’s little for blushing they care  
Down there ;—
Put his arm round her waist,  
Gave ten kisses at laste,  
‘ Oh,’ says he, ‘ you’re my Molly Malone,  
My own ;’
‘ Oh,’ says he, ‘ you’re my Molly Malone.’

And the widow they all thought so shy,  
My eye !
Ne’er thought of a simper or sigh,  
For why ?
But ‘ Lucius,’ says she,  
‘ Since you’ve now made so free,  
You may marry your Mary Malone,  
Ohone !
You may marry your Mary Malone.’





Power pocketed the card, and the next minute Miss Macan's carriage was announced.

Sir George Dashwood, who little flattered himself that his fair guest had any intention of departure, became now most considerately attentive—reminded her of the necessity of muffling against the night air—hoped she would escape cold—and wished her a most cordial good night, with a promise of seeing her early the following day.

Notwithstanding Power's ambition to engross the attention of the lady, Sir George himself saw her to her carriage, and only returned to the room as a group was collecting around the gallant Captain, to whom he was relating some capital traits of his late conquest—for such he dreamed she was.

"Doubt it who will," said he, "she has invited me to call on her to-morrow—written her address on my card—told me the hour she is certain of being alone. See here!" At these words, he pulled forth the card, and handed it to Lechmere.

Scarcely were the eyes of the latter thrown upon the writing, when he said, "So, this isn't it. Power!"

"To be sure it is, man," said Power. "Anne Street is rather seedy—but that's the quarter."

"Why, confound it, man," said the other, "there's not a word of that here."

"Read it out," said Power. "Proclaim aloud my victory."

Thus urged, Lechmere read:—

"DEAR P.,—Please pay to my credit—and soon mark ye—the two ponies lost this evening. I have



done myself the pleasure of enjoying your ball, kissed the lady, quizzed the papa, and walked into the cunning Fred Power.—Yours.

“FRANK WEBBER.

“‘The Widow Malone, ohone!’ is at your service.”

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, his astonishment could not have equalled the result of this revelation. He stamped, swore, raved, laughed, and almost went deranged. The joke was soon spread through the room, and from Sir George to poor Lucy, now covered with blushes at her part in the transaction, all was laughter and astonishment.



## MY HEROINE—A TRUE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

I know a little maid—as sweet  
 As any seven years old child you’ll meet  
 In mansion grand or village street,  
     However charming they may be :  
 She’ll never know of this, in verse  
 When I her simple tale rehearse—  
 A cottage giri, made baby-nurse  
     Unto another baby.

Till then how constant she at school !  
 Her tiny hands of work how full !  
 And never careless, never dull,  
     As little scholars may be.  
 Her absence questioned, with cheek red  
 And gentle lifting of the head,  
 "Ma'am, I could not be spared." she said,  
     "I had to mind my baby."

Her baby, oft along the lane  
 She'd carry it with such sweet pain  
 On summer holidays—full fain  
     To let both work and play be.  
 But at the school hour told to start,  
 She'd turn with sad, divided heart  
 'Twixt scholar's wish and mother's part,  
     "I cannot leave my baby !"

One day at school came rumours dire—  
 "Lizzie has fallen in the fire ?"  
 And off in haste I went to inquire  
     With anxious fear o'erflowing :  
 For yester afternoon at prayer  
 My lit'       Lizzie's face did wear  
 Th'       ow comes it, whence or where ?—  
     Ten who are—going.

And       as if bound for flight  
 To say       prayers in angels' sight,  
 Poor L       lay—so wan, so white,  
     So s       idle seeming :

Her active hands now helpless bound,  
Her wild eyes wandering vaguely round,  
As up she started at each sound,  
Or slept, and moaned in dreaming.

