

THE  
Golden  
Gift

BOOK FOR THE YOUNG

EDINBURGH,  
Wm. P. NIMMO

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# THE GOLDEN GIFT

A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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JOHN LAWSON

AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS

*ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. PATERSON*

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM P. NIMMO

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### PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS Gift-Book has been prepared partly with the view of bringing young people into contact, in a way that will please and attract them, with the works of some of those great or popular writers whom, when they grow up into men and women, it will be their pride to study and admire. The selection, however, has not been strictly limited by this purpose; it will be found that the book is not without material fitted to interest youthful minds even in an early stage of intelligence. The Editor would not claim for the volume the merit of filling up the gap in our Gift-Book Literature, which might be supplied by carefully and pleasingly enlisting the interest of the young in those great stores of English Literature in which, when they are older, they will find at once the enjoyment and

the solace of life. But such a gap does exist; and the Editor trusts that this attempt towards making good the deficiency, will be judged with favour at once on account of its purpose and its execution.

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HUGH CAMERON, A.R.S.A., KEELEY HALSWELLE, A.R.S.A., etc., etc.





THE CHILD'S TALENT.

GOD entrusts to all  
Talents few or many ;  
None so young and small  
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise  
Have a greater number,  
Yet my one I prize,  
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,  
Ere I enter Heaven,  
Have I done the task  
Which to me was given ?

Little drops of rain  
Bring the springing flowers ;  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,  
Every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.

## BESIEGED IN THE SNOW.

[THOMAS DE QUINCEY.]

IT was to a sale of domestic furniture, at the house of some proprietor in Langdale, that George and Sarah Green set forward in the forenoon of a day fated to be their last on earth. The sale was to take place in Langdalehead; to which, from their own cottage in Easdale, it was possible in daylight, and supposing no mist on the hills, to find out a short cut of not more than five or six miles. By this route they went; and, notwithstanding the snow lay on the ground, they reached their destination in safety. The attendance at the sale must have been diminished by the rigorous state of the weather; but still the scene was a gay one, as usual. The time for general separation was considerably after sunset; and the final recollections of the crowd with respect to George and Sarah Green were, that upon their intention being understood to retrace their morning path, and to attempt the perilous task of dropping down into Easdale from the mountains above Langdalehead, a sound of remonstrance arose from many quarters. However, at such a moment, when everybody was in the hurry of departure, the opposition could not be very obstinate. Party after party rode off; the meeting melted away, or, as the northern phrase is, *scaled*; and the Greens quitted the scene, professing to obey some advice or other upon the choice of roads, but, at as early a point as they could do so unobserved, began to ascend the hills. After this they were seen no more. They had disappeared into the cloud of death. Voices were heard, some hours afterwards, from the mountains—voices, as some thought, of alarm; others said, No, that it was only the voices of jovial people, carried by the wind into uncertain regions. The result was, that no attention was paid to the sounds.



That night, in little peaceful Easdale, six children sat by a peat fire, expecting the return of their parents, upon whom they depended for their daily bread. Let a day pass, and they were starving. Every sound, every echo among the hills, was listened to for five hours, from seven to twelve. At length the eldest girl of the family—about nine years old—told her little brothers and sisters to go to bed. They had been trained to obedience; and all of them, at the voice of their eldest sister, went off fearfully to their beds. Some time in the course of the evening—but it was late, and after midnight—the moon arose, and shed a torrent of light upon the Langdale fells, which had already, long hours before, witnessed in darkness the death of their parents.

That night, and the following morning, came a further and a heavier fall of snow ; in consequence of which the poor children were completely imprisoned, and cut off from all possibility of communicating with their next neighbours. The brook was too much for them to leap ; and the little crazy wooden bridge could not be crossed, or even approached, with safety, from the drifting of the snow having made it impossible to ascertain the exact situation of some treacherous hole in its timbers, which, if trod upon, would have let a small child drop through into the rapid waters. Their parents did not return. For some hours of the morning the children clung to the hope that the extreme severity of the night had tempted them to sleep in Langdale ; but this hope forsook them as the day wore away. The poor desolate children, hourly becoming more convinced that they were orphans, huddled together in the evening round their hearth-fire of peats, and held their little family councils upon what was to be done towards any chance—if chance remained—of yet giving aid to their parents ; for a slender hope had sprung up that some hovel or sheep-fold might have furnished them a screen against the weather quarter of the storm, in which hovel they might even now be lying snowed up ; and secondly, as regarded themselves, in what way they were to make known their situation, in case the snow should continue or should increase : for starvation stared them in the face, if they should be confined for many days to their house.

Meantime the eldest sister, little Agnes, though sadly alarmed, and feeling the sensation of *eeriness* as twilight came on, and she looked out from the cottage door to the dreadful fells on which, too probably, her parents were lying corpses (and possibly not many hundred yards from their own threshold), yet exerted herself to take all the measures which their own prospects made prudent. Having caused all her brothers and sisters—except the two little things,

not yet of a fit age—to kneel down and say the prayers which they had been taught, this admirable little maiden turned herself to every household task that could have proved useful to them in a long captivity. First of all, upon some recollection that the clock was nearly going down, she wound it up. Next, she took all the milk which remained from what her mother had provided for the children's consumption during her absence, and for the breakfast of the following morning—this luckily was still in sufficient plenty for two days' consumption—and scalded it, so as to save it from turning sour. That done, she next examined the meal chest; made the common oatmeal porridge of the country; but put all of the children, except the two youngest, on short allowance; and, by way of reconciling them in some measure to this stinted meal, she found out a little hoard of flour, part of which she baked for them upon the hearth into little cakes: and this unusual delicacy persuaded them to think that they had been celebrating a feast. Next, before night coming on should make it too trying to her own feelings, or before fresh snow coming on might make it impossible, she issued out of doors. There her first task was, with the assistance of two younger brothers, to carry in from the peat-stack as many peats as might serve them for a week's consumption. That done, in the second place she examined the potatoes, buried in 'brackens' (that is, withered fern): these were not many, and she thought it better to leave them where they were, excepting as many as would make a single meal, under a fear that the heat of their cottage would spoil them if removed.

Having thus made all the provision in her power for supporting their own lives, she turned her attention to the cow. Her she milked; but unfortunately the milk she gave, either from being badly fed or from some other cause, was too trifling to be of much consideration towards the wants of a large family. Here, however, her chief

anxiety was to get down the hay for the cow's food from a loft above the outhouse ; and in this she succeeded but imperfectly, from want of strength and size to cope with the difficulties of the case, besides that the increasing darkness by this time, together with the gloom of the place, made it a matter of great self-conquest for her to work at all. But, as respected one night at any rate, she placed the cow in a situation of luxurious warmth and comfort. Then retreating into the warm house, and barring the door, she sat down to undress the two youngest of the children : them she laid carefully and cosily in their little nests up-stairs, and saw them to sleep. The rest she kept up to bear her company until the clock should tell them it was midnight ; up to which time she had a lingering hope that some welcome shout from the hills above, which they were all to strain their ears to catch, might yet assure them that they were not wholly orphans, even though one parent should have perished. No shout was ever heard ; nor could a shout in any case have been heard, for the night was one of tumultuous wind. And though, amidst its ravings, sometimes they fancied a sound of voices, still, in the dead lulls that now and then succeeded, they heard nothing to confirm their hopes. The night slipped away, and morning came, bringing with it no better hopes of any kind. Change there had been none, but for the worse. The snow had greatly increased in quantity, and the drifts seemed far more formidable. A second day passed like the first ; little Agnes still keeping her young flock quiet and tolerably comfortable, and still calling on all the elders in succession to say their prayers morning and night.

A third day came ; and whether on that or on the fourth, I do not now recollect, but on one or other, there came a welcome gleam of hope. The arrangement of the snow-drifts had shifted during the night ; and though the wooden bridge was still impracticable, a low wall had been exposed, over which, by a circuit round the brook, it





W. H. W.

C. J. STANILAND

the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased in the UK (Mental Health Act 1983).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the lives of people with mental health problems. The Department of Health (1999) has set out a vision of a new mental health system, which will be based on the following principles:

- People with mental health problems should be treated as individuals, with their own needs and wishes.
- People with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to participate in decisions about their care and treatment.
- People with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to live as fully as possible in their own homes and communities.

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seemed possible that a road might be found into Grasmere. The little boys accompanied their sister till she came to the other side of the hill, which, lying more sheltered from the weather, offered a path onwards comparatively easy. Here they parted; and little Agnes pursued her solitary mission to the nearest house she could find accessible in Grasmere. No house could have proved a wrong one in such a case. Horror in an instant displaced the smile of hospitable greeting, when little weeping Agnes told her sad tale. No tongue can express the fervid sympathy which travelled through the vale, like fire in an American forest, when it was learned that neither George nor Sarah Green had been seen by their children since the day of the Langdale sale. Within half-an-hour, or little more, from the remotest parts of the valley, all the men of Grasmere had assembled; and sixty at least set off with the speed of Alpine hunters to the hills. The dangers of the undertaking were considerable, under the uneasy and agitated state of the weather; and all the women of the vale were in the greatest anxiety, until night brought them back, in a body, unsuccessful. Three days at the least, and I rather think five, the search was ineffectual. The zeal of the people, meantime, was not in the least abated, but rather quickened, by the wearisome disappointment; every hour of daylight was turned to account; no man of the valley ever came home to meals. At length sagacious dogs were taken up; and about noonday, a shout from an aerial height, amongst thick volumes of cloudy vapour, propagated through repeating bands of men for a distance of many miles, conveyed as by telegraph into Grasmere the news that the bodies were found. George Green was lying at the bottom of a precipice, from which he had fallen. Sarah Green was found on the summit of the precipice. It was conjectured that the husband had desired his wife to pause for a few minutes, wrapping her meantime in his own greatcoat, whilst he should go forward and

reconnoitre the ground, in order to catch a sight of some object (rocky peak, or tarn, or peat-field) which might ascertain their true position. Either the snow above, already lying in drifts, or the blinding snow-storm driving into his eyes, must have misled him as to the nature of the circumjacent ground; for the precipice over which he had fallen was but a few yards from the spot on which he had quitted his wife.

The funeral of the ill-fated Greens was, it may be supposed, attended by all the vale: it took place about eight days after they were found; and the day happened to be in the most perfect contrast to the sort of weather which prevailed at the time of their misfortune. Some snow still remained here and there upon the ground, but the azure of the sky was unstained by a cloud; and a golden sunlight seemed to sleep, so balmy and tranquil was the season, upon the very hills where the pair had wandered—then a howling wilderness, but now a green pastoral lawn in its lower ranges, and a glittering expanse of virgin snow in its higher. After the solemn ceremony of the funeral was over, a regular distribution of the children was made amongst the wealthier families of the vale. And thus, in so brief a period as one fortnight, a household that, by health and strength, by the humility of poverty, and by innocence of life, seemed sheltered from all attacks but those of time, came to be utterly broken up. George and Sarah Green slept in Grasmere Churchyard, never more to know the want of ‘sun or guiding star.’ Their children were scattered through the vales of Grasmere and Rydal; and Blentarn Ghyll, after being shut up for a season, and ceasing for months to send up its little column of smoke at morning and evening, finally passed into the hands of a stranger.

—*Abridged from ‘Recollections of the Lakes.’*



## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

[HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.]

**I**T was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper hath taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the lairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !'  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the North-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

'Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

' Oh, father ! I hear the church-bells ring ;  
Oh, say, what may it be ?'  
' 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !'  
And he steered for the open sea.

' Oh, father ! I hear the sound of guns ;  
Oh, say, what may it be ?'  
' Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea !'

