

# TIMON,

AND OTHER POEMS.

ALSO,

## THE COMPACT.

A DRAMA. &c., &c.



BY J. H. POWELL.

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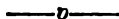
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# Dedication.



TO THE  
MEMBERS FOR THE BOROUGH OF BRIGHTON,

SIR G. R. B. PECHELL, BART.,

AND

WILLIAM CONINGHAM, Esq.,

AS A TRIBUTE OF SINCERE RESPECT,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED BY

The Author.

## P R E F A C E .

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THE past encouragement I have received from the Press, leads me to hope I shall still receive their just approbation. I do not beg in fear for the leniency of the critic, neither do I fearlessly and presumptuously command his praise. I have faith in the honesty of the *literati* of England. I have also faith in the ultimate triumph of genius—in the enduring glory which radiates her brow. I believe that Poetry needs only to be *read* to be appreciated, and that all spurious apings of the kind will surely meet the merited fate of short-lived notoriety. I am content to submit my book to the judgment of the world, convinced that if aught be genuine and of worth, the world will recognise it; if not, the sooner it is forgotten the better.

To those noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, whose names are affixed to my Subscription List, I beg to tender sincere gratitude.

J. H. P.

Brighton, November 1st, 1859.

## TIMON.

---

“ Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ?  
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war !  
Check'd by the scoff of Pride and Envy's frown,  
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In Life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,  
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown ? ”

BRATTIE.

---

A humble bard in sturdy strain would sing,  
And wake perchance in many a hapless wight  
Some sympathy for worth when sorrows spring,  
Like bats that blindly start upon the night,  
To deaden joy, and life's sweet flowerets blight.  
The muse, unstudied in the classic lore  
Of Albyn's richly favor'd ones—must wing  
Along the ways of labour's rugged shore,  
And feebly sketch the scenes her eager wings explore.

In winter's freezing time, young Timon came,  
To grow anon to man's proud altitude.  
His sire, a valued craftsman, who could claim  
A knowledge far beyond the toiling brood,  
Whose hours in toil's surcease and folly's mood  
Are fritter'd, with their scanty coin, in *shame*—  
Within the parlor of his rustic cot,  
A case of treasur'd volumes “known to fame,”  
Had stored by years of thrift, and steadiness of aim.

To watch that sire, when poring o'er his books,  
 To mark his soul's intense and greedy zest,  
 To view his care in handling, and his looks  
 Of thoughtful brightness—seemed to Timon best  
 Of all the joys by which his home was blest.  
 The vacant hours which gave relief from toil  
 To his loved parent, closed from native brooks,  
 Gave science, fiction, a rare and brilliant spoil  
 Of mental wealth which few possess who daily moil.

A tile-roofed cottage, in a narrow lane,  
 Attach'd to others of a kindred kind,  
 Low-built and time-worn as the village fane,—  
 A little garden railed in front—behind  
 A narrow yard with sty and pig. A blind  
 Of colour'd pattern, graced the parlor frame,  
 Giving a pleasing neatness to the mind—  
 Such was the cot to which young Timon came  
 In boyhood's early prime, ere life was known to shame.

Ten years had scarce perform'd their ceaseless round,  
 And fix'd their number on young Timon's age,  
 Ere school tasks novel changes brought—and wound  
 About his heart, ambition, pride, and rage.  
 His fellows struggling in a general bound,  
 By mental aptness, champion for the ground,  
 The tutor yields to those who quick to learn  
 Say lessons perfect both in sense and sound.  
 And Timon's features soon commence to burn  
 With conscious shame as others gain each envied turn.

Severe his efforts to command success—

With book in hand, within his cottage home,  
He'd sit for hours, studying to excess,  
The simple elements of learning's tome.

The precious hours he could not spare to roam  
Like other boys, who wildly shout, and press  
For boyish trophies in the woods and glens.  
To him a slow advance was bitterness

In learning's track. His pride were books and pens—  
To climb in thought, and gaze abroad with wisdom's lens.

He steps at length upon the envied ground—

His former masters falling in the rear ;  
With pride and confidence his tones resound—

He wins at once respect and envy's sneer,  
And Timon's name is sounded in each ear  
With wonder-bated breath. The school-boys vie  
With dauntless wills, his merit-post to clear.

'Tis vain—the wealthy months roll swiftly by,  
Yet Timon holds his place, with pleasure in his eye.

But soon a quarrel, ending in a fight,

Brings down on Timon's head the tutor's cane.  
Some peevish boys against all sense of right,  
For many weeks had taunted him to pain,  
Dubb'd him a coward, sneak, and muddle-brain,  
He struggl'd hard, with bursting breast, to hide  
The rage they fir'd—which vented forth amain,

Impetuous as the ocean's rolling tide,  
He fought with hero-strength, spur'd on by wounded pride.

Some bleeding noses, blacken'd eyes, and tears—  
 A wordy conflict passing in the school,  
 And then a plaintive tirade greets the master's ears,  
 And Timon stands in awe upon a stool,  
 Disgraced and beaten, and pronounced "a fool."  
 He hears the whisper'd joke at his distress,  
 And feels indignant at the tyrant rule,  
 Which strangles *weakness* with relentlessness,  
 While none may intercede or seek a just redress.

His hopes seem crush'd, his soul convulsed by grief—  
 His books lie by—he waits in sullen mien  
 The lingering hour which comes to bring relief.  
 Next morn his post is clear—for Timon's seen,  
 With slate and books, across a distant green,  
 Speeding along—some other school in view.  
 Admission gain'd, he feels again serene,  
 And tasking all his powers in bold review,  
 He wins a teacher's berth with tact possessed by few.

Eager to please, when kindness lends her charm,  
 But stubborn-will'd when arrogance presumes  
 To push him on. He holds, secure from harm,  
 His head erect, whilst hope his soul illumines,  
 And like some wayside flower his path perfumes.  
 Such common studies as a poor man's lad,  
 Whose young pursuits are cast where labour looms,  
 Can prosecute, by much of thrift were had—  
 When school is changed for work, and Timon's heart is glad.



For in his young, expanding mind there grew,  
 With deep delight for scholar-pride and fame,  
 The plant of independence, which would strew  
 Its beaten leaves about his hope and aim,  
 And kindle in his breast a glorious flame.  
 To earn his bread, and feel himself to rise  
 To man's estate, with toiling man's proud claim,  
 To win by power of will true labour's prize—  
 The consciousness of worth—to Timon seem'd most wise.

The village dominie, with kindly smile,  
 And sage advice, shakes the proud scholar's hand,  
 Bids him "God speed," and parts with him the while.  
 The pupils all in sudden conclave stand,  
 Gazing upon him with expression grand.  
 Thus school-days end. He muses on his way,  
 Till fancy's wings o'er ideal realms expand,  
 And on his brain in undisturbed array,  
 Marshal such dreams, as melt in sober reason's ray.

An epoch novel breaks upon his life—  
 Something of sorrow, anxiousness, and care,  
 Anon, vexation, springing out of strife—  
 A weary faintness shadow'd by despair—  
 All these, and more, his luckless lot to bear.  
 Yet still with strong resolves his bosom beats.  
 'Tis his, at times with grateful heart to share  
 Afar from jarring jolts of custom's feats,  
 The quietude of nature's richly-rob'd retreats.

Full many a treasure wealth can never yield,—  
 Full many a beauty, art can ne'er create,  
 Flourish in native pride, in wood and field,  
 To lend the pilgrim, buffeted by fate,  
 Something of happiness, whate'er his state.  
 In solitude, when toil had fled with day—  
 Well pleased, he'd roam, with soul unrack'd by hate,  
 To glory 'mid the sun's departing ray,  
 And gaze on nature's varied scenes serenely gay.

The mellow music of the blackbird's song,—  
 The twittering voices of the lower ton'd  
 Of songsters—the bee's full buzz the flowers among,  
 The murmurs of the breeze and brake are own'd,  
 By Timon, sweet beyond compare—and zon'd  
 By fadeless grandeur—each fair warbler seems,  
 With wings free flutt'ring, and with song undron'd.  
 With wealth of harmony creation teems,  
 Laden with mystic forms and poet-firing themes.

Lost to the discord of the thousand wheels,  
 Which grate upon his ear throughout the day—  
 His feet tread lightly, where the sward reveals,  
 The scented thyme, the daisy, and the hay,  
 Fresh mown, and skirted by a rifted bay.  
 The summer eve in peaceful beauty wears  
 Her gorgeous coronal, and holds her sway  
 With God-like majesty. Each zephyr bears  
 A balm for failing health, a solace kind for cares.

And thus, enchanted by the wond'rous scene,  
 He sits him down upon a mole-hill seat,  
 His heart surcharged with summer's purple sheen,  
 And buttercups and sorrel round his feet—  
 Seeking with hope and mental pain, to weet,  
 Of nature, all that thought can ever reach—  
 Till contemplation speeds the eve's retreat,  
 Absorb'd he sits, with nature's self to teach,  
 Whose lessons he doth learn and humbly aims to preach.

Rising each week-day morn, to urge his speed  
 At labour's call—he seeks the distant mill,  
 Cheerful in thought and dutiful in deed—  
 Whate'er may press, he toils with strength of will.  
 At intervals his fruitful brain doth fill  
 With radiant visions of prospective cheer,  
 Which cheat the mind and hope's gay blossoms kill—  
 A moment—they dissolve, re-active fear—  
 Summon'd by reason—sentinels his charmed ear.

The actual stares with million fixed eyes,  
 While his young energies round fact entwine.  
 The mill is lofty, roof'd with glass—the skies,  
 Fretted with crimson, over-arch and shine,  
 Glimpsing the work-loft with a joy divine.  
 The bustling foreman, with a keen delight,  
 Paces the room to scan the work, or fine,  
 Perchance, some negligent and boyish wight,  
 Whose duty bids him move at work with motion light.

Each meal hour, heralded by clanking bell,  
 Finds welcome from each mill-dependent slave,  
 The food devoured in haste—oh ! who may tell  
 The value of the time, their care to save,  
 The old for chat, the young with spirits brave  
 To leap o'er backs or race in reckless glee—  
 Ere the same loud-tongued bell, which freedom gave,  
 Recalls them to their posts, more hours to be  
 Subject to labour's harsh yet needful destiny.

Yet some proud few exist—who move along  
 The path of life, with less of care than most—  
 Who waste in idleness their sinews strong,  
 And make that idleness a theme for boast—  
 While, locust-like, they fatten on the host  
 Of those, who pining slave, and rarely know  
 One day, thro' years, that finds them from their post.  
 Ah ! wherefore pine the poor while rich ones grow,  
 In arrogance and pomp, to surfeit wrong with woe !

There is no wrong in toil, 'tis in the way  
 The many plod and suffer, that the wrong,  
 In overtaskéd powers and stinted pay,  
 Is shown. Toil blesses earth and feeds the throng  
 Of human kind. 'Tis avarice wields the thong  
 That lashes those who drag the cumbrous car  
 Of labour thro' their life-time, short or long  
 As fate allows. Each man should work not mar  
 The concord sweet of human toil with selfish jar.

How rich the man, who owns a soul of pride,  
 Whose horny hands produce the precious gold  
 With which his measur'd wants are satisfied—  
 Holding his head high-fixed with spirit bold,  
 Who feels himself a *man*, despite the cold  
 Disdain of upstart drones, devoid of light,  
 Tho' plentiful in cash, whose souls seem sold  
 To fashion—and whose misdirected sight  
 Is cozen'd oft by shams that lure and then benight.

Squaring within the compass of his wage,  
 His household wants—he feels each closing week,  
 His powers at rest—little of custom's rage,  
 His wife, with cheerful air and healthy cheek,  
 Sits near him by the fire—his children seek  
 His side, and clamber on his ready knee—  
 What reck's he of the world? Let fashion speak!  
 The week departed claimed his energy,  
 He's won the sweets of peace and labour's liberty.

Various the tasks the mill-hands, young and old,  
 Are destin'd to perform. Station'd by relays,  
 At huge machines whose parts are thousand-fold:  
 Some watch and regulate their wond'rous ways  
 In paper-making—some with steam-rolls glaze,  
 As others paste, and dry, and part the cards,  
 'Tis subdivided toil which mostly pays,  
 In yielding rapid increase by the yards  
 Of cloth or paper made—whilst he who hires regards.

The hired, of value less than senseless blocks  
 Of metal,—which are urged, by might of steam,  
 To almost constant motions. The workman's locks  
 Get grey ere Nature's term, with care—Life's gleam  
 Dissolves in blank despair. Yet rich ones seem  
 To view the sudden break or gradual wear  
 Of common tools with pain,—and hourly dream  
 Of wealth, as tho' they knew no other care,  
 Alas! that Toil should make and never justly share!

Within the mill young Timon urged his strength,—  
 Trusting the future, for some brighter change,—  
 Meanwhile, the *drying loft*, of dreary length,  
 A dimly lighted room where steam'd pipes range  
 To give out heat,—was doom'd by orders strange,  
 For Timon, and some half score of the rest,  
 To swelter in, and feel their health derange.  
 Thus months were kill'd, and youthful lives distress,  
 'Till sweaty hands soil'd cards and caused a stern behest.

Dismiss'd abruptly, Timon left the mill,—  
 Joined by the harshly used and weary clan,  
 He stood like one in dreamland long and still.  
 Ere reason found him pining 'neath the ban  
 Of despot-rule which early thus began  
 To strike upon his soul with iron power.  
 Crushing its images—to change the plan  
 Of youthful hope and aim—come Justice if ye can!  
 To arm the boy to brave the dictum of the man.

The cards were soil'd, but whose the fault is plain,  
 'Twas *his* whose harsh decree had doom'd the boys  
 To sicken thro' the day and breathe in pain  
 Within the heated vault—feeling their joys  
 Depart—as wrong's too spiteful care annoys.  
 'Twas *he* too gave the blow, himself to save,  
 That sent the lads away—as misery cloy's,  
 To tramp the roads as outcasts—long to crave  
 Leave to toil—and many a social storm to brave.

The world before him, penniless yet proud,  
 Still soul'd with courage, whatsoe'er betide—  
 The hapless Timon mixes in the crowd  
 Swelling the streets of London. By his side,  
 The windows, glaring with luxury of pride,  
 Display each article in rich supply—  
 He wondering stares, while loitering knaves deride,  
 The friendless boy doth feel, with trouble nigh,  
 The dignity of honest worth and passes by.

Weary and footsore, at the close of eve,  
 He gains an uncle's home to seek repose ;  
 Alas 'tis his, in silent thought to grieve,  
 A dearth of kindness. Kindred friends turn foes,  
 They blame, then worry 'bout commercial throes,  
 Proving severely plain, they wish him gone.  
 Next morn—ere Sol in radiant pride arose,  
 The friendless pilgrim with a spirit torn,  
 Glides in the narrow street unpitied and forlorn.

Where can he go? A wilderness of bricks,  
 Rise piled and gloomy 'mid the curling smoke.  
 In body strong—unfearing Mammon's tricks,  
 Can he not gather wealth with steady stroke,  
 And live in humble way like working-folk?  
 His heart beats high, his legs obey his will,  
 Which seems unbending as a knotted oak.  
 He begs for work till constant failures fill  
 His struggling breast with pain, and his press'd virtues drill.

He strolls in musing sorrow, feeling life  
 A weight of scathing woes too great to bear;  
 The City's bustle, recklessness and strife,  
 Fall on his soul with dire increase of care—  
 He moves amid the mass a *solitaire*—  
 Scarce sensible of aught save want and wrong.  
 Yet one kind friend doth save him from despair;  
 An old acquaintance meets him in the throng—  
 Bids him take heart, and kindly hurries him along.

Halting within a court of compass small,  
 He leads the wand'rer up some thirty stairs,  
 Opens a garret-door—a sudden squall  
 From infant lips is heard—the pilgrim fares  
 Anon, full well—and soon forgets his cares.  
 The garret room doth show but scanty stock,  
 A table made of deal—two painted chairs—  
 A stool—a common antiquated clock—  
 And turned-up bedstead with its simple bed of flock.



But then the wearied-one is made to feel

Himself at ease and home—his generous friend,  
Tho' poor himself, can't spurn the heart's appeal

Of those he knows—whom poverty doth send,  
Like vessels rudderless their strength to spend

Where mostly tempests rage and breakers roll.

He cheers his guest to bed and seeks to lend

A fraction of his means—the young lad's soul  
Is rich in thanks. He sleeps and dreams of freedom's goal.

The morrow wakes upon the wheel of Time

Pregnant with weighty schemes and common dooms—  
Tracking the steps of destiny sublime—

It brings to Timon hope, whose smile illumines  
His bosom, and whose magic dalliance blooms  
Like a rose red-blushing in the prime of spring.

His friendly host in studied words presumes  
To steer his aim, trusting *good luck* may bring  
A fair success. His thoughts alight on fancy's wing.

With hope and energy he journeys forth,

To meet disaster and to feel distress—

Tramping from dock to dock—he thinks henceforth

He may be saved when unjust knaves oppress—

To voyage out to sea, and daily press

His unused service in the sailor-line,

Is now his ardent wish—the naval dress,

And well-manned ships, look novel, and combine  
To lure his zealous will to trust the billowy brine.

All efforts now are drill'd to serve his bent,  
 He tramples over many a weary mile—  
 Begging a berth at sea—with discontent  
 He seeks his friend at night, to sleep awhile,  
 Undaunted yet he makes a further trial  
 His one ambitious aim to gratify.  
 Ah! no—success deserts the boy-exile—  
 Fatigued and sad he struggling prays to die—  
 Such disappointments with his hopeful nature vie.  
  
 And thus in boyhood's prime doth Timon know  
 Some few of life's uncouth realities—  
 They fall at first with unsuspected blow—  
 As time wears on they fail so much to tease,  
 His heart gets rougher and his vision sees  
 A wider margin of life's mystic book,  
 Yet still he bears his share of pain and ease.  
 The stern decrees of fate impress his look,  
 And oft he mourns in solitude as one forsook.  
  
 He ponders long and deeply on his fate,  
 And wonders much he cannot meet success—  
 He feels despondent—leaning 'gainst a gate.  
 To him the city seems a wilderness,  
 With few pursuits save those which track distress.  
 He thinks of home with all its pleasant wiles,  
 And yearns to feel again its blessedness—  
 Resolves at length, while pleasing Hope beguiles—  
 To journey back its winding road of twenty miles.

He starts at once, his sea-girt visions fled,  
 To gain the garret of his ancient friend—  
 To rest once more upon the flock-made bed,  
 And thank him for the boon. The morn doth lend  
 A glorious sun—in Nature's beauties blend  
 The radiance of the peaceful summer morn,  
 So sweetly fair. The darkening night doth end  
 The pilgrim's rout, hungry and weary-worn,  
 He drops upon a chair and finds a welcome bourne.

Ah! sweet the homely cheer and sweet the gaze  
 Of fondling parents, happy to impart  
 Forgiveness for the past mistaken ways,  
 Who loving, know the plain and genial art  
 Of healing wounds deep-scarr'd in childhood's heart—  
 And sweet the old-familiar forms and faces  
 Which on our eyes like beauty-relics start,  
 Leaving the semblance of their magic graces  
 To charm the wayward soul and tenant memory's places.

So, to the tired and disappointed one,  
 The common things of home seem doubly sweet,  
 He sought, in gladness, ere another sun  
 Had set, the busy mill—to humbly treat  
 With him—who erst discharged and bade him eat  
 Of sorrow's crust. Success doth crown his will,  
 Again, with pride he earns his bread and meat,  
 The wiser for the hard commercial drill  
 Which drove him far about to meet with pain and ill.

With studied energy he strives to learn,  
 In evening hours, something of human skill—  
 His thoughts towards the painter's creations turn,  
 Which captivate his soul, and spur his will  
 To give the hours which free him from the mill,  
 To Art's elysium. Such the dreamer's zest,  
 Ere months have passed he mounts the highest hill  
 To sketch the landscape scene—as in the west  
 The sun declines, and evening dons her hazy crest.

Proud of his trophies, with his soul aglow,  
 He feels possess'd of earth's imperial treasure—  
 Pacing the fieldpath to the lane below—  
 Most happy he to draw each tree at leisure,  
 Feeling a rapture deep beyond all measure.  
 His pence are hoarded with a miser-care,  
 To purchase paints and pencils for his pleasure—  
 Pursuing genius with devotion rare,  
 He woos her charms—and learns anon, her pains to share.

With dear delight while loitering by the stream—  
 That steers its course, his home and mill between,  
 Absorb'd in musing on the painter's theme—  
 He scarce, at times, perceives the waters green,  
 Gliding and rippling with a joy serene—  
 Ambition rules his breast, and o'er his thought,  
 Suspends her richly-knit and dazzling screen,  
 Such forms divide, by fancy's fingers wrought—  
 Impress his bosom with a wild delirium fraught.

Full proud he passes oft where human folly  
 Sways, like a God, his sceptre to the crew  
 Of peasant slaves—who laughing loud and jolly,  
 Drink deep of ale which red-nosed landlords brew.  
 He notes the uncouth manners of the few—  
 The brainless ribald and insulting sneer  
 That issue forth whene'er they greet his view—  
 Calling aloud for fresh supplies of beer—  
 To drink and quarrel, sing and fight, in order queer.

He gazes on each reckless swaggering wight,  
 Deeming such wild pursuit the work of madness,  
 And wonders why the swains can feel delight  
 In senseless follies which engender badness,  
 And rarely fail to change their mirth to sadness.  
 And looking out upon the verdant plain,  
 With eyes that speak the soul's untarnish'd gladness,  
 He feels the magic power of nature's reign—  
 Forgetful of the strife in many a drunkard's brain.

Unburthen'd by the mass of careless sin,  
 Which those, whose minds untrain'd in virtue's creed  
 Perforce must bear—'tis his delight to win,  
 By constant hope and energy of deed,  
 The prizes that from mental toils proceed.  
 Waking betimes, each morn, thro' every season,  
 His thoughts unvex'd by Mammon's heartless greed,  
 And heart puls'd strong against all moral treason,  
 He thinks on human life—its passion and its reason.

His soul aglow, with art's consumeless fire,  
 And thought impress'd with wisdom's regal seal,  
 He glides thro' years—impell'd by proud desire  
 To win the scholar's tempting wreath, and feel  
 The thrilling joys that Wisdom's powers reveal.  
 But soon must end the mill-boy's leisure schemes,  
 And all his efforts merge into the real—  
 For change doth come, problem'd with social themes  
 'Tis his to solve, apart from boyhood's hopes and dreams.

The heart of Timon throbs with joy intense—  
 His hopes expand in action's factive sphere,  
 Where fortune waits on energy and sense.  
 Forsaken are the plans so long held dear,  
 'Till years of fruitful toil shall disappear.  
 Come, goddess Fortune, lend thy generous aid  
 The young boy's yet unsordid soul to cheer—  
 While clann'd with toiling men of many a grade,  
 He treads the rough-hill'd paths which lead him to a trade.

New feelings freshen in his ardent breast,  
 He toils and struggles, ever wont to please,  
 The world of commerce always in unrest,  
 With mighty schemes is fraught. To ease  
 The labour of the day, when tir'd limbs tease—  
 On many a thrilling theme, made sweet by rhyme,  
 He fondly dwells at poesy's behest,  
 Treading the crooked labyrinths of time  
 With soul aye soaring towards the realms of the sublime.

Thus growing, toiling, learning, Timon moves,  
 Brooking the sneers and blows of brutal mates—  
 Whose savage natures soothe no genial loves,  
 Whose highest heaven is found in drunken fêtes.  
 Yet still, 'mid all life's changing fears and hates,  
 He bears his 'lotted burden in the fray—  
 Sings to the music passion's touch, instates  
 On queendom's throne, as sylvan nymphs to play,  
 And charm with heavenly strains all care-born grief away.

The wonder-forms of labour meet his eye,  
 As pyramids on Egypt's burning soil,  
 Not half their import can he yet descry.  
 The world doth owe to Titan-hand of toil  
 Its meanest works and wealthiest hoarded spoil.  
 The *rough* and *smooth* alike employ his skill—  
 He labours 'mid the workshop's harsh turmoil  
 With constant zeal and steadfastness of will,  
 Mounting, with heavy step, life's densely-peopled hill.

Joyant his heart, in sense of useful growth,  
 He feels as proud as kings made great in strife,  
 Who shame not in the pamper'd arms of sloth,  
 But nobler prove thro' length of war and life—  
 Not that 'tis noble to employ the knife—  
 But noble to defend at any cost  
 The liberties in virtue's palace rife.  
 For when our native liberties are lost,  
 The ship of State on dangerous seas is ever tost.

And Timon, feeling proud to toil and earn  
 The means of sustenance, and trifling store,  
 To raise him 'bove distress, is slow to learn  
 The croaking plaint of laggards, who deplore  
 Their dearth of gold, too idle to explore  
 The mines of wealth which commerce yields to man,  
 Unveiling paths unknown to him before.  
 For labour wed to art the world doth span,  
 To raise mankind to altitude of godly plan.

The dull cold sneers which braggart envy deals,  
 Bear lightly on his thought—since Cupid's power,  
 Upon his soul in mystic dalliance steals,  
 Yielding his life a richly burden'd dower  
 Of joys and hopes. A village cultur'd flower,  
 Fair Jessie, fated to no scionic ease,  
 In stately hall or grand patrician bower.  
 Her simple life, like beauty born to please,  
 Bloomed in delight amid e'en want's necessities.

For Jessie's sake would Timon do and dare,  
 He felt such strength, and such high hope he knew,  
 For who, with his soul's idol could compare?  
 At font of love his noblest thoughts he drew;  
 And fed by rapture, bless'd by passion, grew  
 As one enchanted in a realm of bliss.  
 Ah! swiftly by the hallowed evenings flew,  
 When Jessie's voice and Jessie's honied kiss  
 Would wake emotions strong which care might ne'er dismiss.



Oh ! love hath rare delights ! what feelings glow  
 In youth, when virgin virtue rules a queen,  
 Making a paradise where else were woe !—  
 What calm seraphic smiles in love's demesne,  
 Glisten in glory like the summer sheen,  
 To love the world bows down and humbly pays  
 Its votive prayers. Wherever truth is seen,  
 Wherever music floats and childhood plays,  
 There love ! enchantress love, her magic power displays.

Who hath not loved, while youth's impetuous fire  
 Burnt brightly, cheering life's dull and chequer'd ways,  
 Crowning affection with a proud desire,  
 Hath ne'er been touch'd with Heaven's undying blaze,  
 Hath fought unsolaced thro' his battle days ?  
 For love doth minister a holy balm,  
 Wooing the angels to immortal praise,  
 Breathing o'er earth a sweetly soothing calm,  
 And thrilling human souls with talismanic charm.

How sweet the evenings pass'd in loving talk,  
 When Jessie, wooed by Timon, blushing vow'd  
 Her meek heart's truth—and sweet the lonely walk  
 Beneath the shade of trees whose branches bowed,  
 Oppress'd by foilage. What dear emotions crowd  
 Upon the brain, when memory opes her book,  
 Whose pages' type, in colours boldly proud,  
 The lovers' vows, by many a shady nook,  
 With virtue in each breast and rapture in each look.

For them the music, voiced by nature's choir,  
 Hath charms divine. They seek the sylvan glades,  
 Where feather'd minstrels harp upon the lyre—  
 And loitering there 'till lingering daylight fades—  
 They quite forget e'en fortune's diverse grades.  
 While beauty, music, love, as angels wear,  
 Impressive glory touch'd by no art-aids,  
 The cheering birds sing wildly sweet, and bear  
 The lovers such rare bliss as smiles on dark despair.

• Can fancy picture in her wildest mood  
 Such joy as lovers own, whose minds aspire  
 In wisdom's boundless realms? The worldling brood,  
 Whose slavish souls, in Mammon's broad empire  
 Exult in baseness—ne'er can know the higher  
 Aims and ends of life—and such dear delights  
 As freely flow from love's celestial fire;  
 When growing thought takes wisdom-speeded flights,  
 And rapture, like a bird, on passion's stem alights.

The winter time when chill winds blustering blew,  
 When darkness threw her mantle o'er the earth,  
 When piercing frost held sway, and snow-flakes flew  
 Like vestal feathers sailing forth in mirth,  
 Was time for courtship—and the tale of worth  
 Which Jessie with a pleasant pride would read—  
 While feelings strong in Timon's breast had birth—  
 And then the song she'd softly sing would feed  
 His ears, and thrill his soul to love of virtuous deed.

Oh ! there's a magic influence in song,  
 To charm the soul with ecstasy divine,  
 Bidding her soar on pinions flutt'ring strong,  
 Where freedom's constellated orb-lights shine,  
 And truth maintains her unpolluted shrine.  
 In song, the patriot's deeds sublime are told,  
 'Round song the nation's weal and woe entwine,  
 And millions of her sons, both young and old,  
 To song—old England's pride—owe more than all her gold.

Where is the breast that's strange to music's power ?  
 Where is the cot or hall in Albion's land,  
 Within whose walls on some auspicious hour,  
 The voice of song hath ne'er been heard in grand  
 And spiritual fullness ? Can empires stand  
 Unaided by the melodies which flow  
 From poet-seers, whose prophet-ken hath plann'd,  
 In deathless strains, the future, which doth grow  
 Upon the world, bearing a dower of joy and woe ?

Affections ripen as the orchard fruit,  
 When sunn'd by holy melody of song ;  
 And the young tree of love takes deeper root  
 When music floats from beauty's lips along—  
 Greeting the soul's delight. To those belong  
 The bliss of heaven, who feel the true love-fire  
 When strains of grandeur, touched by passion strong,  
 Swell forth from native minstrel's heavenly lyre,  
 Creating love supreme in song's divine empire !

Let memory aid the poets' truthful lay,  
 Recall the scenes within the sacred fane,  
 Where the fond lovers sat on Sabbath Day,  
 Listing the preacher with impressive strain,  
 Diverting strongly on the "curse of Cain;"  
 Or, with impassion'd voice devoutly sage,  
 Depicting Christ, bearing his martyr-pain  
 With lamb-like meekness, 'mid unholy rage  
 Of heathen mobs, in reckless sin's most heartless age.

The organ's swelling tones, the choir's deep chant,  
 The low responsive echoes of the prayer  
 Sent up to God, from souls akin to want,  
 And fortune's children humbly gathered there,  
 Forgetful for the time of fashion's glare,  
 Were pregnant all to Timon's earnest thought—  
 Of import grand. He strove his heart to bare,  
 Deeming affected penitence as nought  
 In sight of Him by whom the universe was wrought.

And oft within the church-bells' ringing sound  
 Would Timon with his dear-loved Jessie stroll—  
 Lost to the magic beauties reigning round,  
 While pleasant converse claim'd attention whole,  
 Yielding fresh impulse to each other's soul.  
 'Twas Jessie's pride to cull from Bloomfield's muse  
 The flowers of truth, in Timon's ear to roll,  
 In tasteful style, such portions as amuse,  
 And show the mind the path which Virtue's children choose.

Oh, blissful time ! Oh, rapture-waking hours !  
 What tender beauties start from memory's wand,  
 Wearing the freshness of delicious flowers,—  
 While the young lovers, led by virtue's hand,  
 Inspire each other with ambition grand ;  
 And speed the moments with expressive speech  
 'Bout men and books which greatness yield the land,  
 By leading thought within the boundless reach  
 Of Wisdom, who to men doth ever truth-like preach.

Ah ! short the stay of life's entrancing sweets—  
 The dearest hopes oft feel the quicker blow  
 Misfortune deals. While scowling trouble greets  
 The heart that joys, to touch its chords with woe,  
 And dull the aspect of its fate below :  
 'Twas Timon's tearful task to stand beside  
 A dying mother's couch, full soon to know  
 The piercing pangs which tyrant Death doth pride  
 In forcing souls to bear. On her by whose dear side

He stands, he gazes till his senses swim,  
 And speechless sorrow broods upon his heart.  
 The past, with all its changing joys for him,  
 Now wears a sting. Can reason e'er impart  
 The solace which defies affection's art ?  
 His mother lies in Death's cold arms. He speaks  
 Her name, as though unconscious. Then, with start  
 As sudden as a night-mare's close, he shrieks,  
 Lamenting wild the dire distress the scene bespeaks.

