

Keep passion always frae yor door,
Send selfish thowts away,
An' nivor let foaks chawk a score
Ye think ye cannot pay!

Let honesty yor motto be,
Mark weel these words, aw say,
For if thor worth ye dinnet see
Ye'll mebbies rue the day;
Save up, te thrive, mind weel yor pense,
Put not yor claes i' pawn,
But keep them oot, yorsel to mense,
Thor's nyen fits like yor awn!

Dinnet tell lees, sic ackshuns scorn,
Unworthy ov a man,
Let truth as pure as ye war born,
For ivor be yor plan;
Stick close te frinds that ye've fund true,
Strite-forward, kind, an' free;
De nowt te myek yor consuns rue,
An' a "Happy Man" ye'll be!

THE SHADOWLESS MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

PETER SCHLEMIHL was a German scholar; I need, therefore, scarcely say that Peter Schlemihl was a poor man.

Peter Schlemihl had a letter of introduction to Herr Thomas John, the great Thomas John, the richest man in—but never mind where.

Peter presented his letter to Thomas John, who received him well—as a rich man receives a poor devil—even turned towards him, though without turning from the rest of the company by whom he was surrounded in his extensive and delightful park.

"There," said the rich man, pointing with the letter to a hill, "there I am going to erect the new building. He that is not master of a million is—pardon me the word—a wretch!"

"O, how true!" exclaimed the poor scholar. The moment he had uttered the words his attention was attracted by a quiet, thin, lanky, longish, oldish man, in a shabby grey coat, who looked much like an end of thread that had escaped out of a tailor's needle.

The Shadowless Man.

Herr Thomas John and his wealthy company took very little notice of Peter Schlemihl; he hung behind them, and in a little while found himself in a retired part of the park, side by side with the singular grey man.

They both started, the grey man seemed embarrassed, and bowed repeatedly with much humility, but at length, in a soft, tremulous voice, he said—"During the short time I have had the happiness to find myself near you, I have, sir, many times—allow me to say it to you—really contemplated with inexpressible admiration the beautiful, beautiful shadow, which, as it were, with a certain noble disdain, and without yourself remarking it, you cast from you in the sunshine. Pardon me the bold supposition, but possibly you might not be indisposed to make this shadow over to me?"

"Ha! ha! good friend," replied Peter, "have you not then enough of your own shadow? I take this for a business of a very singular sort—"

"Honoured sir," interrupted the grey man, "will you do me the favour to view, and to make trial of this purse?" He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse of stout Corduan leather, and handed it to the student.

Peter plunged his hand into it, and drew out ten gold pieces, and again ten, and again ten, and again ten.

"Agreed!" he cried, eagerly, "the business is done; for the purse you have my shadow!"

The thin strange-looking grey man knelt down, and with admirable dexterity gently loosened the shadow from top to toe from the grass, lifted it up, rolled it up together, and finally put it in his pocket.

He then made towards the thickest part of the park, softly laughing to himself, and soon disappeared amongst the trees.

Peter Schlemihl was a rich man, but he had no shadow! What of that? you will say. Be patient, and you shall hear.

He left the park, and took the road to the city. An old woman called after him—"Do take care, sir, you have lost your shadow!"

"Thank you, good mother," said Peter, and throwing her a piece of gold, he stepped under the trees.

At the city gate the sentinel exclaimed, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" and immediately after some woman called aloud, "Good heaven! the poor fellow has no shadow!" A mob of boys coming out of school, discovering his deficiency, followed at his heels, and began to pelt him with stones and mud; in short, the difficulties which Peter Schlemihl encountered from having lost his shadow, in a short time made him weary of his life.

He loved—the beautiful Mina, who in return loved him as women sometimes love, offering herself up, self-forgetting, living wholly and solely for him who was her life, regardless if she herself perished: that is—she really loved.

Her parents were delighted that the rich stranger, whom they conceived at least to be a prince in disguise, should have proposed or their daughter, and immediately consented.

But the terrible secret oozed out: Mina and her parents discovered that Peter was shadowless, and their manner was changed towards him. "Confess to me, sir," said the father, passionately, "confess to me, how you became deprived of your shadow!"

Peter did not know what to say; so he did what many other people do in a similar position, he told an untruth, and replied—"A rude fellow one day trod so heavily on my shadow that he rent a great hole in it; I have sent it to be mended, for money can do much, and I was to have received it back yesterday."

"Very good, sir," replied the father; "I give you three days in which you may see after a shadow; if you then appear before me with a good, well-fitting shadow, you shall be welcome; but on the fourth day my daughter will become the wife of another."

