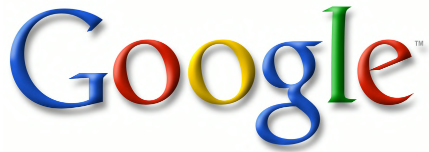

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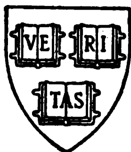

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

Evert Jansen Wendell

CLASS OF 1882

1918

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IN MEMORIAM

A Wreath of Stray Leaves

TO THE MEMORY

OF

EMILY BLISS GOULD

ob: 31*st* *Aug*. 1875.

ROME:

ITALO-AMERICAN SCHOOL PRESS, 106 VIA IN ARCIONE.

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Note by the Editor.

THE circumstances under which this little book comes forth, are, alas! so different from those which attended the projection of it, that a word in explanation of them seems to be required.

The plan and scope of the school established by Mrs Gould in Rome, where her husband Dr. Gould resides as physician to the American legation, have become too widely known, for it to be necessary to enlarge upon that subject here. It is sufficient to state,

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that among other means of preparing the destitute children, whom Mrs. Gould had bidden to come unto her, to earn a reputable living, a printing press had been established in the school. And the publication of a volume, such as the present, was suggested in the winter of 1874, as a means of at the same time assisting in a manner much needed, the funds of the little establishment, employing the printing press, and shewing what the pupils could do in that line. It was hoped that the volume would be issued in the spring of 1875. But delays, easily understood under the circumstances, occured. And then—in the summer of this year came the fatalest cause of delay of all,— the very serious illness of her, who was the life and soul not only of this enterprize, but of the larger and more important work, for the sake of which it was undertaken! Then

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after a few months of incessant suffering heroically borne on her part, and of faint hope gradually extinguished in black despair on the part of those around her, came the end. Mrs Gould died at Perugia on Tuesday the 31st August, 1875.

This is not the place for any attempt to give an account of the good work undertaken and done by Mrs Gould, or of the truly rare spirit of entire self-devotion with which it was carried out. All those, (and they were many) who witnessed her life in Rome, can testify that the above expression is as simply unexaggerated a statement of fact as if it were the enunciation of a mathematical fact. She gave her life to the work! So little did she ever look back from the plough, to which she had set her hand, that even amid the paroxysms of pain which it was her lot to suffer during many long weeks, her mind

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was constantly reverting to the arrangements to be made for the bringing out of this volume.

And now it is brought out,—posthumously! And we, all of us, the contributors to its pages, though we may still hope that the publication may, by the help of the public, be of some avail towards giving the aid so urgently needed to the funds for the support of the school, will never have the pleasure we had promised ourselves in seeing her pleasure, for whose sake each did his best!

Our plans were laid, our suggestions were made so merrily, so laughingly! all sorts of jesting titles for our projected volume were proposed; and one, conceived in merry mood, by her who will never jest more, was by acclamation voted the best! We have none of us the heart to put any such words on our title page now. We did each his

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part as a testimonial of affection and admiration for one who lived only for others—let it stand now as a memorial and tribute to her memory.

T. Adolphus Trollope.

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IN MEMORIAM

A Wreath of Stray Leaves.

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While in this book with care you build
From fragment of the hand and pen,
A little temple to be filled
With presences of famous men;
Remember that each good work done,
All alms in pious pity given,
Each risk of self for others run
Will be your autograph in Heaven.

HOUGHTON.

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PREFACE.

IT is now six months since at Castellamare, on the lovely bay of Naples, I prepared a preface for this volume. In it I gave a résumé of the labours of our dear friend, Emily Bliss Gould, from the date when she commenced them with a few lire and three little girls in an upper chamber of the Vicolo Soderini, down to that time when she had finally attained, as she believed, to the summit of her hopes, and had established an Industrial School and Home in the Via in Arcione. All was hopeful then; twenty orphans or homeless children were established there; the vari-

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ous schools were centred there; education, intellectual and moral, and work were going on cheerfully together. Two printing-presses were at work; and lucrative employment was largely promised.

The children were the type-setters, evincing, as is generally the case, great facility in the work, which to these young bright Italians was one of interest and delight. Various descriptions of work were in progress, but this volume, the idea of which was suggested by its gifted editor, was the most important. It was a scene of cheerful intelligent industry which filled my mind with a confidence beyond hope.