The world, with all its passion, pride, and blessing,  
 Seemed as a wilderness with weeds o'ergrown—  
 Since she was gone—whose motherly caressing  
 Was felt in childhood—as the seed that's sown  
 To spring to beauty—her pure love alone  
 Grew forth in fresher sweetness, in life's drear  
 Heart-drooping hours, to charm from fortune's frown,  
 With hallowed influence to calmly cheer,  
 Bidding full many a scathing ill to disappear.

'Twas sad to view his bosom's sacred anguish—  
 As many a tender act his mother's love  
 Had caused, grew on his troubled brain—to languish  
 Only, when the touch of sorrow fails to move  
 The eyes to tears—and fancy, like a dove,  
 Roams out, in quest of novel charms and places,  
 Where the heart's trusty messengers can rove,  
 Sporting with life's mysterious forms and graces—  
 And moving on with speed of fashion's restless paces.

In lone despondency he greets each morning—  
 For weary months—remembering each tender,  
 Anxious, motherly regard—each warning  
 To beware of vice—and never to surrender  
 The strength of truth, whose potent voice doth render  
 Sole control over virtue's votive train—  
 Whose God-sealed mission gives them power to tender  
 Blessings to mankind—wakening the brain  
 To sense of goodness—undisturbed by greed of gain.

Beneath the mounded turf, unmarked by rail,  
 In Langley's ancient church-yard rest the bones  
 Of Timon's mother— while adverse winds assail  
 The son—whose weary heart in sadness owns  
 Full-freight of cares and tearful sighs and groans.  
 With none to aid, he tramps from town to town,  
 Begging for toil in misery's doleful tones,  
 To meet instead some upstart's cruel frown,  
 Which wounds the deeper, as the heart sinks deeper down.

Such grievous ills as crush the toiler's soul—  
 Thrown idle on the world—may ne'er distress  
 The sons of affluence, who, placed 'bove want's control,  
 By Christian rule should aim through life to bless—  
 Nor waste their time in pamper'd pride's caress.  
 Ah! sad the heart of Timon as he tramps!  
 Feeling fresh trials on his bosom press—  
 Scorn'd by the fashion-proudlike common scamps—  
 His path unlit by one of fortune's dazzling lamps.

He wanders on his way, depress'd and lonely,  
 Halting at evening's dark and tranquil close  
 At lowly wayside inn—whose inmates only  
 Make charge a groat, to pilgrims who repose  
 Their weary limbs, wrapp'd o'er by scant bed clothes,  
 Beneath their rustic roof. Yet sweet the sleep;  
 More sweet, perchance, than plotting plenty knows,  
 To the tired wand'rer who doth proudly keep  
 A conscience dower'd by truth—and therefore slumbers deep.

Wending afar—from childhood's home and friends—  
 Enduring pains of penury and scorn—  
 Whilst hope alone remains, and kindly lends  
 His crush'd soul strength, to wander forth forlorn :  
 To breast fate's ills—in early manhood's morn—  
 The young man buffets with the social waves  
 Like dauntless one—to victor trophies born—  
 Who, failing strives, and striving nobly *braves*—  
 Till foemen vanquish'd fall to rot in dastard graves.

With shoes hole-worn and garments coarse, at length  
 He enters Manchester and finds employ—  
 In woeful plight and much diminish'd strength,  
 Yet touch'd by honest pride and heartfelt joy.  
 New modes of life, new tools decoy,  
 He toils right hard, yet still in progress lags—  
 His shop companions give his soul annoy  
 By taunts about his skill. But Timon drags  
 Along, brooking the jesters' gibes and braggarts' brags.

A mark for savage ignorance and fraud,  
 He tasks his utmost strength, alas ! in vain,  
 His sullen shop-mates wield oppressive sword—  
 Gashing his spirit to intensest pain,  
 Enforcing rules which wound the toiler's brain,  
 Whom wisdom teaches and whom justice claims,  
 The '*footing*' is their cry—true friendship's bane,  
 Which Timon pays not, while his bosom flames  
 To passion-heat at sense of all their brutal games.



Oppose ye custom's will, and ye will learn  
 The weary strife which likens earth to hell,  
 The sickening failures which anon shall burn  
 Like raging fire that tears may never quell,  
 Or gifted tongues in faithful colors tell.  
 To stand—a one—and battle phalanx'd wrong,  
 With none anear, affording restive spell,  
 May stamp the hero. But the banded strong  
 Can scarcely quail beneath a single warrior thong.

Dost wonder why so many with the tide  
 Sail tranquilly adown life's mighty sea,  
 When woe, defeat, and penury betide  
 The simple souls whose eyes too plainly see  
 The vices that enthrall in misery  
 The sturdy workers born for holiest task,  
 To claim the heritage of liberty,  
 And like the toiling bees in plenty bask,  
 While none may dare a tyrant's unjust boon to ask ?

As whisper'd voicings 'mid the battle's din,  
 Die out unheard, e'en so the hero's cry,  
 Lamenting sore the rage of Mammon-sin—  
 Is deaden'd 'mid the strife that pains the eye  
 In toil's domain. The patriot's tear and sigh—  
 Rewards which custom pays to human worth—  
 Bespeak the griefs which in *his* bosom lie,  
 Who daring wrong's foul fiends, doth journey forth  
 In cause of right, made victim to despotic wrath.

Observant of the customs of his class,  
 He marks their thoughtless actions day by day—  
 Shames at the common misrule of the glass,  
 Whose victims waste in recklessness away,  
 And harvest fate with misery and dismay.  
 Ah! sadder still! beholds the 'prentice boy  
 Acquire the vices which grown men display;  
 Thus pliant youth, in innocence and joy,  
 Imbibe the habits vile that fondle to destroy.

The foul-tongued oath and poison-breathing pipe  
 Create in ruddy youth a morbid taste.  
 Ere life's sunn'd noon doth blush forth rich and ripe,  
 It's morn is blighted—and in awful haste  
 Its glowing beauties run like seed to waste.  
 Oh woe! oh death! that labour-sons should rise,  
 'Mid scenes for which all good men feel distaste!  
 May struggling toil all habit-sins despise,  
 And Titan-strong in Truth, grow stronger and more wise!

Nor yet escape his eye the virtuous deeds,  
 Which leave their impress in the lives of those  
 Whose toil brings food and other human needs.  
 The labour-ranks in varied ways disclose,  
 True sympathy for kind when fate doth close  
 The door of plenty,—and doth bar the road,  
 Where health, in blooming freshness as a rose,  
 Leaps freely, wildly forth,—untrammel'd by the load  
 Which foolish fashion bears in fortune's charm'd abode.

The hand which honest toil makes hard and rough,  
 Is used to service of the holiest kind,  
 For some, whose lives have aged, and ne'er enough  
 Of fortune's favours known—have lived to find  
 Such aid in fate's dread hour, as serves to bind  
 Their hearts in gratitude to hardy men,  
 Well taught in acts of sympathy,—with mind  
 Untrain'd in learning's schools,—yet generous when  
 Their fellows weaken in the strife beneath their ken.

Nurtured in sorrow, 'custom'd to endure  
 The ills of life some thousands fortuneless,  
 Bear up to age with wounds that naught can cure,  
 Who fail the power their miseries to express.  
 The gorgeous sun, sweet nature's scenes may dress  
 In glistening glory. The skilful painter's brush  
 May deck the canvass. The poet may impress  
 With words of melody. Yet naught can hush  
 The griefs that hidden dwell to grow in strength to crush.

To look with eyes of tenderness on all,  
 Who striving fall, and weaken hour by hour,  
 To listen 'bedient to duty's righteous call,  
 And render service, when 'neath foot of power,  
 The shatter'd victims of injustice cower.  
 Make souls heroic, give to toil high worth—  
 And such I wean doth virtue aye empower,  
 To scatter blessings o'er the trampled earth,  
 Where brotherhood and peace are merged in veriest dearth.

With what dear pride at freedom's cheerful bidding,  
 Would Timon stroll at evening's toil-hushed time,  
 Would stroll—himself of city-habits ridding,  
 To ramble Peel park's walks. The halting rhyme  
 In vain essays the raptures felt to chime.  
 May blessings shower'd by Heaven on *those* descend  
 Who give the people parks to lessen crime—  
 And health and pleasure to *their* spirits lend  
 Who slave in poison'd rooms till death's bone-fingers rend  
 Their stinted lives. The ceaseless strife of gain  
 May not, for aye, man's noblest feelings chain—  
 The longing voice of nature speaks—tho' pain  
 Hath long benumbed its powers. The tortured brain  
 And weighted frame of toil, require the rein  
 Of power to slacken, that death and gaunt disease  
 May cease unnatural havoc—while the plain,  
 With emerald path and bird and whizzing breeze,  
 Shall throb the toiler's breast with healthy ecstasies.  
 Come forth, ye city denizens, who sadden  
 Amid perpetual strife, come forth, and view  
 Kind nature's glowing scenes, which smile to gladden.  
 Give time to woo her pleasant charms, in lieu  
 Of vulgar pastimes, which degrade the crew  
 Who feel a pleasure 'mid the tap-room's revel.  
 Come forth, forsake the wiles of drink, review  
 The Maker's works, aspire to wisdom's level,  
 And thus escape the vices that enthrone the devil.

Alas! that thousands, bred in want and sin,  
 Should harden, suffer, sicken to despair,  
 Striving with lagging energies to win  
 Enow of fortune to suspend from care  
 Their shatter'd forms, which ne'er can know repair.

Alas! that children, emblems sweet of truth,  
 Should victims prove to gold, condemned to bear  
 The pains of toil from infancy to youth,  
 Then die diseased, unsolaced, e'en by loving ruth.

Lo! justice slumbers while oppression reigns!  
 Eternal Power, may weakness woo thy aid  
 'Ere crime, in madness wantonly sustains  
 The infant forms that 'mid pollution wade,  
 Like trodden flowers to prematurely fade.  
 Heavens! what rankling miseries plague-like crowd  
 Where ill requited slaves by Mammon made,  
 Get lean in want with aching heads down-bow'd,  
 While justice slumbers deep in wrong's accursed shroud.

Impervious fate! shall pining weakness ever  
 Within the grasp of avarice groan, and pray  
 That death in haste may come, to kindly sever  
 The soul immortal from its house of clay—  
 Dear God! dost thou thy tender mercies stay?  
 While commerce swells on infant toils and woes,  
 As home affections one by one decay,  
 And parents and their children meet as foes  
 In Mammon's 'peting mart where life swoons out in throes.

Need dazzling wealth from demon wrong outgrow,  
 To crown the nation great in art-production ?  
 Hath not the country men enow to sow  
 The seed of labour, that in wise instruction  
 Her boys may strengthen, and from foul seduction  
 Her girls may thrive in virtue, and may claim  
 The sphere of beauty, so that sweet affection  
 May ripen aye, to bless the world and tame  
 The wild desires of men which bring the world to shame ?

Ye patriots, who in noble deeds delight,  
 Glance with compassion's eye on those who slave  
 In tender years, and wage unequal fight  
 With stronger natures. If ye can, oh save  
 And teach them right—far better did the grave  
 Close o'er them, than such dreary fate be theirs.  
 In sunless mine and factory cell to brave  
 The legion'd fiends of wrong, while misery tears  
 The film of hope, and shameless vice their souls ensnares.

A few brief months of toil and hope—  
 A few brief months of care and joy—  
 Now cheered by fortune—destined now to cope  
 With fresh disasters, which alas ! destroy  
 The pilgrim's brightening prospects, and decoy  
 His heart from God. He wanders back  
 To London, houseless and penniless, to mope  
 And sicken in the beggar's social rack,  
 As one to whom his life is but a cumbrous pack.

With scarce a sympathising friend to aid,  
 He plods along till fortune smiles once more,  
 And then the precious earnings of his trade  
 He shares with her, the Jessie dear of yore.  
 In wedded bliss, with little wealth in store,  
 They live together happier far than many  
 Who move amid the proud of fashion's grade,  
 Since Timon and his Jessie, fearless of any,  
 Were bound and wed by Love, and not the golden penny.

Tempered by suffering, fired by social wrong  
 He struggles feebly 'gainst a fate adverse ;  
 Anon his feelings find a voice in song—  
 Which fame admiring, one day may rehearse—  
 A poet sweating 'neath the laborer's curse.  
 With lofty aspirations, want and woe,  
 He moves along the envy of the throng—  
 As foul disease upon his vitals, slow  
 Doth batten—and added trials on his spirit flow.

A poet toiling—proud to own the skill  
 Which models iron to his brawny hand,  
 'Tis his in leisure hours with steadfast will  
 To touch the lyre till magic strains expand,  
 And rouse emotions strong within the land.  
 A poet burdened with increasing cares  
 Which torture oft—and oftener serve to kill—  
 Yet dowered with duty's cheers and good men's prayers,  
 He suffers, sings, and lonely minstrel honors wears.

And fame's bright temple rises on his view  
 As genius ripens in his radiant soul—  
 With pulsing raptures—spirit, loving—true—  
 He scales the blistering steeps that reach the goal,  
 With faith that fears no venal scribbler's dole.  
 And proudly sings he, in the key of truth—  
 Gaining the meed, which conscience pays to few !  
 Tho' poor, he wails not in the ear of ruth,  
 But gives to God and fame his ever valiant youth.  
  
 Tho' oft depressed, when stung by serpent guile,  
 Tho' oft made sad, by sorrows bred by scorn—  
 Mayhap to disappointment doomed the while,  
 He sings his sonorous strains a songster born,  
 And trusts the future for a brighter morn.  
 A husband, father, toiler, Timon sings—  
 Dreaming of beauty, fame's capricious smile,  
 Prizing the honest crust which labour brings,  
 More gifted, blest, than glittering hosts of conquering Kings.





## THE OUTCAST.

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Despairing she wanders  
 Down alley and street—  
 Grief-tortured, she ponders,  
 Fearing to meet  
 The sadness and madness  
 Which rise out of wrong—  
 A stranger to gladness,  
 A victim of badness,  
 She loiters along.

On, in the midnight,  
 Enduring her shame—  
 On, in the moonlight,  
 Conscious of blame—  
 Beholding and folding,  
 Of passion's lewd moulding,  
 The demon of lust—  
 In misery upholding  
 Her maidenly trust.

Crime-shadowed and lonely,  
 Dowered with beauty—  
 Could virtue but only  
 Turn her to duty!  
 Ah! vain the fierce pain  
 That pierces her brain,  
 To stay her career—  
 The world would disdain,  
 Too scornful to cheer.

She loved with reliance  
     Ere virtue had fled—  
 But *he*, in defiance  
     Of promise to wed,  
 Brought shame on her name,  
 With dastardly aim.  
 She grew to despairing,  
     An *outcast* became,  
 Both wretched and daring.  
  
 Neglected—forsaken—  
     Betray'd into sin—  
 By anguish o'ertaken,  
     Lost to her kin.  
 Now *fêted* and sated,  
 To spendthrift knaves mated,  
     At virtue's expense—  
 Then scoff'd at and hated,  
     With fury intense.  
  
 In lonesome dejection,  
     She feels herself loathing—  
 By virtue's rejection,  
     Wearing her clothing—  
 Her bread and her bed,  
 Her joy and her dread,  
     From wanton wiles flowing  
 To madden her head  
     With passion-heat glowing.

Oh ! think of her state,  
 So wretched and dreary—  
 And weep o'er her fate.  
 So painful and weary.  
 In pride to deride  
 By the fallen one's side,  
 Is pityful ire,  
 Let justice decide,  
 Inhumanly dire !

Oh ! speak to her kindly,  
 By sympathy taught,  
 Appealing not blindly  
 Unto her thought—  
 Reclaiming and taming,  
 Not scornfully shaming—  
 Inspiring her breast,  
 To evil's disclaiming,  
 With penitent zest.

Condemn'd in her anguish,  
 Unpitied in charms—  
 Her beauty doth languish  
 In lustful arms.  
 Love-shorn amid scorn,  
 Unhappy—forlorn—  
 Oh where can she hide  
 Her face from the morn—  
 Where safely abide ?

Fulfilling her doom

With wantonly glance—

She glides in the ball-room,

Trips in the dance.

Tho' knowing, yet sowing

The seed which, in growing,

Shall harvest her pain—

In future bestowing

Of evils, a train.

Sped on, by excitement,

To passion's wild pleasure—

In reason's benightment,

Brimming life's measure.

Fast ageing, still waging

A conflict most raging

With virtue's decrees—

In madness engaging

To slave for disease.

Enfeeb'l'd, she lingers,

Cast off by vile knaves,

Employing her fingers

With needle slaves.

She sweats and reflects

'Mid wailing regrets,

To no earthly use—

Still reaping effects

Of youthful abuse.

In poverty pining,  
    She stares at the past—  
In solitude whining  
    At evil's blast—  
Her charms and alarms,  
And wantonly arms—  
    Her feverish breath,  
And passionate qualms  
    Preceding her death.

Gone in her life-prime  
    From anguish and care—  
Fearing in death-time  
    To breathe a prayer.  
Oh leave her and grieve her,  
In mercy believe her  
    Not wholly to blame,  
Condemn her betrayer  
    Who brought her to shame.

THE DRUNKARD.

---

In garments all tatter'd,  
With energy shatter'd,  
Unshaven, besotted,  
He holds down his head,  
His manhood out-blotted,  
And angel-hopes fled.  
'Mid the madd'ning fray  
Of the drunkard's *melée*,  
He rushes from care,  
Pursued by despair.

'Mid smiles and caresses,  
And pamper'd excesses,  
His childhood was rear'd,  
When boyhood's proud life  
In sunshine appear'd,  
Unshadow'd by strife.  
Unsuspecting and free,  
Like a vessel at sea,  
Without compass to guide,  
He sail'd with life's tide.

From the sky of youth  
 The sun-gleams of truth  
     Flash'd over his path  
 Ere sorrow was known  
     To brood by his hearth,  
 Or dear ones to groan.  
 Ah! how glowing the themes  
 Of the boy's dazzling dreams,  
 As life and its aim  
 Were strangers to shame!

By plenty surrounded,  
 In virtue's ways bounded,  
     He wooed and he won  
 A lady of wealth;  
     They lived on as one,  
 All blooming in health,  
 While the winged months fled,  
 With but little to dread,  
 'Till the bridegroom, alas!  
 Grew a slave to the *glass*.

With terrible haste,  
 And ruinous waste,  
     Unheeding the cries  
 Of children and wife,  
     To Bacchus he hies  
 To idolise strife.  
 And he lays down his treasure,  
 With his domicile pleasure,  
 At the crime-spotted shrine  
 Of the demon of wine.

In grievous distress,  
 Too deep to express,  
     His loving wife lingers,  
 'Twixt fond hopes and fears,  
     Exerting her fingers,  
 With eyes full of tears.  
 She lingers through weary  
 Long winter nights dreary,  
 All lonesome and pining,  
 At drink's foul designing.

Her angel-like meekness,  
 And womanly weakness,  
 Her life-lasting trust,  
     And wonderful zeal,  
 To raise from the dust  
     The lord of her weal.  
 All vainly appealing,  
 To his stone-crusted feeling—  
 Yet ever in prayer,  
 She strove to *repair*.

Oh ! sisters, go weep,  
 For she may not sleep  
     In blissful repose !  
 Oh ! sisters, go pray,  
     For a merciful close  
 To her frantic dismay !  
 With fierce yelling utterings,  
 And horrible mutterings,  
 He reels in at the door,  
 And falls down on the floor.



By drunkenness muddled,  
 In beastliness huddled,  
 He vomits and wallows  
 "Like a pig in his mire,"  
 Then greedily swallows  
 More water on fire.  
 With wild reckless daring,  
 At his patient wife swearing—  
 Then snoring and waking,  
 With his head fired to aching.

The sweet face of morn,  
 Finds him haggard and worn,  
     Both drowsy, dejected,  
 Keen-thirsting for *drink*—  
     A slave, disrespected,  
 Not daring to *think*.  
 His little ones hide  
 Afar from his side,  
 For his tongue speeds growlingly,  
 And his eyes stare scowlingly.

A bankrupt in fortune,  
 His children's misfortune,  
     Despised by his neighbour,  
 A wreck of a man,  
     Past fitness for labour,  
 Redeem him who can?  
 His home has departed—  
 His wife broken-hearted,  
 On a pauper-bed lying,  
 Is sobbing and dying.

Forgetting the blows,  
 And heart-straining throes  
 Of the black frowning-past,  
 She pines to behold him  
 While her spirit doth last,  
 And Christ-like forgives him—  
 'Till 'mid loving desires  
 She swoons and expires.  
 Yet the drunkard unmourning  
 Goes drinking and scorning.

In beggarly meanness,  
 And beastly uncleanness,  
 Falling deeper in sin,  
 Oh ! wanton dishonour !  
 For a measure of gin  
 Exchanging his honour.  
 His children world-scatter'd,  
 Are poverty-batter'd—  
 Yet the drunkard, fast sinking,  
 Goes starving and drinking.

With feverish craving,  
 And maniac raving,  
 He dies in his prime,  
 Soul-crush'd by the weight  
 Of the fetters of crime,  
 Still cursing at fate.  
 With sympathy yearning,  
 Not heartlessly spurning,  
 Win drunkards from blindness,  
 By humanly kindness.

## THE MISER.

---

Hoarding up gold,  
 With bosom chill'd cold,  
 The miser grows old—  
 Gloating in savage glee,  
 Heedless of misery,  
 Over his *treasure*.  
 In the silence of night,  
 Clutching his baubles bright  
 With a greedy pleasure.

Alone he dwells,  
 Where poverty swells,  
 In its damp, cold cells.  
 Passing his fretful life,  
 Unbless'd by loving wife,  
 Or children's smiles—  
 To the dazzling god gold  
 His soul it is sold,  
 And nought else beguiles.

Crouching all cold,  
 A-dreaming of gold,  
 The miser grows old.  
 Counting his hoarded gains,  
 Laughing at pauper-pains—  
 Eating but little  
 Food of the meanest kind—  
 Rejecting food for mind,  
 And neighbourly tittle.

Adding to store,  
 Still striving for more,  
 With death on before—  
 Stifling all feelings fine,  
 Crushing all joys divine,  
 Out of his breast—  
 Hid from the gaze of men,  
 Lost to the love of men,  
 Scarce ever at rest—  
  
 He clutches hold  
 Of his golden mould  
 In his cheerless fold.  
 Wild in his selfish joys,  
 Sporting his gilded toys,  
 Unheeding quite  
 The ennobling and grand—  
 With his gold in his hand  
 What recks he of right?  
  
 The world may flow  
 As the years they go  
 Down its tide of woe—  
 Careless the miser sits,  
 Grinning by sudden fits  
 Over his store—  
 Climbing the hill of age,  
 Scrambling in fever-rage,  
 Still greedy for more.

Closed from all sweets,  
 That human love weets  
 And sympathy meets—  
 Lost to religion's voice,—  
 Bidding no wretch rejoice  
 In charity's name.  
 In sickness and in health,  
 The *enlargement of wealth*  
 His one dearest aim.

Living for lust  
 Of the precious dust,  
 His spirit a-crust—  
 In the light of the day,  
 As the sun-light doth stray  
 Into his cell—  
 On a dry crust and bone  
 He feedeth all alone—  
 Yet his coffers swell.

He gazes around  
 Where riches abound,  
 And thrills at the sound,  
 Which escapes from their chink.  
 Whilst his energies sink  
 In chasm of time,  
 With devotion as rare  
 As e'en virtue can spare,  
 He labours for *crime*.

Parted from kin,  
 Afar from the din  
 Of fashion's gay sin—  
 Dress'd up in shabby black,  
 Bending his bony back  
 Low as he walks—  
 Peering on all he passes  
 Thro' a worn pair of glasses,  
 To himself he talks.

Struggling for gold  
 The miser grows old,  
 And his tough heart cold,  
 None near him to cheer him  
 When sorrow appals him,  
 By night or day—  
 Yet his gold he still counts,  
 Whilst his life's parch'd-up founts  
 Are drying away.

Oh ! sinful man,  
 Thy being's sole plan  
 Must close as began—  
 In cramping, crushing, vain,  
 Twitches of heart and brain—  
 Terrible sweatings,  
 Greedy desires and aims,  
 Returning fears and shames,  
 And painful regrettings.

Despising all  
The warnings that call  
For to disenthral,  
Moving in awful speed,  
The miser with miser greed,  
Miserly bold,  
Steers on his wicked way  
Till his hairs are all grey,  
A-praying to gold.

Howling in throes,  
The miser he goes  
To the grave's repose.  
Wasted and wretched he,  
In doltish idiotcy,  
Gain'd but to surfeit—  
Gain'd but the dross of earth,  
Lost in affection's worth,  
He died but to forfeit.

## THE GAMBLER.

— —

Life's duties neglecting,  
Entreaties rejecting,  
    Of sister and brother ;  
In fancy projecting  
Golden successes.

For tender caresses  
    Returning his mother  
Woeful distresses.

His manhood subduing,  
Intently pursuing  
    The phantom of gaming,  
To virtue's undoing.

    Past all reclaiming,  
Excited he rushes,  
Where innocence blushes,  
And guiltiness crushes—

Crushes the seed of truth,  
Branding the brow of youth,  
    Mocking affection's tones,  
Speaking in words of ruth.  
Crusting the soul of joy,  
    Searing the heart with groans,  
Ranking both man and boy  
    With the vilest of drones.



The gambler for ever,  
 With fatal endeavour,  
     Looks forward to winning,  
 For reason may never  
 Decide 'gainst his betting  
     To save him from sinning.  
 His *passion* keen whetting,  
 Tho' losses bring fretting,

He bets at the races,  
 Is found in the places  
     Where brutal sport sallies,  
 And fighting disgraces.

    He saunters down alleys,  
 In brothel-haunts creeping,  
 While children are sleeping,  
 And anxious wife weeping.

Creeping to revel wild,  
 Brainless, as one exiled,  
     Sporting with home delights ;  
 Checking all thinkings mild,  
 Laughing at fortune's frown,  
     Gambling by dazzling lights,  
 With a spirit cast down,  
     Sleepless he wastes his nights.

A father unfeeling,  
 A husband harsh dealing,  
     Well known in the city  
 By habit's revealing,  
     Scarce meriting pity,  
     Or even a ditty,  
 Replete with excitement  
 He sinks in benightment.

An adept at dice,  
 Fit subject for vice—  
     He barter's his all  
 With dexterity nice ;  
     His fate like a pall,  
     On his spirit doth fall.  
 Relenting too late,  
 He humours his fate.

Wreck'd in his early life—  
 Dragging his wretched wife  
     Down to his level, he  
 Holds on to sordid strife,  
 Grasping each shallow hope,  
     Mad as mortal can be.  
 Seizing e'en murder's knife  
 Daring the hangman's rope.

He hurries along  
 The pathway of wrong,  
     Growing more savage  
 As poverty nestles,  
     As hunger doth ravage,  
 And misery wrestles.  
 Sunk low in life's scale,  
 He lives to bewail.

Selling his home joys—  
 Training his young boys  
 In the gamester's school,  
     Turning his wife out  
 To beg, as a rule,  
     And wander about.  
 The gambler still gaming,  
 Is lost to all shaming.

Betting in tavern-hells,  
 Dwelling in fetid cells.  
     Struggling 'gainst fortune's frown,  
 Bosom'd with passion-swells,  
     Dragging his family down  
 Where gaunt misery dwells.  
 Slav'd by his wanton will,  
 Doom'd to the work of *ill*.

He gazes aghast  
On his ruin at last,  
And, coward-like, dies  
By his own rash hand.

The tragic deed flies  
Thro' the restless land.  
Unmourn'd in his grave  
Lies the gambler slave !

Dead in his early life,  
Leaving his boys and wife  
Dreary and pauper-clad,  
Victims of gambler-strife.  
Dead to the haunts of game,  
Lost to all pleasures bad,  
Leaving behind a name  
Link'd to the skirts of shame.

## EASTBOURNE.\*

These towering hills—these foliage crowded trees—

How grandly, beautiful they seem !

I fain would wander near them—fanned by summer breeze

Thro' many a lingering day—nor sadly deem

Such a time a waste. For nature pictur'd gay,

Wears here a magic loveliness which woos

My pulsing soul to joy, and bids her pay

Devotion unto nature's King. Nor choose

To yield a miser-meed of praise.

How green

The swelling sea ! Its rolling waters to and fro

Glide in unresting glory. Whilst the summer sheen

Tinsels each verdant spot, making below

A paradise. Cheer'd by the queenly sun,

I stroll at will o'er strange and emerald ways,

Companion'd by the sea, whose wavelets run

In laughing motions, and by birds whose lays

Intune the air, and throb with sweetest bliss

The heart of nature. Dear messengers of song,

I greet your heavenly melodies, which kiss

With lips of love, and charm my feet along.

I greet them as a child untaught in wisdom's lore,

Whose nature speaks in smiles and utter'd joy,

And all your thrilling hymns of blessedness adore,—

For your's are truthful themes which art can ne'er decoy.

---

\* Written between the Wish Tower and Beachy Head.

The stately ships, in pride, seem moveless on the main,  
For distance cheats the eye, which science clears ;

The white and jagged cliffs which bar the ocean plain,  
Give awe and wonder, cautiousness and fears—

Lending an added majesty to grace the scenes.  
Here repose the forms, which nature's lavish hand

Hath moulded to perfection. Here blest beauty leans  
On stem and blade and flower-bedizened land.

Here music, rich and rare, floats on the sea and air,  
Waking fond raptures in the breast of human kind ;

Here poets may repair, and humbly-soul'd may dare  
To breathe impulsive melodies of mind ;

Here painters who aspire to borrow nature's fire,  
May find profusion of the richest grotts,

And 'mid Arcadian fields instate desire,  
To revel wantonly 'mong ever glorious spots.

Here all which bosoms feel too wondrous to reveal  
In feeble words, surrounds dear Eastbourne proud,

And I in after years, ere crusted care shall steel  
My breast, and fold my life unto a shroud,

Will bid remembrance reawake the charms  
Which nature nurtures in sweet Eastbourne's loving arms.

## B U R N S.\*

Ten thousand zealots join the *fête*,  
 From Europe's distant bounds—  
 The toiling *low* and wealthy *great*,  
 Where art her pæan sounds.

They sing the glowing freedom-strains  
 Of Scotland's Shakespeare, Burns—  
 Swelling harmonious to the plains  
 Where toil its wages earns.

The splendour of an Eastern Court,  
 The glory genius owns—  
 By sculpture's plastic fingers wrought,  
 Look down from marble thrones.

They honour Burns—the ploughman bard,  
 Whose life was heir to pain—  
 Who battled, suffer'd, struggled hard,  
 With body and with brain.

Who felt the scorn of scorning knaves—  
 Too noble to be turn'd—  
 Who sang aloud to laggard slaves,  
 For whom his spirit yearn'd.

---

\* Written on visiting the Crystal Palace on the Day of the Burns' Centenary Fete, and contributed to the "Burns' Centenary Poems."

They honour Burns—the friend of truth,  
 Devoted to her cause—  
 Who died in prime of stalwart youth  
 And bade injustice pause.

Whose poems, jewel-like, are set  
 In caskets wrought by fame—  
 Whose God-form'd genius even yet  
 Shall savage slander tame!

They honour Burns—and win the cheers  
 Of millions scatter'd wide—  
 Who read his strains with mirth and tears,  
 And honest-hearted pride.

They honour Burns—yet honour worth,  
 In rustic raiment shown,  
 Diffusing wisdom o'er the earth,  
 And making virtue known.

