I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—Reject not this bill!

THE SWISS BALLAD OF RENAUD.*

[Translated from the Romande, by James Henry Dixon, Esq., and extracted from "Notes and Queries," of September 19th, 1863, by permission of the author.]

RENAUD comes from the field of fight,
A careworn, sad, and a weary wight.

His manly breast is crimson dyed—
A hand is pressed to his wounded side.

From latticed chamber high and dim,
A mother rushed to welcome him.

"Welcome!" she cried, "this day of joy;
Thy ladye fair hath borne a boy."

"See ye not my pallid brow,
And the life-blood flowing now?

"The joy in the castle is not for me;
My boy and his mother I may not see.

"Mother! go make me a bed to-night;
Let the coverlet and sheets be white.

"But spread my couch in a distant tower;
I must be far from my ladye's bower.

"She must not know, while in child-bed lain,
Her lord returns from the battle-plain."

At the time of deep midnight
Poor Renaud rendered up his sprite.

The serving-men surround the bed,
And vassals weep o'er the warrior dead.

* * * * *

* Renaud must be pronounced *Reno*. For the original of this interesting ballad, and for the translator's notes and illustrations, the reader is referred to the work in which it originally appeared.

"Mother! wherefore do ye sigh,
And your handmaids standing by?"

"Our fair white steed lies dead in stall—
He was the bravest barb of all!"

"Mother! methinks the night-winds bring
Sounds of a distant hammering?"

"My child! the carpenter repairs
A plank upon the gallery stairs."

"Mother! I hear a solemn strain—
It swells—it falls—it comes again."

"A procession moves along,
And chanters raise the holy song."

"Mother! I fain would quit my room,
I'm sick at heart of the castle's gloom."

"You are too feeble to quit your bed;
You must wait till a week hath fled."

"When I go out, O mother dear!
What are the robes that I shall wear?"

"The white and the red you must not put on;
But the black and the violet ye may don."

* * * * *

As she rode upon the way
They met three friars in garb of grey.

"The ladye is gay, and fair, and young;
It was for her lord that the mass was sung."

"Mother! what did the friars say
As they pass'd along the way?"

"My child! the monks, as is their wont,
Wile the time with a low romaunt."

* * * * *

In the chapel's vaulted aisle,
They sat them down to rest awhile.

Three sculptors 'mid the solemn gloom
Were working at a marble tomb.

"Mother! that tomb is wondrous fair,
What brave knight is buried there?"

"The tomb is fair, and it should be so;
It is that of my son Renaud!"

"Take my jewels and rings of pride.
I soon shall rest by my Renaud's side.

"And I trust the grave is wide and deep,
That my child may also beside us sleep."

* * * * *

On the tomb by the gallant knight
Is the sculptur'd form of his ladye bright *

IN BELGRAVIA.

1865.

W. C. Bennett.

Curse her! so, in the vile papers, my name
Their penny-a-liners are blackening with shame!

To-day, if I entered my club, they'd be witty;
Of course, I shall waken—O, oceans of pity!

It's easy to say, 'Don't be weak—close your ears—
You are not a schoolboy for whining and tears."

But it is not so easy in practice as words;
Through some brains, like mine, sneers and cuffs cut like swords.

Ah, the Frenchman, we all know, was cruelly right
When he sneered that all friends, in all friends' woes delight.

* The translator is responsible for the asterisks by which the breaks in the narrative are marked. They are not placed to give a fragmentary appearance to what he considers to be a perfect composition; but they seem necessary to mark the sudden transitions, and will make the tale better understood. "The ballad," says Mr. Robert White, F.S.A., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, "may have been originally part of a much larger composition: yet in itself it is complete. A specimen of the right kind, it graphically depicts a tale, calling to remembrance some of the striking chapters of Scriptural history."—Letter in *Durham Advertiser*

Some struggle; I've done so and made my lips dumb,
When news of sad stumblings of neighbours has come.

But I'm cold, and I'm proud, I own, somewhat above,
It may be, a liking for everyone's love.

So, of course, this thing, curse her! some monster will wake,
Those I've thrust off will in it much interest take.