' Oh, father ! I see a gleaming light ;  
Oh, say, what may it be ?'  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land ;

It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool ;  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank :  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !





## CLEVER ALICE.

[R. PATERSON.]

THERE was once a man who had a daughter, and who thought so much of her that he called her 'Clever Alice.' One day he said to his wife, 'We must see about having our Alice married.' 'Ay, truly,' replied her mother, 'but not to any suitor shall we give our daughter.'

Some years after, a proper youth came to make a proposal to marry her; but he required one condition, 'that she should be very prudent.' 'Ay, and that you will find her,' quoth her parent. 'Clever Alice can see the wind, and hear a fly cough.' 'Very good,' replied the suitor; 'but unless I find her so, remember I shall not marry her.' And so they betook themselves to dinner.

Discovering that the beer had not been drawn, Alice took a jug and proceeded to the cellar. As soon as she got there, she sat down on a stool by the side of the cask. She placed the can beneath the tap, and waited patiently until it was nigh filled. Casting her eyes around—peering into this nook and that corner—she raised them towards the roof, when they lighted on a hatchet sticking from a rafter right over her head. At this Clever Alice began to cry, saying, 'Oh! if I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grows up, and we send him into the cellar to draw beer, might not this axe fall and kill him?' And she wept bitterly.

All the while the parents and Hans were waiting for the beer. The mother by and by sent the servant to see what had befallen Alice. Finding her seated by the cask, and weeping, she asked her young mistress the reason. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'have not I cause? If I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grows up, and we send him into the cellar to draw beer, might not this axe fall and kill him?' 'Oh!—ah!' said the maid, 'what a clever Alice we have!' And she too sat down and wept, in anticipation of the calamity.

No beer being brought to the dinner-table, Alice's father sent with all haste his little boy—the more so that they were beginning to feel very thirsty. Arriving in the cellar, Alice related to him the sad tale; at which he squatted himself on the floor, and squeezed his knuckles into his eyes, exclaiming, 'Oh! what a clever Alice we have!'

At last the father, losing all patience, went to the cellar himself, where he found all three seated in sad lamentation; and when he heard the reason, he too exclaimed, 'Oh! what a clever Alice we have!' and joined in the dismal wail.

Meanwhile the bridegroom sat waiting at the dinner-table; but when nobody returned (for the mother too had gone below), the thought came into his head that they might be waiting for him: so he went down to see what was the matter. When he entered, there sat the whole five weeping and wailing, in anything but a harmonious manner.

'What has happened?' he asked.

'Ah, dear Hans!' cried Alice, 'if you and I should marry, and we have a child, and he grow up, and we send him to draw beer, might not this axe fall upon his head and kill him? and do you not think this is enough to weep about?'

'Now, here is proof of prudence—more than this is inconceivable—I shall at once take you to be my wife,' replied Hans. And so they got married.

Shortly after, Hans says to his wife, 'Will you, while I am at business, go into the field and gather some corn?' To which she assented; and, cooking a fine mess of pottage, set off to the field, where arriving, she said to herself, 'Shall I cut first, or eat first? Ay, I will eat.' Then she ate up the pottage. Whereupon she thought to herself, 'Now, shall I reap first, or sleep first? Well, I think I shall take forty winks.' And down she laid herself.

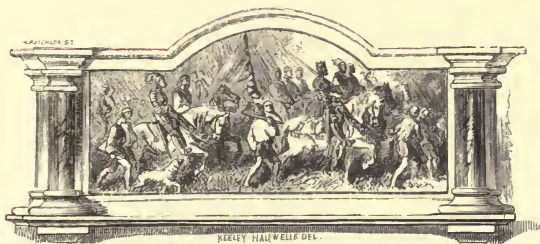
Evening came, and Hans, on returning from business, found his wife still absent. 'Oh, what a prudent Alice I have! She is so anxious and industrious, she does not even return to have food.' And so Hans proceeded to the field to see how much she had reaped; but, lo! there she lay among the corn fast asleep. So home he ran, and procuring a net with numerous bells attached, he returned, and,

throwing it over her while she slept, went back to his cottage, and began working very hard.

At last Alice awoke, and springing to her feet, the net fell around her, jingling at every step she took. She got so alarmed, that she began to doubt whether she was indeed Clever Alice, saying to herself, 'Am I Alice, or am I not?' And so she went on to consider. Arriving at her own door, she gently tapped, and asked, 'Hans, is your wife within?'



'Yes,' he answered; and the bells giving a louder jingle than before, she darted from the house, exclaiming, 'Ah, truly, I am not Alice.' And she ran to another door; but the jingling of the bells so frightened everybody, that they refused to open their doors to her; and she ran away from the village, and no one ever knew what became of her.



## THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

[JAMES HISLOP.]

I N a dream of the night I was wafted away  
 To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay ;  
 Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen  
 Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,  
 When the minister's home was the mountain and wood ;  
 When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,  
 All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning ; and summer's young sun from the east  
 Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast ;  
 On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew  
 Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,  
 The song of the lark was melodious and loud ;

And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,  
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness ;  
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,  
And drink the delights, of July's sweet morning.

But oh ! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,  
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,  
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,  
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,  
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were crying ;  
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,  
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,  
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed ;  
With eyes turned to Heaven in calm resignation,  
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;  
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded :  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm and unbending,  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.



The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming ;  
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fall'n, and the combat was ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended ;  
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining ;  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,  
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding ;  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !





## THE LOST DAUGHTER.

[REV. JOHN TODD.]

I N the early settlement of Pennsylvania, there arrived, among other emigrants, a poor, pious German family. There were no schools established then, and no public worship on the Sabbath. But the poor man, and all that were within his humble gates, literally rested on that holy day, while he taught them from his German Bible according to the best of his ability.

In 1754, the fearful war, commonly called 'the old French war,' broke out between the French and the English. Canada was the seat of the war, as it was the centre of the French power. The Indians were induced to join them, and thus they became a terror to all the frontier settlements. When civilised people make war, they usually spare a conquered foe, and treat him with some degree of kindness; but the savage, as his name imports, is even more so after the battle than while fighting.

In this war the Indians used to go, sometimes with the French and sometimes alone, in small parties, and fall upon the defenceless inhabitants, and murder them without mercy; burning their dwellings, and destroying their property. On such an excursion as this, they came across the dwelling of our poor, pious German. Now, although God has promised to watch over His people, and not to let a hair fall from their head without His notice, yet He has nowhere promised to reward them for their piety in this life. He will not offer the poor rewards of time for their service.

The father, and his eldest son, and the two girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The mother and one boy had gone to carry some grain to a mill at a distance. On their return, they found the father and the oldest son cruelly murdered, and their

humble dwelling and barn, and all that they had, burned or carried off. The two little girls, too, were carried away ; and at night the poor mother had only one little boy left of all her family, and not a shelter for her head. All that she could learn respecting her daughters was, that the Indians had carried them into the wilderness along with many other weeping children.

It was never known what became of Barbara, the oldest girl. But Regina, with another sweet little girl, a stranger of two years old, were carried away into the country of the Indians, and given to an old Indian woman. She was very cross and very cruel. Her only son lived with her, and, for the most part, supplied her with food by hunting ; but he was frequently gone away for weeks, and then she used to send the little girls alone into the woods to dig roots for her food ; and if they failed to procure enough, she beat them fiercely. The little white-haired girl clung to Regina as her only friend ; and as Regina had been well taught by her parents, she used often to tell her little friend all she knew about Jesus Christ ; and often alone, in the mighty forest, would these two little, apparently forsaken creatures, say over such hymns and texts of Scripture as Regina could recall, and then kneel down and pray to that God who heareth the young ravens when they cry.

Nine long years were thus spent in this bondage, till Regina was nineteen years old, and her little friend eleven. In all this time their hearts seemed to be yearning after what was good. There was one favourite hymn which they often repeated together.

In the year 1764, by the good providence of God, Colonel Bouquet, of the English army, came to that part of the country where these captives resided. He conquered the Indians, and compelled them to ask for peace. This he granted, on the condition that all the white prisoners should be given up to him. More than four hundred were brought to the Colonel, and among these the girls

whose story I am telling. They were truly wretched objects. He carried them to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and published in all the newspapers of the State, that all parents who had lost children by the Indians, might come and see if they were among these four hundred captives. What a gathering was there at Carlisle! What multitudes of fathers and mothers were seen coming with throbbing hearts to see if they could find their long-lost children! Among others came the poor German's widow. She was seen walking up and down among the captives, pale, agitated, and in tears. Now she would stop and gaze at the long-haired, Indian-clad captives, and try to recall the features of her child. But Regina had grown up, was altered, was dressed as an Indian, and neither mother nor daughter knew each other. As the poor mother stood sobbing, the kind-hearted Colonel came along, and his heart was touched.

'Is there *nothing*,' said he, 'by which your children can be discovered?'

'Oh! sir, nothing—nothing; I can't find either!'

'Is there nothing which you taught them which they might recollect if they heard it?'

'Nothing, sir—nothing; unless it be a hymn which we used to sing with their father.'

'Sing it, sing it,' said the Colonel.

The poor woman began :

'Alone, yet not alone, am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear ;  
I feel my Saviour always nigh,  
He comes the weary hour to cheer.  
I am with Him, and He with me :  
E'en here alone I cannot be !'

Scarcely had she begun to sing it, ere Regina rushed from the crowd, and joined in singing it, as she used to do when she was a

little girl, and then threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept aloud; for the lost child was found, and the Colonel gave the captive to her mother. With what tears did she thank him! But no parents came to claim the other little girl. They had probably been murdered. She clung to Regina, and there was no hand that tried to separate them. The first thing that Regina inquired for, was 'the book in which God speaks to us;' and it was found that she could read the Bible at once.





THE BROKEN FLOWER.

[R. PATERSON.]

DEEP in a mountain valley grew  
A little flower, of lovely hue,  
Nourished by a drop of dew.

But ere it oped its petals fair,  
To scent th' already balmy air,  
Off dropt the cheering pearly tear.

And thro' the vale fierce wind and rain  
Rushed with a heedless might and main,  
That snapped its slender stem in twain.

Thus in the churchyard grassy graves,  
And on the ocean rolling waves,  
And in the mountain sculptured caves,

Say to us all that we must die,  
And in the earth or ocean lie—  
Travellers to Eternity.

And little tombs say, little flowers  
Transplanted are to safer bowers :  
*Thus thou art there, sweet one of ours !*



## THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

[HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.]

IT was the season, when through all the land  
The merle and mavis build, and building sing  
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,  
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King ;  
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,  
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring ;  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee ;  
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud  
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;  
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,  
Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said,  
' Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread !'

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,  
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet  
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed  
The village with the cheers of all their fleet ;  
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed  
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street  
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise  
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,  
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;  
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,  
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,  
That mingled with the universal mirth,  
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe :  
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words  
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway  
To set a price upon the guilty heads  
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,  
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds  
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay  
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds :  
The skeleton that waited at their feast,  
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

[*The majestic Squire, the austere Parson, and the pompous Deacon set out  
for the meeting ; and*]

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned  
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,  
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,  
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,  
And all absorbed in reveries profound  
Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,  
As pure as water, and as good as bread.