They honour Burns—yet honour all  
 The poet-kings who gave  
 Their magic themes, at freedom's call,  
 To elevate the brave.

Let rival vices hide in gloom  
 Their hideous aims from men,  
 The world, by stern command of doom,  
 Must bow beneath the pen.

The age of merit dawns at last,  
 To sway her potent rod,  
 Veiling the misdeeds of the past—  
 Uplifting souls to God.



No longer need the tyrant's tool  
Usurp the throne of right—  
Teaching mankind, in folly's school,  
The old fierce rules of fight.

Since science, art, and love embrace,  
And wisdom smiles serene—  
As commerce wears upon her face  
The aspect of a queen.

IDIOT BESSIE.  

---

I met old Bessie in the street,  
Ugly and strange and poor—  
She wore a frock, that hid her feet,  
And pinafore, of pattern neat—  
And on her head she bore  
A tub of water “from the spring,”  
Which to some neighbour’s cot she’d bring,  
And then go forth for more.

Broad features, set in rugged mould,  
Some fifty years, or so,  
Impress’d thereon, in furrows bold,  
With all their chequer’d scenes untold,  
Of wailing, want, and woe—  
She walk’d like one unknown to earth,  
An idiot, from the hour of birth,  
Strong limb’d, yet ever slow.

In childhood, Bessie rarely found  
The care that childhood needs—  
Her mother, with some neighbours round,  
The limestone broke—by misery bound  
To slave—as weakness pleads !  
Thus Bessie grew to riper age,  
Half conscious of the brutal rage  
Of custom’s sordid creeds.

'Mid flame and smoke and humble folk

Her dreary lot was cast—

She'd sometimes carry coal or coke,

Nor heed the senseless jeer or joke

Of rude ones whom she past.

No view of nature's wondrous forms,

Save, where the hand of Art deforms,

Could in her memory last!

Can Christ, the lowly one, have preach'd

Mercy and Love and Truth—

While none are found, whom he hath teach'd,

And Fortune's wanton smiles have reach'd,

With hearts of gentle ruth—

Who dare, in sweet religion's name,

From want and woe, the friends of shame,

To save poor Bessie's youth!

The idiot maid must never feel

Such kind and soothing care—

Nor can she even half reveal,

The curious thoughts that often steal

Upon her with despair—

For Bessie, tho' an idiot born,

Doth feel, at times, the sting of scorn

Which kindness fails to spare.

Dress'd like a girl—so strange and wild

Doth Bessie seem to all—

She says she is a little child—

And with a look, demurely mild,

For toys and cakes she'll call—

When twenty summers jog away,

She'll marry and rejoice for aye

And be a woman tall.

And then she'll think and change her mind,

And will not wedded be—

For husbands are not always kind,

And wives are sometimes taught to find

The dregs of misery.

Oh, no ! she'll live a single life,

And save herself from married strife,

And man's vile tyranny.

Thus Bessie talks at fifty years,

And Pity weeps in vain,

'Till some kind friends, whom virtue cheers,

With eyesight dimm'd by glistening tears,

Inspire a different strain.

Be merry ! ye whom gold enchains,

Ye feel not Bessie's wrongs and pains !—

Let Pleasure hold her reign.

'Twill serve to cramp the springs of kindness,  
 And fit ye for the sphere  
 Where Mammon rules in reckless blindness,  
 And nerves the hand of harsh Unkindness,  
 To strike the weak with Fear—  
 While Bessie's fate, tho' known to many,  
 Can scarcely claim a boon from any  
 Of sympathy sincere.

At simple tales, when short and witty,  
 She'll smile in half delight,  
 And rouse anon the heart of pity,  
 By chaunting some wild timeless ditty,  
 Both meaningless and light.  
 Oh, Sorrow ! wear thy dismal weeds,  
 While wealth on human misery feeds,  
 In idiot Bessie's sight.

And Bessie, with a reverent mien,  
 In chang'd and plain attire,  
 At school each Sabbath day is seen,  
 With cheerful heart and features clean,  
 No tedious toil to tire—  
 She strives to read the Sacred book,  
 Yet fails, with many an earnest look  
 Of satisfied desire.

What sin is done that mercy stays,  
With love and comfort too ?  
Can mindless Bessie find the ways  
Where fortune with her zealots plays,  
And only favours few ?  
Alone, she toils to win her bread,  
To idiocy and suffering wed—  
With naught save want in view.

## WHISPERS OF WISDOM.

---

I sat in the glory of Summer,  
Shadow'd by trees,  
And voices of wisdom in whispers  
Came on the breeze.

They came as the heralds of heaven,  
Whispering low ;  
And even the birds that were singing  
Seem'd to know.

And my spirit on wings of beauty  
Sallied away,  
Beckon'd by dreamers and sages  
Of olden day.

And earth, with its heaving sorrow,  
Was left behind,  
As the heaven of wisdom, orb-like,  
Shone on my mind.

## PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

---

From fountains up-springing in crystal pride,  
 Allaying the Traveller's thirst,  
 The life-stream of Nature flows in a tide,  
 Refreshing and free o'er the universe wide,  
 Inviting the *blest* and the *curst*.

From fountains of stone, by wayside and home,  
 Bubbling and cool it gushes pure ;  
 The heated, the tired, the strangers that roam,  
 Standing beneath the cerulean dome,  
 The sweetest of *draughts* can procure.

The blood-cleansing stream, the nectar of health,  
 The friend of humanity true,  
 Now currents its course unstinted by wealth,  
 And the veriest poor may drink without stealth,  
 As the wild flowers drink of the dew.

The fountains that rise from the liberal hand  
 Of patriots in love who aspire,—  
 Like tablets of glory modestly stand  
 As the Wisdom-trophies of England's land,  
 That Virtue may live in Desire.



Come, stay on your way, ye straggling and tired,  
 Nor touch the foul tankard of gin ;  
 One draught from the fount—what else is required ?  
 Will renovate strength, and love shall be fired,  
 Instead of fierce hatred and sin.

Come forth from the haunts of sorrow and dirt,  
 Ye lowest of the earth's crushed low ;  
 And *kill* the craving for liquors that hurt,  
 And rob you full oft of even your shirt,  
 In the health-yielding fountain's *flow*.

Come forth, ye parched and fevered, who toil,  
 In the factory, shop, or in field,  
 When thirsty and swelter'd i' the ripe sun's broil,  
 And drink the waters that burst from the soil,  
 Which the cream of delight shall yield.

## A TRIBUTE. \*

---

In simple lisplings of delight,  
     I proffer tribute, Sir, to thee—  
 For thou, whate'er in others' sight,  
     Wert skilful, kind, and true to me.

For lingering years my powers grew weak—  
     Whilst life itself was drench'd with gall—  
 Of *all* I felt, I ne'er can speak,  
     When thou wast ready at my call—

Without the faintest chance of wealth,  
     With kindly sympathy and skill,  
 To guide me back to hope and health,  
     At nature's own unswerving will.

As one despairing, clings to joy,  
     When friendly counsels greet his ear,  
 With no dull prejudice to cloy,  
     Did I, thy sage instructions hear.

In three brief months a wond'rous change  
     Was wrought upon my tortur'd frame;  
 From out the medicated range,  
     The crystal healing water came.

---

\* To Horace Johnson, M.D., of Brighton.

It came a soothing welcome flood,  
In bubbling, cool, and laughing flow,  
To lend new vigour to the blood,  
And make the cheeks with health to glow.

In light of science thou dost *treat*,  
With patriot eye on human woe,  
A devotee at wisdom's feet,  
Receiving truth but to bestow.

Pursue thy chosen walk, and win  
A laurel from the wreath of fame,  
To wear amid life's deafening din,  
As trophy of successful aim.

I cannot give thee meed of gold,  
Nor voice thy praises far away—  
Yet with a grateful heart I'll hold  
The memory of thy worth for aye.

May health and happiness abound  
Within thy noble heart and sphere,  
And thousands with myself, resound  
The healing power of water clear.

## STAND BY THE TRUTH!

---

Stand by the Truth, for naught can lend  
 Such lustre to the mind ;  
 In her the moral beauties blend  
 Which captivate mankind.

Stand by the Truth, though adverse Fate  
 Fling sorrow on your life ;  
 In Virtue she is ever great,  
 While Falsehood's great in strife.

Stand by the Truth, and magic tones  
 Upon your charm'd ears  
 Shall fall, more sweet than Music owns,  
 To melodise your years.

Stand by the Truth, and dare the spleen  
 Of Falsehood's vaunting knaves,  
 For, where her queenly smiles are seen,  
 There Freedom's banner waves.

Stand by the Truth, for love and light  
 Illume her jewell'd shrine ;  
 And men who gaze on her image bright  
 Are fired with joy divine.

Stand by the Truth, for rubies rare  
 Have not so rich a glow.  
 She blunts the piercing point of care,  
 And makes a Heaven below.

## NANA SAHIB.

---

The scorching sun, o'er India's plain,  
 Shone in meridian glory,  
 As Nana Sahib, with his train,  
 Trampled o'er many a comrade slain,  
 On Cawnpore's ruins gory.

With fiendish thoughts and heart of rock,  
 The Rajah spurr'd his steed—  
 Urged on by sudden battle-shock,  
 From Havelock's valiant martial-flock,  
 To save his life with speed.

Secure at length from British fire,  
 He leads his Sepoy band,  
 And sates his soul's inhuman ire,  
 As fear-blanch'd English maids expire,  
 By his blood-clotted hand.

Tell it in whispers, lest the words  
 Suspend the listener's breath,  
 How smiling babes, by Nana's hordes,  
 Were tossed in air and caught on swords,  
 Sinless to suffer death.

The torturing tyrants press in haste  
 Along their rugged path,  
 And captives make, on Cawnpore's waste,  
 Of sires and sons and maidens chaste—  
 To doom with heathen wrath.

A mother and her children five,  
 Sweet-featured girls and boys,  
 In frantic terror vainly strive  
 To cause the rebel chief to shrive,  
 And give them freedom's joys.

Surrounded by the mutineers,  
 Whose horrid yells of hate,  
 In mocking discord shock their ears,  
 With wailing plaints and rolling tears  
 They fail to change their fate.

The sun doth blind their tearful eyes,  
 The children seek the shade,  
 The mother, grieving, prays and cries ;  
 Foul fiend, the rebel chief denies  
 A refuge in the glade.

" Quick, to your work," the Sepoy chief,  
 Scarce gave the mandate breath ;  
 Despite the tortured cries of grief,  
 When like a fragile wheaten-sheaf,  
 They all were bound for death.

An instant, ere the mother's look  
 Of anguish touched the heart,  
 The booming sound of rifles shook,  
 The silent air, the field and brook  
 And made each witness start !

Sweet mercy, come with death's black pall  
 To these warm bleeding creatures ;  
 Hark to that cry ! One child of all  
 Doth o'er the ghastly dead ones crawl,  
 To stroke their horrid features.

Miss'd by the scatter'd shot, the child  
 Pierces the air with sobs ;  
 He tries to rouse, with shriekings wild,  
 The stiffening dead—dear one exiled,  
 His breast with terror throbs.

“ Is it the sun ? Oh ! Mother say,  
 That makes you all to sleep ? ”  
 The child doth clasp his hands to pray.  
 Oh Heaven ! the axe of murder stay,  
 And love shall cease to weep.

Artless and lovely tho' thou art,  
 Thy little life must close,—  
 A straggling trooper, hard of heart,  
 Is near thee, and will ne'er depart  
 Till thou in death repose.

He rushes, like a fiend from Hell,  
 His war-axe lifted high—  
 It falls ! Oh God ! such demons dwell  
 On thy fair earth no power can quell,  
 Or victims satisfy.

The child lies lifeless by the side  
Of those who claimed his care,—  
The sun-beams fade, the day doth glide,  
Till clouds the ghastly objects hide,  
And stillness sails the air.

The Rajah Nana, flushed with scorn,  
And heat of battle-fray,  
Sleepless and restless waits the morn—  
Thirsting for blood of England's born,  
With hopes of Indian sway.



## THE INDIAN REVOLT.

---

The deafening sounds of war appal each shudd'ring ear,  
And every human heart doth quail with sudden shock of  
fear :

Our England's sons, in England's name, on India's purple  
plains,

In battle-armour stand—with hero courage in their veins ;  
And oh ! the fierce and bloody strife, on Cawnpore's reeking  
sod !

And oh ! the dying and the dead, with eyes upturned to  
God !

The ghastly scenes of that foul fight, for aye shall find a  
tongue,

To tell unto the Ages, how great souls were anguish-wrung !

The savage Sepoys, frenzy-driven, sate their scourging hate,  
And babes, before their mothers' eyes, the doom of death  
await.

Dear God ! what hellish deeds are done in thy most holy  
sight !

They turn the strong-soul'd warrior pale, and make more  
fierce the fight !

The cry of vengeance rolls along—and England's soldier-sons,  
In valiant terror, rush to death, or seize the foemen's guns.  
Oh horror ! shrieking English maids are ravished and are  
slain—

And England's giant heart doth feel the piercing pangs of  
pain.

Forbear awhile from counting gold, ye rich ones undistrest,  
And shed a tear for those who fell at duty's high behest.

And fathers, teach your sons to know, how Avarice and Wrong  
Adown the changing ages past, have warr'd in armour strong  
Fell deeds which cause the blood to chill, and rouse the  
soul to fear—

Stern heated frays—and ghastly deaths—on History's page  
appear,

To teach the nations wrong'd and wrong, the law\* that  
sways mankind,

Despite e'en proud ambition's power, or fortune's raging  
wind.

Oh, England! mourn thy wasted strength, and mourn thy  
bleeding dead,

And in the name of "God AND RIGHT," the field of carnage  
tread.

The Sepoy-savage—madly roused, by thy strong steady  
arm,

Must—failing—fall, and India soon be lull'd in peaceful  
charm!

Great in thy wealth, oh Fatherland! be also great in  
battle—

Fight for the rule of right, and startle earth with freedom's  
rattle.

Then shall the "Brotherhood of Man," by prophets long  
foretold,

Be crown'd on earth, and war, and wrong, relax their  
despot hold.

---

\* Retribution.

LETTY.  

---

A child of delight was Letty,  
In the pride of early days—  
Artless, and sportive, and pretty,  
A girl to admire and praise.

Fed on the bosom of plenty,  
She glided unvex'd by care,  
Till her years had number'd twenty—  
And Cupid, on wings of air,

Had come with his magic whispers,  
To touch the springs of her breast,  
And awake the music-lispers  
That give to the soul unrest.

The man of her fond selection  
Had a mind inspired by truth,  
And woo'd her ardent affection  
With the passion-pride of youth.

And Letty<sup>\*</sup> with womanly feelings,  
Unheeding the harsh world's power,  
Won by her lover's revealings,  
Accepted his *fate* as a dower.

United with hopes of blessing,  
 As one in the field of Strife,  
 They struggle thro' ills distressing  
 To husband the means of life.

The bridegroom, unborn to riches,  
 Had talent and energy rare—  
 But gold's the charm that bewitches  
 The rough world's heart of despair.

For years with his vigour failing,  
 He toil'd like a Spartan Chief—  
 Ne'er wasting life's morn, with wailing,  
 Which only can surfeit grief.

And Letty his wife, a mother,  
 Now loved by her children three,  
 In vain she essays to smother  
 Her bosom's deep agony.

It was in the dreary Winter  
 She stood by a narrow bed,  
 When Death, with his fatal splinter,  
 Had stricken her husband dead.

And crush'd by the sequent anguish,  
 She shriek'd and she tore her hair,  
 Like one whose fine senses languish  
 In the arms of mad despair!

Her children, in virtue growing,  
May find in the world's huge mart,  
Where gold is ever bestowing  
The *bliss* and *sorrow* of art.

May find the means of employment—  
And learn the *lesson* of life ,  
To seek its proper enjoyment,  
And brave its impending strife.

And now, on the eve of dying,  
In sadness, troubled and lorn,  
Like a leaf in the wild copse lying,  
Is Letty, of reason shorn.

## TRIBUTARY LINES.

---

(IN HONOUR OF THE FOUNDERS OF WORKING MEN'S COLLEGES.)

'Tis yours, ye patriot-ones, in wisdom's cause  
 To scatter knowledge and to win applause,  
 For zealous aim and true aspiring care,  
 In aiding men of lowly means to share  
 The genial blessings cultured bosoms feel—  
 Whose thoughts are bounded by the general weal.  
 The power of knowledge works the complex springs  
 Which keep in motion earth's material things ;  
 The power of knowledge yields alike to all  
 Who seek, with earnest heart, to rend the pall  
 That Ignorance suspends upon the mind.  
 Whether the king, the peer, or toiling hind,  
 Appeal, its aid is free—its magic power  
 Enchants, uplifts, and with each fleeting hour  
 Keeps pace, to shatter all that's brute-like, base,  
 And bring the charms of virtue in its place.  
 Let warrior-heroes, known in modern story,  
 Wade on, thro' seas of reeking blood, to glory ;  
 Let statesmen, proud of ancestry and fame,  
 With constant *talk*, betray their country's shame ;  
 Let slaves of commerce rear their dazzled hopes  
 On fortune's brow, whilst gold with justice copes ;  
 'Tis yours, ye generous few, for aye to win,  
 By deeds of nobler worth than custom's din  
 Can claim ; the poor man's soul o'er-flowing praise,  
 Who erst, unlettered, finds out wisdom's ways,  
 And struggling on, with purpose high and grand,  
 Becomes a type of knowledge in the land.

No trumpet oracle may e'er proclaim  
 Your constant, steady zeal, or even claim  
 From stranger-lips the meed that merit shares.  
 Be mine the task, apart from harsher cares,  
 To feebly sound your well-earned praise, and wake  
 Some drowsy few their mental chains to break.  
 The deeds engrafted on the brow of truth,  
 The soul-aspiring earnestness of youth,  
 The cause of Human Progress ever great,  
 And all that springs from genius in the state,  
 Shall yet anon to your congenial zeal  
 Owe much—and still mightier works reveal.  
 Ye struggling, suffering, hopeless sons of toil,  
 Whose energies are wound in custom's coil,  
 Whose minds, alas ! in barren wildness grow,  
 Who drudge, with stooping forms and spirits low,  
 Give time to thought, the college friends are near,  
 And wisdom waits to elevate and cheer ;  
 Give time to thought, avoid the wiles of sin,  
 And soon a grander era shall begin.  
 Give time to thought, your moral power alone  
 Would raise you higher than the bench or throne.  
 Thank God ! the barriers are falling fast  
 That shut out knowledge from the mine and last ;  
 The age is growing wiser, rich men fail  
 In circumscribing power. The poor and hale  
 Can delve the mental mine, and proudly store  
 What e'er is found in learning's mazy lore.  
 The time shall come when working men shall know  
 The worth of science, and the sweets that flow  
 From native art, then changing forms will show  
 The magic glories that in wisdom glow.

## THE IDIOT CHILD.

---

Poor idiot child ! the world, with all its treasure,  
 Must seem to thee a desert wild and blank—  
 No power of thought, beyond the stunted measure  
 Granted to creatures of inferior rank,  
 Doth crown thee monarch of all meaner things,  
 Like to the wisdom-trained of earth's proud race,  
 Whose mental might impels the magic springs  
 Of Labour, and doth rule in time and space.

Dependent from thy childhood's earliest morn,  
 Thro' life's uneven and meandering ways  
 To wander, like a traveller forlorn—

Poor idiot child ! I cannot stop to gaze  
 On thy fair, thoughtless brow, and fail to feel  
 The grief that springs from sympathy for woe.  
 'Tis thine to *pain*—yet never to *reveal*  
 The phantom-forms that through thy vision flow.

In thy young soul no consciousness of art,  
 In triumph-garb, refining grosser themes,  
 Can dwell—altho' thy pure and tender heart  
 Doth own the charm of music, and oft seems  
 Impressed by passion-songs and hymns of praise—  
 Unknowing what they mean, yet oft inspired  
 To joy—fearless of want—thou passest days  
 By no dull sorrowing trouble tired.

Poor idiot child ! the heart of commerce beats,  
 But owns not thee as one to aid by toil  
 Its mighty pulsings, and no common feats  
 Performed by thee, may win a share of spoil.  
 Companionless, with no kind friend to guide,  
 Thy future fate perchance may be, alas !  
 To own no power to toil, and stem the tide  
 Of social wrong, and stay the ills that pass.



## OUR BOAT IS FREE.

---

Our boat is free  
On the surging sea,  
With a gentle gale  
We merrily sail.  
    With mirth and song  
    We row along,  
    Fearless and free  
    On the wild blue sea.

The sea-gulls fly,  
As the oars we ply,  
And the breakers roar  
To the distant shore.  
    With mirth and song  
    We row along,  
    Fearless and free  
    On the wild blue sea.

Like a thing of life,  
Unbridled by strife,  
Our boat glides fast  
O'er the wat'ry vast.  
    With mirth and song  
    We row along,  
    Fearless and free  
    On the wild blue sea.

We drink the breeze,  
With bosoms at ease,  
As we skim, with pride,  
The billowy tide.  
    With mirth and song  
    We row along,  
    Fearless and free  
    On the wild blue sea.

# TO SIR. G. R. B. PECHELL, BART., M.P.

---

To thee, Sir George, with soul elate,  
 I humbly tune my lyre,  
 To sing thy virtues patriot-great,  
 Which crown thee in the realms of State,  
 A duty-faithful sire.

For more than twenty years of toil  
 Have mark'd thy State-career,  
 And few that tread on freedom-soil  
 Have earned so well, in life's turmoil,  
 The fame which speaks thee dear.

Not one of all who gave thee power  
 Doth deem thy zeal amiss,  
 -Not one of all but prays the Power,  
 Who grows and beautifies the flower,  
 To dower thy life with bliss.

In freedom's ranks with breast of steel,  
 Steadfast in virtue's name,  
 Thou'st fought, nor boasted of thy zeal,  
 For England's true enduring weal—  
 A victor born to fame.

To *do* and not to simply *talk*,  
 Has been thy life's decree—  
 May others in thy pathway walk,  
 Nor freedom's precious progress baulk  
 With murkiest pedantry.

## A WELCOME TO W. CONINGHAM, Esq., M.P.

---

(ON HIS RETURN TO BRIGHTON FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY  
VACATION.)

We greet thee, William Coningham,  
With voices tuned to praise,  
And wreathe upon thy noble brow  
The statesman's victor-bays.

We knew thee in thy local sphere,  
A Freedom-loving man—  
And prove thee, in thy public deeds,  
No courtly partizan.

Then welcome to thy peaceful home  
To pass the brief recess,  
And back return to Parliament,  
With vigour none the less.

In these, our days of sordid schemes,  
Where Self is crown'd a god,  
How great the boon to own a man,  
Fearless of custom's rod.

A man of energy and soul,  
Devoted to the cause  
Of just and holy liberty—  
Who strives for equal laws.

A man whom none can turn to wrong—  
Who ever watching, waits  
To herald human rights along  
The way thro' merit's gates.

God bless thee, William Coningham,  
 For thou hast stood the test,  
 And bravely won a lasting fame,  
 So proudly take thy rest.

The people's universal rights  
 Imbued thy cultur'd soul.  
 And nerved thy zeal in Parliament  
 At duty's stern control.

Like many a patriot-one of old,  
 'Twas thine to feel the bite  
 That envy's treacherous fangs impress,  
 With mean malignant spite.

And like those hero-ones by-gone,  
 'Twas thy full-acting part,  
 To rise to noble dignity  
 With a bold unyielding heart.

Then welcome, William Coningham,  
 Thy self-devoted zeal,  
 In cause of right and liberty,  
 Unto our hearts appeal.

We greet thee, with a loving smile,  
 And of thy virtues boast ;  
 We feel there's none deserves more love  
 Along our sea-girt coast.

For thou hast stood the poor man's friend,  
 Despite the frowns of wealth,  
 And in the ears of monied slaves,  
 Denounced their wicked stealth.

God bless thee, William Coningham,  
 With length of life, and all  
 The blessings that can flow around  
 On thy lov'd household fall.

## OVER THE DOWNS. \*

— —

Over the downs—away—away—  
 I love to roam at early day,  
 To feel the fresh wild zephyrs glide,  
 And view the sea in all its pride.

Come where the sportive lambkins play,  
 Over the downs, away, away.

Over the downs—away—away—  
 The lark gives out its matin lay,  
 The queenly summer paints the scene,  
 And greets the heart with a smile serene.

Come where the sportive lambkins play,  
 Over the downs, away, away.

Over the downs—away—away—  
 The soft-green grass and flowerets gay  
 Invite the roving pilgrim's feet,  
 And scent the air with fragrance sweet.

Come where the sportive lambkins play,  
 Over the downs away, away.

---

\* Set to music by Robert Cooper, and published by Metzler, London.

## WE'LL FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND HOME.

---

On neutral ground we'll stand,  
    'Till honour bleeds—  
And then with sword in hand,  
    On warrior steeds,  
We'll fight for right and home,  
    With Saxon courage crowned—  
We'll fight for right and home  
    On freedom's sacred ground.

The olive branch of peace  
    Shall shade our soil,  
'Till foreign feuds increase,  
    And round us coil.  
We'll fight for right and home,  
    With Saxon courage crowned—  
We'll fight for right and home  
    On freedom's sacred ground.

With Wisdom's voice we'll shout  
    With peaceful aims,  
'Till foreign despots rout  
    Our natal claims.  
We'll fight for right and home,  
    With Saxon courage crowned—  
We'll fight for right and home  
    On freedom's sacred ground.

Our England's honour yields  
Glory to her sons—  
Tho' foemen tread her fields  
With pointed guns.  
We'll fight for right and home,  
With Saxon courage crowned—  
We'll fight for right and home  
On freedom's sacred ground.

Let peace with honour smile  
O'er England's land,  
Till plundering hordes defile  
Our righteous stand.  
Then fight for right and home,  
With Saxon courage crowned,  
Then fight for right and home  
On freedom's sacred ground.

## THE OCEAN CABLE.

---

“KNOWLEDGE PARTAKES OF INFINITY.”

They breasted the raging Ocean,  
 And battled the tempest strong,  
 For what was the sea's commotion  
 Or the tragic wirlwind's song—  
 Compared with the task of *those*,  
 Whose barques with the billows rose ?

They struggled with vigour stern,  
 And bosoms that naught could turn—  
 While steering their strong ships out,  
 Full-freighted with cable stout.

Oh, task ! both mighty and grand !  
 Oh, zeal ! by patriot-faith fann'd  
 They buffet with storms untold,  
 Unquailing, with hearts grown bold,  
 Connecting two worlds in one.

Oh ! never beneath the sun  
 Hath a nobler *purpose* wrought  
 In the caverns deep of thought.

Uncoiling the magic wire,  
 They stand 'mid the tempest's ire,  
 Sinking it deep in the main—  
 With spirits oppress'd by pain,  
 They mourn o'er a mighty loss,  
 As their ships on breakers toss.



The cable is broken wide,  
 And old Ocean mocks in pride !  
 The hopes of the world are sped,  
 And sorrow is nurs'd instead.  
 The *failure*, like many another,  
 Gives visions that naught can smother.

Undaunted, tho' vex'd by trouble,  
 The seamen their vigour double—  
 Breasted with proud self-reliance,  
 Shrived at the footstool of science,  
 E'en with a Spartan-devotion,  
 They toil on the troublous ocean.

Ye doubters avaunt ! the *few*  
 Brave shipmates their toils renew,  
 While the storm subsides in calm,  
 And the sea waves chant a psalm.

With eyes on the new world cast,  
 They work for the nations vast—  
 And weary with care and toil,  
 They sink the stout cable-coil,  
 And find to their soul's dear joy  
*Success* the crown of employ.

Oh ! glorious work of mind—  
 The universe held not the kind.  
 A work for the thought of ages—  
 And for the wonder of sages !

Let tinsel'd pageants glide,  
 In the track of fashion's tide—  
 The triumphs of human thought,  
 To them may appear as naught.  
 Let warrior-chiefs and slaves  
 Tramp over acres of graves—  
 To gather a meed of fame,  
 Heart-temper'd in face of shame—  
 For Science in love doth reign,  
 And works in the boundless main.

Oh ! wondrous power divine,  
 Creating a light to shine,  
 Like a meteor-flash for aye,  
 To change the mind's night to day !  
 The ocean-wire breaks the bar  
 That sever'd world's stretching far.  
 The wand o' Science changes caste,  
 Spreading truth on every blast.

To Him whose bounteous hand  
 Yieldeth plenty to the land—  
 Who bids the wild sea to rage,  
 The wind-gusts fiercely to wage,  
 A battle with man's weak will—  
 To Him let echoes of praise  
 Uprise from valley and hill,  
 For triumphs of modern days.

## THE PEACE.

---

In panoply of war and martial pride,  
 Napoleon treads the plain,  
 His valiant warriors by his side,  
 And at his feet the slain.

And Austria's brow grows pale with grief,  
 And Austria's monarch quails,  
 As he gazes on each fallen chief  
 His palsied strength bewails.

And Austria's ruler—Europe's foe—  
 To foreign prowess yields,  
 And peace, the sweet boon which kings bestow,  
 Flutters o'er battle fields.

Two Emperors trained to war and power,  
 Begin and end the strife,  
 And warrior-minions of the hour,  
 Must draw or sheathe the knife.

To butcher or shield the friends or foes  
 Of freedom, love, and home,  
 To immolate justice in her throes,  
 And prop the Pope in Rome.

Italia! thou land of classic glory,  
 Are now thy triumphs grand,  
 Alone remembered in the thrilling story  
 Of thy past? They who stand

Within thy walls, gazing with wonder wild  
 On thy immortal cities ;  
 Must they now behold thy soul exiled  
 And utter mournful pities !

Thy fierce heroic struggles to be free,  
 Thy martyr souls at rest,  
 Who, loving thee and dearer liberty,  
 Died on thy tortured breast.

Thy holy mission in religion's cause,  
 Defeating mitred throngs,  
 Restrained by vile tyrannic laws,  
 Cry vengeance for thy wrongs.

Grow drunken with glee for peace doth reign,  
 Ye justice loving lands,  
 Italia doth groan with added pain,  
 Shackled in Papal bands.

Be merry, and let your voices ring  
 In fulsome praises loud  
 To Him, the mighty usurper king,  
 For Italy is bow'd.

Let pæns float from cot, and hall, and throne,  
 And prayers of grateful love  
 Ascend to God. Italy doth groan  
 Beneath the peaceful Dove.

No ! forbid—may wronged Italia's wail,  
 Fall like a dismal knell,  
 To strike the tyrant Emperors pale  
 With fears of fiercest hell.

## THE CHILD BY THE SEA.

---

A child sat musing by the sea—

The ebbing billows to and fro

Leaping, laughing, plashing slow,

Glistening in the sun's rich glow,

Sang a mirthful melody

To the child beside the sea,

Musing lone and dreamily.

The rocking ships upon the sea

Their shadows cast within the tide,

Sailing, rolling, drifting wide,

Reef'd and strong and tempest-tried,

Seem'd like toys for childish glee

To the child beside the sea,

Wondering still, and dreamily.

The curdling spray upon the sea

Whiten'd and globul'd 'neath the sky,

Skimming, bubbling, frisking nigh,

Lending beauty to the eye—

Seem'd to float so merrily,

To the child beside the sea,

Charm'd and loving dreamily.

The sun disported on the sea,  
 The morn went past, the waters rose,  
 Dashing, splashing, rushing close,  
 Heedless of life's joys and woes,  
 Singing wildly, flowing free,  
 On the child beside the sea,  
 Sitting pleased and dreamily.

\* \* \* \* \*

The child is saved ! the reckless sea  
 Grows boisterous with the night,  
 Heaving, roaring, raging quite,  
 Flushed by Cynthia's pallid light.  
 Vessels tossing fearfully,  
 Strike with awe upon the sea,  
 But the child sleeps calm and free.