Her mother gave the piteous tale ;  
How that child's courage did not fail,  
" Or else poor baby "—She stopped, pale,  
And shed tears without number ;  
Then told how at the fireside warm,  
Lizzie, with baby on her arm,  
Slipped--threw him from her--safe from harm,  
Then fell.—Here in her slumber

Lizzie shrieked, " Take him !" and uptossed  
Her poor burned hands, and seemed half lost ;  
Until a smile her features crossed  
As sweet as angels' may be  
" Yes, Ma'am "—she said, in feeble tones,  
" I'm ill, I know "—she hushed a moan—  
" But "—here a look a queen might own—  
" But, ma'am, I saved my baby !"

## THE DAUGHTER.

The old man sits beside the lock,  
Where all day drips the water ;  
The old wife, in her faded frock,  
Still knits and nods by the cottage-clock ;  
But, ah, the little daughter !  
I see no more her loving eyes,  
I hear no more her low replies—  
Alas, alas, the daughter !

At dawn the birds begin to sing,  
And o'er and o'er the water  
The swallow flits with winking wing ;  
The old folks wake with the waking Spring  
But, ah, the little daughter !  
No more to list the cuckoo's call  
She roams the woods of the Manor Hall—  
Alas, alas, the daughter !

Midsummer brought the young Earl back,  
The lord of wood and water  
He met her in the greenwood track—  
His eyes were wondrous bold and black—  
Ah me, the little daughter !  
He whispered, " Trust me, O my own !"  
She wept, " I live for thee alone !"  
Alas, alas, the daughter !

Slow moved the weary months to years,  
 All day dripped down the water ;  
 The father's heart was dull with fears,  
 The mother's eyes were dim with tears—  
 Ah me, the little daughter !  
 Who is it 'neath the city's glare,  
 Looks up with wild, bewildered stare ?—  
 Alas, alas, the daughter !

A night there came— a night of wroth—  
 The rain beat on the water,  
 The wind blew from the rushing North,  
 The cottage lights shone freely forth—  
 But, ah, the little daughter !  
 Low in the dripping lock she lies,  
 With tangled hair and altered eyes—  
 Alas, alas, the daughter !

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ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

One by one the sands are flowing,  
 One by one the moments fall ;  
 Some are coming, some are going ;  
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
 Let thy whole strength go to each,  
 Let no future dreams elate thee,  
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
 Joys are sent thee here below ;  
 Take them readily when given,  
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy grief shall meet thee,  
 Do not fear an armed band ;  
 One will fade as others greet thee,  
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;  
 See how small each moment's pain ;  
 God will help thee for to-morrow,  
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
 Has its task to do or bear ;  
 Luminous the crown, and holy,  
 If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
 Or for passing hours despond ;  
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
 Reaching heaven : but one by one  
 Take them, lest the chain be broken  
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

## VIRGINIA.—A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY MACAULAY.

Over the Alban mountains, the light of morning  
broke ;

From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the  
thin wreaths of smoke ;

The city gates were open ; the For'um, all alive  
With buyers and with sellers, was *humming* like a  
*hive* :

Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke  
was ri'nging,

And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was  
sing'ing ;

(1) And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her  
home—

(2) Ah ! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in  
Rome.

(3) With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel  
on her arm,

Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed  
of shame or harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with the stalls in  
alleys gay,

(1) High and cheerful tone.

(2) Deep and wailing tone.

(3) Higher tone, but soft and gentle expression.

And had just reached the very spot whereon I  
 stand this day,  
 When up the varlet Marcus came ; not such as  
 when, erewhile,  
 He crouched behind his patrol's heels, with the  
 true client smile :  
 He came with lowering forehead, swollen features,  
 and clenched fist,  
 And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her  
 by the wrist :  
 Hard strove the frightened maiden, and *screamed*  
 with look aghast—  
 And at her scream from right to left the folk came  
 running fast ;  
 And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such  
 a *blow*,  
 The caitiff *reeled* three paces back, and let the  
 maiden go :  
 Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled, in  
 harsh fell tone,  
 (4) "She's *mine*, and I will *have* her : I seek but for  
 mine *own*.  
 She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away  
 and sold,  
 The year of the sore sick'ness, ere she was twelve  
 hours old.  
 I wait on Appius Claudius ; I waited on his *sire* :  
 Let him who works the *client* wrong, beware the  
*pairon's ire !*"

---

(4) Fierce, harsh and deep tones, slow delivery.