These came together in the new town-hall,  
With sundry farmers from the region round.  
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,  
His air impressive and his reasoning sound :  
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;  
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,  
But enemies enough, who every one  
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart  
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,  
And, trembling like a steed before the start,  
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;  
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart  
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,  
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,  
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

‘ Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
From his Republic banished without pity  
The Poets ; in this little town of yours,  
You put to death, by means of a Committee,  
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,  
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,  
The birds, who make sweet music for us all  
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

‘ The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;  
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,  
Jargonning like a foreigner at his food ;

The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,  
Flooding with melody the neighbourhood ;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

' You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,  
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !  
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet  
As are the songs these uninvited guests  
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

' Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?  
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?  
Whose household words are songs in many keys,  
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !  
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even  
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

' Think, every morning when the sun peeps through  
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals of love !  
And when you think of this, remember too  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

' Think of your woods and orchards without birds !  
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,  
As in an idiot's brain remembered words  
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !  
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
Make up for the lost music, when your teams  
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more  
The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

' What ! would you rather see the incessant stir  
Of insects in the winrows of the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grasshopper  
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?  
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr  
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,  
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

' You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

' How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,

Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The selfsame light, although averted hence,  
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,  
You contradict the very things I teach ?'

With this he closed ; and through the audience went  
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ;  
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent  
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves :  
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment  
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.  
The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,  
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

And so the dreadful massacre began ;  
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,  
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,  
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,  
While the young died of famine in their nests :  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;  
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground  
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found  
No foe to check their march, till they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down  
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,  
Who shook them off with just a little cry :  
They were the terror of each favourite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not complain ;  
For, after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain.  
Then they repealed the law, although they knew  
It would not call the dead to life again ;  
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,  
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came  
Without the light of his majestic look,  
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
The illumined pages of his Doomsday-Book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,  
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,  
As great a wonder as it would have been  
If some dumb animal had found a tongue !

A waggon, overarched with evergreen,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,  
All full of singing birds, came down the street,  
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,  
By order of the town, with anxious quest,  
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought  
In woods and fields the places they loved best,  
Singing loud canticles, which many thought  
Were satires to the authorities addressed ;  
While others, listening in green lanes, averred  
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they  
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know  
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day ;  
And everywhere, around, above, below,  
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,  
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,  
And a new heaven bent over a new earth  
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

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THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

[ELIZA COOK.]

A MOUSE found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,  
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make ;  
'Twas heavy with citron and fragrant with spice,  
And covered with sugar all sparkling as ice.







'My stars,' cried the mouse, while his eyes beamed with glee,  
'Here's a treasure I've found—what a feast it will be!  
But hark! there's a noise: 'tis my brothers at play,  
So I'll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

'Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat  
Every morsel myself, and I'll have such a treat!  
So off went the mouse as he held the cake fast,  
While his hungry brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still  
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill;  
Yet he swallowed it all, and 'tis easy to guess  
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with distress.

His family heard him; and as he grew worse,  
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse  
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb,  
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

'Ah me!' cried the doctor, 'advice is too late;  
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate:  
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers,  
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good for the others.

'Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome enough;  
But eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff:  
So prepare for the worst.' And the word had scarce fled  
When the doctor turned round, and the patient was dead.

Now all little people the lesson may take,  
And *some* large ones may learn from the mouse and the cake,  
Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain,  
Or the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.



## UNCLE TOBY'S BATTERY.

[LAWRENCE STERNE.]

MY Uncle Toby came down with plans along with him of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so let the Duke of Marlboro', or the Allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my Uncle Toby was prepared for them. His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this: As soon as ever a town was invested (but sooner when the design was known) to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would), and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then, taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches, the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several *banquettes*, parapets, etc., he set Corporal Trim to work; and sweetly went it on. The nature of the soil, the nature of the work itself—and, above all, the good-nature of my Uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the Corporal upon past done deeds—left labour little else but the ceremony of

the name. When the town, with its works, was finished, my Uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel, not at random, or anyhow, but from the same points and distances the Allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my Uncle Toby received from the daily papers, they went on, during the whole siege, step by step with the Allies. . . .

I must observe that, although in the first year's campaign the word town is often mentioned, yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my Uncle Toby's campaigns; when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the Corporal's head, that to talk of taking so many towns *without one town to show for it*, was a very nonsensical way of going to work; and so proposed to my Uncle Toby that they should have a little model of a town built for them, to be run up together of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to serve for all. My Uncle Toby felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it; but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud as if he had been the original inventor of the project himself. The one was to have the town built exactly in the style of those of which it was most likely to be the representative; with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houses facing the streets, etc., as those in Ghent and Bruges, and the rest of the towns in Brabant and Flanders. The other was, not to have the houses run up together, as the Corporal proposed, but have every house independent, to hook off or on, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased. This was put directly into hand; and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between

my Uncle Toby and the Corporal, as the carpenter did the work. It answered prodigiously the next summer: the town was a perfect Proteus. . . .

In the fourth year, my Uncle Toby, thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple. Trim was for having bells in it—My Uncle Toby said the metal had better be cast into cannon. This led the way, the next part of the campaign, for half a dozen brass field-pieces, to be planted three on each side of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; and, in a short time, these led the way for a train somewhat larger; and so on from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack-boots. The next year, which was that in which Lisle was besieged, and at the close of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands, my Uncle Toby was sadly put to it for *proper* ammunition; I say proper ammunition, because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not,—for so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firing kept up by the besiegers, and so heated was my Uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate. Something therefore was wanting as a *succedaneum*, especially in one or two of the more violent paroxysms of the siege, to keep up something like a continual firing in the imagination; and this something, the Corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entirely new system of battering of his own.

With two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the Corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow, there was a Montero cap and two Turkish tobacco-pipes. The Turkish tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as usual with flexible tubes of

morocco leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory, the other with black ebony tipped with silver.

'I 'll be bound,' said the Corporal, speaking to himself, 'to give away my Montero cap to the first beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his Honour's satisfaction.' The completion was no farther off than the very next morning, which was that of the storm of the counterscarp betwixt the Lower Deule to the right, and the gate of St. Andrew's; and on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river. As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war—the most gallant and obstinate on both sides, and, I must add, the most bloody too (for it cost the Allies themselves, that morning, above eleven hundred men)—my Uncle Toby prepared himself for it with a more than usual solemnity. . . . So that, what with one thing and what with another, as it always falls out when a man is in the most haste, 'twas ten o'clock (which was half an hour later than his usual time) before my Uncle Toby sallied out.

My Uncle Toby had scarce turned the corner of his yew-hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the Corporal had begun the attack without him. Let me stop and give you a picture of the Corporal's apparatus, and of the Corporal himself in the height of the attack, just as it struck my Uncle Toby, as he turned towards the sentry-box, where the Corporal was at work,—for in nature there is not such another; nor can any combination of all that is grotesque and whimsical in her works produce its equal.

The Corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind to supply the grand *desideratum* of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack, had no farther idea in his fancy, at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my Uncle Toby's

six field-pieces, which were planted on each side of his sentry-box ; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the same time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way and that a little in his mind, he soon began to find out that, by means of his two Turkish tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of three smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagged by the same number of tin-pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the morocco tube—he should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one. The Corporal sat up the best part of the night in bringing his project to perfection ; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco, he went with contentment to bed.

The Corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my Uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my Uncle Toby came. He had drawn the six field-pieces, for this end, all close up in front of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the conveniency of charging, etc.—and for the sake, possibly, of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one. In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the sentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the Corporal wisely taken his post.

He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand ; and the ebony pipe, tipped with silver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other ; and, with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the Corporal, with his Montero cap upon his head, furiously

playing-off his two cross batteries at the same time against the counter-guard, which faced the counterscarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intension, as I said, was no more than giving the enemy a single puff or two; but the pleasure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had insensibly got hold of the Corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my Uncle Toby joined him.

My Uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the Corporal's hand; looked at it half a minute; and returned it. In less than two minutes, my Uncle Toby took the pipe from the Corporal again, and raised it half-way to his mouth,—then hastily gave it back a second time. The Corporal redoubled the attack; my Uncle Toby smiled, then looked grave, then smiled for a moment, then looked serious for a long time.—‘Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby. My Uncle Toby put it to his lips—drew it back directly—gave a peep over the hornbeam hedge. Never did my Uncle Toby’s mouth water so much for a pipe in his life.—My Uncle Toby retired into the sentry-box with his pipe in his hand.—Dear Uncle Toby! don’t go into the sentry-box with the pipe; there ’s no trusting a man’s self with such a thing in such a corner.

—*Tristram Shandy.*



## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun ;  
And by him, sporting on the green,  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found.  
He came to ask what he had found  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And heaved a natural sigh :  
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,  
'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about ;  
And often, when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out :  
For many thousand men,' said he,  
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'  
Young Peterkin he cries ;



And little Wilhelmine looks up,  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
' Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.'

' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,  
' Who put the French to rout ;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out :  
But everybody said,' quoth he,  
' That 'twas a famous victory.

' My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burned his cottage to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly :  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

' With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide ;  
And many a tender mother then,  
And new-born baby, died :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

' They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won,  
For many a thousand bodies there  
Lay rotting in the sun :

But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.



'Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene.'

'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'  
Said little Wilhelmine.

'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,  
'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the duke  
Who this great fight did win.'

'But what good came of it at last?'  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he ;  
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

[GEORGE MACDONALD.]

**L**ITTLE white Lily sat on a stone,  
Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.  
Little white Lily sunshine has fed ;  
Little white Lily is lifting her head.

Little white Lily said, 'It is good ;  
Little white Lily's clothing and food.'  
Little white Lily drest like a bride !  
Shining with whiteness, and crownèd beside !

Little white Lily droopeth with pain,  
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain.  
Little white Lily holdeth her cup ;  
Rain is fast falling and filling it up.

Little white Lily said, 'Good again,  
When I am thirsty to have nice rain ;  
Now I am stronger, now I am cool ;  
Heat cannot burn me, my veins are so full.'

Little white Lily smells very sweet ;  
On her head sunshine, rain at her feet.  
'Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain !  
Little white Lily is happy again !'

## SANCHO PANZA'S JUDGMENT OF THE STAFF.

[CERVANTES.]

[S ANCHO PANZA, as every body knows, was the squire of the renowned knight-errant Don Quixote ; and his master had often promised to make him governor of an island, which was to be conquered in some adventure. A great nobleman who entertained Don Quixote handsomely, and was pleased with the humour of his squire, sent Sancho Panza, for a jest, to govern a town of a thousand inhabitants ; and on his arrival there, he took his seat in the court of justice.]

Two old men presented themselves before him. One of them carried a cane in his hand for a staff ; the other, who had no staff, said to Sancho : ' My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold to oblige and serve him, upon condition that he should return them on demand. I let some time pass without asking for them, being unwilling to put him to a greater strait to pay me than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking it full time to be repaid, I asked him for my money more than once, but to no purpose ; he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum ; or, if I did, that he has already paid me. I have no witnesses to the loan, nor has he of the payment which he pretends to have made, but which I deny ; yet if he will swear before your worship that he has returned the money, I from this moment acquit him of the debt.' ' What do you say to this, old gentleman ?' quoth Sancho. ' I confess, my lord,' replied the old fellow, ' that he did lend me the money ; and if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it to him.' The governor accordingly held down his wand, and the old fellow, seeming encumbered with his staff, gave it to his creditor to hold while he

was swearing ; and then, taking hold of the cross on the wand, he said it was indeed true that the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had restored them into his own hand ; but having, he supposed, forgotten it, he was continually asking them of him. Upon which his lordship the governor demanded of the creditor what he had to say in reply to the solemn declaration he had heard. He said that he submitted, and could not doubt but that his debtor had sworn the truth ; for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian ; and that, as the fault must have been in his own memory, he would thenceforward ask him no more for his money. The debtor now took his staff again, and, bowing to the governor, went out of court.