Peter Schlemihl wandered forth in despair, wrapped in deep reverie; at length he raised his eyes, and they rested on the old grey man, whom he had not been able to find until that moment.

"Restore me my shadow!" said he, vehemently.

"Certainly," said the grey man. "Be so good as to put your name to this parchment, and your shadow shall return to you."

On the parchment were these words—*By virtue of this my signature I make over my soul to the holder of this, after its natural separation from the body!*

"Who are you, then?" said Peter Schlemihl.

"Is not that plain enough to be seen in me?" replied the grey man. "A poor devil, a sort of learned man and doctor, who in return for precious arts, receives from his friends poor thanks; and for himself, has no amusement on earth but to make his little experiments—but, however, to the right there—**PETER SCHLEMIHL.**"

"Never!" replied the student, shuddering; and flinging the magic purse into a swift-flowing river which rolled past them, he continued, "I abjure thee, horrible one! take thyself hence, and never again show thyself in my sight!"

The grey old man arose gloomily, and with a look of fearful malignity, plunged into the river after his purse, and sank instantly; the waters rolled over him, and Peter Schlemihl never saw him again.

Peter was now a poor man; he had lost his loved Mina, and he had lost his shadow; but as he slowly recovered his peace of mind, he found he had gained a valuable lesson which he has since many times repeated. He, who in levity, only sets his foot out of the right road, is unawares conducted into other paths, which draw him downwards and ever downwards; he then sees in vain the guidi-

stars glitter in heaven; there remains to him no choice—he must descend unpausingly the declivity!

Peter Schlemihl had stood upon the brink of the descent: but casting a longing look towards truth, he felt, with a grateful heart, that he was still saved.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY AND DEFENCE.

LORD LYTTON.

PAULINE, by pride

Angels have fallen e'er thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,
Vain, frantic—guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee, I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee, I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend

Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy,—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some, mad—I heeded not;
But still toil'd on—hopped on,—for it was sweet
If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee!

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns—even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That long'd to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yes, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turn'd to wrath,
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempers found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned, and stung thee!

THE MANIAC.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

[Known as "Monk Lewis," from his novel of "The Monk,"
born 1773; died 1818.]

STAY, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe;
She is not mad who kneels to thee:
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be,
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

My grant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! woe, haste that fate to tell!

The Maniac.

Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I kneel in vain;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'Tis gone! and all its gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth, no light—
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain;
What! I, the child of rank and wealth,
Am I the wretch who chanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings' fief,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone;
None ever bore a fonder child!
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help! help!—he's gone!—oh! fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sighs to see!
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for lo! you—while I speak—
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air.
 Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad.
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends:—I feel the truth;
 Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

THE STARLING; OR, LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

LAURENCE STERN.

AND as for the Bastille, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience; albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked downstairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its powers which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.

'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastille is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they

approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out!" said the starling.

God help thee! said I; but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember any incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille, and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron: with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by the table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of a confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it but did distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his

lattice: his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the darkest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

I started up from my chair, and calling *La Fleur*, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

"I'll go directly," said I, "myself to Monsieur the Duc de Choiseul."

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing that he should see anything upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heartache, I told him I would go to bed by myself; and bid him go do the same.

HOME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,

While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
Where the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasures shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears:
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern shelter, and his cottage-home.
O'er China's garden-fields, and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer gone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamp of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink;
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains, and dishonoured vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beautiful isle of liberty;
—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying cli—

Popular Recitations.

Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[An illustrious American author. Born 1783; died 1859.]

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal;—who would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection: when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there

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it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last, fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give us more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition!—If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret: but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

SAMUEL FERGUSSON, Q.C., M.R.I.A.

COME, see the *Dolphin's* Anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;
The billows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's
brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves
below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throes;

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the high sun shines not so!
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
 Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
 As quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
 Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—
 "Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out:" bang, bang, the
 sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
 The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
 Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
 The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
 From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,
 But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky high,
 Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"
 Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
 But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
 The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;
 Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
 For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's
 cheer;

When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
 A shapely one he is and strong as e'er from cat was cast.
 A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
 O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
 The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
 To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging
 tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
 And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
 He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles;
 Fill snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
 Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far-astonished shoals
 Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove,
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
 To find the long-haired mermaids; or, hard by icy lands,
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
 The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line:
 And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play;
 But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave,
 A fisher's joy is to destroy,—thine office is to save.

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round
 thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
 Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

(By kind permission of the Author.)

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

REV. JOHN HOME.

[Author of "Douglas," a Tragedy. Born 1724; died 1808.]

