

The Kingston people were in their first sleep, when Will Marks and his conductor rode through the town and up to the door of a house, where sundry grave functionaries were assembled, anxiously expecting the arrival of the renowned John Podgers. They were a little disappointed to find a gay young man in his place, but they put the best face upon the matter, and gave him full instructions how he was to conceal himself behind the gibbet, and watch and listen to the witches, and how at a certain time he was to burst forth and cut and slash among them vigorously, so that the suspected parties might be found bleeding in their beds next day, and thoroughly confounded. They gave him a great quantity of wholesome advice, besides, and—which was more to the purpose with Will—a good supper. All these things being done, and midnight nearly come, they sallied forth to show him the spot where he was to keep his dreary vigil.

The night was by this time dark and threatening; there was a rumbling of distant thunder, and a low sighing of the wind among the trees, which was very dismal. The potentates of the town kept so uncommonly close to Will, that they trod upon his toes, or stumbled against his ancles, or nearly tripped up his heels at every step he took; and besides these annoyances, their teeth chattered so with fear, that he seemed to be accompanied by a dirge of castanets.

At last they made a halt at the opening of a lonely desolate space, and pointing to a black object at some distance, asked Will if he saw that yonder.

«Yes,» he replied. «What then?»

Informing him abruptly that it was the gibbet where he was to watch, they wished him good night in an extremely

SLASH = dar cuchilladas.

HEELS = talones.

RUMBLING = sonido del lejano trueno
que repica.

TEETH (*tooth* sing.) = dientes.

TRIPPED (trip) UP = hacer que se dé
un traspié.

CHATTERED = castañetear.

YONDER = allá.

ABRUPTLY = bruscamente.

friendly manner, and ran back as fast as their feet would carry them.

Will walked boldly to the gibbet, and glancing upward when he came under it, saw—certainly with satisfaction—that it was empty, and that nothing dangled from the top but some iron chains, which swung mournfully to and fro as they were moved by the breeze. After a careful survey of every quarter, he determined to take his station with his face towards the town; both because that would place him with his back to the wind, and because if any trick or surprise were attempted, it would probably come from that direction in the first instance. Having taken these precautions, he wrapped his cloak about him, so that it left the handle of his sword free, and ready to his hand, and leaning against the gallows-tree, with his cap not quite so much on one side as it had been before, took up his position for the night.

Will Marks stood leaning against the gibbet, with his face towards the town, scanning the distance with a keen eye, which sought to pierce the darkness, and catch the earliest glimpse of any person or persons that might approach towards him. But all was quiet, and, save the howling of the wind as it swept across the heath in gusts, and the creaking of the chains that dangled above his head, there was no sound to break the sullen stillness of the night. After an hour or so, this monotony became more disconcerting to Will than the most furious uproar would have been, and he heartily wished for some one antagonist with whom he might have a fair stand-up fight, if it were only to warm himself.

Truth to tell, it was a bitter wind, and seemed to blow to the very heart of a man whose blood, heated but now with rapid riding, was the more sensitive to the chilling blast. Will

DANGLED = oscilar.

TRICK = jugada.

SCANNING = medir, escudriñar.

HEATH = brezal.

GUSTS = ráfagas.

FAIR STAND-UP FIGHT = pelea ó com-

bate á brazo partido.

CHILLING BLAST = viento que hiela.

was a daring fellow, and cared not a jot for hard knocks or sharp blades, but he could not persuade himself to move or walk about, having just that vague expectation of a sudden assault which made it a comfortable thing to have something at his back, even though that something was a gallows-tree. He had no great faith in the superstitions of the age; still, such of them as occurred to him did not serve to lighten the time or render his situation the more endurable. He remembered how witches were said to repair at that ghostly hour to churchyards and gibbets, and such-like dismal spots, to pluck the bleeding mandrake, or scrape the flesh from dead men's bones, as choice ingredients for their spells; how, stealing by night to lonely places, they dug graves with their finger-nails, or anointed themselves, before riding in their air, with a delicate pomatum made of the fat of infants newly boiled.

These and many other fabled practices of a no less agreeable nature, and all having some reference to the circumstances in which he was placed, passed and repassed in quick succession through the mind of Will Marks, and adding a shadowy dread to that distrust and watchfulness which his situation inspired, rendered it upon the whole sufficiently uncomfortable. As he had foreseen, too, the rain began to descend heavily, and driving before the wind in a thick mist, obscured even those few objects which the darkness of the night had before imperfectly revealed.

«Look!» shrieked a voice. «Great Heaven, it has fallen down and stands erect as if it lived!»

The speaker was close behind him—the voice almost at his ear. Will threw off his cloak, drew his sword, and darting swiftly round, seized a woman by the wrist, who, recoiling from him with a dreadful shriek, fell struggling upon her knees. Another woman clad, like her whom he had grasped,

CARED NOT A JOT=no le importaba

un comino.

PLUCK=arrancar.

MANDRAKE=mandrágora.

POMÁTUM=pomada.

FAT=lo gordo.

WRIST (rist)=muñeca.

CLAD (clothe)=vestir.

in mourning garments, stood rooted to the spot on which they were, gazing upon his face with wild and glaring eyes that quite appalled him.

«Say,» cried Will, when they had confronted each other thus, for some time—«what are you?»

«Say what are you?» returned the woman, «who trouble even this obscene resting place of the dead, and strip the gibbet of its honoured burden?—Where is the body?»

He looked in wonder and affright from the woman who questioned him, to the other whose arm he clutched.

«Where is the body?» repeated his questioner, more firmly than before; «you wear no livery which marks you for the hireling of the government. You are no friend to us, or I should recognise you; for the friends of such as we are few in number. What are you then, and wherefore are you here?»

«I am no foe to the distressed and helpless,» said Will.—«Are you among that number? You should be by your looks.»

«We are,» was the answer.

«It is you who have been wailing and weeping here, under cover of the night?»

«It is,» replied the woman sternly, and pointing, as she spoke, towards her companion; «she mourns a husband and I a brother. Even the bloody law that reeks its vengeance on the dead, does not make that a crime; and if it did, it would be alike to us, who are past its fear or favour.»

Will glanced at the two females, and could barely discern that the one whom he addressed was much the elder, and that the other was young and of a slight figure. Both were deadly pale, their garments wet and torn, their hair dishevelled and streaming in the wind, themselves bowed down with grief and misery; their whole appearance most dejected, wretched, and

APPALLED = espantar.

CLUTCH = coger ó tener entre sus gar-
ras ó con violencia.

HIRELING = mercenario.

WAILING = lamentar.

BARELY = apenas.

REEKS VENGEANCE = castigar toman-
do venganza.

DISHEVELLED = desgreñado.

BOWED DOWN = encorvar.

forlorn. A sight so different from any he had expected to encounter touched him to the quick, and all idea of anything but their pitiable condition vanished before it.

«I am a rough, blunt yeoman,» said Will; «why I came here is told in a word; you have been overheard at a distance in the silence of the night, and I have undertaken a watch for hags or spirits. I came here expecting an adventure, and prepared to go through with any. If there be aught that I can do to aid you, name it; and on the faith of a man who can be secret and trusty, I will stand by you to the death.»

«How comes this gibbet to be empty?» asked the elder female.

«I swear to you,» replied Will, «that I know as little as yourself. But this I know, that when I came here an hour ago, or so, it was as it is now; and if, as I gather from your question, it was not so last night, sure I am that it has been secretly disturbed without the knowledge of the folks in yonder town. Bethink you, therefore, whether you may have no friends in league with you, or with him on whom the law has done its worst, by whom these sad remains have been removed for burial.»

The women spoke together, and Will retired a pace or two while they conversed apart. He could hear them sob and moan, and saw that they wrung their hands in fruitless agony. He could hear little that they said, but between whiles he gathered enough to assure him that his suggestion was not very wide of the mark, and that they not only suspected by whom the body had been removed, but also whither it had been conveyed. When they had been in conversation a long time, they turned towards him once more. This time the younger female spoke.

«You have offered us your help.»

FORLORN=abandonado.

BLUNT YEOMAN=brusco pechero (individuo respetable de la clase media).

GO TROUGH WITH=ir á través con, llevar á cabo.

ITS WORST=lo peor que puede.

BURIAL (bérial)=entierro.

SOB=sollozar.

MOAN=gemir.

FEMALE=mujer.

«I have.»

«And given a pledge that you are still willing to redeem?»

«Yes. So far as I may, keeping all plots and conspiracies at arm's length.»

«Follow us, friend.»

Will, whose self-possession was now quite restored, needed no second bidding, but, with his drawn sword in his hand, and his cloak so muffled over his left arm as to serve for a kind of shield without offering any impediment to its free action, suffered them to lead the way. Through mud and mire and wind and rain, they walked in silence a full mile. At length they turned into a dark lane, where suddenly starting out from beneath some trees where he had taken shelter, a man appeared having in his charge three saddled horses. One of these (his own apparently), in obedience to a whisper from the women, he consigned to Will, who, seeing that they were mounted, mounted also. Then without a word spoken they rode on together, leaving the attendant behind.

They made no halt nor slackened their pace until they arrived near Putney. At a large wooden house which stood apart from any other, they alighted, and giving their horses to one who was already waiting, passed in by a side door, and so up some narrow creaking stairs into a small panelled chamber, where Will was left alone. He had not been here very long, when the door was softly opened, and there entered to him a cavalier whose face was concealed beneath a black mask.

Will stood upon his guard, and scrutinized this figure from head to foot. The form was that of a man pretty far advanced in life, but of a firm and stately carriage. His dress was of a rich and costly kind, but so soiled and disordered that it was scarcely to be recognized for one of those gorgeous suits which the expensive taste and fashion of the time prescribed for men of any rank or station. He was booted and spurred, and bore

MIRE=lodo.

PRETTY FAR=bastante.

SLACKENED=aflojar.

BOOTED AND SPURRED=con botas y

CREAKING=⁴que rechina.

espuelas.

about him even as many tokens of the state of the roads as Will himself. All this he noted, while the eyes behind the mask regarded him with equal attention. This survey over, the cavalier broke silence.

«You're young and bold, and would be richer than you are?»

«The two first I am,» returned Will. «The last I have scarcely thought of. But be it so. Say that I would be richer than I am; what then?»

«The way lies before you now,» replied the mask.

«Show it me.»

«First let me inform you, that you were brought here to-night lest you should too soon have told your tale to those who placed you on the watch.»

«I thought as much when I followed,» said Will. «But I am no blab, not I.»

«Good,» returned the mask. «Now listen. He who was to have executed the enterprise of burying that body, which, as you suspected, was taken down to-night, has left us in our need.»

Will nodded, and thought within himself that if the mask were to attempt to play any tricks, the first eyelet-hole on the left hand side of his doublet, counting from the buttons up the front, would be a very good place in which to pink him nicely.

«You are here, and the emergency is desperate. I propose this task to you. Convey the body (now confined in this house), by means that I shall show, to the church of Saint Dunstan, in London, to-morrow night, and the service shall be richly paid. You're about to ask whose corpse it is. Seek not to know. I warn you, seek not to know. Felons hang in chains on every moor and heath. Believe, as others do, that this was one, and ask no further. The murders of state policy, its victims or avengers, had best remain unknown to such as you.»

BLAB=charlatan de secretos.

LEFT US IN OUR NEED=nos ha dejado
en el momento preciso.

EYELET HOLE=ojal.

DOUBLET (dúplet)=chupa, jubon.

MOOR=erial.

«The mystery of this service,» said Will, «bespeaks its danger. What is the reward?»

«One hundred golden unities,» replied the cavalier. «The danger to one who cannot be recognized as the friend of a fallen cause is not great, but there is some hazard to be run. Decide between that and the reward.»

«What if I refuse?» said Will.

«Depart in peace, in God's name,» returned the mask in a melancholy tone, «and keep our secret: remembering that those who brought you here, were crushed and stricken women, and that those who bade you go free could have had your life with one word, and no man the wiser.»

Men were readier to undertake desperate adventures in those times, than they are now. In this case the temptation was great, and the punishment, even in case of detection, was not likely to be very severe, as Will came of a loyal stock, and his uncle was in good repute, and a passable tale to account for his possession of the body and his ignorance of the identity, might be easily devised. The cavalier explained that a covered cart had been prepared for the purpose; that the time of departure could be arranged so that he should reach London bridge at dusk, and proceed through the city after the day had closed in; that people would be ready at his journey's end to place the coffin in a vault without a minute's delay; that officious inquiries in the streets would be easily repelled by the tale that he was carrying for interment the corpse of one who had died of the plague; and in short showed him every reason why he should succeed, and none why he should not.

After a time they were joined by another gentleman, masked like the first, who added new arguments to those which had been already urged; the wretched wife, too, added her tears and prayers to their calmer representations; and in the end Will, moved by compassion and good nature, by a love of the

STOCK = prosapia, raza.

CART = carro.

DUSK = anochecido.

COFFIN = ataud.

CORPSE = cadáver.

IN SHORT = en breve.

marvellous, by a mischievous anticipation of the terrors of the Kingston people, when he should be missing next day, and finally by the prospect of gain, took upon himself the task, and devoted all his energies to its successful execution.

The following night, when it was quite dark, the hollow echoes of old London bridge responded to the rumbling of the cart which contained the ghastly load, the object of Will Marks's care. Sufficiently disguised to attract no attention by his garb, Will walked at the horse's head, as unconcerned as a man could be who was sensible that he had now arrived at the most dangerous part of his undertaking, but full of boldness and confidence.

It was now eight o'clock. After nine, none could walk the streets without danger of their lives; and even at this hour robberies and murder were of no uncommon occurrence. The shops upon the bridge were all closed; the low wooden arches thrown across the way were like so many black pits, in every one of which ill-favoured fellows lurked in knots of three or four; some standing upright against the wall lying in wait, others skulking in gateways and thrusting out their uncombed heads and scowling eyes, others crossing and recrossing, and constantly jostling both horse and man to provoke a quarrel, others stealing away and summoning their companions in a low whistle. Once, even in that short passage, there was a noise of scuffling and the clash of swords behind him; but Will, who knew the city and its ways, kept straight on and scarcely turned his head.

The streets being unpaved, the rain of the night before had

MISSING = echar de menos.

HOLLOW = hueco.

GARB = trage.

ILL-FAVOURED = de malas trazas.

KNOTS = nudos, grupos.

LYING IN WAIT = acechando.

SKULKING = andar huyendo de la

luz.

UNCOMBED = sin peinar.

SCOWLING = arrugado el sobrecejo.

WHISTLE (huisl) = silbido.

SCUFFLING = lucha cuerpo á cuerpo.

CLASH = choque.

KEPT STRAIGHT ON = siguió todo derecho.

UNPAVED = sin empedrar.

converted them into a perfect quagmire, which the splashing water spouts from the gables, and the filth and offal cast from the different houses swelled in no small degree. Many parts even of the main streets, with their projecting stories tottering overhead and nearly shutting out the sky, were more like huge chimneys than open ways. At the corners of some of these, great bonfires were burning to prevent infection from the plague, of which it was rumoured that some citizens had lately died; and few who, availing themselves of the light thus afforded, paused for a moment to look around them, would have been disposed to doubt the existence of the disease, or wondered at its dreadful visitations.

But it was not in such scenes as these, or even in the deep and miry road that Will Marks found the chief obstacles to his progress. There were kites and ravens feeding in the streets (the only scavengers the city kept), who scented what he carried, followed the cart or fluttered on its top, and croaked their knowledge of its burden and their ravenous appetite for prey. There were distant fires, where the poor wood and plaster tenements waisted fiercely, and whither crowds made their way, clamouring eagerly for plunder; beating down all who came within their reach, and yelling like devils let loose. There were single-handed men flying from bands of ruffians, who pursued them with naked weapons, and hunted them savagely;

QUAGMIRE = tremedal, lodazal.

SPLASHING = que salpica.

WATER SPOUTS = canalones.

GABLES = aleros.

FILTH = porqueria.

OFFAL = deshechos, despojos.

PROJECTING = que sobresalia } volan-

STORIES = pisos } tes.

TOTTERED = vacilar, oscilar.

KITES = milanos.

SCAVENGERS = barrenderos.

SCENTED = olfatear.

FLUTTERED = revolotear.

CROAKED = graznar.

RAVENOUS = voraz.

PLASTER TENEMENTS = viviendas de yeso.

YELLING = dar ahullidos.

SINGLE-HANDED = solo ó sin mas recurso, indefenso.

there were drunken desperate robbers issuing from their dens and staggering through the open public streets, where no man dared molest them; there were vagabond servitors returning from the Bear Garden, where had been good sport that day, dragging after them their torn and bleeding dogs, or leaving them to die and rot upon the road. Nothing was abroad but cruelty, violence, and disorder.

Many were the interruptions which Will Marks encountered from these stragglers, and many the narrow escapes he made. Now some stout bully would take his seat upon the cart, insisting to be driven to his own home; and now two or three men would come down upon him together, and demand that, on peril of his life, he showed them what he had inside. Then a party of the city watch upon their rounds would draw across the road, and, not satisfied with his tale, question him closely, and revenge themselves by a little cuffing and hustling for maltreatment sustained at other hands that night. All these assailants had to be rebutted, some by fair words, some by foul, and some by blows. But Will Marks was not the man to be stopped or turned back now he had penetrated so far, and though he got on slowly, still he made his way down Fleet-street, and reached the church at last.

As he had been forewarned, all was in readiness. Directly he stopped, the coffin was removed by four men, who appeared so suddenly, that they seemed to have started from the earth. A fifth mounted the cart, and scarcely allowing Will time to snatch from it a little bundle containing such of his own clothes as he had thrown off on assuming his disguise, drove briskly away. Will never saw man or cart again.

He followed the body into the church, and it was well he lost no time in doing so, for the door was immediately closed. There was no light in the building, save that which came from a couple of torches borne by two men, in cloaks, who stood

SÉRVITORS = dependientes.

BULLY = maton.

REBUTTED = rechazar.

FOREWARNED = advertir.

BUNDLE = lio.

BRISKLY = vivamente.

upon the brink of a vault. Each supported a female figure, and all observed a perfect silence.

By this dim and solemn glare, which made Will feel as though light itself were dead, and its tomb the dreary arches that frowned above, they placed the coffin in the vault with uncovered heads, and closed it up. One of the torch-bearers then turned to Will and stretched forth his hand, in which was a purse of goold. Something told him directly that those were the same eyes he had seen beneath the mask.

«Take it,» said the cavalier, in a low voice, «and be happy. Though these have been hasty obsequies, and no priest has blessed the work, there will not be the less peace with thee hereafter, for having laid his bones beside those of his little children. Keep thy own counsel, for thy sake no less than ours, and God be with thee!»

«The blessing of a widowed mother on thy head, good friend!» cried the younger lady through her tears; «the blessing of one who has now no hope or rest but in the grave!»

Will stood with the purse in his hand, and involuntarily made a gesture as though he would return it, for though a thoughtless fellow, he was of a frank and generous nature. But the two gentlemen extinguishing their torches, cautioned him to be gone, as their common safety would be endangered by a longer delay; and at the same time their retreating footsteps sounded through the church. He turned, therefore, towards the point at which he had entered, and seeing by a faint gleam in the distance that the door was again partially open, groped his way towards it, and so passed into the street.

Meantime the local authorities of Kingston had kept watch and ward all the previous night, francyng every now and then that dismal shrieks were borne towards them on the wind, and frequently winking to each other and drawing closer to the fire as they drank the health of the lonely sentinel, upon whom a

BRINK = borde.

GLARE = brillo rojizo.

DREARY = largos, pesados.

GLEAM = resplandor rápido.

GROPED = ir á tientas.

WINKING = guñar.

clerical (1) gentleman present was especially severe by reason of his levity and youthful folly. Two or three of the gravest of the company, who were of a theological turn, propounded to him the question whether such a character was not but poorly armed for single combat with the devil, and whether he himself would not have been a stronger opponent; but the clerical gentleman, sharply reproving them for their presumption in discussing such questions, clearly showed that a fitter champion than Will could scarcely have been selected, not only for that being a child of Satan, he was the less likely to be alarmed by the appearance of his own father, but because Satan himself would be at his ease in such company, and would not scruple to kick up his heels to an extent which it was quite certain he would never venture before clerical eyes, under whose influence (as was notorious) he became quite a tame and milk and water character.

But when next morning arrived, and with it no Will Marks, and when a strong party repairing to the spot, as a strong party ventured to do in broad day, found Will gone and the gibbet empty, matters grew serious indeed. The day passing away and no news arriving, and the night going on also without any intelligence, the thing grew more tremendous still; in short, the neighbourhood worked itself up to such a comfortable pitch of mystery and horror, that it is a great question whether the general feeling wasn't one of excessive disappointment when, on the second morning, Will Marks returned.

However this may be, back Will came in a very cool and collected state, and appearing not to trouble himself much about any body except John Podgers, who, having been sent for, was sitting in the Town Hall, crying slowly and dozing

(1) A Protestant clergyman.

AT HIS EASE = á sus anchuras.

KICK UP HIS HEELS = levantar los ta-

lones, hacer de las suyas.

MILK AND WATER = de leche y agua,
de horchata de chufas.

DOZING = cabecear.

between whiles. Having embraced his uncle and assured him of his safety, Will mounted on a table and told his story to the crowd.

And surely they would have been the most unreasonable crowd that ever assembled together; if they had been in the least respect disappointed with the tale he told them; for, besides describing the Witches' Dance to the minutest motion of their legs, and performing it in character on the table, with the assistance of a broomstick, he related how they had carried off the body in a copper cauldron, and so bewitched him that he lost his senses, until he found himself lying under a hedge at least ten miles off, whence he had straightway returned as they then beheld. The story gained such universal applause, that it soon afterwards brought down express from London, the great witchfinder of the age, the heaven-born Hopkins, who, having examined Will closely on several points, pronounced it the most extraordinary and the best accredited witch story ever known, under which title it was published at the Three Bibles, on London bridge, in small quarto, with a view of the cauldron from an original drawing, and a portrait of the clerical gentleman as he sat by the fire.

On one point, Will was particularly careful; and that was to describe for the witches he had seen, three impossible old females whose likenesses never were or will be. Thus he saved the lives of the suspected parties, and of all other old women who were dragged before him to be identified.

This circumstance occasioned John Podgers much grief and sorrow, until happening one day to cast his eyes upon his house-keeper, and observing her to be plainly afflicted with rheumatism, he procured her to be burnt as an undoubted witch. For this service to the state, he was immediately knighted, and became from that time Sir John Podgers.

Will Marks never gained any clue to the mystery in which he had been an actor, nor did any inscription in the church,

KNIGHTED = armar de caballero.

CLUE = ovillo, hilo.

which he often visited afterwards, nor any of the limited inquiries that he dared to make, yield him the least assistance. As he kept his own secret, he was compelled to spend the gold discreetly¹ and sparingly. In course of time he married the young lady of whom I have already told you, whose name is not recorded, with whom he led a prosperous and happy life. Years and years after this adventure, it was his wont to tell her upon a stormy night, that it was a great comfort to him to think that those bones, to whomsoever they might have belonged, were not bleaching in the troubled air, but were mouldering away with the dust of their own kith and kindred in a quiet grave.

Marley (1) was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands

(1) The partner of Scrooge, both grasping merchant-bankers.

SPARINGLY = parcamente.

¹BLEACHING = blanquear.

KITH AND KINDRED = íntimos amigos
y parientes, los suyos.

UNDERTAKER = encargado del entierro.

CHIEF MOURNER (¹mórner) = el que
preside el duelo.

UPON 'CHANGE (*upon the Royal Exchange*) = en la bolsa.

HAND = firma.

AS DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL = tan
muerto como el clavo de una puerta
(*prov. inglés*).

MIND! = mire V. que.

¹IRONMÓNGERY = comercio de fierro.

shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced (1) that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Some-

(1) Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet where the ghost of Hamlet's father appears to his son.

COUNTRY'S DONE FOR (the country is, etc.)=se acabó con la patria.

EXÉCUTOR, ASSIGN, RESIDUARY

LEGATE=albacea, cesionario y legatario del residuo.

CUT UP=cortar arriba, destrozar (el corazon).

BUT THAT=que no.

STROLL=paseo por ahí.

SAIN'T PAUL'S CHURCH YARD=cementerio de S. Pablo en Londres (muy expuesto al viento).

PAINTED OUT=borrar (el nombre de la muestra ó plancha).

FIRM=casa (de comercio).

times people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often «came down» handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

TIGHT-FISTED = de puño apretado (ta-
caño).

GRINDSTONE = piedra de afilar, traba-
jo duro y constante.

FLINT = pedernal.

FROZEN (*freeze, frozen*) = helar.

NIPPED (*nip*) = morder, picar los ex-
tremos (con el frío).

SHRIVELLED = encogido (como un per-
gamino).

STIFFEN = poner tieso.

GAIT = el andar.

SHREWEDLY = con habilidad ó inteli-
gencia.

FROSTY RIME = escarcha, hielo.

WIRY = de alambre.

DOG-DAYS = canícula.

CHILL = enfriar, helar.

BITTERER = mas penetrante, cruel.

SNOW = nieve.

PELTING RAIN = lluvia que azota á im-
pulso del viento.

TO HAVE HIM = cogerle.

«CAME DOWN» = bajar, ser dadivoso.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, «My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?» No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then would wag their tails as though they said, «no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!»

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call «nuts» to Scrooge.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and key-hole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring eve-

THE WAY TO = por donde se iba á.

TUG = llevar con un tirón.

DOORWAYS = portales.

COURTS = patios, plazuelas ó calle-
juelas sin salida.

WAG = menear.

TAILS = rabos.

EDGE = ir de refilon.

KNOWING ONES = inteligentes, listos.

«NUTS» = cascajo, nueces (*miel sobre
hojuelas*).

WITHAL = *ainda mais*.

WHEEZING = respirar de un modo di-
fícil y sonoro.

FLARING = echar llama rojiza.

¹
SMEARS = rasgos ó manchones.

DINGY = blanco sucio.

DROOPING = caer poco á poco.

rything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some labourers were repairing the gas-pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where

HARD BY = al lado.	PEEPING = asomar la cabeza.
BREWING = hacer cerbeza.	CHATTERING = dar diente con diente.
CLERK (clark) = dependiente.	GAS-PIPES = cañería del gas.
TANK = estanque ó piscina.	RAGGED = andrajosos.
COAL-BOX = carbonera.	WINKING = hacer guiños.
SHÓVEL = pala, badila ó cogedor.	WATER-PLUG = tapon ó piston de agua, ó fuente, fuente pública.
COMFORTER = chalina.	CONGEALED = belar.
LINKS = hachones de viento.	

holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp-heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the strong-hold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and blood-thirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of—

«God bless you merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!»

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the

HOLLY SPRIGS = ramitas de acebo (que se usan en la navidad como en Madrid la albahaca en las verbenas).

CRACKLED = chisporrotear.

POULTERERS'..... GROCERS' = de los polleros..... tenderos de comestibles.

LORD MAYOR (mair) = corregidor.

MANSION HOUSE = palacio del Lord mayor en Londres.

BUTLERS = despenseros, reposteros.

FINED = multar.

BLOOD-THIRSTY = sanguinario, pendenciero.

PUDDING = budin.

BÁBY = criatura.

TO LUSTY PURPOSE = con vigorosa eficacia, con el alma.

GNAWED (nád) = roer.

MUMBLED = comer (con los labios cerrados).

KEYHOLE = ojo de la llave.

CAROL = villancico, coplas.

RULER = regla.

singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it night and morning during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the City of London, even including—which is a bold word—the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley,

STOOL=banqueta.

SNUFFED..... OUT=apagó despabilando.

TAVERN=taberna, hostería.

UP A YARD=en lo alto de un patio ó plazuela sin salida.

HIDE-AND-SEEK=escondite.

FAIN=obligado,

GATEWAY=portalón.

KNOCKER=aldabón.

FANCY=imaginación (en ambos sentidos).

since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change: not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot-air; and though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid colour, made it horrible: but its horror seemed to be, in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half-expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pig-tail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said «Pooh, pooh!» and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own.

SEVEN-YEARS' DEAD = muerto hace
siete años.

LOBSTER = langosta.

CELLAR = bodega.

PIG-TAIL = rabo de cochino, coleta de
peluca.

SCREWS AND NUTS = tornillos y tuercas.

BANG = estruendo.

Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly too: trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up (1) a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar towards the wall, and the door towards the balustrades: and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in;

(1) Alluding to two familiar sayings or comparisons.

COACH-AND-SIX = coche y seis caballos.

HEARSE = féretro, carro fúnebre.

SPLINTER-BAR = lanza.

TO SPARE = de sobra.

DIP = vela de sebo.

SAUCEPAN = cazuela-sarten (de hierro).

GRUEL = bebida confortante.

HOB = plancha fija en las rejillas ó chimeneas inglesas en un lado y otro, para arrimar algo á la lumbre.

POKER = furgon.

double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his night-cap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it; and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fire-place was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

«Humbug!» said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, toge-

SLIPPERS = chinelas.

TILES = azulejos.

SHEBA = Sabá.

FEATHER-BEDS = colchones de pluma.

BUTTER-BOATS = mantequera.

BLANK = en blanco.

HUMBUG = disparate, necedad.

SWING (swung) = oscilar.

ther. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floor below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

«It's humbug still!» said Scrooge. «I won't believe it.»

His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried «I know him! Marley's Ghost!» and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pig-tail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent: so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its

CLANKING = sonido como de grillos ó
esposas.

BOOMING = que resuena ó retumba.

WON'T = *will not*.

THOUGH = con todo.

WAISTCOAT = chaleco.

TIGHTS = pantalon ajustado.

TASSELS = borlas.

BRISTLING (bristling) = erizarse.

CASH-BOXES = cajas de guardar dinero.

PADLOCKS = candados.

LEDGERS = libros mayores.

DEEDS = escrituras.

BOWELS = entrañas (en ambos sentidos).

head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before: he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

«How now!» said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. «What do you want with me?»

«Much!» — Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

«Who are you?»

«Ask me who I *was*.»

«Who *were* you then?» said Scrooge, raising his voice. «You're particular — for a shade.» He was going to say «*to* a shade,» but substituted this, as more appropriate.

«In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.»

«Can you — can you sit down?» asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

«I can.»

«Do it then.»

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fire-place, as if he were quite used to it.

«You don't believe in me,» observed the Ghost.

«I don't,» said Scrooge.

«What evidence would you have of my reality, beyond that of your senses?»

«I don't know,» said Scrooge.

«Why do you doubt your senses?»

«Because,» said Scrooge, «a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!»

WRAPPER = envoltorio.

PARTICULAR = escrupuloso.

SHADE = sombra, manes.

TO A SHADE = á una sombra, hasta la
nimiedad.

BLOT = manchon, borron.

CRUMB = miga.

POTÁTO = patata.

UNDERDONE = mal cocido.

GRAVY = jugo, salsa.

:

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapour from an oven.

«You see this toothpick?» said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

«I do,» replied the Ghost.

«You are not looking at it,» said Scrooge.

«But I see it,» said the Ghost, «notwithstanding.»

«Well!» returned Scrooge. «I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!»

At this, the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling into a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

«Mercy!» he said. «Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?»

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge

CRACKING = rajar, producir explosion,
gastar.

GOBLINS = duendes.
SWOON = desmayo.

knew this; by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear: for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his curiosity, he looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waist-coat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a door-step. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power for ever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which

the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say «Humbug!» but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose; went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.



There are not many people—and as it is desirable that a story-teller and a story-reader should establish a mutual understanding as soon as possible, I beg it to be noticed that I confine this observation neither to young people nor to little people, but extend it to all conditions of people: little and big, young and old: yet growing up, or already growing down again—there are not, I say, many people who would care to sleep in a church. I don't mean at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done, once or twice), but in the night, and alone. A great multitude of persons will be violently astonished, I know, by this position, in the broad bold Day. But it applies to Night. It must be argued by night. And I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any gusty winter's night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning.

For the night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that

GUSTY = ventoso.

LOCK HIM IN = encerrarle bajo llave.

TRICK = jugada, maña, modo.

CRÉVICES = rendijas.

may be; it wails and howls to issue forth again: and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters: then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls: seeming to read, in whispers, the inscriptions sacred to the dead. At some of these, it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chaunt, in its will way, of wrong and murder done, and false gods worshipped beyond its sacred precincts, in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at midnight, singing in a church!

But high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weather-cock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is; and iron rails are ragged with rust; and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never loose their hold

WAILS = llorar lamentando.

REND = desgajar.

RAFTERS = vigas.

SHRILLY = chillando, vociferando.

FLAWED = rajado. (cerse.)

TWIST AND TWINE = torcer y retor-

GIDDY = que pierde ó hace perder la cabeza.

GROANING = gemir.

WEATHER-COCK = gallo del tiempo, veleta.

BELFRY = campanario.

SHABBY = semi-elegante, *tronado*.

JOISTS = justas ó juntas (de madera).

BEAMS = vigas.

SPECKLED = que tiene pintas.

upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save a life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptized by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man: and no one knew their names. They had had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being Godfather to a Bell than a Boy): and had had their silver mugs no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors; and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs: and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat even a blustering Nor'-Wester.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed,

²
THREAD-SPUN (spin, span, spun) =
 hilado, (hecho) de hilo.

CHIMES = repique ó tañido acompasado (de campanas).

BISHOPS = obispos.

SÍLVER MUGS = vasos de plata (regalo de

BENT = resuelto. (bautizo).

BEAT = vencer.

BLUSTERING NOR'-WESTER = ruidoso vendabal.

GOOSE-SKINNED = de ganso desplumado (operacion ejecutada cinco veces al año, que mata á muchos en la temporada del frio).

stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in, in the winter time, as Toby Veck (1) well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner — especially the east wind — as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried «Why, here he is!» Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and touzled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle, that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

But windy weather, in spite of its using him so roughly, was, after all, a sort of holiday for Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind, as at other times; for the having to fight with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was getting hungry and low-spirited. A hard frost too, or a

(1) Un mozo de cordel.

STONY-TOED = de dedos (*del pié*) de
piedra (hechos una piedra por el hielo).

BOUNCING ROUND = saltar (como una
pelota) al rededor, dar la vuelta de

APRON = delantal. (pronto).

ASLANT = sesgado.

BANGED = cerrar con un portazo, ba-
quetear.

TOUZLE = tirar de ceca en meca.

WORRIED = maltratar (como los perros
cuando están riñendo).

HUSTLED (husld) = sacudir chocando.

FROGS AND SNAILS = ranas y cara-
coles.