—But ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the  
 maid,  
 Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and  
 shrieked for aid,  
 Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius  
 pressed,  
 And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote  
 upon his breast,  
 And beckoned to the people, and, in bold voice  
 and clear,  
 Poured thick and fast the burning words which  
 tyrants quake to hear.

- (5) “Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your  
 fathers' graves,  
 Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever *slaves* !  
 Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race | that stormed  
 the lion's den ?  
 Shall we, who could not brook *one* lord, crouch to  
 the wicked Ten ?  
 Oh, for that ancient *spirit* | which curbed the  
*Senate's* will !  
 Oh, for the *tents* | which in old time—*whitened* the  
 Sacred Hill !  
 In those brave days, our fathers stood firmly | side  
 by side ;  
 They faced the Marcian fury, they tamed the Fabian  
 pride :

---

(5) Animated, high pitch, pure orotund tones. Carefully observe the  
 pauses marked by dashes.

They drove the fiercest Quintius an *outcast* | forth  
from Rome ;

They sent the haughtiest Claudius | with shivered  
fasces home.

—But what their care bequeathed us, our *madness*  
flung away :

All the ripe fruit of three-score years | is *blighted*  
in a day.

*Exult*, ye proud Patricians ! the hard-fought fight  
is o'er :

We strove for honour—'twas in vain : for freedom  
—'tis no more.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down  
beneath your will :

(6) Rich'es, and lan'ds, and po'wer, and st'ate, ye *have*  
them—*keep* them still !

Heap heavier still the fetters ; bar closer still the  
grate ;

Patient as sh'EEP | we yield us up unto your *cruel*  
*hate* :—

(7) But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods  
above,

Add not unto your *cruel h'ate* | your yet *more cruel*  
*lo've* !

Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage  
springs

From *Consuls*, and high *Pontiffs*, and ancient Alban  
*Kings* ?

(6) Lower pitch, appealing tones.

(7) Rise in pitch and excitement.

Ladies, who deign not on our paths | to set their  
tender feet—

Who from their cars look down with *scorn* | upon  
the wondering street—

Who, in Corinthian mirrors, their own proud smiles  
behold,

And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with  
Spanish gold?

Then leave the poor Plebeian | his single tie to  
life—

(8) The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and  
of wife—

Spare us the inexpressible wrong, the unutterable  
shame,

That turns the coward's heart to *steel*, the sluggard's  
blood | to *flame*;

(9) Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our  
*despair*,

And learn, by *proof*, in some *wild hour*, how much  
the *wretched DARE!*"

\* \* \* \*

Straightway *Virginus* led the maid a little space  
aside,

To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up  
with horn and hide;

Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle  
down—

(8) Similar to No. 6.

(9) Assume sternness of tone and aspect, growing into high defiance to  
"dare."

(10) Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his  
 gown ;  
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat  
 began to swell,  
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Fare-  
 well, sweet child, farewell ! (11)  
 Oh ! how I *lov'ed* my *darling* ! Though stern I  
 sometimes be,  
 To *thee*, thou know'st, I was *not* so. Who *could*  
 be so to *thee* ?  
 And how my darling lovéd me ! How glad she  
 was to hear  
 My footstep on the threshold, when I came back  
 last year !  
 And how she danced with pleasure to see my  
 civic crown,  
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought  
 me forth my gown :  
 Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty  
 w'ays—  
 Thy needl'ework, thy pra'ttle, thy snatches of old  
 la'ys ;  
 And *none* will *grieve* when I go forth, or *smile*  
 when I return,  
 Or watch beside the *old* man's bed, or *weep* upon  
 his urn.  
 —The time is come ! *See*, how he points his eager  
 hand this way ! (12)

---

(10) Action and quick delivery.