## THE SHATTER'D FLOWER.

---

A fresh-blown flower was in my hand,  
 A wild flower from the dell;  
 A moment sped—upon the sand  
 Its crimson petals fell.

The scatter'd leaves upon the wind  
 Were borne into the sea,  
 The naked stem was left behind,  
 As if to mourn with me.

That fragrant flower, an hour ago,  
 Shed perfume in the air ;  
 It then was free to blush and grow  
 In beauty richly fair.  
 But now, in fading fragments spread,  
 Within the surging brine  
 Its gorgeous leaves are rudely sped,  
 Whilst I its fate repine.

I plucked the flower because it reared  
 Its tinsell'd crest supreme—  
 A queenly gem, by blight unsear'd,  
 Enrich'd by sol's red beam.  
 I loved it with a love unkind,  
 Or it had bloom'd as yet ;  
 Its leaves unruffl'd by the wind,  
 And I by vain regret.

Shatter'd and dead ! and I the cause.

Sweet flower, had'st thou been drest  
In less of beauty's tempting gauze  
I should not feel distress.

'Tis thus earth's fairest-ones invite  
The rough rude shock of care—  
And soonest feel the scathing blight  
Which tracks deception's snare.



## I HAVE TASTED JOY AND SORROW.

---

I have tasted joy and sorrow,  
Yet ne'er from dull despair  
Have I been led to borrow  
A deeper draught of care.

I have felt my spirit sadden,  
And the glow of health depart,  
Yet hope e'er came to gladden  
As an angel to my heart.

I have gazed on syren beauty  
With a soul akin to passion ;  
Yet the calm sweet voice of duty,  
More strong than voice of fashion,

Would fall in thrilling sweetness  
On my soul's enchanted feeling ;  
And the wanton's wiles in fleetness  
Would flee my heart's concealing.

## WRITTEN IN BUXTED PARK.

---

The pictur'd forms of nature 'neath the sky  
 Repose in mellow richness, and the dye  
 Of summer wears its ripe and cheering shades,  
 Whilst Beauty, queen-like, smiles on meads and glades.  
 Serene in splendour rise the trees and hills,  
 And touch the gazer's heart with magic thrills,  
 Which yield a joy, that nature's forms alone  
 Infuseth in the soul.

The zephyr's tone—

The dulcet sounds of song that on the air  
 Float into cadence, tuned by warbler's fair,  
 Like holy minstrelsy awake the heart  
 To love more deep than Art can e'er impart.

Oh! varied lovely scenes, what tongue can own  
 The power to make your glowing beauties known?  
 The soul can taste your bliss and feel its glow,  
 But even poet-pictures fail to glow  
 With faithful portraits of your perfect charms—  
 Ye seem a Paradise from earth's alarms.

## BE MEN, AND VALUE FREEDOM.

---

Be men, and value freedom, as ye value every tie  
 That binds ye to your fatherland, for which 'twere good to  
 die ;  
 Like kings of knowledge, throned on truth, the fort of  
 right command,  
 Heedless of country, kin, or clan, with Justice league your  
 hand.  
 Gain courage—battle bravely with the giant foes that be,  
 And tyrannies shall totter as *ye* become more free ;  
 Awake ! from drowsy thoughtlessness, ye myriad sons of  
 toil,  
 And, from the leprosy of guilt, with shudd'ring hearts  
 recoil.  
 Hath life no holier aim than sordid gold or sensual lust ?  
 Shall *drinking, sleeping, slaving*, drag your spirits in the dust ?  
 Are ye content, in passion's blind and soul-deluding thrall,  
 To coin from energy despair, and weave for life a pall ?  
 Be men, and value freedom, and arouse each sluggish hind,  
 The self-abandoned night of guilt gives daylight to the  
 mind.  
 Hath life a charm more sweet than freedom's grand *idea*  
 gives,  
 Which bounds in ecstasy the soul that in its presence lives ?  
 Be men, and value freedom as ye value life and home,  
 The breast of love doth nourish hope 'neath freedom's  
 stately dome.  
 The *spirits* of the sacred past—the martyr'd sons of God—  
 Whose Heaven-directed feet the rugged ways of freedom  
 trod ;  
 Aye ! e'en your prattling babes that smile into their mothers'  
 eyes,  
 Whose artless mirth gives honied bliss, and seeks no mean  
 disguise—  
 Do warn ye man has nobler work than gold or passion  
 speeds,  
 And bid ye from life's blooming flowers, go pluck the chok-  
 ing weeds.

## GRATITUDE.

---

The man whose heart, by custom sear'd,  
     Is 'reft of moral feeling,  
 Lives on, by selfish passion steer'd,  
     With others harshly dealing ;  
 But he whose breast throbs warm and free  
     With gratitude's emotion,  
 Transmits thro' life, where e'er he be,  
     With passionate devotion,  
 The seed of knowledge to his kind,  
     As nurturing blessings fall—  
 Like showers of wisdom on the mind—  
     To cheer the souls of all.

Oh ! grander far, than kingly state,  
     The character of zeal—  
 When strengthen'd 'gainst the shafts of hate—  
     It acts for human weal.  
 To train the haughty and the plain  
     In school of Christian moulding—  
 To teach the godless and the vain  
     (The golden rule unfolding),  
 Is mission high for patriot-seers—  
     Is margin large for labour—  
 The wise philosophy that cheers  
     And binds us to our neighbour.

Eternal Power ! can man conceive,  
 In thy unbounded palace,  
 Thy glorious works, and then believe  
 In less of love than malice ?  
 Can man, the living type of Thee—  
 The glory of Thy skill—  
 Gaze on Thy forms, and fail to see  
 The workings of Thy will ?  
 Feeling nor gratitude nor praise,  
 Whilst every tree, and flower,  
 And stream, and hill, and warbler's lays,  
 Bespeak Thy kindly power.

To live, and love, and work for right,  
 And from the mire of sin  
 To lead the wretched to a sight  
 Of those, who striving, win  
 In royal virtue's ways—and then,  
 By loving voice and action,  
 Among earth's purest, bravest men,  
 To place them far from faction,  
 Is task for those, who loving, strong,  
 Believe in goodness—God—  
 Who, battling ever with the wrong,  
 Tread the abundant sod.

## THERE BE SOULS.

---

In the broad world of action, the fact-sphere of life,  
 There be souls that grow strong by contact with strife ;  
 There be souls that expand like buds of the rose—  
 To blossom in sunlight, unshelter'd by woes.

In the terrific frays of commerce and sin,  
 Which *jar* with their discord and *dull* with their din—  
 There be souls more divine in their glorious growth,  
 Contrasting with *servers* who batten in sloth.

There be souls whose pulses do quicken in hope,  
 As tempests of strife with humanity cope.  
 With faith in the future, and eye on the past,  
 With dauntless endeavour, and energies cast,  
 In mould of the hero—they struggle for right,  
 And strengthen amid the fierce carnage of fight.

There be souls impulsive to virtue's decree,  
 Supreme in their might as the king-forest tree,  
 Who tread the old earth with a Titan-delight,  
 To trample on error and strike for the light.

There be souls exultant in faith grandly free,  
 Whose *vision* expandeth to lands o'er the sea.  
 Whose love for mankind is expressive and deep,  
 Who live for the ages and rouse up from sleep  
 The lethargic minions of custom and wrong,  
 To teach them life's-work with retributive thong.

There be souls whose impression deepens in life,  
Whose great deeds grow greater as struggles get rife ;  
Who subdue by the power of justice and love ;  
Whose hopes and affections are set high above.

There be souls made rich in the wisdom of earth,  
Devoted to science, whose glories have birth  
In the progress of mind as the ages roll,  
And index the past on eternity's scroll.

There be souls that exalted on freedom's throne,  
With virtues unflagging, and bosoms that own  
The sweet humanly trust and energy rare  
Which speedeth the truth o'er the universe fair.

## LITTLE AMY.

---

Little Amy was fair to view—  
 Fair as the scented flowers that grew  
 In her mother's garden. So fair  
 Was the child, that a touch of care  
 Would seem to crush with power of death,  
 Or blight like winter's piercing breath.

Little Amy's mother was poor—  
 Her cottage stood facing the moor,  
 In a village humble and small,  
 In the distance were mansions tall.  
 Little Amy's father was dead,  
 He died ere the summer had fled ;  
 And oft across the dismal moor  
 The mother would tramp to the door  
 Of the wealthy man's hall to drudge,  
 Scrubbing, washing, that none might grudge  
 The crust she earned for self and child,  
 With tortur'd heart and brain turned wild.

Glance in the cot at close of day  
 When she teaches her child to pray,  
 When the worn-out Bible is read,  
 And the inmates forget to dread ;  
 Then picture the *simple* and *pure*,  
 And learn how the religions endure.



Little Amy was loved by all ;  
 And many a neighbour would call  
 When passing on, by business prest,  
 To chat and cheer with kindly breast.  
 She never grew bigger, tho' age  
 Impressed with experience sage ;  
 She never was courted by youth,  
 Tho' her life expanded in truth.

Little Amy is left alone,  
 In want and wretchedness to moan.  
 Her mother in the ocean-strife  
 Which floods the winding-walks of life,  
 Has sunk, and now, in frantic fear,  
 Little Amy weeps o'er her parent's bier.  
 Little Amy unfriended, lone,  
 Losing her charms, is doomed to groan.

The cottage of Amy is closed,  
 And Amy herself is exposed  
 To the wind and the sleet, and more,  
 To woe and want and feet gall'd sore.  
 As a climax to all the past,  
 In a poor-house she dies at last,  
 Unpitied, forgotten, forlorn,  
 An angel to suffering born.

## CHILDREN'S VOICES.

---

Children's voices tuned to song,  
Bird-like cheer,  
Rousing rapture in the throng  
Listening near.

Children's voices merrily  
Charm the ear,  
With music's magic minstrelsy  
Sweetly dear.

Children's voices soft and free,  
Choir'd and grand—  
Swelling loud and playfully,  
Bless the land.

## IS IT RIGHT?

---

Is it right? let your actions express—

Is it right? is the question of *all*;

Then work for right which only can bless,

Since the *wrong* will be sure to enthrall.

In the name of the right let your deeds,

Engraven in life, be clear as the day;

In soil of virtue sowing their seeds—

To germ to fruit, unheeding decay.

All that's holy and great in the soul,

Upsprings like the trees that greet the sight,

Scattering leaves o'er the universe whole,

At the magic voice of conquering right.

Is it right? if so, tho' death be nigh,

Pursue your mission, and hold in scorn

The timester's warning and idler's cry—

For worship of right mankind were born.

Is it right? tho' the sceptic doth mock,

With passionless tongue and serpent guile,

And thunders of wrong in fury shock,

If its right, you can do it and smile.

Is it right? tho' existence doth linger

In dread penury, strife, and distress;

And disease towards death points his finger,

If its right, your own conscience shall bless.

Is it right? with the faith of the hero,

Trusting to Him who causeth the right,

Tho' every foe be brutal as Nero,

If right, you can do it in Heaven's light.

## A LESSON.

Never, in pamper'd ease, oh man,  
 Weaken thy life,  
 For God doth measure out its span,  
 With duties rife.

The world is motion'd on its way  
 By Titan labour ;  
 Then work while yet " tis called to-day,"  
 For self and neighbour.

Never sit down to pine, oh man,  
 At sight of *ill* ;  
 Tho' mountains barr'd your grievous scan,  
 'Twere work for *will*.  
 Up, in the awakening of day,  
 And toil for health ;  
 Up, when the lark attunes its lay,  
 And gather wealth.

Never let envy sour, oh man—  
 The world is wide ;  
 Work in her fields, and if you can  
 Her fruits divide—  
 Meting to each his toil-won share,  
 And grow thou wise ;  
 Learning the lesson, " never despair,"  
 'Till sorrow dies.

Never in foolish pride, oh man,  
    Despise the poor ;  
The swarthy hind, with face turned tan,  
    In field and moor,  
Is as noble as man can be,  
    There's work for all ;  
The idler, tho' gold be his fee,  
    Drinketh life's gall.

## COME, PONDER IN MOMENTS OF LEISURE.

---

Come, ponder in moments of leisure  
 Books of the good and wise,  
 Brimming life's mystical measure  
 With jewels that great men prize.

Come, read how the nations they tremble  
 When wrong holds kingly crown,  
 And learn how the *mean* dissemble,  
 And drag dear virtue down.

Come, read the rich epical beauties  
 Of Shakespeare's magic *reed*,  
 And learn life's humanly duties  
 In truth's bright flaming creed.

Come, read, read, with a zealot's passion,  
 The works that genius owns,  
 And wisdom shall govern the fashion,  
 And sing in all the zones.

## INVASION.

---

The sword of the tyrant shall break in his hand,  
 And his minions of warfare die on the strand,  
 If he dare to assail the freedom of earth,  
 By invading the land where freedom has birth.

Should the tyrant tread, with his ruffianly hosts,  
 On but one of old England's sea-girdled coasts,  
 The tocsin that thunders abroad the alarm,  
 Shall echo their death-knell and save us from harm.

Our shores they are free to the peasant and king,  
     Who, driven in exile do seek for a home,  
 Nor must they a passport along with them bring,  
     Our England doth welcome all strangers that roam.

We quail not in terror at threaten'd invasion,  
     Our sons are as brave as the Cromwells of yore ;  
 If the proud foreign tyrant give the occasion,  
 •     The land of his prestige shall shield him no more.

Our *greatness* and *glory* from industry grow,  
     Our freedom was won amid carnage and strife,  
 And those who'd invade us, may speedily know,  
     In Albion's proud land there is liberty—life.

## BE JUST.

---

What e'er in life may be your task,  
 Be sure to be rigidly just,  
 And you never need wear a mask,  
 Or suffer deserv'd disgust.

Be just, and you'll never expose  
 Your life to the pains and fears  
 Which the minions of wrong disclose,  
 And blessings shall come with your years.

The victim who knows himself right,  
 Tho' crushed by the vile foot of *power*,  
 Shall glory in sense of delight,  
 And the sweets of his foe shall sour.

And ever shall sorrow and shame,  
 In armour of justice arise  
 To torture where justice shall blame,  
 'Till men shall be righteous and wise.

The man who hath need of disguise,  
 Is a man untrue to the just,  
 Whose actions are made up of lies,  
 Who only does right when he must.

Be just and escape the mere shifts  
 Which the shamester must ever own,  
 Be just, for sweet justice uplifts,  
 And circles your head with a crown.



There is not a man on the earth  
Whom justice doth sway to her will;  
Who feels not the blessings of worth,  
And mourns not the workings of ill.

The man who acts just is a friend,  
A friend to both peasant and king;  
But he that's unjust, to his end  
Shall know that injustice can sting.

Be just and walk fearless and free,  
And God, He will bless and defend;  
Be just, and your life it shall be  
A life that no folly can bend.

Be just, and even your direst foes  
Shall quail at your eagle-like glance;  
Be just, and life's terrible woes  
Shall fail to retard your advance.

## LET'S AWAY.

---

Come love, let's away  
To the fields to-day,  
A change we need  
From mammon's greed.  
Let's away.

Come love, let's away,  
All nature looks gay,  
The birds invite  
With sweet delight.  
Let's away.

Come love, let's away,  
O'er velvet paths stray,  
Passing the hours  
A-plucking the flowers.  
Let's away.

Come love, let's away,  
The fields they display  
Beauties so rare,  
And health reigns there.  
Let's away.

## HE'S TRULY GREAT.

---

I scorn the man who lolls at ease,  
 And robs the thrifty human bees ;  
 But he who lives by honest toil,  
 Who weaves the cloth or delves the soil—

Let idlers prate

‘ He’s low in state ’—

Him I revere with heart sincere,

He’s truly great.

I scorn the man who will not lend  
 The smallest aid to foe or friend ;  
 But he who with a ready hand  
 Will comfort sorrow in the land—

Let idlers prate

‘ He’s low in state ’—

Him I revere with heart sincere,

He’s truly great.

I scorn the coward foe to right  
 Who will not for his country fight ;  
 But he who in a noble cause  
 Will dare, to death, all tyrant laws—

Let idlers prate

‘ He’s low in state ’—

Him I revere with heart sincere,

He’s truly great.

I scorn the man with despot soul,  
Who blocks the path to freedom's goal ;  
But he who with his life-long aim  
Will clear the way tho' foes defame—

Let idlers prate

'He's low in state'—

Him I revere with heart sincere,

He's truly great.

I scorn the vile and reckless knave  
Who cheats the poor, and whips the slave ;  
But he who with his utmost might  
Will battle for the just and right—

Let idlers prate

'He's low in state'—

Him I revere with heart sincere,

He's truly great.

## THE HUSBAND'S RELIANCE.

---

Now Jenny it is foolish desponding,  
We have health, and we've many years yet ;  
Dame fortune's old wheel is still a-turning,  
And some of her riches we'll get.

We'll buffet the billows of want, darling,  
And the future will brighten our lives ;  
It is vain to be ever a-snarling,  
While sorrow with poverty thrives.

Now Jenny be up and be doing,  
And never let adversity cloud ;  
With passion of lovers a-wooing,  
We'll labour till want shall be cowed.

And some day together rejoicing,  
We shall harvest abundance and store,  
Then Jenny your sweet tongue will be voicing,  
" Now want shall assail us no more."

## BE STEADFAST.

---

Be steadfast, aspirant of fame,  
 Her temple by steps must be gained ;  
 The road may be rough, but your aim  
 Must ever with courage be veined.

The wealth that is valued by man  
 Is *that* which is gained without ease ;  
 The freedom which blesses the land  
 Is *that* which is won by degrees.

The pleasures that live with us long  
 Are *those* we have garner'd in pain,  
 And the men who *toil* are the strong,  
 The strong of the body and brain.

A life without trouble and loss,  
 Is a life both worthless and dead ;  
 Life's *ills*, like the breakers that toss,  
 Are *purpos'd* for more than to dread.

Be steadfast, nor foolishly dream  
 That manna from Heaven will fall ;  
 Go, sail on life's turbulent stream,  
 For *work* is the life-tax of all.

Be steadfast, nor faint on the way,  
 Success, with her followers fair,  
 Shall greet thee in victor-array,  
 And give to thee equity's share.

## PROLOGUE.

---

(COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION OF THE RE-OPENING OF THE  
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.)

To night in social gladness met,  
 Forgetting care and past regret,  
 We celebrate with song and dance  
 Our Institution's grand advance.  
 'Tis ours, with no presumptive aim,  
 To swell the ranks of mental fame ;  
 To cheer by music's softening tones,  
 And put to shame all puny drones.  
 'Tis ours, oh, holy task, to teach  
 The ways of wisdom, which to reach—  
 Is bliss to gain and worth to know,  
 The rarest friends that move below.  
 Thank God ! the age is dead when self  
 Was merged alone in sordid pelf ;  
 When ignorance and wrong were fed  
 By custom's hand in wisdom's stead,  
 The thunder-voice of reason thrill'd  
 The old world's frame, and quickly drill'd  
 Its members in the *art* of life,  
 With less of lust and lustful strife.

And like a queen, sweet science came,  
To light the world with Heavenly flame,  
To sway her sceptre over earth,  
And change its idols into worth.  
On this auspicious night we raise,  
With tongues attuned to grateful praise,  
Our tributary thanks to *those*  
By whose decree *this building* rose.  
We give them blessings who befriend  
The sturdy toiler, and who lend  
A portion of their gold and time  
To raise him 'bove the reach of crime.  
We give them blessings, feeling proud  
To toil, and turn from folly's crowd,  
To *read* and *think* by their desire,  
With souls a-glow with wisdom's fire.



## WE'LL SING TOGETHER.

---

Come sit, love, and we'll sing together  
The ballads that wooed us of old—  
We'll sing and be happy together,  
'Till life shall no longer seem cold.

Come sit, love, and we'll sing together,  
And over our spirits shall rise  
A Heaven we'll tenant together,  
Whose glory shall dazzle our eyes.

Come sit, love, and we'll sing together  
The songs of the girl and the boy,  
And the years we have passed together  
Shall recede in a dream of joy.

## BE PRUDENT.

---

Be prudent, and learn from the past,  
There's much you can do for your weal,  
If prudent you prove to the last,  
And wisdom inspireth your zeal.

"Whatsoever we sow we shall reap,"  
Is the task of life to be learn'd,  
And those who neglect it shall weep,  
While sadness, the fruit, shall be earn'd.

Be prudent and waste not your wealth,  
And debt, and despair, and dread sin,  
The demons that drag men to stealth,  
Shall fail to disturb with their din.

The substance which surfeits to day,  
And sinks you as low as the beast,  
When want may be stalking your way,  
Would yield you a plentiful feast.

Be prudent tho' humble your state,  
And vexing distresses of strife,  
Which change the affections to hate,  
Shall fail to dishonour your life.

Be prudent and tread the fair earth  
With trust in the Power above,  
Be prudent, and science and worth  
Shall sway your whole nature to love.

The wasteful are those who expend  
Far more than their merited share  
Of riches, which labour doth lend  
To save us from too much of care.

The men who arise in true might,  
Like stars in rich brilliance divine,  
Are men who are prudent and right,  
Not wasters who idly repine.

Be prudent, nor harvest in sorrow,  
For science, and wisdom, and art,  
Do bid you take care of the morrow,  
That prudence may reign in your heart.

## WE HAVE FAITH.

---

We have faith, and our limbs they are strong,  
And there is not a shadow of fear  
We shall want in the future, so long  
As the *will* and the *work* shall appear.

Our means they may be spare, but we'll live  
In a manner both simple and true ;  
And if we may have nothing to give,  
We at least will have nothing to rue.

And the days as they hurry away,  
Shall find us and shall leave us with less  
Of the cares that in mockery prey  
On the millions whom fortune may bless.



# THE COMPACT

*A Drama, in Five Acts.*

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

SIR REGINALD KINGSTON (owner of Grafton Mill).

CAPTAIN SLIX (a professed gambler, retired from the Navy).

CLARANCE FLEMMING (a blacksmith and poet, employed at Grafton Mill).

JERRY SIMPLE (assistant and friend to Clarence).

THEOPHILUS SIDESGLANCE (a parish clerk).

CAPTAIN SLIX (son to the gambler, affianced to Sir Reginald's daughter, Jessica).

THOMAS WILKINS (servant man to Sir Reginald, porter at Slix's residence in Paris).

LADY KINGSTON (wife to Sir Reginald).

JESSICA (her daughter, in love with Clarence Flemming).

WIDOW FLEMMING (mother to Clarence).

SUSAN WRIGHTON (lady's maid to Jessica).

LANDLADY (of the lodging-house in London).

Clergymen, guests, &c.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Grafton Hall. The walls are decorated with some old and rare specimens of painting. A table contains a vase of flowers, and some well-bound books. The floor is carpeted. The shrubbery is seen from the window.*

*Enter JESSICA (holding a newspaper in her hand).*

What melancholy charms pervade these lines !

Almost weekly I read with eager eyes

Fresh couplets coined from that same wealthy brain ;

Some heavy sorrow clouds his secret fate,

That strains of poesy do arouse his soul

From peaceful joyousness, from dreams serene

In bliss, to meditate on silent woes.

Ah ! could I find him out, and in his breast

Make sympathy to rule, and thus assuage

The trouble that so vexes him !

'Twould grieve

Me sore to learn that want was dower'd by fate

To gnaw away his hopes, and doom his heart

To sicken silently—as pines in grief

The weakling victim to some fierce disease !

How sweetly flow the cadences that fall

From this poetic theme ? (Reads.)

" My fate is sadly burden'd  
 With a weight of secret woes,  
 While other fates are guerdon'd  
 With the joys that merit owes.  
 My life in dawn of youthful prime,  
 Is pregnant with deep sorrow,  
 While fashion's world, on wheels of time,  
 Doth gaily greet each morrow."

The more I read,  
 The more I yearn to know this plaintive bard—  
 His fate, by mystic tie seems wed to mine ;  
 I seem to lose all care for other themes  
 Which oft would lure my wayward will, and sport  
 My jealous fancy.

*Enter Sir REGINALD.*

Well, my child, how jog  
 The quiet hours with you ? Art well prepared  
 To welcome with beseeeming courtesy  
 Young Captain Slix, who visits us to-day ?  
 He's a dashing lad, well stock'd with common sense,  
 And wears his face in smiles ; and then you know  
 His fortune swells his worth.

JESSICA.

I have been a-reading,  
 My dear father, more verses from the pen  
 Of C. F. ; they are so rich in plaintive sweetness,  
 I will read them to you. (Reads.) " My fate is sadly"—

Sir REGINALD (quickly).

Don't trouble yourself, child ; I have no wish  
To sleep ; put by the paper, and spare time  
For sober fact. I can't conceive the reason  
You perpetually bore with poetry,  
The easy vehicle for moon-struck dolts  
And idiotic bachelors, to pour out  
Their sentimental nonsense.  
I'd have such knaves  
Who idle time and blur paper with poems,  
Confined as lunatics, 'till reason shone  
Upon their pamby skulls.

Poets are mad,

And those are mad, too, who dream their lives out  
In poet studies.

JESSICA.

You are severe, dear father,  
Too severe ; poetry doth lend existence  
A holy charm ; the sun, the stars, the flowers,  
Which decorate the boundless halls of nature,  
E'en music choir'd by birds and human voices  
Breathe sweetest poesy !

Sir REGINALD.

Tush ! tush ! you'll cross

My temper, child, I came to give you knowledge  
That the young Captain Slix doth visit here

To-day.

JESSICA.

So soon ! he comes in rapid haste.



Sir REGINALD.

You do not pleasure in the Captain's name ?

JESSICA.

He does not meet my heart's ideal, dear father ;  
 He is awkward and uncouth, fond of wine,  
 Cigars, horses, billiards, and other follies.  
 There is little animation in his speech.  
 Talks much of sport—is rich in vulgar jokes—  
 Knows nothing of poetry, and in fact  
 Lives as one utterly reckless of virtue.  
 As foreign to my ideal of a gentleman  
 As Chinese customs are to English ones.

*Enter Lady KINGSTON.*

Come, come, Sir Reginald and you, Jessica ;  
 You waste time. Our esteemed friend, the Captain,  
 Will grace Grafton Hall with his presence shortly,  
 And neither of you will be fit prepared to greet him.

JESSICA (sighing, aside).

Where he possessed of half the genius  
 Of C. F., I *could* teach my heart to love him. [Exit.

Lady KINGSTON.

There's some sorrow pressing on her spirits.  
 She does not look smiling and happy, as  
 Is her wont.

Sir REGINALD.

It's owing to over much  
 Poetry. We must wean her from this study,

Break upon her solitude, or I fear  
 Much, her brain will wilder fast in lunacy.

[*Exeunt* Lady and Sir REGINALD KINGSTON.

---

SCENE II.—*A smith's shop at Grafton Mill. Fire burning brightly, hammers and general tools. Clarence Flemming, with his shirt sleeves turned up, is working at the anvil. Jerry Simple, his assistant, stands leaning on the handle of a sledge-hammer, aside of him.*

CLARENCE (*aside*).

When will it end, this constant drudgery ?  
 This destiny of anguish ? From morn 'till night—  
 Thro' weeks—aye, years, of dreary wretchedness,  
 I am doom'd to grapple difficulties stern—  
 To fret in hopeless poverty, and feel  
 The sympathy of none, save honest Simple.

My poor mother, aged in want, doth pine  
 In uncomplaining meekness. Whilst I, her son,  
 With all the strength affection can command,  
 Labour for misery, and earn the sorrow  
 Of a dull hopeless slave !

Oh God ! to think  
 Of all *her* suffering and *my* distress !  
 I cannot buy her wines, and other needs.  
 She waits in patient anguish for the hour  
 When death shall close her eyes, and end her pain.

What strange inhuman things go on with life,  
While justice slumbers in the arms of sloth.

I would not bear the heartless sneers, nor wear  
The badge of serfdom, which this trade entails —  
Tho' I should wander forth, and end my days  
In ne'er-resting struggle, while seeking more  
Congenial means of living—were it not  
For *her*—my dear long-patient suffering mother !

(A pause, goes on working.)

How many nights have past (when most men slept,  
And when nature, cradled in forgetfulness,  
Was mantled in a veil of midnight mist,  
While stars like sentinels watched over all),  
Finding my feeble taper dimly burning  
In my chamber. No sleep with balmy kiss  
Came wooing to my sense. For then I strove,  
With brain throbb'd fiercely with a proud desire,  
To raise from poverty and free from woe  
My dearest mother. My soul was full o' hopes,  
My brain prolific in divine ideas.  
Impell'd by eager passion, lured by fame,  
I made the pen a servant to my aim.  
Each step in merit gave my heart new zest,  
I toil'd and urged my Pegasus along,  
Believing, with too trusty faith, that worth  
Would win, in course of time, a fair reward.  
My hopes were reared on pinnacles of gold !  
The monitress Experience, at length

Destroy'd the vision'd myth. I see to-day  
 The same dull hopeless destiny of toil  
 Which *yesterday* was present to my mind.

JERRY SIMPLE (interrupting).

Be'st ill, Clarence loike? Thee eyes be bloodshot, and  
 thee cheeks be white.

CLARENCE (unheeding him).

She's growing weaker, and fast fading out :  
 I tremble at the thought which haunts my soul,  
 Warning me ever that she is a dying.  
 Heaven knows as 'tis I am lonesome enough.

What terrible solitude will awe  
 Me into melancholy when alone  
 I mourn her death.

She gave me life and love,  
 She stood by me in all my boyish joys,  
 Lured me along the flowery paths of fiction,  
 Proud to view her son's successful progress  
 Up the ascent of fame.  
 I cannot think  
 On all her goodness, and then digress towards  
 Her 'proaching death! 'twill drive me mad! (Holds his head  
 in his hands.)

JERRY SIMPLE.

It seems as how, Clarence, thee taks little thought o' I,  
 when I axes how thee be'st?

CLARENCE.

Did you speak to me? I was deep engross'd

In gloomy contemplation. I fear much,  
My honest friend, that things go hard at home !

JERRY SIMPLE.

Be'st thee mother worser ? or has anything' appened loike  
to put thee about ?

CLARENCE.

'Tis of my mother I speak. This very morn  
I left her more than usually sick.  
For the life of me, I cannot forget,  
Even for a moment, her deathly look ;  
There was something so painful in that gaze,  
She would not have me stay from work to tend  
Upon and watch her, that I might descry  
Each faint and fever-feeding breath. (A slight pause.)  
I know well  
The reason, Jerry, it is our needy state  
In the world.  
The poor should ne'er be ill,  
They have enough of misery upon them  
To torture their souls, without the blighting  
Touch of foul disease to add fresh fuel  
To the fire which burns up hope, consuming life.  
But I forget, here is a letter (gives him a letter), which  
I've written, as a last resource, in hopes  
That sympathy may, as an angel sent  
By Heaven, attend on my dear sick mother,  
And solace yield her. 'Tis for the young lady  
Of the Hall. She is well revered for deeds

Which speak a genial sympathising heart,  
 Winning the deep-felt gratitude of many  
 Suffering poor-ones.

Take it at once, Jerry,  
 And in the meantime, I'll quick to my mother,  
 And believe that Heaven will yet restore her  
 To me.

[*Exit.*

JERRY SIMPLE.

Poor chap, wish as how I was rich loike; I'd ha' smart  
 doings aboot, he should na' stew an' worry hesel', an' look  
 so pale loike. I'd mak a gentleman on he. But he's one  
 already, only he has na' money. (Sings.)

Thar's plenty o' toil for the many,  
 Thar's plenty o' gold for the few,  
 But the many are happy as any  
 O' the pamper'd o' fortune's crew.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Apartment in Grafton Hall as before. Jessica  
 sitting at the table, looking through an album.*

There, that is better than wasting one's hours  
 In *ennui* or mere frivolous gossip.  
 Twelvemonths ago, this album was a blank  
 Page book; now it is a-near full of scraps;  
 Here are many specimens of poetry;  
 I think I have cull'd the most elegant  
 Found in the works of our best modern poets.