TICKET-PORTERS = mozos de cordel
con licencia (*ticket*).

fall of snow, was an Event; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been hard to say in what respect though, Toby! So wind and frost and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm of hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst: the cold damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great-coat: the only kind of great-coat Toby owned, or could have added to his comfort by dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down; when the street's throat, like his own, was choked with mist; when smoking umbrellas passed and repassed, spinning round and round like so many teetotums, as they knocked against each other on the crowded footway, throwing off a little whirlpool of uncomfortable sprinklings; when gutters brawled and water-spouts were full and noisy; when the wet from the projecting stones and ledges of the church fell drip, drip, drip, on Toby, making the wisp of straw on which he stood mere mud in no time; those were the days that tried him. Then indeed you might see Toby looking anxiously out from his shelter in an angle of the church wall—such a meagre shelter that in summer time it never cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking stick upon the sunny pavement—with a disconsolate and lengthened face. But coming out, a minute afterwards, to warm himself by exercise: and trotting up and down some dozen times: he would brighten even then, and go back more brightly to his niche.

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps, most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to

RED-LETTER DAYS = dias de letra encarnada (*las fiestas se marcaban así*), dias felices.

CLAMMY = pegajoso.

THROAT = garganta.

SPINNING = hilar, bailar ó dar vueltas rápidas.

TEETOTUMS = perinolas.

SPRINKLINGS = salpicaduras.

GUTTERS = arroyos (de la calle).

BRAWLED = hablar gordo, meter bulla.

WATER-SPOUTS = canalones.

DRIP = gota (de una cosa que se asa ó que está empapada).

WISP = manojito.

MEAGRE = magro.

his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe — Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight — that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast Postmen ahead of him, to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith — not often tested — in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire; and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the Chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

We commenced our last chapter with the beadle of our parish, because we are deeply sensible of the importance and dignity of his office. We will begin the present, with the clergyman.

BESPATTERED = salpicar.

EARN = ganar.

WORTH HIS SALT (*common saying*) =
valia su sal.

AHEAD OF = que le llevaba la delantera.

RUN..... DOWN = correr abajo, vencer
dejando muy atrás.

MUFFLERS = embozadores, guantes de
lana gorda (*worsted*).

TAP = espita, cuarto donde se sirven
refrescos ó licores en público.

BEADLE = bedel, sindico.

CLERGYMAN = el clérigo, cura (los cu-
ras protestantes se casan).

Our curate is a young gentleman of such prepossessing appearance, and fascinating manners, that within one month after his first appearance in the parish, half the young-lady inhabitants were melancholy with religion, and the other half, desponding with love. Never were so many young ladies seen in our parish-church on Sunday before; and never had the little round angels' faces on Mr. Tomkins's monument in the side aisle, beheld such devotion on earth as they all exhibited. He was about five-and-twenty when he first came to astonish the parishioners. He parted his hair on the centre of his forehead in the form of a Norman arch, wore a brilliant of the first water on the fourth finger of his left hand (which he always applied to his left cheek when he read prayers), and had a deep sepulchral voice of unusual solemnity. Innumerable were the calls made by prudent mammas on our new curate, and innumerable the invitations with which he was assailed, and which, to do him justice, he readily accepted. If his manner in the pulpit had created an impression in his favour, the sensation was increased tenfold, by his appearance in private circles. Pews in the immediate vicinity of the pulpit or reading-desk rose in value; sittings in the centre aisle were at a premium: an inch of room in the front row of the gallery could not be procured for love or money; and some people even went so far as to assert, that the three Miss Browns, who had an obscure family pew just behind the churchwardens', were detected, one Sunday, in the free seats by the communion-table, actually lying in wait for the curate as he passed to the vestry! He began to preach extempore sermons, and even grave

DESPONDING = abatidas, enfermas.

AISLE ¹(il) = nave.

PARTED HIS HAIR = sacaba la raya.

FOREHEAD ² = frente.

CALLS = visitas.

PŪLPIT ³ = pŭlpito.

TENFOLD = décuplo.

READING-DESK ⁴ = pŭlpito pequeño des-

de donde leen los curas protestantes las oraciones y salmos.

PEW = asiento en la iglesia.

CHURCHWARDENS' = de mayordomo de iglesia.

COMMŪNION-TABLE ³ = altar protestante.

VESTRY = sacristía.

papas caught the infection. He got out of bed at half-past twelve o'clock one winter's night, to half-baptize a washerwoman's child in a slop-basin, and the gratitude of the parishioners knew no bounds—the very churchwardens grew generous, and insisted on the parish defraying the expense of the watch-box on wheels, which the new curate had ordered for himself, to perform the funeral service in, in wet weather. He sent three pints of gruel and a quarter of a pound of tea to a poor woman who had been brought to bed of four small children, all at once—the parish were charmed. He got up a subscription for her—the woman's fortune was made. He spoke for one hour and twenty-five minutes, at an anti-slavery meeting at the Goat and Boots—the enthusiasm was at its height. A proposal was set on foot for presenting the curate with a piece of plate, as a mark of esteem for his valuable services rendered to the parish. The list of subscriptions was filled up in no time; the contest was, not who should escape the contribution, but who should be the foremost to subscribe. A splendid silver inkstand was made, and engraved with an appropriate inscription; the curate was invited to a public breakfast, at the before-mentioned Goat and Boot; the inkstand was presented in a neat speech by Mr. Gubbins, the ex-churchwarden, and acknowledged by the curate in terms which drew tears into the eyes of all present—the very waiters were melted.

One would have supposed that, by this time, the theme of universal admiration was lifted to the very pinnacle of popularity. No such thing. The curate began to cough; four fits of coughing one morning between the Litany and the Epistle, and five in the afternoon service. Here was a discovery—the curate was consumptive. How interestingly melancholy! If the young

SLOP-BASIN = tazon para sopitas.

WATCH-BOX = lagarito (para resguardarse de la lluvia).

BROUGHT TO BED = partear.

HEIGHT (hit) = apogeo.

PLATE = vajilla.

INKSTAND = tintero.

GOAT AND BOOTS = Cabra y Botas (posada).

WAITERS = mozos.

MELTED = enternecidos.

COUGH (cof) = toser. (tarde.

AFTERNOON SERVICE = oficio de la

ladies were energetic before, their sympathy and solicitude now knew no bounds. Such a man as the curate—such a dear—such a perfect love—to be consumptive! It was too much. Anonymous presents of black-currant jam, and lozenges, elastic waistcoats, bosom friends, and warm stockings, poured in upon the curate until he was as completely fitted out, with winter clothing, as if he were on the verge of an expedition to the North Pole: verbal bulletins of the state of his health were circulated throughout the parish half-a-dozen times a day; and the curate was in the very zenith of his popularity.

About this period, a change came over (1) the spirit of the parish. A very quiet, respectable, dozing old gentleman, who had officiated in our chapel of ease for twelve years previously, died one fine morning, without having given any notice whatever of his intention. This circumstance gave rise to counter-sensation the first; and the arrival of his successor occasioned counter-sensation the second. He was a pale, thin, cadaverous man, with large black eyes, and long straggling black hair: his dress was slovenly in the extreme, his manner ungainly, his doctrines startling; in short, he was in every respect the antipodes of the curate. Crowds of our female parishioners flocked to hear him: at first, because he was *so* odd-looking, then because his face was *so* expressive, then because he preached *so* well; and at last, because they really thought that, after all, there was something about him which it was quite impossible to describe. As to the curate, he was all very well; but certainly, after all, there was no denying that—that—in short, the curate wasn't a novelty, and the other clergyman was. The

(1) An allusion to Lord Byron's *Dream*.

BLACK-CURRENT = grosella negra ó

tinta.

JAM = conservas.

LOZENGES = pastillas.

BOSOM FRIENDS = amigos de pecho

(corazon), abrigos,

STOCKINGS = medias.

CHAPEL OF EASE = capilla aneja á
la parroquial.

SLOVENLY (slúvenli) = desaliñado.

UNGAINLY = poco gracioso.

WASN'T = *was not*.

inconstancy of public opinion is proverbial: the congregation migrated one by one. The curate coughed till he was black in the face—it was in vain. He respired with difficulty—it was equally ineffectual in awakening sympathy. Seats are once again to be had in any part of our parish church, and the chapel-of-ease is going to be enlarged as it is crowded to suffocation every Sunday!

The best known and most respected among our parishioners, is an old lady, who resided in our parish long before our name was registered in the list of baptisms. Our parish is a suburban one, and the old lady lives in a neat row of houses in the most airy and pleasant part of it. The house is her own; and it, and every thing about it, except the old lady herself, who looks a little older than she did ten years ago, is in just the same state as when the old gentleman was living. The little front parlour, which is the old lady's ordinary sitting-room, is a perfect picture of quiet neatness: the carpet is covered with brown Holland, the glass and picture-frames are carefully enveloped in yellow muslin; the table-covers are never taken off, except when the leaves are turpented and bees-waxed, an operation which is regularly commenced every other morning at half-past nine o'clock—and the little nicnacs are always arranged in precisely the same manner. The greater part of these are presents from little girls whose parents live in the same row; but some of them, such as the two old fashioned watches (which never keep the same time, one being always a quarter of an hour too slow, and the other a quarter of an hour too fast), the little picture of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold as they appeared in the Royal Box at Drury-lane Theatre, and others of the same class, have been in the old lady's possession for many years. Here the old lady sits with her spectacles on, busily engaged in needle-work—near the window in summer time; and if she sees you coming up the steps, and you happen to be

BROWN HOLLAND=lienzo castaño de
Holanda.

TURPÉNTINED=dar de trementina.

BEES-WAXED=dar de cera.

NICNACS=fruslerías.

NEEDLE-WORK=labor

a favourite, she trots out to open the street door for you before you knock, and as you must be fatigued after that hot walk, insists on your swallowing two glasses of sherry before you exert yourself by talking. If you call in the evening you will find her cheerful, but rather more serious than usual, with an open Prayer-book on the table, before her, of which «Sarah,» who is just as neat and methodical as her mistress, regularly reads two or three pages in the parlour aloud.

The old lady sees scarcely any company, except the little girls before noticed, each of whom has always a regular fixed day for a periodical tea-drinking with her, to which the child looks forward as the greatest treat of its existence. She seldom visits at a greater distance than the next door but one on either side; and when she drinks tea here, Sarah runs out first and knocks a double-knock, to prevent the possibility of her «Missis's» catching cold by having to wait at the door. She is very scrupulous in returning these little invitations, and when she asks Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Somebody-else, Sarah and she dust the urn, and the best china service, and the tea-board; and the visitors are received in the drawing-room in great state. She has but few relations, and they are scattered about in different parts of the country, and she seldom sees them. She has a son in India, whom she always describes to you as a fine, handsome fellow — so like the profile of his poor dear father over the sideboard, but the old lady adds, with a mournful shake of the head, that he has always been one of her greatest trials, and that indeed he once almost broke her heart; but it pleased God to enable her to get the better of it, and she would prefer your never mentioning the subject to her, again. She has a great number of pensioners: and on Saturday, after she comes back from market, there is a regular levee of old men and women in the passage,

SHERRY = vino de Jerez.

TREAT = convite, diversion.

MISSIS'S = de señora (abreviatura de mistress).

DUST = quitar el polvo.

PRÓFILE = perfil.

TO GET THE BETTER OF = vencer.

LÉVEE = recepción.

waiting for their weekly gratuity. Her name always heads the list of any benevolent subscriptions, and hers are always the most liberal donations to the Winter Coal and Soup Distribution Society. She subscribed twenty pounds towards the erection of an organ in our parish church, and was so overcome the first Sunday the children sang to it, that she was obliged to be carried out by the pew-opener. Her entrance into church on Sunday is always the signal for a little bustle in the side aisle, occasioned by a general rise among the poor people, who bow and curtsy until the pew-opener has ushered the old lady into her accustomed seat, dropped a respectful curtsy, and shut the door: and the same ceremony is repeated on her leaving church, when she walks home with the family next door but one, and talks about the sermon all the way, invariably opening the conversation by asking the youngest boy where the text was.

Thus, with the annual variation of a trip to some quiet place on the sea-coast, passes the old lady's life. It has rolled on in the same unvarying and benevolent course for many years now, and must at no distant period be brought to its final close. She looks forward to its termination, with calmness and without apprehension. She has every thing to hope and nothing to fear.

A very different personage, but one who has rendered himself very conspicuous in our parish, is one of the old lady's next door neighbours. He is an old naval officer on half-pay, and his bluff and unceremonious behaviour, disturbs the old lady's domestic economy, not a little. In the first place he *will* smoke cigars in the front court, and when he wants something to drink with them—which is by no means an uncommon circumstance—he lifts up the old lady's knocker with his walking-stick, and demands to have a glass of table ale, handed over the rails. In addition to this cool proceeding, he is a bit of a Jack of all trades, or to use his own words, « A regular Robinson Crusoe; » and nothing delights him better, than to experimentalize on the old lady's property. One morning he got up

TRIP = viajecito. (terro.)

JACK OF ALL TRADES = entendido en

BLUFF = rústico ó áspero, nada etique-

todo un poco.

early, and planted three or four roots of fullgrown marigolds in every bed of her front garden, to the inconceivable astonishment of the old lady, who actually thought when she got up and looked out of the window, that it was some strange eruption which had come out in the night. Another time he took to pieces the eight-day clock on the front landing, under pretence of cleaning the works, which he put together again, by some undiscovered process in so wonderful a manner, that the large hand has done nothing but trip up the little one ever since. Then he took to breeding silk-worms, which he *would* bring in two or three times a day, in little paper boxes, to show the old lady, generally dropping a worm or two at every visit. The consequence was, that one morning a very stout silk-worm was discovered in the act of walking up stairs—probably with the view of inquiring after his friends, for, on further inspection, it appeared that some of his companions had already found their way to every room in the house. The old lady went to the sea-side in despair, and during her absence he completely effaced the name from her brass door-plate, in his attempts to polish it with aqua-fortis.

But all this, is nothing to his seditious conduct in public life. He attends every vestry meeting that is held: always opposes the constituted authorities of the parish, denounces the profligacy of the churchwardens, contests legal points against the vestry-clerk, *will* make the tax-gatherer call for his money till he won't call any longer, and then he sends it: finds fault with the sermon every Sunday, says that the organist ought to be ashamed of himself, offers to back himself for any amount to sing the psalms better than all the children put together, male and female; and, in short, conducts himself in the most turbulent and uproarious manner. The worst of it is, that hav-

³ MARIGOLDS = caléndulas.

TAX-GATHERER = recaudador.

EIGHT-DAY CLOCK = reloj con cuerda
para ocho dias.

WON'T (*will not*) CALL = no querer pasar por casa.

VESTRY MEETING = junta de la parroquia.

BACK = ser partidario activo, haer una apuesta por...

ing a high regard for the old lady, he wants to make her a convert to his views, and therefore walks into her little parlour with his newspaper in his hand, and talks violent politics by the hour. He is a charitable, open-hearted old fellow at bottom, after all; so, although he puts the old lady a little out occasionally, they agree very well in the main, and she laughs as much at each feat of his handiwork when it is all over, as anybody else.

(1) The first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, recalling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant and beautiful in nature, in her sweetest and most delightful form. What man is there, over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence—carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since—where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now, in all his ramblings—where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly—where the air blew more freshly over greener grass, and sweeter-smelling flowers—where every thing wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart. The hardy traveller wanders through the maze of thick and pathless woods, where the sun's rays never shone, and heaven's pure air never played: he stands on the brink of the roaring waterfall, and, giddy and bewildered, watches the foaming mass as it leaps from stone to stone, and from crag to crag; he lingers in the fertile plains of a land of perpetual sunshine, and revels in the luxury of their balmy breath. But what are the

(4) The vocabulary will be henceforward purposely omitted.

HANDIWORK = obra de ingenio. ALL OVER = todo acabado.

deep forests, or the thundering waters, or the richest landscapes that bounteous nature ever spread, to charm the eyes, and captivate the senses of man, compared with the recollection of the old scenes of his early youth? — Magic scenes indeed; for the fairy thoughts of infancy dressed them in colours brighter than the rainbow, and almost as fleeting; colours which are the reflection only of the sparkling sunbeams of childhood, and can never be called into existence in the dark and cloudy days of after-life!

In former times, spring brought with it not only such associations as these, connected with the past, but sports and games for the present — merry dances round rustic pillars, adorned with emblems of the seasons, and reared in honour of its coming. Where are they now! Pillars we have, but they are no longer rustic ones; and as to dancers, they are used to rooms, and lights, and would not show well in the open air. Think of the immorality, too! What would your sabbath enthusiasts say, to an aristocratic ring encircling the Duke of York's column in Carlton-terrace — a grand *poussette* of the middle classes, round Alderman Waithman's monument in Fleet-street, — or a general hands-four-round of ten-pound householders, at the foot of the Obelisk in St. George's-fields? Alas! romance can make no head against the riot act; and pastoral simplicity is not understood by the police.

Well; many years ago we began to be a steady and matter-of-fact sort of people, and dancing in spring being beneath our dignity, we gave it up, and in course of time it descended to the sweeps — a fall certainly; because, though sweeps are very good fellows in their way, and moreover very useful in a civilized community, they are not exactly the sort of people to give the tone to the little elegances of society. The sweeps, however, got the dancing to themselves, and they kept it up, and handed it down. This was a severe blow to the romance of spring-time, but it did not entirely destroy it either; for a portion of it descended to the sweeps with the dancing, and rendered them objects of great interest. A mystery hung over the sweeps in those days. Legends were in existence of wealthy gentlemen who had lost children, and who, after many years

of sorrow and suffering, had found them in the character of sweeps. Stories were related of a young boy who, having been stolen from his parents in his infancy, and devoted to the occupation of chimney-sweeping, was sent, in the course of his professional career, to sweep the chimney of his mother's bedroom; and how, being hot and tired when he came out of the chimney, he got into the bed he had so often slept in as an infant, and was discovered and recognised therein by his mother, who once every year of her life, thereafter, requested the pleasure of the company of every London sweep, at half-past one o'clock, to roast beef, plum-pudding, porter, and sixpence.

Such stories as these, and there were many such, threw an air of mystery round the sweeps, and produced for them some of those good effects which animals derive from the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. No one, except the masters, thought of ill-treating a sweep, because no one knew who he might be, or what nobleman's or gentleman's son he might turn out. Chimney-sweeping was, by many believers in the marvellous, considered as a sort of probationary term, at an earlier or later period of which, divers young noblemen were to come into possession of their rank and titles: and the profession was held by them in great respect accordingly.

We remember, in our young days, a little sweep about our own age, with curly hair and white teeth, whom we devoutly and sincerely believed to be the lost son and heir of some illustrious personage — an impression which was resolved into an unchangeable conviction on our infant mind, by the subject of our speculations informing us, one day, in reply to our question, propounded a few moments before his ascent to the summit of the kitchen chimney, «that he believed he'd been born in the vurkis (1), but he 'd never know'd his father.» We felt certain from that time forth that he would one day be owned by a lord, at least; and we never heard the church-bells ring, or saw a flag hoisted in the neighbourhood, without thinking that the happy event had at last occurred, and that his long-lost parent had arrived in a coach and six, to take him home

(1) *Workhouse, hospicio: he'd = he had: know'd = known.*

to Grosvenor-square. He never came, however; and, at the present moment, the young gentleman in question is settled down as a master sweep in the neighbourhood of Battle Bridge, his distinguishing characteristics being a decided antipathy to washing himself, and the possession of a pair of legs very inadequate to the support of his somewhat unwieldy and corpulent body.

The romance of spring having gone out before our time, we were fain to console ourselves as we best could, with the uncertainty that enveloped the birth and parentage of its attendant dancers, the sweeps; and we *did* console ourselves with it, for many years. But even this wretched source of comfort received a shock, from which it has never recovered — a shock, which has been, in reality, its death-blow. We could not disguise from ourselves the fact that whole families of sweeps were regularly born of sweeps, in the rural districts of Somers Town and Camden Town — that the eldest son succeeded to the father's business, that the other branches assisted him therein, and commenced on their own account; that their children again, were educated to the profession; and that about their identity there could be no mistake whatever. We could not be blind, we say, to this melancholy truth, but we could not bring ourselves to admit it, nevertheless; and we lived on for some years in a state of voluntary ignorance. We were roused from our pleasant slumber by certain dark insinuations thrown out by a friend of ours, to the effect that children in the lower ranks of life were beginning to *choose* chimney-sweeping as their particular walk; that applications had been made by various boys to the constituted authorities, to allow them to pursue the object of their ambition with the full concurrence and sanction of the law; that the affair, in short, was becoming one of mere legal contract. We turned a deaf ear to these rumours at first, but slowly and surely they stole upon us. Month after month, week after week, nay, day after day, at last, did we meet with accounts of similar applications. The veil was removed, all mystery was at an end, and chimney-sweeping had become a favourite and chosen pursuit. There is no longer any occasion to steal boys; for boys flock in crowds

to bind themselves. The romance of the trade has fled, and the chimney-sweeper of the present day, is no more like unto him of thirty years ago, than is a Fleet-street pickpocket to a Spanish brigand, or Paul Pry to Caleb Williams.

The gradual decay and disuse of the practice of leading noble youths into captivity, and compelling them to ascend chimneys, was a severe blow, if we may so speak, to the romance of chimney-sweeping, and to the romance of spring at the same time. But even this was not all, for some few years ago the dancing on May-day began to decline; small sweeps were observed to congregâte in twos or threes, unsupported by a «green,» with no «My Lord» to act as master of the ceremonies, and no «My Lady» to preside over the exchequer. Even in companies where there was a «green» it was an absolute nothing—a mere sprout; and the instrumental accompaniments rarely extended beyond the shovels and a set of Pan-pipes, better known to the many, as a «mouth-organ.»

These were signs of the times, portentous omens of a coming-change; and what was the result which they shadowed forth? Why, the master sweeps, influenced by a restless spirit of innovation, actually interposed their authority, in opposition to the dancing, and substituted a dinner—an anniversary dinner at White Conduit House—where clean faces appeared in lieu of black ones smeared with rose pink; and knee cords and tops, superseded nankeen drawers and rosetted shoes.

From this day, we date the total fall of the last lingering remnant of May-day dancing, among the *élite* of the profession: and from this period we commence a new era in that portion of our spring associations, which relates to the 1st of May.

We are aware that the unthinking part of the population will meet us here, with the assertion, that dancing on May-day still continues—that «greens» are annually seen to roll along the streets—that youths in the garb of clowns, precede them, giving vent to the ebullitions of their sportive fancies; and that lords and ladies follow in their wake.

Granted. We are ready to acknowledge that in outward show, these processions have greatly improved: we do not deny the introduction of solos on the drum; we will even go so far as to

admit an occasional fantasia on the triangle, but here our admissions end. We positively deny that the sweeps have art or part in these proceedings. We distinctly charge the dustmen with throwing what they ought to clear away, into the eyes of the public. We accuse scavengers, brickmakers, and gentlemen who devote their energies to the costermongering line, with obtaining money once a-year, under false pretences. We cling with peculiar fondness to the custom of days gone by, and have shut out conviction as long as we could, but it has forced itself upon us; and we now proclaim to a deluded public, that the May-day dancers are *not* sweeps. The size of them, alone, is sufficient to repudiate the idea. It is a notorious fact that the widely-spread taste for register-stoves has materially increased the demand for small boys; whereas the men, who, under a fictitious character, dance about the streets on the first of May now-a-days, would be a tight fit in a kitchen flue, to say nothing of the parlour. This is strong presumptive evidence, but we have positive proof—the evidence of our own senses. And here is our testimony.

Upon the morning of the second of the merry month of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, we went out for a stroll, with a kind of forlorn hope of seeing something or other which might induce us to believe that it was really spring, and not Christmas: and after wandering as far as Copenhagen House, without meeting any thing calculated to dispel our impression that there was a mistake in the almanacks, we turned back down Maiden-lane, with the intention of passing through the extensive colony lying between it and Battle-bridge, which is inhabited by proprietors of donkey-carts, boilers of horse-flesh, makers of tiles, and sifters of cinders; and through this colony we should have passed, without stoppage or interruption, if a little crowd gathered round a shed had not attracted our attention, and induced us to pause.

When we say a «shed,» we do not mean the conservatory sort of building, which, according to the old song, Love tenant-ed when he was a young man, but a wooden house with windows stuffed with rags and paper, and a small yard at the

side, with one dust-cart, two baskets, a few shovels, and little heaps of cinders, and fragments of china and tiles scattered about it. Before this inviting spot we paused; and the longer we looked, the more we wondered what exciting circumstance it could be, that induced the foremost members of the crowd to flatten their noses against the parlour window, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of what was going on inside. After staring vacantly about us for some minutes, we appealed, touching the cause of this assemblage, to a gentleman in a suit of tarpaulin, who was smoking his pipe on our right hand; but as the only answer we obtained was a playful inquiry whether our maternal parent had disposed of her mangle, we determined to await the issue in silence.

Judge of our virtuous indignation, when the street-door of the shed opened, and a party emerged therefrom, clad in the costume and emulating the appearance of May-day sweeps!

The first person who appeared was «my lord,» habited in a blue coat and bright-buttons, with gilt paper tacked over the seams, yellow knee-breeches, pink cotton stockings, and shoes; a cocked hat, ornamented with shreds of various-coloured paper, on his head, a *bouquet* the size of a prize cauliflower in his buttonhole, a long Belcher handkerchief in his right hand, and a thin cane in his left. A murmur of applause ran through the crowd (which was chiefly composed of his lordship's personal friends), when this graceful figure made his appearance, which swelled into a burst of applause as his fair partner in the dance bounded forth to join him. Her ladyship was attired in pink crape over bed-furniture, with a low body and short sleeves. The symmetry of her ankles was partially concealed by a very perceptible pair of frilled trowsers; and the inconvenience which might have resulted from the circumstance of her white satin shoes being a few sizes too large, was obviated by their being firmly attached to her legs with strong tape sandals.

Her head was ornamented with a profusion of artificial flowers; and in her hand she bore a large brass ladle, wherein to receive what she figuratively denominated «the tin.» The other characters were a young gentleman in girl's clothes and

a widow's cap: two clowns who walked upon their hands in the mud, to the immeasurable delight of all the spectators; a man with a drum; another man with a flagelet; a dirty woman in a large shawl, with a box under her arm for the money, — and last, though not least, the «green,» animated by no less a personage than our identical friend in the tarpaulin suit.

The man hammered away at the drum, the flagelet squeaked, the shovels rattled, the «green» rolled about, pitching first on one side and then on the other — my lady threw her right foot over her left ankle, and her left foot over her right ankle, alternately; and my lord ran a few paces forward, and butted at the «green,» and then a few paces backward upon the toes of the crowd, and then went to the right, and then to the left, and then dodged my lady round the «green;» and finally drew her arm through his, and called upon the boys to shout, which they did lustily — for this was the dancing.

We passed the same group accidentally in the evening. We never saw a «green» so drunk, a lord so quarrelsome (no: not even in the house of peers after dinner), a pair of clowns so melancholy, a lady so muddy, or a party so miserable.

How has May-day decayed! How many merry sports, such as dancing round the Maypole, have fallen into desuetude! And, apparently trifling as their loss may appear, with how many profligate and vicious customs have they been replaced! How much of cheerfulness, and simplicity of character, have they carried away with them, and how much of degradation and discontent have they left behind!

In our rambles through the streets of London after evening has set in, we often pause beneath the windows of some public hospital, and picture to ourself the gloomy and mournful scenes that are passing within. The sudden moving of a taper as its feeble ray shoots from window after window, until its light gradually disappears, as if it were carried further back into the room to the bedside of some suffering patient, is enough to awaken a whole crowd of reflections; the mere glimmering of the low-burning lamps, which, when all other habitations are

wrapped in darkness and slumber, denote the chamber where so many forms are writhing with pain, or wasting with disease, is sufficient to check the most boisterous merriment.

Who can tell the anguish of those weary hours, when the only sound the sick man hears, is the disjointed wanderings of some feverish slumberer near him, the low moan of pain, or perhaps the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man? Who but those who have felt it, can imagine the sense of loneliness and desolation which must be the portion of those who in the hour of dangerous illness are left to be tended by strangers; for what hands, be they ever so gentle, can wipe the clammy brow, or smooth the restless bed, like those of mother, wife, or child?

Impressed with these thoughts, we have turned away, through the nearly-deserted streets; and the sight of the few miserable creatures still hovering about them, has not tended to lessen the pain which such meditations awaken. The hospital is a refuge and resting-place for hundreds, who but for such institutions must die in the streets and doorways; but what can be the feelings of outcasts like these, when they are stretched on the bed of sickness with scarcely a hope of recovery? The wretched woman who lingers about the pavement, hours after midnight, and the miserable shadow of a man — the ghastly remnant that want and drunkenness have left — which crouches beneath a window-ledge, to sleep where there is some shelter from the rain, have little to bind them to life, but what have they to look back upon, in death? What are the unwonted comforts of a roof and a bed to them, when the recollections of a whole life of debasement stalk before them; when repentance seems a mockery, and sorrow comes too late?

About a twelvemonth ago, as we were strolling through Covent Garden (we had been thinking about these things overnight) we were attracted by the very prepossessing appearance of a pickpocket, who having declined to take the trouble of walking to the Police-office, on the ground that he hadn't the slightest wish to go there at all, was being conveyed thither in a wheel-barrow, to the huge delight of a crowd, but apparently not very much to his own gratification.

Somehow we never can resist joining a crowd, so we turned back with the mob, and entered the office, in company with our friend the pickpocket, a couple of policemen, and as many dirty-faced spectators as could squeeze their way in.

There was a powerful, ill-looking young fellow at the bar, who was undergoing an examination, on the very common charge of having, on the previous night, ill-treated a woman, with whom he lived in some court hard by. Several witnesses bore testimony to acts of the grossest brutality; and a certificate was read from the house-surgeon of a neighbouring hospital, describing the nature of the injuries the woman had received, and intimating that her recovery was extremely doubtful.

Some question appeared to have been raised about the identity of the prisoner; for when it was agreed that the two magistrates should visit the hospital at eight o'clock that evening, to take her deposition, it was settled that the man should be taken there also. He turned deadly pale at this, and we saw him clench the bar very hard when the order was given. He was removed directly afterwards, and he spoke not a word.

We felt an irrepressible curiosity to witness this interview, although it is hard to tell why, at this instant, for we knew it must be a painful one. It was no very difficult matter for us to gain permission, and we obtained it.

The prisoner, and the officer who had him in custody, were already at the hospital when we reached it, and waiting the arrival of the magistrates in a small room below stairs. The man was handcuffed, and his hat was pulled forward over his eyes. It was easy to see, though, by the livid whiteness of his countenance, and the constant twitching of the muscles of his face, that he dreaded what was to come. After a short interval, the magistrates and clerk were bowed in by the house-surgeon and a couple of young men who smelt very strong of tobacco-smoke—they were introduced as «dressers»—and after one magistrate had complained bitterly of the cold, and the other of the absence of any news in the evening papers, it was announced that the patient was prepared: and we were conducted to the «casualty ward» in which she was lying.

The dim light which burnt in the spacious room, increased

rather than diminished the ghastly appearance of the hapless creatures in the beds, which were ranged in two long rows on either side. In one bed lay a child enveloped in bandages, with its body half consumed by fire; in another, a female, rendered hideous by some dreadful accident, was wildly beating her clenched fists on the coverlet, in an agony of pain; on a third, there lay stretched a young girl, apparently in that heavy stupor so often the immediate precursor of death: her face was stained with blood, and her breast and arms were bound up in folds of linen. Two or three of the beds were empty, and their recent occupants were sitting beside them, but with faces so wan, and eyes so bright and glassy, that it was fearful to meet their gaze. On every face was stamped the expression of anguish and suffering.

The object of the visit was lying at the upper end of the room. She was a fine young woman of about two or three and twenty. Her long black hair had been hastily cut from about the wounds on her head, and streamed over the pillow in jagged and matted locks. Her face bore frightful marks of the ill-usage she had received: her hand was pressed upon her side, as if her chief pain were there; her breathing was short and heavy; and it was plain to see that she was dying fast. She murmured a few words in reply to the magistrate's inquiry whether she was in great pain; and having been raised on the pillow by the nurse, looked vacantly upon the strange countenances that surrounded her bed. The magistrate nodded to the officer, to bring the man forward. He did so, and stationed him at the bedside. The girl looked on, with a wild and troubled expression of face; but her sight was dim, and she did not know him.

«Take off his hat,» said the magistrate. The officer did as he was desired, and the man's features were fully disclosed.

The girl started up, with an energy quite preternatural; the fire gleamed in her heavy eyes, and the blood rushed to her pale and sunken cheeks. It was a convulsive effort. She fell back upon her pillow, and covering her scarred and bruised face with her hands, burst into tears. The man cast an anxious look towards her, but otherwise appeared wholly unmoved.

After a brief pause the nature of their errand was explained, and the oath tendered.

«Oh, no, gentlemen,» said the girl, raising herself once more, and folding her hands together; «no, gentlemen for God's sake! I did it myself—it was nobody's fault—it was an accident. He didn't hurt me; he wouldn't for all the world. Jack, dear Jack, you know you wouldn't.»

Her sight was fast failing her, and her hand groped over the bed-clothes in search of his. Brute as the man was, he was not prepared for this. He turned his face from the bed, and sobbed aloud. The girl's colour changed, and her breathing grew more difficult. She was evidently dying.

«We respect the feelings which prompt you to this!» said the gentleman who had spoken first, «but let me warn you, not to persist in what you know to be untrue, until it is too late. It cannot save him.»

«Jack,» murmured the girl, laying her hand upon his arm, «they shall not persuade me to swear your life away. He didn't do it, gentlemen. He never hurt me.» She grasped his arm tightly, and added, in a broken whisper, «I hope God Almighty will forgive me all the wrong I have done, and the life I have led. God bless you, Jack. Some kind gentleman take my love to my poor old father. Five years ago, he said he wished I had died a child. Oh, I wish I had! I wish I had!»

The nurse bent over the girl for a few seconds, and then drew the sheet over her face. It covered a corpse.

CHARLES DICKENS.

(Still living.)

THE STORY OF HUDUSI.

Most sublime pacha, allow me first to observe, that, although I have latterly adhered to my own opinions, I am not so intolerant as not to permit the same licence to others: I do not mean to say that there are not such things as facts in this world, nor to find fault with those who believe in them. I am told that there are also such things as flying dragons, griffins and other wondrous animals; but surely it is quite sufficient for me, or any one else, to believe that these animals exist,

when it may have been our fortune to see them; in the same manner, I am willing to believe in a fact, when it is cleared from the mists of doubt; but up to the present, I can safely say, that I seldom have fallen in with a fact, unaccompanied by *doubts*, and every year adds to my belief, that there are few genuine facts in existence. So interwoven in my frame is doubt, that I sometimes am unwilling to admit, as a fact, that I exist. I believe it to be the case, but I feel that I have no right to assert it, until I know what death is, and may from thence draw an inference, which may lead me to a just conclusion.