I shall see on the faces of all but a few,
(On theirs perhaps real sympathy) grins ever new.

But is this the all of it? is this the worst
Of her flight with this villain—this rascal accurst!

The children—the boys—the girls—ay, there's the pain;
No more, as they have been, will they be again!

It isn't the loss of her love that's their loss,
But the curse of her shame that their pathways will cross.

And the girls—my own girls!—'tis damnation to think
Henceforth from the breath of her name they must shrink.

They walk through life, dear ones! as spotless as snow,
But men with names don't like such histories, you know.

Mothers warn sons, "Avoid them—of those girls keep clear!"
None like to have mothers of whom none must hear.

So their innocence always is soiled with her shame,
And my boys, too, must front the world, dreading her name.

Damn them both! I'd to hell if I found them in bliss!
Ah, could I my hate in her curst ear but hiss!

But I'll clutch him, the devil on whom she dares doat,
If I live, yet as sure as God lives, by the throat,

Spit in his vile face—hurl him from me—the hound—
To be trampled on—scourged like a slave, when he's found.

And if he's not white-livered—no, that he's not,
Ere twelve hours are over, he'll grip the grass—shot.

That's his doom and for her?—ay, just once, I'll see her!
That she were from life, ere that, better it were,

Than to hear what she'll hear when I glare in her eyes,
And spurn her and loathe her—her love and her lies.

See her grovel before me—I know that she must
When I yell in her ears the world's hate and disgust.

When I tell her—" her boys and her girls shall be taught
To hate her, as I do, in word, soul, and thought,

"To scorn her and hate her, in life and in death,
To feel that to speak of her, blackens their breath,

"To pray to forget her—beg God that no other
Beside those who loathe her, may know she's their mother."

So now my valise and my pistols to pack,
The train starts for Dover at eight—that's their track.

The Colonel's in Paris, that's lucky, he'll go
Anywhere with me after them—that well I know.

The dear ones! their faces will be somewhat white
When, in my eyes murder, I burst on their sight.

Yes, blood in my thoughts and hopes: never my soul
Shall know peace till this debt is paid—fully—the whole.

A week ought to do all; perhaps they'll not on;
I may catch them in Paris before they are gone.

If I do the thing's settled, but, if I'm too late,
But a week, at the furthest, my vengeance must wait.

But their fate is determined, come of it what will,
He dies and she starves or, to live, sinks more still.

Drags herself through the mud of the foul Paris ways,
Sells herself, but for bread, in—it shall be—my gaze.

Let her sink herself yet lower still and more low,
Lower than I would hurl her she never can go.

Then let her die—friendless—loathed—godless—forgot,
And time even her shame from our memories blot.

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THE ACTOR AND HIS CHILD.

EDWARD HASTINGS.

In an attic high,
Approaching the sky,
A boy on a pallet lay;

And on his knee,
Crying—"Woe is me!"
A father knelt to pray.

'Twas his only son,
His darling one,
The price of a mother's life;
That stricken lay,
Scarce better than clay,
Passing from this world's strife.

The room was bare,
All was scanty there,
The owner an actor, poor;
The hand of care,
Had not been spare,
Disease had wasted his store.

A young wife dead,
Ere her spirit fled,
Had borne him this one boy,
A treasure indeed,
A companion in need,
The actor's only joy.

The child had been,
In life's gay scene,
On Christmas days scarce seven;
When an angel bright,
Appeared at night,
To herald him to Heaven.

"Father, don't weep!
For a heavenly sleep,
Will relieve my sense of pain;
On the wings of a dove,
I shall soar above,
Where all shall meet again.

"To my mother's home,
I soon must roam;
That home's above the sky;
You've often said
That the righteous dead
Are sure to soar on high.

"Father, farewell,
I wish I could tell
What angels will say to me,

When I behold,
In the shepherd's fold,
Their glorious company.

"An angel bright,
'Midst glit'ring light,
Is crying—'Come and see,'
Father, I go,
Leaving all below,
I now to Heaven must flee."

The spirit had fled,
The child was dead,
The father prostrate fell;
And there he lay,
Till returning day;
His grief no tongue could tell.