Some of my selections are passionate  
 Effusions of love, sweetly musical,  
 Rhythmical in structure; others rich in wit,  
 Gracefully flowing withal. Oh I love  
 Communion with those whose master specimens  
 Of genius command the admiration  
 O' the world.

Here is a page devoted to Tennyson,  
 Here one to Wordsworth, one here to Cowper,  
 And here I have preserved the poems of C. F.,  
 The initials of him I long to find,  
 So that I may discover the harsh cause  
 Of his melancholy themes.

I would give much  
 To know the circumstances 'mid which  
 He has upgrown.

*Enter SUSAN (carrying a letter).*

Your pardon, Miss, but here is a letter for you, given me  
 by a young man. (Presents the letter). (Aside). A tolerably  
 decent young man that, doesn't stand much on ceremony.  
 He kissed me while giving me the letter. Well, can't find  
 much fault with him. We servants don't get many of they  
 sort of sweets.

JESSICA (surprised).

A letter for me! (Breaks the seal, reads).

Miss Jessica Kingston.—Lady, I take the liberty of ad-  
 dressing you on a subject most dear, and yet most painful to  
 me. I have a mother, who, unfortunately, at this moment  
 is lying in a dying helpless state at our humble cottage near

the mill. She is in much need of nourishing cordials, and such sympathy as Christian duty demands of those who have wealth in superfluity. Should you, lady, with your usual kindness, feel a disposition to render her trifling assistance, believe me I shall ever remain your grateful debtor,

CLARENCE FLEMMING.

SUSAN (aside).

Rather strange this ; now I wonders what's in that ere note. Suppose it should turn out a love-letter, it would be a good joke on the smart Captain as comes a-courting her.

JESSICA.

Who brought this, Susan ?

SUSAN.

A mill-hand, Miss ; he waits below.

JESSICA.

Bring him to me, I would question him.

SUSAN (aside).

Hope as how she doesn't mean to make love to him, tho', as I have reserved that 'sential business for myself. [*Exit.*

JESSICA (reperusing the note).

Clarance Flemming, can it be he ? the two initial letters C. F. are the same.

(*Re-enter Susan, followed by Jerry Simple, who with cap in hand and awkward attitude, stands confused.*)

JESSICA.

Susan, you may retire.

(*Exit Susan, casting a knowing glance at Jerry Simple.*)

JESSICA (looking kindly at Simple.)

How long has Mrs. Flemming been ill ? tell me.



JERRY SIMPLE (swinging his cap and bowing).

I doesn't quite min,' Miss, but summut loike a two year.

JESSICA.

How very sad ! has she no friends to whom  
She can apply in her worst necessities ?

JERRY SIMPLE.

Lawks, no, Miss, only Clarence, poor chap, who gous her  
all he yarns, and frets acause he can't afford to buy her nice  
wines, and such sort o' things loike.

JESSICA (aside).

What simple-minded honesty dwells  
In this man's heart ! he seems to feel acutely  
For the poor soul, as tho' he were her son.  
Perhaps he may aid me to discover who  
This mournful poet is who keeps his name  
A secret to himself. (Aloud.) Dost know, young man,  
Thy friend's delights ? I mean the themes that woo  
His heart, when freedom hushes toil ?

JERRY SIMPLE.

I knows summut o' what he's fond o' loike. He doesna'  
smoke, Miss, nor tak snuff, nor stagger whome drunk, if that  
be what thee means.

JESSICA.

No, no,  
My faithful friend, I mean not so, pray tell me  
Does he read ?

JERRY SIMPLE.

Read, Miss, I should say as how he does and no mistake, he's  
shopmates ca's he a genyes or summet loike o' the kin,

JESSICA (aside).

My heart was true to me ;  
 'Tis he, each circumstance gives proof. (Aloud.)  
 You'll speed  
 Unto your friend, and cheer him with assurance  
 That my maid I will dispatch with such rich  
 Delicacies as his suffering mother needs,  
 Anon I'll visit her myself.

JERRY SIMPLE (quickly).

Thankee, thankee, Miss. Measter Clarence will be pleas'd  
 loike. He said thee wa kind o' heart. [Exit bowing.

JESSICA.

The poor, alas ! have many difficulties.  
 They toil with lingering patience, hoping ever  
 For brightening prospects, yet few indeed  
 The changes which come laden with the balm  
 Which heals their wounded spirits.  
 The paths of  
 Want are ridged with grains of flint, to cut  
 The feet of those who tread them.  
 I'll to my  
 Father and entice his zealous aid for  
 Quick relief of her, the sick woman Flemming. [Exit.

*Enter Lady KINGSTON and Captain SLIX.*

Captain SLIX (smoking and playing with a riding whip).

Your daughter, Miss Jessica, Madam, is a charming creature, 'pon my honour. I am quite, positively quite, in love with her already. By Bacchus, she carries her pretty head high

above her shoulders. Should like her better, much better tho', if she'd condescend to be a trifle more agreeable with me. Should, 'pon my honour.

Lady KINGSTON (fanning herself).

You are not accustomed to her society yet, Captain. After a time you will better understand her. She has peculiar notions, has Jessica, still she is a most affectionate, good-tempered child.

Captain SLIX (in a careless mood).

As for that, Madam, I can only reply that I can gain none of her affection. By Bacchus, I have put myself in training, in proper training, Madam, I have conned every word over, before pronouncing it, have tried my hand at endearing epithets, such as *My love, my charmer, my heart's adopted, my soul's idol, &c.*, to little purpose. For all my most indulgent affection, she repays me with sighs and silence, she does, 'pon my honour.

Lady KINGSTON (laughing).

She must be wooed in a different manner, Captain; she likes to soliloquise by herself, does Jessica, has cheerful words for those who sentimentalise without foppery. Your style, Captain, partakes too much of the comical for her.

Captain SLIX (irritated).

It is scarcely fair of you, Madam, to smile at my manner of addressing your daughter. It is scarcely fair, by Bacchus.

Lady KINGSTON.

Well, well, Captain, don't be angry now, we will try and induce her to bestow a little more attention on you.

Captain SLIX.

After talking with her, Madam, I am led to fancy myself monstrously hideous—hideous, Madam, deficient of

manly courtesy, absolutely thick-skulled, by Bacchus. And then I study myself and discover that I am neither, but on the contrary, of pretty tolerable beauty, possessed of aristocratic manners, and, above all, of good reflectives, I do, 'pon my honour.

*Enter Sir REGINALD.*

What success, Captain? have you arranged together the style of the wedding, where you pass the honey-moon, eh?

Lady KINGSTON (waving her fan and laughing).

The Captain has been playing a comedy before Jessica, wooing her in a rhapsody of nonsense, or he might have answer'd your queries in the affirmative.

Sir REGINALD.

Talk to her in a passion of insipid sentimentality, in the trappings of poetry, and you'll soon win her.

Captain SLIX.

'Pon my honour as a gentleman and Captain of one of Her Majesty's largest vessels, I've tried all ways, all conceivable ways to win her. She seems dead, positively dead to my most studied attentions, she does, by Bacchus. I—I—wonder if a another lover's in view!

Sir REGINALD.

Pshaw, she's as unfettered in her affections as a bird. Try again, Captain; all women have their little eccentricities, find hers out and woo her till you succeed. (Aside) 'Twill somewhat ease my conscience if he succeeds in engaging her heart; should he fail, my part is a terrible avenger for the past. I must be silent and cautious, the world knows not the abyss I have escaped, nor the sequent misery in store for me.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The bed chamber of Clarence Flemming's cottage. Widow Flemming raising herself on her pallet, gazing upon her son, who sits by her side administering a drug. The walls are whitewashed, a shelf contains a few books, a table, covered with a white cloth, contains some bottles of wine and a few pots of jellies. There is a degree of homeliness and comfort in the arrangement of the room.*

CLARENCE.

Your are better ? say, are you not, dear mother ?  
Your features are less pallid, and *composure*  
Thrones your brow. The draught revives you.

WIDOW (speaking feebly).

'Twill soon pass, this momentary calm,  
I feel, I shall never more joy in health.  
Slow and sure the hand of death lays hold upon  
My agèd body.

CLARENCE.

Say not so, I pray you—  
Strive to live, if not for your own dear sake,  
For that of your son. You will survive, mother !  
See here are wines and jellies sent by *one*,  
Whose womanly instincts grow on the side

Of virtue. She is coming, too, herself  
 As a merciful angel, to solace and  
 Inspire you to hope.

WIDOW.

Clarence : another day  
 Shall find thee an orphan, weeping for her  
 Who now speaks to thee. Start not at the thought,  
 For it must come. Pray rather, that the strength  
 Of endurance may be legacied to  
 Fortitude—that thy mother may expire  
 With becoming courage.

CLARENCE (agitated).

Dear mother—thy son ?—

WIDOW.

In manly beauty must wrestle with fate,  
 And learn, alone, the lessons taught by life.

CLARENCE.

You'll break my heart, mother, if you speak so.

WIDOW.

Forgive me, my son, if in these solemn  
 Moments, by duty urged, I speak to *pain*—  
 The world hath robb'd me of every joy, save  
 Thee, and the fond memory of thy father,  
 Who was like thee, Clarence, trustful and sincere.  
 Generous to extravagance—he passed  
 Thro' life, as one who'd live as friends with all  
 Mankind. (A painful pause, wipes tears from her eyes.)  
 In an unlucky hour, he formed

Acquaintance with a man, a villain vile—  
 A monster-wretch—whose name, Captain Slix,  
 Is ever in my hate—he lured him from  
 Peace and home, and all he so fondly loved,  
 Along the gamester's hellish track, until  
 The abyss of ruin closed upon him  
 Like an earthquake.

(Another pause, breathes more difficult.)

CLARENCE.

Mother—

WIDOW.

Be silent, my son,  
 I've much to say to thee—if my strength doth  
 Linger with my frame. Each wing'd moment knells  
 My death, whose clammy hand I feel grip tighter  
 As I speak.

Oh, Clarence, my son, how slowly  
 My latter years have seemed to glide along !  
 None may know the silent pangs upon their  
 Restless track—the soul-distressing *fears*—that  
 Leaped from want, to haunt my wearied soul,  
 The tortured pilgrims of a cruel doom.

From childhood, I have reared thee, Clarence, 'mid  
 One fierce-contending mass of difficulties  
 Veil'd from public eye by pride. I dar'd not  
 Trust my tongue to speak, till now, the words which  
 Fall upon thine ear.

(Another pause.)

By impulse, urged by death,

I cannot leave thee ignorant of all  
Thy history.

CLARANCE.

Tell me everything, mother—  
But do not tire thyself—a little wine (gives a glass of wine)  
Will lend thee added strength.

WIDOW.

Know then thy father  
Bore the title of an Earl—the Earl of Westlon.

CLARANCE.

You never told me this before.

WIDOW.

No : because I wish'd to see thee rise a man,  
To win, by honest hardy toil, the proud  
Dignity of worth. To see thee fit  
To brave life's difficulties, as one to  
Whom much strength is given. (Another pause.)

Thy father, as I told thee, gambled with  
The villain Slix—by whose vile craft he fell  
A-wreck, dragging us all to want. In vain  
He strove to free himself. The die was cast  
Upon his land—'twas lost—upon his home—  
That, too, was lost. Madness was upon him :  
He rush'd from his wife and child (for thou wert  
A child then) to seek the Captain, who had lured  
Him to his misery, and then had fled,  
Like a conscience-stricken coward.

CLARANCE.

The miserable fiend !



WIDOW.

They met—the gambler and his victim met—  
Upon the coast of France. A duel was arranged :  
Thy father fell by Slix's hand.

CLARANCE (hiding his head in his hands).  
Oh, horror !

WIDOW (gasping still more feebly).

Our titles were but mockers, since to us  
The property was lost. I placed thee, when  
Of age, at Grafton Mill, to learn thy trade,  
And thus secure thyself 'gainst beggary.

CLARANCE.

But, mother, what became of Slix, the vile  
Murderer of my parent ?

WIDOW.

The last intelligence I gained a dozen  
Years or more ago. He then had voyaged out  
To Africa.

CLARANCE.

May heaven avenge my father,  
And bring this monster-fiend to justice !

WIDOW.

He had  
A son, to whom (if memory fails not)  
A strange and cruel dowry was assign'd.  
I mind me well the deep disgust with which  
Your father told me the affair.

Sir Reginald,

Thy master, Clarence, was much in company

With the gambler, Slix ; in fact, a ready tool  
 In Slix's hands, he aided our dire ruin.  
 At last, he too became a dupe to Slix,  
 And lost some thousands. To crown his career  
 Of ill-luck, he mortgaged, on a certain day,  
 His child Jessica, the lady of the Hall,  
 To save himself. A *compact*, drawn  
 By legal skill, her father signed. It gave  
 To Slix's son fair Jessica for bride, portion'd  
 With ten thousand pounds, so soon as womanhood  
 Should grace her life.

CLARANCE.

Good God ! can he have been so heartless ?

WIDOW (falling back upon her pillow).

Clarence, my son, Clar—— (Dies.)

CLARANCE (frightened).

Mother ! dear mother, speak ! speak but one word !

She is dead ! (Paces the room in agony.)

Ye heavens ! to lose her thus !

Oh ! that I had never known life ! Oh ! that

The miseries descended upon me

Would return on the head of him whose

Hellish plots have wrought our ruin. (Goes to the bed.)

So ends her griefs—no further pangs disturb her—

Hers was a fate of martyrdom, suffering

In unrepining meekness ! Angels of Mercy,

Bear her soul to the abodes of glory !

How proud

That placid brow looks, even in death !

*Enter JESSICA.*

How fares the good woman ? does she sleep, Sir ?

CLARANCE.

Ay lady, so sound that she'll wake no more.

JESSICA (startled).

Dead ! and so soon ! yours is a sad bereavement.

CLARANCE.

I shall never again know peace and joy.

She, my dear mother, was my only friend,

She nurtured me in all goodness, bade me walk

Within the ways of honesty, and bore her

Many martyr-pains with endurance meek.

JESSICA (in tears).

Let not, I pray thee, this severe affliction

So press upon thy heart as to close

Its portals 'gainst the messengers of hope.

CLARANCE.

She alone, in this wide world, was near me,

To bind my heart to courage, faith, and love

She alone was present to my every joy,

Knew my fond hopes, my ardent aspirations,

The books I loved, the tasks I learnt, the fame

I sought.

JESSICA (aside).

How his griefs oppress him, I fain

Would offer consolation, and woo him

From this dreadful state of anguish. (Aloud.) Let me,

With such poor words of comfort, as my heart

Doth feel, relieve your thoughts of such distress.

CLARANCE.

Your kindness steals upon my grief.

JESSICA.

Look up,

Thy future may be brighter with the smiles  
Of lavish fortune, than thy past hath dismal  
Been with frowns of fate.

Look up, the voice

Of nature speaks in thy proud youth, in thy  
High thoughts, in thy devotion to thy mother,  
Bidding thee to hope and work. Look up, and  
In the sky of genius count the orbs that  
Shine upon mankind.

CLARANCE.

Art thou an angel ?

Commissioned by the Great Father of us all  
To sympathise with one whose poverty  
And misery, hand in hand, are leagued, to crush  
His wildest, fondest dreams, to fetter him  
For aye to solitary fears, that thou  
Can'st thus, from thy proud altitude descend,  
That in the lowly blacksmith's breast thou may'st  
Give birth to hopes, that yield his life new spheres,  
Where passion, pride, and virtue hold the palm.

JESSICA.

I'm one whose life not wholly feeds on smiles.

CLARANCE.

Thou, at least, should'st parted be from all sorrow,  
With beauty, youth, and wealth surrounded.

JESSICA (sighing).

Yet

Sorrow sometimes, like a dreary night-cloud,  
Hovers o'er my path.

Forgive me that I touch'd

Upon my own light troubles, for thine

Compar'd with mine, are mountains shewn with mounds,  
Of smallest compass.

CLARANCE.

Leave me now, sweet lady,

And anon I'll visit thee ;

I must needs perform my duty to the dead,

And then, perchance, I may revive the hopes

Which thou hast fanned into a passing life.

JESSICA.

I leave thee with a sympathy which grows

To power within me. Such needful things

As death enjoins will I supply.

CLARANCE.

Accept my thanks !

(Goes to the bed-side and gazes on the corpse.)

[*Exit* JESSICA.]

How death separates us all ! The young, the old,

The rich, the poor, who met but *yesterday*,

As *friends*, to smile and hold ennobling discourse—

Or *foes* to batten strife. *To-day* by one

Light breath exhaled by death may all be changed,

As tho' the wand of some magician struck their fates.

We tread the world impell'd to deeds  
 Of great or mean proportions, self-strong,  
 And proud. Our very dreams partake our varied  
 Pleasures, pains, and worldly aspirations. So  
 We move along—yet in an hour we most  
 Rejoice, perchance unseen, the voice of death  
 Speaks terror to our souls, shatters our little  
 Fortunes, breaks up all our frail pursuits, turns  
 Joy to gloom, laughter to tears, and where fame  
 Gave rich reward to struggling worth, brings ruin

An hour ago, my mother pierced my soul  
 With wonder and with pain—holding to life  
 With eager grasp, as tho' the destiny o' earth  
 Depended on one moment's length of time.

Motionless she lies, robb'd of existence,  
 Yet relieved of all her troubles.

The presence  
 Power o' death gives solitude an awful charm!  
 Could I but lie as pale and still as she,  
 Methinks I would not beg reprieve of death.

SCENE II.—*Jessica, walking in the shrubbery, is met by  
 Captain Slir, who is elated by too frequent potations of wine.  
 Clarence is on his way to the Hall and meets with them.*

Captain SLIR.

Good day, my charmer—good day—glad to meet you,

'pon my honour. Wanted a cozy hour's chat with you, did by Bacchus, to sentimentalise—talk in pathetic eloquence to you, did so, 'pon my honour.

JESSICA.

I trust, sir, you'll use the courtesy becoming a gentleman, and not insult me.

Captain SLIX (hiccuping.)

There, now, try my best I fail to please you—do, 'pon my honour. Tell me, now, how I can woo you? The exact method of being sentimental—of being sentimental and loving—and, as I love Bacchus, I'll task my will to submit. I will, 'pon my honour.

JESSICA.

Leave me, sir, I wish not to hold converse with you.

Captain SLIX.

Nay, not so, my pretty Jess. It is not my custom to let opportunities of action slip thro' my fingers. I am in love with you—in love with you, by Bacchus. Come, take my arm (offers his arm), we'll have a cozy walk together—come.

JESSICA (angrily).

Desist, sir (pushes him from her).

Captain SLIX.

Gently, my charming Jess, don't like rough usage especially from ladies—its unbearable—unbearable, by Bacchus. What want you? I am young, not exactly ugly, pretty well shaped, have some pretensions to Latin and French, and altho' I am a little deficient in poetry, will try to pull up in that direction to please you. Then I

rich, and can surround you with every reasonable luxury—  
can so, 'pon my honour.

JESSICA.

Were you as rich as an Emperor, and as cultivated as a professor of poetry, you could never win my love.

Captain SLIX (aside).

The Devil. (Aloud.) Come, come, my pretty Jess., less of that and more affection. I have your father's promise, Sir Reginald's promise, by Bacchus. So you can take a view of your intended bridegroom (places himself before her). I am in earnest, positively in earnest, I—I—

JESSICA (hastily turning from him).

Captain Slix, I have endured too much of your ungentlemanly coarseness. I have told you before that I cannot love you, and since you still persist in persecuting me, I will tell you why—

Captain SLIX (interrupting).

Nay don't now, nor put those pretty pouting lips into such scornful motions, I wouldn't put you to the trouble for a ship's cargo, I wouldn't, by Bacchus. If you don't love me, I love you, so it's all the same, positively the same. When we are married, why then I have no absolute objection to your exercising the authority of a wife, and if your taste takes that direction, you can school me, you can, 'pon my honour.

JESSICA (aside).

Would that some fortunate circumstance would take this flippant fop for ever from my presence. (Aloud.) If, Sir, you have a grain of the gentleman in your constitution, I



implore you to leave me, and never again rehearse this ridiculous comedy.

Captain SLIX.

Have no very peremptory objections to leaving you at the present moment, so don't mind going to oblige you, don't by Bacchus, but should rather like to present you with a pledge of my affection, my unalterable affection, Jess., so just one kiss of those carnation lips—

JESSICA (frightened).

What mean you, Captain Slix ? I trust my womanly weakness may save me from thy unhallowed touch.

Captain SLIX.

I'll have just one kiss, by Bacchus. (Seizes her hand, Jessica screams, Clarence, who is passing at the time, springs between them, and prevents the Captain from carrying his threat into execution).

CLARANCE.

For shame, man, have you no virtue in your nature ?  
Or is it sold to gambling, debauchery, and libertinism ?

Captain SLIX (scowling on him)

Slave, I'll have thee whipped to teach thee thy ignoble state.  
I will, by Bacchus.

CLARANCE.

In proper season and in fitting place I may spend an hour with thee, to teach thee how the slave can hold his head above thine.

JESSICA.

I pray thee, gentlemen, to cease this quarrel. (To Clarence.)  
You have won my gratitude.

CLARANCE.

Lady, I am amply recompensed in having the opportunity to serve you.

JESSICA.

Will you accompany me to the hall? (Clarence is about to follow her, when Captain Slix taps him on the shoulder).

Captain SLIX.

A word at your pleasure, my fine fellow.

CLARANCE

With all my heart. (Aside.) I wish he'd choose another occasion tho'. (Jessica retires some little distance, and watches them).

Captain SLIX.

By Bacchus, I feel myself egregiously insulted; insulted, sir, by your unwarrantable interference, I do so, 'pon my honour.

CLARANCE.

That I cannot help.

Captain SLIX.

I shall expect an apology, sir, an ample apology, sir, I shall by Bacchus.

CLARANCE.

It will be your fate to remain in a state of expectation. I never condescend to apologise for doing my duty, especially when that duty is exercised in the service of a lady.

Captain SLIX.

By Bacchus, you're a knave, an ignoble knave, sir. What's the lady to you, sir—tell me that?

CLARANCE.

She is weak, I am strong; her weakness was assailed by

your brutality; my strength was available in her defence. Do you understand that?

Captain SLIX.

You're an impertinent rascal, sir. By Bacchus you are: and were you not so much a plebeian, I should demand satisfaction, sir—immediate satisfaction. I should, 'pon my honour.

CLARENCE (bitterly).

And murder me, I suppose, as your father did mine!

Captain SLIX (aside).

Oh, oh! By Bacchus, there's danger creeping out. The fellow must be got rid of—got speedily rid of, or I may be worsted in my expectations. Grafton Hall will be in a state of revolt. It will, 'pon my honour. (Aloud, in a passion.) By Bacchus, you had better recall those words; recall those words, sir, or I may stoop from my gentlemanly height, to whip thee—whip thee for a whelp, a whelp, sir, 'pon my honour.

CLARENCE (hastily clenching his hand.)

Let but another sentence of contemptuous insolence escape thy dastard lips, and I'll fell thee to the ground, as I would an ox, thou drivelling coward.

Captain SLIX.

What mean'st thou, thou poverty-pining son of Vulcan? Dost know that before to-morrow's sun, to-morrow's sun, sir, thou may'st be found in the county jail, or in the stocks, vainly appealing to my clemency: thou may'st, by Bacchus.

(CLARANCE, excited, aims a blow at the Captain, which is warded off by him. JESSICA, frightened, hastens between them.)

JESSICA.

For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, desist this quarrel! (To Captain Slix.) Do not, I beseech you, say more to vex him—his troubles are already enough to press him to the grave.

Captain SLIX.

He shall hear of me again, by Bacchus he shall, or my name's not Slix, and I never sailed across the waters. The sneering, sentimental pauper. He shall, 'pon my honour.

[*Exit.*

JESSICA.

For my sake you have borne this! How can I express my gratitude?

CLARANCE.

I owe

To thee, sweet lady, more than life can pay;  
Thy sympathy—thy genial counsel came,  
When my bow'd soul was crush'd to agony—  
My hopes were waning in the gloom o' misery.

JESSICA.

This is a most happy moment—this to me.  
How often I have sought occasion ripe  
To render service to the fortune-frown'd,  
Without the knowledge, when my aid was used,  
That my fond hopes, had found a just reward  
In the sweet smiles of those, whose fates improv'd  
By sympathy.

CLARANCE.

I had not dared to trust  
 The chances of success to the dull chequer'd  
 Windings of my humble destiny, till thou,  
 As a new star, appeared to cheer me on,  
 Lending assurance of the prospects rife  
 In mind's unbounded realm.

JESSICA (aside).

What magic  
 Hath his voice to charm my soul and woo its passion !  
 (Aloud.) Oh ! that I, with trustful woman's soul,  
 Might walk beside thee aye, partaking pains  
 And pleasures in proportion to my zeal !

CLARANCE.

Would'st share the lot of one whose fate is crown'd  
 With thorns ? Would'st lose the smiles of parents, friends,  
 The sweets of home—the comforts prized of wealth ?  
 To meet with me the difficult pursuits  
 That wait on struggling genius, wed to fame  
 By poverty ?

JESSICA.

Methinks did'st thou but bid,  
 I'd gladly brave a martyr's fate, to know  
 That each proud step thro' life was made with thee.  
 The friends thou speak'st of never yield me love,  
 In such dear pride as love should come away.

CLARANCE.

Thou hast touch'd my soul with heavenly charm !  
 Let come what may, in shape of strife and toil,

Since thou dost own my worth, I'll breast it all,  
And never dream of *failure*.

Wilt promise make,

Dear Jessica, that when thy parents press

Thy most unwilling "YEA," to wed the man—

The Captain—who doth rudely pain thy gentle

Sense of delicacy, thou'lt still be true

To virtue, and refuse his hand?

JESSICA.

I do

Most solemnly avow that sooner than

To Captain Slix be wed, I'd gladly welcome

Death!

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Village Church, encompassed by graves.*

*A Rustic Stile leads to the burial ground.*

*Enter JERRY SIMPLE (running).*

It seems as how I's fust loike. Well, I'll jest set here (sits on the stile) an wait abit. It war a dang shame o' measter to turn the poor chap fro' the mill, arter working sich a many-year loike. But thars no 'counting for the whips o' rich folk. They be all o' them mighty gran' in their doins wi' the poor. What could he ha' done to be sarved in sich a dang shabby manner loike? The guv'nor does na' know he's Jessekey talks wi' he. Then he sticks tight enow loike to he's work—never loses he's time, nor gons he's yarnings for guzzle. Well, its a' a riddle loike. Poor chap! ony a week sin' he's mother was put in this ere very church-yard. Well, howsomever, its a' no good loike, to be a whinin' an' stewin' aboot it. (Reflects.) He mus na' tramp by he'sel'. (Scratches his head.) I ha' it—Jerry Simple mus' go wi' he.

*Enter CLARANCE.*

You saw her, Jerry, did you not?

JERRY SIMPLE (leaving the stile).

Not Miss Jessekey, Clarence, I did no' see her.

CLARENCE (impatiently).

Waste no time, my good friend, but tell me at once your success or non-success, for I am agitated, and in bad humour.

JERRY SIMPLE.

Well, thee knows. I wen' reight up to the 'all, an' 'quired o' Susey—thee knows Susey, Clarence—about her young misses. Sez she, wi' natural kindness loike, Miss Jessekey is'n to be seen. Well, I ups at once an' tells Susey what I be coome about—a fine girl that Susey. She axes me to gov her the note, an' wi' a' smiles loike, she taks it to her misses.

CLARENCE.

Well!

JERRY SIMPLE.

Susey comes back in a jiffy, and sez, tell thee frien' Clarence to wait loike, Miss Jessekey 'll come.

CLARENCE (aside).

Thank Heaven! I shall see her again before I leave these haunts of my boyhood and my fondest dreams. (To Jerry.) I shall never forget you, Jerry; you have always been most kind to me. I trust, however, I may yet have it in my power to return your many generous acts of sympathy.

JERRY SIMPLE.

Does thee think, Clarence, as how I's agoin' to let thee tramp by theesel' loike? Nay, nay, not as my name's Jerry Simple.

CLARENCE.

What mean you?



## JERRY SIMPLE.

Why jest this 'ere—I ha' worked wi' thee—lets see, sum-mut loike eight year—an' ha' got a kin' o' frien'ship loike for thee. An' I canna' see thee tramp by theesel' wi'out a frien' in the world to cheer thee on loike. So I means to go a-tramp wi' thee, that's if thee'll ha' I.

CLARANCE (affected, takes his hand).

Believe me, Jerry, I am truly mindful of your benevolent heart. In the midst of every difficulty I shall think of you—bless you—because I know that you are honest in your expressions of friendship. I may never meet another like you, to whom I can entrust my dearest hopes, my wildest dreams, without the fear of being victimised to treachery. But I must not take you, Jerry, away from your home, your friends, and your work, for you are not discharged if I am.

## JERRY SIMPLE.

What, Clarence! thee doesna' mean to refuse I, does thee? I who ha' stood by thee so long? thee doesna' mean it, now, thee's joking I loike.

## CLARANCE.

No, my good friend, I do not joke. I would take you with pleasure, but then see I-I-I-am a beggar, and know not where I can obtain even the necessaries of life. And it would indeed be cruelty to subject you, Jerry, to similar disadvantages. Be advised, now, stay at home, there's a good fellow. I may yet return and see you again, and then perchance I may be better off than I am now.

## JERRY SIMPLE.

Think as how Jerry Simple cars about he's whome if thee goes a-tramp? Think Jerry Simple means any more to work at the ol' mill arter what's happen'd to thee? So if thee be's too proud loike to tak' he wi' thee, why, dang it, he mus' tramp by he'sel.

## CLARANCE.

Too proud to take you with me? I should despise myself to know that I nurtur'd such a rankling weed as pride. Nay, nay, Jerry, when Clarence Flemming grows too proud to make a companion of honesty when garb'd in rustic simplicity, he will proudly forsake Jerry Simple, but never till then. So, as you press so strongly, you *shall* go with me. And whatever, in the diversified changes of life, may happen, you shall never have a cause to regret your devotion to one who has had *such* experience of your simple-minded worth.

## JERRY SIMPLE (in ecstasy).

Thankee, Clarence, thankee. I's reight now! I'll jest slip whome an' pack up a few things loike, an' shak han's wi' a' my friends.

## CLARANCE.

Do so, and meet me here in a couple of hours.

[*Exit* JERRY SIMPLE.]

He's a noble-minded fellow, that Simple, so utterly free from selfishness. I could not have dreamt that he would have made such a sacrifice for my sake. He parts with his home, his work, all the gentle associations that have clung

around him through life, to voyage with me an unknown sea. Well, at least I shall be less unhappy while he's with me : and, who knows, perhaps two of us may fare better than one. (The church clock strikes ten.) There's ten o'clock, and Jessica not yet arrived. I'll stroll among the graves and read the tomb stones. (Wanders about until he comes to his mother's grave.)

No marble slab is here to tell the stranger  
 Who may halt anear this mounded turf,  
 That *she* who tenants these few feet of earth,  
 Was one whose life was tortured by despair :  
 Who hugged her griefs in solitude so long,  
 Jealous lest worldling meddlers might look on  
 And read her sufferings in her haggard eyes.  
 Repose, my mother, in thy humble grave,  
 No sorrow can distress thee now—since death  
 Deals kindly with the pining poor—whilst I,  
 Thy mourning son, in life's terrific fray,  
 Must bear the heat and wounds, by duty wed  
 To struggles undisclosed.  
 Should proud success  
 Reward thy son, and fate look kindly on him,  
 His duty first shall be to raise a slab  
 In memory of thee, thou best of mothers !  
 Thy weary sufferings in the silent years  
 When all forsook thee ; and withal, thy care  
 In yielding to thy son's devoted breast  
 The mental food which gives the strength to climb

To rocky heights of fame, deserve his zeal,  
 In paying tribute to thee as affection speaks  
 Unto his heart.

