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ROUTLEDGE'S POPULAR RECITER.

BISHOP HATTO AND THE RATS.

ROBERT SOUTREY.

[Eminent as a poet, biographer, historian, and scholar. Sometime
Poet Laureate. Born 1774; died 1843.]

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
The poor folks flocked from far and near,
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

Popular Recitations.

'Tis an excellent bonfire! quoth he,
And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sate down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm.
My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
Fly! my lord bishop, fly! quoth he,
Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!

I'll go to my tower on the Rhine, replied he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the tide is strong, and the water deer.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower in the island, and barr'd
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sate screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

The Death of Paul Dombey.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below.
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[Author of the "Pickwick Papers," and that long series of prose fictions which has placed him at the head of living novelists. Born 1812.]

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or

choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured?—he saw the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!" By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think."

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid. The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, dozing in an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Fox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn,

never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear.

"Floy," he said, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there, except papa!" The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—"My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling; why?" "Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh yes, dear!" "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's; often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if

you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."—"Thank you, Floy!"

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this a kind good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

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CASABIANCA, THE ADMIRAL'S SON.

Mrs. HEMANS.

[A celebrated English poetess; her "Life and Works" are published in seven volumes. Born 1793; died 1835.]

At the battle of the Nile, 1798, the French Admiral, in the

Orient, ordered his son Casabianca (a lad about thirteen years of age) not to quit his post until he told him. In the course of the action, the admiral was killed, the ship caught fire, and was blown up. The boy, unconscious that his father was dead, remained at his post, and permitted himself to be launched into eternity, rather than disobey his father's orders.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead:
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father! say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone?"
And—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on,
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair!

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way;
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea—

Popular Recitations.

With mast, and helm, and pennon *far*,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perish'd there,
Was that young faithful heart!

LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP.

ANONYMOUS

HALF-PAST three in the morning!
And no one in the street
But me, on the sheltering door-step
Resting my weary feet:
Watching the rain-drops patter
And dance where the puddles run,
As bright in the flaring gaslight
As dewdrops in the sun.

There's a light upon the pavement—
It shines like a magic glass,
And there are faces in it
That look at me and pass,
Faces—ah! well remembered
In the happy Long Ago,
When my garb was white as lilies
And my thoughts as pure as snow

Faces! ah, yes! I see them—
One, two, and three—and four—
That come in the gust of tempests,
And go on the winds that bore.
Changeful and evanescent,
They shine 'mid storm and rain,
Till the terror of their beauty
Lies deep upon my brain.

One of them frowns; I know him,
With his thin long snow-white hair,=
Cursing his wretched daughter
That drove him to despair,
And the other, with wakening pity
In her large tear-streaming eyes,
Seems as she yearned towards me,
And whispered "Paradise."

The Mother and her Dying Child.

They pass,—they melt in the ripples,
And I shut mine eyes, that burn,
To escape another vision
That follows where'er I turn—
The face of a false deceiver
That lives and lies; ah, me!
Though I see it in the pavement,
Mocking my misery!

They are gone!—all three!—quite vanished
Let no one call them back!
For I've had enough of phantoms,
And my heart is on the rack!
God help me in my sorrow;
But *there*,—in the wet cold stone,
Smiling in heavenly beauty,
I see my lost, mine own!

There, on the glimmering pavement,
With eyes as blue as morn,
Floats by the fair-haired darling
Too soon from my bosom torn,
She clasps her tiny fingers—
She calls me sweet and mild,
And says that my God forgives me
For the sake of my little child.

I will go to her grave to-morrow,
And pray that I may die;
And I hope that my God will take me
Ere the days of my youth go by,
For I am old in anguish,
And long to be at rest,
With my little 'babe beside me
And the daisies on my breast.

THE MOTHER AND HER DYING CHILD.

N. P. WILLS.

[A popular American writer. Born 1817; died 1867.]

THEY bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon

The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
 And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
 And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him
 Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
 His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
 Over him now, that she might catch the low
 Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
 To love when he was slumbering at her side
 In his unconscious infancy—

“So still!

'Tis a soft sleep. How beautiful he lies,
 With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
 Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
 How could they say that he would die! Oh, God!
 I could not lose him! I have treasured all
 His childhood in my heart, and even now,
 As he has slept, my memory has been there,
 Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
 His unforgett'n sweetness;—

“Yet so still!

