

A pensive gloom spread all around;
Bewildered, and alone, he wept;
Then sat himself upon the ground,
And calling for his father, slept.

The morning dawn'd as golden bright,
The buds peep'd forth with fresher bloom;
The child woke up in new delight,
And marvell'd father had not come.

Another day, another night,
In summer quickly how they pass;
At length, stern hunger's withering blight
Prostrates poor Charley on the grass.

With bleeding feet, and weary eyes,
And sunken cheek he looks around,
Asking for food, helpless he lies—
Then dreams of home, in sleep profound.

His dreams are of his mother's knee,
The kitten, and the cotton-reel,
With feelings full of love and glee,
As only little children feel.

Vainly they seek him everywhere
Save the one spot where he is lying,
While the dark pencil of despair
Pictures him suffering, starving, dying—

Dying without a mother's hand
To close those little eyes so dear,
To press those lips so pale and bland,
Whose last sigh angels only hear.

The father's woe, for her supprest—
He fain would breathe the prayer forgot:
Nerving with courage false his breast,
Speaking of hope that felt it not.

The stars have risen bright again;
The midnight clock strikes long and low'
The moonbeams fall o'er hill and plain,
Like the white shadow of a shroud.

All search is o'er; the ominous bird
Strikes its death-cry to desolate hearts.
The forest sleeps: no sound is heard;
Yet hark! What's that? The father starts

"List," he exclaims, "I hear the dog:
He barks; but not enraged—'tis joy.
Mercy, oh! high Supreme, I beg—
I feel that he has found our boy."

A cold thrill overcomes the wife,
She dares not go where he is gone;
It is not death, it is not life,
That freezes thus her heart to stone.

Quick from that spell her senses break,
As, by the magic of a sound
Sweet as the harps of angels make,
Her husband's voice, cries "God! he's found."

They've found him in a sleep like death,
But still not dead: one half-hour more,
The tiny streamlet of that breath
Its span of earth had dimpled o'er.

They've placed him on his fairy bed,
They've fed him with his little spoon,
A drop of wine, a sop of bread.
The cuckoo clock now tells 'tis noon.

That homely sound unlocks his eyes;
He sees his mother standing by;
In sweet confusion of surprise,
He pushes forth a joyous cry.

His tender arms twine round her neck,
His rosy lips to hers are given,
To what pure bliss the senses wake—
That wake thus, in a child's first heaven.

And now he greets his father's face,
That smile, those looks so dearly known,
So full of love, so full of grace—
The grown resemblance of his own.

He grasps the darkly clustering hair,
And one bright little tear lets fall,
Exclaiming, like an angel's prayer,
"Why you not come when Charley calls?"

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LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover!
One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief—
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—
My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain!—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

THE PASSIONS.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

[A highly gifted, but unfortunate English poet, utterly neglected in his lifetime, whose odes and eclogues now rank highly. Born 1720; died 1756.]

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the muse's painting,
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft have heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, his skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings.
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song,
And where her sweetest themes she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat.
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd bal' of sight seem'd bursting from his head

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought wert fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung:
The Hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green.
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leap'd up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

YORICK'S DEATH.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stepped in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, and after thanking

him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. "I hope not," answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—"I hope not, Yorick," said he. Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. "Come, come, Yorick!" quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him; "my dear lad be comforted; let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them. Who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?" Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. "For my part," continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, "I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes," added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, "that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it." "I beseech thee, Eugenius," quoth Yorick, taking off his nightcap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—"I beseech thee to take a view of my head." "I see nothing that ails it," replied Eugenius. "Then, alas! my friend," said Yorick, "let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshaped with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and 'mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.'" Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this; yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone, and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) "were wont to set the table in a roar!"

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broke. He squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door; he then closed them, and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:—

Alas, Poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his

monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him. A footway crossing the churchyard close by his grave, not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK

—

THE WRECK OF THE OUTWARD-BOUND.

THE REV. DR. GEORGE ASPINALL.