'Tis well thy eyes were closed  
 To all the tumult raging wild in life,  
 Since thou art saved the stinging blow which dooms  
 Thy son to novel wanderings, and perchance,  
 Disastrous sufferings. Thou'rt saved, thank Heaven  
 The knowledge that the son of him who struck  
 Thy husband to the death, is waging war  
 With thy loved boy. Yet here upon thy grave (kneels),  
 My dear-lost mother, do I vow to find  
 The murderer of my father, and reveal  
 Myself, and cause his cheek to blanch with fear.  
 Whilst Heaven records my vow let fate but  
 Smiling prove. The humble blacksmith yet  
 In strength of justice shall be crowned. (Walks to the stile.)

*Enter JESSICA.*

Bless thee, dear angel of my hopes, to grant  
 So rich a boon as thou thyself.

*JESSICA.*

I'm wounded at thy wretched fate, have known  
 Nor peace nor sleep for weary days; for thou  
 Hast grown even into my waking thoughts as dreams  
 Grow on our slumbers. Yet not like them, to  
 Pass away at dawn of reason. Thou, dear Clarence,  
 Art to me all worth and freedom.

CLARANCE.

To-morrow

I shall be I know not where. Yet, sweet one,  
 I shall with me bear thy priceless love ; and,  
 As a jewel too brilliant for the vulgar  
 Gaze, shall wear it in my heart.

JESSICA (sighing).

To roam out

Upon a wilderness—a stranger lost—  
 Unfriended 'mid perpetual strife and wrong—  
 It breaks my heart to think of.

CLARANCE.

Let not such

Dismal thoughts disturb thee. I feel as one  
 Whose fate is charmed. The cloud to-day, dear one,  
 May disappear at sun-dawn to-morrow. Look  
 To the future, love. I have a strong arm,  
 And fear not to work. I have a stout heart,  
 And quail not at pretending difficulties.  
 And then thou know'st I have thy love, a boon  
 Set high above them all.

JESSICA.

In spite of sadness

I am joyous when thou speak'st so cheeringly.

CLARANCE.

I have a secret for thee, Jessica, which  
 None save thee must know. Listen to me, love.  
 My father bore the title of an earl—  
 The Earl of Westlon was my father. He

Lived amid wealth, and moved among the nobles  
Of our country.

JESSICA (surprised).  
Can it be possible?

CLARENCE.  
Yes, 'tis quite true.

JESSICA.  
But tell me how you fell to want,  
Grew up to hardy toil?

CLARENCE.  
My mother ere  
She died, related incidents so strange  
And startling in the history of our fates,  
'Twould pain me much to tell. Wilt wait until  
Another time the story of my doom?

JESSICA.  
Relate a portion of thy life, if not the whole.

CLARENCE.  
My mother taught her son to toil and live,  
Untutor'd by the past, that he might bear  
The ills of life as one made strong by fate.

JESSICA.  
The kind, good creature.

CLARENCE.  
Yes, dear Jessica, she  
Indeed was kind—possess'd of intellect  
Which queens might envy—a heart, tho' soured  
By fate, yet musical to truth and love.  
A spirit, heroic in its native strength

And energy of character which few can boast.  
 Wilt trust some future time, my love,  
 The lengthy history of my life ?

JESSICA.

To thy dear self I bow. Ah, when alas ! will that blest  
 time arrive ?

CLARANCE.

When the blacksmith wins his way to wealth, and bears  
 right-proud his title.

JESSICA.

'Tis thyself, not wealth nor  
 Blazonry of pomp which claims my love. To see  
 Thee, hear thee talk in all the eloquence  
 Of truth, to find thee placed 'bove the vile sneers  
 Of ignorance, and thorns of want, is all  
 I dare to hope for.

CLARANCE.

Bless thee for an angel.  
 I shall go away light of heart and trustful  
 To the future ; not even a day shall pass  
 That exiles thy sweet image from my soul.  
 Life no longer seems with misery beset,  
 Since thou to me art true. The future smiles  
 A welcome to her humble guest, and seems  
 To herald high and glorious renown ;  
 My soul's pulse, and ideal schemes receive their  
 Motive force from thee, to thee my whole heart  
 Leaps up and throbs with sweet delight. (Aside.)  
 Oh ! love

What heavenly rapture gleams upon my sense,  
 A new creation wakens at thy touch,  
 And all the harsher passions crouch to earth,  
 As thou dost point to Heaven.

JESSICA.

As flowers yield honey  
 Thy charmed voice yields love.

CLARENCE.

Time speeds, dear Jessica,  
 Adieu. (Embraces her.)

*Enter Sir REGINALD (surprised and angrily).*

What means this, Jessica my child? You here in secret intercourse with a common blacksmith. For shame, child, for shame, think of the disgrace, child. The whole village will gossip about it for ever.

JESSICA

Be not angry, dear father. I could not suffer him to wander away from us, perhaps never more to return, without seeing him, and bidding him farewell.

Sir REGINALD.

Tush! tush! child, are you mad or am I a fool? What is he to you? Keep your own proper station, and allow him to keep his. The fellow is scarcely possessed of a silver coin, and what he has, he owes to me, who took him into the mill from a feeling of charity.

JESSICA.

And do you send him away, dear father, from a feeling of charity?



Sir REGINALD.

Mind your own affairs, my child, I have my reasons. But come, Lady Kingston awaits your presence in the hall. (To Clarence.) How, sir, can you have the audacity to decoy my daughter from her home? Dare you, a mere pauper, presume to look so high above your station?

CLARENCE.

Hold, Sir Reginald, I thought to allow this interview to pass without uttering one word. But you have employed language towards me that is both ungentlemanly and unjust. I am no pauper, sir; what I possess was wrung by *industry* from *avarice*. I have toiled in your mill, without breathing in your ears a single complaint, for these eight years. During that period the numberless petty acts of tyranny which you have originated, to wring the utmost possible labour out of my weary exertions, I will not stop to describe. Suffice it, for reply, Sir Reginald, that I never received a fraction of wages but what I honestly earned. Therefore, I am *no* pauper, and owe little to what you are pleased to term your *charity*.

Sir REGINALD (in a fluster).

Do you know, sir, to whom you speak? If so, I trust you will favour me with less presumption.

CLARENCE.

The right to give free expression to the truth at all times, and before all men, I revere as my most valuable prerogative.

Sir REGINALD.

Your impertinence is disgraceful, sir. Have you no respect for your superiors?

JESSICA (in terror).

Dear father, do not, I implore you, speak so harshly to him.

CLARANCE (to Sir Reginald).

In five minutes, Sir Reginald, I can prove to you, that by birth, I am in no ways inferior to yourself.

Sir REGINALD (to Jessica).

Leave us together, child, for a few moments.

(Jessica waves a farewell to Clarence.) (Aside.) May Heaven assist him ! [Exit.

Sir REGINALD.

I am all attention.

CLARANCE.

You are the father of her, Sir Reginald, whose gentle nature has kindled a passion in my breast that no difficulties can extinguish.

Sir REGINALD (hurriedly).

Cease this, and to the point at once.

CLARANCE.

It is because you are the father of *her* that I unravel my soul to you. Know, then, that I am the son of that unhappy and unfortunate Earl of Westlon who fell in a duel on the coast of France.

Sir REGINALD (staggering).

You, Clarence Flemming, my apprentice, his son ? Impossible ! I'll not believe it—you are growing crazed.

CLARANCE.

Be it so, nevertheless I *am* his son.

Sir REGINALD.

How prove you this ?

CLARANCE.

My father grew a victim to gambling. He was enticed to his ruin by two acquaintances, one was Captain Slix, the other Sir Reginald Kingston.

Sir REGINALD (sharply).

What mean you, sir ? where got you that information ?

CLARANCE.

Anon you shall know all. The former of these gambling acquaintances was the villain of the two ; the latter, yourself, was only a tool in the hands of Slix—

Sir REGINALD (aside).

Can he know of the Compact ?

CLARANCE.

When my father, the Earl of Westlon, had staked his last possessions and had lost them, viewing the miseries he had entailed on his wife and child, he grew desperate to madness, flew over to France, and found himself face to face with the cunning trickster who had caused his ruin. You know the sequel, Sir Reginald. Murder was added to the catalogue of Slix's crimes.

Sir REGINALD (aside).

He doesn't know the hand I dealt in the affair. So far I am safe. (Aloud.) This is quite true, young man, but where gleaned you the information ?

CLARANCE.

Sir Reginald, you shall soon know. After the earl, my father's death, the Captain tried his hand with skill, upon you, Sir Reginald. (Sir Reginald looks distressed.) He had nearly

witted you, when one clever, yet cruel plan, saved you. Your daughter, Jessica, was then a child. Captain Slix had a son ; he, too, was a child—

Sir REGINALD (affrighted).

Hold, sir, for mercy's sake, or I shall drop dead at your feet.

CLARANCE.

With pleasure, Sir Reginald, as I am unwilling to add unnecessary pain to your already lacerated breast.

Sir REGINALD.

What can satisfy you to keep this knowledge a profound secret ?

CLARANCE.

I ask nothing but the liberty to thwart the schemes of Slix. To save your daughter, Jessica, from being sacrificed to a man she loathes, and who is unworthy even to look into her sweet eyes ; and, as I trust, to restore to you the fatal compact which contains the proofs of your inhumanity.

Sir REGINALD.

To lay my hand on that compact, I'll gladly part with my fortune. Young man, could you know the distress of mind I have endured since that deed was signed, you would indeed pity me. But your informant ?

CLARANCE.

Was my mother, whose ashes now repose in yon grave !  
(Points to the grave.)

Sir REGINALD.

As a token of my regard, I offer you your former occupation at the mill. By and bye I will do more for you.

CLARANCE.

I thank you, Sir Reginald, but I will *not* accept it. In a few moments I leave this village, and when I return, it will be with *honours* and the *compact*. Till then, farewell! (Shakes hands.)

Sir REGINALD.

You are a brave lad, and I despair not of great things from you. [Exit.

Enter JERRY SIMPLE (carrying a bundle and stick, and equipped for the road).

Well, it seems as how I's here, Clarence. Could na' coome afore—had so many ol' frien's to tip good bye to loike.

CLARANCE.

I am quite ready.

JERRY SIMPLE.

Where be'st agoin' to tramp loike?

CLARANCE.

To London.

## ACT IV.

(AN INTERVAL OF TWO YEARS.)

SCENE I.—*A Small Room in a Lodging House in London. The table is prepared for supper, and Jerry Simple is sitting by its side.*

I wish as how Clarence ud jest mak 'aste to he's supper ; it's been a-waitin' for he some time. I suppose he's killin' hesel' wi' study loike. Whatever mak's he so stubborn loike ? Every hour o' he's time he's wastin' in summut o' the kin'. Nobody cars a bit to know that a poor blacksmith can write poems, an' books, an' mak' gran' speeches loike, full o' wit an' soun' sense. It be all very well for the rich folk to tak' too—they be fit for nothin' else. (A pause.) We ha' been coome to Lunnun summet loike a two year now ; had a few ups an' downs together loike, but haven't fared so bad arter a'. Lets see—thars *one, two, three, four* shops we ha' worked in—plenty o' work now for us. The measter wants Clarence to work o' neights ; but he won't, silly chap. He sez he's time o' evenings be too precious loike to he. So he studies, gets pale, an' keeps poor.

*Enter CLARANCE* (throws off his cap and coat, and drops into a chair).

I'm jaded and feverish to-night, Jerry. Have been occupied rather longer than I had intended, in reading Homer's "Illiad." A copy of it was placed in my hands by the secretary of the institution. I was quite enraptured with it, Jerry. Hope you have not delayed your supper?

JERRY SIMPLE.

Think more o' theesel' an' less o' I, Clarence. Why does thee bother theesel' loike wi' readin', writin', makin' theesel' ill, an' doin' theesel' no good loike?

CLARANCE.

The ambition, Jerry, to rise above the low, degrading destiny of ignorance; to walk, like the heroic ones of old, in the majesty of genius, to hold sweet converse with the gifted of the land, and win honours from them.

JERRY SIMPLE.

Get thee supper, Clarence, thars a good chap.

CLARANCE.

I cannot eat to-night, Jerry.

JERRY SIMPLE.

Thar now, it seems as how this a' coomes o' this ere genyes as thee ca's it—thee does na' eat when thee be wor-ryin' theesel' loike wi' sich sort o' things.

CLARANCE.

You will better comprehend me, Jerry, bye and bye. (Aside.) 'Tis now about two years since Jerry and I left Grafton Mill. Two years since I took farewell of my dear Jessica, and then, with Jerry, footed it up to London.

We were tolerably fortunate in obtaining employment. Poor Jerry, how strange every thing about London seemed to him. I have, thanks to rigid economy—and my success in certain literary quarters—managed to save a few pounds; only a little more struggle, and I must put my plan into execution respecting the discovery of that old villain, Slix. One thing, however, is now certain. He is not in London. It was a lucky thought of mine, to seek for him among the brothels and blacklegs of this monster city of iniquity. I soon obtained the knowledge that he had deserted the naval service some ten years ago, and had devoted himself entirely to the gaming table. I must seek him in Paris, the haunt where my poor father pursued him. There I think I am certain to find him.

JERRY SIMPLE (interrupting).

Measter war in a rare passion loike, a-cause thee did na' stay arter six to neight to finish thee job loike.

CLARANCE.

I cannot help it, Jerry, I was unwell. Besides, it is worse than purgatory to be subjected constantly to over-toil. Only think of it, Jerry, to have none of the lingering hours of the day—and the night too, often—substracted for intellectual recreation. 'Tis too much, I can never submit to it.

JERRY SIMPLE.

I be sadly afear'd loike thee will lose thee job, Clarence.

CLARANCE.

So be it, Jerry. With energy, self-determination, and talent, one need not starve. The world is wide.



## JERRY SIMPLE.

That be a' reight enow, to look at, when thee be well off loike; but ony coome to face it wi'out friens an' money, an' see then if thee speech oles good.

## CLARANCE.

I put my entire energies to the test during the day, in order that I may do sufficient work to satisfy my employer; what more can he reasonably require? Does he think I am a piece of iron mechanism, to be kept in perpetual motion? Ah, Jerry, Jerry, 'tis well you look not into the social and commercial movements of mankind, with the eye of a philosopher, or you might be less happy when the fact forced itself upon your notice, that the unscrupulous employer, whose life devotion is given to avarice, rivets the chains of slavery on his *employés*, grinding and galling their very souls.

## JERRY SIMPLE.

Thee knows, Clarence, as how thee gets more wages loike where thee be'st than thee 'ad afore.

## CLARANCE.

True, Jerry, I am satisfied with that; I only require occasional relaxation to prosecute my studies—and to keep up a little exercise in the open-air—which I find so necessary to my health.

## JERRY SIMPLE.

That be a' right enow loike, Clarence. I wish as how I could yarn enow for us both. I's sure I'd be pleased loike to do it, an' then thee should na' work at a'.

## CLARANCE.

I know it, Jerry, I know it. You are ever ready to serve me. I can please you by informing you that I am not so poor as I seem. You must know, Jerry, that I am engaged as a writer on a literary magazine, which brings me more money for a few hours' study than I can earn in a month at work. I am making fame, Jerry, and have hopes that I shall depend, ere long, exclusively on literary compositions for support.

JERRY SIMPLE (rubbing his hands and scratching his head.)

Lawks, Clarence, thee doesna' say it? What, thee mak money by study? Then genyes be some good loike, arter a'.

(*Enter Landlady with a letter.*)

## LANDLADY.

Mr. Flemming, a letter. (Gives letter.)

CLARANCE (opens the letter with a trembling hand, reads).

SIR,—We have much gratification in acquainting you with the fact, that the adjudicators for the prize-novel have unanimously awarded the sum of *Three Hundred Guineas* to you as the successful competitor.

By calling at our depôt in the Strand, any time during the week, you can receive the amount.

We have the honour to remain, for the donors,

Most faithfully

GEORGE GULLINGS and Co., Publishers.

P.S.—We shall be most happy to arrange with you for another or two of a similar style of novel.

This is indeed a fortune to me. Three hundred guineas at one stroke! Now do I feel my prospects brighten—now is the path of fame less circuitous. Could Jessica but see me now! how her heart would respond to my joy! (Looks

over the note again.) There is no mistake—'tis quite plain. *Three Hundred Guineas*, and the offer of literary employment as well! Fortune, thou art indeed a capricious goddess—thou smilest on a poor blacksmith for once, and lendest him the talisman which shall throw back the barriers to fame. Jerry, this ends my subjugation to the anvil. I'll work no more as a blacksmith. My fondest dreams come fresh upon me, actualised and redolent of bliss. To-morrow I'll arrange with the Messrs. Gullings, and devote my soul to the pen.

JERRY SIMPLE (rejoiced).

How pleased I be to be sure, Clarence. How measter an' a' the shop-lads will stare loike when they knows o' thee good luck.

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SCENE II.—*A neatly furnished room in Paris. Table, chairs, cupboard, &c. (Enter Captain Slix, followed by his son.)*

FATHER.

I say it is useless to drive the affair off any longer. Ill-luck seems to attend my every step. Without a speedy restoration to health I may die in a state of pauperism. For many years there has been nothing but losses and distresses for me. My time is passed amid the excitement of *play* and the stimulus of *wine*.

SON.

Well, dad, what can be done? I have supplied you as much money, as much money as I can spare—have, my honour!

**FATHER.**

I know it. You must hasten immediately to Grafton Hall, and demand of Sir Reginald Kingston his daughter Jessica's hand. That is my only chance. He will give her a dowry of ten thousand pounds ; from that sum you must furnish the means to extricate me from these pauper-trappings.

**SON.**

Quite willing to serve you, dad, by Bacchus I am, but you see it is no pleasant task for a gentleman of my refinement to win the heart of the capricious Jess, who avoids, absolutely avoids, my society, does—'pon my honour.

**FATHER.**

Stuff, stuff, I'll supply you with a talisman that shall effect a speedy success. (Goes to the table and writes a note.) This you will give to Sir Reginald, so make all haste, and urge the necessity of a speedy marriage. Say you are going on another voyage. 'Twill form an excuse for the apparent hurry.

**SON (takes the letter).**

At your request, dad, I make another onslaught on the affections of the sentimental Jess. By Bacchus, shan't I be pleased to bend her to my will, submit her to a schooling. I'll teach her a wife's duty, a wife's duty, 'pon my honour. (Aside.) She may be a trifle less capricious now, thanks to my skill ; that scapegrace, that scapegrace Flemming, the veritable blacksmith, is away from her—she may, by Bacchus. (Aloud.) Good-bye to you, dad.

## FATHER.

Good-bye, my son. How changed are all my plans. I begin to think some hellish demon hovers constantly about my path to thwart my every scheme. Ever since the fatal day when Westlon rushed upon me, and in the fierce, frantic tones of madness, demanded a duel, I have seemed to retrograde. Can it be the hand of retributive justice working my destruction? Horror of horrors, the form of the murdered Westlon seems present to my eyes now; gazing at me with that despairing look which pierced me when *we* fought and *he* fell. Oh agony, to be thus tortured. I am never at ease, constantly racked with the stings of my guilty conscience and the perplexity of my losses at *play*. My hand grows more and more unsteady, I lose the sharpness of vision which formerly enabled me to outwit all my competitors. There is some dreadful fate in store for me. I will change my career as soon as the affair at Grafton Hall is completed. 'Twill be some atonement for the past. What, after all, is the gamester's success? It is at best a growth of *wealth* upon *misery*. Then follow remorse and all the real and fancied demons of guilt. How blessed is that man, who, though engulfed in deepest depths of poverty, prizes the jewel of an easy conscience, compared with the millionaire who lives in the blaze of his own hellish plottings.

(Voices from below, starts.)

Ah! what noise is that? (Rushes to the door and listens.)

(A Voice without.) My good friend, can you direct me to an old man, one Captain Slix.

PORTER (without).

You'll find him, sir, on the second landing to the left  
(SLIX returns to his seat.)

FATHER.

Some one for me? I had thought I was absolutely deserted. I suppose it's one of my old gambling companions. Perhaps fallen like myself, and who is coming for commiseration.

*Enter CLARENCE*, disguised as a nobleman, attended by JERRY SIMPLE, dressed as a valet, who remains outside the door.

CLARENCE.

Your pardon for this intrusion unannounced; accept my card. (Hands him a card.)

Captain SLIX (aside reads).

"Lord Myrthel." He here? (Aloud.) Be seated, my lord. (Hands him a chair.) Your lordship is most welcome to my humble roof and my most studied services.

CLARENCE.

Thank you, captain; the reason of my visit will be known to you anon. You see I shall be heir to considerable property at my father's, the Earl of Gronmore's, death. Have a strong inclination to see something of Parisian life. I was in conversation the other day with some young noblemen, who are all of them well known in Paris here. It was boldly maintained by one of them, that a gentleman could not learn a single French game at cards, so as to play dexterously, in less than a month. I have wagered a couple of thousand francs with him, that I acquire a good knowledge of the game of *Piquet* in a couple of days.

Captain SLIX (aside).

He must be as rich as an emperor. (Aloud.) It greatly depends on the tutor and pupil, as to the time in learning. I think you'll win, my lord.

CLARANCE.

Having heard many things related of you by an old established friend of ours, one Sir Reginald Kingston—

Captain SLIX (surprised).

Sir Reginald Kingston an acquaintance of yours, my lord?

CLARANCE (unheeding him).

I resolved to seek you as my tutor. Have found considerable difficulty in the undertaking though. If I compensate you for the trouble, will you teach me the game?

Captain SLIX (eagerly).

My lord, I shall do myself that distinguished honour with the greatest pleasure. (Goes to the cupboard and produces a pack of cards.)

CLARANCE.

We will proceed. I am so anxious to make my friend the loser. (They go on playing for some time in dumb show indifferently.) By the bye, Captain, you seemed surprised when I informed you that Sir Reginald Kingston is an old and valued friend of our family. I was on a visit to the old cock last autumn. He told me a wedding would shortly take place.

Captain SLIX.

Indeed! and who, my lord, did he propose for the bridegroom and the bride?

CLARANCE.

A young man, your son, I believe, and his fair daughter, Miss Jessica. Do you know if the marriage is yet celebrated ?

Captain SLIX.

No, not yet, my lord ! My son has only just returned from a voyage to America, where he was abruptly called to sail.

CLARANCE.

Which, I suppose, abruptly postponed the wedding. How very provoking !

Captain SLIX.

Just so ; but I trust it will soon be settled now. He has just started for Grafton Hall, and has instructions to hasten the nuptials with all speed.

CLARANCE (aside).

Can he have taken the compact with him ? (Aloud.) I'm making progress with the game, Captain.

Captain SLIX.

A little more practice will fit you to compete with your instructor.

CLARANCE.

You compliment, Captain. I am told Miss Jessica will be dowered pretty handsomely. Did Sir Reginald rightly inform me when he stated the sum at ten thousand pounds ?

Captain SLIX.

He gave you the exact figure, my lord.

CLARANCE.

The village folks gossip about the young lady having bestowed her affections on a mere blacksmith—one Clarence 'lemming—formerly apprenticed to Sir Reginald.



Captain SLIX (starts, aside).

That name, Flemming! it is the one Westlon's wife assumed at her husband's death.

CLARANCE.

What has happened to disturb you to such a degree, Captain?

Captain SLIX (wiping the perspiration from his brow).

A mere spasm, my lord. I am at times subject to attacks of the kind. (A pause, continue at play.)

CLARANCE.

This egregious blockhead of a blacksmith would never become the accepted bridegroom of the lovely Jessica—the thing's absurd.

Captain SLIX.

I have little fear in that quarter. Sir Reginald has given his promise, and is not at liberty to break it, my lord.

CLARANCE.

Promises are often given without the donors themselves intending their fulfilment.

Captain SLIX.

But not this, my lord; this is impressed idellibly on parchment.

CLARANCE.

In that case, Captain, your son is likely to succeed. Sir Reginald is a man of business habits, and will never violate that compact while he is assured of its existence. I can only congratulate your son on the prospects of such a marriage. For the young lady is a most lovely creature, one who might woo the affections of a prince.

Captain SLIX.

I can only express my gratitude to your lordship for the congratulation, my son not being here to thank your lordship in person.

CLARENCE.

No matter. But, Captain, have you intrusted the written compact to your son ? for unless you have, I fear the nuptials may be delayed. Sir Reginald may refuse to abide by his agreement, believing it either lost or destroyed.

Captain SLIX (smiling.)

Oh ! no, my lord, I shouldn't feel quite safe with that deed in my son's keeping. I have given him a letter which I doubt not will effect obedience to the demand. Should it fail, I have my remedy.

CLARENCE (aside).

That information suits me ; now for my game. (Aloud.) I am growing enchanted with the play, Captain.

Captain SLIX.

You will be quite an adept soon, my lord.

CLARENCE.

Is your son young ? captivating to the ladies ?

Captain SLIX.

He is of youthful years, about twenty-one ; as to his qualifications in captivating the ladies, my lord, he must be a fool if he cannot do that.

CLARENCE.

Believe me, Captain, I feel deeply interested in your son's success. Should feel it much did anything transpire to in-

interrupt his marriage to Miss Jessica. And I may add, to the ten thousand pounds as well, Captain. For money now-a-days is the *all* in *all*, it is the divinity of mankind.

Captain SLIX.

You are quite right, my lord.

CLARENCE.

I am desirous of again visiting Sir Reginald at the hall, and should I prevail upon my father to restock my purse, I may go at once. Should my influence be of service in hastening the marriage of the young lady, rely on its exercise.

Captain SLIX.

Your lordship is most kind.

CLARENCE (indifferently).

By the way, Captain, you perhaps may as well show me the parchment compact, and then, should Sir Reginald offer objections, on the supposition of its non-existence, why, I could prove it to be still in your possession.

Captain SLIX.

The thought is a happy one. (Takes an old pocket-book from his coat-pocket and picks the compact from a number of papers.) This, my lord, is the compact. (Holds it to him.)

CLARENCE.

It's rather worn. (Seizes it rapidly—places it in his pocket—rises, and draws a couple of pistols from his breast, and points them at Slix.)

Captain SLIX (rising suddenly).

What means this insult? Give me back the compact  
What good can it be to you?

## CLARANCE.

Old man, I am here as the avenger of my father, the saviour of Sir Reginald Kingston's honour, and the intended bridegroom of Miss Jessica, his daughter. I am the son of that unfortunate Earl of Westlon, whom you heartlessly ruined and then murdered.

Captain SLIX (gasping hoarsely in affright).

Give me back the compact—'tis my last resource—my only chance. I am growing mad—I feel I shall commit another crime. (Attempts to handle him.)

CLARANCE (pushes him back).

Keep back, old man, or I may abruptly close your account for you. Think of your work of ruin, the families you have dragged to misery and hopeless despair. Think of my poor father whom you slew here in France, after having enticed him to absolute ruin. Think of my dear, heart-broken, loving mother, who for years in silent poverty and grief suffered from your wicked work, and hourly cursed you. Think of her son who, but for you, might have been sphered among the nobles of his country, courted and honoured, perhaps by those who now spurn him, struggling through existence at the front of difficulties, enough to crush the soul of Hercules.

Captain SLIX (sinks on his knees).

Spare me, oh spare me, your words are tortures to me. Heaven knows my miseries are fierce enough of themselves without the companionship of your voice. (JERRY SIMPLE gently opens the door and takes the key from the lock.)

## CLARENCE.

I leave you, old man, to the judgment of Heaven, for I need not add another sting to the scorpion-conscience within your breast. [*Exit.*

(JERRY SIMPLE looks at SLIX, gives a loud laugh, and then locks him in.)

Captain SLIX (rushes to the door.)

Done all ways—the fiends of Hell are loose upon my track. Foiled, and that in the very hour I thought I was the most secure. Oh! thou terrible avenger, conscience! Thou seem'st in very joy to pierce me to despair. Where can I go, lost to all friendships, stripped of the appliances of wealth? Oh! that death would come to end this fever of misery. Death! Can I, a gambler who has robb'd scores of their happiness and hastened their end, can I meet death without fear? No, my fears work my soul into cowardice, and my remaining days must indeed be bitter. (Falls in his chair, overcome with remorse.)

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Grafton Hall, apartment as before. Jessica in tears, reading some manuscripts.*

JESSICA.

Not a line to tell me where he is, or  
What he doeth. These are all (holds up manuscripts) he's  
sent me,

Bright gleams of beauty flash'd from the sun of  
His genius.

I have nursed my secret soul  
Unsolaced, save by thought of his pure passion,  
And the hope that time will yet in mercy bring  
Him, as a laurell'd hero home, to pour  
Into my hungry ears the history of  
His dear triumphs, and wear his title proud  
Before mankind.

Ah, me (sighs.) I've now to feel  
Renewed distress. The captain has returned,  
And presses strong his suit. My parents scold,  
And seem allied to crush me.

I *cannot* wed

This man, no, tho' Clarence stood before me,

Urging my consent. What can I, a weak  
 Girl, do to save myself from such a doom?  
 'Tis repugnant to my nature, my heart  
 Forewarns me to delay, until delay  
 No longer serves, and then, and then, to stay  
 This odious step towards shame, my mind is will'd  
 As virtue, love, and Heaven itself must own  
 As guiltless. Ere wedded ties connect my fate  
 With that of this distasteful fop, I'll place  
 My life in keeping safe of *this*. (Holds up a phial contain-  
 ing poison). (A pause.)

My heart  
 Beats quick, my senses seem oppressed with all  
 The agony of death. Can my own friends  
 Intend to sacrifice me *thus*? Oh! that  
 Death had saved me this foul fate. (Conceals the phial.)  
 No charms have  
 All my wonted pleasures now. I walk abroad  
 As one to whom reality is death.

*Enter Sir REGINALD.*

Come, my child, look more joyous, as a bride  
 Should, on the eve of marriage life.  
 Do not nurse this foolish sorrow.

JESSICA.

Dear father, can'st gaze  
 Upon thy child, and view the anguish speaking  
 In her face, and say thou'lt offer her a victim

On the altar of injustice dire ? To  
 Serve the will of him who ne'er can own her  
 Honest love ?

Sir REGINALD (aside).

How can I answer, yield her ?  
 The captain claims her, 'tis a debt I owe,  
 I dare not give denial.

JESSICA.

Thou dost not speak.  
 Oh, save me, I implore thee, from the vile  
 Fate in store, and win thy daughter's grateful  
 Blessings.

Sir REGINALD.

I—I—I—(aside).  
 I cannot fitting answer give.

JESSICA.

Thou wilt save me, wilt not, dear father ? For love  
 Of Heaven speak. Thy *silence* persecutes to  
 Madness.

Sir REGINALD.

There are reasons for this match, my  
 Child, I may not now explain.

JESSICA.

Obedience  
 I would yield, nor even murmur, did I  
 But know 'twas needful to thy *happiness*,  
 And my *honour*. Aye even tho' my wedding robes  
 Should change into my shroud.

Sir REGINALD (in sorrow).

To duty thou'rt



Ever true. 'Tis thy father's prayerful wish  
That this projected match should fail.

JESSICA.

Then why  
Not use a father's holy right, and give  
Refusal stern to Slix, and thus rejoice  
Thy daughter's breast ?

Sir REGINALD (painfully).

It cannot be, my child.

JESSICA.

Thou wilt see thy daughter pine in anguish,  
As a prisoner in his cell. Thou wilt view  
The havoc sorrow hourly yields her life—  
Thou wilt see her thus—and yet assume to  
Love with all a father's love—even as thou  
Forcest her to death !

Sir REGINALD.

'Tis my fatality ! (Takes her hand.)  
Be more heroic, child ! 'twill soon be over.