How like this breathless slumber is to death!
 I could believe that in this bosom now
 There was no pulse—it beats so languidly!
 I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
 Death would not be so very beautiful!
 And that half smile—would death have left *that there?*
 —And should I not have felt that he would die?
 And have I not wept over him—and prayed
 Morning and night for him?—and *could* he die?—
 No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
 Many long years to come, and this fair hair
 Will darken like his father's, and his eye
 Be of a deeper blue when he is grown,
 And he will be so tall, and I shall look
 With such a pride upon him! *He to die!*
 And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
 And smiled, as 'twere mockery to think
 That such fair things could perish—

—Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the colour fled
 From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
 Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touch'd
 His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
 And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
 Came the misgiving that her child was dead.

She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
 In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
 His little hand and prest it earnestly—
 And put her lips to his—and look'd again
 Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
 She whisper'd in his ear “My son!—my son!”
 And as the echo died, and not a sound
 Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
 Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come!
 And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
 Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
 Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
 As if death had no power to touch him there!

THE TRAVELLER AND THE ADDER.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A TRAVELLER passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it and drew him out; he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men (replied the tree), by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this, the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so; I know, it said the cow, by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with the design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one more trial, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened

to be the fox, who upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him, went in again; the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

[Known as "Christopher North," a great critic and poet. Many years Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Born 1785; died 1854.]

[From the "Isle of Palma."]

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous Sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy Deep.
The Sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away;
But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbed reign.
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!
My spirit sleeps amid the calm
The sleep of a new delight;
And hopes that she ne'er may wake again,
But for ever hang o'er the lovely main,

And adore the lovely night.
Scarce conscious of an earthly frame,
She glides away like a lambent flame,
And in her bliss she sings;
Now touching softly the Ocean's breast,
Now mid the stars she lies at rest,
As if she sail'd on wings!
Now bold as the brightest star that glows
More brightly since at first it rose,
Looks down on the far-off flood;
And there, all breathless and alone,
As the sky where she soars were a world of her own,
She mocketh the gentle Mighty One
As he lies in his quiet mood.
"Art thou," she breathes, "the tyrant grim
That scoffs at human prayers,
Answering with prouder roaring the while,
As it rises from some lonely isle,
Through groans raised wild, the hopeless hymn
Of shipwreck'd mariners?
Oh! Thou art as harmless as a child
Weary with joy and reconciled
For sleep to change its play;
And now that night hath stay'd thy race
Smiles wander o'er thy placid face,
As if thy dreams were gay."

And can it be that for me alone
The main and heavens are spread?
Oh! whither, in this holy hour,
Have those fair creatures fled
To whom the ocean plains are given,
As clouds possess their native heaven?
The tiniest boat that ever sail'd
Upon an inland lake
Might through this sea without a fear
Her silent journey take,
Though the helmsman slept as if on land,
And the oar had dropp'd from the rower's hand.
How like a monarch would she glide,
While the husht billow kiss'd her side
With low and lulling tone,
Some stately ship, that from afar
Shone sudden, like a rising star,
With all her bravery on!
List! how in murmurs of delight
The blessed airs of heaven invite
The joyous bark to pass one night!

Popular Recitations.

Within their still domain!
 O grief! that yonder gentle moon,
 Whose smiles for ever fade so soon,
 Should waste such smiles in vain.
 Haste! haste! before the moonshine lies,
 Dissolved amid the morning skies,
 While yet the silvery glory lies
 Above the sparkling foam;
 Bright, mid surrounding brightness, Thou,
 Scattering fresh beauty from thy prow,
 In pomp and splendour come!

And lo! upon the murmuring waves
 A glorious shape appearing!
 A broad-wing'd vessel through the show'ers
 Of glimmering lustre steering!
 As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd
 The beauty of the sea,
 She lifteth up her stately head
 And saileth joyfully.
 A lovely path before her lies,
 A lovely path behind;
 She sails amid the lovefiness
 Like a thing with heart and mind.
 Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
 Slowly she beareth on;
 A glorious phantom of the deep,
 Risen up to meet the moon.
 The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
 On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
 And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
 To cheer the gliding vision sings.
 Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
 In such a holy sleep.
 Or bathe in brighter quietude
 A roamer of the deep.
 So far the peaceful soul of heaven
 Hath settled on the sea,
 It seems as if this weight of calm
 Were from eternity.
 O World of Waters! the steadfast earth
 Ne'er lay entranced like Thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright,
 That sails amid the still moon-light
 At the dreaming soul's command?
 A vessel borne by magic gates,
 All rigged with gossamery sails,

The Soldier's Return.