My name is Hudusi. Of my parents I can say little. My father asserted that he was the bravest janissary in the sultan's employ, and had greatly distinguished himself. He was always talking of Rustam, as being a fool compared to him; of the number of battles he had fought, and of the wounds which he had received in leading his corps on all desperate occasions; but as my father often bathed before me, and the only wound I could ever perceive was one in his rear, when he spoke of bravery, *I very much doubted the fact.*

An old mollah taught me to read and write, and repeat the verses of the Koran — and I was as much advanced as any boy under his charge — but he disliked me very much for reasons which I never could understand, and was eternally giving me the slipper. He declared that I was a reprobate, an unbeliever, a son of Jehanum, who would be impaled before I was much older; but here I am, without a stake through my body, at the age of forty-five; and your highness must acknowledge that when he railed all this in my ears, I was justified in *very much doubting the fact.*

When I was grown up, my father wanted me to enrol myself in the corps of janissaries, and become a lion-killer like himself; I remonstrated, but in vain; he applied, and I was accepted, and received the mark on my arm, which constituted me a janissary, I put on the dress, swaggered and bullied with many other young men of my acquaintance, who were all ready, as they swore, to eat their enemies alive, and who curled their mustachios to prove the truth of what they said. We were dispatched to quell a rebellious pacha — we bore down upon

his troops with a shout enough to frighten the devil; but the devil a bit were they frightened, they stood their ground; and as they would not run, we did, leaving those who were not so wise, to be cut to pieces. After this, when any of my companions talked of their bravery, or my father declared that he should be soon promoted to the rank of a Spahi, and that I was a lion's whelp, I *very much doubted the fact.*

The pasha held out much longer than was at first anticipated: indeed, so long as to cause no little degree of anxiety in the capital. More troops were dispatched to subdue him; and success not attending our efforts, the vizier, according to the custom, was under the disagreeable necessity of parting with his head, which was demanded because we turned tail. Indeed, it was to oblige us, that the sultan consented to deprive himself of the services of a very able man; for we surrounded the palace, and insisted that it was all his fault, but, considering our behaviour in the field of battle, your highness must admit that there was reason to *doubt the fact.*

We were again dispatched against this rebellious pacha, who sat upon the parapets of his stronghold, paying down thirty sequins for the head of every janissary brought to him by his own troops, and I am afraid a great deal of money was spent in that way. We fell into an ambuscade, and one half of the corps to which my father belonged were cut to pieces, before we could receive any assistance. At last the enemy retired. I looked for my father, and found him expiring; as before, he had received a wound on the wrong side, a spear having transfixed him between the shoulders. «Tell how I died like a brave man,» said he, «and tell your mother that I am gone to paradise.» From an intimate knowledge of my honoured father's character, in the qualities of thief, liar and coward, although I promised to deliver the message, I *very much doubted these facts.*

That your highness may understand how it was that I happened to be left alone, and alive on the field of battle, I must inform you, that I inherited a considerable portion of my father's courageous temper, and not much liking the snapping of the pistols in my face, I had thrown myself down on the ground,

and had remained there very quietly, preferring to be trampled on, rather than interfere with what was going on above.

«By the sword of the prophet! there is one fact — you were a very great coward,» observed the pacha.

«Among my other doubts, your highness, I certainly have some doubts as to my bravery.»

«By the beard of the pacha, I have no doubts on the subject,» observed Mustapha.

«Without attempting to defend my courage, may I observe to your highness, that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether the sultan or the pacha was victorious; and I did no much admire hard blows, without having an opportunity of putting a few sequins in my pocket. I never knew of any man, however brave he might be, who fought for love of fighting, or amusement; we are all trying in this world to get money; and that is, I believe, the secret spring of all our actions.»

«Is that true, Mustapha?» inquired the pacha.

«May it please your sublime highness, if not the truth, it is not very far from it. — Proceed, Hudusi.»

The ideas which I have ventured to express before your sublime highness, were running in my mind, as I sat down among the dead and dying, and I thought how much better off were the pacha's soldiers than those of our sublime sultan, who had nothing but hard blows, while the pacha's soldiers received thirty sequins for the head of every one of our corps of janissaries; and one idea breeding another, I reflected that it would be very prudent, now that the pacha appeared to be gaining the advantage, to be on the right side. Having made up my mind upon this point, it then occurred to me, that I might as well get a few sequins by the exchange, and make my appearance before the pacha, with one or two of the heads of the janissaries, who were lying close to me. I therefore divested myself of whatever might give the idea of my belonging to the corps, took off the heads and rifled the pockets of three janissaries, and was about to depart, when I thought of my honoured father, and turned back to take a last farewell. It was cruel to part with a parent, and I could not make up my mind to

part with him altogether, so I added his head, and the contents of his sash, to those of the other three, and smearing my face and person with blood, with my scimitar in my hand and the four heads tied up in a bundle, made my way for the pacha's stronghold; but the skirmishing was still going on outside of the walls, and I narrowly escaped a corps of janissaries, who would have recognised me. As it was, two of them followed me as I made for the gate of the fortress; and, encumbered as I was, I was forced to turn at bay. No man fights better then, and even a man who otherwise would not fight at all, will fight well, when he can't help it. I never was so brave in my life. I cut down one, and the other ran away, and this in the presence of the pacha, who was seated on the embrasure at the top of the wall; and thus I gained my entrance into the fort, I hastened to the pacha's presence, and laid at his feet the four heads. The pacha was so pleased at my extraordinary valour, that he threw me a purse of five hundred pieces of gold and ordered me to be promoted, asking me to what division of his troops I belonged. I replied, that I was a volunteer. I was made an officer, and thus did I find myself a rich man and a man of consequence by merely changing sides.

«That's not quite so uncommon a method of getting on in the world as you may imagine,» observed Mustapha, drily.

«Mustapha,» said the pacha, almost gasping, «all these are words, wind-bosh. By the fountains that play round the throne of Mahomet, but my throat feels as hot and as dry with this fellow's doubts, as if it were paved with live cinders. I doubt whether we shall be able ever to moisten it again.»

«That doubt, your sublimity ought to resolve immediately. Hudusi, murakhas — my friend, you are dismissed.»

Hardly had the doubter gathered up his slippers, and backed out from the presence, when the pacha and his minister were, with an honest rivalry, endeavouring to remove at once their doubts and their thirst, and were so successful in their attempts, that they, in a short time, exchanged their state of dubiety into a very happy one of ebriety.

The next morning the pacha and his minister, after the business of the divan, with their heads aching from the doubts of

Hudusi, or the means that they had taken to remove them, in not the best humour in the world listened to the continuation of them as follows.

I have heard it observed, continued Hudusi, that the sudden possession of gold will make a brave man cautious, and he who is not brave, still more dastardly than he was before. It certainly was the case with me; my five hundred pieces of gold had such an effect, that every thing in the shape of valour oozed out at my fingers' end. I reflected again, and the result was, that I determined to have nothing more to do with the business, and that neither the sultan nor the pacha should be the better for my exertions. That night we made a sally, and as I was considered a prodigy of valour, I was one of those who were ordered to lead on my troop. I curled my mustachios, swore I would not leave a janissary alive, flourished my scimitar, marched out at the head of my troop, and then took to my heels, and in two days arrived safely at my mother's house. As soon as I entered, I tore my turban, and threw dust upon my head, in honour of my father's memory, and then sat down. My mother embraced me — we were alone.

«And your father? Is it for him that we are to mourn?»

«Yes,» replied I, «he was a lion, and he is in paradise.»

My mother commenced a bitter lamentation; but of a sudden recollecting herself, she said, «But, Hudusi, it's no use tearing one's hair and good clothes for nothing. Are you sure that your father is dead?»

«Quite sure,» replied I. «I saw him down.»

«But he may only be wounded,» replied my mother.

«Not so, my dearest mother, abandon all hope, for I saw his head off?»

«Are you sure it was his body that you saw with the head off?»

«Quite sure, dear mother, for I was a witness to its being cut off.»

«If that is the case,» replied my mother, «he can never come back again, that's clear. Allah acbar — God is great. Then must we mourn.» And my mother ran out into the street before the door, shrieking and screaming, tearing her hair and

her garments, so as to draw the attention and the sympathy of all her neighbours, who asked her what was the matter. «Ah! wahi, the head of my house is no more,» cried she, «my heart is all bitterness—my soul is dried up—my liver is but as water; ah! wahi, ah! wahi,» and she continued to weep and tear her hair, refusing all consolation. The neighbours came to her assistance; they talked to her, they reasoned with her, restrained her violence, and soothed her into quietness. They all declared that it was a heavy loss, but that a true believer had gone to paradise; and they all agreed that no woman's conduct could be more exemplary, that no woman was ever more fond of her husband. I said nothing, but I must acknowledge that, from her previous conversation with me, and the quantity of pilau which she devoured that evening for her supper, I *very much doubted the fact.*

I did not remain long at home, as, although it was my duty to acquaint my mother with my father's death, it was also my duty to appear to return to my corps. This I had resolved never more to do. I reflected that a life of quiet and ease was best suited to my disposition, and I resolved to join some religious sect. Before I quitted my mother's roof I gave her thirty sequins, which she was most thankful for, as she was in straitened circumstances. «Ah!» cried she, as she wrapped up the money carefully in a piece of rag, «if you could only have brought back your poor father's head, Hudusi!» I might have told her that she had just received what I had sold it for—but I thought it just as well to say nothing about it, so I embraced her and departed.

There was a sort of dervises, who had taken up their quarters about seven miles from the village where my mother resided, and as they never remained long in one place, I hastened to join them. On my arrival, I requested to speak with their chief, and imagining that I was come with the request of prayers to be offered up on behalf of some wished-for object, I was admitted.

«Khoda shefa midehed—God gives relief,» said the old man. «What wishest thou, my son? Khosh amedeed—you are welcome.»

I stated my wish to enter into the sect, from a religious feeling, and requested that I might be permitted.

«Thou knowest not what thou askest, my son. Our's is a hard life, one of penitence, prostration, and prayer — our food is but of herbs and water of the spring; our rest is broken, and we know not where to lay our heads. Depart, yaha bibi, my friend, depart in peace.»

«But, father,» replied I (for to tell your highness the truth, notwithstanding the old man's assertions, as to their austerities of life, I *very much doubted the fact*), «I am prepared for all this, if necessary, and even more. I have brought my little wealth to the store, and contribute to the welfare of your holy band; and I must not be denied.» I perceived that the old man's eyes twinkled at the bare mention of gold, and I drew from my sash five and twenty sequins, which I had separated from my hoard, with the intention of offering it. «See, holy father,» continued I, «the offering which I would make.»

«Barik Allah — praise be to God,» exclaimed the dervis, «that he has sent us a true believer. The offering is accepted, but thou must not expect yet to enter into the austerities of our holy order. I have many disciples here, who wear the dress, and yet they are not as regular as good dervises should be; but there is a time for all things, and when their appetite to do wrong fails them, they will (Inshallah, please God), in all probability, become more holy and devout men. You are accepted.» And the old man held out his hand for the money, which he clutched with eagerness, and hid away under his garment. «Ali,» said he, to one of the dervises who had stood at some distance during my audience, «this young man — what is your name? — Hudusi — is admitted into our fraternity. Take him with thee, give him a dress of the order, and let him be initiated into our mysteries, first demanding from him the oath of secrecy. Murakhas, good Hudusi, you are dismissed.»

I followed the dervis through a narrow passage, until we arrived at a door, at which he knocked, it was opened, and I passed through a courtyard, where I perceived several of the dervises stretched on the ground in various postures, breathing heavily and insensible.

«These,» said my conductor, «are holy men who are favoured by Allah. They are in a trance, and during that state, are visited by the Prophet, and are permitted to enter the eighth heaven, and see the glories prepared for true believers.» I made no reply to his assertion, but as it was evident that they were all in a state of beastly intoxication, I *very much doubted the fact.*

I received my dress, took an oath of secrecy, and was introduced to my companions; whom I soon found to be a set of dissolute fellows, indulging in every vice, and laughing at every virtue; living in idleness, and by the contributions made to them by the people, who firmly believed in their pretended sanctity. The old man, with the white beard, who was their chief, was the only one who did not indulge in debauchery. He had outlived his appetite for the vices of youth, and fallen into the vice of age—a love for money, which was insatiable. I must acknowledge that the company and mode of living were more to my satisfaction than the vigils, hard fare, and constant prayer, with which the old man had threatened me, when I proposed to enter the community, and I soon became an adept in dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a great favourite with my brethren.

I ought to have observed to your sublimity, that the sect of dervises, of which I had become a member, were then designated by the name of *howling* dervises; all our religion consisted in howling like jackalls or hyenas, with all our might, until we fell down in real or pretended convulsions. My howl was considered as the most appalling and unearthly that was ever heard, and, of course, my sanctity was increased in proportion. We were on our way to Scutari, where was our real place of residence, and only lodged here and there on our journey to fleece those who were piously disposed. I had not joined more than ten days when they continued their route, and after a week of very profitable travelling, passed through Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and regained their place of domiciliation, and were received with great joy by the inhabitants, to whom the old chief and many others of our troop were well known.

Your sublime highness must be aware that the dervises are not only consulted by, but often become the bankers of, the inhabitants, who entrust them with the care of their money. My old chief (whose name I should have mentioned before was Ulu-bibi) held large sums in trust for many of the people with whom he was acquainted; but avarice inducing him to lend the money out on usury, it was very difficult to recover it when it was desired, although it was always religiously paid back. I had not been many months at Scutari, before I found myself in high favour, from my superior howling and the duration of my convulsions. But during this state, which by habit soon became spasmodic, continuing until the vital functions were almost extinct, the mind was as active as ever; and I lay immersed in a sea of doubt which was most painful. In my state of exhaustion I doubted every thing. I doubted if my convulsions were convulsions or only feigned; I doubted if I was asleep or awake; I doubted whether I was in a trance, or in another world, or dead, or — —

«Friend Hudusi,» interrupted Mustapha, «we want the facts of your story, and not your doubts. Say I not well, your highness? What is all this but bosh-nothing?»

«It is well said,» replied the pacha.

«Sometimes I had thought that I had seized possession of a fact, but it slipped through my fingers like the tail of an eel.»

«Let us have the facts which did not escape thee, friend, and let the mists of doubt be cleared away before the glory of the pacha,» replied Mustapha.

One day I was sitting in the warmth of the sun, by the tomb of a true believer, when an old woman accosted me. «You are welcome,» said I.

«Is your humour good?» said she.

«It is good,» replied I.

She sat down by me, and after a quarter of an hour she continued. «God is great,» said she.

«And Mahomet is his prophet,» replied I. «In the name of Allah, what do you wish?»

«Where is the holy man? I have money to give into his charge. May I not see him?»

«He is at his devotions—but what is that? Am not I the same? Do I not watch when he prayeth—inshallah—please God, we are the same. Give me the bag.»

«Here it is,» said she, pulling out the money; «seven hundred sequins, my daughter's marriage portion; but there are bad men who steal, and there are good men whom we can trust. Say I not well?»

«It is well said,» replied I, «and God is great.»

«You will find the money right,» said she. «Count it.»

I counted it, and returned it into the goat's-skin bag. «It is all right, Leave me, woman, for I must go in.»

The old woman left me, returning thanks to Allah that her money was safe, but from certain ideas running in my mind, I very much doubted the fact. I sat down full of doubt. I doubted if the old woman had come honestly by the money; and whether I should give it to the head-dervis. I doubted whether I ought to retain it for myself, and whether I might not come to mischief. I also had my doubts—

«I have no doubt,» interrupted Mustapha, «but that you kept it for yourself. Say—is it not so?»

Even so did my doubts resolve into that fact. I settled it in my mind, that seven hundred sequins, added to about four hundred still in my possession, would last some time, and that I was tired of the life of a howling dervis. I therefore set up one last long final howl, to let my senior know that I was present, and then immediately became absent, I hastened to the bazaar, and purchasing here and there—at one place a vest, at another a shawl, and at another a turban—I threw off my dress of a dervis, hastened to the bath, and after a few minutes under the barber, came out like a butterfly from its dark shell. No one would have recognised in the spruce young Turk, the filthy dervis. I hastened to Constantinople, where I lived gaily, and spent my money; but I found that to mix in the world, it is necessary not only to have an attaghan, but also to have the courage to use it; and in several broils which took place, from my too frequent use of the water of the Giaour, I invariably proved, that although my voice was that of a lion, my heart was but as water, and the finger of contempt was but

too often pointed at the beard of pretence. One evening, as I was escaping from a coffee-house, after having drawn my attaghan, without having the courage to face my adversary, I received a blow from his weapon which cleft my turban, and cut deeply into my head, I flew through the streets upon the wings of fear, and at last ran against an unknown object, which I knocked down, and then fell alongside of, rolling with it in the mud. I recovered myself, and looking at it, found it to be alive, and, in the excess of my alarm, I imagined it to be Shitan himself; but if not the devil himself, it was one of the sons of Shitan, for it was an unbeliever, a Giaour, a dog to spit upon; in short, it was a Frank Hakim—so renowned for curing all diseases, that it was said he was assisted by the devil.

«Lahnet be shitan! Curses on the devil,» said Mustapha, taking his pipe out of his mouth and spitting.

«Wallah Thaib! It is well said,» replied the pacha.

I was so convinced that it was nothing of this world, that, as soon as I could recover my legs, I made a blow at him with my attaghan, fully expecting that he would disappear in a flame of fire at the touch of a true believer; but on the contrary, he had also recovered his legs, and with a large cane with a gold top on it, he parried my cut, and then saluted me with such a blow on my head, that I again fell down in the mud, quite insensible. When I recovered, I found myself on a mat in an out-house, and attended by my opponent, who was plastering up my head. «It is nothing,» said he, as he bound up my head; but I suffered so much pain, and felt so weak with loss of blood, that in spite of his assertions, I *very much doubted the fact*. Shall I describe this son of Jehamum? And when I do so, will not your highness doubt the fact? Be chesm, upon my head be it, if I lie. He was less than a man, for he had no beard; he had no turban, but a piece of net work, covered with the hair of other men in their tombs, which he sprinkled with the flour from the bakers, every morning, to feed his brain. He wore round his neck a piece of linen, tight as a bowstring, to prevent his head being taken off by any devout true believer, as he walked through the street. His dress was of the colour of hell, black, and bound closely to his body, yet must he have been a

great man in his own country, for he was evidently a pacha of two tails, which were hanging behind him. He was a dreadful man to look upon, and feared nothing; he walked into the house of pestilence—he handled those whom Allah had visited with the plague—he went to the bed, and the sick rose and walked. He warred with destiny; and no man could say what was his fate until the Hakim had decided. He held in his hand the key of the portal which opened into the regions of death; and—what can I say more? he said live, and the believer lived; he said die, and the houris received him into paradise.

«A yesidi! a worshipper of the devil,» exclaimed Mustapha. «May he and his father's grave be eternally defiled!» responded the pacha.

I remained a fortnight under the Hakim's hands before I was well enough to walk about: and when I had reflected, I doubted whether it would not be wiser to embrace a more peaceful profession. The Hakim spoke our language well, and one day said to me, «Thou art more fit to cure than to give wounds. Thou shalt assist me, for he who is now with me will not remain.» I consented, and putting on a more peaceful garb, continued many months with the Frank physician, travelling every where, but seldom remaining long in one place, he followed disease instead of flying from it, and I had my doubts whether, from constant attendance upon the dying, I might not die myself, and I resolved to quit him the first favourable opportunity. I had already learnt many wonderful things from him; that blood was necessary to life, and that without breath a man would die, and that white powders cured fevers, and black drops stopped the dysentery. At last we arrived in this town, and the other day, as I was pounding the drug of reflection in the mortar of patience, the physician desired me to bring his lancets, and to follow him. I paced through the streets behind the learned Hakim, until we arrived at a mean house, in an obscure quarter of this grand city, over which your highness reigns in justice. An old woman, full of lamentation, led us to the sick couch, where lay a creature, beautiful in shape as a houri. The Frank physician was desired by the old woman to feel her pulse through the curtain, but he laughed at her

heard (for she had no small one), and drew aside the curtains and took hold of a hand so small and so delicate, that it were only fit to feed the prophet himself, near the throne of the angel Gabriel, with the immortal pilau prepared for true believers. Her face was covered, and the Frank desired the veil to be removed. The old woman refused, and he turned on his heel to leave her to the assaults of death. The old woman's love for her child conquered her religious scruples, and she consented that her daughter should unveil to an unbeliever. I was in ecstasy at her charms, and could have asked her for a wife; but the Frank only asked to see her tongue. Having looked at it, he turned away with as much indifference as if it had been a dying dog. He desired me to bind up her arm, and took away a bason full of her golden blood, and then put a white powder into the hand of the old woman, saying that he would see her again. I held out my hand for the gold, but there was none forthcoming.

«We are poor,» cried the old woman, to the Hakim, but «God is great.»

«I do not want your money, good woman,» replied he; «I will cure your daughter.» Then he went to the bed-side and spoke comfort to the sick girl, telling her to be of good courage, and all would be well.

The girl answered in a voice sweeter than a nightingale's that she had but thanks to offer in return, and prayers to the Most High. «Yes,» said the old woman, raising her voice, «a scoundrel of a howling dervis robbed me at Scutari of all I had for my subsistence, and of my daughter's portion, seven hundred sequins, in a goat's-skin bag!» and then she began to curse. May the dogs of the city howl at her ugliness! How she did curse! She cursed my father and mother—she cursed their graves—flung dirt upon my brothers and sisters, and filth upon the whole generation. She gave me up to Jehanum, and to every species of defilement. It was a dreadful thing to hear that old woman curse. I pulled my turban over my eyes, that she might not recognise me, and lifted up my garment to cover my face, that I might not be defiled with the shower of curses which were thrown at me like mud, and sat there

watching till the storm was over. Unfortunately, in lifting up my garment, I exposed to the view of the old hag the cursed goat's-skin bag, which hung at my girdle, and contained not only her money, but the remainder of my own. «Mashallah — how wonderful is God!» screamed the old beldame, flying at me like a tigress, and clutching the bag from my girdle. Having secured that, she darted at me with her ten nails, and scored down my face, which I had so unfortunately covered in the first instance, and so unfortunately uncovered in the second. What shall I say more? The neighbours came in — I was hurried before the *cadi*, in company with the old woman and the Frank physician. The money and bag were taken from me — I was dismissed by the *Hakim*, and after receiving one hundred blows from the *ferashes*, I was dismissed by the *cadi*. It was my fate — and I have told my story. Is your slave dismissed?

«No,» replied the pacha; «by our beard, we must see to this, *Mustapha*; say, *Hudusi*, what was the decision of the *cadi*? Our ears are open.»

«The *cadi* decided as follows: — That I had stolen the money, and therefore I was punished with the *bastinado*; but, as the old woman stated the bag contained seven hundred sequins, and there were found in it upwards of eleven hundred, that the money could not belong to her. He therefore retained it until he could find the right owner. The physician was fined fifty sequins for looking at a Turkish woman, and fifty more for shrugging up his shoulders. The girl was ordered into the *cadi's* harem, because she had lost her dowry; and the old woman was sent about her business. All present declared that the sentence was wisdom itself; but, for my part, *I very much doubted the fact.*»

«*Mustapha*,» said the pacha, «send for the *cadi*, the Frank physician, the old woman, the girl, and the goat's-skin bag; we must examine into this affair.»

The officers were dispatched, and in less than an hour, during which the pacha and his *vizier* smoked in silence, the *cadi* with the others made their appearance.

«May your highness's shadow never be less!» said the *cadi*, as he entered.

«Mobarek! may you be fortunate!» replied the pacha. «What is this we hear, *cadi*? there is a goat's-skin bag, and a girl, that are not known to our justice. Are there secrets like those hid in the well of Kashan—speak! what dirt have you been eating?»

«What shall I say?» replied the *cadi*; «I am but as dirt; the money is here, and the girl is here. Is the pacha to be troubled with every woman's noise, or am I come before him with a piece or two of gold—Min Allah—God forbid! Have I not here the money, and *seven more purses*? Was not the girl visited by the angel of death; and could she appear before your presence lean as a dog in the bazaar? Is she not here? Have I spoken well?»

«It is well said, *cadi*. Murakhas—you are dismissed.» The Frank physician was then fined one hundred sequins more; fifty for feeling the pulse, and fifty more for looking at a Turkish woman's tongue. The young woman was dismissed to the pacha's harem, the old woman to curse as much as she pleased, and Hudusi with full permission to *doubt* any thing but the justice of the pacha.

MARRYAT.

EUGENE ARAM'S CONFESSION AND FATE (1).

«In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell the lamentable fall of me.»

Richard II.

«I was born at Ramshill, a little village in Netherdale. My family had originally been of some rank; they were formerly lords of the town of Aram, on the southern banks of the Tees. But time had humbled these pretensions to consideration; though they were still fondly cherished by the heritors of an ancient name, and idle but haughty recollections. My father resided on a small farm, and was especially skilful in horticul-

(1) Founded on fact.

ture, a taste I derived from him. When I was about thirteen, the deep and intense Passion that has made the Demon of my life, first stirred palpably within me. I had always been, from my cradle, of a solitary disposition, and inclined to reverie and musing; these traits of character heralded the love that now seized me—the love of knowledge. Opportunity or accident first directed my attention to the abstruser sciences. I poured my soul over that noble study, which is the best foundation of all true discovery; and the success I met with soon turned my pursuits into more alluring channels. History, poetry, the mastery of the past, the spell that admits us into the visionary world, took the place which lines and numbers had done before. I became gradually more and more rapt and solitary in my habits; knowledge assumed a yet more lovely and bewitching character, and every day the passion to attain it increased upon me; I do not, I have not now the heart to do it—enlarge upon what I acquired without assistance, and with labour sweet in proportion to its intensity. The world, the creation, all things that lived, moved, and were, became to me objects contributing to one passionate, and, I fancied, one exalted end. I suffered the lowlier pleasures of life, and the charms of its more common ties, to glide away from me untasted and unfelt. As you read, in the East, of men remaining motionless for days together, with their eyes fixed upon the heavens, my mind, absorbed in the contemplation of the things above its reach, had no sight of what passed around. My parents died, and I was an orphan. I had no home, and no wealth; but wherever the field contained a flower, or the heavens a star, there was matter of thought and food for delight to me. I wandered alone for months together, seldom sleeping but in the open air, and shunning the human form as that part of God's works from which I could learn the least. I came to Knaresbro': the beauty of the country, a facility in acquiring books from a neighbouring library that was open to me, made me resolve to settle there. And now, new desires opened upon me with new stores: I became seized, possessed, haunted with the ambition of enlightening my race. At first, I had loved knowledge solely for itself: I now saw afar an object grander than knowledge. To

what end, said I, are these labours? Why do I feed a lamp which consumes itself in a desert place? Why do I heap up riches, without asking who shall gather them? I was restless and discontented. What could I do? I was friendless; I was strange to my kind; I was shut out from all uses by the wall of my own poverty. I saw my desires checked when their aim was at the highest: all that was proud, and aspiring, and ardent in my nature, was cramped and chilled. I exhausted the learning within my reach. Where, with my appetite excited not slaked, was I, destitute and penniless, to search for more? My abilities, by bowing them to the lowliest tasks, had kept me from famine:—was this to be my lot for ever? And all the while, I was thus grinding down my soul in order to satisfy the vile physical wants, what golden hours, what glorious advantages, what openings into new heavens of science, what chances of illumining mankind were for ever lost to me! Sometimes when the young, whom I taught some elementary, all-unheeded, initiations into knowledge, came around me; when they looked me in the face with their laughing eyes; when, for they all loved me, they told me their little pleasures and their petty sorrows, I have wished that I could have gone back again into childhood, and becoming as one of them, enter into that heaven of quiet which was denied me now. Yet more often it was with an indignant and chafed rather than a sorrowful spirit that I looked upon my lot; and if I looked beyond it, what could I see of hope? Dig I could; but was all that thirsted and swelled within to be dried up and stifled, in order that I might gain the sustenance of life? Was I to turn menial to the soil, and forget that knowledge was abroad? Was I to starve my mind, that I might keep alive my body? Beg I could not. Where ever lived the real student, the true minister and priest of knowledge, who was not filled with the lofty sense of the dignity of his calling? Was I to show the sores of my pride, and strip my heart from its clothing, and ask the dull fools of wealth not to let a scholar starve? Bah! He whom the vilest poverty ever stooped to this, may be the quack, but never the true disciple, of learning. Steal, rob—worse—ay, all those I or any of my brethren might do:—beg? never! What did I

then? I devoted the lowliest part of my knowledge to the procuring the bare means of life, and the grandest, — the knowledge that pierced to the depths of earth, had numbered the stars of heaven — why, that was valueless, save to the possessor.

10 «In Knaresbro', at this time, I met a distant relation, Richard Houseman. Sometimes in our walks we encountered each other; for he sought me, and I could not always avoid him. He was a man like myself, born to poverty, yet he had always enjoyed what to him was wealth. This seemed a mystery to me; and when we met, we sometimes conversed upon it. «You are poor, with all your wisdom,» said he. «I know nothing; but I am never poor. Why is this? The world is my treasury. — I live upon my kind. — Society is my foe. — Laws order me to starve; but self-preservation is an instinct more sacred than society, and more imperious than laws.»

20 «The undisguised and bold manner of his discourse impressed while it revolted me. I looked upon him as a study, and I combated, in order to learn, him. He had been a soldier — he had seen the greatest part of Europe — he possessed a strong shrewd sense — he was a villain — but a villain bold — adroit — and not then thoroughly unredeemed. His conversation created dark and perturbed reflections. What was that state of society — was it not at war with its own elements — in which vice prospered more than virtue? Knowledge was my dream, that dream I might realize, not by patient suffering, but by active daring. I might wrest from society, to which I owed nothing, the means to be wise and great. Was it not better and nobler to do this, even at my life's hazard, than lie down in a ditch and die the dog's death? Was it not better than such a doom — ay better for mankind — that I should commit one bold wrong, and by that wrong purchase the power of good? I asked myself that question. It is a fearful question; it opens a labyrinth of reasonings, in which the soul may walk and lose itself for ever.

30 «One day Houseman met me, accompanied by a stranger who had just visited our town, for what purpose you know already. His name — supposed name — was Clarke. Man, I am about to speak plainly of that stranger — his character and his fate. And yet — yet you are his son! I would fain soften the

colouring; but I speak truth of myself, and I must not, unless I would blacken my name yet deeper than it deserves, varnish truth when I speak of others. Houseman joined, and presented to me this person. From the first I felt a dislike creep through me at the stranger, which indeed it was easy to account for. He was of a careless and somewhat insolent manner. His countenance was impressed with the lines and character of a thousand vices: you read in the brow and eye the history of a sordid yet reckless life. His conversation was repellent to me beyond expression. He uttered the meanest sentiments, and he chuckled over them as the maxims of a superior sagacity; he avowed himself a knave upon system, and upon the lowest scale. To over-reach, to deceive, to elude, to shuffle, to fawn, and to lie, were the arts that he confessed to with so naked and cold a grossness, that one perceived that in the long habits of debasement he was unconscious of what was not debased. Houseman seemed to draw him out: he told us anecdotes of his rascality, and the distresses to which it had brought him, and he finished by saying: «Yet you see me now almost rich, and wholly contented. I have always been the luckiest of human beings; no matter what ill chances to-day, good turns up to-morrow. I confess that I bring on myself the ill, and Providence sends me the good.» We met accidentally more than once, and his conversation was always of the same strain — his luck and his rascality: he had no other theme, and no other boast.

In returning, at night, to my own home, from my long and solitary walks, I often passed the house in which Clarke lodged; and sometimes I met him reeling by the door, insulting all who passed; and yet their resentment was absorbed in their disgust. «And this loathsome, and grovelling thing,» said I, inwardly, «squanders on low excesses, wastes upon outrages to society, that with which I could make my soul as a burning lamp, that should shed a light over the world!»

»One day, in passing through the street, though it was broad noon, I encountered Clarke in a state of intoxication, and talking to a crowd he had collected around him. I sought

to pass in an opposite direction ; he would not suffer me ; he, whom I sickened to touch, to see, threw himself in my way, and affected gibe and insult, nay even threat. But when he came near, he shrank before the mere glance of my eye, and I passed on unheeding him. The insult galled me ; he had taunted my poverty, poverty was a favourite jest with him ; it galled me ; anger, revenge, no? *those* passions I had never felt for any man. I could not rouse them for the first time for such a cause ; yet I was lowered in my own eyes, I was stung. Poverty! *he* taunt *me!* He dream himself, on account of a little yellow dust, *my* superior! I wandered from the town, and paused by the winding and shagged banks of the river. It was a gloomy winter's day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All around seemed to frown upon my lot. I read in the face of heaven and earth a confirmation of the curse which man hath set upon poverty. I leant against a tree that overhung the waters, and suffered my thoughts to glide on in the bitter silence of their course. I heard my name uttered — I felt a hand on my arm, I turned, and Houseman was by my side.

» 'What, moralizing?' said he, with his rude smile.

» I did not answer him.

» 'Look,' said he, pointing to the waters, 'where yonder fish lies awaiting his prey, that prey his kind. Come, you have read Nature, is it not so universally?'

» I did not answer him.

» 'They who do not as the rest,' he renewed, 'fulfil not the object of their existence; they seek to be wiser than their tribe, and are fools for their pains. Is it not so? I am a plain man, and would learn.'

» Still I did not answer.

» 'You are silent,' said he; 'do I offend you?'

» 'No!'

» 'Now, then,' he continued, 'strange as it may seem, we, so different in mind, are at this moment alike in fortunes. I have not a guinea in the wide world; you perhaps, are equally destitute. But mark the difference, I, the ignorant man, ere

three days have passed, will have filled my purse; you, the wise man, will be still as poor. Come, cast away your wisdom, and do as I do.'

» 'How?'

» 'Take from the superfluities of others what your necessities crave. My horse, my pistol, a ready hand, a stout heart, these are to me, what coffers are to others. There is the chance of detection and of death, I allow it. But is not this chance better than some certainties?'

» I turned away my face. In the silence of my chamber, and in the solitude of my heart. I had thought, as the robber spoke — there was a strife within me.

» 'Will you share the danger and the booty?' renewed Houseman, in a low voice.

» I turned my eyes upon him. 'Speak out,' said I; 'explain your purpose!'

» Houseman's looks brightened.

» 'Listen!' said he; 'Clarke, despite his present wealth lawfully gained, is about to purloin more; he has converted his legacy into jewels; he has borrowed other jewels on false pretences; he purposes to make these also his own, and to leave the town in the dead of night; he has confided to me his intention, and asked my aid. He and I, be it known to you, were friends of old; we have shared together other dangers, and other spoils; he has asked my assistance in his flight. Now do you learn my purpose? Let us ease him of his burden! I offer to you the half; share the enterprise and its fruits.'

» I rose, I walked away, I pressed my hands on my heart; I wished to silence the voice that whispered within me. Houseman saw the conflict; he followed me; he named the value of the prize he proposed to gain; that which he called my share placed all my wishes within my reach! — the means of gratifying the one passion of my soul, the food for knowledge, the power of a lone blessed independence upon myself, — and all were in my grasp; no repeated acts of fraud; no continuation of sin, one single act sufficed! I breathed heavily, but I threw not off the emotion that seized my soul; I shut my eyes and shuddered, but the vision still rose before me.

» 'Give me your hand,' said Houseman.

