

## KING BOABDIL'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF GRANADA.

JOHN EDMUND READE.

[Author of "Italy," "Cain the Wanderer," "The Deluge," and other poems of great and acknowledged merit.]

DOWNWARD swept the Moorish squadrons filing from Granada's walls:

Moslem's reign at length is ended, silent are Alhambra's halls;  
Spain's proud standard floats above her towers, and mosques, and gardens fair;

Warrior's song and lute of lover never more shall waken there!

On they marched with banners trailing in the dust before the foe:  
Nought is there but women's wailing, frantic gestures, speechless woe!

Then Boabdil,\* backward turning, saw the Red Cross planted high,  
Grief and rage his bosom burning, choked his throat and dimmed his eye.

But when pealed their trumpets' clangour, and their shouts above him broke,

When he saw the crescent-standard cloven by the headsman's stroke;

And the Red Cross o'er it streaming forward like a meteor flung,  
Words—but words of grief and anger, burst from his indignant tongue.

"O thou land of love and glory! must we see thee then no more?

Who shall tell our fatal story when on Afric's burning shore?

Who shall leave with soul unshaken, tombs where sleep our fathers dead?

Holy Prophet! they will waken, they will hear our parting tread!

"Flower of cities! must we lose thee, we, who made thee ~~what~~ thou art?

Joy of every eye that views thee, pride of every Moslem's heart!

On thy stately towers while dwelling, on thy spires in Heaven that shine,

Who but feels his bosom swelling with a grandeur caught from thine?

"Who shall match thy lovely fountains, groves whose fragrance loads the air,

Myrtled vales, and vine-wreathed mountains, music's echoes lingering there;

\* Abol-abd-Allah, the son of Zoraya, surnamed "Zaguir."

Who, thy glorious self possessing, would not in thy love be blest?  
Where existence is a blessing dreamed away upon thy breast!

"Must we leave these haunts for ever, for a hot and burning sky,  
Where the herbage gladdens never, where life opens but to die?  
On the sandy deserts marching, streams and fields like thine shall rise;  
Streams that mock our palates parching, fields that cheat our aching eyes.

"O my kingdom! must we sever?—how shall I my passion tell?  
Land of beauty lost for ever, land of glory,—fare thee well!  
Who shall soothe us on the morrow, exiles on the trackless sea?  
Life has nothing left but sorrow—all is lost in leaving thee!"

Outspake then his haughty Mother; she had stood and watch'd him nigh,

Pride and scorn she could not smother, darkening in her Moorish eye!

"Son!—if son I still must call thee—cease thy grief's bemoaning tone,

If what thou hast done appal thee, still thy dagger is thine own!

"Liv'st thou not?—can degradation sink thee lower than thou art?  
Can the leprosy of meanness deeper taint thy spotted heart?

Dar'st thou outlive thy dishonour? dar'st thou brave thy mother's scorn?

Would the grave had closed upon her on the hour when thou wast born!

"How may such as thou inherit the fire kindling in our veins?

Where the spirit of the hero that prefers not death to chains?

When, if ever Moor retreated, outlived he his stricken pride?

Never were our kings defeated; on the field they won or died.

"Better far that thou hadst perished, fighting on yon leaguered wall,

Better far that thou hadst cherished base life in a dungeon's thrall;  
Better I had slain thee—start not! slain thee with this woman's hand,

So thou with thy shame depart not exiled on a homeless land.

"See thy work accursed! a kingdom basely yielded by thy fears,  
By thy sires won, by our valour upheld for a thousand years;  
Hadst thou but thy faulchion wielded like thy mighty fathers dead!

Thou without a stroke hast yielded, thou without an effort fled.

"Yet thou stand'st thy fate arraiging! the base life thou sought'st in thine,  
Live, in coward words complaining, while to die of shame be mine!  
On—but join not the procession; let not men thy weakness view,  
Make them not by thy confession hate thee, and despise thee too.

"Yield the prize up to the stranger, they have won their great reward;

Glorious prize! which thou no longer hadst the heart and hand to guard.

See the infidels triumphant—hear their shouts as we depart!  
Feel the wound thou hast inflicted till its gangrene eat thy heart.