And bound for Fairy-land?
 Ah no!—an earthly freight she bears
 Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
 And lonely as she seems to be,
 Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea,
 In loneliness that rolls,
 She hath a constant company
 In sleep, or waking revelry,
 Five hundred human souls!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

[A Scottish poetess, who wrote towards the close of the last century.]

THE wars for many a month were o'er
 Ere I could reach my native shed;
 My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
 And wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blazed,
 The evening fire was clear and bright,
 As through the window long I gazed,
 And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,
 My mother drew her useful thread;
 My brothers strove to make them chat,
 My sisters baked the household bread.

And Jean oft whispered to a friend,
 And still let fall a silent tear;
 But soon my Jessy's grief will end,
 She little thinks her Harry's near.

What could I do? if in I went,
 Surprise would chill each tender heart;
 Some story then I must invent,
 And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
 And crooked up a lying knee;
 And soon I found in that best place,
 Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

I ventured in;—Tray wagg'd his tail,
He fawn'd, and to my mother ran:
"Come here!" she cried, "what can he aye?"
While my feign'd story I began.

I changed my voice to that of age:
"A poor old soldier lodging craves;"
The very name their loves engage,
"A soldier! aye, the best we have."

My father then drew in a seat;
"You're welcome," with a sigh, he said.
My mother fried her best hung meat,
And curds and cheese the table spread.

"I had a son," my father cried,
"A soldier too, but he is gone;"
"Have you heard from him?" I replied,
"I left behind me many a one;"

"And many a message have I brought
To families I cannot find;
Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind."

"Oh! does he live!" my father cried;
My mother did not stay to speak;
My Jessy now I silent eyed,
Who sobb'd as if her heart would break.

My mother saw her catching sigh,
And hid her face behind the rock,
While tears swam round in every eye,
And not a single word was spoke.

"He lives indeed! this kerchief see,
At parting his dear Jessy gave;
He sent it far, with love, by me,
To show he still escapes the grave."

An arrow, darting from a bow,
Could not more quick the token reach,
The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known speech.

"My Jessy dear!" I softly said,
She gazed and answer'd with a sigh
My sisters look'd, as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced around his son,
My brothers shook my hand away
My mother said "her glass might run,
She cared not now how soon the day."
"Hout, woman!" cried my father dear,
"A wedding first, I'm sure we'll have;
I warrant we'll live a hundred year,
Nay, may be, lass, escape the grave!"

TRUTH AND INTEGRITY

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

[A celebrated pulpit orator, preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Born 1630; died 1694.]

TRUTH and integrity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to

our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself; whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world, because he follows nature, and so is not to no trouble and care about his words and actions: he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards for anything he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite hath so many things to attend to as makes his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another. But truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out: it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind—never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

BISHOP BRUNO.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright;
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep, and he dreamt again:
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech owl scream!
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night—
Oh! glad was he when he saw the daylight!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the emperor dines to-day;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride,
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee—
But I would have you know, you travel to me!

Behind and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied.
And the bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turned the key,
He almost expected death to see.

But soon the bishop recovered his glee,
For the emperor welcom'd him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat—
With the emperor now you are dining in glass,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me!

The bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the masquers entered the hall
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquer's crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud—
You have passed the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee!
But you must pass the night with me!

His cheeks grow pale and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tinsure bristles his hair;
With that there came one from the masquer's band,
And he took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On sains in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

ON DEATH.

SIR WILLIAM DROMMOND, of Hawthornden.

[Born 1585; died 1649. A celebrated Scotch writer of prose and verse, greatly distinguished for his beautiful sonnets.]

DEATH is the violent stranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from their parents, the stealer of parents from their children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of *Ulys* *some* away as of

so many shadows or age-worn stories; all strength by it is enfeebled, beauty turned into deformity and rottenness, honour into contempt, glory into baseness. It is the reasonless breaker off of all actions, by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures of earth, nor contemplate the safely revolutions of the heavens. The sun perpetually setreth, stars never rise unto us. It, in one moment, robbeth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together; by this are successions of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned. It is not over-come by pride, soothed by flattery, tamed by civilities, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, nor diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can prevent and help everything. By death we are exiled from this fair city of the world; it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more a people unto it. The ruins of fairs, palaces, and other magnificent frames yield a sad prospect to the soul, and how should it without horror view the wreck of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body?