Sancho having observed the defendant take his staff and walk away, and noticing also the resignation of the plaintiff, he began to meditate, and laying the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, he continued a short time apparently full of thought ; and then raising his head, he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back ; and when he had returned, 'Honest friend,' said the governor, 'give me that staff, for I have occasion for it.' 'With all my heart,' answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and immediately giving it to the other old man, he said, 'There, take that, and go about your business, for you are now paid.' 'I paid, my lord!' answered the old man ; 'What is this cane worth ten golden crowns?' 'Yes,' quoth the governor, 'or I am the greatest dunce in the world ; and it shall now appear whether or not I have a head to govern a whole kingdom.' He then ordered the cane to be broken in court ; which being done, ten crowns of gold were found within it. All the spectators were struck with admiration, and began to look upon their new governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he had discovered that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that, having observed

the defendant give it to the plaintiff to hold, while he took his oath that he had truly restored the money into his own hands, and that being done he took his staff again, it came into his head that the money in dispute must be enclosed within it. From this, he added, they might see that it sometimes pleased God to direct the judgments of those who govern, though otherwise little better than blockheads. The cause being ended, the two old men went away, the one abashed and the other satisfied; and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza [*for the amusement of the nobleman who had given him the governorship*] could not determine in his own mind whether he should set him down for wise or simple.

—*Don Quixote, Part II.*

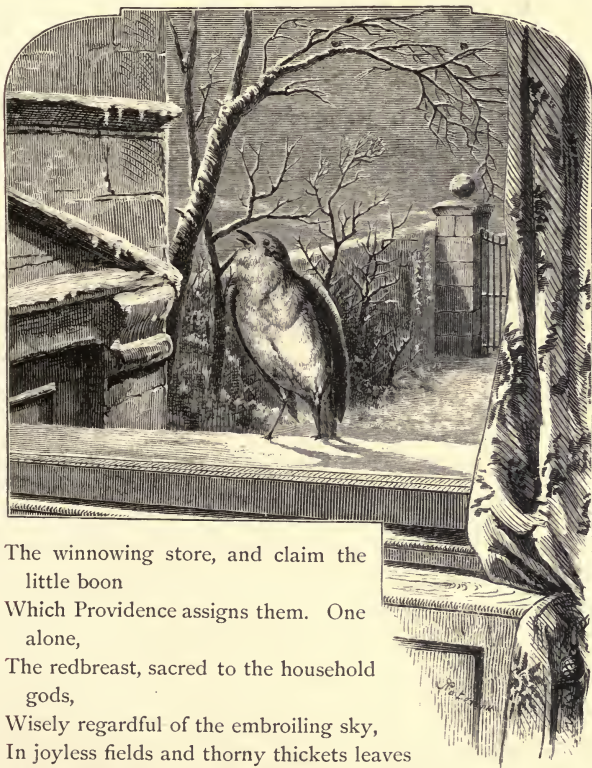
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THE CONFIDENT ROBIN.

[JAMES THOMSON.]

THE cherished fields

Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around



The winnowing store, and claim the  
little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One  
alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household  
gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights

On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet.

## STARS AT BED-TIME.

[MRS. WELLS.]

LIFT up the curtain, Bridget,—  
You need no longer stay ;  
I want to see the stars shine  
When you have gone away.

I'd rather say my prayers, here,  
When nobody is by,  
And only angel eyes look  
From out the blessed sky.

The stars, so sweetly shining  
When earth and sky are dim,—  
It seems as if God bade them  
Invite our hearts to Him.

I think Mamma is near them,  
For she to heaven is gone.—  
Kiss me good-night, dear Bridget,  
And let me lie alone.



## THE LONG NIGHT OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

[WASHINGTON IRVING.]

RIP VAN WINKLE was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but

as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm ; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country ; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces ; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages ; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else ; the rain always made a point of setting-in just as he had some out-door work to do ; so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighbourhood. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment ; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. . . .

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with his dog Wolf, with whom he sympathised as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. 'Poor Wolf!' he would say, 'thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it ; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand

by thee!' Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.



In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his

gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson far, far below him, moving on its silent, majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on the scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!' He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry through the still evening air: 'Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!'—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity

of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers, which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too,

were peculiar ; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes ; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They had all beards of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance ; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder. As Rip and his companions approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait on the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling ; they quaffed their liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he

had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to visit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. 'These mountain beds do not agree with me,' thought Rip; 'and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a happy time with Dame Van Winkle.' With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again

called and whistled after his dog: he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his gun and dog; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same; when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a







distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. ‘That flagon last night,’ thought he, ‘has addled my poor head sadly!’

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. ‘My very dog,’ sighed poor Rip, ‘has forgotten me.’ He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, ‘The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.’ There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recognised. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. . . . The poor man humbly assured them that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours who used to keep about the tavern.

‘Well—who are they? Name them.’

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired 'Where 's Nicholas Vedder?'

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, 'Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that 's rotten and gone too.'

'Where 's Brom Dutcher?'

'Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point—others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again.'

'Where 's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?'

'He went off to the wars too, was a great militia-general, and is now in Congress.'

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. He had no courage to ask after more friends, but cried out in despair, 'Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?'

'Oh, Rip Van Winkle!' exclaimed two or three; 'Oh, to be sure! that 's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.'

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up to the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, a man demanded who he was, and what was his name?

'God knows,' exclaimed he, at his wits end; 'I 'm not myself—I 'm somebody else—that 's me yonder—no—that 's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they 've changed my gun, and everything 's changed, and I can't tell what 's my name, or who I am!'

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. At this critical moment, a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. 'Hush, Rip,' cried she, 'hush, you little fool, the old man wont hurt you.' The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. 'What is your name, my good woman?' said he.

'Judith Gardeiner.'

'And your father's name?'

'Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.'

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: 'Where's your mother?'

'Oh, she too had died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar.'

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. 'I am your father!' cried he—'young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?'

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, 'Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbour—why, where have you been these twenty long years?'

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard

it. It was determined to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

—*Abridged from Sketch-Book.*



THE RIVER.

[THOMAS AIRD.]

**I**NFANT of the weeping hills,  
Nursling of the springs and rills,  
Growing River, flowing ever,  
Wimpling, dimpling, staying never—  
Lispings, gurglings, ever going,  
Lispings, slippings, ever flowing ;  
Toying round the polished stone,  
Kiss the sedge and journey on.  
Here 's a creek where bubbles come,  
Whirling make your ball of foam.

There 's a nook so deep and cool,  
Sleep into a glassy pool.  
Breaking, gushing,  
Downward rushing,  
Narrowing green against the bank,  
Where the alders grow in rank—  
Thence recoiling,  
Outward boiling,  
Fret, in rough shingly shallows wide,  
Your difficult way to yonder side.  
Thence away, aye away,  
Bickering down the sunny day,  
In the Sea, in yonder West,  
Lose yourself, and be at rest.

## THE HOLLY-TREE.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY.]

**O** READER, hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly-Tree?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise  
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen,  
Wrinkled and keen;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.



I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
    And moralise ;  
And in this wisdom of the Holly-Tree  
    Can emblems see,  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear  
    Harsh and austere,  
To those who on my leisure would intrude  
    Reserved and rude ;  
Gentle at home amid my friends I 'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
    Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
    Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
    So bright and green,  
The Holly-leaves their fadeless hues display  
    Less bright than they ;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the Holly-Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among  
    The thoughtless throng,  
So would I seem among the young and gay  
    More grave than they,  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the Holly-Tree.

## A CHILD AT PRAYER.

[BYRON.]

**K**NEEL, my child, for God is here !  
Bend in love, and not in fear ;  
Kneel before Him now in prayer ;  
Thank Him for His constant care ;  
Praise Him for His bounty shed  
Every moment on thy head ;  
Ask Him to point out thy way,  
And to guard thee through the day ;  
Ask Him still to watch and keep  
Thee in the silent hours of sleep ;  
Ask for light to know His word ;  
Ask for love to shed abroad ;  
Pray for strength, for thou art weak,  
And for grace and mercy seek ;  
Ask for faith, to bear thee on,  
Through the might of Christ, His Son ;  
Pray for mercy in His name  
Who from Heaven to save thee came ;  
Ask His Spirit still to guide thee  
Through the ills that may betide thee ;  
Ask for peace to lull to rest  
Every tumult of the breast ;  
Ask His soul-sustaining truth  
As the spring-dew of thy youth ;  
Ask His promises to bless  
Thee in thy age's helplessness ;  
Ask in awe, but not in fear ;  
Kneel, my child, for God is here !



God thy father is, and friend,  
Thy only stay, thy only trust ;  
He loves thee, and His wings extend  
To shield thee, though a child of dust.  
Love Him, then, for He is good ;  
Sink before Him—He is wise ;  
Life and health, and rest and food,  
He still ordains, and still supplies.

Love Him—for He loveth thee,  
Bendeth now thy prayer to hear ;  
Kneel, then, in deep humility,  
And pray, my child, for God is near.

## THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

[LONGFELLOW.]

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand ;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed ;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode,  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand ;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand !—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank ;

His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew ;  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyena scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream ;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty ;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep, and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day ;  
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away !

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

YE Mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below ;



the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million (1990-2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of older people, and the need to ensure that the health care system is able to meet the needs of this population. This paper discusses the need for a new approach to the care of older people, and the need for a new model of care.

The paper is divided into three main sections. The first section discusses the need for a new approach to the care of older people, and the need for a new model of care.

The second section discusses the need for a new approach to the care of older people, and the need for a new model of care.

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As they roar on the shore  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.  
The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

## THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN.

[R. PATERSON.]

ONCE upon a time there happened to be an ass which had the misfortune to be owned by a very ungrateful miller. The poor donkey had spent all his life in this man's service, and had now grown feeble and unable for the same hard toil as he had been accustomed to. The miller, begrudging the poor creature the miserable pittance required to keep him in life, determined to end matters by killing his faithful servant. The donkey, not relishing this idea (which by some good chance had come to his ears), made what speed he could to outwit the miller, and took the road to Bremen, saying to himself as he went, ' Though my master is so ungrateful, perhaps the good citizens of Bremen may choose me as town musician.' Becoming tired, he lay down by the roadside. He had not lain long when a greyhound, in a half-

starved condition, and almost out of breath, came to the spot. Seeing the donkey he stopped, and with a low whine saluted him. In return, the donkey bade him 'Good evening,' and inquired what might be the load which, to all appearance, lay upon his heart, to make him so sad and ill. 'Alas!' quoth the greyhound, 'being now old, and unable to go out with the other hounds, my master was about to kill me, when I made off; and am now worse than if I had allowed myself to be killed.' 'You know the proverb,' returned the donkey, "While there 's life there 's hope." Listen. I am in the same predicament; I am going to Bremen, where I hope to be made town musician; come along with me—a duet is more pleasing to most people than a solo.' And off they trudged together. They had not gone far on their way when they overtook a cat with a woful countenance; of whom the donkey commiseratingly inquired, 'What has occurred to ruffle your generally smooth skin?' The reply of puss was similar to that of the greyhound, whereupon the ass made answer, 'You know the proverb, "While there 's life there 's hope." We are in the same predicament; we go to Bremen in the hope of being made town musicians; come along with us—a trio is more pleasing to most people than a duet.' Puss accordingly joined their company. A little further on the road, stood a farm-yard, near which a cock was cowering in a niche of a wall, yet ever and anon unable to resist screeching, as it were in very defiance. 'Good evening,' cried the donkey, greyhound, and cat in a breath; 'what ill hath befallen you that your cap has so paled, and your temper become so uncertain?' 'Ay, ay, you may well ask; but did you feel the grasp of death around your throats as I do, in truth you would not jeer at my misfortune.' The cock being prevailed upon to join their company, on the ground that a 'quartett was more pleasing than a trio to most people,' they proceeded on their way to Bremen.