There was noise and shouts
Of a joyous rout,
'Twas Christmas-tide, you see:
And great and small,
Were hast'ning all,
In search of jollity.

The rabble's din,
Without and within
A majestic Thespian pile;
Each one was gay,
One thought had they,
'Twas, "let's the time beguile."

There was no care,
No misery there,
Nor thought of another's woe,
As the actor sped,
For his daily bread,
To his labour, the mimic show.

The body left lone,
While as king on a throne,
In grandeur the actor sat,
And buried his care,
From all that were there,
But the corpse, he thought of that.

There were but few
His suff'ring knew,
To tell the tale I dread;

He played his part,
With a broken heart,
The actor next morn was—dead.

'Twas not alone,
To the cloud-walled throne,
The actor's darling went,
For father and son,
United as one,
Their way to Paradise bent.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

[Mr. Phillips was a celebrated Irish barrister—born in 1787; died about 1850. He wrote the "Life and Oratory of Curran;" and a. the time of his death filled the post of a Commissioner of Insolvent Debtors.]

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition; and with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the altar of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the crown and the tri-

bune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, under the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whims; and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn;—and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity. The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or the drawing-room—with the mob, or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that, if he was lavish of them he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.—Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

NED BOLTON.

A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea;
When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be!
And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame,
If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name!
Up, up, my lads,—his memory!—we'll give it with a cheer—
Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!

Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor speck;
Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter deck;
He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,
And Spanish planters cross'd themselves at whisper of his name;
But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely smile—
His bark will take no prize again, nor e'er touch Indian isle.

Oh! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—
The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!
With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,
No need would he have had to cruise in tropic climes again;
But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on shore,
And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—
The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef.
Upon a cutting coral reef—scarce a good league from land—
But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the strand;
His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and with an old canoe,
Even had he number'd ten for one, what could Ned Bolton do!

Six days and nights the vessel lay upon the coral reef,
Nor favouring gale, nor friendly flag, brought prospect of relief;
For a land-breeze the wild one pray'd, who never pray'd before,
And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore;
The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not venture near,
Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer!

A calm!—a calm!—a hopeless calm!—the red sun burning high,
Glared blisteringly and wearily in a transparent sky,
The grog went round the gasping crew, and loudly rose the song,
The only pastime at an hour when rest seem'd far too long.
So boisterously they took their rouse upon the crowded deck,
They look'd like men who had escap'd, not fear'd a sudden wreck.

Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away! away! to sea
Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters free;
Their battle-flag, these rovers bold then hoisted top-mast high,
And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.
"One last broadside!" Ned Bolton cried—deep boom'd the cannon's
roar,
And echo's hollow growl return'd an answer from the shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous cheer,
Ceas'd not, so long as ocean spared the shatter'd privateer:
I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning in the gale;
We strove to save, we tack'd, and fast we slacken'd all our sail:—
I knew the wave of Ned's right hand—farewell!—you strive in vain,
And he, or one of his ship's crew, ne'er entered port again!

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[An American by birth, but long settled in England. Wrote many dramas and the song of "Home, sweet home." Born 1793; died 1852.]

THUS, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story;

And now, to say one word of the imposture—
The mask necessity has made me wear!
When the ferocious malice of your king—
King, do I call him!—When the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus, and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?

Would you know why I have summon'd you together
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time—
The mould in which each female face was form'd—
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never-resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,
And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her:—The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compos
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose;
How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants
Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
Was blighted; but, array'd in purest grace,
She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abash'd the boldest libertine.
And turn'd desire to reverential love
And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen,
You all can witness that when she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome:—old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task—all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies
That beauteous flower—that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would ye seek instruction? Would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poison'd brother!—saw the incest

Committed there, and they will cry—Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry—Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry—Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son;
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek—Revenge!
The temples of the gods—the all-viewing heavens—
The gods themselves—shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

PARRHASIUS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

["Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."—Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."]