(*Founded upon Fact.*)

'Tis fifty-seven long years ago
Since seven ships rode the main,
From Dantzic bound for England's shore
With golden grain.

Their canvas sails were well unfur'd,
And to the distant sight
They look'd like sea-birds spreading out
Their wings of white.

The captains seven had blithesome thoughts
As bright as the blue sky;
Large share of profits would be theirs
For grain sold high.

The sailors were what sailors are
When met with at their best,
A frank and jovial crew with not
One care oppress.

But blithest of the captains seven
And young to look upon,
Were two whose wives had newly borne
To each a son.

Each thought perchance on his girl-wife
And on his first-born child;
No marvel then their hearts were nigh
With joyance wild.

Pramscruen was the name of one,
And Schultz the other's name:
Meanwhile the ships each day more near
To England came.

When lo! the weather changed, no more
Serene was wave and sky;
The gales of equinox were on
And roar'd on high.

The fleet is off the Sussex coast,
But mists are round it spread;
They know not where they are, but think
By Beechey Head!

The stars by sullen clouds were quench'd,
The moon shone out no more;
The cutting hail came down, the wind
Blew dead ashore.

It moan'd and whistled up the seams
Of cliffs as white as snow,
That like grim ghosts from Seaford scann'
The sea below.

And tow'rd's those fatal rocks and cliffs
They drift up Seaford's Bay
Like straws upon the stream, and nought
Their course can stay.

As black as Erebus the night.
Onwards towards cliff and rock
They hold their way till each keel strikes
With sudden shock.

They struck, and there was none to help,
No pow'r on earth could save;
Each vessel sunk with all on board
Beneath the wave!

Their death-shriek rose, but rose in vain
On the deaf ear of night;
And when the morning dawn'd, no sign
Appall'd the sight.

But as the days wore on the sea
Gave up its ghastly store;
And mangled corpses one by one
Were cast on shore.

And two were there whose higher grade
Was guess'd by garb and mien;
And on the linen each one wore
A name was seen.

Pramscriven, so the first was call'd
(The mark in blue silk done
Prhaps by the dead man's wife), and Schultz,
The other one.

So in Saint Leonard's churchyard bleak
They buried them in trust:
Ashes to ashes lying there,
And dust to dust;

In Gospel Hope and Christian Faith,
That though beneath the sod
Their clay repos'd, the sailors' souls
Were with their God!

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THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

COATES.

DARK is the night! how dark!—no light! no fire!
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle-side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No—'tis past: 'tis gone:
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last;—how mad! how blind!

Rest thee, my babe!—rest on! 'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food! the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done;
My heart must break!—And thou!"—The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there!
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I coul' starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child!—Oh fiend!"—The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by
Moan!—Moan!—A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha!—'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more—
—'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be. He will be here.

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part.
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh Heaven! protect my child!"—The clock strikes three.

They're gone! they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled,
The wife and child are number'd with the dead!
On the cold hearth, out-stretched in solemn rest
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
—The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—he spoke no more!

SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

(Adapted for Recitation.)

Emma. O, the fresh morning! Heaven's kind messenger,
That never empty-handed comes, to those
Who know to use its gifts.—Praise be to him
Who loads it still, and bids it constant run
The errand of his bounty!—Praise be to him!
We need his care that on the mountain's cliff
Lodge by the storm, and cannot lift our eyes,
But piles on piles of everlasting snows,
O'erhanging us, remind us of his mercy!

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. My mother!

Emma. Albert!

Alb. [Advancing.] Bless thee!

Emma. Bless thee, Albert!

How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.

Emma. Ay, strive with him. He never lies a-bed

When it is time to rise. He ever is
The constant'st workman, that goes through his task,
And shows us how to work by setting to't
With smiling face; for labour's light as ease
To him that toils with cheerfulness. Be like
The sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labour join'd can make me.

Emma. Well said, my boy! Kneel you when you got up
To-day?

Alb. I did; and do so every day!

Emma. I know you do! And think you, when you kneel
To whom you kneel?

Alb. To Him who made me, mother.

Emma. And in whose name?