"Look at yon all glorious city, with her golden girdle spread;  
Look at yon Alhambra towering o'er her builders who have fled!  
And 'the Fountain of the Lions'—who that stately name shall hear,

Deeming they who slept beside them quailed from fight like stricken deer.

"Yet again behold Granada!—feel thy recreant doom is just:  
Lo!—the Cross triumphant o'er thee, hurled the Crescent in the dust!

Onward then—while execration dogs thee to thy exile clime,  
Where the curses of thy nation wait thee to the end of time."

(Copyright—Contributed.)

#### DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

Look here—how delightful! that desolate house with no roof at all, gutted and skinned by the last London fire! You can see the poor green and white paper still clinging to the walls, and the chasm that once was a cupboard, and the shadows gathering black on the aperture that once was a hearth! Seen below, how quickly you would cross over the way! That great crack forebodes an avalanche! you hold your breath, not to bring it down on your head. But seen above, what a compassionate, inquisitive charm in the skeleton ruin! How your fancy runs riot, recopling the chambers, hearing the last cheerful good-night of that destined Pompeii—creeping upon tip-toe with the mother, when she gives her farewell look to the baby. Now all is midnight and silence; then the red crawling serpent comes out. Lo! his breath; hark! his hiss! Now, spire after spire he winds and coils; now he soars up erect—crest superb and forked tongue—the beautiful horror! Then the start from the sleep, and the doubtful awaking, and the run here and there, and the mother's rush to the cradle—the cry from the window, and the

knock at the door, and the spring of those on high towards the stair that leads to safety below, and the smoke rushing up like the surge of a hell! And they run back stifled and blinded, and the floor heaves beneath them like a barque upon the sea! Hark! the grating wheels, thundering low; near and near comes the engine. Fix the ladders—there! there! at the window where the mother stands with the babe! Splash and hiss comes the water; pales, then flares out, the fire: foe defies foe; element, element. How sublime is the war! But the ladder, the ladder! there at the window! All else are saved! the clerk and his books—the lawyer, with that tin-box of title-deeds—the landlord, with his policy of insurance—the miser, with his bank notes and gold—all are saved; all but the babe and mother. What a crowd in the streets! how the light crimson over the gazers, hundreds on hundreds! All those faces seen as one face with fear. Not a man mounts the ladder. Yes, there—gallant fellow! God inspires—God shall speed thee! How plainly I see him!—his eyes are closed, his teeth set. The serpent leaps up, the forked tongue darts upon him, and the reek of the breath wraps him round. The crowd has ebbed back like a sea, and the smoke rushes over them all. Hah! what dim forms are those upon the ladder? Nearer and nearer—crash come the roof-tiles. Alas, and alas! no, a cry of joy, a "Thank heaven!" and the women force their way through the men to come round the child and the mother. All is gone, save that skeleton ruin.

#### THE GOOSE AND THE OWL.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

I CANNOT bear to hear thee slander'd, goose,  
It irketh me to see the truant boys  
Pause in their play, and cast a stone at thee,  
And call thee foolish.

Do those worthies know  
That when old Rome had let the ruffian Gauls  
Tread on her threshold of vitality,  
And all her sentinels were comatose,  
Thy clarion-call did save her? Mighty strange  
To call thee fool!

I think thou'rt dignified  
And portly in thy bearing, and in all  
The duties and proprieties of life  
Art quite a pattern. Yet the duck may quack.  
The turkey gabble, and the guinea-hen  
Keep up a piercing and perpetual scolding.

And all is well; but if thou ope thy beak,  
"Fie, silly creature!"

Yet I'm sure thou'st done  
Many a clever and obliging deed;  
And more than this, thou from thy wing dost spare  
An outcast feather, which hath woke the world,  
And made it wiser. Yea, the modest quill  
Doth take its quiet stand behind the press,  
And, like a prompter, tell it what to say.  
But still we never praise the goose, who gave  
This precious gift. Yet what can fill its place?  
Think of the clumsy stylus, how absurd!  
I know, indeed, that smart metallic pens  
Have undertaken to speculate at large;  
But I eschew them all, and prophesy  
Goose-quills will be immortal as the art  
To which they minister. 'T were meet for me,  
Though all besides were dumb, to fondly laud  
The instrument that from my childhood up  
Hath been my solace and my chosen friend  
In hours of loneliness.