» 'No, no,' I said, breaking away from him. 'I must pause — I must consider — I do not yet refuse, but I will not now decide.' —

» Houseman pressed, but I persevered in my determination: — he would have threatened me, but my nature was haughtier than his, and I subdued him. It was agreed that he should seek me that night and learn my choice — the next night was the one on which the deed was to be done. We parted — I returned an altered man to my home. Fate had woven her mesh around me — a new incident had occurred which strengthened the web: there was a poor girl whom I had been accustomed to see in my walks. She supported her family by her dexterity in making lace, — a quiet, patient-looking, gentle creature. Clarke had, a few days since, under pretence of purchasing lace, decoyed her to his house (when all but himself were from home), where he used the most brutal violence towards her. The extreme poverty of the parents had enabled him easily to persuade them to hush up the matter, but something of the story got abroad; the poor girl was marked out for that gossip and scandal, which among the very lowest classes are as coarse in the expression as malignant in the sentiment; and in the paroxysm of shame and despair, the unfortunate girl had that day destroyed herself. This melancholy event wrung forth from the parents the real story: the event and the story reached my ears in the very hour in which my mind was wavering to and fro. Can you wonder that they fixed it at once, and to a dread end? What was this wretch? aged with vice — forestalling time — tottering on to a dishonoured grave — soiling all that he touched on his way — with grey hairs and filthy lewdness, the rottenness of the heart, not its passion, a nuisance and a curse to the world. What was the deed — that I should rid the earth of a thing at once base and venomous? Was it crime? Was it justice? iWithin myself I felt the will — the spirit that might bless mankind. I lacked the means to accomplish the will and wing the spirit. One deed supplied me with the means. Had the victim of that deed been a man moderately good — pursuing with even steps the narrow line between vice and virtue —

blessing none, but offending none — it might have been yet a question whether mankind would not gain more by the deed than lose. But here was one whose steps stumbled on no good act — whose heart beat to no generous emotion; — there was a blot — a foulness on creation — nothing but death could wash it out and leave the world fair. The soldier receives his pay, and murders, and sleeps sound, and men applaud. But you say he smites not for pay, but glory. Granted — though a sophism. But was there no glory to be gained in fields more magnificent than those of war — no glory to be gained in the knowledge which saves and not destroys? Was I not about to strike for that glory, for the means of earning it? Nay, suppose the soldier struck for patriotism, a better feeling than glory, would not my motive be yet larger than patriotism? Did it not body forth a broader circle? Could the world stop the bound of its utilities? Was there a corner of the earth — was there a period in time, which an ardent soul, freed from, not chained as now, by the cares of the body, and given wholly up to wisdom, might not pierce, vivify, illumine? Such were the questions which I asked: — time only answered them.

»Houseman came, punctual to our dark appointment. I gave him my hand in silence. We understood each other. We said no more of the deed itself, but of the manner in which it should be done. The melancholy incident I have described made Clarke yet more eager to leave the town. He had settled with Houseman that he would abscond that very night, not wait for the next, as at first he had intended. His jewels and property were put in a small compass. He had arranged that he would, towards midnight or later, quit his lodging; and about a mile from the town, Houseman had engaged to have a chaise in readiness. For this service Clarke had promised Houseman a reward, with which the latter appeared contented. It was arranged that I should meet Houseman and Clarke at a certain spot in their way from the town, and there! — Houseman appeared at first fearful, lest I should relent and waver in my purpose. It is never so with men whose thoughts are deep and strong. To resolve was the arduous step — once resolved, and I cast not a look behind. Houseman left me for the

present. I could not rest in my chamber. I went forth and walked about the town; the night deepened—I saw the lights in each house withdrawn, one by one, and at length all was hushed—Silence and Sleep kept court over the abodes of men. That stillness—that quiet—that sabbath from care and toil,—how deeply it sank into my heart! Nature never seemed to me to make so dread a pause. I felt as if I and my intended victim had been left alone in the world. I had wrapped myself above fear into a high and preternatural madness of mind. *I looked on the deed I was about to commit as a great and solemn sacrifice to Knowledge, whose Priest I was.* The very silence breathed to me of a stern and awful sanctity—the repose, not of the charnel-house, but the altar. I heard the clock strike hour after hour, but I neither faltered nor grew impatient. My mind lay hushed in its design.

»The moon came out, but with a pale and sickly countenance. Winter was around the earth; the snow, which had been falling towards eve, lay deep upon the ground; and the frost seemed to lock Universal Nature into the same calm and deadness which had taken possession of my soul.

»Houseman was to have come to me at midnight, just before Clarke left his house, but it was nearly two hours after that time ere he arrived. I was then walking to and fro before my own door; I saw that he was not alone, but with Clarke. ‘Ha!’ said he, ‘this is fortunate, I see you are just going home. You were engaged, I recollect, at some distance from the town, and have, I suppose, just returned. Will you admit Mr. Clarke and myself for a short time—for to tell you the truth,’ said he, in a lower voice—‘the watchman is about, and we must not be seen by him! I have told Clarke that he may trust you, *we are relatives.*’

»Clarke, who seemed strangely credulous, and indifferent, considering the character of his associate,—but those whom fate destroys she first blinds—made the same request in a careless tone, assigning the same cause. Unwillingly, I opened the door and admitted them. We went up to my chamber. Clarke spoke with the utmost unconcern of the fraud he purposed, and with a heartlessness that made my veins boil, of

the poor victim his brutality had destroyed. All this was as iron bands round my purpose. They stayed for nearly an hour, for the watchman remained some time in that beat—and then Houseman asked me to accompany them a little way out of the town. Clarke seconded the request. We walked forth; the rest—why need I repeat? Houseman lied in the court; my hand struck—but not the *death*-blow; yet, from that hour, I have never given that right hand in pledge of love or friendship—the curse of memory has clung to it.

»We shared our booty; mine I buried, for the present. Houseman had dealings with a gipsy hag, and through her aid removed his share, at once, to London. And now, mark what poor strugglers we are in the eternal web of destiny! Three days after that deed, a relation, who neglected me in life, died, and left me wealth!—wealth at least to me!—Wealth, greater than that for which I had.....! The news fell on me as a thunderbolt. Had I waited but three little days! Great God! when they told me, —I thought I heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom! Tell me not now of our free will—we are but the things of a never-swerving, an everlasting Necessity!—preordered to our doom—bound to a wheel that whirls us on till it touches the point at which we are crushed! Had I waited but three days, three little days!—Had but a dream been sent me, had but my heart cried within me, —‘Thou hast suffered long, tarry yet!’ No, it was for this, for the guilt and its penance, for the wasted life and the shameful death—with all my thirst for good, my dreams of glory—that I was born, that I was marked from my first sleep in the cradle!

»The disappearance of Clarke of course created great excitement;—those whom he had over-reached had naturally an interest in discovering him. Some vague surmises that he might have been made away with, were rumoured abroad. Houseman and I, owing to some concurrence of circumstance, were examined, not that suspicion attached to me before or after the examination. That ceremony ended in nothing. Houseman did not betray himself; and I, who from a boy had mastered my passions, could master also the nerves, which are the passions’

puppets: but I read in the face of the woman with whom I lodged, that I was suspected. Houseman told me that she had openly expressed her suspicion to him; nay, he entertained some design against her life, which he naturally abandoned on quitting the town. This he did soon afterwards. I did not linger long behind him. I dug up my jewels, — I concealed them about me, and departed on foot to Scotland. There I converted my booty into money. And now I was above want — was I at rest? Not yet. I felt urged on to wander — Cain's curse descends to Cain's children. I travelled for some considerable time — I saw men and cities, and I opened a new volume in my kind. It was strange; but before the deed, I was as a child in the ways of the world, and a child, despite my knowledge, might have duped me. The moment after it, a light broke upon me — it seemed as if my eyes were touched with a charm, and rendered capable of piercing the hearts of men! Yes, it *was* a charm — a new charm — it was Suspicion! I now practised myself in the use of arms, — they made my sole companions. Peaceful, as I seemed to the world, I felt there was that eternally within me with which the world was at war.

»I do not deceive you. I did not feel what men call remorse! Having once convinced myself that I had removed from the earth a thing that injured and soiled its tribe, — that I had in crushing one worthless life, but without crushing one virtue — one feeling — one thought that could benefit others, strode to a glorious end; — having once convinced myself of this, I was not weak enough to feel a vague remorse for a deed I would not allow, in *my* case, to be a crime. I did not feel remorse, but I felt regret. The thought that had I waited three days I might have been saved, not from guilt, but from the chance of shame — from the degradation of sinking to Houseman's equal — of feeling that man had the power to hurt me — that I was no longer above the reach of human malice, or human curiosity — that I was made a slave to my own secret — that I was no longer lord of my heart, to show or to conceal it — that at any hour, in the possession of honours, by the hearth of love, I might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer — that I held my life, my reputation, at the breath of accident — that

in the moment I least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim; — this could I feel — all this — and not make a spectre of the past: — a spectre that walked by my side — that slept at my bed — that rose from my books — that glided between me and the stars of heaven — that stole along the flowers, and withered their sweet breath that whispered in my ear, ‘Toil, fool, and be wise; the gift of wisdom is to place us above the reach of fortune, but *thou* art her veriest minion!’ Yes; I paused at last from my wanderings, and surrounded myself with books, and knowledge became once more to me what it had been, a thirst; but not what it had been, a reward. I occupied my thoughts — I laid up new hoards within my mind — I looked around, and I saw few whose stores were like my own, — but where, with the passion for wisdom still alive within me — where was that once more ardent desire which had cheated me across so dark a chasm between youth and manhood — between past and present life — the desire of applying that wisdom to the service of mankind? Gone — dead — buried for ever in my bosom, with the thousand dreams that had perished before it! When the deed was done, mankind seemed suddenly to have grown my foes. I looked upon them with other eyes. I knew that I carried within, that secret which, if bared to day, would make them loath and hate me, — yea, though I coined my future life into one series of benefits on them and their posterity! Was not this thought enough to quell my ardour — to chill activity into rest? The more I might toil, the brighter honours I might win — the greater services I might bestow on the world, the more dread and fearful might be my fall at last! I might be but piling up the scaffold from which I was to be hurled! Possessed by these thoughts, a new view of human affairs succeeded to my old aspirations; the moment a man feels that an object has ceased to charm, he reconciles himself by reasoning to his loss. ‘Why,’ said I; ‘why flatter myself that *I can* serve — that I can enlighten mankind? Are we fully sure that individual wisdom has ever, in reality, done so? Are we really better because Newton lived, and happier because Bacon thought?’ This dampening and frozen line of reflection pleased the present state of my mind more

than the warm and yearning enthusiasm it had formerly nourished. Mere worldly ambition from a boy I had disdained; — the true worth of sceptres and crowns — the inquietude of power — the humiliations of vanity — had never been disguised from my sight. Intellectual ambition had inspired me. I now regarded it equally as a delusion. I coveted light solely for my own soul to bathe in. I would have drawn down the Promethean fire; but I would no longer have given to man what it was in the power of circumstance alone (which I could not control) to make his enlightener or his ruin — his blessing or his curse. Yes, I loved — I love still; — could I live for ever, I should for ever love knowledge! It is a companion — a solace — a pursuit — a Lethe. But, no more! — oh! never more for me was the bright ambition that makes knowledge a means, not an end. As, contrary to the vulgar notion, the bee is said to gather her honey unperceiving of the winter, labouring without a motive, save the labour, I went on, year after year, hiving all that the earth presented to my toils, and asking not to what use, I had rushed into a dread world, that I might indulge a dream. Lo! the dream was fled; but I could not retrace my steps.

»Rest now became to me the sole *to kalon* (1) — the sole charm of existence. I grew enamoured of the doctrine of those old mystics, who have placed happiness only in an even and balanced quietude. And where but in utter loneliness was that quietude to be enjoyed? I no longer wondered that men in former times, when consumed by the recollection of some haunting guilt, fled to the desert and became hermits. Tranquillity and solitude are the only soothers of a memory deeply troubled — light griefs fly to the crowd — fierce thoughts must battle themselves to rest. Many years had flown, and I had made my home in many places. All that was turbulent, if not all that was unquiet, in my recollections, had died away. Time had lulled me into a sense of security. I breathed more freely. I sometimes stole from the past. Since I had quitted Knaresbro', chance had thrown it in my power frequently to serve my brethren — not by wisdom, but by charity or courage — by individual acts that

(1) Fair thing.

it soothed me to remember. If the grand aim of enlightening a world was gone—if to so enlarged a benevolence had succeeded apathy or despair, still the man, the human man, clung to my heart—still was I as prone to pity—as prompt to defend—as glad to cheer, whenever the vicissitudes of life afforded me the occasion; and to poverty, most of all, my hand never closed. For oh! what a terrible devil creeps into that man's soul, who sees famine at his door! One tender act and how many black designs, struggling into life within, you may crush for ever! He who deems the world his foe, convince *him* that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand!

»I came to a beautiful and remote part of the country. Walter Lester, I came to Grassdale!—the enchanting scenery around—the sequestered and deep retirement of the place arrested me at once. 'And among these valleys,' I said, 'will I linger out the rest of my life, and among these quiet graves shall mine be dug, and my secret shall die with me!'

»I rented the lonely house in which I dwelt when you first knew me—thither I transported my books and instruments of science. I formed new projects in the vast empire of wisdom, and a deep quiet, almost amounting to content, fell like a sweet sleep upon my soul!

»In this state of mind, the most free from memory and from the desire to pierce the future that I had known for twelve years, I first saw Madeline Lester. Even with that first time a sudden and heavenly light seemed to dawn upon me. Her face—its still—its serene—its touching, beauty shone upon me like a vision. My heart warmed as I saw it—my pulse seemed to wake from its even slowness. I was young once more. Young! the youth, the freshness, the ardour—not of the frame only, but of the soul. But I then only saw, or spoke to her—scarce knew her—not loved her—nor was it often that we met. When we did so, I felt haunted, as by a holy spirit, for the rest of the day—an unquiet yet delicious emotion agitated all within—the south wind stirred the dark waters of my mind, but it passed, and all became hushed again. It was not for two years from the time we first saw each other, that accident

brought us closely together. I pass over the rest. We loved! Yet oh what struggles were mine during the progress of that love! How unnatural did it seem to me to yield to a passion that united me with my kind; and as I loved her more, how far more urgent grew my fear of the future! That which had almost slept before awoke again to terrible life. The soil that covered the past might be riven, the dead awake, and that ghastly chasm separate me for ever from her! What a doom, too, might I bring upon that breast which had begun so confidently to love me! Often—often I resolved to fly—to forsake her—to seek some desert spot in the distant parts of the world, and never to be betrayed again into human emotions! But as the bird flutters in the net, as the hare doubles from its pursuers, I did but wrestle—I did but trifle—with an irresistible doom. Mark how strange are the coincidences of fate—fate that gives us warnings and takes away the power to obey them—the idle prophetess—the juggling fiend! On the same evening that brought me acquainted with Madeline Lester, Houseman, led by schemes of fraud and violence into that part of the country, discovered and sought me! Imagine my feelings, when in the hush of night I opened the door of my lonely home to his summons, and by the light of that moon which had witnessed so never-to-be-forgotten a companionship between us, beheld my accomplice in murder after the lapse of so many years. Time and a course of vice had changed and hardened and lowered his nature; and in the power, at the will of that nature, I beheld myself abruptly placed. He passed that night under my roof. He was poor. I gave him what was in my hands. He promised to leave that part of England—to seek me no more.

»The next day I could not bear my own thoughts; the revulsion was too sudden, too full of turbulent, fierce, torturing emotions; I fled for a short relief to the house to which Madeline's father had invited me. But in vain I sought, by wine, by converse, by human voices, human kindness, to fly the ghost that had been raised from the grave of time. I soon returned to my own thoughts. I resolved to wrap myself once more in the solitude of my heart. But let me not repeat what I have said before, somewhat prematurely, in my narrative. I resol-

ved—I struggled in vain. Fate had ordained, that the sweet life of Madeline Lester should wither beneath the poison tree of mine. Houseman sought me again, *and now came on the humbling part of crime, its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy!* They made my chiefest penance! I was to evade, to beguile, to buy into silence, this rude and despised ruffian. No matter now to repeat how this task was fulfilled; I surrendered nearly my all, on the condition of his leaving England for ever: not till I thought that condition already fulfilled, till the day had passed on which he should have left England, did I consent to allow Madeline's fate to be irrevocably woven with mine. Fool that I was, as if laws could bind us closer than love had done already.

«How often, when the soul sins, are her loftiest feelings punished through her lowest! To me, lone, rapt, for ever on the wing to unearthly speculation, galling and humbling was it, indeed, to be suddenly called from the eminence of thought, to barter, in pounds and pence, for life, and with one like Houseman. These are the curses that deepen the tragedy of life, by grinding down our pride. But I wander back to what I have before said. I was to marry Madeline, —I was once more poor, but want did not rise before me; I had succeeded in obtaining the promise of a competence from one whom you know. For that I had once forced from my kind, I asked now, but not with the spirit of the beggar, but of the just claimant, and in that spirit it was granted. And now I was really happy; Houseman I believed removed for ever from my path; Madeline was about to be mine: I surrendered myself to love, and, blind and deluded, I wandered on, and awoke on the brink of that precipice into which I am about to plunge. You know the rest. But oh! what now was my horror! It had not been a mere worthless, isolated unit in creation that I had blotted out of the sum of life. I had shed the blood of his brother whose child was my betrothed! Mysterious avenger — weird and relentless fate! How, when I deemed myself the farthest from her, had I been sinking into her grasp! Mark, young man, there is a moral here that few preachers can teach thee! Mark. Men rarely violate the individual rule in comparison to their violation of ge-

neral rules. It is in the latter that we deceive by sophisms which seem truths. In the individual instance it was easy for me to deem that I had committed no crime. I had destroyed a man, noxious to the world; with the wealth by which *he* afflicted society *I* had been the means of blessing many; in the individual consequences mankind had really gained by my deed; the general consequence I had overlooked till now, and now it flashed upon me. The scales fell from my eyes, and I knew myself for what I was! All my calculations were dashed to the ground at once; for what had been all the good I had proposed to do—the good I had done—compared to the anguish I now inflicted on your house? Was your father my only victim? Madeline, have I not murdered her also? Lester, have I not shaken the sands in his glass? You, too, have I not blasted the prime and glory of your years? How incalculable—how measureless—how viewless the consequences of one crime, even when we think we have weighed them all with scales that would have turned with a hair's weight! Yes; before, I had felt no remorse. I felt it now, I had acknowledged no crime, and now crime seemed the essence itself of my soul. The Theban's fate, which had seemed to the men of old the most terrible of human destinies, was mine. The crime—the discovery—the irremediable despair—hear me, as the voice of a man who is on the brink of a world, the awful nature which Reason cannot pierce—hear me! when your heart tempts to some wandering from the line allotted to the rest of men, and whispers, 'This may be crime in others, but is not so in thee'—tremble; cling fast, fast to the path you are lured to leave. Remember me!

»But in this state of mind I was yet forced to play the hypocrite. Had I been alone in the world—had Madeline and Lester not been to me what they were, I might have avowed my deed and my motives—I might have spoken out to the hearts of men—I might have poured forth the gloomy tale of reasonings and of temptings, in which we lose sense, and become the archfiend's tools! But while *their* eyes were on me; while *their* lives and hearts were set on my acquittal, my struggle against truth was less for myself than them. For them I girded up my

soul, a villain I was; and for them, a bold, a crafty, a dexterous villain I became! My defence fulfilled its end: Madeline died without distrusting the innocence of him she loved. Lester, unless you betray me, will die in the same belief. In truth, since the arts of hypocrisy have *been* commenced, the pride of consistency would have made it sweet to me to leave the world in a like error, or at least in doubt. For you I conquer that desire, the proud man's last frailty. And now my tale is done. From what passes at this instant within my heart, I lift not the veil! Whether beneath be despair, or hope, or fiery emotions, or one settled and ominous calm, matters not. My last hours shall not belie my life: on the verge of death I will not play the dastard, and tremble at the Dim Unknown. The thirst, the dream, the passion of my youth, yet lives, and burns to learn the sublime and shaded mysteries that are banned Mortality. Perhaps I am not without hope that the Great and Unseen Spirit, whose emanation within me I have nursed and worshipped, though erringly and in vain, may see in his fallen creature one bewildered by his reason rather than yielding to his vices. The guide I received from Heaven betrayed me, and I was lost; but I have not plunged wittingly from crime to crime. Against one guilty deed, some good, and much suffering may be set; and, dim and afar off from my allotted bourne, I may behold in her glorious home the starred face of her who taught me to love, and who, even there, could scarce be blessed without shedding the light of her divine forgiveness upon me. Enough! ere you break this seal, my doom rests not with man nor earth. The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay—these tell me, that, whether for good or ill—I am the thing of an Immortality, and the creature of a God! As men of the old wisdom drew their garments around their face, and sat down collectedly to die, I wrap myself in the settled resignation of a soul firm to the last, taking not from man's vengeance even the method of its dismissal. The courses of my life I swayed with my own hand; from my own hand shall come the manner and moment of my death!

»August, 1759.»

«Eugene Aram.»

On the day after that evening in which Aram had given the above confession to Walter Lester; — on the day of execution, when they entered the condemned cell, they found the prisoner lying on the bed; and when they approached to take off the irons, they found, that he neither stirred nor answered to their call. They attempted to raise him, and he then uttered some words in a faint voice. They perceived that he was covered with blood. He had opened his veins in two places in the arm with a sharp instrument he had some time since concealed. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and by the customary applications the prisoner in some measure was brought to himself. Resolved not to defraud the law of its victim, they bore him, though he appeared unconscious of all around, to the fatal spot. But when he arrived at that dread place, his sense suddenly seemed to return. He looked hastily round the throug that swayed and murmured below, and a faint flush rose to his cheek: he cast his eyes impatiently above, and breathed hard and convulsively. The dire preparations were made, completed; but the prisoner drew back for an instant — was it from mortal fear? He motioned to the Clergyman to approach, as if about to whisper some last request in his ear. The Clergyman bowed his head; — there was a minute's awful pause — Aram seemed to struggle as for words, when suddenly throwing himself back, a bright triumphant smile flashed over his whole face. With that smile, the haughty Spirit passed away, and the law's last indignity was wreaked upon a breathless corpse!

BULWER.

POETRY.

INTRODUCTION.

1. PROSODY consists of two parts, *Orthoëpy* and *Versification*.

The term *Prosody* is derived from $\pi\rho\omicron\sigma$, *to*, and $\omega\delta\acute{\eta}$, *song*.

ORTHOËPY.

2. *Orthoëpy* comprises the correct *pronunciation* of letters; the *Accent* and *Quantity* of syllables; and the nature of *Emphasis*, *Pauses*, and *Tone*.

Directions have already been given with regard to the pronunciation of *Letters*. (See first part.)

3. *a. Accent* is a particular *stress* of the voice on a certain *syllable* in a word, that it may be distinguished from the rest; as, the syllable *vir* in the word *virtue*.

b. Accent is of two kinds, *primary* and *secondary*. «Words of *one* syllable can have no accent. Words of *two* syllables have the primary accent only. Words of *three* and *four* syllables may have both the primary and secondary accent; but many of them have no secondary accent that deserves notice; such as *dignity*, *annuity*, *fidelity*. In words of four, five, or more syllables, a secondary accent is often essential to a clear and distinct articulation of the several syllables.»—*Webster*.

c. In words of two syllables, those that are purely English have generally the *first* syllable accented. But when the same word is sometimes a noun or adjective, and sometimes a verb, the accent is on the *first* syllable of the *noun* or *adjective*, and the *second* of the verb; as, *Ab'sence*, *äbsent*, — *äbsent'*.

d. Words of three or four syllables, derived from dissyllables, usually retain the accent of their primitives; as, *pléasant*, *pléasantness*, *cómmént*, *cómméntary*.

e. Words ending in tion, sion, cious, tious, tial, etc., accent the syllable *before* that termination; as, *celéstial*.

f. For other words, the student is recommended to consult a good *Pronouncing Dictionary*, and attend to the mode observed by the best speakers.

4. The *Quantity* of a syllable is the time occupied in pro-

nouncing it.—A syllable is *long*, when the accent is on the *vowel*; and *short*, when the accent is on the *consonant*. A *long* syllable requires twice the time in pronouncing that a *short* one does.—Long syllables are marked thus (-); as, *tûbe*; short syllables, thus (˘); as *mán*.

In reading—let every syllable have a full and distinct enunciation.

5. *a. Emphasis* denotes that stress of the voice which we lay on some particular *word* or *words* in a sentence, in order to mark their superior importance, and thus more clearly to convey the idea intended by the writer or speaker.

b. Emphases must be judiciously employed, for when they occur too frequently they are apt to be disregarded. The best general rule is, clearly to *comprehend* what you are about to read or utter, and then place the emphasis on those words which you would render emphatical if they proceeded from the immediate sentiment of your own mind in *private discourse*.

6. *a. Pauses*, or rests, are *cessations* of the voice, in order to enable the reader or speaker to take breath; and to give the hearer a distinct perception of the meaning, not only of each sentence, but of the whole discourse.

b. Pauses are of two kinds; first, *emphatical* pauses; and next, such as serve to *distinguish the sense*.

Emphatical pauses are used after something has been said which is important, and on which we wish to fix the hearer's attention. These pauses must not be used too frequently.—With respect to *pauses which serve to distinguish the sense*, it is proper to observe, that the voice should be relieved at every stop; slightly at a comma, longer at a semicolon, still more so at a colon, and completely at a period. The sense also sometimes requires pauses which are not represented by points; these are called *rhetorical pauses*.—An excellent method for *preventing the habit of taking breath too frequently* is, to accustom yourself to read sentences of considerable length abounding with *long and difficult words*.

c. There are likewise two pauses peculiar to *poetry*; the *Final* pause at the end of each line, and the *Cæsural* pause at or near the middle of the line.

In reading *blank verse*, the *close* of each line should be made *sensible* to the ear, but without either letting the voice fall, or elevating it; it should be marked only by such a slight suspension of sound, as may distinguish the passage from one line to another without injuring the sense.—The *Cæsural* pause divides the line into two parts. It is necessary in every line of eight, ten, or twelve syllables, and is generally placed at the end of the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable.

7. *a. Intonation* is the *change or modulation* of the voice, when speaking or reading.

b. The tone of the voice is changed principally at the accent or emphasis. The raising of the voice at the accent or emphasis is called the *rising inflection*; the sinking of the voice is called the *falling inflection*. The art of making a proper use of Pauses, Accent, Emphasis, and Intonation, in speaking, reading, or reciting, is called *Elocution*.

c. The different *passions* of the mind must be expressed by different *tones* of the voice. *Love*, by a soft, smooth, languishing voice; *anger*, by a strong vehement, and elevated voice; *joy*, by a quick, sweet, and clear voice; *sorrow*, by a low, flexible, interrupted voice; *fear*, by a dejected, tremulous, hesitating voice; *courage*, by a full, bold, and loud voice; and *perplexity*, by a grave and earnest voice. In *exordiums*, the voice should be low, yet clear; in *narrations*, distinct; in *reasoning*, slow; in *persuasions*, strong: it should thunder in *anger*, soften in *sorrow*, tremble in *fear*, and melt in *love*.

d. In an *antithesis*, the contrary assertion should be pronounced louder than the other. In a *climax*, the voice should always rise with it. In *dialogues*, it should alter with the parts. The voice should be steadily and firmly supported throughout the sentence, and the concluding words modulated according to the sense.

e. The best *general rule* to be observed with respect to *Intonation*, is to FOLLOW NATURE. Consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of the heart in SENSIBLE ANIMATED CONVERSATION. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflections of voice, you would, on such an occasion, express yourself when you were most in earnest, and sought most to be listened to by those whom you addressed. Let these be the *foundation* of your manner of pronouncing in public, and you will take the surest method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and persuasive.

8. a. In order to speak and read with *grace* and *effect*, attention must also be paid to the *proper pitch* of the voice.

b. *The voice must neither be too loud nor too low*. Acquire such a command over your voice, that you may elevate or lower it according to the number of persons addressed.

c. *The voice must not be thick nor indistinct*. Accustom yourself, both in conversation and in reading, to give *every sound* which you utter its due proportion, so that *every word* and *every syllable* may be clearly and distinctly heard.

d. *The utterance must neither be too quick nor too slow*. Convey to the hearer the *sense*, *weight*, and propriety of every sentence you read, in a *free*, *full*, and *deliberate* pronunciation.

e. Another subject which claims attention, is *Gesture* or *Action*. The best rule that can be given on this subject is, to attend to the looks and gestures in which earnestness, indignation, compassion, or any other emotion, discovers itself to the

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best advantage in the common intercourse of men. Let the motions and gestures which nature thus dictates be those on which your own are formed.

VERSIFICATION.

9. *Versification* teaches the *Laws of Metre*, and the nature of the different *kinds of Verse*.

10. *Prose* may be defined to be language not confined to a determinate number of peculiarly arranged syllables.

11. *Poetry* or *verse* differs in its *construction* from prose, chiefly in requiring a more *measured arrangement* of words, and in admitting a *peculiar license* in the application of them.

12. *Versification*, in a limited sense, is frequently applied to the *measured arrangement* which principally distinguishes poetry or verse from prose.

13. The application of certain words in poetry, contrary to the ordinary rules of Grammar, is called *poetical license*.

14. *a. Verse* is of two kinds;—namely, *rhyme* and *blank verse*.

Rhyme is a term applied to verses that terminate in syllables of the *same sound*; as,

Indulge the true ambition to excel

In that best art, — the art of living well.

In *blank verse*, the final syllables do not rhyme.

b. Blank verse may be accounted a noble, bold, and disencumbered species of versification, and in several respects it possesses many advantages over rhymes. It allows the lines to run into one another with perfect freedom; hence, it is adapted to subjects of dignity and force, which demand more free and manly numbers than can be obtained in rhyme. Blank verse is written in the heroic measure, that is, in lines consisting of ten syllables. Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth, Thomson, Akenside, Armstrong, and Pollok, are the principal poets in this species of composition.

15. *a.* A *verse* is a certain number of syllables, so disposed as to form *one line* of poetry.

b. The *harmony* of verse depends upon the regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables.

b. A *foot* is a portion of a verse, consisting of two or more syllables.

A certain number of syllables are named *feet*, because, by their aid, the voice steps along, as it were, through the verse in a measured pace.

c. A *couplet* or *distich* consists of two lines or verses; a *triplet* of three.

A *hemistich* is half a verse.—The term *hypercatalectic*, *hypermeter* or *redundant*, is applied to a verse when it exceeds the regular number of syllables.

The repetition of the same *letter* or *letters* at certain intervals in a line forms what is termed *Alliteration*; as, «If you trust before you try,—you may repent before you die.»

16. A *stanza* or *stave* is a combination of several verses, varying in number according to the poet's fancy, and constituting a regular division of a poem or song.

17. a. *Scanning* is dividing a verse into its several feet, in order to ascertain whether their *quantity* and *position* are agreeable to the rules of metre.

Metre or *Measure*, is the number of poetical feet which a verse contains.

b. All feet used in poetry consist either of *two* or of *three* syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds; four of two syllables, and four of three, as follow:—

<i>Dissyllable.</i>	<i>Trisyllable.</i>
1. An Iambus (˘); as, défēnd.	5. A Dactyl (˘˘˘); as, virtùōūs.
2. A Trochee (˘˘); as, nôblē.	6. An Amphibrach (˘˘˘); as, cōntēnt- mēt.
3. A Spondee (˘˘); as, Vaīn mān.	7. An Anapæst (˘˘˘); as, ĩntērcēde.
4. A Pyrrhic (˘˘); as, ōn ā (hill.)	8. A Tribrah (˘˘˘); as, (nu)mērāble.

c. In the preceding examples, a dash (˘) placed over a vowel shows that it is *accented*; a breve (˘) that it is *unaccented*, as in hōlŷ. The marks over the vowels will therefore show that in an *Iambus*, the *first* syllable is unaccented and the *second* accented; in a *Trochee*, the *first* syllable is accented and the *second* unaccented, and so of the other feet.

18. a. The *Cæsura* or *division*, is the *variable* pause which takes place in a verse, and which divides it into two parts; as,

The dumb shall sing || the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting || like the bounding roe.

b. The *Cæsural* pause occurs after the *fourth*, *fifth*, or *sixth* syllable in a line, and, accordingly as it occurs after one or other of these syllables, the melody of the verse is affected and its air diversified.

c. When the cæsura occurs after the *fourth* syllable, the verse is *lively* and *spirited*; as,

Her lively looks | a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes | and as unfix'd as those.

d. When the cæsura falls after the *fifth* syllable, the verse loses that brisk and lively air, and becomes the more *smooth*, *gentle*, and *flowing*; as,

Eternal sunshine | of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted | and each wish resign'd.

e. When the cæsura occurs after the *sixth* syllable, the verse becomes *solemn*, and marches, as it were, with a more measured pace; as.

The wrath of Peleus' son | the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, | O Goddess, sing.

It is sometimes necessary to vary the position of the cæsura, as too great a uniformity throughout each line tends to produce a tediousness to the ear.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF VERSE.

19. *English* verse may be divided into three classes, denominated, from the feet of which they principally consist, the *Iambic*, *Trochaic*, and *Anapæstic*.

The Iambus, Trochee, and Anapæst are the *principal* feet employed in the construction of English verse; the other feet are only *secondary*, being chiefly used to diversify the numbers and improve the verse.

Iambic Verse.

20. *Iambic* verse is adapted to *serious* and *elevated* subjects, and has every *second*, *fourth*, and other *even* syllables accented. It is of various lengths.

21. The *first* form, capable of being extended through any number of verses, consists of *four* Iambuses or eight syllables; as,

And māy | āt lāst | mÿ wēa|rÿ āge|
Find out | thē peāce|fūl hēr|mītāge.|

This measure is sometimes varied, to adapt it to *light* subjects, by admitting an additional short syllable; as,

Or if | it bē | thÿ will | ānd plēas|ūre
Dirēct | mÿ plough | tō find | ā trēas|ūre.

Sometimes a syllable is cut off from the first foot; as,

Präise | tō Gōd | ïmmōr | täl präise |
För | the love | that crowns | our days!

22. *a.* The *second* form, used either with or without rhyme, and commonly called the *Heroic* measure, is the most dignified of English verse, and is well adapted to subjects of an *elevated character*. It consists of *five* Iambuses or ten syllables; as,

För mē | yōur trib|ütā|rÿ stōres | cōmbīne|
Crēa|tiōn's hēir, | the wōrld, | the wōrld, | ïs mīne!