That death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred it cannot well and altogether be denied; it being a privation of life, and not a being, and every privation being abhorred universally in all creatures: yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by nature only resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in concept than in verity; and at the first glance, than when well pried into; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it; and that the marble colours of obseques, weeping, and funeral pomp, (which we ourselves paint it with) did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherwise it hath. To avert which conclusion, when I had gathered my wandering thoughts, I began thus with myself.

If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law; but since it is a necessity from which never any age bypast hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and troublesome railing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, and our general home. Behold what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at the same instant run. Is so universal a calamity (if death be one) private complaints cannot be heard; with so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens say their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twineeth forth, and again uprolleth our life), and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a piece

of the order of this *all*,* a part of the life of this world; while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life Eternal things are raised far above this sphere of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like an ever-flowing and ebbing sea, with divers waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself doth abide: *Man* a long line of years hath continued, *this man* every hundred is swept away.† This globe, environed with air, is the sole region of death, the grave, where everything that taketh life must rot, the stage of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it, which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever many. The never-agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren turn one into another; the earth changeth her countenance with the seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery. Nay, I cannot tell how, but even the lowest of these celestial bodies,‡ that mother of months, and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her too great nearness unto us) to participate of our changes; never seeing us twice with that same face; now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes again, in the perfection and fulness of her beauty, shining over us. Death no less than life doth here act a part, the taking away of what is old being the making way for what is young. This earth is as a table-book, and the men are the notes; the first are washen out that new may be written in. They who forewent us did leave a room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite rarities of an antiquary's cabinet, is grieved that the curtain be drawn, and to give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the amazing wonders of this various frame, should we take it to heart, when He thinketh time, to dislodge? This is His unalterable and inevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume to any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which He wills, whose very will giveth being to all that it wills; and reverencing the Orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which al-where and always are so perfectly established that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, he should either make them worse or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us He hath bestowed upon us, and freely granted; and what He hath not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in which thou

* This universe.

† The human species has continued for many years, though every individual of the race is cut off before a hundred years run their course.

‡ The moon.

shalt not be, why dost thou not also grieve that there was a time in which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as old as that enlivening planet of time? For not to have been a thousand years before this moment, is as much to be deplored as not to live a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one. That will be after us which, long, long before we were, was. Our children's children have that same reason to murmur that they were not young men in our days, which we have to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they impurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they disclose not their beauty in the spring.

Empires, states, and kingdoms have, by the doom of the Supreme Providence, their fatal periods; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths. The ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled. Some lights above, not idly entitled stars, are lost, and never more seen of us. The excellent fabric of this universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin; and should poor earthlings thus to be handled complain?

Yours are a sea into which a man wadeth until he drowns.

ONE OF THE LOWEST.

HORACE SMITH.

[One of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." Author of "Brambletye House" and other novels; also of many comic and serious pieces, published under the title of "Gravities and Gaieties." Born 1779; died 1849.]

'MID the busy throng of the street,
'Mid the trampling of busy feet,
She told her tale:—
A hollow voice and a hollow eye,
Dry lips, dry heart, and eyes long dry,
And lavender dried for sale.
And few would pause to hear
Her strange and tearless grief;
But still with hollow voice and eye
She flung her woes at the passers-by,
At the honest and at the thief.

"Oh, pity! and hate me not!
Oh, pity! and not condemn!"

For once when I heard of such as myself,
O God, how I hated them!
Not me! not me! but my crime;
You loathe it not more than I:
I could not bear you should love me now;
Yet pity me, ere I die!

"I remember the time when he came to me,
And smiled, and spoke of love;—
Oh, the wildest love and the fiercest hate
In a madden'd breast will strangely mate,
And my scorn, remorse, and hatred strove
With the love that once I bore;
Till I doubted, so much were my senses lost,
Whether I loved or hated him most,
When he came to me once more!—
When he came again, and again I gave
What hunger and thirst had striven to save
Through weeks that knew no rest.
He said it was his by law:
And I doubt not he knew best.
By law, but never by right!
For I doubt that the fruit of my toil was his
By the coward's law of might.

"Fool that I was! I had no ring;
Yet merrily once I could laugh and sing,
And fancy myself his wife.
He loved for awhile, while his love was new;
But his hate was deeper and far more true,
And it cut to my soul like a knife.

"Oh, his was a laugh could hush my fears
When I doubted I was wrong;
But I would to God I had lost my ears
Ere I heard that lying tongue.
Yes, his laugh was sweet; but now it seems
Like the echo of wild and mocking screams;
And on that night when I look'd on him last,
When the rain was blown about by the blast,
And he toss'd in unholy rest—
I fancied he laugh'd in his wicked dream,
And it nerved my arm, and I stifled a scream,
As I held the knife to his breast!