I ask my peers,  
The erudite and learned in the law,  
Why the recusant owl is singled out  
As Wisdom's bird? If blind Mythology,  
Who on her fingers scarcely knew to count  
Her thirty thousand gods, should groping make  
Such error, 'tis not strange. But we, who skill  
To ride the steam, and have a goodly hope  
To ride the lightning too, need we be ruled  
By vacillating Delphos? or enticed  
To sanction her mistakes?

The aforesaid owl,  
With his dull, staring eyes, what hath he done  
To benefit mankind? Moping all day  
Amid some dodder'd oak, and then at night,  
With hideous hooting and wild flapping wings,  
Scaring the innocent child. What hath he done  
To earn a penny, or to make the world  
Richer in any way? I doubt if he  
E'en gets an honest living. Who can say,  
Whether such midnight rambles, none know where,  
Are to his credit? Yet the priceless crown  
Of Wisdom he, in symbol and in song,  
Unrighteously hath worn.

But times have changed,  
Most reversed owl! Utility bears rule,

And the shrewd spirit of a busy age  
Doats not on things antique, nor pays respect  
To hoary hairs, but counts it loss of time  
To honour whatsoever fails to yield  
A fat per centage. Yet thou'rt not ashamed  
To live a gentleman, nor bronze thy claw  
With manual labour, stupidly content  
To be a burden on community.

Meantime, the worthy and hard-working goose  
Hath rear'd up goslings, fed us with her flesh,  
Lull'd us to sleep upon her softest down,  
And with her quills maintain'd the lover's lore,  
And saved the tinsel of the poet's brain.  
—Dear goose, thou'rt greatly wrong'd.

I move the owl  
Be straightway swept from the usurper's seat,  
And thou forthwith be voted for, to fill  
Minerva's arms.

The flourish of a pen  
Hath saved or lost a realm; hath signed the bond  
That made the poor man rich; rest from the prince  
His confiscated wealth, and sent him forth  
A powerless exile; for the prisoner bade  
The sunbeam tremble through his iron bars  
The last, last time; or changed the cry of war  
To blessed peace. How base, to scorn the bird  
Whose cast-off feather hath done this, and more.

## WINIFREDA.

[The authorship of this beautiful lyric and purely English ballad is uncertain. Percy calls it a "Translation from the Ancient British," but it was a fashion in his day to manufacture literary antiquities, as it is still to make specimens of ancient art wherewith to gull the uninitiated. It is included among Gilbert Cooper's poems, where, says Miss Mitford, in her "Literary Recollections," it is "a diamond among pebbles; he never could have written it." It has been claimed for Steevens, the restorer of Shakspeare's text, but without success. This ballad was an especial favourite with Miss Mitford, who says, and justly, that it contains "the rare merit of conveying the noblest sentiments in the simplest language."]

Away! let nought to love displeasing,  
My Winifreda, move your care;  
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grant of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood?  
We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
No mighty treasures we possess?  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season  
Sufficient for our wishes give;  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth to age in love excelling,  
We'll hand in hand together tread;  
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While round my knees they fondly clung,  
To see them look their mother's features,  
And hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy, time transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

---

#### OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE

SHAKESPEARE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my  
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charm  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic  
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),  
I won his daughter with.

I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.  
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,  
That I have passed,  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance. In my traveller's history  
(Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,\*  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak), such was my process;—  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,

\* Sterile, barren.

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something beard,  
 But not intently: I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
 She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished  
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me:  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:  
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed;  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used;  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

---

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

SHAKESPEARE.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak—for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

None?—then none have I offended. I have done no more to

Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

---

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

LORD LYTTON.

[Author of "Pelham" and a long series of novels which have placed him, justly, at the head of the literature of his day; also of many successful dramas and much-admired poems. Born 1805; still living.]

GENTLE lady!