This measure frequently admits of some variety, particularly at the beginning and end of the line. The *first* foot is sometimes a Trochee instead of an Iambus, and the *last* has sometimes a short unaccented syllable attached to the Iambus; as,

1. Daughtēr | of Gōd ānd man, āccōmplīshed Evē.

2. Tēn thōusānd glīt'rīng lāmps the skīes ādorn |īng.

3. Sometimes a syllable is cut off from the first foot; as,

Ī|dlē āf|tēr dīnnēr īn hīs chāīr
Sāt | ā fār|mer rūddÿ, fat, ānd fāir.

b. Sometimes a line of six feet, or twelve syllables, called an *Alexandrine* verse, is introduced at the close of an heroic stanza; as,

This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Cōnvērse | wīth Nā|tūre's chārms, | ānd vīew | hēr stōres | ūnrōll'd. |

25. *a.* The *third* form of Iambic verse consists of *seven* Iambuses, formerly written in one line; as,

Thōu dīdst, | Ö mīgh|tÿ Gōd! | ěxīst | ěre tīme | bēgān | ĩts rāce. |

b. This kind of measure, commonly used in *psalms* and *hymns*, is now broken into verses containing alternately four and three feet; as,

Thōu dīdst, | Ö mīgh|tÿ Gōd! | ěxīst|

Erē tīme | bēgān | ĩts rāce; |

Before | the am|ple el|ements|

Fill'd up | the void | of space. |

c. Sometimes it admits an additional half foot at the end of the line; as,

Fröm Grēen|lānd's ī|cÿ mōun|taīns,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Af|ric's sun|ny foun|tains
 Roll down their golden sand.

d. The following forms of Iambic verse are, for the sake of variety, occasionally introduced into stanzas, but are too short to constitute of themselves an entire ode or song.

Of *one* Iambus with an additional syllable; as,

Cōnsēt|ing,
 Rēpēt|ing.

e. Of *two* Iambuses; as,

Whāt plāce | is hēre !
 Whāt scēnes | appear !

This form sometimes assumes an additional syllable; as,

Ūpōn | ā mōūn|taīn
 Bēsīde | ā fōūn|taīn.

f. Of *three* Iambuses; or of three and an additional syllable; as,

1. Ā chārgē | tō keēp | Ī hāve, |

Ā God | tō glō|rify. |

2. Oūr hēarts | nō lōn|gēr lān|guish.

Trochaic Verse.

24. a. *Trochaic* verse is adapted to *lively*, *cheerful* subjects, and has the *first*, *third*, and other *odd* syllables accented. It comprises verses of various lengths; those which are the most commonly used are the following:—

b. Of *three* Trochees; or of three and an additional syllable; as,

1. Whēn oūr | hēarts āre | mōurnīng. |

2. Vitāl | spārk ōf | heāv'nly | flāme,

Quīt ōh | quīt thīs | mōrtāl | frāme.

The Trochaic verse of three feet and an additional syllable is the most generally employed.

c. Of *four* Trochees; as,

Rōūd ūs | roars thē | tempēst | lōūdēr. |

d. Of six Trochees ; as ,

Ōn ä | moun|tāin , | strē|tch'd bē|neāth ä | hōāry | willōw ,|
Lay a shepherd swain , and view'd the rolling billow .

The following are only occasionally used : —

e. Of one Trochee and an additional syllable ; as ,

Tūmūlt | ceāse ,
Sīnk tō | peāce .

f. Of two Trochees ; or of two and an additional syllable ; as ,

Wishēs | rīsīng . In thē | dāys of | old .
Thoughts sūr | prīsīng . Stōrīs | plāinly | told .

g. Of five Trochees ; as ,

Āll thāt | wālk on | foōt or | rīde in | chār|ots ,
Āll that dwell in palaces or garrets .

Anapæstic Verse.

25. a. The *first* form of Anapæstic verse , sometimes introduced into odes to *arouse the attention* , consists either of two Anapæsts , or of two and an unaccented syllable ; as ,

Būt hīs cōur|āge , 'gān fail , |
Fōr nō ārts | cōuld āvāil . |

Or , Thēn hīs cōur|āge 'gān fail | hīm ,
Fōr nō ārts | cōuld āvāil | hīm .

b. The *second* form , much used both in *solemn* and in *cheerful* subjects , consists of *three* Anapæsts ; as ,

Ō yē woōds , | sprēad yōur brānch|ēs āpāce ,

Tō yōur deēp|ēst rēcēss|ēs Ī flȳ ; |

Ī wōuld hīde | with thē beāsts | of thē chāse , |

Ī wōuld vān|ish frōm ēv|ērȳ ēye .

Sometimes a syllable is omitted in the first foot ; as ,

Ōh ! hād | Ī thē wings | of ā dōve , |

Hōw sōon | wōuld Ī taste | yōu āgāin |

c. The *third* form consists of *four* Anapæsts ; as ,

Māy Ī gōv|ērn mȳ pās|siōns with āb|sōlūte swāy ,

And grow wi|ser and bet|ter as life | wears away .

This form sometimes contains an additional syllable: as,

Ōn thē wārm | cheēk ōf yōūth, | smīles ānd rō|sēs arō blēnd|ing.

26. The preceding are the different kinds of the *principal feet* in their simple forms. They are capable of numerous variations, by the intermixture of those feet with one another, and by the admission of the secondary feet, as will be seen from the following examples.

a. *The Pyrrhic mixed with the Iambic.*

Ānd tō | thē deād | mŷ will|ing sōul | shāll go.

b. *The Spondee with the Iambic.*

Forbear, | grēat mān, | in arms | renown'd, | forbear.

c. *The Trochee with the Iambic.*

Tŷrānt | and slave, | those names | of hate | and fear.

d. *The Iambic with the Anapæstic.*

Mŷ sōr | rōws I thēn | mīght āssuāge |
In the ways of religion and truth.

Poetical License.

27. LANGUAGE OF POETRY. The Language of Poetry is in general *brief*, frequently *suggesting* more than what is *expressed*. In addition to this, many antiquated words and idioms, as well as irregularities of syntactical construction, are allowed, which are altogether inadmissible into good Prose. Sometimes these deviations from the ordinary grammatical arrangement may be necessary to suit the peculiar metre and euphony of the verse. But the employment of *antiquated words* and *idioms* will chiefly depend on the poet's own predilection for this kind of expression.

28. *Poetical License* is the application of certain words in Poetry, contrary to the ordinary rules of Grammar. The following are the principal peculiarities:

29. *Antiquated words* and *constructions* are frequently introduced into Poetry which, though common in the ages of *Elizabeth* and the *Stuarts*, are now *obsolete* in good Prose. Thus,

1. WORDS. a. — «Shall I receive by gift, what of my own

When and where *likes me best*, I can command.»

b. — «*Long were* to tell what I have seen.»

2. MODES OF CONSTRUCTION. a. — «He *knew to sing*, and *build* the lofty rhyme.»

b. «Meanwhile, *phate'er* of beautiful or new — was offer'd to his view.»

50. The poets sometimes imitate the *Latin* and *Greek* mode of construction; as,

- a. Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield = (*permit me to seize*).
- b. There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call = (*there are persons who*, etc.).
- c. Yet to their general's voice they all obeyed = (*cancel to*).
- d. How much of knowledge = omit of).

51. Sometimes words are *abbreviated*, at other times *lengthened*; as,

- a. Amaze for amazement, lone for lonely, ope for open, oft for often.
- b. Begirt for girt, evanishes for vanishes.
- c. Sometimes they form the Adjective in *y*; as, *Towery* height or *towering*.

52. The *Syntactical order* of words is frequently *changed*: —

a. By placing the adjective *after* the noun; as, «Showers on her kings *barbaric*» instead of «*barbaric kings*.»

b. By putting the Nominative *after* the verb, and the objective *before* it; as,

«No hive hast *thou* of hoarded sweets,» for, «*thou hast*.»

«A transient *calm* the happy scenes *bestow*.» — instead of —

«The happy *scenes bestow* a transient *calm*.»

c. By placing a *neuter* verb at the *beginning* of a sentence; as,

«*Roar* the mountains, *thunders* all the ground,» for, «the mountains *roar* etc.»

d. By placing the *Infinitive* *before* the word on which it depends; as,

«When first thy sire *to send* on earth

Virtue, his darling child, design'd,» for «*designed to send*.»

e. By placing *Adverbs* *before* the words which they qualify; as,

«The ploughman *homeward* plods his weary way,» for

«Plods *homeward* his weary way.»

f. By placing Prepositions and their cases *before* the words which they ought to follow; as, «Thou sun, *of this great world* both eye and soul.»

g. By placing the *Preposition* *after* its case; as, «Where Echo walks steep hills *among*.»

h. By removing Relatives and other connectives into the body of their clauses; as,

«A ball parts the fine locks, her graceful head *that* deck,»

«Grieved *though* thou art, forbear the rash design.»

53. The poets *omit*, 1. sometimes the *Article*; 2. sometimes the *Noun*; 3. sometimes the *Antecedent*; 4. sometimes the *Relative*; 5. sometimes the *Principal Verb*, retaining only the *auxiliary*; 6. sometimes the *Preposition*; — as,

1. The *Article*; as, «The brink of (the) *haunted stream*.»

2. The *Noun*; as, «*Lives there* (the man) who loves his pain?»

3. The *Antecedent*; as, (he), «*Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys.*»
4. The *Relative*; as, «*For is there aught in sleep (that) can charm the wise.*»
5. The *Verb* omitted; as, «*To whom thus Adam*» (spoke).
6. The *Auxiliary* retained; as, «*Angels could (do) no more.*»
7. The *Preposition* omitted; as, «*He mourn'd (for) no recreant friend.*»

54. The poets sometimes violate the *grammatical propriety* of certain words.

1. By *connecting Adjectives* with substantives which they do not properly qualify; as, «*The tenants of the warbling shade.*»
2. By substituting *Adjectives* for *Adverbs*; as, «*They fall successive and successive rise.*»
3. By giving *Neuter* verbs an active government; as, «*Virtue may hope (for) her promised crown.*»
4. By giving the un-compounded form of the 1st and 3d Persons Imperative, instead of the regular form; as, «*Turn we a moment;*» — «*Fall he that must.*»
5. By joining a positive with a comparative, instead of two comparatives; as, «*Near and more near the billows rise.*»
6. By employing both the *noun* and its *pronoun* to the same verbs; thus, «*My banks, they are furnished with trees.*»
7. By using *or-or* (for *either-or*), *nor-nor* (for *neither-nor*); as, «*Nor grief nor pain shall break my rest.*» (Hiley's Grammar.)

In reading the following compositions, the pupil should endeavour to pronounce correctly 1st each word by itself; secondly the series of words forming a phrase, and thirdly he must mark with a slight stress all the *accented* syllables. The *cæsural* pause, and the pauses at the end of each line must be made by suspending, not dropping, the voice; and they ought to be so short as not to interrupt the sense. A *thorough understanding* of the author's meaning, and a *due appreciation* of the sentiments conveyed in the composition, joined to the *natural tones* of the speaking voice, will enable the student to read metrically and with effect. A good ear, a proper structure of the organs of speech and the practical elocution of a good teacher will do the rest.

MISCELLANY FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

MIND AND BODY.

Says Mind to Body, t'other day,
 As on my chin I plied my razor,
 Pray tell me—does that glass pourtray
 Your real phiz, or cheat the gazer?
 That youthful face, which bloom'd as sleek
 As Hebe's, Ganymede's, Apollo's,
 Has lost its roses, and your cheek
 Is falling into fearful hollows.
 The crow's fell foot hath set its sign
 Beside that eye which dimly twinkles;
 And look! what means this ugly line?
 Gadzooks, my friend, you're getting wrinkles!
 That form, which ladies once could praise,
 Would now inspire them with a panic;
 Get Byron's belt, or Worcester's stays,
 Or else you'll soon be Aldermanic.
 At sight of that dismantled top,
 My very heart, I must confess, aches:

MIND AND BODY.

Sāys mīnd tō bōdĭ || tōthēr dāy,
 Ās ōn mĭ chīn || Ī plīēd mĭ rāzor.

— Iambics of four feet with an odd syllable at the end of every other line. A Trochee sometimes takes the place of an iambus.

T'OTHER = (*apócope*) por *the other*.

PHIZ = contraccion burlesca por *physiognomy*.

BLOOM'D = por *bloomed*.

HOLLOWS = huecos.

FELL = feroz, horrendo.

HATH por *has*.

CROW'S FOOT = pié de grajo, pata de gallo.

GADZOOKS (aseveracion) = diantres!

YOU'RE = you are (*aféresis*).

WORCESTER'S (*Wúrsters*).

YOU'LL = you will.

ACHES (cks) = doler.

Once famous as a Brutus crop,
 You now are balder than Lord Essex.
 Since Wayte's decease your teeth decline:—
 Finding no beautifier near'em,
 Time's tooth has mumbled two of thine;
 Well may they call him — «*edax rerum.*»
 Behold! your cheeks are quite bereft
 Of their two laughter-nursing dimples,
 And pretty substitutes they've left—
 (Between ourselves) a brace of pimples!
 The fashions which you used to lead,
 So careless are you, or so thrifty,
 You most neglect when most you need,
 A sad mistake when nearing Fifty.—
 Stop, stop, cries Body—let us pause
 Before you reckon more offences,
 Since you yourself may be the cause
 Of all these dismal consequences.
 The sword, you know, wears out the sheath;
 By steam are brazen vessels scatter'd;
 And when volcanoes rage beneath,
 The surface must be torn and shatter'd.
 Have not your passions, hopes, and fears,
 Their tegument of clay outwearing,
 Done infinitely more than years,
 To cause the ravage you're declaring?
 If you yourself no symptoms show
 Of age, — no wrinkles of the spirit:
 If still for friends your heart can glow,
 Your purse be shared with starving merit:

CROP = cosecha, cabellera rapada (bur-
 'EM por *them*. (lesco.
 BEREFT (bereave, bereft) = despojar.
 DIMPLES = hoyuelos.
 BRACE = par (*caza*).
 THE FASHIONS, etc. = empiécese por el
 tercer renglon.

PIMPLES = granos.
 NEARING FIFTY = aproximándose á los
 cincuenta años.
 BENEATH = sobreentiéndase *surface*.
 OUTWEARING, etc. = desgastando ó
 destrozando su envoltorio ó cubierta.
 DONE = únase á *have not*, etc.

If yet to sordid sins unknown,
 No avarice in your breast has started:
 If you have not suspicious grown,
 Sour, garrulous, or narrow-hearted:
 You still are young, and o'er my face
 (Howe'er its features may be shaded)
 Shall throw the sunshine of your grace,
 And keep the moral part unfaded.
 Expression is the face's soul,
 The head and heart's joint emanation;
 Insensible to Time's control,
 Free from the body's devastation.
 If you're still twenty, I'm no more:—
 Counting by years, how folks have blunder'd!
 Some men are young at eighty-four,
 And some are so when near a hundred!

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

The warrior bow'd his crested head,
 And tamed his heart of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free
 His long-imprison'd sire;
 «I bring thee here my fortress keys,
 I bring my captive train,
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—
 Oh, break my father's chain!»
 «Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
 A ransom'd man this day;

O'ER (*sincope*) por *over* = *sobre*.
 HOWE'ER (*howér*) por *however*.
 I'm (*I larga*) por *Iam*.

NOTA. Búsquese siempre el sugeto,
 el verbo y el objeto, y será fácil enten-
 der las numerosas inversiones.

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

Measure, iambs of four and three feet. In those of four feet there is an occasional unaccented syllable, as: *Rise, rise even now thy father comes.*

SIRE = señor, padre.

PLEDGE FAITH = empeñar fe, prestar
 homenaje.

LIEGE = superior feudal.

Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
 Will meet him on his way.»
 Then lightly rose that loyal son,
 And bounded on his steed,
 And urged, as if with lance in rest,
 His charger's foaming speed.
 And lo! from far, as on they press'd,
 There came a glittering band,
 With one that 'mid them stately rode,
 As a leader in the land;
 «Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,
 In very truth, is he,
 The father whom thy faithful heart
 Hath yearn'd so long to see.»
 His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved,
 His cheek's hue came and went;
 He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side,
 And there, dismounting, bent;
 A lowly knee to earth he bent,
 His father's hand he took, —
 What was there in its touch that all
 His fiery spirit shook?
 That hand was cold — a frozen thing —
 It dropp'd from his like lead; —
 He look'd up to the face above —
 The face was of the dead!
 A plume waved o'er that noble brow —
 The brow was fix'd and white; —
 He met at last his father's eyes —
 But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed!

But who can paint that gaze?

IN REST = en ristre.

'MID por *amid* = en medio.

RODE (ride, rode, ridden) = ir mon-
 tado.

IN VERY TRUTH = de todas veras.

YEARNED = desear con anheloso afan.

CAME AND WENT = venia y desapa-
 recia.

It hush'd their very hearts, who saw
 Its horror and amaze;
 They might have chain'd him, as before
 That stony form he stood,
 For the power was stricken from his arm,
 And from his lip the blood!
 «Father!» at length he murmur'd low,
 And wept like childhood then;—
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
 The tears of warlike men!—
 He thought on all his glorious hopes—
 On all his high renown, —
 He flung the falchion from his side,
 And in the dust sat down:
 And covering with his steel-gloved hand
 His darkly mournful brow,
 «No more, there is no more,» he said,
 «To lift the sword for now.
 My King is false, my hope betray'd,
 My father — oh! the worth,
 The glory and the loveliness,
 Are pass'd away from earth!
 I thought to stand where banners waved,
 My sire, beside thee yet;
 I would that there on Spain's free soil
 Our kindred blood had met;
 Thou would'st have known my spirit then,
 For thee my fields were won;
 But thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
 As if thou had'st no son.
 Then, starting from the ground once more,
 He seized the Monarch's rein,

HUSHED = callar, paralizar.
 STRICKEN (strike, struck, stricken) =
 echado de, como por un golpe,
 herir. } privado de. . . .
 FROM = de. } de pronto.

FALCHION = espada corta y encorvada,
 espada.
 LOVELINESS = hermosura.
 KINDRED = parentesco, familia, de
 iguales afectos.

Amid the pale and wilder'd looks
 Of all the courtier train;
 And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp,
 The rearing war-horse led,
 And sternly set them face to face—
 The King before the dead!
 «Came I not here upon thy pledge,
 My father's hand to kiss?—
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false King!
 And tell me what is this!
 The look, the voice, the heart I sought—
 Give answer, where are they?
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
 Put life in this cold clay!—
 «Into these glassy eyes put light,—
 Be still! keep down thine ire,—
 Bid these cold lips a blessing speak:—
 This earth is not my sire!
 Give me back him for whom I strove,
 For whom my blood was shed!—
 Thou canst not?—and a King?—His dust
 Be mountains on thy head!»
 He loosed the rein; his slack hand fell!
 Upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—
 Then turn'd from that sad place!
 His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
 Untold in martial strain,—
 His banner led the spears no more
 Among the hills of Spain!

WILDERED por *bewildered* = atolondrar, admirar.
O'ERMATERING GRASP = agarramiento que sujeta, mano que rinde.
REARING = que encabrita.
STERNLY, etc. = severamente los confrontó.

STROVE (strive, strove, striven) = luchar, batallar.
REIN = freno, rienda.
SLACK = suelto, flojo, alfojado.
STRAIN = verso, cantar, s.
SPEARS = lanzas.
HILLS = montes.

THE BROOK.

A little Brook went singing

Through the flowery lea,

«On, onward must I hasten

The Silver Lake to see.»

The little Brook runs merrily,

For nothing will she stay;

Through stones and pebbles winding,

She speeds her sparkling way.

The little Brook impatiently

Creeps through the bushes green,

And through the tall reed-forests

Where the sedge-bird's nest is seen.

The little Brook runs merrily,

For nothing doth she stay,

Till she comes where the speckled fishes

Pursue their noiseless play.

«Stop, little Brook!» they call to her,

«Nor sweep us on with thee;

Flow gently through our shady pool

Beneath the willow-tree.»

And the little Brook, all lovingly,

Flowed slowly through the pool;

Where her playful friends, the fishes,

Had their homes so deep and cool.

Then on again she hasten'd,

THE BROOK.

Measure; iambs of three feet and an unaccented syllable every first and third line with an occasional introduction of two unaccented syllables. These two lines have no rhyme. The second and fourth lines are rhymed and are generally composed of three iambs, except in three cases in which the first foot is an anæpæst. Trochees are also to be found in the even lines, as are anæpæsts and pyrrics in the odd ones. The chief feet are, however, iambuses.

LEA = campo ó prado verde.
 REED FORESTS = bosques de cañas ó
 plantas acuáticas.

SPARKLING = que centellea ó relumbra.
 DOTH STAY = queda (doth por does).
 SPECKLED = que tiene pintitas.

In cold, in rain, and heat ;
 Onward and onward springing
 With eager twinkling feet.
 Hastening, ever hastening —
 Untiring bright and free ;
 Now, little Brook — be happy —
 Thy Silver Lake, oh see !
 Then the little Brook leap'd wildly,
 And down the glen she springs, —
 O'er ferns and tangled branches
 A cloud of spray she flings.
 It ceased — the wild sweet music
 Of the rippling waters pass'd
 Away, — as, on the Lake's clear breast,
 She found her home at last !

MODERN LOGIC.

An Eton stripling training for the Law,
 A Dunce at Syntax, but a Dab at Taw,
 One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
 His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,
 With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.
 Arrived, and past the usual «How d'ye do's,»
 Inquiries of old friends, and College news,
 «Well, Tom — the road, what saw you worth discerning,

GLEN=vallecito hondo y estrecho.

TANGLED=enmarañado, enredado.

SPRAY=chispa espumosa.

RIPPLING=que se rizan, rizadita.

MODERN LOGIC.

Generally iambs of five feet: some lines contain eleven and even thirteen syllables with auxiliary feet.

STRIPLING=mozalbeta, pollo.

LAID UPON THE SHELF=puso sobre

DUNCE=majadero, zote.

el estante, echó á un lado.

DAB=listo, apto.

PELF=caudal, riqueza.

TAW=juego con bolitas de mármol.

HOW D'YE DO'S por *how do you do's*=

DEATHLESS=inmortal.

cómo vas ?

And how goes study, boy — what is't you're learning?»
 «Oh, Logic, Sir, — but not the worn-out rules
 Of Locke and Bacon — antiquated fools!
 'Tis wit and wranglers' Logic — thus, d'ye see,
 I'll prove to you, as clear as A, B, C,
 That an eel-pie's a pigeon : — to deny it,
 Were to swear black's white.» — «Indeed!» — «Let's try it.
 An eel-pie, is a pie of fish.» — «Well — agreed.»
 «A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie.» — «Proceed.»
 «A Jack-pie must be a John-pie — thus, 'tis done,
 For every John-pie is pi-ge-on!»
 «Bravo!» Sir Peter cries, «Logic for ever!
 It beats my grandmother — and she was clever!
 But zounds, my boy — it surely would be hard,
 That wit and learning should have no reward!
 To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
 And then I'll give you» — «What?» — «My chestnut-horse.»
 «A horse!» cries Tom, «blood, pedigree, and paces,
 Oh what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!» —
 He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow,
 To think the night must pass before the morrow;
 Dream'd of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather breeches,
 Of leaping five-barr'd gates, and crossing ditches:
 Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
 Dragg'd his old Uncle fasting through the park : —
 Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
 To find out something like a chestnut-horse;

IS'T por *is it*.

WORN-OUT = gustado.

'TIS por *it is*.

WRANGLERS' = de disputadores ó estudiantes.

EEL-PIE'S por *eel-pie is* = pastel de an-

LET'S = *let us*. (guila es.

JACK = Juanillo: como calificativo significa *macho* ó *grande*.

JOHN = Juan.

PIGEON = pichon, paloma.

ZOUNDS! = Voto á tal!

STROLL = paseo vagamundo.

CHESTNUT = castaña.

WHAT A DASH, etc. = qué papel voy á hacer!

DOWNRIGHT = completo. = á la

LEATHER BREECHES = calzones de ante.

FIVE-BARR'D = de cinco trancas.

But no such animal the meadows cropp'd :
 At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd ;
 Took a bough — shook it — and down fell
 A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell. —
 «There, Tom — take that.» — «Well, Sir, and what beside?
 «Why, since you're booted — saddle it, and ride!»
 «Ride what? — A chestnut!» «Ay, come get across,
 I tell you, Tom, the chestnut is a horse,
 And all the horse you'll get — for I can show
 As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so —
 Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
 Of Locke and Bacon — addle-headed fools!
 All Logic but the wranglers' I disown,
 And stick to one sound argument — *your own*.
 Since you have proved to me, I don't deny
 That a pie-John is the same as a John-pie!
 What follows then, but as a thing of course,
 That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse?»

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

«Will you walk into my parlour?» said a spider to a fly;
 «'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
 The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
 And I have many pretty things to shew when you are there.»
 «Oh no, no!» said the little fly, «to ask me is in vain,
 For, who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er come down
 again.»

«I'm sure you must be weary, with soaring up so high,
 Will you rest upon my little bed?» said the spider to the fly.

HORSE-CHESTNUT = castaña de in-
 dias.

PRICKLY = que tiene pinchos.

GET-ACROSS = atraviesa, ponte á caba-
 FUSTY = mohoso, apollillado. (ll.)

ADDLE-HEADED = huero.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Iambics of seven feet mixed with anæpests.

«There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;

And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in.»

«Oh no, no!» said the little fly, «for I've often heard it said, They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed.»

Said the cunning spider to the fly, «Dear friend what shall I do, To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?

I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?»

«Oh no, no!» said the little fly, «kind sir, that cannot be, I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see.»

«Sweet creature!» said the spider, «you're witty and you're wise.

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold—yourself,

«I thank you, gentle sir,» she said, «for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day.»

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den, For well he knew, the silly fly would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,

And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly.

Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,

«Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing:

Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead.»

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,

Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,

SHEETS = sábanas.

TUCK = envolver, arropar.

I'VE por *I have*.

PANTRY = dispensa.

SLICE = tajada, rebanada.

STEP IN = entrar.

CALL = llamar, pasar.

DEN = cueva, antro.

THERE'S por *there is*.

WILY = astuto, engañoso.

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,
And dreaming of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!

THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five year old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart, beyond his childish
years.

I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair;
And yet his chiefest comeliness, is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency!
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills
his mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech, he every where doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the
next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words
which he will say.

Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years
like me,

THE THREE SONS.

The same measure as the preceeding.

MOULD (mold) = forma, carácter.

BAT = pala para lanzar la pelota, lanzador.

COMELINESS (comliness) = gracia.

LOVETH por *loves*.

BE SPARED = ser conservado.

A holier and a wiser, man, I trust that he will be ;
 And when I look into his eyes , and stroke his thoughtful brow,
 I dare not think what I should feel , were I to lose him now .

I have a son , a second son , a simple child of three ;
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be ,
 How silvery sweet those tones of his , when he prattles on my
 knee :

I do not think his light blue eye , is , like his brother's keen ;
 Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been ;

But his little heart's a fountain pure , of kind and tender
 feeling ,
 And his every look's a gleam of light , rich depths of love re-
 vealing .

When he walks with me , the country folk , who pass us in the
 street
 Will speak their joy , and bless my boy , who looks so mild and
 sweet .

A playfellow is he to all , and yet , with cheerful tone ,
 He'll sing his little song of love , when left to sport alone .
 His presence is like sunshine , sent to gladden home and hearth ,
 To comfort us in all our griefs , and sweeten all our mirth .
 Should he grow up to riper years , God grant his heart may
 prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace , as now for earthly love !
 And if , beside his grave , the tears our aching eyes must dim ,
 God comfort us for all the love , which we shall lose in him !

I have a son , a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell ,
 For they reckon not by years and months , where he is gone to
 dwell .

To us , for fourteen anxious months , his infant smiles were
 given ,

And then he bid farewell to earth , and went to live in heaven .
 I cannot tell what form he has , what looks he weareth now ,

STROKE = acariciar con la mano.

PRATTLES = charla , parla .

GLEAM = destello .

DEPTHIS = profundidades , fuentes .

FOLK (fok) = gentes .

PLAYFELLOW = compañero de juego .

DIM = oscurecer , entristecer .

BID FAREWELL = decir adios .

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth
feel,

Are numbered with the secret things, which God will not
reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh;

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close, beneath their glittering
wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest
things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may
sever,

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still
must be;

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and this world's
misery;

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and
pain,

Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

PEACE AND WAR.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,

FOLD CLOSE = recoger y estrechar.

BABE = niño, criatura.

FOR AYE = para siempre.

WHATE'ER por *whatever*.

GROAN = gemir.

TEMPTER'S WILES = astucias del ten-
tador ó diablo.

WE'D por *we would*.

PEACE AND WAR.

Blank verse; five iambs forming the heroic measure.

Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace; — all form a scene
 Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still. —

Ah! whence yon glare
 That fires the arch of heaven? — That dark red smoke
 Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
 In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
 In countless echoes through the mountain ring,
 Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
 Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;

WERE = fuera.

WRAPS = envuelve.

EBON (ébon) = ébano.

CURTAIN = echar las cortinas ó colgaduras de la cama, cubrir.

ROBED = vestido.

UNTRÓDDEN = sin pisar, puro.

SPIRES = picos.

CASTLED STEEP = monte escarpado con su castillo.

RAPT = arrobado.

FIRES = enciende.

QUENCHED = apagados.

SPANGLING = que brilla como con lentejuelas.

GLEAMS = resplandece de pronto.

PEALS = retumbos.

DIN = ruido confuso, estruendo.

JAR = ruido rechinante.

BOMB (bum) = bomba.

The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
 The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
 Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more loud
 The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
 His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
 In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there;
 How few survive, how few are beating now!
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
 Save when the frantic wail of widow'd love
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn
 Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
 Along the spangling snow. There tracts of blood
 Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
 Of the outsallying victors: far behind,
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

BEAM=viga.

CLANGOUR=choque de armas ó de
 bronces.

SHROUD=mortaja.

BLOOMING=en la flor de la vida.

WAIL=lamentos.

SHUDDERING=que estremece.

FOREST'S DEPTH=hondura del bos-
 que, centro oscuro del bosque.

LINEAMENTS=rasgos.

OUTSALLYING=que hicieron una sa-
 lida.

THE WATER FIENDS.

On a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
 Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
 There stood, a tenement antique,
 Lord Hoppergallop's country house.
 Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,
 And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;
 Save when the Owl cry'd, «Who! who! who!»
 Or the hoarse Crow croak'd, «Caw! caw! caw!»
 Neglected mansion! —

For 'tis said,
 Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
 Four barbed steeds, — from the Bull's head, —
 Carried thy master up to town.
 Swift whirl the wheels, —

He's gone. —
 A Rose
 Remains behind, whose virgin look,
 Unseen, must blush in wintry snows
 Sweet beauteous blossom! —

'Twas the Cook!
 A bolder far than my weak note,
 Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand;
 Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
 If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.
 Long had the fair one sat alone,

THE WATER FIENDS.

Four iambs with an occasional auxiliary foot.

FIENDS = demonios, genios.	BULL'S HEAD = Cabeza de toro (fonda).
MOOR = terreno inculto cubierto de brezo, y á veces pantanoso, erial.	CROW = grajo.
Tambien <i>moro</i> .	CROAK'D = graznar.
BROODS = empolla, cria.	BARBED = guarnecidos de bardas.
GROUSE = gallo silvestre.	WHIRL = girar con viveza.
HOPPERGALLOP'S = de, etc. (el que galopa á saltos).	SKINN'D = desollar.
	MOLLY = Maruja.
	DUMPLING = almóndiga grande.

Had none remain'd save only she; —
She by herself had been —

If one

Had not been left for company.
'Twas a tall youth, whose cheeks' clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil; —
Cabbage he sow'd; —

And when it grew,
He always cut it off, to boil.
Oft would he cry

«Delve, delve the hole!
And prune the tree, and train the root!

And stick the wig upon the pole,
To scare the sparrows from the fruit!»

A small, white favorite by day
Followed his step;

Whene'er he wheels

His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur was at his heels.

Ah, man!

The brute creation see!

Thy constancy oft needs the spur!

While lessons of fidelity
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh, so strong,

While Bobtail in his face would look

And mark his master troll the song, —

«Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou Cook!»

For thus he sung; —

While Cupid smiled; —

Pleas'd that the Gardener own'd his dart,

Which pruned his passions, running wild,

HAD = hubiera.

HAD NONE, etc = sobreentiéndese *if*.

CABBAGE = berzas, coles.

DELVE = cava.

PRUNE = podar.

WIG = peluca, espanta-grajos.

BARROW = carretón.

BOB-TAIL = rabricorto.

TROLL = tararear.

RUNNING WILD = volverse salvaje.

And grafted true love on his heart.
Maid of the Moor!

His love return!

True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame,
When Gardeners' hearts, like hot beds, burn,
A Cook may surely feed the flame.
Cold blows the blast:—

The night's obscure;—

The mansion's crazy wainscots crack;—
No star appeared;— and all the moor,
Like every other Moor, —was black. —
Alone, —

Pale, —

Trembling, —

Near the fire,

The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;
Much did she fear, and much admire
What Thomas Gardener could be at.
List'ning, —

Her hand supports her chin;

But, ah!

No foot is heard to stir,

He comes not, from the garden, in;
Nor he —

Nor little Bob-tail cur.

She paces thro' the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil;
Opes the huge door; —

The hinges creak; —

Because —

The hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
She, «Thomas!» called, with many a sob;

NE'ER (ner) por *never* = nunca.
HOT BEDS = tierra cubierta de capas de estiércol y de un cristal para fomentar las plantas, criadero.

CRAZY WAINSCOTS = viejo ó desmoronado ensamblaje.
THRO' por *through*.
HINGES CREAK = rechinar los goznes.

And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
 Exclaiming sweetly, «Bob! Bob! Bob!»
 Vain maid!

A Gardener's corpse, 'tis said,
 In answer can but ill succeed;
 And dogs that hear

When they are dead,
 Are

Very

Cunning

Dogs

Indeed!

Back thro' the hall she bent her way, —

All, all was solitude around!

The candle shed a feeble ray, —

Tho' a large mould of four to the pound

Full closely to the fire she draws;

Adown her cheeks a salt tear stole;

When, lo!

A coffin out there flew,

And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death-watch licked,

A certain sign that Fate will frown;

The clumsy kitchen-clock, too, clicked, —

A certain sign

'Twas not run down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose; —

Her shadow did the maid appal;

She trembled at her lovely nose, —

It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,

She climh'd Lord Hoppergallop's stair, —

Three stories high —

THO' por *though*.

ADOWN = abajo.

DEATH-WATCH = pronóstico de muerte (grito de un animalito parecido al

escarabajo, que el vulgo cree anuncia la muerte).

RUN DOWN = concluida la cuerda.

STORIES = pisos ó cuentos.

All in the flower of youth I fell,
 Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;
 I was not ill —

But in a well
 I tumbled backwards,
 And was drowned.

Four fathoms deep thy love doth lie;
 His faithful dog his fate doth share;

We're FIENDS; —

This is not he and I;
 We are not *here*, —

For we are *there*.

Yes; —

Two foul Water Fiends are we;
 Maid of the Moor!

Attend us now!
 Thy hour's at hand; —

We come for thee!
 The little Fiend said,

«Bow, wow, wow!»
 The Fiends approach!