"But angel or fiend withheld my hand.
He turned—he awoke—and saw me stand
By his bed with the deadly knife.
Since then I have blest and cursed the day
That I did not take his life!

I flung the terrible knife to the floor,
And rushed to the street by the open door,
With a wild and fever'd brain.
And wherever I go, for evermore
His last fierce look will remain.
The rattling rain on the pavement beat,
And the wild wind howl'd down the long black street,
And I shudder'd to hear the sound of my feet,
Though the deed I had not done.
And the bells rang out through the deep dark air;
Wildly they clash'd to my wild despair,—
And the year had just begun.

"And the babe that I danced on my thin, sharp knee,
I thought I could love it well;
But it grew each day so like to thee,
That I felt (how bitterly none can tell,
It would laugh like thee on its road to hell.
Though I loved it, I could not bear to see
A thing that so resembled thee.
Close to the home where we used to dwell
I dropp'd it into the horrible well,
That babe that I danced on my knee!

"Oh, would that I were there,
In that cold tomb,
Drown'd in the depths of its soundless gloom,
No more to breathe the air!
I would, but I do not dare.
I cannot repent, and I dare not die.
They say there is pity in the sky;
But they who tell me so,
They loathe the sight of such as me.
And I cannot believe there is charity
In those pure skies above;
Or else in this world of sin and woe
There would be more pity for one so low,
And a little spark of love."

'Mid the busy throng of the street,
'Mid the trampling of busy feet,
She told her tale:
With a hollow voice and a hollow eye,
With a dry-dran'd heart and eyes long dry,
And lavender dried for sale.
They said "She was mad, and had been so"—
"God would provide!" or, "She might go
To Bedlam or to gaol."

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

LORD BYRON.

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho lov'd 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 that echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea:
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free—
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 That looks o'er sea-born Salamis
 And ships by thousands lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day,
 And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 'The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more bless'd?
 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 of 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 you 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 serv'd—but serv'd 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;—

Popular Recitations.

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,
Mine own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, but 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.

THE JEW.

THE Jew still walks the earth, and bears the stamp of his race upon his forehead. He is still the same being as when he first wandered forth from the hills of Judea. If his name is associated with avarice and extortion, and spoken in bitterness and scorn, yet in the morning of history it gathers round it recollections sacred and holy.

The Jew is a miracle among the nations. A wanderer in all lands, he has been a witness of the great events of history for eighteen hundred years. He saw classic Greece when crowned with intellectual triumphs. He lingered among that broken but beautiful architecture that rises like a tombstone over the grave of her departed splendour.

The Jew saw Rome, the "mighty heart" of nations, sending its own ceaseless life's throb through all the arteries of its vast empire. He, too, has seen that heart cold and still in death. These have perished, yet the Jew lives on—the same silent, mysterious, indestructible being. The shadow of the Crescent rests on Palestine, the signet of a conqueror's faith—still the Jew and his religion survive. He wanders a captive in the streets of his own once queenly Jerusalem, to meditate sad and gloomily on the relics of ancient power. Above him shines the clear sky, fair as when it looked down on the towers of Zion, but now, alas! beholds only a desolate city and an unhappy land. The world is his home. Trampled on and exiled, his name a badge of infamy, he still lives, full of ancestral

pride. The literature of the ancient Hebrew triumphs over all creeds, and schools, and sects. Mankind worship in the sacred songs of David, and bow to the divine teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, who also was a son of Abraham. Such is the Jew. His ancient dreams of empire are gone. How seldom do we realize, as we see him in our city streets, that he is the creature of such a strange, peculiar destiny. Neither age, nor country, nor climate have changed him. Such is the Jew, a strange and solitary being, and such the drama of his long and mournful history.

ON LEAVING AMERICA FOR ENGLAND.

THOMAS MOORE.

["The poet of all circles and idol of his own." Author of the "Irish Melodies," "Lalla Rookh," &c.; also of numerous prose works in history and biography. Born 1780; died 1852.]

With triumph this morning, oh! Boston, I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well—peace to the land! may her sons know, at length,
That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,
That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,
As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,
If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,
Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its might,—
Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!
Farewell to the few I have left with regret:
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
The delight of those evenings,—too brief a delight!
When in converse and song we have stolen on the night;
When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had adored,
Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine-cup they pour'd.
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!