The key of some charm'd music in your voice  
 Unlocks a long-closed chamber in my soul;  
 And would you listen to an outcast's tale,  
 'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,  
 Beneath the roof of an old village priest,  
 Nor far from hence, my childhood wore away.  
 Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep.  
 Throughout the liberal and melodious nature  
 Something seem'd absent—what, I scarcely knew—  
 Till one calm night, when over earth and wave  
 Heaven looked its love from all its numberless stars—  
 Watchful yet breathless—suddenly the sense  
 Of my sweet want swelled in me, and I ask'd  
 The priest—why I was motherless?  
 He wept, and answer'd "I was nobly born!"

As he spake,

There gleamed across my soul a dim remembrance  
 Of a pale face in infancy beheld—  
 A shadowy face, but from whose lips there breathed  
 The words that none but mothers murmur!

'Twas at that time there came

Into our hamlet a rude jovial seaman,  
 With the frank mien boys welcome, and wild tales  
 Of the far Indian lands, from which mine ear  
 Drank envious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me,  
 And from the deep, whose billows washed the shore

On which our casements look'd, I heard a voice  
That woo'd me to its bosom: Raleigh's fame,  
The New World's marvels, then made old men heroes,  
And young men dreamers! So I left my home  
With that wild seaman.

The villain whom I trusted, when we reached  
The bark he ruled, cast me to chains and darkness,  
And so to sea. At length, no land in sight,  
His crew, dark swarthy men—the refuse crimes  
Of many lands—for he, it seems, a pirate  
Call'd me on deck—struck off my fetters: "Boy!"  
He said, and grimly smiled: "not mine the wrong:  
Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those  
Who gave thee birth!"

I wrench'd

From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck  
The slanderer to my feet. With that, a shout,  
A hundred knives gleam'd round me; but the pirate,  
Wiping the gore from his gash'd brow, cried "Hold!  
Such death were mercy." Then they grip'd and bound me  
To a slight plank—spread to the wind their sails,  
And left me on the waves alone with God!  
That day, and all that night, upon the seas  
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.  
Heaven lull'd the gales; and, when the stars came forth,  
All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,  
Recall'd that wretch's words, and murmur'd, "Wave  
And wind are kinder than a parent."  
Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold  
A sail—a flag!

It pass'd away,

And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine;  
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought  
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd  
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep;  
And then methought I saw, beneath the clear  
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,  
With watchful glassy eyes—the ocean-monster  
That follows ships for prey. Then life once more  
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze,  
And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense  
Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible sleep,  
In which still, still those livid eyes met mine,  
Fell on me.

I awoke, and heard

My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me;  
I lay on deck, escaped the ghastly death—  
For God had watch'd the sleeper!

## THE DIVER.

BY SCHILLER. TRANSLATED BY LORD LYTTON.

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold  
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?—  
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,  
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;  
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,  
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,  
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge  
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,  
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.  
"And where is the diver so stout to go—  
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,  
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;  
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,  
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.  
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,  
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king,  
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,  
'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,  
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;  
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,  
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave  
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,  
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,  
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;  
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,  
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,  
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,  
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,  
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;  
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,  
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,  
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,

The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean  
 A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;  
 The stiller and darker the farther it goes,  
 Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before  
 That path through the riven abyss closed again,  
 Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—  
 And behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!  
 And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,  
 And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went  
 From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,  
 Or save when the tremulous sighing lament  
 Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well!"  
 More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—  
 More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,  
 And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"  
 God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—  
 A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.  
 For never shall lips of the living reveal  
 What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,  
 Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;  
 Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,  
 To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!  
 Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,  
 Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,  
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending;  
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,  
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,  
 And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,  
 Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,  
 Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?  
 Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!  
 Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he!  
 The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,  
 It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,  
 And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.  
 They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—  
 "He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!  
 And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,  
 Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee;  
 And the goblet his daring has won from the water,  
 He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—  
 And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughters.  
 She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,  
 And thus spoke the Diver—"Long life to the King!"

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,  
 The air and the sky that to mortals are given!  
 May the horror below nevermore find a voice—  
 Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of heaven!  
 Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight  
 The veil which is woven with terror and night!

"Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o'er me,  
 Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;  
 Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,  
 And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.  
 Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,  
 Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

"From the deep, then I called upon God, and He heard me;  
 In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye  
 A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;  
 I sprang there, I clung there, and death passed me by.  
 And lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,  
 By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,  
 Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!  
 A silence of horror that slept on the ear,  
 That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!  
 Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell  
 In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,  
 Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;  
 Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;  
 Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed  
 And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,  
 Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,  
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!  
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—  
Alone—in a loneliness so ghastly—ALONE!  
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,  
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now  
It saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!  
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough  
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;  
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,  
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled: quoth he,  
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;  
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—  
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—  
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,  
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!"

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—  
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?  
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—  
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.  
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,  
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,  
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide!  
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,  
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;  
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,  
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,  
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;  
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—  
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!  
How priceless the guerdon! a moment—a breath—  
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,  
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!  
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.  
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,  
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,  
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

## THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

JAMES HOGG.

["The Ettrick Shepherd." Author of "The Queen's Wake," &c.  
Born 1772; died 1835.]

"MACGREGOR, Macgregor, remember our foemen;  
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond;  
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay;  
Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,  
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan:  
"Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed;  
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest."

"Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,  
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon;  
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,  
We must meet them at home else they'll quickly be here."

"The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,  
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him;  
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,  
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.  
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;  
Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,  
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,  
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man:  
But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and my all!  
An oath which I cannot, and dare not recal—  
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,  
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

"Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,  
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,  
When entered a lady, with visage so wan,  
And looks, such as never were fastened on man.  
I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well!  
Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell  
As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained  
So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,  
I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while,  
Though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,  
With length of existence no man can enjoy,  
The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly!  
The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,  
Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.  
Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,  
The present to shun and some respite to find,  
I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,  
To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.



"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,  
The glory and name of Macgregor were gone;  
That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo  
Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,  
Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon  
Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun:  
That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,  
For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

"A parting embrace, in one moment she gave;  
Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave!  
Then flitting illusive, she said, with a frown,  
'The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!'"

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind;  
The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind,  
Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—  
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield!  
Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,  
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.  
This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue;  
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue;  
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,  
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,  
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light:  
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed—  
"No! not for the universe!" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone:  
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.  
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,  
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!  
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,  
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching;  
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;  
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,  
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill:  
Young Malcolm, at distance couched, trembling the while—  
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream  
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem;  
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,  
The glowworm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;  
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,  
Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste.  
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,  
No torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed;  
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,  
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.

Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen;  
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,  
Fled panting away, over river and isle,  
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror; the eagle awoke  
As slumbering he dosed on the shelf of the rock;  
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew  
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,  
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.  
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,  
As begging for something he could not obtain;  
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,  
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,  
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;  
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;  
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.  
He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,  
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;  
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,  
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.  
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—  
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye!

---

#### THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis Saturday night, and the chill rain and sleet  
Is swept by the wind down the long dreary street;  
The lamps in the windows flicker and blink,  
As the wild gale whistles through cranny and chink;  
But round yon door huddles a shivering crowd  
Of wretches, by pain and by penury bowed;  
And oaths are muttered, and curses drop  
From their lips as they stand by the Pawnbroker's Shop.

Visages, hardened and seared by sin;  
Faces, bloated and pimpled with gin;  
Crime, with its plunder, by poverty's side;  
Beauty in ruins and broken-down pride.  
Modesty's cheek crimsoned deeply with shame;  
Youth's active form, age's fast-falling frame,  
Have come forth from street, lane, alley, and stop,  
Heart-sick, weary, and worn, at the Pawnbroker's Shop.

With the rain and the biting wind chilled to the bone,  
 Oh! how they gaze upon splendour, and groan!  
 Around them—above them—wherever they gaze,  
 There were jewels to dazzle and gold to amaze;  
 Velvets that tricked out some beautiful form;  
 Furs, which had shielded from winter and storm;  
 Crowded with "pledges" from bottom to top,  
 Are the chests and the shelves of the Pawnbroker's Shop.

There's a tear in the eye of yon beautiful girl,  
 As she parts with a trinket of ruby and pearl;  
 Once as red was her lip, and as pure was her brow;  
 But there came a destroyer, and what is she now?  
 Lured by liquor she bartered the gem of her fame,  
 And abandoned by virtue, forsaken by shame,  
 With no heart to pity, no kind hand to prop,  
 She finds her last friend in the Pawnbroker's Shop.