THE golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colours stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And, in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes magical, they lay.
The walls were hung with armour, and about
In the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove;
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true,
And like a veil of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus;
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh.
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
And colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his sight

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit, airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens, around me play
Colours of such divinity to-day.
Ha! bind him on his back!
Look, as Prometheus in my picture here.
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh,
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!
So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works on his brow!
Ha! grey-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!
'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?
'Hereafter!' Ay, *hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back,
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.
No, no, old man; we die
E'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, e'en as they.
Strain well thy fainting eye;
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.
Yet there's a deathless name—
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a stedfast planet, mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me.
Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild;—

All, I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
O heavens! but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive—Ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!
Vain, vain, give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow.
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!
Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another! Wilt thou never come, oh death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—HE'S DEAD."

THE VAGRANT AND HIS DOG.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[An American writer; still living.]

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
Over the table, look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Arn't we, Roger?—See him wink!
Well, something hot, then, we wont quarrel.

He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriotic soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence;
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
  At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
  The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,——
  You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
  I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
  Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
  When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
  From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
  To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
  'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
  Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
  On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
  Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry,
  It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
  Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
  'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
  The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
  This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
  Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
  No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
  And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—
  You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
  For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
  But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;
  The sooner the better for Roger and me!

THE MISER'S GRAVE.

JAMES HOGG.

HERE'S a lesson for the earth-born worm,
So deep engraven on the meagre platen
Of human frailty, so debased in hue,
That he who dares peruse it needs must blush
For his own nature. The poor shrivell'd wretch,
For whose lean carcass yawns this hideous pit,
Had nought that he desired in earth or heaven—
No God, no Saviour, but that sordid pelf,
O'er which he starved and gloated. I have seen him
On the exchange, or in the market-place,
When money was in plenteous circulation,
Gaze after it with such Satanic looks
Of eagerness, that I have wonder'd oft
How he from theft and murder could refrain.
'Twas cowardice alone withheld his hands,
For they would grasp and grapple at the air,
When his grey eye had fixed on heaps of gold,
While his clench'd teeth, and grinning, yearning face,
Were dreadful to behold. The merchants oft
Would mark his eye, then start and look again,
As at the eye of basilisk or snake.
His eye of greyish green ne'er shed one ray
Of kind benignity or holy light
On aught beneath the sun. Childhood, youth, beauty
To it had all one hue. Its rays reverted
Right inward, back upon the greedy heart
On which the gnawing worm of avarice
Preyed without ceasing—straining every sense
To that excruciable and yearning core.
  Some thirteen days agone, he comes to me,
And after many sore and mean remarks
On men's rapacity and sordid greed,
He says, "Gabriel, thou art an honest man,
As the world goes. How much, then, will you charge
To make a grave for me, fifteen feet deep?"
"We'll talk of that when you require it, sir."

"No, no. I want it made, and paid for too;
I'll have it settled, else I know there will
Be some unconscionable overcharge
On my poor friends—a ruinous overcharge!"
"But, sir, were it made now, it would fill up
Each winter to the brim, and be to make
Twenty or thirty times, if you live long."—
"There! There it is! Nothing but imposition!
Even Time must rear his stern, unyielding front,
And holding out his shrivell'd skeleton hand,
Demands my money. Nought but money! money!
Were I coin'd into money I could not
Half satisfy that craving greed of money.
Well, how much do you charge? I'll pay you now,
And take a bond from you that it be made
When it is needed. Come, calculate with reason—
Work's very cheap; and two good men will make
That grave at two days' work; and I can have
Men at a shilling each—*without* the meat—
That's a great matter! Let them but to meat,
'Tis utter ruin. I'll give none their meat—
That I'll beware of. Men now-a-days are
Cheap, dogcheap, and beggarly fond of work.
One shilling each a day, *without* the meat.
Mind that, and ask in reason; for I wish
To have that matter settled to my mind."—
"Sir, there's no man alive will do't so cheap
As I shall do it for the ready cash,"
Says I, to put him from it with a joke.
"I'll charge you, then, one-fourth part of a farthing
For every cubic foot of work I do,
Doubling the charge each foot that I descend."
"Doubling as you descend! Why, that of course.
A quarter of a farthing each square foot—
No meat, remember! Not an inch of meat,
Nor drink, nor dram. You're not to trust to these.
Wilt stand that bargain, Gabriel?"—"I accept."
He struck it, quite o'erjoy'd. We sought the clerk,
Sign'd—seal'd. He drew his purse. The clerk went on
Figuring and figuring. "What a fuss you make!
'Tis plain," said he, "the sum is eightepence."
"'Tis somewhat more, sir," said the civil clerk—
And held out the account. "Two hundred pounds,
And gallant payment over." The miser's face
Assumed the cast of death's worst lineaments.
His skinny jaws fell down upon his breast;
He tried to speak, but his dried tongue refused
Its utterance, and cluck'd upon the gum.