(11) Deep, husky tones, full of tremor and feeling.

(12) Half whisper, radical stress.

See, how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's  
upon the prey.

(13) With all his wit he little deems, that, spurned,  
betrayed, bereft,

Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge  
l'eft.

He little deems, that in this hand | I clut'ch what  
still can save

Thy gentle youth from tau'nts and bl'ows, the  
portion of the sl'ave ;

Yea, and from *nameless e'vil*, that PASSETH taun't  
and bl'ow--

Foul *out'rage*, which thou *knowest* not, which thou  
shalt *never* kno'w !

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and  
give me one *more* | *kiss* ;

(14) And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no  
way—but—THIS !"

—With that he lifted high the steel, and *smote*  
her in the side,

(15) And in her *blood* | she sank to earth, and with  
one sob she died !

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he *shud-*  
*dered* and sank down,

And hid his face, some little space, with the corner  
of his gown,

Till, with white lips, and blood-shot eyes, Vir-  
ginius tottered nigh,

(13) Audible but deep tone, full of suppressed energy.

(14) Voice full of tremor. Pause at "way," and utter "this" with great force.

(15) Deep, expressive of extreme horror.

And stood before the judgment-seat, and held  
the knife on high :

(16) "Oh ! dwellers in the nether glo'om, aven'gers of  
the sl'ain,

By this *dear blood* | I cry to *you*, do *right* |  
between us twain ;

And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me  
and m'ine,

Deal thou by Appius Claudius, and all the Clau-  
dian line !"

He writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and  
then with steadfast feet,

Strode right across the market-place into the  
Sacred Street.

(17) Then up sprang Appius Claudius : "Stop him ;  
alive or dead !

Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who  
brings his head !"

He looked upon his clients—but none would  
work his will ;

He looked upon his lictors—but they trembled  
and stood still ;

(18) And, as Virginius through the press his way in  
silence cleft,

Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and  
left :

And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,  
And there ta'en horse to tell the Camp what *deeds*

are *done* in *Rome*.

(16) High pitch, excited and strongly asperated tones.

(17) Loud and bold to "head."

(18) Middle pitch and full of dignity to the end.

## HER LETTER.

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,  
Dressed just as I came from the dance,  
In a robe even *you* would admire—  
It cost a cool thousand in France ;  
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,  
My hair is done up in a cue ;  
In short, sir, " the belle of the season "  
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;  
I left in the midst of a set ;  
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,  
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.  
They say he 'll be rich—when he grows up—  
And then he adores me indeed,  
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,  
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

" And how do I like my position ? "

" And what do I think of New York ? "

" And now, in my higher ambition,  
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ? "

" And isn't it nice to have riches,  
And diamonds and silks, and all that ? "

" And aren't it a change to the ditches  
And tunnels of Poverty Flat ? "

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving  
 Each day in the park, four-in-hand—  
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving  
 To look supernaturally grand—  
 If you saw papa's picture, as taken  
 By Brady, and tinted at that—  
 You 'd never suspect he sold bacon  
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting  
 In the glare of the grand chandelier—  
 In the bustle and glitter befitting  
 The “ finest *soirée* of the year.”  
 In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,  
 And the hum of the smallest of talk—  
 Somehow, Joe, I thought of the “ Ferry,”  
 And the dance that we had on “ The Fork ;”

Of Harrison's barn with its muster  
 Of flags festooned over the wall ;  
 Of the candles that shed their soft lustre  
 And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;  
 Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;  
 Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;  
 And how I once went down the middle  
 With the man that shot Sandy McGee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping  
 On the hill when the time came to go ;  
 Or the few baby peaks that were peeping  
 From under their bedclothes of snow ;



Of that ride—that to me was the rarest ;  
 Of—the something you said at the gate ;  
 Ah, Joe, then I wasn 't an heiress  
 To “ the best-paying lead in the State.”

Well, well, it 's all past ; yet it 's funny  
 To think, as I stood in the glare  
 Of fashion, and beauty and money,  
 That I should be thinking, right there,  
 Of some one who breasted high water,  
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,  
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,  
 The liiy of Poverty Flat.