But alas! there was even then a cloud on the sunshine. The health of our friend was giving way. Nevertheless I wrote that preface with faith in the future, and transmitted it to Rome, where by some mysterious chance it disappeared. The printing of the volume was finished, but the words which were to introduce it to the world remained unsupplied. Meantime

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the heats of summer had come on, and she who was the head and heart of the Home in the Via in Arcione, now utterly prostrate, was obliged to leave the scene of her love and her labours, hoping, as all hoped, that she might return in the autumn, able to resume the oversight of the work which was so dear to her, and which without her lost its sweetest life. But God who loved her, willed otherwise. Her work though so incomplete in her own estimation, was accomplished in His. Mysterious are the ways of Divine Wisdom! We thought that she never was more needed here, but her place in heaven had been preparing during these years of her beloved work. With little children clustered round her knees, she had been advancing heaven-ward, in progressive purification, through months of long and unknown suffering, to take her place in that higher school of the angels, to which it had been her dearest wish to make her schools on earth a fore-court of preparation. Humanly speaking

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she had worn herself out in her ardent labours, and on the 31st August she passed away, the powers of her mind undiminished, and the love which burned in her heart as fervent as ever, but the worn-out frame, enfeebled with the severity of unexampled suffering, no longer able to enshrine the living spirit.

She is gone, like the true and noble of all times, from works to rewards. But is the work which she began to perish? Surely not. This volume, every letter of its type set by the agile fingers of little children, whom she loved — whom she rescued from want and ignorance—from crime and degradation, it may be —upon whose heads she had laid her hands in blessing, whom she had led to the Saviour and raised in the scale of humanity—this volume—their work as well as hers, comes forth as an appeal for *them*. She speaks through it and beseeches the friends who love her memory—all the friends of little children athirst for knowledge, as are these

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willing lambs of Christ's fold, to stand in her place, pillars as it were of that Home of industry and true instruction of which she laid the foundation. And surely this appeal will be regarded!

My first paper was lost. It was not needed. This much shorter, but alas! much sadder, supplies its place, and in the name of our dear departed friend and of the children whom she loved, I speak for her—from the grave. Let the motherless and homeless children, whom she gathered into a home of labour and love, become your children, now that she is gone; so that they—if not others also, may become a living, noble lasting monument, enduring through them to countless generations, to the memory of her who did all that she could—and perished in the doing of it.

Mary Howitt.

Austrian Tyrol.

September 18th, 1875.

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THE PRAYER

OF THE

CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces
Spite of all that mars and sears,
To my inmost heart appealing,
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling,
Steeping all my soul in tears!

Eloquent the children's faces,—
Poverty's lean look which saith
"Evil circumstance has bound us;
Sin and ignorance surround us;
Life is oft'times worse than death!

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Look into our childish faces,
  See ye not our willing heart?
Only love us, only lead us,
Only let us know you need us,
  And we all will do our part!

We are thousands—tens of thousands;
  Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner—
We, the legion of true honour,
  Combating for love of peace!

Train us, try us! days slide onward,
  They can ne'er be ours again!
Save us! save from our undoing,
Save from ignorance and ruin,
  Make us worthy to be men!

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Give us light to cheer our darkness;
  Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, shew us kindness!—
  You can make us what you will!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
  Consecrate to man our powers,
Let us take our proper station,—
We, the rising generation;
  Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be whate'er you make us:—
  Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial,
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
  Patience, kindness, fortitude!

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Send us to our weeping mothers
Angel-stamped, on heart and brow!
We may be our father's teachers,—
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!"

Such the children's mute appealing—
All my inmost soul was stirred,
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a voice, like summer's gladness,
Said, "the children's prayer is heard!"

MARY HOWITT.

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THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS

THE power of simulation and dissimulation is often supposed to imply the talent of dramatic personation. This is a great mistake. The distinction between the two arts is just that between lying and speaking the truth.

There are few secrets which do not cover a wrong, none perhaps which does

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not involve a lie. Hence, though a true religion may have mysteries, it can have no secrets.

Charity, benevolence, liberality, are common virtues; gratitude is comparatively rare, for it is easier to be generous than to be just. We pride ourselves on our indulgent judgments, our forgiveness of wrongs, our benefactions, because they flatter our self-love as savouring of magnanimity and heroism, while justice is felt as a mere mechanical calculation of debit and credit, a matter of arithmetic not of sentiment.

The truest kindness is justice; to render to every man his due. Our means, moral as well as material, are so meted out to us that we never have

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more than enough to fulfil our obligations; for our duties increase with our means, and we cannot give to one that to which he is not entitled, without denying to another that which he has a right to expect.

A weak character may be generous; only a strong one can be just.

Subjectiveness of character is often mistaken for selfishness. Some persons of a narrow range of thought are so exclusively occupied with what immediately concerns them, that they habitually obtrude themselves and their affairs upon others in a way that savours of excessive egotism; and yet the sphere of their real sympathies and even of their active benevolence may be a wide one. On the other hand,

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an apparent forgetfulness of self, and an attentiveness to the feelings and interests of others, the mere result of social training, is not inconsistent with the extreme of selfishness.

The best ordered life is that which least haunted by its own past.

The silent man is incommunicative from diffidence, or shyness of temperament, or from a conscious want of the power of expression; the reserved man from constitutional prudence or distrust. The tongue of the former may be loosened; that of the latter, not.