Alb. The name of Him who died
For me and all men, that all men and I,
By trust in Him, might live.

Emma. Remember that!

Forget all things but that—remember that!
'Tis more than friend or fortune; clothing, food;
All things of earth; yea, life itself. It is
To live when these are gone, where they are nought,
With God! my son, remember that!

Alb. I will.

Emma. You have been early up, when I, that play'd
The sluggard in comparison, am up
Full early; for the highest peaks alone,
As yet, behold the sun. Now, tell me what
You ought to ponder, when you see the sun
So shining on the peak?

Alb. That as the peak
Feels not the pleasant sun, or feels it least!
So they who highest stand in fortune's smile,
Are gladdened by it least, or not at all!

Emma. The lesson that's remember'd pays the teacher!
And what's the profit you should turn this to?

Alb. Rather to place my good in what I have,
Than think it worthless, wishing to have more:
For more is not more happiness, so oft
As less.

Emma. I'm glad you husband what you learn.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all—who misses—nothing!

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Emma. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by.

Alb. My father's good.

Emma. What say'st thou, boy?

Alb. I say my father's good.

Emma. Yes; he is good! What then?

Alb. I do not think

He is content—I'm sure he's not content;

Nor would I be content, were I a man,

And Gesler seated on the rock of Altorf!

A man may lack content, and yet be good.

Emma. I did not say *all* good men find content.—

I would be busy; leave me.

Alb. You're not angry?

Emma. No, no, my boy.

Alb. You'll kiss me?

Emma. Will I not!

The time will come you will not ask your mother

To kiss you!

Alb. Never!

Emma. Not when you're a man?

Alb. I would not be a man to see that time:

I'd rather die, now that I am a child,

Than live to be a man, and not love you!

Emma. Live—live to be a man and love your mother!

[*They embrace—ALBERT runs off a.*]

Why should my heart sink? 'tis for this we rear them!

Cherish their tiny limbs; pine if a thorn

But mar their tender skin; gather them to us

Closer than miser hugs his bag of gold;

Bear more for them than slave, who makes his flesh

A casket for the rich purloin'd gem—

To send them forth into the wintry world

To brave its flaws and tempests!—They must go;

Far better, then, they go with hearty will!

Be that my consolation.—Nestling as

He is, he is the making of a bird

Will own no cowering wing. 'Twas fine—'twas fine.

To see my eaglet on the verge o' the nest,

Ruffling himself at sight of the huge gulf;

He feels anon he'll have the wing to soar!

[*Re-enter ALBERT, with a bow and arrows, and a rude target, which he takes off L., as if to set up, laying his bow and quiver on the ground.*]

What have you there?

Alb. My bow and arrows, mother.

Emma. When will you use them like your father, boy?

Alb. Some time, I hope.

Emma. You brag! There's not an archer

In all Helvetia can compare with him!

Alb. But I'm his son; and when I am a man,

I may be like him. Mother, do I brag

To think I some time may be like my father?

If so, then is it he that teaches me;

For ever as I wonder at his skill,

He calls me boy, and says I must do more

When I become a man!

Emma. May you be such

A man as he!—If heaven wills, better!—I'll

Not quarrel with its work; yet 'twill content me

If you are only such a man!

Alb. I'll show you

How I can shoot. [*Shoots.*] Look, mother! there's within

An inch!

Emma. O fie! it wants a hand.

[*Exit*

Alb. A hand's

An inch for me, I'll hit it yet. Now for it! [*Shoots again.*]

Enter TELL, watching ALBERT some time in silence.

Tell. That's scarce a miss that comes so near the mark!

Well aim'd, young archer! With what ease he draws

The bow! To see those sinews, who'd believe

Such vigour lodged in them? Well aim'd again!

There plays the skill will thin the chamois' herd,

And bring the hammer-geyer from the cloud

To earth. Perhaps do greater feats—Perhaps

Make man its quarry, when he dares to tread

Upon his fellow men! That little arm,

His mother's palm can span, may help anon

To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,

And from their chains a prostrate people lift

To liberty! I'd be content to die,

Living to see that day!—What, Albert?