Night, however, was too far advanced, and they therefore determined to pass it under a large tree, in an adjacent wood. The donkey stretched himself at full length, the dog curled himself up, while the cat and cock chose to ascend among the branches. Scarcely had they done so, when the cat, with her quick eye, discovered a light at some distance, and immediately made the fact known; whereupon the whole company resolved to go in search of the house from which the light proceeded, in the hope of getting something to refresh themselves with.

Reaching the spot, the ass raised himself on his hind quarters, looked in at the window, and saw a number of robbers regaling themselves; upon which he turned to his companions, and, telling them the state of matters, remarked, 'These dainties, my friends, methinks are just such as would suit us.' Thereupon they laid their heads together how to drive the robbers out, and fell upon the following idea:—The ass, raising himself upon his hind feet, permitted his shoulders to be bestrode by the greyhound, who in turn was surmounted by the cat, the cock occupying the highest position, on the cat's head. At a given signal the ass brayed, the dog howled, the cat screamed, and the cock crowed lustily; and at the same time all made a sudden rush at the window. The robbers were frightened beyond measure, and did not lose a moment in fleeing from the scene of their revelry, and taking refuge in the neighbouring wood. The four musicians found themselves so comfortable, after partaking of the viands which had been prepared by the robbers, that they put out the lights and went to rest, each in his own way.

Soon after, the robber chief, seeing the lights extinguished, ordered one of the band to return to the house. The messenger, on searching in the kitchen for a light to the candle, thought the cat's fiery eyes were live coals, and held a match to them, when the cat flew at him and scratched his face severely. Being terribly frightened, he was rushing out of the house when he unfortunately trod on the fore paw of the dog, who with a surly growl bit him in the leg. As he pursued his course through the farm-yard, the donkey hastened his departure with a kick, which, combined with a cock-a-doodle-doo from the hen-roost, drove the poor robber quite beside himself.

Approaching his chief well nigh out of breath, he exclaimed, 'Oh dear! in the house dwells a wicked old hag of a witch, who flew at

me and scratched my face with her claws ; in another room a man stands with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg ; outside, a fearful monster hit me with a club ; while on the roof sits a judge, who called out, "Bring the rascal here !" But, fortunately, I escaped them all, though not without hurt.' From that time the robbers dared not go near the house ; and the four musicians spent the remainder of their lives in peace and quietness.

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TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On Turning one Down with the Plough, in April 1786.*

[ROBERT BURNS.]

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
                   Thy slender stem :  
 To spare thee now is past my power,  
                   Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it 's no thy neibor sweet,  
 The bonny lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
                   Wi' speckled breast,  
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet  
                   The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble, birth ;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
                   Amid the storm,

Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stubble field  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
To misery's brink,  
Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,  
He ruined sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom !



## THE SPARROW'S NEST.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.]

**B**EHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
Those bright blue eggs to-  
gether laid !

On me the chance-discover'd sight

Gleamed like a vision of delight.

I started—seeming to espy

The home and shelter'd bed,—

The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by

My father's house, in wet or dry,

My sister Emmeline and I

Together visited.

She look'd at it as if she fear'd it ;  
 Still wishing, dreading, to be near it ;  
 Such heart was in her, being then  
 A little prattler among men.  
 The blessing of my latter years  
     Was with me when a boy :  
 She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;  
 And humble cares, and delicate fears ;  
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;  
     And love, and thought, and joy.

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THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.]

**O**NE morning (raw it was and wet,  
     A foggy day in winter time)  
 A woman on the road I met,  
 Not old, but something past her prime :  
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;  
 And like a Roman matron was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead ;  
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;  
 Proud was I that my country bred  
 Such strength, a dignity so fair :  
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate,  
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
 With the first word I had to spare



I said to her, 'Beneath your cloak  
What's that which on your arms you bear?'  
She answered, soon as she the question heard,  
'A simple burden, sir, a little singing-bird.'

And thus continuing, she said,  
'I had a son, who many a day  
Sailed on the seas: but he is dead;  
In Denmark he was cast away;  
And I have travelled far as Hull to see  
What clothes he might have left, or other property.

'The bird and cage, they both were his;  
'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim  
He kept it: many voyages  
His singing-bird hath gone with him;  
When last he sailed he left the bird behind,  
As it might be, perhaps, from bodings of his mind.

'He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it to be watched and fed,  
Till he came back again; and there  
I found it when my son was dead;  
And now, God help me for my little wit!  
I trail it with me, sir! he took so much delight in it.'



## CHRISTMAS.

[HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.]

OVER the hills of Palestine  
The silver stars began to shine ;  
Night drew her shadows softly round  
The slumbering earth, without a sound.

Among the fields and dewy rocks  
The shepherds kept their quiet flocks,  
And looked along the darkening land  
That waited the Divine command.

When lo! through all the opening blue  
Far up the deep, dark heavens withdrew,  
And angels in a solemn light  
Praised God to all the listening night.

Ah! said the lowly shepherds then,  
The Seraph sang good-will to men :  
O hasten, earth, to meet the morn,  
The Prince, the Prince of Peace is born !

Again the sky was deep and dark,  
Each star relumed his silver spark,  
The dreaming land in silence lay,  
And waited for the dawning day.

But in a stable low and rude,  
Where white-horned, mild-eyed oxen stood,  
The gates of heaven were still displayed,  
For Christ was in the manger laid.



THE MAN WITH THE MUCK RAKE.

[JOHN BUNYAN.]

[CHRISTIANA and her children, with Mercy, on their pilgrimage towards the Celestial City, come to the door of the House of the Interpreter, who thus welcomes them:—]

‘But why standest thou thus at the door? Come in, thou daughter of Abraham; we were talking of thee but now, for tidings have come to us before, how thou art become a pilgrim. Come, children, come in; come, maiden, come in.’ So he had them all into the house.

So when they were within they were bidden sit down and rest them; the which when they had done, those that attended upon the pilgrims in the house came into the room to see them. And one smiled, and another smiled, and they all smiled for joy that Christiana also was become a pilgrim. They also looked upon the boys; they stroked them over the faces with the hand, in token of their kind reception of them; they also carried it lovingly to Mercy, and bid them all welcome into their master’s house.

After a while, because supper was not ready, the Interpreter took them into his significant rooms, and showed them what Christian, Christiana’s husband, had seen some time before. . . . This done, and after these things had been somewhat digested by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.

Then said Christiana, ‘I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this, for this is a figure of a man of the world. Is it not, good sir?’

INTERPRETER.—‘Thou hast said the right,’ said he, ‘and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks and the dust of the floor, than to what he says that calls to him from above with

the celestial crown in his hand, it is to shew that heaven is but as a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also shewed thee that the man could look no way but downwards, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God.'

CHRISTIANA.—Then said Christiana, 'Oh, deliver me from this muck-rake!'

INTERPRETER.—'That prayer,' said the Interpreter, 'has lain by till 'tis almost rusty. "Give me not riches," (Prov. xxx. 8), is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws, and sticks, and dust with most are the great things now looked after.'

With that Mercy and Christiana wept, and said, 'It is, alas! too true.'

—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

#### ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

[JOHN WILSON.]

MAGNIFICENT creature! so stately and bright!  
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;  
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,  
 Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;  
 Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—  
 Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!  
 Hail! Idol divine!—whom Nature hath borne  
 O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,  
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,  
 As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;  
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,  
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.



Up! up to yon cliff! like a King to his throne!  
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—  
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign  
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.  
Here the heather springs up in love of thy breast—  
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest,  
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!  
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still—  
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,  
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,  
One moment, thou bright apparition! delay!  
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er! as if struck by a spell  
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,  
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,  
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.  
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—  
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—  
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—  
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!





Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !  
Magnificent prison enclosing the free !  
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd—  
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.  
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep  
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep ;  
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies  
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,  
Where the creature at rest can his image behold  
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold !

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in repose—  
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.  
Thy bold antlers call on the huntsman afar  
With a haughty defiance to come to the war !  
No outrage is war to a creature like thee !  
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,  
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,  
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.  
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,—  
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—



In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—  
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—  
Thy trust,—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!  
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?  
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,  
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—  
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat  
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet;  
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,  
As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.



## WHAT ARE CHILDREN?

[JOHN NEAL.]

WHAT are *children*? Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here just within reach of our observation are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering about, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract everybody's attention; while others are holding themselves aloof, with





their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for tomorrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered: *What are children?* . . . .

Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you see warriors with their garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes;

historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a gravedigger flying a kite with his future customers; there a physician playing at marbles with his; here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighbourhood; there a Cromwell or a Cæsar, a Napoleon or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the 'old Parr' of another generation sitting apart in the sunshine and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. . . .

What would be our feelings to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? To find a nest of serpents on our pillow? A destroyer or a traitor asleep on our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Bentham, a Napoleon, or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums? Cuvier labouring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? Laplace trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his playfellows' gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves playing bo-peep with Marat, Robespierre, or Charlotte Corday? or puss in the corner with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakespeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps, of people no better than we are. But *if* they could have appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while they were playing together! what a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! how their fingers would have tingled!

Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky. . . . The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no

costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but



in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, in every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow-storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where drums are beating and colours flying in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves and rejoicing



before the windows of toy-shops. They love the blaze of fireworks and the smell of gunpowder, and where that is, they are, to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors or windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live anywhere in the neighbourhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot with here and there a patch of green or a dry place in it, and steal behind the curtains, or draw the blinds and let the fresh wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, or knock-up-and-catch. . . . .



## THE GIRL AND THE GLEANER.

[MARIA S. CUMMINS.]



WHAT poor little miser-  
 able bird art thou?  
 Where is thy home? Does  
 some old oak-bough,  
 Some hole in the wall, some  
 crevice narrow,  
 Serve as a home for thee,  
 poor sparrow?

I should almost think, indeed, underground  
 The likeliest place for thy nest to be found,  
 Thou lookest so rumped, so shabby, and gray.  
 And what is thy business here, I pray?  
 Ah! now I see; thou 'rt in hopes to be able  
 To gather up seed from the rich birds' table;

I notice thou 'rt eagerly picking up all  
That chance from the cage above to fall.  
Poor little beggar-bird! Dost not thou wish  
Thou couldst have supper served up in a dish,  
Live in a beautiful house, and, at night,  
Be carried in-doors and shut up tight,  
Like those little speckled foreigners there,  
That are treated with so much kindness and care?  
They never know all the trials and pain  
That arise from hunger, cold, and rain.  
I cannot but laugh to see with what pains  
Thou 'rt hunting about for those little grains  
Which our favoured birds of the 'upper ten'  
Throw aside and never think of again.

'Laugh away in your pride, laugh away;  
What do you think I care?  
Call me a beggar you may,  
But I 'm a bird of the air.  
Think you I 'd a prisoner be?  
No; liberty is life to me.

'Do you suppose that your foreign birds  
Prefer with you to stay?  
Open the door, and with very few words  
I 'll warrant they 'd fly away.  
A gilded cage can never compare  
With freedom to sweep through God's pure air.

'A nest, to be sure, in a tree  
Is the only home I know;



But the rain can never reach me,  
And you would not pity me so  
If you could but hear how I sing and shout  
When the golden sun from the clouds bursts out.

' And if I do have to fly  
The fields and gardens o'er  
For the seed that your birds fling by,  
I enjoy it all the more.  
I eat my food and away I hie.  
Who 'd live in a cage? Not I! Not I!'





## DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

[JAMES SHIRLEY.]

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings :  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.  
Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
They tame but one another still :  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.  
The garlands wither on your brow ;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :  
Upon Death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds.  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb ;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.





## LOST IN THE WOODS.

[The following extract is from a small volume entitled 'The Australian Babes in the Wood,' by R. Paterson; a story of literal fact, recording one of the most 'amazing acts of providential preservation' which can well be conceived. Three little children were safely recovered by their parents after having wandered for many days in the pathless Australian bush.]

AND now 'twas night, the starry sphere,  
 Their only roof-tree, smiled  
 In beauty on those lonely ones  
 Far 'mid that dismal wild.  
 Then Jeanie upward turned her gaze,  
 For God, she knew, was there;  
 The tear-drops glittering in her eyes,  
 And breathed her evening prayer.

Then sweet they kiss'd each other's lips,  
 And twined their arms around  
 Each other's necks, and laid them down  
 Upon the cheerless ground.

O wearily, and joylessly,  
Ditl that first night appear ;  
And oh ! how cold—how very cold  
The desert atmosphere !

No mother's hands, no sweet soft bed—  
No, nought to lure repose :  
The stars look'd down like twinkling eyes,  
And up the moon arose.  
But Jeanie thought they smiled disdain,  
And long'd the sun would rise ;  
And tightening Frankie in her arms,  
She closed her wearied eyes.

And though at last o'ercome by sleep,  
Her thoughts were busy still ;  
She sobb'd and smiled alternately,  
Like gurgling mountain rill.  
O 'twas a sight so woeful sad  
To see, so far away  
From haunt of men, that darksome night  
As nestling close they lay !

They slept, and soon the sun uprose,  
Dispersing darkness far—  
Paling the glory of the moon,  
Dimming each tiny star.  
And still they slept ; their little forms  
Lay prostrate, wearied so,  
That c'en the hard uneasy heath  
Seem'd downy couch to grow.

## THE WOOING OF MASTER FOX.

[LORD LYTTON.]

IN the time of which I am about to speak, there was no particular enmity between the various species of brutes: the Dog and the Hare chatted very agreeably together; and all the world knows that the Wolf, unacquainted with mutton, had a particular affection for the Lamb. In these happy days, two most respectable Cats, of very old family, had an only daughter. Never was kitten more amiable or more seducing: as she grew up she manifested so many charms, that in a little while she became noted as the greatest beauty in the neighbourhood. Her skin was of the most delicate tortoise-shell, her paws were smoother than velvet, her whiskers were twelve inches long at the least, and her eyes had a gentleness altogether astonishing in a Cat. But if the young beauty had suitors in plenty during the lives of Monsieur and Madame, you may suppose the number was not diminished when, at the age of two years and a-half, she was left an orphan, and sole heiress to all the hereditary property. In fine, she was the richest marriage in the whole country. Without troubling you with the adventures of the rest of her lovers, with their suit, and their rejection, I come at once to the two rivals most sanguine of success—the Dog and the Fox.

Now the Dog was a handsome, honest, straightforward, affectionate fellow. 'For my part,' said he, 'I don't wonder at my cousin's refusing Bruin the Bear, and Gauntgrim the Wolf: to be sure they give themselves great airs, and call themselves noble, but what then? Bruin is always in the sulks, and Gauntgrim always in a passion. A Cat of any sensibility would lead a miserable life with them: as for me, I am very good-tempered when I'm not put out; and I have no fault except that of being angry if disturbed at my meals. I am young and good-looking, fond of play and amusement, and altogether

as agreeable a husband as a Cat could find in a summer's day. If she marries me, well and good; she may have her property settled on herself:—if not, I shall bear her no malice; and I hope I sha'n't be too much in love to forget that there are other Cats in the world.'

With that the Dog threw his tail over his back, and set off to his mistress with a gay face on the matter.

Now the Fox heard the Dog talking thus to himself—for the Fox was always peeping about, in holes and corners; and he burst out a-laughing when the Dog was out of sight.

'Ho, ho, my fine fellow!' said he; 'not so fast, if you please: you've got the Fox for a rival, let me tell you.'

Reynard was aware that in love one should always, if possible, be the first in the field; and he therefore resolved to get the start of the Dog and arrive before him at the Cat's residence. But this was no easy matter; for though Reynard could run faster than the Dog for a little way, he was no match for him in a journey of some distance. 'However,' said Reynard, 'those good-natured creatures are never very wise; and I think I know already what will make him bait on his way.'

With that, the Fox trotted pretty fast by a short cut in the woods, and getting before the Dog, laid himself down by a hole in the earth, and began to howl most piteously.

The Dog, hearing the noise, was very much alarmed; 'See, now,' said he, 'if the poor Fox has not got himself into some scrape! Those cunning creatures are always in mischief; thank Heaven, it never comes into my head to be cunning!' And the good-natured animal ran off as hard as he could to see what was the matter with the Fox.

'Oh dear!' cried Reynard; 'what shall I do, what shall I do! My poor little sister has fallen into this hole, and I can't get her out—she'll certainly be smothered.' And the Fox burst out a-howling more pitcously than before.



the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million (15.5% of the population).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of older people, and the Government has set out a strategy for the 21st century in the White Paper on *Ageing Better: A Strategy for the 21st Century* (Department of Health 1999).

The White Paper sets out a number of key objectives for the health care system, including the need to improve the health and well-being of older people, and to ensure that they have access to the services they need.

One of the key objectives is to improve the health and well-being of older people, and to ensure that they have access to the services they need. This includes a range of services, including health care, social care, and housing.

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‘But, my dear Reynard,’ quoth the Dog very simply, ‘why don’t you go in after your sister?’

‘Ah, you may well ask that,’ said the Fox; ‘but, in trying to get in, don’t you perceive that I have sprained my back, and can’t stir? Oh dear! what shall I do if my poor little sister is smothered!’

‘Pray don’t vex yourself,’ said the Dog; ‘I’ll get her out in an instant!’ and with that he forced himself with great difficulty into the hole.

Now, no sooner did the Fox see that the Dog was fairly in, than he rolled a great stone to the mouth of the hole, and fitted it so tight, that the Dog, not being able to turn round and scratch against it with his fore-paws, was made a close prisoner.

‘Ha, ha!’ cried Reynard, laughing outside; ‘amuse yourself with my poor little sister, while I go and make your compliments to Mademoiselle the Cat.’

With that Reynard set off at an easy pace, never troubling his head what became of the poor Dog. When he arrived in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Cat’s mansion, he resolved to pay a visit to a friend of his, an old Magpie that lived in a tree, and was well acquainted with all the news of the place.

*[He told the Magpie as a great secret, knowing she would tell it all again, that her majesty the Lioness had fallen in love with him, and that his majesty the Lion had bribed him to leave the court, with three hairs from the fifth leg of the Amoronthologosphorus; and other lies, which the Magpie believed.]*

The Fox then wished the Magpie good night, and retired to a hole in the neighbourhood to sleep off the fatigues of the day, before he presented himself to the beautiful young Cat.

The next morning, it was all over the place that Reynard the Fox had been banished from court for the favour shown him by her majesty; and that the Lion had bribed his departure with three

hairs that would make any lady whom the Fox married young and beautiful for ever.

The Cat was the first to learn the news, and she became all curiosity to see so interesting a stranger. She was not long without obtaining her wish. As she was taking a walk in the wood, the Fox contrived to encounter her. You may be sure that he made her his best bow; and he flattered the poor Cat with so courtly an air, that she saw nothing surprising in the love of the Lioness.

Meanwhile let us see what became of his rival, the Dog. When he found himself entrapped, he gave himself up for lost. In vain he kicked with his hind-legs against the stone—he only succeeded in bruising his paws; and at length he was forced to lie down, with his tongue out of his mouth, and quite exhausted. ‘However,’ said he, ‘it won’t do to be starved here, without doing my best to escape; and if I can’t get out one way, let me see if there is not a hole at the other end.’ Thus saying, his courage, which stood him in lieu of cunning, returned, and he proceeded on in the same straightforward way in which he always conducted himself. At first, the path was exceedingly narrow, and he hurt his sides very much against the rough stones that projected from the earth. But by degrees the way became broader, and he now went on with considerable ease to himself, till he arrived in a large cavern, where he saw an immense Griffin sitting on his tail, and smoking a huge pipe.

The Dog was by no means pleased at meeting so suddenly a creature that had only to open his mouth to swallow him up at a morsel; however, he put a bold face on the danger, and, walking respectfully up to the Griffin, said, ‘Sir, I should be very much obliged to you if you would inform me the way out of these holes into the upper world.’

The Griffin took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked at the Dog very sternly. ‘Ho, wretch!’ said he, ‘how comest thou hither?’



I suppose thou wantest to steal my treasure ; but I know how to treat such vagabonds as you, and I shall certainly eat you up.'

*[But the Griffin, finding that the Dog was faithful and knew how to speak the truth, and wanting just such a servant to guard his treasure, gave him the choice of being his servant or his breakfast ; and the Dog chose to stay with the Griffin, and served him faithfully, driving away all the serpents that came to rob the treasure, but all the time not forgetting his cousin the Cat, or forgiving his rival the Fox. At last, through the Dog's fidelity and vigilance, the king of the serpents, who came himself to rob the Griffin's treasure, was slain ; and the Griffin, well pleased, said to the Dog,] 'I have no longer need of a servant ; for now that the king of the serpents is dead, the rest will never molest me. It was only to satisfy his avarice that his subjects dared to brave the den of the Griffin.'*

Upon hearing this the Dog was exceedingly delighted ; and raising himself on his hind-paws, he begged the Griffin most movingly to let him return to earth, to visit his mistress the Cat, and worry his rival the Fox.

'You do not serve an ungrateful master,' answered the Griffin. 'You shall return, and I will teach you all the craft of our race, which is much craftier than the race of that pettifogger the Fox, so that you may be able to cope with your rival.'

'Ah, excuse me,' said the Dog hastily, 'I am equally obliged to you : but I fancy honesty is a match for cunning any day ; and I think myself a great deal safer in being a Dog of honour, than if I knew all the tricks in the world.'

'Well,' said the Griffin, a little piqued at the Dog's bluntness, 'do as you please ; I wish you all possible success.'

Then the Griffin opened a secret door in the side of the cavern, and the Dog saw a broad path that led at once into the wood. He thanked the Griffin with all his heart, and ran wagging his tail into

the open moonlight. 'Ah, ah, Master Fox!' said he, 'there's no trap for an honest Dog that has not two doors to it, cunning as you think yourself.'

With that he curled his tail gallantly over his left leg, and set off on a long trot to the Cat's house. When he was within sight of it, he stopped to refresh himself by a pool of water; and who should be there but our friend the Magpie!

'And what do *you* want, friend?' said she, rather disdainfully, for the Dog looked somewhat out of case after his journey.

'I am going to see my cousin the Cat,' answered he.

'*Your* cousin!' said the Magpie; 'don't you know she is going to be married to Reynard the Fox? This is not a time for her to receive the visits of a brute like you.'

These words put the Dog in such a passion, that he very nearly bit the Magpie for her uncivil mode of communicating such bad news. However, he curbed his temper, and, without answering her, went at once to the Cat's residence.

The Cat was sitting at the window, and no sooner did the Dog see her than he fairly lost his heart; never had he seen so charming a Cat before: he advanced, wagging his tail, and with his most insinuating air; when the Cat, getting up, clapped the window in his face—and lo! Reynard the Fox appeared in her stead.