With the majority of men not merely animal in life, the strongest passion is

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love of power; the strongest tie, attachment to party. When a New York politician said: "I would vote for the devil if he were *our* regular candidate," he expressed a sentiment which, consciously or unconsciously, controls the action of most men in religion and politics.

We meet in fiction and in history characters and incidents which seem to belong equally to the domain of both. When these occur in a romance, we say: this is too true to be imaginary; it must have been borrowed from real life. When we find them in biography or historical narrative, we say: this is too good to be true; it must be an invention. For example, the true story of the lady who ordered a copy of Allori's Judith, because the colour suited her hangings and furniture, but desired the painter to

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put a bouquet in the hand of Judith instead of the head of Holofernes. So the dialogue in the *Mill on the Floss*, where the invalid Aunt Pullet describes her husband's care in keeping all her pill-boxes and medicine phials, in order that "when she was gone, folks might see" what a quantity of " doctor-stuff" she had taken.

A question being raised about Mr.—'s religion, I said: "His prie-dieu is a mirror, and he serves the God he sees in it."

In the dialect of criticism, an author who acknowledges his obligations is a *compiler;* one who conceals his thefts is an *original writer*.

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To borrow a book and not return it is worse than stealing. It is theft aggravated by breach of trust.

Speaking to a European lady of Mrs.— of New York, whose fine qualities of heart and intellect have not been smothered by the indulgences, the pride or the penury of great wealth, I said: " Enfin, elle est digne d'être pauvre. "

Every one is willing to be blamed when he is in the wrong; but some people never are in the wrong.

The hardest work in the world is *our* work; the easiest, other people's.

G. P. Marsh.

Rome, Feb. 1, 1875.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WHAT time I wander'd on a southern shore,
  Beside the waters of a shelter'd bay,
The voice of each long billow evermore
  Unto mine ear did seem to sing a lay
Of him who found the evening land, afar
  Beyond the western star.

Oft in my childhood, did I dream of him,
  That venturous sailor of the days of old,
Whose hope long years of waiting could not dim,
  Whose courage through long sorrow, wax'd not
Nor rested he, until his flag was furl'd [cold;
  Within a new-found world.

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Most like the chieftain famed in ancient song,
  Who sail'd away into the golden west,
And wander'd on the stormy waters long,
  Seeking in vain the islands of the Blest: —
But never more unto the Grecian strand
  Came that heroic band.

And sages oftimes said that there must lie
  A land beyond the moaning of the wave,
Beneath the crimson of the sunset sky,
  Awaiting still the coming of the brave,
Who there should drink the waters of the well
  Where youth doth ever dwell.

Such dim sweet legends had they told. And he,
  Who sang the threefold kingdom of the dead,
Spake of an island in the middle sea,
  Whereto the spirits of the just were led,
There to be purified by grief and pain
  From every earthly stain.

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And yet the world was waxing old; and none
  Had dared to cross the desert waters wide:
But now at last the marvellous goal is won,
  And a new realm hath bow'd before the pride
Of those who are enthron'd among the flowers
  Of bright Granada's bowers.

But what of him who gain'd the glorious spoil,
  And gave to Spain that fair, new hemisphere?
What recompense hath he for all his toil,
  For care and sorrow borne through many a year?
In sooth, the land he won from out the wave
  Bears not the name he gave!

Yet had he his reward —for it is well
  That from our toiling, joy's deep fountains flow
Not in the end attain'd doth gladness dwell;
  We find it by the wayside as we go,—
Then labour, till thou sleep beneath the sod;
  Leave thou thy work with God!

Claudia H. Ramsay.

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BERNARDO NOSTRO.

DARKEN the room! Shut out all the light of the work-a-day world around us! We are going to see a picture from the raree-show of History. Now we light the magic lantern! See! through the darkness on the white sheet, there shows itself the magic circle of light!

Rome at the end of the second decade of the 16th century! It is May in the year 1520. A garden terrace, flooded by such moonlight as only those matchless skies produce! The bell-towers

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throughout the reposing, but not silent city, are striking the first hour after midnight. Not a silent city; for Rome was in those halcyon days an eminently pleasure-loving community; and those small hours of the lovely moonlit summer night were, to very many of the dwellers in the Eternal city, the hours specially dedicated to festivity and enjoyment. That jovial Pagan, Leo the 10th, was on the Papal throne, then in the 7th year of his Papacy; he, who on his election exclaimed, "Since God has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it!" and who forthwith set himself with his whole heart to do so, giving an example, which Rome did her utmost in all ways to follow!