The spendthrift, for gold that to-morrow will fly;  
 The naked, to eke out a meagre supply;  
 The houseless, to rake up sufficient to keep  
 His head from the stones through the season of sleep:  
 The robber, his booty to turn into gold;  
 The shrinking, the timid, the bashful, the bold;  
 The penniless drunkard, to get "one more drop,"  
 All seek a resource in the Pawnbroker's Shop.

'Tis a record of ruin—a temple whose stones  
 Are cemented with blood, and whose music is groans;  
 Its pilgrims are children of want and despair;  
 Alike grief and guilt to its portals repair;  
 Oh! we need not seek fiction for records of woe;  
 Such are written too plainly wherever we go;  
 And sad lessons of life may be learned as we stop  
 'Neath the three golden balls of a Pawnbroker's Shop.

---

 VENICE.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea,  
 The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
 Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-wood  
 Clings to the marble of her palaces.  
 No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
 Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea.

Invisible; and from the land we went,  
 As to a floating City—steering in,  
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
 So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,  
 Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
 The statues ranged along an azure sky;  
 By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,  
 Of old the residence of merchant-kings;  
 The fronts of some, though Time had shatter'd them,  
 Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Thither I came, and in a wondrous Ark  
 (That, long before we slipt our cable, rang  
 As with the voices of all living things),  
 From Padua, where the stars are, night by night,  
 Watched from the top of an old dungeon-tower,  
 Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelin—  
 Not as he watched them, when he read his fate  
 And shuddered. But of him I thought not then,  
 Him or his horoscope; far, far from me  
 The forms of Guilt and Fear; tho' some were there,  
 Sitting among us round the cabin-board,  
 Some who, like him, had cried, "Spill blood enough!"  
 And could shake long at shadows. They had played  
 Their parts at Padua, and were floating home,  
 Careless and full of mirth; to-morrow a day  
 Not in their Calendar.—Who in a strain  
 To make the hearer fold his arms and sigh,  
 Sings, "Caro, Caro!"—'Tis the Prima Donna,  
 And to her monkey, smiling in his face,  
 Who, as transported, cries, "Brava! Ancora!"  
 'Tis a grave personage, an old macaw,  
 Perched on her shoulder.—But who leaps ashore,  
 And with a shout urges the lagging mules;  
 Then climbs a tree that overhangs the stream,  
 And, like an acorn, drops on deck again?  
 'Tis he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;  
 That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.  
 And mark their Poet—with what emphasis  
 He prompts the young Soubrette, conning her part!  
 Her tongue plays truant, and he raps his box.  
 And prompts again; for ever looking round  
 As if in search of subjects for his wit,  
 His satire; and as often whispering  
 Things, though unheard, not unimaginable.  
 At length we leave the river for the sea,  
 At length a voice aloft proclaims "Venezia!"  
 And, as called forth, she comes.

A few in fear  
 Flying away from him whose boast it was,  
 That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,  
 Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,  
 They built their nests among the ocean-waves;  
 And where the sands were shifting, as the wind  
 Blew from the north or south—where they that came  
 Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,  
 Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,  
 A vast Metropolis, with glistening spires,  
 With theatres, basilicas adorned;  
 A scene of light and glory, a dominion,  
 That has endured the longest among men.  
 And whence the talisman, whereby she rose,  
 Towering? 'Twas found there in the barren sea,  
 Want led to Enterprise; and, far or near,  
 Who met not the Venetian?—now among  
 The Ægean Isles, steering from port to port,  
 Landing and bartering; now, no stranger there,  
 In Cairo, or without the eastern gate,  
 Ere yet the *Cafila* came, listening to hear  
 Its bells approaching from the Red Sea coast;  
 Then on the Euxine, and that smaller Sea  
 Of Azoph, in close converse with the Russ,  
 And Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving  
 Pearls from the Persian Gulf, gems from Golcond;  
 Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,  
 From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,  
 When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,  
 Treasures from climes unknown, he ask'd and learnt,  
 And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere long  
 From the well-head, supplying all below;  
 Making the Imperial City of the East,  
 Herself, his tributary.