JESSICA.

Yes ! 'twill soon be over !

Sir REGINALD.

To-morrow's noon  
Will end this struggle. Please thy loving parents  
By a firm command upon thy heart, and  
Gentle courtesy of manner.

[*Exit.*

JESSICA.

Mystery  
Hangs upon this match—what can it be ? My

Father's features wore a dreadful mask. My  
Soul is burden'd down to misery. Could'st thou,  
Dear Clarence, know my fate, what torture-pains  
Were thine. [Exit.

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SCENE II.—*Exterior of a cottage near Grafton Church.*

*Clarence and Jerry Simple arrive in haste.*

CLARENCE.

Here we are at last, Jerry, in the old village again. How  
changed things appear? All except the old mill yonder,  
where we used to work together, and the church beside us.  
I wonder whether Theophilous Sideglance is clerk still, and  
whether he resides here yet? There can be no harm in in-  
quiring. (Knocks at the door.)

*Enter THEOPHILOUS SID EGLANCE with spectacles on, and a  
ledger under his arm.*

What, Clarence, my boy! is it really you, now? Well,  
how are you after this long absence? (Shakes hands.)  
Why, I declare, there's Jerry Simple, too! (Shakes hands  
with Simple.) Come in and tell me everything about your  
doings, since you have been away.

CLARENCE.

Not at present, my good friend; but tell me, have you  
attended to my mother's grave—seen that it is not in any  
way disturbed?

SIDEGLANCE.

Oh yes. That's all right, my boy.

CLARANCE.

I wish you to have a marble slab prepared. I will again call to give further instructions. We must now hasten to the Hall.

SIDEGLANCE.

Well, you have come at a lucky time, at all events, my boy.

CLARANCE (abruptly).

What mean you?

SIDEGLANCE.

A wedding, my boy, comes off this very day, at noon.

CLARANCE (startled).

And who are the principal actors in the scene?

SIDEGLANCE.

Why, the young lady Jessica and the young Captain Slix, to be sure, my boy.

CLARANCE (aside).

Can she have forgotten her promise? No. I'll not believe it. (Aloud.) Excuse our abruptness, my friend. I, too, have a part to play. Farewell! (Sideglance enters the house and closes the door.)

JERRY SIMPLE.

It seems as how we be jest come whome in time, loike.

CLARANCE.

While you visit a few of your friends, I'll repair to the Hall.

JERRY SIMPLE.

A' reight, Clarence. (Aside.) I wonders, now, if Susey is as pritty loike, as she war afore we went a-trav-

## CLARENCE.

How bright the sun smiles on these fields ! So rich  
 In verdure. These scenes of my fond boyhood.  
 What rapture wakes within me, as I gaze,  
 And rest my eyes upon the dear old haunts  
 That wooed my eager feet. 'Tis sweet to hold  
 Companionship with Nature in all her moods,  
 Of changing grandeur; but mostly sweet  
 To view her in her summer robes, where every spot  
 Is hallow'd by the memory of childhood,  
 When pilgrim-like we wander back to taste  
 Anew the joys of home.

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SCENE III.—*Grafton Hall, apartment as before.*

*Enter* Sir REGINALD KINGSTON, Captain SLIX, CLERGYMAN,  
 and GUESTS.

Sir REGINALD.

Well, Captain, you have heard my request—does it meet  
 your approval ?

Captain SLIX.

'Pon my honour, Sir Reginald, I should be pleased, very  
 pleased, to oblige you by deferring the wedding for a few  
 weeks, but I cannot, by Bacchus. I set sail almost imme-  
 diately. You read the letter.

Sir REGINALD (rings a bell.) *Enter* THOMAS.

Sir REGINALD.

Tell Lady Kingston and your young mistress all is pre-  
 pared.

THOMAS.  
Yes, Sir Reginald. (Bows.) [Exit.

SIR REGINALD (aside).

I can never survive this blow. My daughter to be sacrificed thus, and by her own father, who has made himself powerless to free her. What torture rends my soul.

*Enter Lady KINGSTON and JESSICA.*

Lady KINGSTON.

Come, Jessica, look less wild and wretched. The Captain, after all, is not so bad a match. To be sure he is a little foppish, but he'll mend, Jessica, under your training, he'll mend. You'll be happy.

JESSICA (sighing).

Yes, mother, I *shall* be happy. There's no sorrow in death.

Captain SLIX (to the Clergyman).

Are you quite ready, Sir?

CLERGYMAN (standing with his book open).

I only await the lady's attention.

SIR REGINALD.

Come child, be firm.

JESSICA.

I—am firm. (Aside.) Delay is now useless. I will be bride to death. (Places the phial to her lips).

*Re-enter THOMAS.*

The Earl of Westlon.

(JESSICA shrieks, drops the phial, SIR REGINALD picks it up and shudders.)

SIR REGINALD.

Merciful Providence!

*Enter CLARANCE.*

'Tis I, Clarence. Look up, dear Jessica, and give me greeting.

JESSICA.

'Tis he, my soul's fond love. (Totters into his arms.)

Captain SLIX.

What means this monstrous juggle? By Bacchus, I'll delay no longer; let the ceremony proceed, Sir Reginald. It's disgraceful, monstrously disgraceful, it is, 'pon my honour.

CLARANCE.

Dearest, a moment, I'll return. (Crosses to Sir Reginald, presents the Compact.) (Aside.) Did I not tell you I would yet return, and honours and the Compact bring?

Sir REGINALD (grasps the document eagerly).

Heaven reward you. You have saved me from a misery worse than death. How got you this?

CLARANCE.

Another time I'll tell.

Captain SLIX.

Is this juggle to go on?

Sir REGINALD.

I do regret the part I've played in this transaction. My daughter now is free to wed the man she loves.

JESSICA (falls at her father's feet).

Bless thee, dear father, for that word.

Sir REGINALD (assists her to rise).

Rise, child, 'tis Clarence you should bless.

CLARANCE (to Captain Slix, holds Jessica's hand with one of his own, and points to her with the other).

You called me *slave* once, see, I am *master* now.

Captain SLIX (scowls on him).

Dished brown, by Bacchus. [Exit.

Enter JERRY SIMPLE (arm-in-arm with Susan).

It's a' reight in this ere quarter, Clarence. Ben't it Susey?  
(Taps her under the chin.)

SUSAN (pushing him).

Don't now be so foolish, you makes me blush.

Lady KINGSTON (aside).

What a strange coincidence!

CLARANCE (aside).

Now, mother, is thy son's vow fulfilled?

Sir REGINALD.

I owe thee eternal thanks. The parchment gives a dowry with my child; take her, Clarence, and the dowry shall be thine.

CLARANCE (to Jessica).

So ends my strife with difficulties,  
As thy soul's idol doth my spirit live.  
Life's morn was clouded by a fate obscure,  
Yet genius, sped by energy and hope,  
Grew strong to strike the fetters from my soul  
And wed me to thy love.

JESSICA.

Thro' thee I live,  
And have not words to speak my bliss.

CURTAIN FALLS.

# THE LEADEN FIGURE.

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## CHAPTER I.

TRADITION follows the footsteps of time, presenting his serene visage, his sacred scroll, his immortal spirit, all in the dust of ages. He comes up out of the past enveloped in mysticism, speaking in deep sepulchral tones, telling of the might, the majesty, and the duration of hsi power. .

Tradition, laughing at science, history, human credulity, advances his grim figure through the labyrinths of life; and mortals stand gazing and trembling before him. What to him are the modern lights which aim to pierce the deep unpiercable mysteries, the strange and wonderful stories, the wild, weird personifications of ghostliness, and the *genii* gloriously invading the territories of fiction? He is a monarch, and kingdoms obey in servility. He is a demi-god, and wakens fear and frenzied excitement in the bosoms of his votaries. No spot of creation where human society breathes, which does not claim Tradition as a guest. He is a terror and a joy, a sinner and a saint. Savage and gentle, earthly



and spiritual, he greets us in the Christian temples, and places his finger on the heart of faith. He glides into the sanctuaries of love and pulses the affections. The crumbling of empires, the decay of worlds, the growth of freedom, and the enlargement of truth ; all owe allegiance to him, and receive something from him. But most of all, does superstition, she lives and acts in Tradition.

There is no town or village whose grandfatherly sons and grandmotherly daughters have not a Traditionary history ; where no incredible and exciting tales are told, whose character betrays a wondrous stretch of imagination on the part of their originators.

The hamlet of Rutland, the scene of our tale, was a special favourite with Tradition. It could pride itself in the possession of a list of ghost stories enough to fill a huge book. But its Leaden Figure was its masterpiece of wonder. It stood, in all its heavy, black inexpressiveness, in a niche, niched out of the stone walls of Rutland Hall, which frowned its sombre antique structure on the eye ; from the back of a thick foliage-laden wood. This wood directed the paths innumerable leading to an open plain, diversified by trees, streams, and corn-fields. The plain and Rutland Hall were divided by a rivulet of a few feet in width. In front of the hall was a garden magnificent in its profusion of flowers. Above the Leaden Figure was a huge clock manufactured on the rudest principles of art. Its deep, ponderous tones, whenever it struck, fell on the ear with the dismal cadences of a death knell.

The village folks of Rutland had invested this clock and the Leaden Figure with a strange unearthly spirit. Every child as soon as it could understand language, was the recipient of the traditionary superstition. So serious an effect was brought about, that only two persons in the whole neighbourhood could be found with nerve strong enough to enable them to wander about the garden at midnight. These persons were a man and a woman, both old, the man Blind Tom, the woman Witch Meg. The Leaden Figure was said to get out of its niche immediately the huge clock struck the midnight hour, and to enter a small shed where the gardener kept his implements, to take a watering-can, and then water the garden; to do this noiselessly, as ghosts generally work, and at the approach of human feet, or the next striking of the clock, to return to its pedestal, in the wall. It was further said, and honestly, frantically believed, by the Rutland natives, that on one occasion the clock refused its assistance, would not strike at the hour when the Figure was wont to exercise its limbs. Of course the Figure was absolutely, cruelly compelled to stay at home, so much did it depend on the clock. The Figure and the clock were subjects of terrible import, the poor illiterate Rutlandites deeming them supernatural, and refusing to go near them when unaccompanied.

Two centuries ago, an extremely wealthy old lady occupied Rutland Hall. She was an old maid, never would ally herself in matrimony, deeming such a course a penance or reparation for deeds of monstrous inhumanity perpetrated

by her father. This lady's parent, report states, the night he died was terrified to the extreme of anguish by the appearance of a terrific storm. The dying man could see the awfully lurid nature of the sky, as he lifted his sunken and rayless eyes to the windows of his bed-chamber. The storm came down howling in his ears like the hideous voices of Hell. He writhed, swore, fainted, revived, and died. At the moment his last breath expired into the dark troubled night, the storm grew more fierce (so the tale goes), and large particles of brimstone descended on the hall, as though a climax to the avenging wrath of Heaven. His daughter, Lady Beatrice, stood by him as he died, the anguish of her soul investing her face with pale expressiveness. The storm still furious, she fell on her knees, vowed to devote her life to goodness, and prayed for an abatement of the tempest. Her prayer was answered, almost immediately the brimstone storm was over.

Lady Beatrice was true to her vow. She adopted the simplest manners, ate the simplest food, lived the simplest life. Not a person in Rutland who did not love her. She was ever kind, generous, and attentive to the sick and distressed. She was often solicited to give and exchange visits with the aristocracy about her, but she sternly refused. Her vow was with her by day and night. She had it written in gold, and wore it as a brooch, never looking at it without praying. She was never extravagant in her household, keeping but few servants, and those selected from the unfortunates of the village. She stooped to the drudgery of the scullery-maid,

or the tiring toil of the gardener, in order, as she believed, to subjugate pride, and prove her devotion to her vow. No one wanted charity who did not receive it on application to her. Thus was her life one flow of good deeds and aspiring endeavour. She lived to be very old, and died, willing her property to various religious and secular institutions.

In the history of Rutland the sensation created by the death of Lady Beatrice has no parallel. The poor were in tears, wailing and refusing comfort ; the wealthy united with one heart to pay her memory tributary meed. They caused a statue to be raised, modelled from lead, and had it fixed in the walls of the hall.

After Lady Beatrice was gone, the hall was allowed to remain untenanted for nearly a generation, and superstition roamed its corridors. It was said to be haunted, and folks grew marvellously wise, and wondrously cautious in discussing the various ghostly apparitions which gossip had seen.

One day, to the gaping astonishment of the simple souls of Rutland, a foreigner, a man of arms, a chief among his tribe, bought the hall, paying the money to the persons in whose right the property was sold. He was bound by his purchase in one thing—to allow the Leaden Figure to remain on its table.

There was speedily an improvement evinced ; decaying edifices were rebuilt ; shabby rusting fragments and ill-looking barriers were removed. Rutland Hall was now the very emporium of life. The Chieftain was jovial, fearless, free,

kept up a round of boisterous revels, was courted and honoured by princes. The antiquated walls of Rutland Hall for more than a century had not witnessed such joyous, full-blown life.

There lived in Rutland a man, a clockmaker, a widower, who, with his blind son, diversified his miseries by occasional begging tours. He was in the habit of taking Tom, his blind boy, along with him, in these not always unprofitable excursions. He stood, on a certain day beneath, the Leaden Figure talking to his boy while waiting to gain an interview with the owner of the hall.

"Father," inquired Tom, "you told me you would larn me the way to make clocks. I should like so to larn. When shall I?"

The clockmaker stroked the boy's head, and suffocating a throb, replied—

"You shall learn, Tom, but you must wait a little time longer, until your father can obtain an order, and means to carry on with."

The blind boy was over-anxious, and questioned his parent about many things, as to the probable time, the money he should require to enable him to succeed, etc. At this stage, the father and son were in the presence of the great man of the hall.

The clockmaker bowed. The gentleman accosted him—

"Your business with me?"

"Your pardon, sir," was the quick reply of the clockmaker.

"I come to solicit assistance, having no employment, and this boy, who is unhappily blind, to maintain."

The Chieftain scanned the old man steadily, with a look that read his character, and caused him to quail.

"I never encourage begging, it is an impulse to idleness."

The clockmaker stood erect—

"Sir, I crave your pardon for intruding, I never beg that I may be idle, but that I may live and keep my son alive as well." He turned to lead his boy away.

"Stay, old man," exclaimed the owner of the hall, "what is your profession?"

"I am a clockmaker, sir; so was my father, and so will be my son here."

The gentleman looked astonished. "Surely your profession is one that merits, and should obtain demand."

"True, sir, but nevertheless, I can obtain little employment."

The Chieftain was touched with compassion, and suddenly catching an idea, said—

"You shall make a large clock for me, and place it above the Leaden Figure there, that will afford amusement, and bread for yourself and little boy."

The old clock maker cried with joy, his little boy Tom exclaiming—

"Now, father, you *can* keep your promise, and larn me to make clocks."

The gentleman was astounded at the expression of the son. Turning to the old man he said, "Your little boy

amuses me, and you have deceived him, for how can you teach the blind to handle scientifically the mechanism of a clock?"

"However improbable it may seem to you, sir, it can, and shall be done."

"I doubt it, but if you succeed in giving him the necessary teaching, he shall have sole charge of the clock you are about to make, and a liberal salary for his attention."

The thanks of father and son were showered upon the gentleman of Rutland Hall, and as the two were turning to reach the village, the clockmaker felt an extra weight to his person, in the shape of a purse of gold, which was given him by the Chieftian with these words:—

"I never encourage begging, it fosters idleness, but I support industry, because it gives health and virtue, life and independence to man."

A year passed, the old clockmaker was busy at his trade, his son too was busy, and growing useful to his father. The huge clock which the gentleman of the hall had ordered was finished, and that very day was to inaugurate its presence above the Leaden Figure. Father and son were in a flush of victory. They had laboured together at it during the twelvemonths past, early and late, without other aid, and now that it was finished they could not but rejoice. It was a monster, requiring much time and assistance to convey it to its position at the hall.

The gentleman was in a state of rapture when he heard it strike, and gazed upon its broad hieroglyphical features, as its rude fingers pointed the time.

The old clockmaker's reputation was now established ; he never begged more, and to the astonishment of the natives as well as of the gentleman of the hall, his blind boy Tom took charge of the clock, always succeeding in making it go right whenever it got out of order. The chieftain acknowledged he had learnt a lesson, and kept his word by giving Blind Tom a liberal salary.

The old clockmaker died, leaving Tom his business.

The Witch Meg and Blind Tom, the clock, and the Leaden Figure, were sounds palpably ominous in the ears of the simple hearted, superstitious, and unlearned inhabitants of Rutland.

Whenever Blind Tom went to wind up the clock, he carried a lantern, an act which appeared most strange to these exceedingly superstitious people. A lighted lantern to a blind man appeared to them of as little use as crutches would be to people who are not lame. There was, in this circumstance, much food for the marvellous. It was said by some that Blind Tom had sold himself to the Devil through the agency of the Leaden Figure, and that he was doomed to wander forth at all hours bearing a lantern, to light the evil spirits to their devilish handiwork.

Then there was the Witch Meg, she was still more supernaturalised and victimised to the ignorant aspersions of these benighted people.

She was mostly to be seen in the wood which had even lost its original name in the one of Meg's Wood. She was extraordinarily ugly, old, and shrivelled, with a forehead



idiotic, and a voice croaking, broken, and shrill. None knew where she came from, nor how she lived. Her misanthropic character, her strange nightly wanderings about the grounds of Rutland Hall, were sufficient cause for suspicion to the tender feeling inhabitants of the village. Blind Tom and the Witch Meg had often met, they were mysteries to each other, Blind Tom realising a prejudice towards the witch which strengthened on acquaintance. He never deigned to stop on his way whenever she crossed his path to satisfy her desires.

Contenting himself with merely monosyllabic expressions, he kept her for a long time at bay.

It was one cold winter midnight, when every soul inhabiting the *locale* of Rutland, except two, were asleep. They crossed each other at the foot of the Leaden Figure. The light of the lantern shone upon the aged wrinkled features of the Witch Meg. She held the sleeve of her companion's coat with desperate firmness.

"Stay a few moments, Tom, I must, and will speak to you," she shrieked in her sharp wild tones.

Blind Tom tried to release himself, but found the old witch too strong for him. He did not speak but listened.

"Why carry that lantern about with you for ever? You are sightless and cannot need it."

"To keep such fools as you from falling against me," grumbled Tom, with all earnestness.

Meg felt nettled, and bit her lips, assumed a coaxing tone of voice, and succeeded in eliciting Tom's attention.

"If you will aid me, Tom, you shall be rewarded."

"What mean you?" came as an echo from the deep voice of Tom.

The Witch Meg put her mouth to Tom's ear, whispering a strange medley of love, and wrong, and wealth.

Her blind companion, entirely under the influence of her whispers, his heart big with sympathy, forgetting everything else, exclaimed—

"Point out the way, and I swear to aid."

The old witch took the lantern from him, directed his face towards the Leaden Figure, bade him shape his oath by that, and extinguishing the light returned the lantern, and was lost in the darkness.

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## CHAPTER II.

At the extreme length of Meg's Wood stood a straw-thatched wooden hut, externally mean and uninviting. We will enter. The room is of middling proportions, and richly furnished with every appliance of luxury. On a sofa reposes the witch. She is alone, and sleeps. Presently the rustling of briars denote the appearance of a visitor. Her slumber is over. She rises, opens the door sufficiently wide to allow him to squeeze himself into the apartment.

"You are late, Fabian?" said the old witch. "Not very, not very. The fact is, I experienced a little delay, on account of my valet having deserted me last night, and having in consequence to place myself into his service."

"You mean, I suppose, brush your own cloak, clean your own boots, and other essentials," said the shrill voice of Meg.

The visitor took his cloak off, unbuttoned his sandals, shook them from his feet, which he encased in slippers, and then took a seat directly opposite the witch.

Fabian was about twenty-five years of age, of fair, pale, and care-depressed visage. He was jewelled and superbly attired. There was nothing of the fop in his appearance, yet there was an air of conscious superiority in the courteous manner in which he spoke to the Witch Meg. He was an officer of high rank in the Italian army.

He put his hand to his forehead, apparently under the torture of severe affliction. The witch eyed him compassionately, and presented him balm in these words:—

"The hour approaches when you shall joy in the embrace of your sweet Heloise once more, so make mirth of hope, and be a man."

A smile radiated his intelligent brow. "Say you so? then I'll be happy, and vie even with the birds of the wood in displaying it. Oh! how I pine to behold her, to live again in the loving spiritual glory of her glances. To listen as of yore to the glad music of her tongue, to feel myself again enslaved in the charmed fetters of her unchanging love."

The witch secretly exulted in the young man's devoted rhapsody.

He turned eagerly to her.

"What arrangements have you made to secure our object?"

"Blind Tom has consented to aid us. I have now little fear. He is a favourite with the Chieftain, and can prowls about the hall at pleasure."

"How know you that he will remain firm by his consent?" inquired Fabian.

"By his oath," squeaked the witch, "he swore to aid us by the Leaden Figure, that is better security than gold."

At that moment a heavy kicking at the hut door preceded the entrance of Tom himself, who still carried the lantern.

The witch led him to a chair, and Fabian, in delighted tones, bade him a hearty welcome. Blind Tom was never more honoured, he was seated and feasted with the most flattering concern. Since his oath he had been very unhappy. He did not appreciate the task assigned to him. He thought of the kindness of the Chieftain to his old father and himself, and shuddered at being instrumental in bringing suffering upon him. He would have violated his oath, but dared not, for he, like his neighbours, was superstitious. The Leaden Figure might hurl destruction upon him. True, he never feared to go near it because he had been in the habit of doing so from his boyhood. But he believed, nevertheless, in the supernatural powers invested in it by superstition.

Here he was sitting in the apartment of Meg, in the presence of a stranger, partaking of wine and cake, with his mind tortured by fear and indecision.

"Well, Tom," intonated the witch in her shrill coaxing voice, "have you obtained an interview with the fair Heloise? We are very anxious to learn."

Tom was almost choked, as he gulphed a huge piece of cake and swallowed a glass of wine, whilst Meg and Fabian held their breath in fearful expectancy. It was an effort to speak without displaying the weakness of his will.

"You see," he grumbled out, I strolled about the garden under pretext of attending to the clock, when the governor came out and passed into the wood to shoot, for his dogs were with him. I got into the hall, and groped along its corridors until I came to a room with the door a-jar. With my hand upon its handle, in the act of pushing it wide open, I stood entranced, for I could hear a female sing to the tones of a piano. Her voice trembled whilst the words of her song floated into my ears with a piercing sweetness. They told of cruel wrong, blighted hopes, and unquenched affection. Then I knew that the singer was Heloise from the nature of my mission. I gently tapped the door, and heard her low sweet voice invite me into her apartment. I entered, I suppose much to her dismay, for she uttered a shrieking sound. "Don't fear, young lady, its only Blind Tom come to do you a service."

"Blind Tom," I heard her whisper in surprise, then as if recollecting herself, "Oh, it's the man of the clock."

I said hurriedly, "As a friend, I am here to say that within a mile of this hall a young man, very dear to you, resides; he desires an interview." She was agitated, for I could hear the sighing of her bosom, and distinguish the abrupt breaks in her voice. "His name?" was her demand.

"Fabian," was my answer.

She was wild with surprise and delight. "Tell me, for Heaven's dear sake, is he well, does he feel happy, are his nights and days pregnant with hopes or fears, joys or miseries?"

"I could not satisfy her rapid queries, having never yet been in the company of this Fabian. Finding I could not relieve her heart of its heavy suspense, she bade me tell Fabian that at the hour of twelve to-night, immediately the old clock strikes, she would stand by the Leaden Figure."

Fabian, who could scarcely refrain from breaking into outbursts of gladness and despair, during Blind Tom's recital, now fell on his knees, and exclaimed—

"I thank ye, Heaven, for this boon." He rose. "To night at midnight, I shall see her after years of separation. I shall learn from her own dear lips the history of her wrongs, feel renewed assurance of her unalterable love, and tell her how in the tented battle fields of Italy I have fought fearless of death, with but one thought (save that of patriotism)—the thought of her."

Blind Tom was suddenly made conscious that the speaker was no other than Fabian himself. He began to lose his qualms as he cogitated on the mysterious circumstances con-

nected with Fabian, Heloise, the Chieftain, and Witch Meg. He imbibed a liking for Fabian and Heloise, and felt proud to serve them. But his brain was sorely puzzled, not more with the mysteries of the hall, than with the doubly mysterious witch.

The midnight was ushered in with snow and frost, the one crisping the ground and the vegetation, the other throwing a pallid ghostly light on every exposed object. Everything was silent save the beating of two hearts, one of which belonged to Heloise, the other to Fabian. They were waiting for the clock to strike twelve, one at the door of the hall inside, the other within a dozen yards of the Leaden Figure. So they waited moments, hours, in a state approximating to madness, but the clock did not strike. Fabian and Heloise felt rivetted to their separate stations by some mysterious agency. Strange coincidence ! could it be a demon trick to oppose the meeting of the lovers ? The dawn of day found the lovers still waiting, listening, and fearing. At last Fabian heard a sound, he listened, and saw Blind Tom advancing from the gardener's shed.

"What has happened to-night, Tom ?" he gasped in hoarse whispers, "the clock has not struck, and Heloise has not appeared."

Blind Tom was wonder-struck, not at the clock, but at the non-appearance of the young lady.

The apparent mystery of the clock was explained. Blind Tom, when he left the hut of the witch, had felt quite a change in his feelings, and was determined to put his skill

into exercise, in order to serve Fabian and Heloise. He remembered with terror that the hour appointed for the meeting of the lovers was the one which the Leaden Figure claimed to water the garden. What could be done? the young lady would be frightened to death. Tom's resolution grew out of this terror ; he mounted to the clock, shifted the striking weight, and so, as he deemed it, prevented the Statue from moving.

When Fabian realised the devotion of Blind Tom, he grew rapturous in thanks, instructed him to visit Heloise and explain to her the affair. This was done. Heloise soothing her disappointment in another appointment.

It was an hour after the succeeding midnight ; the clock had just signalled it to the little world of Rutland. Fabian stood in the same spot as he did the previous night. Presently he saw the huge door gape on its hinges, and, to his eager delight, the form of Heloise cautiously gliding out into the garden. He could not hesitate. He was at her side in an instant, caressing her, and whispering in her ear the burning zeal of his love. Locked in each other's arms motionless as the statue before them, they forgot every care in the excessive bliss of the moment. At length, Fabian, remembering that the time was gliding fast, drew from her a succinct account of the doings of the Chieftian, her father, since they had left Italy. He learnt, to his agony, that Heloise had been kept a prisoner in her father's hall, never being allowed to see any one except her domestic help. That the Chief had selected a husband for her whom she would sooner die than marry.



At this intelligence the brow of Fabian assumed a deathly paleness.

"The inhuman man," he exclaimed, "to aim at the sacrifice of two hearts, whose every pulsation beats in unison. Why does he object to me? If wealth is required, can I not boast of its glittering favours? If a proper age is an essential, can I not offer that too?"

"The secret, dear Fabian, of my father's dislike to you, is not your wealth nor your age, but your adhesion to Republicanism. He will never consent to our union whilst he knows you follow the armies of the people instead of those of the Pope."

"When the Revolution was on, Heloise, did not your father and I meet sword to sword? did I not disarm him? and then, instead of taking him prisoner, or killing him, did I not return him his sword, allowing him to go free? He knew I aspired to your hand. Why did he not then bid me never to hope? I should have spared him still, and have liked him better."

The last words were almost inaudible. The young man was so operated on by his emotions.

Heloise was in tears.

"Dear angel of my existence—say, will you submit to this projected union with your father's choice?" pathetically inquired Fabian. "Think of our past, when, beneath over-arching azure of Italian skies, or within the shade the Seven Hills, we breathed our young love-making life melodious with their heavenly sound."

Heloise still shed tears, agitated to despair at the prospect before her. She essayed to speak, but could not. Her head reposed on his shoulder. Fabian went on—

“Is there no justice in Heaven, Heloise? Is there no happiness on earth, Heloise? The tranquil moon seems happy. The peeping, loving stars seem happy. The stream, whose waters ripple musically in eternal unrest, seems happy; and the forest-trees, whose sere stems blasted by age and winter, they too seem happy. Then why should not we be happy? As you love, and would know that love reciprocated—as you desire to live in harmony with all that’s holy—I implore you, Heloise, to give me hope.”

“Your expressions are daggers to my heart, dear Fabian. You know I am in heart and soul yours! But how can I change the stern decree of my father, who himself never changes, only in affection?”

“Give me promise, dear one, that you will refuse to give yourself a sacrifice to marriage at the cruel command of an unjust parent. Only give me this promise, and I can wait with patience and hope the brightening of destiny.”

With all the strength of her affection she replied: “Thou, Fabian, art my ever present deity. From my tenderest years I have taught my soul to shape her worship to thee. Dost think, then, that I could walk to marriage with any other mortal, without the sufferings of a martyr?”

Fabian felt a little relief, and impressed a fervent, passionate kiss on his lovely companion.

“I have implicit confidence in your constancy, Heloise,

yet feel that you would be stronger in your power to resist the impending evil if you made a vow."

"Loved Fabian," murmured the sweet girl, "as you desire it, I will make a solemn vow. By all that's high and heavenly, by the remembrance of this meeting, and the past meetings in Italy, and lastly, by this Leaden Figure, I swear to remain in a state of celibacy, or to be wed alone to Fabian."

They embraced and separated.

Immediately they were gone, Blind Tom came from the gardener's shed. He had heard distinctly all that passed.

### CHAPTER III.

It is now the latter end of summer. The birds, the breeze, the trees, the flowers, the streams, everything in nature appear in a new and beautiful character.

The old hall has undergone many changes. It has been thoroughly renovated. There is unusual bustle. From the Chieftain to the domestic helps there is excitement. It is the day fixed by the Chieftain for his daughter's nuptials. The expectant bridegroom has arrived, and has been introduced to the intended bride.

Pale as a statue, Heloise seeks her parent. She

een acquainted with the time the projected wedding is to come off a few hours. Her heart is surcharged with terror. She thinks of her father's cruelty towards her. She thinks of her mother, whom she last saw in Italy, in the agonising moment of separation from husband, and daughter, and home. She thinks of Fabian, whose love for her has been proof against every barrier, and then she thinks of her vow. Oh! horrible fatality, thus to be ensnared, without even time to enable her to convey her despair through the medium of Blind Tom to her lover.

The Chieftain is pacing backwards and forwards a splendidly furnished apartment, in an unpleasant humour. His daughter enters. He tries to assume calmness, but fails. Speaks abruptly—

“Well, Heloise, how like you the favoured suitor? Speaks he not pleasantly? Wears he not the air of a thorough-bred gentleman?”

“I like him not, dear father,” ventured the fair girl, with downcast eyes.

The Chieftain's eyes were upon her, their anger burning into her soul. No matter, she was there to brave the worst, even should that be death.

“Are you a fool, girl,” sternly inquired her father, “that you venture to rouse my ire? Remember your mother, and take wisdom from her.”

Heloise sobbed as if her heart would break, still she was courageous, for she thought of Fabian and her oath.

“Father,” she said, her voice thrillingly piercing, “I have

ever been accustomed to obey you, have ever loved you with a child's unsullied affection. I have never ventured to oppose your will in anything. Grant me one favour, 'tis little to you, but it is liberty, happiness, life to *me*." Her voice became hoarse, still she went on. "Say that you will cancel this projected union, and I will devote my life to bless you."

"Child," thundered the Chieftain, "no more of this as you value my pleasure. I have always *ruled*, never *obeyed*. Learn wisdom from your mother, I say again."