Surely it is the terrace of the Colonna gardens on the Quirinal, which designs itself on the magic light circle! No one of those, who have visited the Eternal

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city can mistake it, even though in many respects, it was not then, as they have seen it. The famous horses, said to be master pieces of Phidias and Praxsiteles, which have given its world-celebrated name to the Monte Cavallo, were not then on their pedestal. The trim evergreen hedges enclosing flower gardens, which now top the hill, were the work of a Colonna who lived an hundred years later. The place was very unkempt, and to a gardener's eye in very slovenly condition. But perhaps it was not less lovely, not less full of that strangely intense and yearning sadness, which is so singularly characteristic of Rome, and of its indefeasible dower of beauty. Then, as now, the terrace on the brow of the Quirinal commanded the grand outlook over the modern city; though not as yet had the mighty dome, planned by the genius of Michael Angelo reared

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itself in air to complete the landscape. Then, as now, there were to the right hand of the terrace the huge walls and shapeless masses of colossal masonry, which were once the baths of Constantine; though no modern roof had been thrown over them to destroy the picturesque effect of them. And then, as now, to the left of the terrace, looking city-wards, there lay on the soil those wonderful fragments of Titanic architecture, (one mass of marble, a part of a grand gigantic frieze, weighing, upwards of an hundred tons!) which have rested there, since the barbarians destroyed Aurelian's Temple of the Sun; and seem as likely to remain there as Nature's mountains to remain firm on their foundations! A few huge plants of cactus, and of the wild aloe, the pale grey green of whose spiky leaves assorted admirably with the weather-stained frag-

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ments of marble, nestled close to these, evidently mistaking them for Nature's own ruins, cleaved by her own hand from her own rock towers! A few brilliantly coloured roses filled all the still night air with fragrance. And the same compassionate moonlight, that silver'd those mighty fragments, when they sparkled white beneath the rays on the summit of Aurelian's temple, now gently bathed the hoary ruins with its pale beam, and flooded the whole terrace with its radiance.

And now, as we gaze at this fair scene presented on our light-circle, see, the magic lens evokes for us from the dark abysses of the past, the living actors, who on that May night, some three hundred and fifty years ago, were peopling the scene, and passing across the enchanted field of light in the great procession of the ages, like May-flies

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dancing through their day of life in the summer sunbeam.

But if to the nineteenth century mind, an ineffable melancholy be the main characteristic of the scene, it does not seem by any means so to impress itself on the senses of the group, we now see occupying it. And why should those revellers be sad? with a Leo the 10th in Peter's chair, and golden streams of tribute pouring into the city from every country in Europe, why should any in Rome be sad?—why, above all, those whose position made them sharers in the good things which the Pontiff was so determined to enjoy? Those were halcyon days in Rome. Rome eating, drinking, painting, singing, making verses, making love, under her soft blue skies, could not yet hear the warning growls of the tempest that was rising on the other side of the Alps; the

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tempest, that so soon was to break and scatter to the winds all "enjoyment" of the Papacy! Little did one of the small festive party, the eldest among them, wot of that other yet nearer and more immediate storm, that within seven short years of that moon-light May night, was to burst over Rome, with the renegade Bourbon, the terrible Constable, in the character of the destroying angel, and to make his cherished bijou of a home a heap of smoking ruins, destroy his choice gardens, and scatter to the winds his books, his manuscripts, his medals, and his antiquities! He is Angelo Colocci, now in his fifty-third year, being as has been said the oldest of the party. He is the only layman of the company, though he did not long remain so, having a few years later received the bishoprick of Nocera from his patron Leo the 10th, as soon as he had qualified himself for accepting

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it, by burying his second wife. It was only the other day that he received a present of four thousand crowns from the Pontiff, in recognition of a copy of verses in his praise! Yet none of the poets and poetasters, the wits and witlings of all sorts, who were in those palmy days attracted to the court of a Pontiff who thus paid for flattery, even as vultures congregate from every quarter of the sky to a carcass,—no one of them envied Angelo Colocci, either his four thousand crowns, or all the many pretty pickings he got from the various offices heaped upon him by his patron. For what he won easily, he spent generously; and was in his turn a patron of all the literary brotherhood, who were less well provided than himself. Yet layman as he was, and dignified ecclesiastics as some of his companions at that moonlight revel were, Colocci was the grave

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and reverend senior of the party, tolerating, with the easy license of the time, but not sharing in, the somewhat more than lax morality of his companions.

Between him and young Francesco Berni, sat the hero of the little festival, Pietro Bembo the Venetian, whose fiftieth birthday the little knot of choice spirits had met to celebrate;—elegant, scholarly Bembo, who, all churchman as he was, had been just writing to his friend Sadoleto, the Bishop of Carpentras, conjuring him not to read those barbarous Epistles of St. Paul, for that he would infallibly spoil his latin style if he did!—sagacious, political Bembo, not Cardinal as yet, (for which dignity he had to wait yet nineteen years longer;) but holding the high and responsible position of private secretary to his Holiness;—pleasure-loving Bembo, whom neither his fifty years, nor the counsels of his graver

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friends could avail to separate from a certain Morosina, the grave secretary's fondness for whom was no secret among his friends,—which meant well-nigh all Rome.