Alb. Ah!—

My father! [*Running to TELL, who embraces him.*]

Emma. [*Returning.*] William!—Welcome, welcome, William!

I did not look for you till noon, and thought

How long 'twould be ere noon would come. You're come—

How soon 'twill now be here and gone! O William!

When you are absent from me, I count time

By minutes; which, when you are here, flies by

In hours, that are not noted till they are out!

Now this is happiness! Joy's doubly joy

That comes before the time—It is a debt,

Paid ere 'tis due, which fills the owner's heart

With gratitude, and yet 'tis but his own!

And are you well? And has the chase proved good?

How has it fared with you? Come in; I'm sure

You want refreshment, William.

Tell. No; I shared
A herdsman's meal, upon whose lonely chalet
I chanced to light. I've had bad sport! My track
Lay with the wind, which to the startlish game
Betray'd me still. One only prize; and that
I gave mine humble host. You raise the bow
Too fast. [*To ALBERT, who has returned to his practice.*]
Bring't slowly to the eye— [ALBERT shoots.]
You've miss'd.

How often have you hit the mark to-day?
Alb. Not once yet.

Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You waver'd now. Stand firm!—Let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. [ALBERT shoots.] That's better!

Emma. William! William!—O!
To be the parents of a boy like that!—
Why speak you not—and wherefore do you sigh?
What's in your heart to keep the transport out
That fills up mine, when looking on our child,
Till it o'erflows mine eye? [ALBERT shoots.]

Tell. You've miss'd again!
Dost see the mark? Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there!

Emma. Why, William, don't
You answer me? [ALBERT shoots.]

Tell. Again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said the other day,
Were you a man, you'd not let Gesler live—
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler! Now for liberty;
Right to the tyrant's heart! [ALBERT shoots.] Well done,
my boy!

Come here!—Now, Emma, I will answer you!
Do I not love you? Do I not love our child?
Is not that cottage dear to me where I
Was born? How many acres would I give
That little vineyard for, which I have watch'd
And tended since I was a child? Those crags
And peaks—what spirèd city would I take
To live in, in exchange for them?—Yet what

Are these to me? What is this boy to me?
What art thou, Emma, to me—when a breath
Of Gesler's can take all!

Emma. O, William, think
How little is that all to him—too little
For Gesler, sure, to take. Bethink thee, William,
We have no treasure.

Tell. Have we not? Have we
No treasure? How! No treasure? What!
Have we not liberty?—That precious ore,
That pearl, that gem, the tyrant covets most;
Yet can't enjoy himself—for which he drains
His coffers of their coin—his land of blood;
Goes without sleep—pines himself sallow-pale!—
Yea, makes a pawn of his own soul—lacks ease—
Frets till the bile gnaws appetite away—
Forgets both heaven and hell, only to strip
The wearer of it! Emma, we have that,
And that's enough for Gesler!

Emma. Then, indeed,
My William, we have much to fear!

Tell. We have!
And best it is to know how much. Then, Emma,
Make up thy mind, wife! Make it up! Remember
What wives and mothers on these very hills
Once breathed the air you breathe. Helvetia
Hath chronicles, the masters of the world,
As they were call'd—the Romans—kept for her!
And in those chronicles I've heard 'tis writ—
And praise set down by foes must needs be true—
'Tis writ, I say, that when the Rhetians—
They were the early tenants of those hills—
Withstood the lust of Roman tyranny,
With Claudius Drusus, and a certain Nero,
Sons-in-law of Octavius Cæsar, at
Its head—the Rhetian women—when the men
By numbers overmatch'd at last gave way—
Seeing that liberty was gone, threw life
And nature, too, as worthless, after it;
Rush'd through the gaping ranks of them that fled,
And on the dripping weapons of the red
Resistless van impaled themselves and children!

Emma. O, William!

Tell. Emma, let the boy alone!
Don't clasp him so—'Twill soften him! Go, sir!
See if the valley sends us visitors
To-day. Some friend perchance, may need thy guidance.