Heloise almost fainted, she clung to a chair with the desperation of disappointment. When she recovered sufficient nerve, she forcibly replied,

"Father, it is a daughter's duty to obey her parents to all reasonable and honourable ends. A parent's duty to refrain from unjust and dishonourable demands. I am dutiful in the sight of my father and Heaven. There is dishonour in this match—better poverty, suffering, and the grave, than a husband and dishonour." She fell on her knees before him. "I implore you, for the dear sake of sacred love, as you would feel a father's joy at a daughter's happiness, to give me freedom from this vile sacrifice."

The Chieftain could no longer suppress the vehement anger generating within him. He seized his daughter's arm and roughly hurled her from her knees to the other end of the room.

"Leave my sight, vixen, and speak no more, but prepare for the church."

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Heloise tottered from her father's presence crushed to agony. A few minutes after this incident, Blind Tom was in communication with the witch. He had been entrusted with the state of affairs at the hall by Heloise, who had fortunately come across him as he was groping, lantern in hand, along the corridor. The countenance of Meg betrayed the irrepressible emotions which tortured her soul, as she listened to Tom's relations.

"You say the wedding takes place at noon, at the old church?" squeaked the old woman, "hem, there's little time to lose. The climax is approaching. Who is to conquer? We shall see, we shall see. Desperate schemes demand desperate agents." The latter part of this sentence was inaudible to Blind Tom, who stood before Meg in a state of painful wonder. Hastily taking from her pocket a small book she tore from it a leaf and wrote in pencil—

"Be at the church, assume submission, be hopeful."

She gave it to Tom, telling him to place it in the hand of Heloise. The witch moved off with a wonderful speed for one so apparently old.

The little village of Rutland was in a state of indescribable excitement. Every one seemed holiday-making save the parish clerk, who was never more busy. The bells were merrily pealing. Flags were hoisted, and all the rustic paraphernalia of rejoicing was visible. The village folk, old and young, male and female, crowded eager to get a stare at the wedding cortège as it passed into the church. There was a tumult without and a tumult within. The vil-

lage gossips had received a stimulus from the pale and unhappy expression of the Chieftain's daughter, as their eyes settled on her. So their tongues wagged loud and fast. Hence contention and anger which follow in the track of public scandal.

Felice Marat, the favoured suitor of the Chieftain, was a Frenchman of exalted parentage. He had fought at Rome under the eye of the Chieftain with the zeal of a hero. Educated in the politics of the Pope, he had ever evinced a loyal devotion to that supreme personage. His hatred of Republicanism was fierce. He believed it to be devilish, and was a willing soldier in its suppression.

As he led Heloise along the aisle of the church, a ragged piece of paper was put suddenly into his hand. He glanced at it mechanically, and read—

“Remember Gertrude, the hour of retribution is at hand.”

The paper fell at his feet as he sank into a seat as though felled by a thunderbolt. There was terror in the eyes of the Chieftain, and a magic lustre in the eyes of a mailed intruder, who stood at the right of the altar, wearing a vizor.

Felice made an effort to divest his heart of the load which pressed it to the earth. It was vain. The form of the injured Gertrude seemed to rise from the misery of her fate, and stood gazing with sarcastic smiles upon this nuptial ceremony. His features, which an hour ago shone with joy, were now clouded with despair.

He cast furtive, criminal glances across the church, to discover the person who gave him the paper. His eye

caught that of the mailed vizored stranger. Could it be he? He reflected, trembled, and fainted. When he was again recovered he was fairly dragged to the altar by the Chieftain, who as yet had taken no heed of the intruder. Heloise advanced by his side at the stern bidding of her father. She had watched the effect the piece of paper had produced in Felice. She saw the mailed stranger, and felt assured she would not be sacrificed.

The clergyman, at the request of the Chieftain, now commenced the solemn marriage formula. Felice was holding one of the hands of Heloise ready to place the ring on her finger. At that instant the witch Meg stepped from a pew where she had concealed herself, and rapidly advanced to the altar, separating the hands of the two, and in her peculiar sharp voice said, "In the name of virtue and religion, happiness and Heaven, I forbid this mockery of marriage."

The scene was confusing, all were electrified, except the vizored stranger. "The Witch," muttered the Chieftain, as a strange dread crept over him. "The Witch," exclaimed Blind Tom, who had just entered the church. "The Witch," escaped the lips of the crowd outside, causing a superstitious horror in all hearts.

"Proceed with the marriage," commanded the father of Heloise, "heed not the Witch, she is mad." The clergyman recommenced, but was opposed by Meg. The Chieftain grew furious, and advanced towards the Witch to handle her, a strong hand hurled him backwards. It was the hand of the mailed stranger. The clergyman demanded of the Witch an explanation of her strange interruption.



"The marriage is a farce," she replied, forced upon the daughter in opposition to her own will and that of her mother."

"Silence, thou wretched wanderer of the woods," vociferated the Chieftain.

"When I have performed my duty I *shall* be silent," taunted the Witch, turning to the clergyman, "the mother of this young lady was most savagely treated by this man, whose blind worship of the Pope was carried to such a zest that he deserted his wife after years of inhuman torture; because, forsooth, she favored Christian Protestantism, and dared to encourage the love of a true Republican, one Fabian, expressed towards her daughter Heloise."

The Chieftain, goaded to madness, roared out, "proceed, I say, heed her not, she is wild, unworthy of attention, she can give no proof; wherefore listen to her?"

Whilst he was speaking, the witch Meg unloosed her cloak, threw it off, changed her head-dress, and in an instant stood before the Chieftain, to his horror, as his wife, and the mother of Heloise.

"I have no proof, am wild, unworthy of attention;" she retorted, as she looked at her husband, embracing her daughter at the same time. The countenance of the Chieftain was now lurid with rage. He would have dashed her to the ground, but feared the mailed stranger. "I will not be foiled, even now," he thundered, "the ceremony shall proceed, and her mother shall be witness to her daughter's marriage."

He had scarcely finished, when his ears were appalled with the deep, painful tones of the mailed stranger's voice, who came towards the front of the altar, and fixing his eyes on Felice, addressed the clergyman.

"I have a stronger claim to attention than any, having a double motive for the prevention of this marriage. In Italy I have a sister, whom Heaven forgive, who has suffered such foul wrong at the hands of this monster, that the very stars would blush to unveil it. He knew she was the sister of a Republican, and therefore plotted her ruin that he might disgrace her brother. He could not succeed in his villany without marrying her, for she was, blessings on her, strong in virtue. He led her to the altar, his lips poisoned with deceit. She trusted him, fled into France with him, and ere a month had passed, after having been subjected to every vile indignity, was deserted by him. That is one motive. The next is one on which depends my own happiness, as well as the happiness of Heloise. We have loved each other from childhood, have grown up to maturity inseparable in soul."

His eyes still rested on Felice, whose countenance betrayed the hell within him. "Remember Gertrude, the hour of retribution is at hand," he whispered, and in the face of the company solicited and gained the consent of Heloise, who having found her mother, resolved to remain with her despite the will of her inhuman father. It was evident their plans had been arranged, for on the retirement of the clergyman, another one took his place, a license was produced, and Fabian and Heloise were married.

The Chieftain swore, threatened, and defied, but to no purpose.

A few minutes after the church was vacant.

Rutland Hall was now again untenanted. The Chieftain and Felice, together, had returned to Italy. Rome was in a state of civil commotion. The Republican party were in the ascendant. The Pope had fled to France. In the terrible fighting which took place, the Chieftain and Felice Marat were killed. The Chieftain fell by strange hands; Felice Marat by the sword of Fabian, who, as he stood over the dying Frenchman, exclaimed bitterly, "Remember Gertrude, the hour of retribution has arrived."

In a few years Rutland Hall was again renovated, and thrown open for the reception of three Italians and a Blind Englishman. They were Fabian, Heloise, her mother (the Witch), and blind Tom. They had come to settle in solitude, tired out with the struggles of Italian liberties. The Chieftain had died intestate, so that they came into possession of his property.

The Leaden Figure still remains on its pedestal beneath the clock, in the wall, and Blind Tom, proud of having kept his oath, can attend to the clock without being disturbed with anticipated punishment. Fabian and Heloise often walk together in the garden, discoursing on the midnight meeting and the vow. The old lady, feeling a strange fascination in the scenes of her supposed witchcraft, at times can be seen circumnavigating the wood.

Whilst the incidents which from this tale are repeated from sire to son, matron to daughter, with superstitious whisperings by the unprogressive Rutlandites.

# JONAS SMART.

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## CHAPTER I.

JONAS SMART was what may be termed a precocious lad. He was the first in the class at school. He was the foremost in the game of sport. His disposition was good nature. His companionship desirable. The parents of Jonas were in tolerably good circumstances. They kept a shop in the little village of Langley—a shop of all sorts. They sold groceries of every conceivable description. They sold bacon, eggs, butter, butchers' meat, whipcord, nails, smock-frocks, shirts, and a vast miscellaneous assortment of hosiery besides.

Jonas, their only son, was their joy. He was petted and pampered with excess of mistaken kindness. He grew up, however, unspoiled by his doting parents. For Jonas had *mind*, and very early, indeed, did he develop symptoms of superiority. Nature had lavished upon him her tenderest cares. He was very beautiful; his eyes dark and piercing; his brow clear and open, and his whole figure small and regular.

In the neighbourhood of Langley was a school, conducted by Mr. Joshua Pratt. To this school was Jonas sent. Some forty scholars were companions of Jonas, under the tuition of Mr. Joshua Pratt. The *dominie* was a strict disciplinarian. He exacted lessons from his pupils, with something of the character of Shylock, with the pound of flesh. The pupils trembled in his presence. He was unsparing in the exercise of the cane and ruler—a weapon mostly in his hand.

Mr. Joshua Pratt added to his salary a few stray half-sovereigns, which he obtained from the surrounding farmers, for measuring their land. He would often leave the school in the middle of the day in the charge of the more advanced scholars, returning some hours after to inquire about the conduct of the school. Sometimes these deputy-masters, who themselves had been the most unruly, would lay complaint against one or other of the boys who happened to be low in their estimation, from the fact of withholding from them sweets, nuts, and other similar bribes.

No matter how strongly the accused boys appealed against the injustice of the charges made by the deputies, Mr. Joshua Pratt, with the most stoical indifference, belaboured their poor bodies until exhaustion paralysed his arm. The boys never acquired a lesson but by the stimulus of fear. Thirty and forty-three syllable words and their meanings constituted a *lesson* for the more advanced scholars. Mr. Joshua Pratt was of opinion that knowledge consisted in the quantity rather than in the quality acquired. That the

surfeiting of the brain was no sin, but on the other hand, a positive advantage. He believed that short and easy lessons were only modes of generating idleness. That if he stretched the capacities of the mind to their utmost, by crowding upon the brain at once every essential element to ordinary useful knowledge, he could not fail in divulging the mental powers of his pupils, and giving them industrious application.

The pupils sit round a long desk, each with his book, scarcely once diverting their attention from their tasks. Mr. Joshua Pratt is at a small table in the middle of the school-room, ruling copy-books and writing copies. The din of voices is deafening in the extreme, as the boys repeat aloud as rapidly as possible their lessons. Presently the master strikes the table with his cane, and the pupils advance *en masse* to the said table, and form themselves into a circle round it. All is hushed until the *dominie* calls on the boys for the word *abdicate*. They all of them spell it. Then the master desires the first boy to give its meaning: *to resign* is distinctly uttered by him. So Mr. Joshua Pratt goes through the thirty or forty words, as the case may be. Promoting the boys who are the most correct, and punishing those who are remiss.

Jonas Smart had not been under the especial educational care of Mr. Joshua Pratt more than two years, when he became the best reader and speller in the school. He consequently grew to be the favourite of the *dominie*. And this is accounted for, when it is recollected that Jonas was the most successful experimentalist of Mr. Joshua Pratt's method of teaching.

Jonas had a capacious memory ; he could recollect difficult passages which thousands of ordinary boys would have forgotten. Therefore apparently severe tasks were to Jonas of easy acquirement. Hence he was generally at the head of the class ; envied, yet loved, by his fellow boys ; envied for his ready memory and his escape from punishment, and loved for his kindly, genial, even-tempered disposition.

Mr. Joshua Pratt was a great cricketer ; he was at most of the " matches " within three miles of Langley. He sometimes would give his pupils holidays on these occasions, assuming kindness as the pretext. The boys, of course, were generally in ecstasies—rejoiced to escape from the rigid routine of the school. There was nothing so satisfactory to the pupils as the knowledge that a cricket match was coming off.

Mr. Joshua Pratt, on these occasions, was notably less exacting on the boys. He would, however, always discover some fault in one of them, but he would not use the cane or the heavy stinging ruler. The boy whom he was pleased to be displeased with, was made to stand in the furthest corner of the school-room and clean Mr. Joshua Pratt's shoes—Mr. Joshua Pratt standing by, hurling sundry epithets at him about his *vile* conduct.

Jonas Smart, of all the boys, was the only one who could read the true character of Mr. Joshua Pratt. Jonas Smart was the only boy who as yet had not undergone the drudgery of the shoeblack. And Jonas Smart was the only boy who had dared to tell Mr. Joshua Pratt that he would not do it.

Things went on about the same as heretofore for another two years, when Mr. Joshua Pratt was missing. The little village was up in arms. The cryer was out with his saucy bell. Placards were issued. The policemen and electric telegraph were at work.

Mr. Joshua Pratt was a thief. He had been secretary and treasurer to a small benevolent society, and had collected all his worldly possessions, and had migrated, no one knew where, secure in his plunder.

The school was closed. Jonas Smart assisted his parents in the sale of their miscellaneous stock.

Many years after these occurrences, Jonas Smart, now grown into a man, got married. He did not court for seven years, write love-panygerics, and dream soft nonsense about elysium. Jonas believed that women, as well as men, were human, and not ethereal. He was a man of plain matter-of-fact experience—a man devoted heart and soul to the *actual*; there was little poetry in his nature. Life to him was one long pursuit of gain, and yet he was no miser. He would often give, and that liberally too, where his sympathies were centered.

Jonas was very partial to books. But Jonas was never known to neglect, for an hour, any life-task in order to give it to study. Opposite the shop where Jonas and his parents lived, was a diminutive chapel, constructed on rude and cheap principles. This chapel was known by the name of the "Ranters' Chapel." It belonged to the father of Jonas. Mr. Smart, sen., was a strictly worldly man. His



*success* in the world was evidence of that assertion. He was an ill-educated man, yet one who could manage a business, of the nature of his own, better, perhaps, than many of his more educated neighbours. Twelve years back Mr. Smart, sen., was doing an indifferent business, whilst Mr. Long, a neighbour in the same line as himself, was flourishing. Mr. Smart, sen., took two entire days to study the matter, and hit upon the lucky expedient of building the Ranters' Chapel at his own cost. The determination of Mr. Smart, sen., was no sooner abroad than many of Mr. Long's customers changed shops, and Mr. Smart, sen., knew that his speculation was likely to prove profitable. The Ranters' Chapel soon sprung into proportion. It was all wood excepting the windows. It was erected without any idea of beauty. Square in its roof, square in its floor; in fact, it consisted of *squares*, without a *curve*, to give pleasure to the eye.

At length it was opened for public worship. There was such a consumption of cake and prayer, such a rattling of tea-saucers and psalms! Such an overcrowded attendance! Mr. Smart, sen., with his son Jonas, was present. Mrs. Smart, of course, attending to the shop.

Now Mr. Smart, sen., had calculated that many of Mr. Long's customers were Ranters, and further, that they were *poor*. So he was prepared to meet their requirements in both a spiritual and temporal sense. The chapel was thronged for many weeks; and gradually, Mr. Long, as a matter of course, found, to his grief, that his business was sadly falling off.

Mr. Smart, sen., had calculated that to secure his customers he must get them in his debt, and then he should certainly prevent their returning to Mr. Long. He did so, and was known to threaten the poor people with the *law* if they attempted to spend any of their ready money with Mr. Long or any other tradesman. Thus, Mr. Smart, sen., cunningly contrived to make himself rich by working on the faith and fears of the poorest of his neighbours.

In less than three years from the inauguration of the Ranters' Chapel, poor Mr. Long was a bankrupt. Mr. Smart, sen., was now more flourishing than ever.

The chapel was a very great nuisance to the more educated and respectable inhabitants. Their ears were assailed with such horrible yellings, and such vociferoussinging, that many of them removed, much to their discomfort, miles away.

Mr. Smart, sen., had one very sad vice. He was a drunkard—often seen in such a beastly state of inebriation as to call forth the declamations of his customers. Nevertheless, Mr. Smart, sen., went to chapel, for was it not his own? Prayed, or rather bawled in the ear of his Maker, a tirade of ignorance and hypocrisy. Jonas Smart had been married two years when he had to mourn the death of his father, who died from an attack of apoplexy, brought on by his intemperate habits. Six months after that event his mother was in the grave by her husband's side.

Jonas was now sole possessor of the business. But Jonas, though a very excellent shopkeeper, was a very indifferent Ranter. In fact he refused to connect himself in any way

with the chapel. We have said that Jonas had *mind*. And here was a legitimate occasion for its exercise. He resolved to shut up the chapel and turn it into a store-house.

This was indeed a surprise to the numerous inhabitants whose faith was centred there. However, Jonas was determined that his progress in life should not depend on shams.

He had an exalted idea of religion, and therefore could not in his conscience sanction the same observances, which he knew his father to have fostered for the sole chance of gain.

## CHAPTER II.

JONAS SMART was little aware of the antagonism rancorously generating in his neighbours' breasts, when he decided on the extinction of the Ranters' Chapel. Jonas, although an intelligent man, was deficient in worldly experience. How could it be otherwise? He had never mixed in the great world beyond the village of Langley. And then the people of his native village were a smooth-talking and a quiet-living people. A people initiated in the mysteries of dogmatism with earnest sincerity, and little of that deep, fervid religious knowledge, which lives in universal glory wherever the mere externalities of faith do not stifle it in the soul.

Jonas Smart, as may be conceived, no sooner let it be known that the Ranters' Chapel should be turned into a store-house, than the usually quiet, self-sufficient Ranter natives of Langley collected the weapons of their zeal, with spirit akin to the Puritan fathers of old. A fight—a holy fight, as they deemed it—must take place; or, to use their own language, “The spirit must war with the flesh.”

There was a terrible strife amongst them. They even fought amongst themselves for the generalship. Poor Jonas Smart, to be thus opposed in his very praiseworthy desire to abolish a nuisance! He no sooner realised the position of affairs, than he resolved to hold fast to his colours so long as he had strength.

The Ranters had elected their leader amid the fiercest rows and blows possible. He was called “Old Dodham.” A man of immense size. He was the localised pastor of the Ranters' Chapel. His voice was gruff; he had a full-sized *proboscis*; he was long-winded in prayer, and wore a pair of barnacles that might have caused the envy of “Old Tiff.” Old Dodham's face was the colour of fire. He drank large quantities of rum, but was never seen drunk.

Jonas Smart was wielding his pen at a little desk by the side of his counter. There were no customers in the shop. Old Dodham made his appearance.

“Mr. Jonas Smart,” said Dodham, “I've just a little bit of sense for thee.”

“You are extremely liberal, Mr. Dodham,” was the indifferent reply of Jonas.

"Your father, Mr. Jonas Smart, was a true Christian ; mores the pity the good soul took to drinking."

"Mr. Dodham is a very bad Christian, and drinks largely of rum without pity," said Jonas sarcastically.

"Enough, Mr. Smart, these trivial matters must not interrupt our career in the true Christian way. I am here at the solicitation of the brethren and the sisters of our holy Tabernacle—our temple of the living God. I am here to ascertain if you still work for the 'devil'—still war against the 'spirit'—still, in plain words, persist in sacrilege?"

"Mr. Dodham," quietly, yet impressively, explained Jonas Smart, "this business and that chapel are mine. No man or fanatic has the right to interfere with my honourable intentions with them. I am determined to remove a nuisance by turning the chapel into a store-room."

"Will you listen to sense, Mr. Smart?" urged Mr. Dodham, excitedly. "The brethren are willing to purchase the Tabernacle. Will you sell it?"

Mr. Jonas Smart made reply with an abrupt, carelessly-expressed "No."

The gruff, bear-like tones of Old Dodham's malediction pierced the ears of Jonas Smart.

"Your sins shall surely find you out. You have neglected the offers of the spirit for the lusts of the flesh. There is justice in heaven. The tabernacle of the living God, the altar of his elect, the sanctuary of the Holy One,

can never be sacrilegiously destroyed without certain and terrible vengeance falling on the offender's head."

Old Dodham walked deliberately into the "White Lion," and swallowed a quartern of rum.

Jonas Smart attended to his shop, but his mind was disturbed; he felt that something adverse would happen.

In the meantime, Old Dodham visited the brethren and sisters, and the inhabitants of Langley not connected with his faith, denouncing Jonas as a heretic. The boys of the village were allowed to rough-music Jonas. The poor fanatics belonging to the chapel were instructed to withhold their custom, and to believe it according to religion to injure Jonas all they could. They would not pay their scores without Jonas summoned them for the amount. The brethren, of course, making up the costs.

Jonas Smart was not long in discovering that he was likely to be ruined, so, like a wise man, he resolved to sell up, and try his fortune in another part of the world.

The announcement of the business for sale was hailed with delight by the brethren and sisters. Old Dodham got up a canvass; went among them collecting all the money possible, with which money, and a loan he succeeded in obtaining, he was in a position to purchase the business.

Old Dodham was cunning; he took care to instruct a stranger to purchase it, feeling naturally assured that Jonas Smart would never sell it to him.

Jonas Smart, having got safely out of Langley, took a tour, and halted at Ramsgate. Mrs. Jonas Smart staying behind with a relation.

To a man like Jonas, *ennui* is the worst of all ills. Jonas Smart resolved, whatever the cost, he would speedily find some mode of occupation. He entered a temperance coffee-house to consider about it, for like the late Mr. Smart, sen., he always considered before he acted. Sitting at a small table, discussing a cup of coffee, Jonas was attracted by two objects—the one a beautiful cat, the other an advertisement sheet. Jonas was very partial to cats. He looked at this one for a long time, wondering whether he could purchase it. Whilst his mind was thus occupied, Miss Puss went to sleep on the form beside him. Jonas cast his eyes on the advertisement sheet, and saw that the very temperance coffee house he was in was to let. At that minute the sleeping cat, as though disturbed by some dream, fell heavily to the ground. The fall awoke it, and without any ceremony, save a shake of its own beautiful coat, it resumed its seat, and went off to sleep again.

Jonas resolved to become proprietor of the coffee house. He entered into the necessary agreement, and, in due time, sent for Mrs. Jonas Smart, and was installed therein as its proprietor. Of course, Jonas had to study the position of affairs. Here he was the *bonâ fide* occupier of a respectable temperance coffee house. But, then, Jonas was not one of the cloth. He was, however, very temperate in his habits. That was not enough. He must be recognised on the Pledge Book, or he would find full soon that the title of the house would be a misnomer. Jonas took time to consider, as was his wont, and from pure reasoning, came to the

conclusion that he must sign the pledge. Now there was nothing hypocritical in the character of Jonas. He would not appear what he was not for the chance of money making. He was in an entirely new character, wearing a white apron which did infinite credit to his other half.

The only thing of a displeasing character to Jonas was the cathetical character of some three or four of the members of the *movement*. He did not like to be questioned too closely as to the time he had been a convert. He reasoned naturally enough that the customers would ungenerously place his teetotalism to the account of probable profit. His reasoning was perfectly correct. Many a little knot of members collected, and eagerly discussed the genuineness of Jonas Smart's abstinence. Jonas himself, however, was unacquainted with these disputations. He had resolved to be true to his pledge, come what might. It is true that the proprietorship of the temperance coffee house necessarily involved him in the movement. But Jonas could see quite clearly that teetotalism was the proper thing for a man in his position. He did not at first do a flourishing business; but he was patient and persevering. He opened an ante-room, at a penny admission, for public reading. All the leading papers and magazines were to be found in this room. Jonas Smart found this appendix to his business succeeding. He likewise saw that he must hire a boy to attend to the papers and run on errands.

His neighbour Wood, a plasterer, had a son, carved out by nature for the task. The younger Wood, for the sum



of two and sixpence per week, was lent to Jonas from *seven* in the morning till *ten* at night. The younger Wood was very obedient, and gave Jonas Smart great satisfaction. The younger Wood had dreams of future eminence. Often would he picture himself one of the stars of the great temperance movement. The younger Wood was a thorough teetotaler—a member of the Band of Hope. His brain was a glossary of teetotal terms. The names of the great guns of the movement were all inscribed there. And then what a fund of temperance literature was his! How he adored temperance verse, doggrel or poetry it mattered not, for the younger Wood believed everything must necessarily be good that bore the name of the cause, and everything opposed to it, *bad*. Jonas Smart, as might be expected, set a very high mental value on the younger Wood. It being well understood that two shillings and sixpence was the money-value of the advancing member of the Band of Hope.

One Saturday, the younger Wood had been very hard worked. Jonas Smart could not help it. It was not usual. It was ten at night when the valued member of the Band of Hope was sitting in the little reading room; he was dreaming awake, one of his own original dreams of future teetotal distinction. Just as he was in his highest Heaven, overcome by physical exertion, he fell asleep. At this time Jonas Smart was desirous of closing the coffee shop. The putting up of the shutters was the work of the younger Wood. Jonas Smart soon made the discovery that the invaluable

boy was sound asleep. Of course he could not allow his sleep to continue at that late hour ; so he called at the highest compass of his voice, " Wood," " Wood," " Wood." The younger Wood gave three loud snores, keeping musical time with Jonas Smart's echoes.

" Wood, Wood, Wood," again shouted the excited Jonas, snores again. At last Jonas Smart bestowed on the sleeping member of the Band of Hope, a few rough shakes. When the younger Wood opened his eyes and his mouth at the same time—" Here's your wages," said Jonas, placing in the boy's hand two-and-sixpence, and then in a momentary flush of generosity, presented him with twopence. The younger Wood took the money carelessly, put it into his pocket, gave a long yawn, and without speaking a word, advanced to the gas-light and extinguished it, leaving Jonas Smart in bewilderment and darkness. Of course Jonas was vexed ; but what could he do ! He did what all wise men ought to do. He reproduced the lights as quickly as he could. By this time the veritable member of the Band of Hope understood the nature of his dreams, and offered Mr. Jonas Smart necessary apology.

Several years went on with nothing of importance in Jonas Smart's career.

The younger Wood had grown into a young man. He had risen by dint of his strenuous attention to the Band of Hope principles, into something like importance. He was as much a dreamer as ever, only that his dreams were somewhat sobered by experience. He had been running after

their shadow for some years. He was now seeking their substance, if substance they possessed. At any rate, he had managed to edge himself into the position of Temperance Orator. Forgive the term, kind reader. We use it for the sake of the younger Wood—his ideas of life were mostly modelled in metaphor. To be simply plain was monstrous. He must ever be uncommon. The younger Wood dreamed of greatness in his boyhood, and he still dreamed of greatness in his manhood. But to him there was nothing great that was common or useful. Greatness was the high ideal of poetic fullness. Common-place lectures might suit the vulgar, but the younger Wood must have orations. Never could he descend to be happy in commonalities. To say that the younger Wood was not clever, would be a vile violation of the truth. To say that he was not an orator would certainly wound his over sensitive nature, but nevertheless, would be quite correct.

Many intellectual, well-intentioned, thorough-going pledged teetotalers ventured to *instruct* the ex-shop boy of Jonas Smart. The younger Wood expressed his thanks, and felt highly indignant; wondering where their faculties could be that they did not spontaneously exult in his great oratorical powers.

Jonas Smart was a frequent attendant at the temperance meetings. He was not a little astounded to discover his late assistant in the influential and very important character of public advocate.

The younger Wood came before the audience with an

amount of assurance that of itself displayed considerable taste. He commenced in a low, gradually rising tone of voice :—

“ The principles of the glorious temperance movement were so divine in their character ; so powerful in their effect ; so just in their application ; that he (the orator) could assure the audience, that the very angels of Heaven were rejoicing in their success. He rejoiced in the fact that he had sprung up like a tree from the Band of Hope. He had sprung up as it were to be one of the lights of the age—set up by Providence to scatter abroad the blessings of temperance. It was his opinion that the temperance advocates had been very long too sparing in their denunciations of the worst of all sins—moderation. He was sorry to find that they devoted so much time and care in arguments. What was the use of that ? The most subtle reasoning, the most assiduous labour, would fail to turn the moderate drinkers from their evil ways. No, no, that was all useless. What they wanted was a radical extermination of the diabolical drinking customs altogether. To effect this, the temperance advocates must buckle on new armour, and fight the Goliath of strong drink with different weapons to those hitherto employed. It might be all very well to use the weapons of moral suasion, when the dissipated drinkers would listen to reason. But it was well known that the slightest quantum of alcoholic fluids would produce a proportionate derangement of the reasoning faculties. Therefore, to attempt to reason with any but thorough-going-staunch

teetotalers would certainly be a prostitution of talent. The temperance advocates must one and all forsake the old Shibboleth. They must battle for the modern and only true one—the majestic *Maine Law*." (Mr. Wood, the younger, was getting warm, he was preparing, too, for the peroration, and would need great strength of brain and lungs to give it effect. So he assisted himself to a copious draught of water, amid the plaudits of his audience and the self-laudation of his own conceit.)

Mr. Jonas Smart had heard quite enough to satisfy him that the orator might do a deal towards enlisting the feelings of his hearers, but he would fail in enlisting their convictions. Mr. Jonas Smart was making his egress from the meeting, when Mr. Wood, the younger, drawing a long breath, begged of him to stay, as he should not occupy more than two minutes of their time.

Of course Jonas Smart, being naturally of a generous nature, submitted to the extra infliction, looking often at his watch. It so happened that the orator, keeping in view the theory of temperance, forgot his promise, and went on expatiating on the merits of the cause, until the auditory got tired and sleepy.

Mr. Jonas Smart found the two minutes elongated to forty. He sat in a state of nervous torture. The oration was over. The ex-prodigy of the coffee-house was welcomed on all hands. Every one cheered him, except Jonas, and every one except Jonas, waited to grasp his hand. He was an oracle among them. He was likewise in receipt of a

liberal salary paid from the funds of the league. Jonas never met him afterwards, although the rising orator travelled England over and over again, giving his so-termed orations.

There is a quietude unusual in the coffee house. Jonas Smart and Mrs. Jonas Smart are in mourning. They are on their way to their native village, Langley. Mrs. Jonas Smart has a mother lying dead, who has left a fortune to her. Mr. Jonas Smart has decided, like a wise man as he is, to desert Ramsgate, and settle in repose in the county which gave him birth.

After the funeral of Mrs. Jonas Smart's mother, it is settled that Mr. Jonas Smart shall return to Ramsgate, sell the business of the coffee house, and come back to Langley, to aid his fortunate wife to sink the funds legacied to her.

Just as Jonas, having settled everything to his satisfaction, makes his reappearance in his native village, he is astonished to learn that his old schoolmaster, Mr. Joshua Pratt, has been captured, found guilty of embezzlement, and sentenced to transportation.

Jonas Smart also discovers, to his perturbation, that the Ranting pastor, Old Dodham, is in possession of the shop and chapel which he had sold, as he thought, to a stranger.

Jonas Smart's eyes are yet to open with further astonishment. The chapel is still in existence, and in a flourishing condition, whilst Old Dodham is sole possessor of the business, having compelled the poor people who had advanced their small earnings, to aid him to purchase it, to receive back, to the value of their loans, the commodities he had for sale.

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## ERRATA.



Page 16, line 26, for the word *divide* read *divine*.

Page 67, line 8, for the word *seem'd* read *seem'd*.

Page 102, line 16, for the word *slow* read *flow*.

In the *dramatis personæ* of the Compact, read *Porter at Sliz's residence in Paris, as a distinct character from Thomas Wilkins.*

Page 145, line 1, for the word *your* read *you*.

Page 169, line 16, for the word *pretending* read *portending*.