But goodness ! what nonsense I 'm writing !  
 (Mamma says my taste still is low)  
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
 I 'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho !  
 And I 'm to be “ finished ” by travel—  
 Whatêver 's the meaning of that—  
 O, why did papa strike pay gravel  
 In drifting on Poverty Flat ?

Good night—here 's the end of my paper ;  
 Good night—if the longitude please—  
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,  
*Your* sun 's climbing over the trees,  
 But know, if you haven 't got riches,  
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
 That my heart 's somewhere there in the ditches,  
 And you 've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

## THADY DELANY ON THE CENSUS.

BY T. F. O'DONNELL.

Thady Delany, having gone to America, relates in a letter to a friend how a Census Commissioner paid him a visit after his arrival in New York.

“ I ’d go back to Ould Oireland to-morrow if I had the money, but bedad, the little I had was almost spint over here before I was out av the stame-boat. Talking av the stame-boat reminds me av the pig. We wor in the Bowery for about a fortnite, livin’ up in the top av a house that was so high it took you a couple av minutes to see anny wan in the sthreet, when I up and ses to Biddy, “ I ’ll get a shanty av me own somewhere or another, if there isn ’t room enuf in it to find yere way to yere moueth widout knockin’ yere elbow agin the morthar.’ Biddy jumped at the notion like a trout at a daddy long-legs on a summer evenin,’ an’ so, to make a long sthory short, we bought a little shanty an a little bonnive, which I may tell ye, if ye don ’t sthudy the langwidge av my anshint ancisthurs, manes a little pig. We had hardly time to get the smell av the Bowery out av our noses, an’ faith ’twas nice butthercups that wus growln’ in the nayborhood, whin in walks a gallivanther that was so long and so thin that he might escape through the chinks av a church door.

“Good mornin,” says he. Begor, I thought ’twas another land-agint, an’ I up an’ ses as if I wus the Prisdint—that’s the gintleman, I may tell ye, that’s the same over here as the Queen ovur wid you—

“What do ye want?’ ses I; ‘the rint isn’t jue yit.”

“I guess I don’t want anny rint,’ ses he; ‘I want to take yere sensis.’

“Do ye?’ says I, fur av coorse I thought he wus makin’ a hare av me; ‘is it a lunatick asilum av yere own ye’ll be afthur settin’ up?’

“I want noan of yere Irish divarshuns,’ ses he; ‘I’m an officur av the law.’

“Bedad,’ ses I, ‘an’ ’tis a private av yere regiment that I was acquainted wid in Oireland’—av coorse I mint the bailiff—‘an’ he didn’t want anny rise in the ranks to show his courage when he was daling wid poor widows and childhur. But,’ ses I, ‘if a poor ignurant man like meself might give ye a bit av advice, ye’d betther show the heels av yere boots, for if ye don’t,’ ses I—I thought he wus carryin’ his jokin’ about a perch or two too far—‘I’ll be afthur upsettin’ ye, ye altitudinous monument av deception.”

“I thought I’d friten him wid what the school-master in Ballymurphy called the Scripture reader, whin he asked him to have his dinner wid him on a Friday, and put a lump av mate in the pay soup.”

“Oh,” ses he, speakin’ through his nose, as if he had an influenzy av his own invention, “tis no offince I mane—’tis only some particklars I want, ses he, ‘about the family; the Guvirmint wants to know all about ye.’

“Particklars!” ses I, ‘tishn’t particklar ye are to come an’ ax a dasint man ye nivur see before for his sines, and as fur the Guvirmint,’ ses I, ‘as a friend av mine said befoar, I was agin the Guvirmint at home, and, be the powers, I’ll be agin the Guvirmint here.’

“Ye don’t understhand me,’ ses he, ‘tishn’t yere sinesis I want—’tis only the Guvirmint calls it that, whin they want to know who ve are, an’ how many ye have in family, etcetera.”