'Come out, thou rascal!' said the Dog, showing his teeth; 'come out, I challenge thee to single combat; I have not forgiven thy malice, and thou seest that I am no longer shut up in the cave, and unable to punish thee for thy wickedness.'

'Go home, silly one,' answered the Fox, sneering; 'thou hast no business here, and as for fighting thee—bah!' Then the Fox left the window, and disappeared. But the Dog, thoroughly enraged, scratched lustily at the door, and made such a noise, that presently the Cat herself came to the window.

'How now!' said she, angrily; 'what means all this rudeness? Who are you, and what do you want at my house?'

'O, my dear cousin,' said the Dog, 'do not speak so severely. Know that I have come here on purpose to pay you a visit; and, whatever you do, let me beseech you not to listen to that villain Reynard—you have no conception what a rogue he is!'

'What!' said the Cat, blushing; 'do you dare to abuse your betters in this fashion? I see you have a design on me. Go, this instant, or—'

'Enough, madam,' said the Dog, proudly; 'you need not speak twice to me—farewell!'

And he turned away very slowly, and went under a tree, where he took up his lodgings for the night. But the next morning there was an amazing commotion in the neighbourhood; a stranger, of a very different style of travelling from that of the Dog, had arrived in the dead of the night, and fixed his abode in a large cavern, hollowed out of a steep rock. The noise he had made in flying through the air was so great, that it had awakened every bird and beast in the parish; and Reynard, whose bad conscience never suffered him to sleep very soundly, putting his head out of the window, perceived, to his great alarm, that the stranger was nothing less than a monstrous Griffin.

Now the Griffins are the richest beasts in the world; and that's the reason they keep so close under ground. Whenever it does happen that they pay a visit above, it is not a thing to be easily forgotten.

The Magpie was all agitation—what could the Griffin possibly want there? She resolved to take a peep at the cavern, and accordingly she hopped timorously up the rock, and pretended to be picking up sticks for her nest.

'Holla, ma'am!' cried a very rough voice, and she saw the Griffin

putting his head out of the cavern. 'Holla! you are the very lady I want to see; you know all the people about here—eh?'

'All the best company, your lordship, I certainly do,' answered the Magpie, dropping a courtesy.

Upon this the Griffin walked out; and smoking his pipe leisurely in the open air, in order to set the Pie at her ease, continued—

'Are there any respectable beasts of good families settled in this neighbourhood?'

'O, most elegant society, I assure your lordship,' cried the Pie. 'I have lived here myself these ten years; and the great heiress, the Cat yonder, attracts a vast number of strangers.'

'Humph—heiress indeed! much *you* know about heiresses!' said the Griffin. 'There is only one heiress in the world, and that's my daughter.'

*[And the Griffin told the Magpie that his daughter was very handsome—just the living picture of himself—and very rich in her own right; and the Magpie told the Cat and the Fox; and the Fox took a strange longing to go to the rock, merely to see the Griffin smoking his pipe; and, having got the Dog out of the way, by persuading the Rabbit to challenge him to a duel, the Fox got safe to the rock.]*

He walked about very soft-footedly, and looked about with extreme caution, for he had a vague notion that a Griffin-papa would not be very civil to Foxes.

Now there were two holes in the rock—one below, one above, an upper story and an under; and while the Fox was peering about, he saw a great claw from the upper rock beckoning to him.

'Ah, ah!' said the Fox, 'that's the young Griffiness.'

He approached, and a voice said—'Charming Mr. Reynard! Do you not think you could deliver an unfortunate Griffiness from a barbarous confinement in this rock?'

'Oh!' cried the Fox, tenderly, 'what a beautiful voice! and, ah! my poor heart, what a lovely claw! Is it possible that I hear the daughter of my lord, the great Griffin?'

'Hush, flatterer! not so loud, if you please. My father is taking an evening stroll, and is very quick of hearing. He has tied me up by my poor wings in this cavern, for he is mightily afraid of some beast running away with me. You know I have all my fortune settled on myself.'

'Talk not of fortune,' said the Fox; 'but how can I deliver you? Shall I enter and gnaw the cord?'

'Alas!' answered the Griffiness, 'it is an immense chain I am bound with. However, you may come in and talk more at your ease.'

The Fox peeped cautiously all round, and, seeing no sign of the Griffin, he entered the lower cave, and stole up-stairs to the upper story; but as he went on, he saw immense piles of jewels and gold, and all sorts of treasure, so that the old Griffin might well have laughed at the poor Cat being called an heiress. The Fox was greatly pleased at such indisputable signs of wealth, and he entered the upper cave resolved to be transported with the charms of the Griffiness.

There was, however, a great chasm between the landing-place and the spot where the young lady was chained, and he found it impossible to pass; the cavern was very dark, but he saw enough of the figure of the Griffiness to perceive, in spite of her petticoat, that she was the image of her father, and the most hideous heiress that the earth ever saw!

However, he swallowed his disgust, and poured forth such a heap of compliments, that the Griffiness appeared entirely won. He implored her to fly with him the first moment she was unchained.

'That is impossible,' said she; 'for my father never unchains me except in his presence, and then I cannot stir out of his sight.'

'The wretch!' cried Reynard. 'What is to be done?'

'Why, there is only one thing I know of,' answered the Griffiness, 'which is this—I always make his soup for him; and if I could mix something in it that would put him fast to sleep before he had time to chain me up again, I might slip down and carry off all the treasure below on my back.'

'Charming!' exclaimed Reynard. 'What invention! what wit! I will go and get some poppies directly.'

'Alas!' said the Griffiness, 'poppies have no effect upon Griffins. The only thing that can ever put my father fast to sleep is a nice young Cat boiled up in his soup; it is astonishing what a charm that has upon him! But where to get a Cat?—it must be a maiden Cat too!'

Reynard was a little startled at so singular an oplate. 'But,' thought he, 'Griffins are not like the rest of the world, and so rich an heiress is not to be won by ordinary means.'

'I do know a Cat—a maiden Cat,' said he, after a short pause; 'but I feel a little repugnance at the thought of having her boiled in the Griffin's soup. Would not a Dog do as well?'

'Ah, base thing!' said the Griffiness, appearing to weep, 'you are in love with the Cat—I see it. Go and marry her, poor dwarf that she is, and leave me to die of grief.'

In vain the Fox protested that he did not care a straw for the Cat: nothing could now appease the Griffiness, but his positive assurance that, come what would, poor Puss should be brought to the cave, and boiled for the Griffin's soup.

'But how will you get her here?' said the Griffiness.

'Ah, leave that to me,' said Reynard. 'Only put a basket out of the window, and draw it up by a cord; the moment it arrives at

the window, be sure to clap your claw on the Cat at once, for she is terribly active.'

'Tush!' answered the heiress; 'a pretty Griffiness I should be if I did not know how to catch a Cat!'

*[So the Fox went back to the Cat, and told her that the Griffin meant next day to give a great ball and supper in honour of their marriage; and the foolish Cat believed him. And next day they set out for the Griffin's rock; but, desiring to get rid of the Dog, who still watched under the tree, the Fox sent the Cat off before him.]*

The Dog went up to her very humbly, and begged her to allow him to say a few words to her; but she received him so haughtily, that his spirit was up; and he walked back to the tree more than ever enraged against his rival. But what was his joy when he saw that the Cat had left the door open! 'Now, wretch,' thought he, 'you cannot escape me!' So he walked briskly in at the back-door. He was greatly surprised to find Reynard lying down in the straw, panting as if his heart would break, and rolling his eyes in the pangs of death.

'Ah, friend,' said the Fox, with a faltering voice, 'you are avenged, my hour is come; I am just going to give up the ghost: put your paw upon mine, and say you forgive me.'

Despite his anger, the generous Dog could not set tooth on a dying foe.

'You have served me a shabby trick,' said he; 'you have left me to starve in a hole, and you have evidently maligned me with my cousin: certainly I meant to be avenged on you; but if you are really dying, that alters the affair.'

'Oh, oh!' groaned the Fox very bitterly; 'I am past help; the poor Cat is gone for Doctor Ape, but he 'll never come in time. What a thing it is to have a bad conscience on one's death-bed!

But wait till the Cat returns, and I'll do you full justice with her before I die.'

The good-natured Dog was much moved at seeing his mortal enemy in such a state, and endeavoured as well as he could to console him.

'Oh, oh!' said the Fox; 'I am so parched in the throat—I am burning.' And he hung his tongue out of his mouth, and rolled his eyes more fearfully than ever.

'Is there no water here?' said the dog, looking round.

'Alas, no!—yet stay—yes, now that I think of it, there is some in that little hole in the wall; but how to get at it!—it is so high that I can't, in my poor weak state, climb up to it; and I dare not ask a favour of one I have injured so much.'

'Don't talk of it,' said the dog; 'but the hole's very small, I could not put my nose through it.'

'No; but if you just climb up on that stone, and thrust your paw into the hole, you can dip it into the water, and so cool my poor parched mouth. Oh, what a thing it is to have a bad conscience!'

The Dog sprang upon the stone, and, getting on his hind-legs, thrust his front paw into the hole; when suddenly Reynard pulled a string that he had concealed under the straw, and the Dog found his paw caught tight to the wall in a running noose.

'Ah, rascal!' said he, turning round; but the Fox leaped up gaily from the straw, and fastening the string with his teeth to a nail in the other end of the wall, walked out, crying, 'Good-by, my dear friend; have a care how you believe hereafter in sudden conversions!'—So he left the Dog on his hind-legs to take care of the house.

Reynard found the Cat waiting for him where he had appointed, and they walked lovingly together till they came to the cave. It was



now dark, and they saw the basket waiting below: the Fox assisted the poor Cat into it. 'There is only room for one,' said he; 'you must go first!' Up rose the basket; the Fox heard a piteous mew, and no more.

'So much for the Griffin's soup!' thought he.

He waited patiently for some time, when the Griffiness, waving her claw from the window, said cheerfully, 'All's right, my dear Reynard; my papa has finished his soup, and sleeps as sound as a rock! All the noise in the world would not wake him now, till he has slept off the boiled Cat—which won't be these twelve hours. Come and assist me in packing up the treasure; I should be sorry to leave a single diamond behind.'

'So should I,' quoth the Fox. 'Stay, I'll come round by the lower hole: why, the door's shut! Pray, beautiful Griffiness, open it to thy impatient adorer.'

'Alas, my father has hid the key! I never know where he places it: you must come up by the basket; see, I will lower it for you.'

The Fox was a little loth to trust himself in the same conveyance that had taken his mistress to be boiled; but the most cautious grow rash when money's to be gained, and avarice can trap even a Fox. So he put himself as comfortably as he could into the basket, and up he went in an instant. It rested, however, just before it reached the window, and the Fox felt, with a slight shudder, the claw of the Griffiness stroking his back.

'Oh, what a beautiful coat!' quoth she caressingly.

'You are too kind,' said the Fox; 'but you can feel it more at your leisure when I am once up. Make haste, I beseech you.'

'Oh, what a beautiful bushy tail! Never did I feel such a tail!'

'It is entirely at your service, sweet Griffiness,' said the Fox; 'but pray let me in. Why lose an instant?'

'No, never did I feel such a tail! No wonder you are so successful with the ladies.'

'Ah, beloved Griffiness, my tail is yours, but you pinch it a little too hard.'

Scarcely had he said this, when down dropped the basket, but not with the Fox in it; he found himself caught by the tail, and dangling half-way down the rock, by the help of the very same sort of pulley wherewith he had snared the Dog. I leave you to guess his consternation; he yelped out as loud as he could,—for it hurts a fox exceedingly to be hanged by his tail with his head downwards,—when the door of the rock opened, and out stalked the Griffin himself, smoking his pipe, with a vast crowd of all the fashionable beasts in the neighbourhood.