The Maid did shrink;
 Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin;

They took her to the green well's brink,
 And, with a shout,

They plump'd her in.
 So true the Fair,

So true the Youth,
 Maids, to this day their story tell;

And hence the Proverb rose,
 That Truth

Lies in the bottom of a well.

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

«Methinks the world seems oddly made,
 And every thing amiss,»
 A dull complaining Atheist said,
 As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
 And instanced it in this:
 «Behold,» quoth he, «that mighty thing,
 A pumpkin large and round,
 Is held but by a little string,
 Which upward cannot make it spring,
 Nor bear it from the ground.
 While on this oak an acorn small,
 So disproportion'd grows,
 That whosoe'er surveys this all,
 This universal casual ball,
 Its ill contrivance knows.
 My better judgment would have hung
 The pumpkin on a tree,
 And left the acorn slightly strung,
 'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
 And weak and feeble be.»
 No more the caviller could say,
 No further faults descry;
 For, upwards gazing as he lay,
 An acorn loosen'd from its spray
 Fell down upon his eye.
 The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
 As punish'd for that sin:
 Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
 Nor skull have kept them in!

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

Iambuses of four and three feet.

QUOTH = dijo.

PUMPKIN = calabaza.

'MONGST por *amongst*.

CAVILLER = capcioso.

SPRAY = ramito. = (chos.

WHIMSIES OR WHIMSEYS = capri-

HE WAS SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN.

If pity dwell within your breast,
 Some sympathy pray spare;
 Of love, that breaks young ladies' rest,
 Indeed I've had my share:
 His form is ever in my sight,
 Forget I never can;
 I'm haunted by him day and night,
 He was such a nice young man.
 'Twas at a ball held in the west,
 On me he first did glance;
 So gently he my fingers press'd,
 And ask'd me out to dance:
 I blush'd, and whisper'd «No, no, no!»
 Then smiling dropp'd my fan;
 For how could I refuse to dance,—
 He was such a nice young man.
 The dance now o'er, my hand he took,
 And led me to my seat;
 And, sighing, gave me such a look,
 I'd ne'er seen one so sweet;
 Refreshments begg'd of me to take:—
 I did the dainties scan;
 Alas! I lost my appetite,
 He was such a nice young man.
 When growing late, about to leave,
 It rained in torrents fast;
 Said he, «Dear Miss, I really grieve,
 I fear that it will last!»
 Then quick he hurried from the room,
 And for a coach he ran:
 His kindness quite o'erpowered me,—
 He was such a nice young man.

NICE=guapo y fino.

SCAN=escudriñar, mirar.

GROWING LATE=hacerse tarde.

O'ERPOWERED ME=me rindió.

As through the hall we went along,
 He begg'd for my address;
 I gave it him, not thinking wrong —
 He was in such distress:
 His card emboss'd he handed me,
 With «Captain!» Miss I am:
 My stars! thought I, oh, here's a chance —
 He was such a nice young man.
 Next morning, dress'd and breakfast done,
 Heart beating with desire,
 The hall door bell was loudly rung,
 Enough to break the wire.
 I thought I should have died with fright!
 Up came our servant Ann:
 A gentleman, Miss, waits helow, —
 He is such a nice young man.
 Almost I'd sunk 'twixt hope and fear,
 I wish'd I was afar;
 Guess my surprise, him now to hear,
 Conversing with mamma.
 Such language elegant he used,
 Her heart he did trepan:
 She said, she no objection had, —
 He was such a nice young man.
 «Now stop to dine with us — you must,
 I will not take denial:»
 «Excuse me, ma'am, this visit first
 Is far too great a trial:»
 «Well, call again whene'er you please,
 For visit here you can;»
 I'll call again to-morrow, ma'am,
 Said my very nice young man!
 From the house he scarce was out of sight,
 When from the lower rooms,
 A servant-maid came in a fright,

EMBOSS'D = de relieve.

HALL-DOOR = puerta principal.

TREPAN = engañar, con halagos, ganar.

And cried, «He's stole the spoons!»
 «Ah, fetch him back!» mamma she cried,
 Off went our footman Dan,
 Who brought him back; we found the spoons —
 Yes, upon the nice young man.
 A caution, ladies, give I must,
 The moral I well know:
 'Tis never the appearance trust
 Of any dashing beau;
 For this is what I should have done,
 When to notice he began;
 But who'd have thought he was a thief, —
 He was such a nice young man.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

How I wish that my wife would not practise all day,
 My head it is ready to split —
 It snows — so I cannot get out of her way,
 But at home all the morning must sit,
 How little I thought, when I first heard her sing,
 And hung o'er the harp with delight,
 The sorrows a musical partner might bring,
 Who would practise from morning till night!
 Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
 For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life.
 «Eliza, my love! I've a letter to write —
 Pray cease for a moment, my dear!»
 «Good heavens!» she cries, «you forget that to-night
 Tamburini and Herz will be here!
 Lord William has promised to bring his guitar,
 Captain Warble will play on the flute;

DAN=por Daniel.

DASHING=que hace gran papel.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

Anæsthetic of four and tree feet with auxiliary iambuses.

WARBLE=gorgear, gorgeo.

PLAY ON—tocar.

So I'm trying a second to « Young Lochinvar, »
 Which Miss Scott will perform on her lute!
 Last week, in the commons, on Tuesday's debate,
 We never divided till three,
 When, tired and exhausted, I hurried home late,—
 How I long'd for a cup of green tea!
 But, alas! neither tea nor repose could I get,
 For Rubini and Galli were there,
 And my wife was performing a fav'rite quartette—
 So I went to the club in despair.
 A bishopric vacant, the minister wrote,
 To offer my brother the see;
 I was out—so the messenger carried his note
 To Eliza—whilst singing a glee.
 But, surrounded, alas! by her musical choir,
 My wife could not think of my brother;
 So the Premier's despatch was toss'd in the fire,
 And the see—it was given to another!
 Yet they tell me, alas! that I ought to be bless'd,
 In a wife with so perfect an ear—
 Deaf husbands!—Oh! knew ye the blessings of rest,
 Ye would ne'er be so anxious to hear:
 I, alas! have discover'd my folly too late.
 Take warning by me whilst you can—
 When you hear a fine voice, oh! remember my fate,
 I'm a wretched unfortunate man.

BEGINNINGS.

Each action of life, whether losing or winning,
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning;—
 The Boy must have a beginning to walk—

COMMONS=cámara de los Comunes.

GLEE=cancion para tres ó cuatro voces.

DIVIDED=hacer la votacion.

SEE=sede.

KNEW YE=si supierais.

BEGINNINGS.

Anæpsts varied with iambuses and an odd final syllable occasionally.

The Girl must have a beginning to talk,
 The Boy, when he walks well, will soon learn to run,
 And the tongue of the Girl you think ne'er will have done.
 Thus each action of life, whether losing or winning,
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning of business makes hope very high,
 The beginning of love is a glance from the eye;
 The beginning of courtship is some trifling thing;
 The beginning of wedlock's a little gold ring;
 The beginning a journey, whiche'er way you bend,
 Like life's journey, you know not how it may end:
 Thus each action of life, whether losing or winning,
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning of illness at first may be slight,
 As evening is the beginning of night;
 From indisposition you get very ill,
 Which sure is to end in a doctor's long bill.
 Your wife, friends, and children beginning to cry,
 Make you beginning to think you may die:
 Each action of life, whether losing or winning,
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning a law-suit you easily learn,
 But the ending is always a doubtful concern;
 Before it does end, you're beginning to curse,
 And beginning to come to the end of your purse:
 Like beginning a song with a voice very fine,
 And sticking before you get through the third line:
 Thus, each action of life, whether losing or winning,
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard, and so it is,

To live in such a row;

And witness this, that every Miss

But me has got a beau:

For love goes calling up and down,

But here he seems to shun; —

I'm sure he has been ask'd enough

To call at Number One.

I'm sick of all the double knocks

That come to Number Four;

At Number Three I often see

A lover at the door.

And one in blue at Number Two,

Calls daily like a dun;—

It's very hard they come so near,

And not to Number One.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear

Exactly to her mind,

By sitting at the window-pane

Without a bit of blind.

But I go in the balcony,

Which she has never done,

Yet arts that thrived at Number Five

Don't take at Number One.

'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,

And plenty passing by—

There's nice young men at Number Ten

But only rather shy.

And Mrs. Smith, across the way,

Has got a grown-up son;

But, la! he hardly seems to know

There is a Number One.

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,

But he's intent on pelf,

And though he's pious, will not love

His neighbour as himself.

At number Seven there was a sale,

The goods had quite a run;

And here I've got my single lot

On hand at Number One.

DUN = acreedor, *inglés*.

A LOT ON HAND = surtido, sin ven-

LA! = señor.

der.

My mother often sits at work ,
 And talks of props and stays ;
 And what a comfort I shall be
 In her declining days.
 The very maids about the house ,
 Have set me down a nun ;
 The sweethearts all belong to them
 That call at Number One.
 Once only, when the flue took fire
 One Friday afternoon ,
 Young Mr. Long came kindly in ,
 And told me not to swoon.
 Why can't he come again without
 The Phœnix and the Sun ?
 We cannot always have a flue
 On fire at Number One.
 I am not old, I am not plain ,
 Nor awkward in my gait ;
 I am not crooked, like the bride
 That went from Number Eight.
 I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any bun ;
 But even beauty has no chance ,
 I think , at Number One.
 At Number Six, they say Miss Rose
 Has slain a score of hearts ;
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been
 Quite prodigal of darts.
 The imp they show with bended bow,
 I wish he had a gun ;
 But if he had, he'd never deign
 To shoot at Number One.
 It's very hard , and so it is ,
 To live in such a row ;
 And here's a ballad-singer come ,

SWEETHEARTS = novios.

SWOON = desmayar.

PHOENIX , etc. = sociedad de seguros.

GAIT = modo de andar.

To aggravate my woe.
 O, take away your foolish song,
 And tones enough to stun!
 There is nae luck about the house,
 I know, at Number One.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove,
 'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar:
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:
 «Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, Man calls thee to mourn;
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.
 «Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
 Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

THERE IS NAE, etc. = no hay suerte, etc. (principio de una canción muy conocida).

THE HERMIT.

Anæsthetic measure with auxiliary iambs.

NAUGHT = nada.

PHILOMELA = ruiseñor (griego).

NIGHTINGALE = ruiseñor.

ENTHRAL = esclavizar, domeñar.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew :
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save :
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !
 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
 That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 «O pity, great Father of light,» then I cried,
 «Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee
 Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.»
 «And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!»

PETITION OF THE YOUNG LADIES.

Dear Doctor! let it not transpire,
 How much your Lectures we admire ;
 How at your eloquence we wonder,
 When you explained the cause of thunder,
 Of lightning, and of electricity,

BEWILDER = extraviar, perder.
DAZZLE = deslumbrar.

ROAM = andar errante.
BLENDING = matizando.

PETITION OF THE YOUNG LADIES.

Four iambs.

With so much plainness and simplicity
 The origin of rocks and mountains,
 Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains;
 Of rain and hail, frost and snow,
 And all the storms and winds that blow;
 Besides a hundred wonders more,
 Of which we never heard before.

But now, dear Doctor! not to flatter,
 There is a most important matter,
 A matter which you never touch on, —
 A matter which our thoughts run much on, —
 A subject, if we right conjecture,
 That well deserves a long long Lecture,
 Which all the ladies would approve, —
 The *Natural History of Love!*
 Deny us not, Dear Doctor Moyes!
 O list to our entreating voice!
 Tell us, why our poor tender hearts
 So easily admit Love's darts.

Teach us the mark of Love's beginning;
 What makes us think a *beau* so winning,
 What makes us think a *coxcomb* witty,
 A *black-coat* wise, a *red-coat* pretty!
 Why we believe such horrid lies, —
 That we are angels from the skies,
 Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,
 Our eyes like stars—such charming noses:
 Explain our dreams, awake and sleeping;
 Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping.
 Teach us, dear Doctor, if you can,
 To humble that proud creature, *Man*; —
 To turn the wise ones into fools,
 The proud and insolent to tools;
 To make them run, helter-skelter,

COXCOMB=fátuo.

RED-COAT=casaca encarnada, los militares.

WITTY=gracioso.
 BLACK-COAT=casaca negra, gente de la ley, etc.

HELTER-SKELTER=á troche y moche, á la desbandada ó muy deprisa.

Their necks—into the *Marriage halter*;
 Then leave us to ourselves with these,—
 We'll turn and rule them as we please.
 Dear Doctor! if you grant our wishes,
 We promise you—five hundred kisses;
 And, rather than the affair be blundered,
 We'll give you—*six score* to the hundred!

THE EPHESIAN MATRON, OR THE WIDOW'S TEARS.

Characters.—A Matron and her Maid, the Matron's Father, and a Soldier.

- Matron.* Hence, hence, away! in vain you strive
 To tear me from my dead man;
 His wife I am!—Dead or alive,
 My love shall end where it began.
- Father.* But, daughter!
- Maid.* Mistress!
- Fath.* Daughter!
- Maid.* Mistress!
- Mat.* Grief, oh grief!
- Fath.* Will staying here bring you relief?
 To moulder with him in the grave
 Is killing two.
- Mat.* Adieu, adieu!
 To die with him is all I crave.
- Fath.* Some comfort take.
- Mat.* My heart will break!
- Fath. and Maid.* And with us go.
- Mat.* No, no,—oh, oh!
- Fath.* You shall—you must.
- Mat.* No, no! his dear dust

THE EPHESIAN MATRON, OR THE WIDOW'S TEARS.

Metre, iambs chiefly of four feet. The principal feet in one of the songs are anæpests and in the others iambs or trochees with additional syllables.

TEAR FROM=arrancar de.

DUST=cenizas.

By me shall never be deserted ;

But here I'll stay,

Both night and day,

Till death has joined whom death hath parted.

Fath. Well, daughter, since entreaty's vain,

And still your purpose you maintain,

To give a sample

Of nuptial love,

And so to prove

To future wives a rare example,

I'll leave you to your fate,

The sad but glorious work complete;

And, since all else your constancy denies,

When Death, as soon he must, has closed your eyes,

Your weeping father shall return —

You cannot hinder him to mourn,

And with due rites perform your obsequies:

But more, — a monument I'll raise,

Where, sacred to your endless praise,

This just inscription shall be read: —

«Nipp'd in the flower of charms and youth,

A miracle of female truth

Among the dead lies here enrolled.

Stop, traveller, and, drawing near,

Bestow the tribute of a tear; —

Death snatch'd her consort from her side —

She lov'd, she sorrow'd, and she died!»

(*Exeunt Father and Maid*).

Mat. At length we're left alone,

And the sad widow may indulge her moan:

Receive me, earth, upon thy flinty breast,

Helpless, forlorn, undone, with grief oppress'd,

And while, grown frantic with my woes,

I beat my bosom, tear my hair —

Come, ye Furies — come, Despair,

ENTREATY'S por *entreaty* is.

OBSEQUIES = exequias.

NIPP'D = quitado, arrebatado.

WOES = pesadumbres.

And grief that never comfort knows:
 All your horrors here display,
 Nor thou, O Death, be long away.

Maid (re-enters). So, there she lies, upon the floor,
 There never was such madness, sure!

And will you in the dreary gloom
 Of this unwholesome tomb,
 In sighs and tears, your life consume?

Mat. What should a wretched widow do?

Maid. You're young and handsome yet,
 And might another husband get;—
 Yes, that you might—or two.

Mat. No, no! I death prefer.

Maid. The more fool you!

Mat. This only I demand, my faithful maid,
 That here you'll with me stay,

And see my breathless clay,

When I am dead, by my dear husband laid.

Maid. Well, madam, since I must, I will;

But give me leave to say,

You'd better change your purpose still,

And act a wiser way.

SONG.

If I was a wife, and my dearest dear life

Took it into his noddle to die,

Ere I took the whim to be buried with him,

I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant with grief, I'd look for relief,

Not sink with the weight of my care,—

A salve might be found, no doubt, above ground,

And I think I know very well where.

Another kind mate should give me what Fate

Would not from the former allow;

With him I'd amuse the hours you abuse,

DREARY = triste, lóbrego.

YOU'D = *you had*.

NODDLE = chabeta, mollera.

I'd = *I would*.

POIGNANT (poiñant) = traspasado.

SALVE (sav) = unguento, bálsamo.

And I think I know very well how.
 'Tis true I'm a maid, and so't may be said,
 No judge of the conjugal knot;
 Yet marriage, I ween, has a cure for the spleen,
 And I think I know very well what.

A Sentinel (above). Ho! who's there below?

Maid. Bless us! I shall die with fear!

A man descends into the cave:

What shall our lives—our honours, save.

Sent. Hey! who the devil have we here?

Maid (Aside). A handsome fellow! never stir.

Sent. Speak!

Maid. Two sad women, worthy sir—

A matron, and my mistress, she

Who there upon the ground you see.

Her consort died some days ago,

Which griev'd the poor dear lady so,

That, being here last night interr'd—

I think the like was never heard—

She would needs be buried, too;—

And now, sir, tell me, who are you?

Sent. A soldier, standing at my post,

To guard yon gibbets on the coast;

I saw a light, and hither came,

Directed by the glimmering flame.

Maid. My mistress, sir, is much to blame:

Noble and rich, and young and fair—

Sent. Her character is something rare!

Soft! hearken!—yes, she draws her breath.

Maid. Besides, she's almost starv'd to death.

Sent. I'll rouse her from her desp'rate fit:

Ho! what ho! charming dame! what ho!

SONG.

From the depths of pain and woe

A soldier calls your beauty,

And can bravery do less—

- To succour ladies in distress
 Is still the soldier's duty.
 Cupid whispers in your ear,
 And will you refuse to hear
 Accents form'd to move?
 Lovely, lovely dame,
 Fie, oh fie! for shame!
 Shall one so fair
 Be killed by care?
 Rise to life and love.
- Mat.* Who'd comfort to a wretch afford?
 Gone near half-way to meet my lord,
 You call me back.
- Maid.* Upon my word,
 I'm very glad your journey's stopp'd.
- Sent.* Fair creature, gentler thoughts adopt.
 You have fulfill'd your nuptial vow—
 To yourself do justice now,
 Nor sacrifice by cruel wrong
 A nymph so handsome and so young.
- Maid.* The rogue has a bewitching tongue!
- Mat.* You're very good, I must allow,
 To take a widow's part so kindly.
- Sent.* Then follow not destruction blindly,
 Nor the gifts of Heaven abuse,
 But eat and live.
- Mat.* Indeed, I swore
 Never to taste a morsel more;
 But, since through pity you'd intrude
 Upon my sorrows, 'twould be rude
 The proffer'd succours to refuse.
- Sent.* Here is the meat, my lovely dear;
 But first your drooping spirits cheer
 A flask of wine I've got by stealth—
 'Tis strong and old,
 And 'gainst the cold

DROOPING = abatido (como el sabuco).

'GAINST = against.

Upon my post this night has fenc'd me

Mat. I vow and swear, it goes against me —

However, sir, your health!

Sent. By Venus, mother of desire,

Your eyes have set me all on fire —

There's magic in your touch.

Mat. My eyes, dear sir, alack a day!

Tears must have wash'd their power away;

Indeed, you say too much.

DUET.

Sent. My heart is Cupid's drum —

He beats a march, and cries, Come,

Follow me, your chief.

Mat. My heart's in agitation,

I, too, feel a palpitation,

But 'tis the effect of grief.

What shall I do?

Oh! tell me, who

Can ease the pangs I feel?

For love, for grief,

Bring some relief,

A wounded heart to heal.

Sent. A moment now I must begone; —

I guard, hard by, some gibbet thieves —

Another soon my watch relieves —

I will be here again anon.

Mat. Well, if you must be gone, you must —

No soldier should neglect his post;

But I must candidly confess

Your care was soothing my distress,

And 'twould have pleas'd me had you just stay'd

T'ave seen me give up the ghost.

But, before you go away, sir,

As we ne'er might meet again,

Give me to thank you, pray, sir,

For the gen'rous care you've ta'en.

T'AVE = to have.

GIVE ME TO, etc. = permite, etc.

Well your candour may impeach me

Were I blind to your desire;

But, though love can never reach me,

Friendship still may touch my heart.

[*Exit Sentinel.*]

Maid. A sweeter man I never saw —
He might give womankind the law,

He talks and moves with such a grace!

And then he as a charming face!

Mat. Dear girl, this is a frightful place,

So dark and dismal;

Then the smell is really overcoming.

Maid. Well! why don't you leave it?

Mat. Leave! who, I!

Have I not sworn that here I'll die?

Maid. Such oaths are better broke than kept;

Enough you've sigh'd — enough you've wept!

With this young fellow quit the cave, —

He's worth three dead men.

Mat. Sure, you rave!

He would not yield his youth to cheer

A weeping widow.

Maid. Never fear!

Mat. And should I lightly seem inclin'd,

What would the world say?

Maid. Never mind.

Sentinel (Re-enters). Zounds! I'm undone —

Where shall I run?

They've stolen a thief from the gibbet,

And when I'm in its place,

As soon will be the case,

A fine figure I shall exhibit.

Maid. Now, bless my heart, what storm's a brewing?

Mat. What's the matter?

Sent. Death and ruin!

While Love with you prolong'd my stay,

Sent. Some rogues have watch'd their time,
 And from the gibbet stole a thief away; —
 To me the magistrates will lay the crime
 And when the body's miss'd, and I'm before 'em,
 That other sentinels their watch may keep,
 I know they'll hang me, *in terrorem!*
 Mat. Hang you! I vow he makes me weep!
 Is there no shift?

Sent. No, none!

Maid. 'Tis true!

Sent. Farewell! eternally adieu!

This night I shall have cause to rue.

Mat. Hold! there's a thought come in my head:

My husband is already dead,

And consequently has not feeling;

And 'twould be very cruel dealing

To let you suffer for my sake.

Yonder he lies; his body take,

Strip off his shroud, and hang him

Where the robber has been taken down.

Maid. A fine expedient that, I swear!

Mat. While they see a body there,

The difference never will be known, —

My husband Fate would from me rend

But shall not, if I can help it, take my friend.

Maid. Thus of all concern she rids you.

Sent. How shall I thank!

Maid. By doing as she bids you.

SONG — *Sentinel.*

Men boast of their prudence and sense,

And make a strange pother

With this, that, and t'other,

But, faith! it is all a pretence;

Their genius is trivial and common:

SHIFT = *recurso.*

SHROUD = *mortaja.*

POTHER = *barullo, ruido.*

T'OTHER = *the other.*

And for a shift,
 lift,
 wit of a woman.

And for ways and for means,
 If to meddle she deigns,
 No premier of state
 Like her can create,
 Or find out an expedient.

[*Exits, and returns with the Father.*]

Mat. My father here, and with him brings
 The soldier!

Maid. Bless us! more strange things.

Fath. Daughter, ere this I thought you dead,
 And, by paternal fondness led,
 From the city sadly came
 To pay those rites the dead may claim;
 But near the tomb I met this man,
 Your husband's body on his back!

Mat. Name not my husband, sir, alack!

Fath. First to accuse him I began,
 And call'd him robber of the dead;
 But you approv'd the deed, he said!
 Now tell me if there's truth in this.

Maid. I'll answer for my lady, yes.

Fath. If that by any proof appears,
 Her wedding-day she'll settle straight.

Sent. Say, dear, how long is't I must wait?

Fath. Come, name your time, child.

Mat. Seven years.

Maid. Sooner she cannot dry her tears
 For her departed mate.

Fath. Seven years! preposterous, speak again!

Mat. Well, let him wait a twelvemonth, then.

Maid. The time is somewhat shorten'd, sir.

Fath. But still too long.

Mat. Well, half a year.

Sent. Too long by half!

Mat. A month, then, pray.

Fath. Daughter, you shall be his to-day.

Mat. To-day!

Maid. To-day!

Mat. Nay, pray, sir, pray:

Allow a decent time for sorrow; —

To-day, I vow,

I can't tell how, —

It shall not be before to-morrow!

FINALE.

Fath. Thus old wits, in wicked satires, formerly the fair ma-
lign'd, —

Call'd them light, false, vain, affected, and unsteady as the
wind.

If they copied after nature, bless'd are English dames, I trow—
So much alter'd from what ladies were two thousand years ago.

Maid. Mean and false the accusation—men our sex unjustly
blame;

They are slaves to little passions, and would brand us with the
same.

Struck with native imperfection, as their mind the object sours,
From themselves they draw a picture, then cry out the face is
ours.

Mat. Says a trav'ler to a lion, upon yonder sign-post see
How a lion like your worship's torn by a man like me;
Says the lion to the trav'ler, 'twas a man the daubing drew, —
Had a lion been the painter, I had been a tearing you.

Sent. No excuses or allusions—here's the burden of my song—
Women sov'reigns are of nature, and as such can ne'er be wrong:
Sent to rule, to bless us, charm us, spite of wit, in rancour
spite,

Ev'ry thing they say is proper—ev'ry thing they do is right!

FINALE. Este se compone de siete troqueos y una sílaba larga. Esta especie se
suele dividir en versos alternados de cuatro y tres y medio troqueos.

TROW = creer.

WORSHIP'S por *worship is* = vuestra

DAUBING = mamarracho

merced es.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

If you have no objection
 To banish sad reflection,
 I'll soon prove, to perfection,
 That money makes folks blind:
 For if you'd wish to wed
 A partner for your bed,
 Whether lame or dunny,
 Squinting, or with one eye,
 If you have got some money,
 You'll get one to your mind.
 The parson virtue teaches,
 With vehemence beseeches
 To practise what he preaches;
 He leaves his flock to do—
 He pockets all the pelf,
 And takes upon himself
 To say, that without money
 This life is milk and honey;
 But I, that am more funny,
 Declare it is not true.
 Now, I'll be quickly showing,
 If to law you're going,
 A lawyer (ever knowing)
 A fee will ne'er refuse;
 Your grievance then he'll tell,
 He'll plead your cause so well,
 And when the cause he's won ye,
 You find the law has done ye
 Out of all your money,
 For the winner's sure to lose.
 There's such a fuss about it,
 No one here can doubt it,
 None can do without it, —
 It makes the world go round;
 It makes the grave to smile,

Does all our cares beguile;
 It sweetens life with honey,
 Makes ev'ry path look sunny,—
 There's naught to equal money
 Ever could be found.

Although it rather odd is,
 It worshipp'd like a god is,
 And for it e'en dead bodies
 Are forced to quit the ground;

But let us ever strive
 By industry to live;
 For it sweetens life with honey,
 Makes ev'ry path look sunny,—
 There's naught to equal money
 Ever could be found.

The miser hoards his treasure,
 Counts it o'er at leisure;
 He dies; and then with pleasure
 His money others spend.

Be happy while you may,
 And drive dull care away;
 And if you would be funny,
 And sweeten life with honey,
 Take care of all your money,
 For money is your friend.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
 Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,
 The retreat of the ringdove, the haunt of the deer,
 Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
 No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
 Here the wild flow'ret blossomed, the elm proudly waved,
 And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
 And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,

Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, in lightning, and storm;

All flushed from the tumults of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:

With a glance of disgust he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide waving shade:
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;
He taugth the pure stream in rough channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time, —
Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosomed in foam.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT LODORE?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,

Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Twining and twisting,
 Around and around,
 Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound;
 Smiling and fighting,
 A sight to delight in;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.
 Reeding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and growing,
 And running and stunning,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And thundering and floundering,
 And falling and crawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,

And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
 And thumping and slumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, —
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried:
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
 We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.
 No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.
 Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,

And we bitterly thought of the morrow,
 We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
 But half our heavy task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line—we raised not a stone,
 But left him alone in his glory.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story)!
 In Thebes's street three thousand years ago;
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.
 Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,—
 Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune:
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy!
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.
 Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame;
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,
 By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been dealing
 In human blood, and horrors past revealing.
 Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass:
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.
 I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled,
 For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.
 Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
 And the great Deluge still had left it green;
 Or was it then so old, that History's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages!
 Still silent, incommunicative elf!
 Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
 But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself, —
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
 What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?
 Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?
 If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold;
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown thy dusty cheeks have rolled.
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
 What was thy name and station, age and race?
 Statue of flesh — Immortal of the dead!
 Imperishable type of evanescence!
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-morning,
 When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning!
 Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever?
 Oh, let us keep the *soul embalmed and pure*
In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

THE ANSWER OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

Child of the latter days, thy words have broken
 A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
 For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken,
 Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
 Unswathed at length, I «stand at ease» before ye, —
 List, then, oh! list, while I unfold my story.
 Thebes was my birth-place — an unrivalled city,
 With *many* gates, — but here I might declare
 Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
 To blow a poet's fabric into air;
 Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,

And give a deadly finish to conjecture.
 But then you would not have me throw discredit
 On grave historians—or on him who sung
 THE ILIAD—true it is I never read it,
 But heard it read when I was very young;
 An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
 Recited parts—I think the *author* of it.
 All that I know about the town of HOMER
 Is, that they scarce would own him in his day—
 Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
 Because by this they saved their *parish-pay*.
 His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
 Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.
 One blunder I can fairly set at rest,
 He says that men were once more big and bony
 Than now, which is a bouncer at the best;
 I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
 Near seven feet high! in sooth, a lofty figure!
 Now look at *me*, and tell me am I *bigger*?
 Not half the size: but then I'm sadly dwindled;
 Three thousand years with that embalming glue,
 Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
 My face of all its beauty—there were few
 Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel.
 Nay, smile not, you and I may soon be equal!
 For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
 With mortal aim—this light fantastic toe
 Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance:
 This heart hath throbb'd at tales of love and woe,
 These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion;
 This withered form inspired the tender passion.
 In vain! the skilful hand and feelings warm,
 The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
 The palm of genius and the manly form,
 All bowed at once to death's mysterious will,
 Who sealed me up where mummies sound are sleeping.

 PARISH-PAY = contribucion de pobres.

BOUNCER = una papa.

In cere-cloth, and in tolerable keeping,
 Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
 And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
 Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
 With scarlet flounces and with varnished faces;
 Men, birds, brutes, reptiles, fish—all crammed together.
 With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather.
 Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
 And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust;
 Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
 Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,—
 Their swarthy Mummies kicked up dust in numbers,
 When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumbers.
 Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
 At Dido's table when the wondrous tale
 Of «Juno's hatred» was so well repeated?
 And ever and anon the Queen turned pale;
 Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights, hung above her,
 Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.
 Ay, *gas-lights!* mock me not; we men of yore
 Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
 Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore?
 Her patient toil? acuteness of invention?
 Survey the proofs—our Pyramids are thriving,—
 Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.
 A land in arts and sciences prolific,
 On blocks gigantic building up her fame!
 Crowded with signs, and letters hieroglyphic,
 Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
 Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on RAIL-ROADS and by STEAM!
 How, when, and why, our people came to rear
 The Pyramid of Cheops, mighty pile!
 This and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
 I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
 The hist'ry of the Sphinx, and who began it,
 Our mystic marks, and monsters made of granite.
 Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephrenes—

But, ah! what's this? — the shades of bards and kings
 Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
 I am not to reveal these hidden things.
 Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
 Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done! o'er Gunga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest;
 And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
 Our bark has found its harbour now.
 With furled sail, and painted side,
 Behold the tiny frigate ride.
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
 While, all apart, beneath the wood,
 The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
 Come, walk with me the jungle through; —
 If yonder hunter tell us true,
 Far off, in desert dank and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude;
 Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
 The thunders of the English gun),
 A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
 Returns to scare the village green. —
 Come boldly on, no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake;
 Child of the sun! he loves to lie
 'Mid nature's embers, parched and dry,
 Where, o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
 Fit warder in the gate of death!
 Come on! yet pause! behold us now
 Beneath the bamboo's arched bough;
 Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom;

And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower :—
 The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
 And dusk anana's prickly blade;
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
 The betel waves his crest in air.
 With pendant train and rushing wings,
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize. —
 So rich a shade, — so green a sod, —
 Our English, fairies never trod;
 Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
 But thought on England's «good green wood;»
 And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
 And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain)!
 To gaze upon her oaks again.

A truce to thought! the jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry;
 And, through the trees, yon failing ray
 Will scantily serve to guide our way.
 Yet, mark! as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes :—
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring;
 While, to this cooler air confest,
 The broad dhatura bares her breast,
 Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night!
 Still as we pass, in softened hum,
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, — the horn, — the drum. —
 Still as we pass from bush and brier,
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;

And what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
 I know the soul-entrancing swell!
 It is—it must be—Philomel!

Enough! enough! the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze.—
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But, oh! with thankful hearts confess
 E'en here there may be happiness;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth—his hope of heaven!

THE STARS.

Oh! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
 When the evening shadows have left the skies,
 Or the sun has gone down like a king to rest,
 In the palace-halls of the golden west;
 Or the first pale star in the western sky,
 Calls ye forth to the midnight's solemnity.

Earth hails your light in the loveliest hour,
 When the dew like a spirit hangs over each flower,
 When the glens lie hushed and the woods are still,
 And the Naiad heareth the fountain's thrill,
 And the low wind waileth her anthem hymn
 In the ear of the night's young cherubim.

And, oh! the bright visions ye see from heaven!
 The earth's blue shade in the gloom of even,
 The red sea's wave as it rolleth on,
 In the gleam of the sunset's horizon;
 And the beautiful hues of the rainbow air;
 And the spirits, like ye, that are wandering there.

Yet oh! there are more,—from the sunset dells

Ye hearken the chimes of sweet vesper bells,
 And the shepherd's hymn and the mother's prayer,
 Ye hear through the hush of the midnight air,
 And the dove's soft note in the solemn woods,
 And eve's low moan in the solitudes.

Yet have ye a spell and a solemn power,
 To guard the earth at the midnight's hour;
 To watch o'er the slumbering homes of men —
 O'er the lamp that lighteth the student's pen —
 O'er the peasant's roof and the monarch's throne —
 Over all that beauty hath made your own.

Ye pass in your glory o'er land and sea;
 Ye ride through the heavens triumphantly:
 O'er the boundless hills of immortal space,
 Ye speed in the joy of your chariot-race;
 Yet the sunset's beam, and the moonlight's ray,
 Are the paths which ye tread to the shores of day.

And, oh! do ye gaze on that shining land,
 Where seraph and spirit for ever stand!

A white-robed choir round the golden throne,
 With harp, and with hymn, and with orison,
 Sounding for ever their anthem cry,
 Through the hush of the midnight immensity!

— Ye are mystic and holy! — ye may not tell
 Of that land where the spirits of Eden dwell;
 Ye may not give to the winds of earth
 The seraph voices that hailed your birth:
 Round the awful throne where ye bend, and bless
 The spirit that called ye to loveliness!

But, lo! the deep glory of night goes by,
 And the moon wanes low in the western sky;
 And the beautiful spirit, whose silver wings
 Gave songs to the night from a thousand strings,
 Has pealed o'er the waves of the dark deep sea
 Your dirge through the heaven's infinity!