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home:
 Ere I had heard of battles, and I longed

Popular Recitations.

To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And heaven soon granted what my sire denied,
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when by her light
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherd's fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took; then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought—and conquered! Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my ways—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men);
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Body. 161

And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he thrice refused. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius might,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue. . . .
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave? . . .
 'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel?
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel,
 The dint* of pity: these are gracious drops:
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors. . . .
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator as Brutus is;
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

* Impression.

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. . . .
 Yet, hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak. . . .
 Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
 Alas! you know not—I must tell you then:—
 You have forgot the will I told you of.
 Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,—
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
 Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

MARINO FALIERO'S IMPRECATION ON VENICE.

LORD BYRON.

[The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero to destroy at one blow all the Senate and Nobility of Venice, is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of history. It occurred in the year 1355. Lord Byron remarks that "everything about Venice is, or was, extraordinary; her aspect is like a dream, and her history is like a romance."

Marino Faliero was insulted by Michael Steno, a young noble, who wrote upon the ducal chair some ribald sentence referring to the disparity of age between the Doge and his young and beautiful wife; the Doge demanded the punishment of Steno, and the Senate decided that he should be detained for one month in arrest. This light sentence so irritated the impetuous Doge, that he entered into a league with a band of conspirators to revenge himself on the Senate who protected his slanderer. The conspiracy was discovered, and the Doge condemned; and while standing on the summit of the "Giant's Staircase," the executioner beside him, and the council and patricians present to witness his death, he utters the following fierce imprecation on his ungrateful country. We need scarcely add that this speech was not absolutely delivered, but is the composition of Lord Byron.]

I SPEAK to Time and to Eternity,
 Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
 Ye elements! in which to be resolved
 I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
 Upon you. Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
 Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
 And filled my swelling sails as they were wafted
 To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
 Which I have bled for! And thou foreign earth,
 Which drank this willing blood from many a wound,
 Ye stones! in which my gore will not sink, but
 Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies! which will receive it!
 Thou sun! which shinest on these things; and Thou!
 Who kindest and who quenchest suns!—Attest!
 I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
 I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
 Float up from the abyss of time to be,
 And show these eyes, before they close—the doom
 Of this proud city; and I leave my curse
 On her and hers for ever! Yes, the hours
 Are silently engendering of the day,
 When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
 Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield,
 Unto a bastard Attila, without
 Shedding so much blood in her last defence,
 As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
 Shall pour in sacrifice—She shall be bought
 And sold, and be an appendage to those
 Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
 A province for an empire, petty town
 In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
 Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
 Then when the Hebrew 's in thy palaces,
 The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
 Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his;
 When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
 In narrow streets, and, in their shameful need,
 Make their nobility a plea for pity;
 Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
 Of their great fathers' heritage, shall fawn
 Round a barbarian Vice of King's Vice-gerent,
 Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
 Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,
 Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
 From an adultery boastful of her guilt,
 Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
 To the third spurious generation;—when
 Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being—

Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquished by the victors,
 Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
 And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
 As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
 Defy all codes to image or to name them;
 Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
 All thy inheritance shall be her shame
 Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
 A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—
 When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling thee
 Vice without splendour, sin without relief
 Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
 But in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude,
 Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,
 Depraving nature's frailty to an art;—
 When these and more are heavy on thee, when
 Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
 Youth without honour, age without respect,
 Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
 'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
 Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts;—
 Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
 Amidst thy many murders, think of mine!
 Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
 Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
 Thus I devote thee to the infernal Gods!—
 Thee and thy serpent seed!

[Turns and addresses the Executioner.

Slave, do thine office!
 Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
 Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
 Strike—and but once!

PERORATION OF A SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF
 MR. DUFFY: FEBRUARY 2, 1844.

MR. WHITESIDE.

I WOULD say that the true object of this unprecedented prosecution was to stifle the discussion of a great public question. Reviewed in this light, all other considerations sink into insignificance? its importance becomes vast indeed. A Nation's Rights are involved in the issue—a Nation's Liberties are at stake! What won, what preserves, the precious privileges you possess? THE EXERCISE OF THE RIGHT OF POLITICAL DISCUSSION—FREE, UNTRAMMELLED, BOLD! The laws which wisdom framed—the institutions struck