Away! [ALBERT goes out.] He's better from thee, Emma!
The time

Is come, a mother on her breast should fold
Her arms, as they had done with such endearments,
And bid her children go from her to hun:
For danger—which will presently hunt them—
The less to heed it!

Emma. William, you are right.
The task you set me I will try to do.
I would not live myself to be a slave—
I would not live to be the dam of one!
No! woman as I am, I would not, William!
Then choose my course for me. Whate'er it is,
I will say, ay, and do it, too—Suppose
To dress my little stripling for the war,
And take him by the hand, and lead him to't!
Yes, I would do it at thy bidding, William,
Without a tear—I say that I would do it—
Though now I only talk of doing it,
I can't help shedding one!

[Weeps.]

Tell. Did I not choose thee
From out the fairest of the maids of Uri,
Less that in beauty thou didst them surpass,
Than that thy soul that beauty overmatch'd?
Why rises on thy matron cheek that blush,
Mantling it fresh as in thy virgin morn,
But that I did so? Do I wonder, then,
To find thee equal to the task of virtue,
Although a hard one? No, I wonder not!
Why should I, Emma, make thy heart acquainted
With ills I could shut out from it—rude guests
For such a home! Here only we have had
Two hearts; in all things else—in love, in faith,
In hope, and joy, that never had but one!
But henceforth we must have but one here also.

Emma. O, William, you have wrong'd me—
wrong'd me!

When ever yet was happiness the test
Of love in man or woman? Who'd not hold
To that which must advantage him? Who'd not
Keep promise to a feast, or mind his pledge
To share a rich man's purse? There's not a churl,
However base, but might be thus approved
Of most unswerving constancy. But that
Which loosens churls, ties friends! or changes them
Only to stick the faster. William! William!
That man knew never yet the love of woman,
Who never had an ill to share with her!

Tell. Not even to know that, would I in so
Ungentle partnership engage thee, Emma,
If will could help it; but necessity,
The master yet of will, how strong soe'er,
Compels me, prove thee. When I wedded thee,
The land was free! O! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless Him that it was so! It was free!—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!
You know the jutting cliff round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat, along;
And while gust follow'd gust, more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there—the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

TAXES

LORD BROUGHAM.

PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—Taxes—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes

upon the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, we must pay taxes.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

THE KETTLE ON THE HOB.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THEY may talk as they will about singing,
 Their harps and their lutes and what not,
 Their fiddles are not worth the stringing
 Compared to the music I've got;
 It sings every morning to cheer me,
 My pockets it never can rob,
 I'm happy each morn when it's near me,
 'Tis my kettle that sings on the hob.
 At eve, when from labour returning,
 I list to its musical throb,
 Worth all your fal lals and fine learning,
 Is—my kettle that sings on the hob.

With home-faces smiling around me,
 And children and wife at the board,
 No music such joy ever found me
 As that its sweet song doth afford;
 I love every inch of its metal,
 From the tip of the spout to the knob,
 "Lead a temperate life," sings the kettle,
 The kettle that sings on the hob.

Sometimes an old friend shares my table,
 Though never on dainties I dine,
 I treat him as well as I'm able,
 Tho' I boast of no cellar of wine;
 'Tis friendship gives zest to the liquor,
 Though we but in tea hob-a-nob,
 And to make it the hotter and quicker
 There's the kettle that sings on the hob.

Yet with lessons far deeper and higher
 The song of the kettle may teem,
 'Twas the kettle that sung on the fire
 That first proved the power of steam;
 What great things from small may be springing
 Is proved by the engine's deep sob,
 And yet, after all, the beginning
 Was the kettle that sings on the hob.
 And so, to the kettle returning,
 I list to its musical throb,
 And find there's a lesson worth learning
 In my kettle that sings on the hob.

THE CAPTAIN'S CHILD.

Mrs. LEESON.

A GOOD thing is it to obey
 Whom God hath set to rule;
 And happy are our children trained
 Betimes in duty's school.