Yet again ye will come in the eve's dark hours
 With dew, to refreshen the folding flowers:
 With balm on your wings for the wounded breast,

And hope for the mourner that finds no rest;
 And joy for the spirit that waits afar
 For the heaven that shineth in one night star!

A RIDDLE.

Know ye that magic coral cave,
 Which neither seas nor rivers lave,
 Yet in it water oft is found,
 Although raised high above the ground,
 Nor comes it from the earth or sky,
 And scarce the summer's heat can dry!
 Its arched roof of rosy hue,
 Is almost hidden from the view;
 The red soft floor of this dark cave,
 Heaves like the gentle Arno's wave.
 Within the entrance glistening stand,
 Arrayed in white, a crescent band,
 Guards also from the roof depend,
 Aiding the portal to defend,
 Form a portcullis when they meet,
 Preventing entrance and retreat.
 Security has still done more,
 Placing without a folding door,
 Which opening slow or quick, no eye
 Its noiseless hinges can descry.

Within this double-guarded cell,
 Lo, witchery and wonder dwell!
 For when the portal's opened wide,
 Thence flows of various sounds a tide;
 Accents of sorrow, grief, and fear,
 Of joy and gladness, strike the ear,
 The swell of praise, the breath of prayer,
 The dismal howling of despair:
 The din of revelry and strife,
 The moan which scapes with ebbing life,
 The boisterous laugh, the piercing shriek,
 The gurgling sob when heart-strings break,

Each tone known to the human voice,
 When men bewail, despair, rejoice,
 Sounds from the east, west, south, and north.
 From that red cavern issue forth.

'Tis th' ante-chamber to a tomb,
 On which shines neither sun nor moon,
 Connected by a narrow strait,
 It lies beneath the cavern's gate;
 Within this tomb a monster lies,
 Which through that pass receives supplies
 Of food for his voracious maw,
 Nor owns he any other law
 Than appetite, and, if not fed,
 To acts of mutiny is led.
 By some he's worshipped as a god,
 And rules them with an iron rod.
 Homage the cave receives, e'en this,
 Its votaries greet it with a kiss.

THE STRANDED BARK AND THE LIFE-BOAT.

She strikes, and she reels, and her high towering mast,
 Like the forest-oak, bends in the hurricane-blast,
 And the billows, whose awful tops seen in the clouds,
 Dash high o'er the wretches that fly to her shrouds.
 Again she hath struck, and the turbulent air
 Is filled with wild horror, and shrieks of despair:
 Few moments must free her from breakers and spray,
 Or entomb them in ocean for ever and aye.
 Forsaken her helm, that, the dark waters o'er,
 Hath oft steered her safe to the sheltering shore;
 And her beautiful pennant, that streamed ever bright,
 Like the sunbeam by day, and a meteor by night,
 Now twines round the topmast (how changed since the morn!)
 Or piecemeal, the sport of the tempest, is torn.
 No peal of alarm was discharged from her deck!
 But the voice of despair from the perishing wreck
 Found an echo in hearts, that, in every wild form,
 Have encountered the demon that yells in the storm:
 And that spirit which makes them in danger more brave.

Only rose with the scene: on the tempest-tost wave
 They launched their light bark, and, in gallant array,
 Dashed from shore with a true hearty British huzza.
 Far, far as the eye of the gazer could roam,
 There was nothing but breakers and billows of foam.
 One moment she seemed in the boiling surge lost;
 The next, we beheld her still struggling, but tost
 At the merciless power of the deep booming sea;

But still forward she kept on her perilous track —
 Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee

Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
 Now high o'er the billows majestic she rides,
 With her twelve noble rowers all lashed to her sides;
 Relax not one effort — one moment may save,
 Or entomb them for ever beneath the dark wave;
 For, hark! the last cry of despair is ascending,
 As shivering they cling to the topmast, and rending
 The heavens with their outcry — one effort, one more,
 And 'tis gained, — like a thunder-cloud burst upon shore
 The gazers' applause, as the life-boat steered round them.

But who shall describe the poor rescued, or tell
 With what feelings these greater than conquerors found them,

As half-naked, half-dead, from the rigging they fell;
 Or lifelessly sunk on their foreheads, as though
 The last torment was passed — drained the last cup of woe?
 And now with the shipwrecked and destitute crew,
 The billows are foaming around them, and loud,
 Like the roar of artillery, the tempest-charged cloud
 Breaks o'er them in thunder; still o'er the dark sea

They push their light bark in its perilous track —
 Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! many for thee

Are the sighs and the tears that will welcome thee back.
 The sea-gull flew wildly and mournfully round,
 As if on the deep shoreless ocean she'd found
 Some exiles condemned o'er the wide world to roam;
 Then, light as the billow, and white as the foam,
 Winged her way on the breeze to her tempest-rocked home.
 On the tiptoe of hope and of fear we beheld,
 As their bark through the billows the rowers impelled;
 But, at length, in smooth water we saw her safe moored,
 And what was the boon for the danger endured?
 Avaunt, selfish hearts! what at first had inspired

Brought its own bright reward, all the boon they desired ;
 'Twas enough—to have saved, from the jaws of the grave,
 Hearts that beat like their own, true, undaunted, and brave.

A CHARADE.

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,
 Two letters there are, and two only in me,
 I am double, am single, am black, blue, and gray,
 I am read from both ends, and the same either way,
 I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed,
 And you know not one hour what I may be the next ;
 I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
 I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
 I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek,
 I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
 I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,
 I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right.
 I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
 Expressive and languid, contracted and full,
 I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
 And judge, and decide, and examine, and try.
 I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, a door,
 An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
 I belong to all animals under the sun,
 And to those which were long understood to have none.
 By some I am said to exist in the mind,
 And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.
 Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
 And I wore them all three on the day I was born.
 I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
 Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.
 A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
 Who is little by day, and grows big in the night,
 Whom I cherish with care as part of myself,
 For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,
 Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack,
 Throws it into a net which I keep at my back ;
 And, though heels over head it arrives, in a trice
 It is sent up to table all proper and nice.
 I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
 But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.

A blow makes me run though I have not a limb;
 Though I neither have fins nor a bladder, I swim.
 Like many more couples, my partner and I
 At times will look cross at each other and shy;
 Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,
 One will do all the work when the other is out.
 I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
 When trimmed with good lashes, or kept in the dark.
 Should I fret and be heated they put me to bed,
 And leave me to cool upon water and bread.
 But if hardened I grow they make use of the knife,
 Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.
 Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough,
 Run a spit through my side and with safety enough.
 Like boys who are fond of the fruit and their play,
 I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.
 My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance,
 I am said to retire, though I never advance.
 I am read by physicians as one of their books,
 And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.
 My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,
 And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.
 Some call me a diamond; some say I am jet;
 Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
 I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
 And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
 The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
 And sun, moon, and stars, at my wish disappear;
 Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
 That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

FLORA'S PARTY.

Lady Flora gave cards for a party at tea,
 To flowers, buds, and blossoms, of every degree;
 So from town and from country they thronged at the call,
 And strove by their charms to embellish the hall.
 First came the exotics, with ornaments rare,
 The tall Miss Corchorus, and Cyclamen fair,
 Auricula splendid, with jewels new set,
 And gay Polyanthus, the pretty coquette.
 The tulips came flaunting in gaudy array,

With the Hyacinths, bright as the eye of the day :
 Dandy Coxcombs and Daffodils, rich and polite,
 With their dazzling new vests, and their corsets laced tight ;
 While the Soldiers in green cavalierly attired,
 Were all by the ladies extremely admired.
 But prudish Miss Lily, with bosom of snow,
 Declared that « those gentlemen stared at her so,
 It was horridly rude, » — so retired in a fright,
 And scarce stayed to bid Lady Flora good night.
 There were Myrtles and Roses from garden and plain,
 And Venus's Fly-trap they brought in their train,
 So the beaux thronged around them they scarcely knew why,
 At the smile of the lip, or the glance of the eye.
 Madam Damask complained of her household and care,
 That she seldom went out, save to breathe the fresh air,
 There were so many young ones and servants to stray,
 And the thorns grew so fast, if her eye was way.
 « Neighbour Moss-rose, » said she, « you who live like a queen,
 And ne'er wet your fingers, don't know what I mean. »
 So the notable lady went on with her lay
 Till her auditors yawned, or stole softly away.
 The sweet Misses Woodbine from country and town,
 With their brother-in-law, the wild Trumpet, came down,
 And Lupine, whose azure eye sparkled with dew,
 On Amaranth leaned, the unchanging and true ;
 While modest Clematis appeared as a bride,
 And her husband, the Lilac, ne'er moved from her side.
 Though the belles giggled loudly, and said « 'Twas a shame
 For a young married chit such attention to claim ;
 They never attended a rout in their life,
 Where a city-bred man ever spoke to his wife. »
 Miss Peony came in quite late, in a heat,
 With the Ice-Plant new-spangled from forehead to feet ;
 Lobelia, attired like a queen in her pride,
 And the Dahlias, with trimmings new furnished and dyed,
 And the Blue-bells and Hare-bells, in simple array,
 With all their Scotch cousins from island and brae.
 Ragged Robins and Marigolds clustered together,
 And gossiped of scandal, of news, and the weather ;
 What dresses were worn at the wedding so fine,
 Of sharp Master Thistle and sweet Columbine ;
 Of the loves of Sweet William and Lily the prude,

Till the clamour of Babel again seemed renewed.
 In a snug little nook sat the jessamine pale,
 And that pure fragrant Lily, the gem of the vale;
 The meek Mountain-Daisy, with delicate crest,
 And the Violet, whose eye told the heaven in her breast:
 And allured to their group were the wise ones, who bowed
 To that virtue which seeks not the praise of the crowd;
 But the proud Crown-Imperial, who wept in her heart,
 That their modesty gained of such homage a part,
 Looked haughtily down on their innocent mien,
 And spread out her gown that they might not be seen.
 The bright Lady-Slippers and Sweet-Briers agreed
 With their slim cousin Aspens a measure to lead;
 And sweet 'twas to see their bright footsteps advance,
 Like the wing of the breeze through the maze of the dance.
 But the Monk's-hood frowned dark, and, in utterance low,
 Declared «'Twas high time for good Christians to go;»
 So folding the cowl round his wrinkle-mark'd head,
 He took from the sideboard a taper, and fled.
 A song was desired, but each musical flower
 Had «taken a cold, and 'twas out of her power;»
 Till sufficiently urged, they broke forth in a strain
 Of quavers and trills that astonished the train.
 Mimosa sat trembling, and said, with a sigh,
 «'Twas so fine, she was ready with rapture to die.»
 And Cactus, the grammar-school tutor, declared,
 «It might be with the gamut of Orpheus compared;»
 Then moved himself round in a comical way,
 To show how the trees once had frisked at the lay.
 Yet Nightshade, the metaphysician, complained,
 That the nerves of his ear were excessively pained:
 «'Twas but seldom he crept from the college,» he said,
 «And he wished himself safe in his study or bed.»
 There were pictures, whose splendour illumined the place,
 Which Flora had finished with exquisite grace;
 She had dipped her free pencil in Nature's pure dyes,
 And Aurora retouched with fresh purple the skies.
 So the grave connoisseurs hastened near them to draw,
 Their knowledge to show, by detecting a flaw.
 The Carnation her eye-glass drew forth from her waist,
 And pronounced they were «not in good keeping or taste;»
 While prim Fleur-de-lis, in her robe of French silk,

And magnificent Calla, with mantle like milk,
 Of the Louvre recited a wonderful tale,
 And said «Guido's rich tints made dame Nature turn pale.»
 The Snow-drop assented, and ventured to add,
 His opinion, that «all Nature's colouring was bad;
 He had thought so, e'er since a few days he had spent
 To study the paintings of Rome, as he went
 To visit his uncle Gentiana, who chose
 His abode on the Alps, 'mid a palace of snows;
 But he took on Mount Blanc such a terrible chill,
 That ever since that he'd been pallid and ill.»
 Half-withered Miss Hackmatack bought a new glass,
 And thought with her nieces, the Spruces, to pass.
 But Bachelor Holly, who spied her out late,
 Destroyed all her plans by a hint at her date.
 So she pursed up her mouth, and said tartly, with scorn,
 «She could not remember before she was born.»
 Old Jonquil, the crooked-backed beau, had been told
 That a tax would be laid upon bachelor's gold;
 So he bought a new coat, and determined to try
 The long disused armour of Cupid so sly,
 Sought for half-opened buds in their infantine years,
 And ogled them all, till they blushed to their ears.
 Philosopher Sage on a sofa was prosing,
 With dull Doctor Chamomile quietly dozing,
 Though the Laurel descanted, with eloquent breath,
 Of heroes and battles, of victory and death;
 Farmer Sunflower was near, and decidedly spake
 Of «the poultry he fed, and the oil he might make;»
 For the true-hearted soul deemed a weather-stained face,
 And a toil-hardened hand, were no marks of disgrace.
 Then he beckoned his nieces to rise from their seat,
 The plump Dandelion and Cowslip so neat,
 And bade them to «put on their cloaks and away,
 For the cocks crowed so loud, 'twas the break o' the day.»
 —'Twas indeed very late, and the coaches were brought,
 For the grave matron flowers of their nurseries thought;
 The lustre was dimmed of each drapery rare,
 And the lucid young brows looked beclouded with care;
 All save the bright Cereus, that belle so divine,
 Who joyed through the curtains of midnight to shine.
 Now they curtseyed and bowed as they moved to the door,

But the Poppy snored loud ere the parting was o'er,
 For Night her last candle was snuffing away,
 And Flora grew tired, though she begged them to stay;
 Exclaimed, «All the watches and clocks were too fast,
 And old Time ran in spite, lest her pleasures should last.»
 But when the last guest went, with daughter and wife,
 She vowed she «was never so glad in her life:»
 Called out to her maids, who with weariness wept,
 To «wash up the glasses and cups ere they slept;»
 For «Aurora,» she said, «with her broad-staring eye,
 Would be pleased in the house some disorder to spy;»
 Then sipped some pure honey-dew, fresh from the lawn,
 And with Zephyrus hasted to sleep until dawn.

ART.

When from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An Angel left her place in heaven,
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
 'Twas Art! sweet Art! New radiance broke,
 Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
 And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
 «The curse a blessing shall be found.»
 She led him through the trackless wild,
 Where noontide sunbeam never blazed:
 The thistle shrunk — the harvest smiled,
 And nature gladdened as she gazed.
 Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
 At Art's command to him are given,
 The village grows, the city springs,
 And point their spires of faith to heaven.
 He rends the oak — and bids it ride,
 To guard the shores its beauty graced;
 He smites the rock — upheaved in pride,
 See towers of strength and domes of taste.
 Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
 Fire bears his banner on the wave,
 He bids the mortal poison heal,
 And the destroying knife to save.
 He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
 Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;

He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
 Rocks disappear before his skill:
 With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
 He bids the ore illumine the page,
 And proudly scorning time's control,
 Commences with an unborn age.
 In fields of air he writes his name,
 And treads the chambers of the sky;
 He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
 That quivers in the realms on high.
 In war renowned, in peace sublime,
 He moves in greatness and in grace:
 His power, subduing space and time,
 Links realm to realm, and race to race.

WHAT IS HOME?

That is not home, where day by day
 I wear the busy hours away;
 That is not home, where lonely night
 Prepares me for the toils of light:
 'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
 A home in which the heart can live:
 These walls no lingering hopes endear,
 No fond remembrance chains me here.
 Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—
 Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
 'Tis where thou art, is home to me,
 And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
 And find in wildest haunts their home;
 And some in halls of lordly state,
 Who yet are homeless, desolate.
 The sailor's home is on the main,
 The warrior's, on the tented plain,
 The maiden's, in her bower of rest,
 The infant's, on his mother's breast;
 But where thou art, is home to me,
 And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
 They are too high, and cold, and wide.
 No home is by the wanderer found;

'Tis not in place; it hath no bound;
 It is a circling atmosphere
 Investing all the heart holds dear;
 A law of strange attractive force,
 That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
 O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
 Where love and duty sweetly blend
 To consecrate the name of friend;
 Where'er thou art is home to me,
 And home without thee cannot be.

NOTHING.

Most writers like on *something* to dilate,
 And some on *anything* would spend their time;
 But *everything* is now in such a state,
 That «*nothing*» best befits *my* humble chime.
 Hail! then, the subject; and all hail! the bard
 «Who can write well on *nothing!*»—Few beside
 Would claim this meed!—but yet with due regard
 To *others'* rights my chaplet I'll *divide!*
 What art thou, Nothing?—Nothing but a name!
 Yet so connected with all earthly ties,
 That Glory, Reputation, Pleasure, Fame,
 All end in thee—from whom they took their rise!
 What's Friendship? Nothing!—Love? «an emptier sound!»
 Honour?—Wealth?—Splendour?—Dignity?—and Pride?
 I asked the tombs—(with solemn sculptures crowned)—
 «Nothing!»—a hollow moan from each replied.
 Yet much depends on Nothing!—Nothing known,
 Nothing is wanted; and the vacant breast,
 Where Ignorance erects his leaden throne,
 Asks nothing to secure its *placid* rest!
 He that «says nothing»—though a very dunce,
 May often for an imp of wisdom pass:
 He that prates *everything* betrays at once
 The empty head—less stored with brains than brass!
 Nothing!—Why thou art something—like a theme
 On which, the more I search, the more I find:
 And, should Invention fail, through toil extreme,
 Right well I know that *thou* art still behind!

In by-gone days, what time I tuned my lyre,
 Anxious to gain the meed of lasting fame,
 To what fond heights did not my Muse aspire!
 She looked for *due* applause—when Nothing came.
 On graver themes I next my powers essayed,
 And turned the page of philosophic lore,
 (Ah! vainly to my aching sight displayed!)
 What was my meed?—*neglect*, and—nothing more!
 I do not like thee! Yet I find thee ever
 Meddling with each design and rising scheme;
 Sure to succeed my very best endeavour,
 And prove my hope is—Nothing but a dream!
 I am of Nothing and to Nothing tend!
 On earth I Nothing have, and Nothing claim!—
 Man's noblest works shall know one common end,
 And «Nothing» crown the tablet of his name.
 Enough! I've proved the ancient *dictum* wrong,
 That «nothing out of nothing can be made;»
 And if of Nothing I have sung too long,
 'Tis but the fault of many of my trade!

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night,—our anchored vessel slept
 Out on the glassy sea;
 And still as heaven the waters kept,
 And golden bright, as he,
 The setting sun, went sinking slow
 Beneath the eternal wave;
 And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
 Over the monarch's grave.
 There was no motion of the air
 To raise the sleeper's tress,
 And no wave-building winds were there,
 On ocean's loveliness;
 But ocean mingled with the sky
 With such an equal hue,
 That vainly strove the 'wilder'd eye
 To part their gold and blue.
 And ne'er a ripple of the sea
 Came on our steady gaze,
 Save when some timorous fish stole out

To bathe in the woven blaze, —
 When floating in the light that played
 All over the resting main,
 He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
 To his deep blue home again.
 Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
 Across the twinkling deep,
 A form came ploughing the golden wave,
 And rending its holy sleep;
 It blushed bright—red, while growing on
 Our fixed, half-fearful gaze;
 But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
 And its robe of sunny rays.
 It seemed like molten silver, thrown
 Together in floating flame;
 And, as we looked, we named it then
 The fount whence all colours came:
 There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
 And the brightest red that glows;
 The purple amethyst there had place,
 And the hues of a full-blown rose.
 And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
 Where the pleasant rain hath been;
 And the ideal-hues, that, thought-like, pass
 Through the minds of fanciful men;
 They beamed full clear, — and that form moved on,
 Like one from a burning grave;
 And we dared not to think it a real thing,
 But for a rustling wave.
 The sun just lingered in our view
 From the burning edge of ocean,
 When by our bark that bright one passed
 With a deep disturbing motion;
 The far-down waters shrank away,
 With a gurgling rush upheaving,
 And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
 Their mother's bosom leaving.
 Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
 In its throne-like glory going,
 It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned
 Like an empire's overthrowing.
 The uptorn waves rolled hoar, — and, huge,

The far-thrown undulations
 Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
 And fell like battling nations.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
 And myself replied to me;
 And the questions myself then put to myself,
 With their answers, I give to thee.
 Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
 Their responses the same should be,
 Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
 Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
 May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
 Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
 Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded
 But by-gauds which pass away,
 Read their fate in lines recorded
 On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
 She her worth can best express.

What is moping Melancholy?
 Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
 For the prosperous and the gay?
 But a safe and wholesome teacher
 In Adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
 Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
 If on false pretensions grounded,
 Like the treacherous sand below.

What is love? If earthly only,
 Like a meteor of the night;
 Shining but to leave more lonely
 Hearts that hailed its transient light:
 But when calm, refined, and tender,
 Purified from passion's stain,
 Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
 Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
 Glancing darkest clouds between?
 Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
 Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
 Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
 Every moment darker growing,
 If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
 Followed but by deeper gloom.
 Patience? More than sunshine bright'ning
 Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
 To Eternity's vast sea,
 Forward, whither all are rowing,
 On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
 On that silent, rapid stream;
 Few, too few, its progress noting,
 Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
 Every tie we love so well?
 But the gate to life unending,
 Joy, in heaven! or, woe in hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,
 Lose their magnitude or weight?
 Estimate thine own condition,
 Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated,
 Much may still be left to do:
 Be not by profession cheated;
 Live—as if thou knew'st them true.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
 And myself replied to me;
 And the questions myself then put to myself,
 With their answers, I've given to thee.

Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
 Their responses the same should be,
 Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself.
 Or so much the worse for thee.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

'Twas eve. The lengthening shadows of the oak
 And weeping birch swept far adown the vale;
 And nought upon the hush and stillness broke,
 Save the light whispering of the spring-tide gale
 At distance dying; and the measured stroke
 Of woodmen at their toil; the feeble wail
 Of some lone stock-dove, soothing, as it sank
 On the lull'd ear, its melody that drank.

The sun had set: but his expiring beams
 Yet linger'd in the west, and shed around
 Beauty and softness o'er the wood and streams,
 With coming night's first tinge of shade embrown'd
 The light clouds mingled, brighten'd with such gleams
 Of glory, as the seraph-shapes surround,
 That in the visions of the good descend,
 And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.

There are emotions in that grateful hour
 Of twilight and serenity, which steal
 Upon the heart with more than wonted power,
 Making more pure and tender all we feel, —
 Softening its very core, as doth the shower
 The thirsty glebe of summer. We reveal
 More, in such hours of stillness, unto those
 We love, than years of passion could disclose.

The heavens look down on us with eyes of love,
 And earth itself looks heavenly; the sleep
 Of nature is around us, but above
 Are beings that eternal vigils keep.
 'Tis sweet to dwell on such, and deem they strove
 With sorrow once, and fled from crowds to weep
 In loneliness, as we perchance have done;
 And sigh to win the glory they have won!

'Tis sweet to mark the sky's unruffled blue
 Fast deepening into darkness, as the rays
 Of lingering eve die fleetly, and a few
 Stars of the brightest beam illumine the blaze,
 Like woman's eye of loveliness, seen through
 The veil that shadows it in vain: we gaze
 In mute and stirless transport, fondly listening

As there were music in its very glistening.
 'Tis thus in solitude; but sweeter far
 By those we love, in that all-softening hour,
 To watch with mutual eyes each coming star,
 And the faint moon-rays, streaming through our bower
 Of foliage, wreathed and trembling, as the car
 Of night rolls duskier onward, and each flower
 And shrub that droops above us, on the sense
 Seems dropping fragrance more and more intense.

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears!
 One long deep heavy sigh,
 When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,
 The images of former years
 Are faintly glittering by!
 And still forgotten while they go!
 As, on the sea-beach, wave on wave,
 Dissolves at once in snow.
 The amber clouds one moment lie,
 Then, like a dream, are gone!
 Though beautiful the moon-beams play
 On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
 And the soul intensely loves their stay,
 Soon as the radiance melts away,
 We scarce believe it shone!
 Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell;
 And we wish they ne'er may fade;—
 They cease;—and the soul is a silent cell,
 Where music never play'd!
 Dreams follow dreams, through the long night-hours,
 Each lovelier than the last;
 But, ere the breath of morning-flowers,
 That gorgeous world flies past;
 And many a sweet angelic cheek,
 Whose smiles of love and fondness speak,
 Glides by us on this earth;
 While in a day we cannot tell
 Where shone the face we loved so well,
 In sadness, or in mirth!

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (1).

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lip their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
 Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure:
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

(1) This composition written by Gray (1716-1771), is peculiarly beautiful.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
 Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.
 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
 The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbade, nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their glowing virtues; but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
 Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd, —
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
 For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 « Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 »Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 »To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 »There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 »That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 »His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 »And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 »Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 »Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove !
 »Now drooping, woeful-wan ! like one forlorn,
 »Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
 »One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 »Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 »Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 »Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;
 »The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 »Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
 »Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 »Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn. »

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past
 There lived a man;—and who was he?
 —Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.
 Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown:
 His name has perished from the earth;—
 This truth survives alone:
 That joy and grief, and hope and fear
 Alternate triumphed in his breast:
 His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
 —Oblivion hides the rest.
 The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.
 He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
 Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
 Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
 And foes,—his foes are dead.
 He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
 Oh! she was fair,—but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.
 He saw—whatever thou hast seen;
 Encountered all that troubles thee;
 He was—whatever thou hast been;
 He is—what thou shalt be.
 The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth, and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
 To him exist in vain.
 The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.
 The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

CHANT OF THE NUNS.

A sword is on the land!

He that bears down young tree and glorious flower,
Death, is gone forth,—he walks the wind in power!

Where is the warrior's hand?

Our steps are in the shadow of the grave:

Hear us, we perish!—Father, hear and save!

If, in the days of song,

The days of gladness, we have called on thee,

When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,

And joyous hearts were strong;

Now, that alike the feeble and the brave

Must cry, «We perish!»—Father, hear, and save!

The days of song are fled!

The winds come loaded, wafting dirge-notes by,

But they that linger soon unmourned must die;

The dead weep not the dead!

—Wilt thou forsake us 'midst the stormy wave?

We sink, we perish!—Father, hear, and save!

Helmet and lance are dust!

Is not the strong man withered from our eye?

The arm struck down that held our banners high?

Thine is our spirit's trust!

Look through the gathering shadows of the grave.

Do we not perish?—Father, hear, and save!

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,

And lances gleamed up through her citron-bowers,

And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,

And camels were trampling the vines of Spain,

For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,

There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,

There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,

For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons

To the battles of the west.

The midnight bell o'er the dim seas heard,
 Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred;
 The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
 And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave,
 But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbed steed,
 Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
 And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand,
 Which had fought so well for his father's land,
 And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
 There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
 Stars had not faded, nor clouds turned red,
 When the knights had girded the noble dead,
 And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
 Was the still death-march of the host begun;
 With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
 Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
 And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
 In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep,
 When the last through the city gates had gone,
 O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
 With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
 And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
 To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
 Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
 On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
 Like a leader circled with steel-clad men:
 The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
 But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
 For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
 And Ximena following her noble lord;
 Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,

But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Nor a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Not a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,
So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands;
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the hills peeled with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez came!

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had passed before, like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen with her hands lay slain,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined his war:
And their hearts grew heavy and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
All white as snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van!

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,

There was death in the giant-warrior's course!
 Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
 Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,
 For it seemed not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
 As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
 There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
 They were weary at eve when they ceased to slay,
 As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
 The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
 But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
 And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain,
 So the Cid to his grave passed on!

THE VALE OF COVADONGA.

There was a stirring in the air, the sun
 Prevailed, and gradually the brightening mist
 Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag,
 Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
 Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
 Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the spear,
 Or a strong voice, pitched to full compass, make
 Its clear articulation heard distinct.
 A venturesome dalesman, once ascending there
 To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and hung
 Among the heather, wondrously preserved:
 Therefore had he with pious gratitude
 Placed on that overhanging brow, a Cross
 Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,
 And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors
 Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen,
 Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
 Pronounced his name, — Alcahman, ho! look up,
 Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up,
 It had divided there, and opened round
 The Cross: part clinging to the rock beneath,
 Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
 A canopy of silver light condensed
 To shape and substance. In the midst there stood

A female form, one hand upon the Cross,
 The other raised in menacing act: below
 Loose flowed her raiment, but her breast was armed
 And helmeted her head. The Moor turned pale,
 For on the walls of Auria, he had seen
 That well-known figure, and had well believed
 She rested with the dead: What ho! she cried,
 Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
 At Auria in the massacre, this hour
 I summon thee before the throne of God,
 To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
 Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour,
 I summon thee to judgment!—In the name
 Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!

Thus she closed
 Her speech; for taking from the Primate's hand
 That oaken cross which at the sacring rites
 Had served for crosier, at the cavern's mouth
 Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
 From voice to voice on either side it past
 With rapid repetition—In the name
 Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and forthwith
 On either side along the whole defile
 The Asturians, shouting in the name of God,
 Set the whole ruin loose! huge trunks and stones,
 And loosened crags, down, down they rolled with rush,
 And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall,
 As when some city by the labouring earth
 Heaved from its strong foundation is cast down,
 And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces,
 In one wide desolation prostrated.
 From end to end of that long strait, the crash
 Was heard continuous, and commixed with sounds
 More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,
 And death,—the wild and agonizing cry
 Of that whole host in one destruction whelmed.
 Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;
 The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet
 Swift in the race avail not now to save;
 They perish, all their thousands perish there,—
 Horsemen and infantry, they perish all,—
 The outward armour and the bones within,

Broken and bruised and crushed. Echo prolonged
 The long uproar: a silence then ensued,
 Through which the sound of Deva's stream was heard,
 A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet;
 The lingering groan, the faintly-uttered prayer,
 The louder curses of despairing death,
 Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
 Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,
 Fierce and immitigable down they speed
 On all sides, and along the vale of blood
 The avenging sword did mercy's work that hour.

The above extracts, taken chiefly from poets of great, yet inferior, merit, may serve as a good preparation for appreciating the beauties of the following more exalted bards.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.



One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!
«How happy,» exclaim'd this child of air,
«Are the only spirits who wander there,
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!
«Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet—oh 'tis only the bless'd can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!
«Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!
The glorious angel, who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;

And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which — Bramins say, —
 Blooms no where but in Paradise!

«Nymph of a fair, but erring line,»

Gently he said — «one hope is thine.

»'Tis written in the book of fate,

»The Peri yet may be forgiven

»Who brings to this eternal gate

»The gift that is most dear to Heaven!

»Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin; —

»'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in.»

.

Downward the peri turns her gaze,

And, through the war-field's bloody haze,

Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone, beside his native river, —

The red blade broken in his hand,

And the last arrow in his quiver.

«Live,» said the conqueror, «live to share

The trophies and the crowns I bear!»

Silent that youthful warrior stood —

Silent he pointed to the flood

All crimson with his country's blood,

Then sent his last remaining dart,

For answer, to the Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;

The tyrant liv'd, the hero fell!

Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,

And, when the rush of war was past,

Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last —

Last glorious drop his heart had shed,

Before its free-born spirit fled!

«Be this,» she cried, as she wing'd her flight,

«My welcome gift at the gates of light,

»Though foul are the drops that oft distil

»On the field of warfare, blood like this,

»For Liberty shed, so holy is,

»It would not stain the purest rill,

»That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
 »Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 »A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 »'Tis the last Libation liberty draws
 »From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!»
 «Sweet,» said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 «Sweet is our welcome of the Brave,
 »Who die thus for their *native land.*»

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed; and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.
 But hark! the vesper call to pray'r,

:

As slow the orb of day-light sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering th' eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub-mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,
 And seeking for its home again!
 Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguil'd
 E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by!
 And how felt he the wretched man
 Reclining there—while mem'ry ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
 «There was a time,» he said in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones—«thou, blessed child!
 When young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—»
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
 Bless'd tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
 «There's a drop,» said the Peri, «that down from the moon
 Falls through the with'ring air of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a pow'r,
 So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies!—

Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!»

And now — behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble pray'r,
 While the same sun-beam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav'n
 The triumph of a soul forgiv'n!

«Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone,
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief, —

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
 To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,

Whose flowers have a soul in ev'ry leaf!

Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —

The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!»

«Yes, yes,» she cried, «my hourly fears,

My dreams have boded all too right —

We part — for ever part — to night!

I knew, I knew it could not last —

'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,

I've seen my fondest hopes decay;

I nev'r loved a tree or flow'r,

But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,

And love me, it was sure to die!

Now too — the joy most like divine

Of all I ever dreamt or knew,

To see thee, hear thee — call thee mine,

Oh, misery! must I lose that too?

Yet go — on peril's brink we meet;

Those frightful rocks — that treach'rous sea —

No, never come again — though sweet,

Though Heav'n, it may be death to thee.

Farewell — and blessings on thy way,

Where'er thou goest, belov'd stranger!

In bus'ness, enemy to joy.
 Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
 For grandeur only I was born,
 Or sure am sprung from race divine,
 And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
 Those lights that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
 And kings on earth their gems admire,
 Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
 A Nightingale forbore his lay:

He saw the shining morsel near,
 And flew, directed by the glare;
 Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
 Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
 Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
 Unheeded on the velvet plain:

Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
 And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

They say that Love once had a book
 (The urchin likes to copy you),
 Where all who came the pencil took,
 And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
 Who kept this volume bright and fair,
 And saw that no unhallow'd line,
 Or thought profane, should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
 With fond device and loving lore,
 And every leaf she turned was still
 More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
 How light the magic pencil ran!
 Till fear would come, alas! as oft,
 And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
 And Jealousy would, now and then,

Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!

But oh there was a blooming boy
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book so pure, so white,
And sullied lines, and marge and all.

In vain he sought with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh! it would make you weep to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page, where modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow;
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay!)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft they say she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages, now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
 But thus the simple facts are stated:
 And I refer their truth to you,
 Since Love and you are near related!

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters moved gloriously on;
 I came, when the sun o'er the beach was declining, —
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night; —
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul — like the wood that grows precious in burning —
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me:
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound

[me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wint'ry weather;
 I feel like one

Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garland's dead;
 And all but he departed.
 Thus, in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When 'midst the gay I meet
 That blessed smile of thine,
 Though still on me it turns most
 [sweet,

I scarce can call it mine;
 But when to me alone
 Your secret tears you show,
 Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them as they flow.

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you

[less

But keep your tears for me.
The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.

But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away.
And, melting, turns to tears.

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you

[less,

But keep your tears for me.

MOON-LIGHT ON SEA.

Sweet moon! if, like Cretona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile upon thy orb to meet
The recollection kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend.

Even now, delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep,
Oh! such a blessed night as this
I often think if friends were near,
How should we feel and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides,
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
And, scowling at this heaven of light,

Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form.

« See how, beneath the moon beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
Then murmuring subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity! »

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone!
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity, —
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!
When the light blossoms rudely torn,
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears, —
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own,
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all:
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves

Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest —
 Too newly to be quite at rest!

(1) Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of Heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherish-

(1) The prose from W. Irving.

ing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and «heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.»

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young here sleeps,

And lovers around her are sighing:

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,

For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,

Every note which he loved awaking—

Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,

How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,

They were all that to life had entwined him—

Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,

Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,

When they promise a glorious morrow;

They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,

From her own loved island of sorrow!