out by patriotism, learning, or genius—can they preserve the springs of freedom fresh and pure? No! destroy the right of free discussion, and you dry up the sources of freedom. By the same means by which your liberties were won, they can be increased or defended. Quarrel not with the partial evils free discussion creates, nor seek to contract the enjoyment of that great privilege within the narrow limits timid men prescribe. With the passing mischiefs of its extravagance contrast the prodigious blessings it has heaped on man. Free discussion aroused the human mind from the torpor of ages taught it to think, and shook the thrones of ignorance and darkness. Free discussion gave to Europe the Reformation, which have been taught to believe the mightiest event in the history of the human race; illuminated the world with the radiant light of spiritual truth: may it shine with steady and increasing splendour. Would you undo the labours of science, extinguish literature, stop the efforts of genius, restore ignorance, bigotry, barbarism? then put down free discussion, and you have accomplished all. Savage conquerors, in the blindness of their ignorance, have scattered and destroyed the intellectual treasures of a great antiquity. Those who make war on the sacred rights of free discussion, without their ignorance, imitate their fury; they may check the expression of some thought which might, if uttered, redeem the liberties or increase the happiness of men.

The insidious assailants of this great prerogative of intellectual beings, by the cover under which they advance, conceal the character of their assault upon the liberties of the human race. They seem to admit the liberty to discuss, blame only its extravagance, pronounce hollow praises on the value of the freedom of speech, and straightway begin a prosecution to cripple and destroy. The open despot avows his object is to oppress or to enslave; resistance is certain to encounter his tyranny, and perhaps subvert it. Not so the artful assailant of a nation's rights: he declares friendship while he wages war, and professes affection for the thing he hates. State prosecutions, if you believe them, are ever the fastest friends of freedom: they tell you peace is disturbed, order broken, by the excesses of turbulent and seditious demagogues. No doubt there might be a seeming peace, a deathlike stillness, by repressing the feelings and passions of men—so in the fairest portion of Europe this day there is peace, order, and submission under despotic governments, ecclesiastical and civil. That peace springs from terror, that submission from ignorance, that silence from despair! Compare the stillness of despotism with the healthful animation, the natural warmth, the bold language, the proud bearing, which springs from freedom and the consciousness of its possession. Which will you prefer? Insult not the dignity of mankind by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism; there may be degrees in its severity and so degrees in the sufferings of its victims. Terrible are dangers which lurk beneath the calm surface of despotic power; the move-

ments of the oppressed will at all times disturb their tyrant's tranquillity, and warn him their day of vengeance or of triumph may be nigh. Why do you love, why do other nations honour, England? Are you, are they, dazzled by her naval or military glories, the splendour of her literature, her sublime discoveries in science, her boundless wealth, her almost incredible labours in every work of art and skill? No! You love, you cling to England because she has been for ages past the seat of free discussion, and therefore, the home of rational freedom, and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world. Emulate this day the great virtues of Englishmen—their love of fairness, their immovable independence, and the sense of justice rooted in their nature: these are the virtues which qualify jurors to decide the rights of their fellow-men: deserted by these, of what avail is the tribunal of a jury? 'Tis worthless as the living body when the human soul has fled. Believe me, you will not secure the true interests of England by leaning too severely on your countrymen; they say to their English brethren,—we have been by your side whenever danger was to be faced or honour won; the scorching sun of the East, and the pestilence of the West, we have endured, to spread your commerce, to extend your empire, to uphold your glory; the bones of our countrymen have whitened the fields of Portugal, of Spain, of France; fighting your battles they fell, in a nobler cause they could not; we have helped to gather you imperishable laurels, we have helped to win you immortal triumphs. Now, in the time of peace, we ask you to restore that Parliament planted here with your laws and language, uprooted in a dismal period of our history—in the moment of our terror, our divisions, our weakness, it may be, our crime. Re-establish the Commons on the broad foundation of the People's choice; replace the Peerage, the Corinthian pillars of the capital, secured and adorned by the strength and splendour of the Crown, and let the monarch of England, as in ages past, rule a brilliant and united Empire in solidity, magnificence, and power.

When the privileges of the English Parliament were invaded, that people struck down the ministry, took the field, and dragged their Sovereign to the block. We shall not imitate the English precedent while we struggle for a Parliament. Its surest bulwark, that Institution which you prize so highly, was ours for six hundred years: restore the blessing, and we shall be content. This prosecution is not necessary for the maintenance of the authority and prerogative of the Crown: our gracious Sovereign needs not state prosecutions to secure her prerogatives or preserve her power; she has the unbought loyalty of a chivalrous and gallant people. The arm of authority she needs not to raise. The glory of her gentle reign will be—she will have ruled not by the sword, but by the affections; that the true source of her power has been, not in the terrors of the law, but in the hearts of her people.

Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I have wished; but if, as you may think,

deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments omitted, which may be well suggested by your manly understanding and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, yet inclining to liberty—dictated by truth, yet leaning to the side of the accused men, struggling against the weight, power, and influence of the Crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still; a verdict undesired by a party, but to be applauded by the impartial monitor within your breasts—becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen and the intrepid guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people.

THE FIRST SHOES.

W. C. BENNETT.

[A popular and prolific poet, author of "Baby May," &c. Born 1820; living.]

WIFE, keep those shoes with the shape of his feet in them,
Restless, small feet that we'd never have still,
Through all your years to come, visions how sweet in them,
Dreamings, how priceless, your fancy will fill:
Treasure them: some dreams are more than all pleasures
Life's ever giving our hearts to enjoy;
Few things that ever you'll prize, wife, as treasures,
So dear will be as these shoes of our boy.

Worn is each little sole; blessed was the wearing,
Smoothing them so, at which glad tears you wept,
Those wavering weak steps that caused you such caring,
Those tiny steps that our baby first step;
Wife, to our hearts, what a joy beyond telling
Were those dear totterings, half boldness, half fear,
All the joy then that our proud hearts was swelling,
Whene'er we see them, with us will be here.

Bolder those small shoes were ere he outgrew them;
Firm was the foot-tread at last that they knew,
When mother's eyes to her stooping kiss drew them,
With that rapt gaze that still looked him to you:
Seeing them, ah! in the garden I've found him,
Busy and bustling as ant or as bee;
Glad as the butterfly flitting around him,
Babbles my baby again up to me.

Treasure them, brood o'er them—oh, how dear to you,
Will those small memories in after-years prove,
Should it be God's will those eyes that so knew you,
You in this life below no more can love.
Then shall the sight of these be a spell raising
Up to your gaze again, dim through your tears,
That little lost form to gladden your gazing,
Bidding that small tongue again bless your ears.

Ah! if in years to come—oh! God forbid it—
We must with trembling and tears tell his name,
Fear his grown face, and half wish God had hid it
Cold in the coffin before it knew shame,
These shall be balm to the sorrows that wring you,
Over these, tears, not all sad, you shall rain,
These his dear baby-face sinless shall bring you,
That you may love him all spotless again.

Far be such thoughts from us; none such we're fearing,
Ever, dear, for him, our darling, our joy;
God will his mother's prayers always be hearing,
Hearing his father's prayers, prayed for our boy.
But, oh, dear wife of mine, these shoes, we'll keep them;
Grown-up, he'll laugh at what he used to use;
Tears but of pride and joy only shall steep them,
When, a man, with us he sees his first shoes.

(By permission of the Author.)

SPEECH ON THE REFORM BILL.

LORD BROUGHAM.

WE stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the bill through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever; their affections are estranged; we, and our order, and its privileges, are the objects of the people's hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said that the bill is rejected by all the aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people; the ministers, too, are for it; but the aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this silly, thoughtless assertion. What! my lords, the aristocracy set themselves in a mass against the people;—they who

sprang from the people—are inseparably connected with the people—are supported by the people—are the natural chiefs of the people? They set themselves against the people, for whom peers are ennobled, bishops consecrated, kings anointed,—the people, to serve whom, Parliament itself has an existence, and the monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour? This assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured. As a member of this House, I deny it with indignation—I repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet there are those who, even within these walls, speak of the bill augmenting so much the strength of the democracy as to endanger the other orders of the state; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions; and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the state; I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the state, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated situation of representative of Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to gratify any man's ambition, and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?

But the populace only, the rabble, the ignoble vulgar, are for the bill? Then what is the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England? What the Duke of Devonshire? What the Duke of Bedford? I am aware it is irregular in any noble lord that is a friend to the measure; its adversaries are patiently suffered to call Peers even by their christian and surnames. Then I shall be as regular as they were, and ask, does my friend John Russell, my friend William Cavendish, my friend Harry Vane, belong to the mob or the aristocracy? Have they no possessions? Are they modern names? Are they wanting in Norman blood, or whatever else you pride yourselves on? The idea is too ludicrous to be seriously refuted;—that the bill is only a favourite with the democracy, is a delusion so wild as to point a man's destiny towards St. Luke's. Yet many, both here and elsewhere, by dint of constantly repeating the same cry, or hearing it repeated, have almost made themselves believe that none of the nobility are for the measure.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be; for its ultimate and even speedy success is certain. Nothing now can stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles that surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sybil; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable;—to restore the franchise which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms—her moderate terms; she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands—in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands—it is Parliament by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third visit; for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may be even the mace which rests upon that woolsack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you more expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminently above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are! Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people—alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution. Therefore