His heart-pipes whistled with a crannell'd sound;
His knell-knees plaited, and every bone
Seem'd out of joint. He raved—he cursed—he wept—
But payment he refused. I have my bond,
Not yet a fortnight old, and shall be paid.
It broke the miser's heart. He ate no more,
Nor drank, nor spake, but groan'd until he died;
This grave killed him, and now yearns for his bones
But worse than all, 'tis twenty years and more
Since be brought home his coffin. On that chest
His eye turn'd ever and anon. It minded him,
He said, of death. And as he sat by night
Beside his beamless hearth, with blanket round
His shivering frame, if burst of winter wind
Made the door jangle, or the chimney moan,
Or crannied window whistle, he would start,
And turn his meagre looks upon that chest;
Then sit upon't, and watch till break of day.
Old wives thought him religious—a good man!
A great repentant sinner, who would leave
His countless riches to sustain the poor.
But mark the issue. Yesterday, at noon,
Two men could scarcely move that ponderous chest
To the bedside to lay the body in.
They broke it sundry, and they found it framed
With double bottom! All his worshipp'd gold
Hoarded between the boards! O such a worm
Sure never writhed beneath the dunghill's base!
Fifteen feet under ground! and all his store
Snug in beneath him. Such a heaven was his

THE QUAKER MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

J. P. Hutchinson.

"Thou dost love me!" I believe thee; thou hast often told me so,
But had thy lips not spoken, by thy glances I should know;
Thou dost often smile to see me, and the warm grasp of thy hand
Is a language truly uttered, and not hard to understand.

"Do I love thee?" Well, thou knowest when thou art very glad
To see me, thou mayst fancy, I am not so very sad;
I don't weep when thou art merry; and whatever thou mayst say,
I don't wish the hour were later, and that thou wert gone away.

"Something plainer!" I'm a female, and therefore do not seek
To make me utter boldly what a woman should not speak.
Thou wouldst not respect me, were I to unburthen all my mind,
And I don't wish to offend thee, as thou art so very kind.

"My earnest thoughts regarding thee!" Well, when I saw thee there,
Where first we met, I thought I'd seen more handsome men and fair:
But should I wish a husband, much rather should he be
Of loving heart and noble mind—and then I thought of thee.

Thou saidst thou hadst seen fairer maids, but none with eyes so bright;
A face whose sweetness filled thy heart with exquisite delight,
A tone of voice that echoed through thy mind in music sweet,
And which you longed to see and hear, and yet didst dread to meet.

Well! woman's love is but as man's: but some assert that ours
Exerts itself more forcibly—engages all our powers.
Man loves, but oft forgets his love: a woman never may,
Her heart the same in weal or woe, is true by night and day.

But I'm a friend, thou knowest, and thou surely wouldst not see
Me driven from the meeting-house, because of love to thee.
My parents, it would grieve them, took me while a young one there,
To listen solemn words of truth, and breathe the silent prayer.

'Tis true, no thrilling words of praise, or awful music grand
Ascend from our plain pile, but words that all may understand,
Are spoken; or the head is bowed, and cares to all unknown,
Presented by the soul to God, in silence at His throne.

"Man is higher than a Quaker!" *than a friend.* Ah, true! but wouldst
Thou have me turned from 'mongst my friends I loved so long? and couldst
Thou see me used as though I were a wanderer from the fold?
Nay, thou wouldst grieve to see me grieve—thy heart is none so cold.

Oh, yes, I love thee! and I've often asked, in secret prayer,
For blessings on thee; and I would we could together share
The blessings of the promises to all His children given,
Be one in love on earth, and hope to be as one in heaven.