Oh! breathe not his (1) name, let it sleep in the shade

Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:

Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,

As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,

Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

When he who adores thee (2) has left but the name

Of his fault and his sorrows behind,

Oh, say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame

Of a life that for thee was resigned?

Yes, weep! and however my foes may condemn,

Thy tears shall efface the decree;

For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,

I have been but too faithful to thee!

(1) Emmet's.

(2) Ireland.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
 Oh, blessed are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

FROM THE IRISH MELODIES.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,
 And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart!
 But alas! for his country — her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
 And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!
 Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can heal:
 Oh! give but a hope — let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of HARMODIUS, should cover his sword.
 But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 They name, loved ERIN! shall live in his songs (1);
 Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,

(1) The Irish melodies are popular wherever the English language is spoken.

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, — great, glorious, and free —
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea, —
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons —
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

FABLE.

There was a land — to name the place
 Is neither now my wish nor duty —
 Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
 By right of their superior beauty.
 What was the cut legitimate
 Of these great persons' chins and noses,
 By right of which they rul'd the state,
 No history I have seen discloses.
 But so it was — a settled case —
 Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
 Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
 And all their faithful subjects ugly.
 As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
 Some change it made in visual organs;
 Your Peers were decent — Knights, so so —
 But all your *common* people, gorgons!
 Of course, if any knave but hinted
 That the King's nose was turn'd awry,
 Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted —
 The judges doom'd that knave to die,
 But rarely things like this occur'd,
 The people to their King were duteous,
 And took it, on his Royal word,
 That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
 Was simply this — these island elves
 Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
 And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.
 Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
 Might strike them as more full of reason,
 More fresh than those in certain places —
 But, Lord, the very thought was treason!
 Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
 And take his face's part, 'tis known
 We ne'er so much in earnest labour,
 As when the face attack'd's our own.
 So, on they went — the crowd believing —
 (As crowds well govern'd always do)
 Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving —
 So old the joke, they thought 'twas true.
 But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
 Must have an end — and so, one day,
 Upon that coast there was a cargo
 Of looking-glasses cast away.
 'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
 Had laid their wicked heads together,
 And forc'd that ship to founder there, —
 While some believed it was the weather.
 However this might be, the freight
 Was landed without fees or duties;
 And from that hour historians date
 The downfall of the Race of Beauties.
 The looking-glasses got about,
 And grew so common through the land,
 That scarce a tinker could walk out,
 Without a mirror in his hand.
 Comparing faces, morning, noon,
 And night, their constant occupation —
 By dint of looking-glasses, soon,
 They grew a most reflecting nation.
 In vain the Court, aware of errors
 In all the old, establish'd mazards,
 Prohibited the use of mirrors,
 And tried to break them at all hazards: —
 In vain — their laws might just as well
 Have been waste paper on the shelves;

That fatal freight had broke the spell;
 People had look'd—and knew themselves.
 If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
 Presum'd upon his ancient face,
 (Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)
 They popp'd a mirror to his Grace:
 Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
 How little Nature holds it true,
 That what is call'd an ancient line,
 Must be the line of Beauty too.
 From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phizzes,
 Compar'd them proudly with their own,
 And cried, « How *could* such monstrous quizzes
 »In Beauty's name usurp the throne!« —
 They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
 Upon Cosmetical OEconomy,
 Which made the King try various looks,
 But none improv'd his physiognomy.
 And satires at the Court were levell'd,
 And small lampoons, so full of slinesses,
 That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
 Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.
 At length—but here I drop the veil;
 To spare some loyal folks' sensations;—
 Besides, what follow'd is the tale
 Of all such late-enlighten'd nations;
 Of all to whom old Time discloses
 A truth they should have sooner known—
 That Kings have neither rights nor noses
 A whit diviner than their own.

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* Home.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
 His Home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SLAVERY.

Twas night: — his babes around him lay at rest,
 Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:
 A yell of murder rang around their bed;
 They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
 Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
 They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
 The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
 In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;

Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
 To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
 Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
 That misery loves, — the fellowship of grief.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
 — Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
 False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
 Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
 Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
 A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
 Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
 He buys, he sells, — he steals, he kills, for gold.
 At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
 Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere;
 When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
 And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine;
 He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
 No soul-enchancing sweetness in the scene,
 But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
 Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
 When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
 To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
 When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
 Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
 Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
 Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
 But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
 Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

MONTGOMERY.

SLAVERY

It was night: — his father found him lay at rest
 Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast
 A yell of murder rang around their beds
 They woke: their father's hand: the victims fled
 Forth sprang the madden'd ruffians on their prey
 They caught: they bound: they drove them far away
 The white man beat them at the point of blood
 In position back they cross'd the flood

EXTRACTS

FROM LORD BYRON (1788 1824).



ON A SKULL TURNED INTO A DRINKING CUP.

Start not nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull
From which, unlike a living head
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd like thee;
I died, but earth my bones resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure me:
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape
Than nurse the earthworm's slimy brood,
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit perchance hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine;
And when alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day,
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

THE STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

Star of the brave!—Whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—

Thou radiant and ador'd deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet —
Wild meteor of immortal birth!

Why rise in heav'n to set on earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze!
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high ad honor here;
And thy light broke on human eyes
Like a volcano on the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colors, each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure spirit's veil of white
Had rob'd in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heav'nly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But oh, thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

THE TEAR.

When Friendship or Love
 Our sympathies move ;
 When truth in a glance should appear ;
 The lips may beguile
 With a dimple or smile ,
 But the test of affection's a Tear .
 Too oft is a smile
 But the hypocrite's wile ,
 To mask detestation or fear ;
 Give me the soft sigh ,
 Whilst the soul-telling eye
 Is dimm'd , for a time , with a Tear .
 Mild Charity's glow ,
 To us mortals below
 Shews the soul from barbarity clear ;
 Compassion will melt ,
 Where this virtue is felt ,
 And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear .
 The man doom'd to sail
 With the blast of the gale ,
 Through billows Atlantic to steer ,
 As he bends o'er the wave ,
 Which may soon be his grave ,
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear .
 The soldier braves death ,
 For a fanciful wreath ,
 In glory's romantic career ;
 But he raises the foe ,
 When in battle laid low ,
 And bathes ev'ry wound with a Tear . —
 Sweet scene of my youth ,
 Seat of Friendship and Truth ,
 Where love chas'd each fast-fleeting year ;
 Loath to leave thee , I mourn'd ,
 For a last look I turn'd ,
 But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear . —
 When my soul wings her flight
 To the regions of night ,
 And my corse shall recline on its bier ,

As ye pass by the tomb
 Where my ashes consume,
 Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.
 May no marble bestow
 The splendor of woe,
 Which the children of vanity rear;
 No fiction of fame,
 Shall blazon my name,
 All I ask — all I wish — is a Tear.

THE PIRATE.

« O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 »Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
 »Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
 »Survey our empire and behold our home!
 »These are our realms, no limits to their sway —
 »Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
 »Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
 »From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
 »Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
 »Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
 »Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
 »Whom slumber soothes not — pleasure cannot please —
 »Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
 »And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
 »The exulting sense — the pulse's maddening play,
 »That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
 »That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
 »And turn what some deem danger to delight:
 »That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
 »And where the feebler faint — can only feel —
 »Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost core,
 »Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
 »No dread of death — if with us die our foes —
 »Save that it seems even duller than repose:
 »Come when it will — we snatch the life of life —
 »When lost — what reck's it — by disease or strife?
 »Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
 »Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
 »Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
 »Ours — the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.

»While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
 »Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes control.
 »His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
 »And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:
 »Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 »When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
 »For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 »In the red cup that crowns our memory;
 »And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 »When those who win at length divide the prey,
 »And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 »How had the brave who fell exulted *now!* »

ATHENIAN PROSPECT.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills, the setting sun;
 Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
 On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
 O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorius gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.
 On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
 When — Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
 How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
 That clos'd their murder'd sage's latest day!
 Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill —
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;
 But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before;

But ere he sank below Citharon's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd — the spirit fled;
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly —
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die!
 But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
 With cornice glimm'ring as the moon-beams play,
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
 Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All ting'd with vari'd hues arrest the eye —
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by:
 Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
 Again his waves, in milder tints unfold
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown — where gentler ocean seems to smile.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For eath's destruction, thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals!
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convuls'd — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have lov'd thee, ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward, from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

(1) CHILDE HAROLD'S DEPARTURE FROM, AND ADIEU TO, ENGLAND.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee (2):
 Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
 And from his native land resolved to go,
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
 With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

The Childe departed from his father's hall:
 It was a vast and venerable pile;
 So old, it seem'd only not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle. * * * *

Childe Harold had a mother — not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun;
 A sister whom he lov'd, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel;
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to doat upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
 As glad to waft him from his native home;
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did come

(1) Fijodalgo, rico home.

(2) Eye.

One word of wail, whilst others sat and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea,
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last «Good Night (1).»

«Adieu, adieu! my native shore

Fades o'er the waters blue;

The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,

And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

You sun that sets upon the sea

We follow in his flight;

Farewell awhile to him and thee,

My native land — Good Night!

«A few short hours and he will rise

To give the morrow birth;

And I shall hail the main and skies,

But not my mother earth.

Deserted is my own good hall,

Its hearth is desolate;

Wild weeds are gath'ring on the wall;

My dog howls at the gate.

«Come hither, hither, my little page!

Why dost thou weep and wail?

Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,

Or tremble at the gale?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye:

Our ship is swift and strong;

Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly

More merrily along.»

Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high.

I fear not wave nor wind;

Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I

Am sorrowful in mind;

For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee — and one above.
 »My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.«—
 «Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.
 »Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman (1),
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or shiver at the gale?»—
 «Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.
 »My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?»—
 »Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.
 »For pleasures past, I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 Nothing that claims a tear.
 »And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea:
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again,
 He'd tear me where he stands.

«With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
 My native land — Good Night!»

CHILDE HAROLD VISITS SPAIN

DURING THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
 When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore
 Wav'd o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
 Red gleam'd the cross, and wan'd the crescent pale,
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
 Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
 When granite moulders and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
 See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve the great?
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies;
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder thro' yon engine's roar:
 In every peal she calls — «Awake! arise!»
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

Hark! — heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote?
 Nor sav'd your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
 Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heav'n! it is a splendid sight to see
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
 Their various arms that glitter in the air!
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
 The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away.
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
 He (1) whose nod
 Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
 A little moment deigneth to delay:
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
 The West must own the scourger of the world.
 Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
 When soars Gaul's vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd!

(1) Napoleon.

And must they fall? they young, the proud, the brave,
 To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign?
 No step between submission and a grave?
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
 And doth the power that man adores ordain
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
 Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
 And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
 The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And, all unsex'd the anlace hath espoused,
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
 Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
 Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Zaragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase.

Her lover sinks — she sheds no ill-timed-tear;
 Her chief is slain — she fills his fatal post;
 Her fellows flee — she checks their base career;
 The foe retires — she heads the sallying host:
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?
 Fond of a land which gave them naught but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, «*war even to the knife!*»

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,

Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
 Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done,
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees;
 Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd.

SEA VOYAGE.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea,
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
 The well reeved guns, the netted canopy,
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
 When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
 Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
 Or school-boy Midshipman that, standing by,
 Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
 Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks;
 Look on that part which sacred doth remain
 For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
 Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
 That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
 Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
 From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
 Till the broad sun withdraws his less'ning ray;
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
 Ah, grievance sore! and listless dull delay,

To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
 What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas
 The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

The moon is up; by Heav'n a lovely eve!
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
 Now lads on shore may sigh and maids believe:
 Such be our fate when we return to land!
 Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
 Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
 A circle there of merry listeners stand,
 Or to some well-known measure featly move,
 Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
 Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor,
 Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
 Distinct though dark'ning with her waning phase;
 But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
 From mountain cliff to coast descending sombre down.

'Tis night, when meditation bids us feel
 We once have lov'd, though love is at an end:
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!
 Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year:
 None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

THE CORSAIR.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
 Demons in act, but gods at least in face,
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
 Tho' his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire;
 Robust, but not Herculean — to the sight
 No giant frame sets forth his common height;
 Yet, in the whole, who paus'd to look again,
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
 They gaze and marvel how — and still confess
 That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
 Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
 The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
 The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
 Tho' smooth his voice, and calm his gen'ral mien,
 Still seems there something he would not have seen;
 His features' deepening lines and varying hue
 At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
 As if within that murkiness of mind
 Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefin'd;
 Such might it be — that none could truly tell —
 Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
 There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
 The full encounter of his searching eye;

He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
 To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
 At once the observer's purpose to espy,
 And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
 Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
 Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
 There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
 That raised emotion both of rage and fear;
 And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
 Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!

THE BULL-FIGHT.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
 But all a-foot, the light-limb'd Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed,
 Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
 The den expands, and expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
 Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
 Now is thy time to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well-timed croup the nimble coursers veer;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
 Streams from is flank the crimson torrent clear:
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
 Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.
 Again he comes; nor dart, nor lance avail,
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortur'd horse;

Tho' man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;
 Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source,
 Tho' death-struck still his feeble frame he rears
 Staggr'ing, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast (burst),
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:

Once more thro'all he bursts his thundering way—
 Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheath'd in his form the deadly weapon lies.
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
 The decorated car appears—on high
 The corse is pil'd—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

THE ROMAN DAUGHTER.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
 What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
 Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
 It is not so; I see them full and plain—
 An old man, and a female young and fair,
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
 The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook

No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves —
 What may the fruit be yet? — I know not — Cain was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
 The milk of his own gift: — it is her sire
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood
 Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
 Of health and holy feeling can provide
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
 Than Egypt's river; — from that gentle side
 Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the Milky Way
 Has not thy story's purity; it is
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
 Where sparkle distant worlds: — Oh, holiest nurse!
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

LAKE LEMAN AND THE ALPS.

Clear, placid Lemán, thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes

His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes

Starts into voice a moment, then is still.

There seems a floating whisper on the hill,

But that is fancy, for the starlight dews

All silently their tears of love instil,

Weeping themselves away, till they infuse

Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!

If in your bright leaves we would read the fate

Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,

That in our aspirations to be great,

Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,

And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are

A beauty and a mystery, and create

In us such love and reverence from afar,

That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;

And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—

All heaven and earth are still : From the high host

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,

All is concentr'd in a life intense,

Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,

But hath a part of being, and a sense

Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt

In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;

A truth, which through our being then doth melt

And purifies from self: it is a tone,

The soul and source of music, which makes known

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,

Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,

Binding all things with beauty ;—'twould disarm

The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make

His altar the high places and the peak

Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take

A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,

Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
 With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

THE SUN SETTING BEHIND THE ALPS.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
 Where the day joins the past Eternity;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest

Floats thro' the azure air — an island of the bless'd!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely Heav'n; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill,
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order: — gently flows
 The deep-dy'd Brenta, where their hues instil
 Th' odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows.

Fill'd with the gentle face of Heav'n, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sun-set to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till — 'tis gone — and all is grey.

THE CLIME OF THE EAST.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
 'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun —
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell;

BEAUTY AND A BUTTERFLY COMPARED.

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye—
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice:
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Has lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Has brush'd the brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No: gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er drop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except and erring sister's shame.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GREECE:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A PORTRAIT OF DEATH.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled,

The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers),
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, aye, one treach'rous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look, by death reveal'd!
 Such is the aspect of this shore;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb;
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round Decay,
 And farewell beam of Feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!
 Clime of the unforgotten brave!
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave;
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,
 That tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame;
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age!
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land!
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die!
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendour to disgrace;
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
 Yes! self-abasement pay'd the way
 To villain-bonds and despot-sway.
 What can he tell who treads thy shore?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the muse might soar,
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous, save to crime;
 Stain'd with each evil that pollutes

Mankind, where least above the brutes;
 Without e'en savage virtue bless'd,
 Without one free or valiant breast.
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.
 In vain might liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.
 The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo farther west
 Than your sires' «Islands of the Blest.»
 The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.
 A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis:
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they?
 And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine?
 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.
 Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers' blood.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ?
 What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no; the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, «Let one living head,
 But one arise—we come, we come!»
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.
 In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold bacchanal!
 You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.
 The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.
 Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells!
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.
 Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless; and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
 Morn came, and went—and came and brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation: and all hearts
 Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:
 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
 And men were gathered round their blazing homes

To look once more into each other's face ;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch :
 A fearful hope was all the world contained ;
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
 Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
 The brows of men by the despairing light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then again
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd; the wild birds shriek'd,
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
 And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
 And twined themselves among the multitude,
 Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food ;
 And war, which for a moment was no more,
 Did glut himself again; a meal was bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
 All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd;
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
 Lured their lank jaws! himself sought out no food,
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
 The crowd was famished by degrees; but two
 Of an enormous city did survive,

And they were enemies; they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place,
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
 For an unholy usage; they raked up,
 And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
 Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died —
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written fiend. The world was void,
 The populous and the powerful was a lump,
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —
 A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay,
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
 And nothing stirred within their silent depths:
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a surge —
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
 The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perished; darkness had no need
 Of aid from them — She was the universe.

EXTRACTS FROM JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

PARADISE LOST.

SATAN'S SPEECH AND DESCRIPTION.

«Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 That we must change for Heav'n? this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
 Who now is sov'reign can dispose and bid
 What shall be right; farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason has equall'd, force has made supreme
 Above his equals. — Farewell happy fields
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors, hail!

Infernal world, and thou, profoundest hell,
 Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time:
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven:

What matter where, if I be still the same?
 And what I should be, all but less than he,
 Whom thunder has made greater? Here, at least,
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?—

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his pond'rous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marl, not like those steps
 On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
 Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd
 Thick as autumnal leaves.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded. «Princes, potentates,
 Warriors th' flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal sp'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battle to repose

Your wearied virtue for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!»
 He above the rest,
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tow'r; his form as yet not lost
 All her original brightness; nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
 In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain:
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
 Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful now they stood,
 Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath.

THE GATHERING.

. But (*they*) chief the spacious hall,
 Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air,

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flow'rs
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
 Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
 Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees; while over head the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

SATAN CONSULTS WHAT IS TO BE HAZARDED FOR THE RECOVERY OF HEAVEN.

High, on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence; and, from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high; insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with Heav'n; and, by success untaught,
 His proud imaginations thus display'd:

«Pow'rs and dominions, deities of Heav'n!
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigour, tho' oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me, tho' just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,

With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd on a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior: but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction: for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then,
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate: who can advise may speak.»

THE OPENING OF HELL GATES.

On a sudden open fly,
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She (*Sin*) open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place are lost: where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold

Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heav'n first born,
Or of th' eternal coeternal beam!
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, tho' long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Thro' utter and thro' middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Tho' hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brook beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her pow'rs
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
 Ah, wherefore? he deserv'd not such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none: nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! Yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I 'sdain'd (1) subjection, and thought one step high'r

(1) Disdained.

Would set me high'st and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Pow'r
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what t'accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou, since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
 Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
 O then at last relent; is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission! and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell:
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state: how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What faint submissions wore! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher: therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

PARADISE DESCRIBED.

Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden-mound high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now, divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account;
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearls and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendant shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which, not nice art,

In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murm'ring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on th' eternal Spring.—

ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:
 And worthy seem'd, for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 (Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd),
 Whence true authority in men; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he and valour form'd;
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
 He for God only, she for God in him:

His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
 She as a veil down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevell'd but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay. —

So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met:
 Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down: and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easy wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gamboll'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine.

His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded. —

 To whom (*Adam*) thus *Eve*, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
«My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.

THE MORNING.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When *Adam* wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd *Eve*
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As thro' unquiet rest: he, on his side,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld

Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: «Awake,
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.»
 Such whisp'ring wak'd her.

THE FALLEN ANGELS' DEFEAT, AND THE MESSIAH'S TRIUMPHAL RETURN.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach returning whence it roll'd.
 Sole victor, from th' expulsion of his foes,
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
 Worthiest to reign: He celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the court
 And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
 On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

ADAM RELATES TO RAPHAEL THE FIRST SURVEY HE TOOK OF HIMSELF.

« For Man to tell how human life began
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till, rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeav'ring, and upright
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmur'ing streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd;
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. « Thou Sun, » said I, « fair Light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?—
 Not of myself;—by some Great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know. »—
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light; when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flow'rs,
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought

I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd: One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said: «Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.»
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
 And over fields and waters, as in air
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
 A circuit wide, enclos'd with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat: whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not he, who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submiss: he rear'd me, and: «Whom thou sought'st, I AM,»
 Said mildly, «Author of all this thou seest,
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine.»

ADAM LEADS EVE TO THE NUPTIAL BOWER.

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: on she came,
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud:

« This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts! nor enviest.
 Woman is her name; of Man
 Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul. »

She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or, to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd:
 I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the morn: all Heav'n,
 And happy constellations, on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours, from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

THE FALL OF MAN.

WITH ADAM'S EXCLAMATION AFTER EATING THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost.
 How shall I behold the face
 Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld! those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. O! might I here
 In solitude live savage; in some glade
 Obscur'd where highest woods, impenetrable
 To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
 And brown as evening: cover me, ye Pines!
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more!

EVE EXPRESSES HER SORROW ON LEAVING PARADISE.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th'ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r! by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world; to this obscure
 And wild! how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?

ADAM AND EVE EXPELLED FROM PARADISE.

. The hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards,
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:
 We may no longer stay: — go, waken Eve;
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
 Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliv'rance by her seed to come
 (For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind:
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
 With cause, for evils past; yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end.

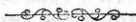
He ended, and they both descend the hill;
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
 Lay sleeping, ran before: but found her wak'd;
 And thus with words not sad, she him receiv'd:

— «Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I know;
 For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
 Weari'd I fell asleep: but now lead on;
 In me is no delay; with thee to go,
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
 Such favour unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
 By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.»

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
 Th' Arch-Angel stood; and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground

Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat,
 In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
 Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
 They, looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
 Some nat'ral tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
 They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

FROM WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (1564-1616).



AS YOU LIKE IT.

SOLITUDE PREFERRED TO A COURT LIFE, AND THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

Duke. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference: as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 «This is no flattery;» these are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
 I would not change it!

Amiens.

Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

GRATITUDE IN AN OLD SERVANT.

Adam.

But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
 When service should in my old limbs, lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown.
 Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age; here is the gold;
 All this I give you; let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility:
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you,
 I'll do the service of a younger man,
 In all your business and necessities.

Orlando.

Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When servants sweat for duty not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashions of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion;
 And, having that, do choak their service up,
 Even with the having. It is not so with thee —
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam.

Master, go on; and I will follow thee.
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty —
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore it is too late a week;
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
 Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye brow. Then the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the hubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on 's side:
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanks; and big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

THE TEMPEST.

CALIBAN AND PROSPERO.

Cal.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
 And blister you all o'er!

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
 Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me: would'st give me
 Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
 And show'd thee all the qualities of th' isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile;
 Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Who first was mine own king: and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest of the island.

Pros.

Abhorred slave!

Which any print of goodness will not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
 Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which goodnature
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
 Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
 Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you
 For learning me your language!

SATIRE ON UTOPIAN FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

I the commonwealth I would by contraries
 Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
 And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive none;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
 No occupation: all men idle, all:
 And women too, but innocent and pure:
 No sovereignty:
 All things in common nature should produce,
 Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony
 Sword, pike, gun, or need of any engine,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.
 I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
 To excel the golden age.

A FINE APOSIOPESIS.

They fell together all, as by consent;
 They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
 Worthy Sebastian?—Oh, what might?—no more.
 And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
 What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee; and
 My strong imagination sees a crown
 Dropping upon thy head.

CALIBAN'S CURSES.

All the infections that the sun sucks up,
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosperfall, and make him —
 By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll not pinch,
 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
 Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me:
 Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
 And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount

Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometimes am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness—Lo, now, lo!
 Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
 For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat:
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

CALIBAN'S PROMISES.

I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries;
 I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 Thou wondrous man—
 I pry thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
 To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young sea-mells from the rock.

FINE SENTIMENT OF HUMANITY ON REPENTANCE.

Ariel.

—The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
 Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo;
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds: your charms so strongly work 'em
 That, if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pros.
Ariel.
Pros.

Dost thou think so, spirit?
 Mine would, Sir, were I human. And mine shall.
 Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
 Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part; the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown farther.

DOOMSDAY.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A JEW'S MALICE.

Bassano. This is signior Antonio.
Shylock. How like a fawning publican he looks! *Aside.*
 I hate him, for he is a Christian:
 But more for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
 E'en there, where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Curs'd be my tribe,
 If I forgive him!

THE JEW'S EXPOSTULATION.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my monies and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
 And all for use of that which is my own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
 Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
 «Shylock, we would have monies;» you say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger-cur
 Over your threshold:—Monies is your suit.—
 What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
 «Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?»—or
 Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
 Say this: «Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies?»

SHYLOCK'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS SERVANT.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
 More than the wild cat. Drones hive not with me:

Therefore I part with him: and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.

UNFEELING REVENGE.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soft'n that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show like God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this —
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

DESCRIPTION OF A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT, WITH FINE MUSIC.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

TRUE LOVE EVER CROSSED.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But either it was different in blood,
 Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
 And, ere a man hath power to say — Behold!
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
 So quick bright things come to confusion!

COWSLIPS, AND FAIRY EMPLOYMENT.

The cowslips tall her pensioner be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours;
 In those freckles live their savours;
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

PUCK, OR ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Fairy.

Are you not he,

That fright the maidens of the villagery, —
 Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Puck.

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale:
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.

FAIRY JEALOUSY.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

DESCRIPTION OF A MERMAID, WITH A COMPLIMENT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Oberon.

Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck.

I remember.

Ob.

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.

A FAIRY BANK.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
 Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
 There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
 Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

FAIRY COURTESIES.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
 Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
 Feed him with apricots and dewberries;
 With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
 The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
 And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles both one flower
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition:
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart:—
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
 That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
 The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
 Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP AND INNOCENCE.

We were, fair queen,
 Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.
 We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
 And bleat the one at th' other; what we chang'd,
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
 That any did: had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heav'n
 Boldly — «Not guilty;» the imposition clear'd
 Hereditary ours.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DESCRIPTION OF CLEOPATRA'S SAILING DOWN THE CYDNUS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were silver;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue),
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did. —

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swells with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

ANTONY'S DESPENDENCY.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands. All come to this! The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heel, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all.

ANTONY ON HIS FADED GLORY.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: —
 My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body: here I am Antony,
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape.

CLEOPATRA'S DESCRIPTION OF ANTONY.

Cleo.

His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
 Brested the world: his voice was properti'd
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
 But, when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was a rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in it; an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping; his delights
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in; in his livery
 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

CORIOLANUS.

MARTIAL FRIENDSHIP.

— Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters! here I clip
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitions strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married, never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: thou has beat me out
 Twelve several times; and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

HAMLET.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this?
 But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two;

So excellent a king! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
A little month; — or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she —
O Heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer — married with mine uncle,
My father's brother: but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. —

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON GOING TO TRAVEL.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. —
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

HAMLET ON THE APPEARANCE OF HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

ENTER GHOST AND HAMLET.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit:

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list!
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of love.

Ghost. May sweep to my revenge.

I find thee apt:

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;—
 Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment:
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;—
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? *(Exit.*
 And shall I couple hell! O fie! hold, hold, my heart!
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter.

HAMLET'S REFLECTIONS ON THE PLAYER AND HIMSELF.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? what would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.

LIFE AND DEATH WEIGHED.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them: To die, — to sleep —
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to; — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: — there's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurs
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns— puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

THE KING'S DESPAIRING SOLILOQUY.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force; —

To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked price itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe; *(The king kneels.)*
 All may be well!

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FINICAL COURTIER.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again:—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff—And still he smil'd and talk'd,
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Answer'd negligently, I know not what;
 He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet:
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

A GALLANT WARRIOR.

I saw young Harry — with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd —
 Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOTSPUR'S IMPATIENCE FOR THE BATTLE.

Let them come:
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed main of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —
 O, that Glendower were come!

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! Sleep, gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

THE CHARACTER OF KING HENRY V. BY HIS FATHER.

He is gracious, if he be observ'd;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity:
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
 But, being moody, give him line and scope:
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN PRINCE HENRY AND HIS FATHER.

- P. H.* I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours,
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
 Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
 Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
 Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head;
 Only compound me with forgotten dust:

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms;
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees:
 For now a time is come to mock at form;
 Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!
 Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From ev'ry region, apes of idleness;
 Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum:
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble guilt:
 England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on ev'ry innocent.
 O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do; when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
 O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, (*Kneeling*
 The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown:
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 (Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
 Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die!
 And never live to show th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it: «The care on thee depending,
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable:
 But thou most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.» Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head;
 To try with it—as with an enemy
 That had before my face murdered my father—
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;

P. H.

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head:
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort:
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
 Crouch for employment.

PERFECTIONS OF KING HENRY V.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate:
 Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
 You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music.
 Turn him to any course of policy,
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

So work the honey-bees:
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busi'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Deliv'ring o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

DESCRIPTION OF A FLEET SETTING SAIL.

Suppose, that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phæbus fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,

Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing :
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaten sails
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch; from tent to tent,
 Let him cry — praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
 And calls them — brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks, and overbears attain't,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before;
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear.

KING HENRY'S SPEECH TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE.

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian.
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget; yet shall all be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

THE DEATH-BED HORRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Bring me unto my trial when you will:
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess —
Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him —
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

THE DUKE OF YORK ON THE GALLANT BEHAVIOUR OF HIS SONS.

My sons— God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know — they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, «Courage, father! fight it out!»
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, «Charge! and give no foot of ground!»
And cried, «A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!»
With this we charg'd again; but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A FATHER'S PASSION ON THE MURDER OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say, «Alas, it was a piteous deed!»

THE EARL OF WARWICK'S DYING SPEECH.

Ah, who is nigh! Come to me, friend or foe,
 And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
 Why ask I that? My mangled body shows;
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
 That I must yield my body to the earth,
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
 Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
 These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walls, my manors that I had,
 E'en now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

QUEEN MARGARET'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
 My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
 Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.
 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
 You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

GLOUCESTER MURDERS KING HENRY VI. IN THE TOWER.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech; (*Stabs him.*
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
 —If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither, (*Stabs him*
 I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. — *again.*
 I have no brother, I am like no brother,
 And this word *love* which grey beards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me! *I am myself alone.*

GLOUCESTER'S DISSIMULATION.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
 I can add colours to the camelion;
 Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
 And send the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

QUEEN KATHARINE'S SPEECH TO HER HUSBAND.

— Alas, Sir,

In what have I offended you? What cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable:
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
 With many children by you. If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys; that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have,
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. —

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the waves of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 (Th' image of his Maker,) hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace;
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And, pr'ythee, lead me in: —
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

CHARACTER OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water. . . . This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.—
 He was most princely; ever witness for him,
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
 The other, though unfinish'd yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God

JULIUS CÆSAR.

CASSIUS, IN CONTEMPT OF CÆSAR.

Cassius. I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, «Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?»—Upon the word,
 Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cried, «Help me, Cassius, or I sink.»
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—
 He had a fever when he was in Spain;
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried — «Give me some drink, Titinius» —
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of this majestic world, (Shout. Flourish.
 And bear the palm alone.

Bru.

Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas.

Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
 A curse shall light upon the line of men;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With *Até* by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man;
 So are they all, all honourable men);
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me. —

.
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii: —
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made. —
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my Countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.—
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That loves my friend: and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him;
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
 And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.



ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain:
 Let the loud trumpet sound
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away.

In a dying, dying fall.
 By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies:
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animating sounds:
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed.
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes,
 Intestine War no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions bear away their rage.
 But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main;
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies resound,
 To arms! to arms! to arms!
 But when through all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts!
 Dreadfull gleams!
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts.
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire!
 See, shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads,
 By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flow'rs;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,

Or amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the heroes' armed shades,
 Glittering through the gloomy glades ;
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh, take the husband or return the wife !
 He sung, and Hell consented
 To hear the Poet's pray'r :
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard, and how glorious !
 Though Fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her !
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.
 But soon, too soon, the poet turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sister move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries ;
 Ah see, he dies !
 Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.
 Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please ;
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
 The immortal powers incline their ear ;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n. POPE.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair,
Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove:
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world. —
The list'ning crowd admires the lofty sound;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god.
Affects to nod.
And seems to shake the spheres.
The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
South'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n, from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below:
 And now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.
 The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measure.
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasure.
 War he sung is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying;
 Lovely This sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
 Now strike the golden lyre again;
 And louder, yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around!
 Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in the air,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain;
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew:
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
 Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage, or check impetuous fire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700).

SPRING SHOWER.

The North-East spends his rage; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heav'n
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal show'rs distent.
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and, mingled deep,
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
 Not such as wint'ry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of ev'ry hope, and ev'ry joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing wood,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem, thro' delusive lapse,
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,

And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploing, eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the gen'ral choir. E'en mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks.
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while heav'n descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flow'rs, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-show'r'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain; thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods; and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.

Full swell the woods; their ev'ry music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales.
 Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Meantime, refracted from the eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense, and ev'ry hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion, running from the red
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism;
 And, to the sage-instructed eye, unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy:
 He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,

Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

THOMSON (1700-1748).

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatt'ers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? What though his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all!
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heav'n descends in show'rs; or bends the bough
 When summer reddens, and when autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song.
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unsull'd beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flow'ry solitudes,

To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, through the revolving year:
 Admiring, sees her in her ev'ry shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys: and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain,
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
 Or perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the burid earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea th' imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on the mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on him alone
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children; twisted round his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
 Led by the primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with man.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE,

FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 The sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale contending Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame!
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of Heav'n and Earth! awak'ning Nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd
 And died neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form ideal wants: why heav'n-born Truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge; why licenc'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, «That all men are about to live,»
 For ever on the brink of being born.

All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They, one day, shall not drivel: and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise,
 At least their own; their future selves applauds.
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
 That lodg'd in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool;
 And scarce in human Wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-solves, then dies the same.

And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in the grave.

YOUNG (1679-1765).

THE LAST DAY.

— At the destin'd hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
 Their various engines; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
 Amazing period: when each mountain height
 Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
 Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er Creation! — while aloft
 More than astonishment! if more can be!
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
 Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire:
 Far other sun! — A sun, O how unlike
 The babe of Bethlem! how unlike the man
 That groan'd on Calvary! — Yet, he it is;

That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp
 In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
 Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous: her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
 At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace,
 And wordly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more,
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
 Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
 On which we stood! — Lorenzo! while thou mayst
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
 Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
 Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
 When consternation turns the good man pale?
 Great day! for which all other days were made;
 For which earth rose from chaos; man from earth;
 And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man!
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
 Already is begun the grand assize,
 In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
 Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
 Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
 Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that God in man.

FIN.

NOS EL LICENCIADO D. MANUEL DE OBESSO,

PRESBITERO; VICARIO ECLESIASTICO DE ESTA VILLA Y SU PARTIDO, ETC.

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... de un...
... el día...
... de suscripción...

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CON ARRIBO A LA LEY DE 1908

PRESENTE EN UN...
... de 12 de septiembre de 1908

D. LUIS MARTY CABALLERO

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