Next to Bembo, on his left hand, sat,—if that term can be applied to one whose unceasing, restless movements, never left him quiet for a minute together, young Berni, whose burlesque and satiric muse had already at twenty-five, made him the delight and the terror of Rome;—Berni, of whom his friends might say that they could neither live with him nor without him, so charming was his ever ready wit;—so terrible his pungent and biting tongue—so pleasant the easy licence of his high-kilted muse—so dangerous the malignant stab of his dagger–pen! He had come to Rome penniless from his native Tuscan Casentino valley, and was waiting for the rich

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Florentine canonicate, which came in due time to secure to him an easy old age in his native Tuscany. Some men's lives are failures because they have fallen upon times, or spheres not suited to them. But Rome under Leo the 10th, was of all the world, and all the ages, the very spot and time for Berni. At any other time or place, he would have been a witty, amusing dog, but too loose and scurrilous a ne'er-do-well, to have reached a higher or more reputable social standing, than that of a tavern-haunter, and boon companion. But at the court of Christ's Vicegerent, where sock and buskin alike were worn beneath the cassock, and the most profligate wit naturally took "holy orders," Berni was the right man in the right place! Already at five and twenty, he was universally in request; no feast or revel was complete without him, and ecclesiastical honours

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and secure wealth, awaited his old age.

Next to Berni, there sits a young man —he is now in his thirty-first year, — who has all the appearance of a worn out rake, well on in his journey towards the wretched ending, to which his irregularities and excesses in a few more years conducted him. It is,—as nobody then living in Rome need have been told, Francesco Maria Molza, the poet; and brother member of Berni at the Academia of the VINAIUOLI,—the "Vintager's Club," as one of the many such associations then flourishing in Rome called itself. Molza unfortunately, had disqualified himself for making his fortune at Rome, by committing the great mistake of marrying before he came thither. He had a wife and children in far off Modena; but what he could do toward qualifying himself for the society of the gay and tonsured bachelor world of the Pontiff's Capital, he

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did, by leaving his incumbrances in his native Modena, to be cared for by his old father, who disinherited his scapegrace poet-son for his reward. Molza however, though considered a black sheep at Modena, was, despite his profligacy, a pet among all the "Eminent" and "Right Reverend" patrons of learning and literature in the capital of the Christian world, which was at that time the most eminently Pagan city in Christendom, and was ever a welcome guest at such meetings, as that we are looking at, in the Colonna gardens on the Quirinal, on the night of the 20th of May, 1520.

Dignified personages as some of the party are,— and the most dignified is still expected to join the symposium;— the supper before them consists of the simplest fare;–a ham from the Casentino woods, sent up as a present to BERNI from his peasant friends at home, salad

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of the freshest and crispest, with genuine Lucca oil, and Modena vinegar; — a choice and special cheese from the fat Lombardy pastures, which Bembo has received from Padua; and last, not least assuredly, more than one fair big-bellied Tuscan flask,—none of your slender and meagre Roman pretenders to the name of that jovial article !—of real Montepulciano wine. And though Redi had not yet sung the praises of that monarch of the Tuscan vineyards, and the Roman topers boasted, as they still boast, of their Montefiasconi andOrvieto, it had already been discovered by experience,—*Experimentaliter* —that the ruby brilliant Montepulciano is indeed, as the Tuscan physician-poet assures us "di ogni vino il Re!"

One guest, as I have said, is yet expected, as is evident from the talk of the four who have met;—expected, but not waited for; as is evident from the empty

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and prone condition of one of the flasks.

"Francesco mio," says Molza turning to Berni, "your Tuscan wrist has the trick of it! Toss me the oil out of the neck of yonder flask; featly now, as none but you Tuscans can, so as to leave the flask neck clean, and waste not above half a dozen drops of the precious grape-juice".

" Shall we not keep our second flask unbroached, till our tarrying friend join us?" rejoins Bembo. " Nay! I meant but to have his glass in readiness for him. He must surely be here soon;" returns the thirsty poet.

"Nostro Bernardo is late to-night! He has doubtless been tired in looking to the last of the preparations for to-morrow's representation;" says friend Angelo Colocci; "if it were any other occasion than our Bembo's birth-day, I should think he had forgotten us".

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"It is astonishing how strangely the purple injures the memory!" quoth caustic Berni, who unheeding Bembo's suggestion had siezed Colocci's second flask by the long neck, and with that dexterous outward jerk of the wrist, which every true Tuscan is master of, and none save Tuscáns have the knack of, had thrown out the half-inch depth of oil from the slender neck of the flask, with the least possible waste of wine.