Of such an one, to you, my friends,
 A story I will tell;
 A truthful and a touching tale,—
 I pray ye, mark it well.

There was a child whose early home
 Was on the rolling deep;
 The waters sung his lullaby,
 And rock'd him to his sleep.

He was the Captain's only child,
 And when his mother died
 He would not to her kindred send
 The prattler from his side.

Popular Recitations.

And so the little boy grew up,
A dweller on the sea;
For feats of horsemanship, he learn'd
To climb the tall mast tree.

The song of birds at early morn
It was not his to hear;
But the ocean breeze, that swept the trees,
Was music in his ear.

Yet was the ship a rugged school
For one so fair and young;
And harshly in his hearing oft
His father's accents rung.

For dearly as he loved the boy,
That love was never shown
In fond endearment, but in care
Of Discipline alone.

Yet Harry was a merry boy,
Brimful of fearless fun,
And blithely with a shipboy's skill
Could up the rigging run.

Oh, but the sailors loved him well;
The sunshine of his smile,
With memories of their childish days,
Could home-sick hearts beguile.

All household loves on him were shower'd,
As in their sight he grew;
And so the Captain's child became
The darling of the crew.

Now of a monkey I must tell,
A droll and knavish elf,
The sailors' pet, and Harry's plague,
A mimic of himself.

A grinning, chattering plague it was,
And mischievous full oft,—
He clutch'd his cap from Harry's head,
And darted up aloft.

Up in the rigging with his prize,
The thievish creature flew,
Now here, now there, it dodged about,
And Harry followed too.

The Captain's Child.

"Hollo! hollo!" the boy exclaim'd,
"Such manners suit not me,
Come, Master Jacko, I must teach
Civility to thee."

At first it was a merry chase,
And blithely all look'd on;
But many a weather-beaten face
Paled ere the cap was won.

The eager boy, without a thought
Of danger or of dread,
Had reach'd at length the topmost pole
Where scarce was room to tread.

Where none could turn, and none could bend,
He stood in dizzy trance,
Beyond the reach of others' help,
Nor dared the downward glance.

Breathless with fear, the crew look'd up,
None spoke and no one stirr'd,
Not even when the Captain's tread
Upon the deck was heard.

"What is the matter now, my men!
Why stand ye moonstruck here?"
None answer'd him—one look above
Reveal'd the speechless fear.

Pale with his agony the boy
Is trembling, ere he fall
Upon the deck with murderous crash—
The Captain saw it all.

But not a nerve or muscle yet
With quivering anguish shook,—
"Bring me my fowling-piece," he said,
And steadfast aim he took.

Then stern, and loud, and trumpet-clear
He cried, "Attend to me!
This moment, sir, I fire, unless
You jump into the sea."

A life-long agony compress'd,
Throbs in the breast of all!
Not on the deck, not on the deck,
Resounds the dreadful fall!

Popular Recitations.

Off at his father's word he sprang,
Far in the yielding wave,
And many a sailor overboard
Dash'd after him, to save.

Safe! safe! how quickly on the deck
The rescued boy they bear,—
Then fail'd at once the father's heart.
He might not linger there.

No, ere his trembling arms enfold
The child to hope restored,
Lock'd in his cabin, all alone,
His wordless thanks are pour'd.

Too deeply stirr'd his being's tide,
Another's eye to brook,
While shuddering sobs so long suppress'd,
His frame with tremblings shook.

Calm in the might of prayer, at length
He bade them bring his boy,
And clasp'd him to his yearning heart
With all a father's joy.

I tell not of the interview,
Which none beside might share;
The loves of father and of son,
What language can declare?

Yet from my story, you, my friends,
May of obedience learn,
And how the truest love may wear
An aspect strange and stern.

THE IDIOT BOY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NATURE had formed poor hapless Ned
A thing of idiot mind;
Yet to the poor unreasoning boy
She was not quite unkind;

For Sarah loved her hapless child,
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was happiness to him,
Who had no hope nor fear.