If we turn  
 To those black forests, where, through many an age,  
 Night without day, no axe the silence broke,  
 Or seldom, save where Rhine or Danube rolled;  
 Where o'er the narrow glen a castle hangs,  
 And, like the wolf that hungered at his door,  
 The baron lived by rapine—there we meet,  
 In warlike guise, the Caravan from Venice;  
 When on its march, now lost and now beheld,  
 A glittering file (the trumpet heard, the scout  
 Sent and recalled) but at a city-gate  
 All gaiety, and looked for ere it comes;  
 Winning regard with all that can attract,  
 Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,

Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charlemain,  
 And his brave peers, each with his visor up,  
 On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,  
 When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed  
 The wonders of the East! Well might they then  
 Sigh for new conquests!

Thus did Venice rise,  
 Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came  
 That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet  
 From India, from the region of the sun,  
 Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,  
 A channel opened, and the golden stream  
 Turned to enrich another. Then she felt  
 Her strength departing, yet awhile maintained  
 Her state, her splendour; till a tempest shook  
 All things most held in honour among men,  
 All that the giant with the scythe had spared,  
 To their foundations, and at once she fell;  
 She who had stood yet longer than the last  
 Of the Four Kingdoms—who, as in an ark,  
 Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,  
 Uninjured, from the Old World to the New,  
 From the last glimpse of civilized life—to where  
 Light shone again, and with the blaze of noon.  
 Through many an age in the mid-sea she dwelt,  
 From her retreat calmly contemplating  
 The changes of the earth, herself unchanged.  
 Before her passed, as in an awful dream,  
 The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,  
 Clothed in their purple? O'er the globe they fling  
 Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we speak,  
 Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!  
 What—but the last that styled themselves the *Caesars*?  
 And who in long array (look where they come;  
 Their gestures menacing so far and wide)  
 Wear the green turban and the heron's plume!  
 Who—but the Caliphs? followed fast by shapes  
 As new and strange—Emperor, and King, and Czár,  
 And Soldan, each, with a gigantic stride,  
 Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace  
 To make his greatness greater, and inscribe  
 His name in blood—some, men of steel, steel-clad;  
 Others, nor long, alas, the interval,  
 In light and gay attire, with brow serene  
 Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire  
 Mingled with darkness; and among the rest,  
 Lo, one by one, passing continually,  
 Those who assume a sway beyond them all;

Men grey with age, each in a triple crown,  
And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys  
That can alone, as he would signify,  
Unlock heaven's gate.

LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

[Author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum" (1821), and "The Fall of Nineveh" (1828); poems in blank verse.]

THERE WAS A MAN,  
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed  
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low  
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,  
But generous, and brave, and kind.  
He had a son, it was a rosy boy,  
A little faithful copy of his sire  
In face and gesture. In her pangs she died  
That gave him birth; and ever since, the child  
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport  
The father shared and heightened. But at length  
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned  
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot  
He felt in all its bitterness:—the walls  
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh  
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched  
His gaoler with compassion;—and the boy,  
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled  
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm  
With his loved presence that in every wound  
Dropt healing. But in this terrific hour  
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast  
Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn,  
Of that first day of darkness and amaze  
He came. The iron door was closed—for them  
Never to open more! The day, the night,  
Dragged slowly by: nor did they know the fate  
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard  
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,