"Francesco loves to bite!" says Bembo quietly, "but purple, or no purple, I never knew our Bernardo forgetful of a friend; — or even of a needy relative!" he adds with a caustic smile address'd to Berni, who in truth was a far-off cousin of the Bernardo, whose coming was so long delayed; —Bernardo Dovizi, then, as since, better known as the Cardinal da Bibiena, except among such friends as are now assembled in the

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Colonna gardens among whom, purple, or no purple, as Bembo, himself, to become a "porporato" some nineteen years later, had said–he was still as always "Bernardo Nostro." He too, his kinsman Berni, whom, as Bembo had hinted, Bernardo Dovizi had with true clannish feeling drawn after him to Rome, even as he himself had been drawn;–he too, grand personage as he now is, had been born a poor lad in the obscure and secluded little Tuscan town of Bibiena, and had often gazed wistfully from its high piazza terrace wall over the sweet Casentino woods and streams, away to the spur of the Appenine, which shut in him and his native valley from the Valdarno, from Florence, and from fortune. But an elder brother of the Dovizi had succeded in crossing that wistfully gazed-at hill, beyond which,lay for the young Bernardo the realization of all sorts of golden

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dreams, and had achieved the far greater success of hitching himself on in some capacity to the mighty house of Medici. Given such a chance and needful allowance of brains, and what might not be asked and expected from Fortune! The elder Dovizi, Scotchman-like and Tuscan-like, was not forgetful of the poor family left at home in poor little hungry Bibiena; but seizing fitting occasion by the forelock, with shy wistful reverence and cap in hand, confides to the "Magnificent" Lorenzo that he has a brother at home in the Casentino, who was dying of ambition to become, he also, a devoted servant of the good and gracious Medici!–a likely lad, who, the brother was sure would do credit to his recommendation."So, so! To be sure! Why not! Let him come! There's our son, His Eminence, the Cardinal, who will be fourteen next birth-day; your"

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"brother is nineteen, you say. Well, let him come and serve our boy-cardinal." And so, with that careless word, all the life-course and future fortunes of our Bernardo were shaped out and settled. He came, and at once made himself acceptable to the pleasure-loving, but also study-loving young Cardinal. The two lads studied together, went together to Rome, went together into exile, when the bad days came with the invasion of French Charles the eight; and together emerged into the sun of prosperity and Rome, when the second Julius sate in Peter's seat Of course "our Bernardo" was long since in "Holy orders". What is the use of being attached to a Cardinal if you don't qualify yourself for any favours Fortune may have in store for you! The young satellite of the House of Medici found the means of making himself agreeable

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and useful to Julius; and when Julius died, was of no small assistance in helping his patron to climb into the vacant chair. And no sooner had he done so, than he forthwith pulled his ladder up after him, making "Bernardo nostro" a Cardinal in his turn. And now in his fiftieth year, for he was born in the same year with Bembo—he is "enjoying" his cardinalate quite after the fashion in which his master is "enjoying" the papacy.

A useful man too is our Bernardo in the more serious business of life, as well as a pleasant boon companion! He has recently returned from France, whither he had been sent by Leo on an embassy to Francis the first; to whom also it seems, our Bernardo has found the means of making himself especially agreeable. So much so, that it is whispered by our Bernordo's nearest intimates, that he has

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come back from France with certain strange and unseemly ideas and ambitions in his head, put into it by that kindred spirit, Francis of Valois,—ideas of what might happen, the French king aiding, if–if–if he, the Cardinal da Bibiena should survive his old master and friend, and junior by some five years, the reigning Pontiff! Dangerous matters to whisper even in the ears of dearest friends,—dangerous to think of even in that Papal city of open ears and cautions tongues! No harm yet however, thank Heaven, as far as can be judged from Vatican serenities, and the jocund face and friendly ways of our jovial Pagan "Servus Servorum"! Yet there are certain capacities for savage passions observable enough in the small eyes of that heavy jowled face, which Raffael's brush has made as well known to our nineteenth century world, as that of the

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most familiar of our contempararies;—a certain evil glance, much similar to that which may be seen in the vicious eyes of swine, when excited to anger. And then "Nostro Bernardo" is perhaps scarcely as prudent as might be wished. At present however, on this 20th of May, 1520, there can be no menace of storm in the Papal atmosphere, for is not the already celebrated drama of "Bernardo Nostro," his "Calandra," by many esteemed to be the earliest genuine comedy in the Italian language, to be represented tomorrow in gala fashion before His Holiness at the Vatican? Baldassare Peruzzi, our painter, architect, decorator, and artistic upholsterer in chief, has been for weeks past engaged in turning one of the halls of the Apostolic palace, into a charming theatre for the representation of our Bernardo's drama. And doubtless as

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Colocci has suggested, his delay in joining his friends' little supper on the Qurinal has been caused by the necessity of superintending the last preparations, to assure himself, that all is in readiness for the grand gala to-morrow.

Francesco Berni was endowed by nature and by practice with far too large a stock of unblushing impudence for him to be in the least abashed by Bembo's sarcasm. " Let us hope it may be so"! is all his answer, "for I have need of much more at his hands, than I have yet had from him! "

"Amen! And if I mistake not, there comes his Eminence up the hill through the garden. I saw the twinkle of his torch-bearers' light between the bay-trees. To think that because a man wears purple stockings, the moon should be no longer good enough for him!" cries Molza.