'Oho, brother,' said the Bear, laughing fit to kill himself; 'who ever saw a Fox hanged by the tail before?'

'You'll have need of a physician,' quoth Doctor Ape.

'A pretty match, indeed; a Griffiness for such a creature as you!' said the Goat, strutting by him.

The Fox grinned with pain, and said nothing. But that which hurt him most was the compassion of a dull fool of a Donkey, who assured him with great gravity that he saw nothing at all to laugh at in his situation!

'At all events,' said the Fox at last, 'cheated, gulled, betrayed as I am, I have played the same trick to the Dog. Go, and laugh at him, gentlemen; he deserves it as much as I can, I assure you.'

'Pardon me,' said the Griffin, taking the pipe out of his mouth; 'one never laughs at the honest.'

'And see,' said the Bear, 'here he is!'

And indeed the Dog had, after much effort, gnawed the string in two, and extricated his paw: the scent of the Fox had enabled

him to track his footsteps ; and here he arrived, burning for vengeance, and finding himself already avenged.

But his first thought was for his dear cousin. 'Ah, where is she?' he cried movingly ; 'without doubt that villain Reynard has served her some scurvy trick.'

'I fear so indeed, my old friend,' answered the Griffin, 'but don't grieve: after all, she was nothing particular. You shall marry my daughter the Griffiness, and succeed to all the treasure ; ay, and all the bones that you once guarded so faithfully.'

'Talk not to me,' said the faithful Dog. 'I want none of your treasure ; and I will run over the world but I will find my dear cousin.'

'See her then!' said the Griffin. And the beautiful Cat, more beautiful than ever, rushed out of the cavern and threw herself into the Dog's paws.

A pleasant scene this for the Fox !

'You understand me, Mr. Reynard,' said the Griffin ; 'I have no daughter, and it was me you made love to. Knowing what sort of a creature a Magpie is, I amused myself with hoaxing her,—the fashionable amusement at court, you know.'

The Fox made a mighty struggle, and leaped on the ground, leaving his tail behind him. It did not grow again in a hurry.

'See,' said the Griffin, as the beasts all laughed at the figure Reynard made running into the wood, 'the Dog beats the Fox with the ladies, after all ; and cunning as he is in everything else, the Fox is the last creature that should ever think of making love!'

—Abridged from '*Pilgrims of the Rhine*.'

## THE MOTHER TO HER BABE.

[GEORGE WITHER.]

SWEET baby, sleep : what ails my dear,  
What ails my darling, thus to cry ?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be ;  
Thine eldest brother is a King,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;  
For whosoever thee offends,  
By thy Protector threaten'd are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight ;  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.



A little infant once was He,  
And strength in weakness then was laid  
Upon his virgin mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be conveyed.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this, thy frailty and thy need,  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed ;  
For of thy weal they tender are.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease ;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain,  
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ;  
And, by His torments and His pain,  
Thy rest and ease securèd be.  
My baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more to perfect this,  
A promise and an earnest got  
Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.





## THE LITTLE MARINER.

[MARY HOWITT.]

AY, sitting on your happy hearths, beside your mother's knee,  
How should you know the miseries and dangers of the sea?  
My father was a mariner, and from my earliest years  
I can remember, night and day, my mother's prayers and tears.

I can remember how she sighed when blew the stormy gale;  
And how for days she stood to watch the long-expected sail:  
Hers was a silent, patient grief; but fears and long delay,  
And wakeful nights and anxious days, were wearing her away.

And when the gusty winds were loud, and autumn leaves were red,  
I watched, with heavy heart, beside my mother's dying bed ;  
Just when her voice was feeblest, the neighbours came to say,  
The ship was hailed an hour before, and then was in the bay.

Alas! too late the ship returned, too late her life to save ;  
My father closed her dying eyes, and laid her in the grave.  
He was a man of ardent hopes, who never knew dismay ;  
And, spite of grief, the winter-time wore cheerfully away.

Oh! pleasant were the tales he told of lands so strange and new ;  
And, in my ignorance, I vowed I'd be a sailor too :  
My father heard my vow with joy ; so, in the early May,  
We went on board a merchantman bound for Honduras bay.

Right merrily, right merrily, we sailed before the wind,  
With a briskly heaving sea before, and the landsman's cheer behind.  
There was joy for me in every league, delight on every strand,  
And I sat for days on the high foretop, on the long lookout for land.

There was joy for me in the nightly watch, on the burning Tropic seas,  
To mark the waves, like living fires, leap up to the freshening breeze.  
Right merrily, right merrily, our gallant ship went free,  
Until we neared the rocky shoals within the Western sea.

Yet still none thought of danger near, till in the silent night  
The helmsman gave the dreadful word of ' Breakers to the right !'  
The moment that his voice was heard, was felt the awful shock ;  
The ship sprang forward with a bound, and struck upon a rock.



'All hands aloft!' our captain cried;—in terror and dismay  
They threw the cargo overboard, and cut the masts away;  
'Twas all in vain, 'twas all in vain! the sea rushed o'er the deck,  
And, shattered with the beating surf, down went the parting wreck.

The moment that the wreck went down, my father seized me fast,  
And, leaping 'mid the thundering waves, seized on the broken mast:  
I know not how he bore me up, my senses seemed to swim,  
And shuddering horror chilled my brain, and stiffened every limb.



What next I knew, was how at morn, on a bleak barren shore,  
Out of a hundred mariners, were living only four.  
I looked around, like one who wakes from dreams of fierce alarm,  
And round my body still I felt, firm lock'd my father's arm.

And, with a rigid, dying grasp, he closely held me fast,  
Even as he held me when he seized at midnight on the mast.  
With humbled hearts, and streaming eyes, down knelt the little band,  
Praying Him, who had preserved their lives, to lend His guiding hand.

And day by day, though burning thirst and pining hunger came,  
 His mercy, through our misery, preserved each drooping frame ;  
 And, after months of weary woe, sickness and travel sore,  
 He sent the blessed English ship that took us from that shore.

And now, without a friend or home, I wander far and near,  
 And tell my miserable tale to all who lend an ear.  
 Thus, sitting by your happy hearths, beside your mother's knee,  
 How should you know the miseries and dangers of the sea !

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THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

*Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.*

[WILLIAM COWPER.]

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
 Of credit and renown,  
 A train-band captain eke was he  
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
 ' Though wedded we have been  
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
 No holiday have seen.

' To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
 And we will then repair  
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
 All in a chaise and pair.

' My sister and my sister's child,  
 Myself and children three,

---

Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied, ' I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear ;  
Therefore it shall be done.

' I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, ' That's well said ;  
And, for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnish'd with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
Where they did all get in—  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs—  
'The wine is left behind !'

'Good lack !' quoth he,—'yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs. Gilpin, careful soul !  
Had two stone bottles found,



To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.



Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

'So, fair and softly,' John he cried ;  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig,  
He little dreamt when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung,  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all,  
And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he!  
His fame soon spread around,—  
He carries weight! he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw.



And now as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shatter'd at a blow.



Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling-mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

' Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house '—  
They all at once did cry ;  
' The dinner waits, and we are tired ;'  
Said Gilpin : ' So am I !'

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there !  
For why ?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew  
Shot by an archer strong ;

So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

‘ What news ! what news ! your tidings tell,  
Tell me you must and shall ;  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all !’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

‘ I came, because your horse would come,  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here ;  
They are upon the road.’

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig—  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear ;  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus show'd his ready wit :  
' My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

' But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John : ' It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.'

So, turning to his horse, he said,  
' I am in haste to dine ;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,

And gallopp'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
' This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain,  
Whom, in a trice, he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frighted steed he frighted more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels—  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :  
‘ Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!’  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that pass’d that way  
Did join in the pursuit.  
And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.  
And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopp’d till where he had got up,  
He did again get down.  
Now let us sing, long live the king,  
And Gilpin, long live he ;  
And, when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !





## DREAM-CHILDREN—A REVERIE.

[CHARLES LAMB.]

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandam, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk, a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived, which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put on one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she

was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it—and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too—committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county ; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had lately seen at the abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to shew their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman ; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was ; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer. Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came and bowed her down with pain ; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop ; but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house ; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept ; but she said, 'those innocents would do her no harm ;'



and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious



'Here the children feil a-crying.'

as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good

she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to

the rest of us ; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out ; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries ; and how the uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially ; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile, when I could not walk for pain ; and how, in after-life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed ; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is between life and death ; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me ; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and I wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him—for we quarrelled sometimes—rather than not have him again ; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John ; and they looked up and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet

persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose the bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, . . . and, immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.





## THE PITMAN TO HIS WIFE.

[DORA GREENWELL.]

SIT ye down on the settle, here by me, I 've got something to say  
to thee, wife :

I want to be a new sort of man, and to lead a new sort of life ;  
There 's but little pleasure and little gain in spending the days I spend,  
Just to work like a horse all the days of my life, and to die like a dog  
at the end.

For where 's the profit and where 's the good, if one once begins to think,  
In making away with what little sense one had at the first, through drink?  
Or in spending one's time, and one's money too, with a lot of chaps that would go  
To see one hanged, and like it as well as any other show?

And as to the pleasure that some folks find in cards, or in pitch and toss,  
It 's little they 've ever brought to me, but only a vast of loss;  
We 'd be sure to light on some great dispute, and then, to set all right,  
The shortest way was to argue it out in a regular stand-up fight.

I 've got a will, dear wife, I say, I 've got a will to be  
A kinder father to my poor bairns, and a better man to thee,  
And to leave off drinking, and swearing, and all, no matter what folks may say;  
For I see what 's of such things as these, and I know this is not the way.

You 'll wonder to hear me talk like this, as I 've never talked before;  
But I 've got a word in my heart that has made it glad, yet has made it sore;  
I 've got a word like a fire at my heart, that will not let me be,—  
' *JESUS, the Son of GOD, who loved, and who gave Himself for me.*

I 've got a word like a sword in my heart, that has pierced it through  
and through.

When a message comes to a man from Heaven, he need 'nt ask if it 's  
true ;

There 's none on earth could frame such a tale, for as strange as the  
tale may be,—

Jesus, my Saviour, that Thou shouldst die for love of a man like me !

Why, only think now ! if it had been Peter, or blessed Paul,  
Or John, who used to lean on His breast, one could n't have wondered  
at all,

If He loved and died for men like these, who loved Him so well ; but,  
you see,

It was me that Jesus loved, wife ! He gave Himself for me !

It was me that Jesus loved, wife ! for me, and a world of men  
Just as sinful, and just as slow to give back His love again ;  
He did n't wait till I came to Him, but He loved me at my worst ;  
He need n't ever have died for me if I could have loved Him first.

And couldst Thou love such a man as me, my Saviour ? Then I 'll  
take

More heed to this wandering soul of mine, if it 's only for Thy sake ;  
For it was n't that I might spend my days just in work, and in drink,  
and in strife,

That Jesus the Son of God has given His love and has given His life.

It was n't that I might spend my life just as my life 's been spent,  
That He 's brought me so near to His mighty Cross, and has told me  
what it meant.

He does n't need me to die for Him, He only asks me to live ;  
There 's nothing of mine that He wants but my heart, and it 's all  
that I 've got to give.

I 've got a Friend, dear wife, I say, I 've got a heavenly Friend,  
That will show me where I go astray, and will help me how to mend,  
That 'll make me kinder to my poor bairns, that 'll make me better to  
thee—

Jesus, the Son of God, who loved, and who gave Himself for me.