And felt its giddy rocking; and the air  
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw  
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped  
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake  
From his sound rest the unfeared child, nor tell  
The dangers of their state. On his low couch  
The fettered soldier sunk—and with deep awe  
Listened the fearful sounds:—with upturned eye  
To the great gods he breathed a prayer:—then strove  
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while  
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:—  
His body burned with feverish heat;—his chains  
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth  
Groaned unimaginable thunders:—sounds  
Fearful and ominous arose and died  
Like the sad moanings of November's wind  
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled  
His blood that burned before;—cold clammy sweats  
Came o'er him;—then anon a fiery thrill  
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk  
And shivered as in fear:—now upright leaped,  
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,  
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last,  
A troubled dreamy sleep. Well—had he slept  
Never to waken more! His hours are few,  
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm  
Burst forth: the lightnings glanced:—the air  
Shook with the thunders. They awoke;—they sprang  
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed  
A moment as in sunshine—and was dark:—  
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell;  
Dying away upon the dazzled eye  
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound  
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,  
And blackest darkness. With intensest awe  
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought  
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,  
As underneath he felt the fevered earth  
Jarring and lifting—and the massive walls  
Heard harshly grate and strain:—yet knew he not,  
While evils undefined and yet to come  
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and careless  
Wound fate had already given. Where, man of woe!  
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou callest  
His name in vain:—he cannot answer thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child:—  
 No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously  
 He searched their couch of straw:—with headlong haste  
 Trod round his stinted limits, and low bent,  
 Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there.  
 Again he called:—again at farthest stretch  
 Of his accursed fetters—till the blood  
 Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes  
 Fire flashed—he strained with arm extended far  
 And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch  
 Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!  
 Yet still renewed:—still round and round he goes,  
 And strains and snatches—and with dreadful cries  
 Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now;  
 He plants against the wall his feet;—his chain  
 Grasps—tugs with giant strength to force away  
 The deep-driven staple;—yells and shrieks with rage,  
 And like a desert lion in the snare  
 Raging to break his toils—to and fro bounds.  
 But see! the ground is opening:—a blue light  
 Mounts, gently waving—noiseless:—thin and cold  
 It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;  
 But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,  
 Behold the lifeless child!—his dress singed,  
 And over his serene face a dark line  
 Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw—

And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell  
 That instant on him:—speechless, fixed he stood,  
 And with a look that never wandered, gazed  
 Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes  
 Were not yet closed—and round those pouting lips  
 The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale

The father stands:—no tear is in his eye;  
 The thunders bellow—but he hears them not:  
 The ground lifts like a sea:—he knows it not:  
 The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof  
 Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the wind:—  
 See! he looks up and smiles;—for death to him  
 Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace  
 Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.  
 It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground  
 At every swell, nearer and still more near  
 Moves towards the father's outstretched arm his boy:—  
 Once he has touched his garment:—how his eye  
 Lightens with love—and hope—and anxious fears!

Ha! see! he has him now!—he c'asps him round,  
 Kisses his face;—puts back the curling locks  
 That shaded his fine brow:—looks in his eyes—  
 Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands—  
 Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont  
 To lie when sleeping—and resigned awaits  
 Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift,

And pangsless.

The huge pile sunk down at once  
 Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—  
 And deep foundation stones—all mingling fell!

---

GILDEROY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[Author of "The Pleasures of Hope" and other standard poems.  
 Also of several naval odes, unsurpassed in the English language. Born  
 1777; died 1844.]

THE last, the fatal hour is come  
 That bears my love from me;  
 I hear the dead-note of the drum,  
 I mark the gallows-tree!

The bell has toll'd—it shakes my heart—  
 The trumpet speaks thy name;  
 And must my Gilderoy depart  
 To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom,  
 No mourner wipes a tear;  
 The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,  
 The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh! Gilderoy, bethought we then  
 So soon, so sad, to part,  
 When first in Roslin's lovely glen  
 You triumph'd o'er my heart!

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,  
 Your hunter garb was trim;  
 And graceful was the ribbon green  
 That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore  
Those limbs in fetters bound;  
Or hear, upon the scaffold-floor,  
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined  
The guiltless to pursue!  
My Gilderoy was ever kind,  
He could not injure you!

A long adieu!—but where shall fly  
Thy widow all forlorn,  
When every mean and cruel eye  
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes, they will mock thy widow's tears,  
And hate thy orphan boy!  
Alas! his infant beauty wears  
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound  
That wraps thy mouldering clay,  
And weep and linger on the ground,  
And sigh my heart away!

---

### THE MARRIAGE RING.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

[Son of a barber who, by affording his son the first rudiments of a learned education, was rewarded by becoming the father of a bishop. For eloquence Taylor is unrivalled in English literature. Born 1613; died 1667.]

LIFE or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their

troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness; and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies, for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way; Christ and the Church were no ingredients in their choice; but as the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative! the odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. And they can love no longer but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or care, or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are as pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a liveness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows, and blessing itself cannot make him happy

---

### THE LOSS OF THE "DRAKE."

J. H. JESSE.

THERE'S a garden full of roses, there's a cottage by the Dove,  
And the trout stream flows and frets beneath the o'er-hanging crags  
above;