The Idiot Boy.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half articulate call;
And he was ev'rything to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they dwelt,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,
And call'd her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead—the sound
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
And he stood wond'ring by;
And when they bore her to the grave,
He follow'd silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
They sung the funeral stave;
But when the funeral train dispersed,
He loiter'd near the grave.

The rabble boys who used to jeer,
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watch'd him at the grave,
And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,
Till night at last came on;
And still he loiter'd by the grave,
Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,
He quick removed the clay;
And raised the coffin up in haste,
And bore it swift away.

And when he reach'd his hut he laid
The coffin on the floor;
And with the eagerness of joy,
He barr'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse
And placed it on a chair;
And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew
The kindling fire with care.

He placed his mother in her chair,
And in her wonted place;
And blew the kindling fire, that shone
Reflected on her face.

And pausing, now her hand would feet,
And now her face behold;
"Why, mother, do you look so pale,
And why are you so cold?"

It hath pleased God, from the poor wretch
His only friend to call;
But God was kind to him, and soon
In death restored them all.

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN I was a schoolboy, more than fifty years ago, I remember to have read a story which may have been a fiction, but which was very naturally told, and made a deep impression upon me then. I will endeavour to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room, where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch perhaps of melancholy; and he wore a grey surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice, or a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the cherry-stone, and a

scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of the customer, somewhat elevated as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had partaken of, capsized their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness, which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return. While the stranger unclosed his surtout, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honour, and, in the dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot—the young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire—he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and, as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to

the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi*, and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodging by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels once more presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead."

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

WILLIAM COWPER.

[The celebrated English poet; most of his writings are religious and didactic. Born 1731; died 1800.]

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel reel,
And laid her on her side.

Rob Roy's Defence.

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A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen;
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er:
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

ROB ROY'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF TO MR. OSBALDSTONE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Author of the Waverley Novels, previous to writing which he obtained a great reputation as a poet—styled, for his literary powers, the "Great Wizard of the North." Born 1771; died 1832.]

You speak like a boy—like a boy, who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a

price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of a hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult; the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?

And they *shall* find that the name they have dared to proscribe—that the name of MacGregor is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonoured and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grovelling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon. But why do I speak of all this?—only ye may opine it frets my patience to be hunted like an otter, or a seal, as a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbours; and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that good gift, as you may have heard.—But one thing bides me of what Nicoll said. I'm vexed when I think of Robert and Hamish living their father's life.—But let us say no more of this. * * *

You must think hardly of us, and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked:—we are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be, a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people.—The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people; and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view their bloody edicts against us—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honourable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies?—Here I stand—have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood!—and yet they would betray me and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill-will at me.

You are a kind hearted and an honourable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour. But the heather that I have trod upon when living must bloom over me when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen—what would become of her, were I to leave her, the subject of new insult and atrocity?—or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remem-

brance of her wrong is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and removed myself, and my people, and my family, from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into MacCullummore's country,—and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as MacRimmon himself could have framed it; and so piteously sad and woesome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her;—it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bore him—and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again, no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by MacGregor.

BOB HOBSON'S ADVICE TIV HIS SON.

A RECITASHUN.

BOB HOBSON sat before the fire,
An' puff'd his baccy smoke,
A pictor ov a gud aud sire,
That can give or tyek a joke;
He puff'd away, luck'd wisely roond,
Wink'd slyly at young Dan,
Then like a mortal wisdom croon'd,
Thus tiv his son began:—

Maw canny lad, ye've noo arrived
At a wild unsartain age,
So wi' me tung aw've just contrived
A lesson worth a sage:—
Luck forward to the sunny side,
The dark side scarcely scan,
An' nivor deal with dirty pride,
If you want to be a man.

Tyek a' advice that ye can get,
Turn not yor heed away,
Or let foaks put ye i' the pet,
W' onything they say,
For informashun myeks us wise,
An' shows which way to steer;
Be careful,—if ye want to rise,
Be canny wi' the beer.

Keep close yor mooth!—watch weel yor words,
Afore you let them oot,
For thowless speeches myek discords,
An' put foaks sair about;