Well! well! there is my hand, for thou hast long time held my heart;
And let us pray we ever may perform a faithful part.
True love need not expect in vain the choicest blessings He
Will give, who once was present at the feast in Galilee.

CRESCENTIUS.

Mrs. Maclean (L.E.L.)

I looked upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh—
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before: he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breast-plate were of gold
And graved with many a dent that told
Of many a soldier deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near,
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride.
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.

It was a people's loud acclaim—
The voice of anger and of shame;
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son—
Her patriot—and her latest one.

THE BROKEN HEART.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away in the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low: but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like a tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to Heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where it happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a great impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation; all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at his threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from her paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all means of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—

that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and 'heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.'

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that shewed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
  And lovers around her are sighing·
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
  For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
  Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
  How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died;
  They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
  Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
  When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
  From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SHE left the wooded valleys,
  The streams that babbled mirth,
She left the garden's alleys,
  And flowers, bright stars of earth;
She left the grey church peeping
  Among the village trees,
No more to hear the sweeping
  Bell-music on the breeze;
She trusted—of joy dreaming,
  She hoped a brilliant fate;
His love was but love's seeming,
  The mask fell off too late.

The night was dark and dreary,
  Winds bitter as her woe,
She wandered weary, weary,
  The long streets to and fro:
Cast off she was for ever,
  No friend, no helper nigh;
Return in shame? ah! never—
  Here better sink and die.
And thus the lost one wandered
  Through London's 'wildering mart,
And deeply, sadly pondered—
  God help that breaking heart;

Chill winter's rain was falling,
  No house would shelter give,
So to a door-step crawling—
  For even *she* would live;
To a cold door-step crawling,
  Timid she sat her down,
One dear name faintly calling,
  Till sobs that name would drown.
Yes, he was dear, though cruel,
  Though false, she loved him still.
To some love, hate is fuel,
  Burning through good and ill.

The blast was rudely blowing,
  Sleet driving through the night;
Within, warm fires were glowing,
  And echoed laughter light:
She drew her limbs up shivering,
  Folding her little hands,
Her lip with anguish quivering—
  A form beside her stands;
He asked her business gruffly,
  For fear, she nought could say;
He raised and thrust her roughly—
  She sighed and moved away.

To beg for Nature's needing,
  Struggling she bowed her pride;
Her poor worn feet were bleeding,
  But tears she strove to hide:
The great shops now were closing,
  Closing on longed-for bread;
Soon honest Toil, reposing,
  Would press his welcome bed.
A workhouse-gate was near her,
  Entrance she begged in vain;
"Too late"—they would not hear her—
  So forth she passed again.

On, on, more weary, creeping,
  On, on, more hopeless, sad,
She felt the cold blast sweeping,
  In her thin garments clad;
She reached an archway lonely,
  The iron road above;
There would she hide—God only
  Would look on her in love.

There would she, unmolested,
  Crouch till kind morning rose,
Till her poor limbs were rested,
  Calm thinking on her woes.

Against the cold stones leaning,
  She dragged the slow, slow hours,
The arch but badly screening
  From driving, drenching showers:
She passed the time, now weeping,
  Now gazing through the dim,
Her tattered dress close keeping,
  To warm her numbing limb:
She moaned but seldom, stooping
  Her face upon her breast,
Her thin white hands low drooping—
  She would, but could not rest,

A torpor deep oppressed her,
  She feebly drew her breath;
It was not sleep which bless'd her,
  Was it slow-coming death?
And yet her lip was smiling,
  Heart's light on darkness stole;
Dear fancy was beguiling
  The dying wretch's soul.
O Fancy! thy swift pinion
  Can pass the gulf of pain,
And, 'neath thy bright dominion,
  Lost bliss once more we gain.

She saw her native village,
  Far from vast London town,
The fields prepared for tillage,
  The old elms nodding down;
She saw the dear green garden
  She tended when a child,
Ere sin her heart could harden,
  She felt the zephyrs mild;
And birds were round her singing,
  The flowers all blooming fair,
And village bells were ringing
  Soft joy on evening's air.

A chorus of sweet voices—
  Her sisters are at play,
And 'mid them she rejoices,
  Gay-soul'd and glad as they