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In another minute, "nostro Bernado"—His Eminence, the Cardinal da Bibiena tops the steep ascent, and stands among the little knot of his intimates.

Bronzino's pencil, with characteristically individualizing touch has recorded for us the exact presentment of him, as he stands recieving the greeting of his friends, and as the reader may still see him on the walls of the Corsini gallery in the Trastevere. There is the florid face; the sensual yet pleasant mouth; the bright black eye with a shrewdly wicked twinkle in it, full of intelligence, but telling nothing of the higher order of intellect; the full forehead large over the eye- brows, and betokening all that richness of the perceptive powers, which constitutes the artistic temperament, but shewing little above, of those developements, that indicate the possession of the nobler mental qualities, which ally

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themselves with the moral sentiments. A comely countenance upon the whole;—nay a handsome one, to eyes not wont to look for spiritual nobility, as a needful complement to their idea of beauty. He is now in his fiftieth year, and young looking for his age;—the same as that of his friend Bembo, the secretary, whose birthday the little party are celebrating.

"And how has Messer Baldassare acquitted himself?" asked the last named member of the party, as soon as the usual salutations had passed, and the new comer had seated himself between Bembo and Molza, and had filled a tall glass from the flask of Montepulciano, declining the offer of any more solid viands; "is everything ready for the representation to-morrow, as your Eminence would have it? Will the *locus in quo* be worthy of the action?"

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"More than worthy! Our Baldassare, has surpassed himself. I think I may say that our modern day has not yet seen a drama placed upon the stage with comparable magnificence. The representation will be worthy not only of the poor poet's work, but of the audience!" replies our Bernardo, showing his white teeth, as he looked round with a self-gratulatory smile.

"His Holiness then has positively decided to be present?" asks Molza with a slight flavour of envy in his tone.

"Altro! why it was for that, that our Peruzzi has been labouring."

"I wonder whether his Holiness has any idea of the nature of the entertainment provided for him?" asks Colocci, the grave and reverend Senior of the party.

"Ta....ta....ta....ta; what chant are you chanting me there my good Angelo?" returns his Eminence.

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"Does Messer Colocci suppose that anything so full of choice fun, as the Calandra, could have been in existence a week without our Holy Father having shaken his sides over it?" says Berni.

"Thanks Francesco mio!" returns the Cardinal dramatist.

"Full of the choicest wit, yes, undoubtedly. Still it cannot be denied that our friend's facetious vein has carried him into . . . well, into regions where one hardly expects to have a Pope for fellow laugher," rejoins Colocci with a smile and a shrug.

"Old wives tales, my Angelo. Obsolete! Out of date! These ideas of yours, pardon me for saying so, belong to the old barbarous days, before the rebirth of classical taste had modified and civilized the asperities and crudities of biblical prejudice. Is it not so, my Pietro?" says the dramatist, turning to Bembo.

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"Nay; it is not my wont, or my place to be censorious," says Colocci, with a tolerant shrug, and raising of the eyebrows.

In justice to Colocci however it may be whispered in the reader's ear, that this "Calandra," the proto-comedy of Italian literature could not be tolerated on the most licentious stage of the nineteen century. It is a kind of comedy of errors, turning on the absolute similitude of a brother and sister, who, each supposing the other to have perished in the sacking of their native city by Turks, are led by a variety of circumstances to travesty themselves, each in the garments of the other sex, and pass through sundry adventures, the nature of which may be dimly imagined, but which it is quite impossible to reproduce in these pages. The indecency however,—and this is a curious trait of almost all Italian

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licentious writing, markedly distinguishing it from the tone of similar works in French;—is rather that of a savage than of a rake; is put forth with a sort of naive unconsciousness, that there is anything amiss in it; and appears to accept facts and situations the most abominable and revolting, with a calm conviction that such is the common course of things, and an utter oblivion that "*ought*" or "*ought not*" has any part to play in human affairs.

"For my part," says Francesco Berni, who had about as much capacity for reverence in his composition as a tom-tit, "I don't see for the life of me, why a Pope should not laugh as well as another!"

"Nor I, Francesco mio! . . . . and the day may come perhaps when it will be well for the laughers that I do think so! It would never do, would it, that our holy Father should have a fanatic or

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an ascetic for a successor!" says "Bernardo Nostro" with a meaning look at his young kinsman.

"Pardon me,my friend," puts in Bembo with a somewhat uneasy look upon his handsome features, "if I hint to you, that it is not well or wholesome, to talk of Pope's successors;"

"Pooh, pooh! Pietro! cautious old long-head that you are! are we not among friends, and those of the closest? and let me tell you, friends all, since such we are all here, that there is an other Francesco, besides our Berni here, who thinks as we do on the matter, a Francesco, who is the noblest cavalier, the most delightful companion, and the greatest monarch in Christendom! Ay! even so, my friends! one has not the chance of such companionship for nothing. And I can tell you, that when I took leave, not six months since,

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of his most gracious Majesty, certain words were said. . . "

"Hush! hush! Bernardo, I for one like not such talk! let us speak of something else," urges Bembo again.