“Well,” ses I, “if they mane to do anything for the crathurs, I don’t mind tellin’ ye all about Biddy and the family, but as fer the etcetera,’ ses I, ‘I nayther have wan, nor did I ever see wan in Oireland,’ an believin’ I wus talkin’ like a councillor, ses I, ‘I’m thinkin’ it must be an American invintion.”

“Begor, he could hardly keep from laughin’, an’ small blame to him, for I found out afterwards that etcetera mint the things about the house, like the tay-cups, and the cocks and hins.

“Thin,’ ses he, gettin’ as plisant as if we knew wan anuther for twenty years, ‘whin yere names is down in black and white in these books’—pullin’ out erut av papers to cover an ~~are~~ av ground—‘the Guvirmint will read ’em the same as u they wor the Pæsident’s blood relashuns.’

“Biddy didn’t say annything till he said that, an’ thin says she, ‘Thady agragal, give the gintlemen all the infurmashun he wants, ’twill be the makin’ av the crathurs.’

“What’s your wife’s furst name?’ ses he.

“Biddy, av coorse,’ ses I; ‘ye must be an omaud-haun if ye don’t know that.’

“ I don ’t mane that,’ ses he, ‘ I mane her name before she was marrid.’

“ Oh, faith,’ ses I, ‘ that ’s a matther of curiosity to meself, for the divil a name I ever knew her to have before we went to the priest except Biddy, till I giv her permission to use the family appilashun av the Delanys.’

“ How many in family have ye ? ’ ses he.

“ Five,” ses I.

“ What are they ? ’ ses he, ‘ are they males or females ? And, also how many of aitch ? ’

“ Well,’ ses I, ‘ there ’s meself an’ Patsy, that ’s males ; an’ Biddy an’ Molly, that ’s females ; an’ as the pig is only a bonnive, I dinno whether she is av the lady or gintleman pursuasion.’ Oh, be the powers I spoke to him like a geography.

“ Oh,’ ses he, “ tis takin’ up me time ye are—the pig isn’t wan av the family ; ’tis only an etcetera.’

“ Well,’ ses I, “ if ye called a poor man’s pig such an indasint name in Oireland, I ’m grately afraid ’tis the ind av a blackthorn ye ’d be aither breaking wid the back av yere pate.’ My blood was up then for he insulted the pig widout rime or rayson.

“ Which is the oldest of the childher ? ’ ses he.

“ Molly,’ ses I.

“ How old is she ? ” ses he.

“ Do you recollect the time the widow Molowny was driven out av house an’ home in Ballymurphy, bekase she wouldn’t pay——,

“ Oh,’ ses he stoppin’ me short, ‘ how could I rumimber anything about the widow Molowny, whin

I wus nivur nearer Oireland than three thousand miles away?"

"Well, thin,' ses I, 'ye must do widout the infor-mashun ye want for the Guvirmint.

"Well, thin, says he, gettin' as mad as a bull in a pound, 'how old is Patsy?"

"Do you remimber Mick Maguire's wake?' ses I 'whin the match was made between his brother Darby and Peggy O'Shea, an' the Ryan's and the Dwyer's had a fight about the bit av land at the corner of the widow Rourke's field?"

"Ye tarnation Connaught man,' ses he, looking for all the world like wan av thim red railway lamps, 'give me your name."

"And if I give it to you says I, jibin' him till I thought he 'd ate his quill pen, 'whatever will I do for one meself?" but I'll give ye the loan av it for a quarther av an hour. 'Tis Thady Delany, of Bally-murphy,' ses I; an' if ye want a karacthur wid me,' ses I, 'there 's Father Fitzgerald that knows me since I was the length av a traneeen, an' if ye want any more to spake about——"

"Oh, I don 't want anny more,' says he, 'ye gave me enuf for a month av Sundays;' an' away he wint wid his spectacles flyin' at the back av his coat, just as the song says, as if his eyes wor in his poll, sir!"