"Well! Chi vivrà vedrà! Those who live will see, what they shall see; but let us talk of something else, if you will. Who else besides his Holiness, think you, Signori miei, is to be present at the performance to-morrow? I will give you an hundred guesses to guess it. Colocci will turn up the white of his eyes with more compunction than ever, and belike cross himself, if he has not forgotten the trick of it," says the jovial Bernardo.

"Perhaps His Eminence of Florence "the Cardinal of Medici, (*) returns Colocci, with a sly smile.

(*) Who afterwards in 1523, became Pope Clement the seventh.

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"Hang him; the sly, hypocritical fox! one worth a thousand of him. What say you, Signori miei, to the noble, and gracious lady, Elizabetta di Gonzaga?"

A little movement of surprise ran through the party "Brava la Gonzaga!" Berni is the first to cry.

"Your Eminence was right! I confess, I am surprised," says Colocci quietly.

"Why should you be surprised Messer Angelo? Who may not follow, when Chirst's Vicar leads the way?" put in Molza in atone of mock seriousness.

"Come, come! I like not to be censorious" says Bembo, "Elisabetta di Gonzaga is a most virtous lady."

"Of course she is, and la Calandra, is a most virtous comedy. And Messer Bernardo is a most virtuous dramatist, and cardinal *papabile*" (*) sneers Fran-

(*) In the language of the Conclave, those cardinals who are considered at all likely candidates for the papacy are called "papabili".

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cesco Berni, sinking his voice however, as he uttered the last words, so that only his neighbour, Molza, heard them.

"And now my friends, one glass more to thank you all for your courteous kindness, and to our next pleasant meeting and then, we will get us home to our beds. The moon is beginning to wane *suadent que cadentia sidera somnum*" says Bembo, filling his own glass, and those of his friends. And the little symposium terminated; Colocci, whose house was near at hand, walking thither alone, while "Bernardo Nostro," and Bembo strolled off together in one direction to their respective residences, and the two juniors, the brother members of the Vintagers' club, Molza and Berni, moved off, arm in arm . . . probably *not* in the direction of their's.

And with that, *click* goes the magic lantern, the lens is darkened the en-

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chanted circle of light vanishes; the scene which has been evoked is once again swallowed up in the abysses of the past; the actors in it disappear into the vast darkness, and "leave not a wrack behind!"

The Calendra was duly or unduly performed at the Vatican on the morrow. Leo, the jolly Pagan, shook his fat sides at the coarse jokes. The blameless lady, Elizabetta Gonzaga hid her face, it may be supposed, behind her fan; and the noble Roman dames, it is to be hoped followed her example.

But to complete the story of the florid, happy-looking dignitary who still lives on Brozino's canvass, in the Corsini palace, it should be told that "Nostro Bernardo" neither in the pleasant Colonna gardens, nor elsewhere kept any subsequent birthday.

Despite the flattering insinuations

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of that noble cavalier, and perfect scoundrel, Francis the first of France nay, as the biographers and historians of that day thought, because of those insinuations, "Bernardo Nostro," in the midst of his high prosperity, and higher hopes, died on the ninth of the following November—poisoned, as was believed, "in a couple of eggs."

His jovial Beatitude, Leo the tenth, though by no means unwilling to stretch a point of papal duty in the way of doing a kindness to a fellow Tuscan, and especially to an adherent of his family, yet did not by any means like speculations, as to what was to happen in this bright sunshiny world, after he should have set off on the dark journey —he knew not whither.

"But" says judicious, courtly Tiraboschi, who does not like speaking evil of dignitaries "it seems to me that if Leo

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the tenth had caused him to be poisoned, he would not have permitted the body to be opened."

And Tiraboschi may be right.

T. Adolphus Trollope.

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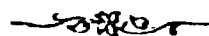
ROME-SICKNESS.



TO daily tasks we set our hand,
  And oft the spirit, pent at home,
Breaks out and longs for Switzerland,
  Longs oftener yet and pines for Rome.

I pass'd to-day o'er Walton Heath—
  The coming spring-time's earliest stir
Quickened and moved, a happy breath,
  In moss, and gorse, and shining fir.

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Fortunate firs! who never think
  How firs less curst by Fortune's frown
O'er Glion fringe the mountain's brink,
  Or dot the slopes to Vevey down.

I cross'd St. George's Hill to-day—
  There in the leaf-strewn copse I found
The tender foxglove-plants display
  Their first green muffle on the ground.

They envy not, this tranquil brood,
  The cyclamens whose blossoms fill
With fragrance all Frascati's wood
  Along the gracious Alban Hill!

Man only, with eternal bent
  To come and go, to shift and range,
At life and living not content,
  Chafes in his place, and pines for change.

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Yet happy, – since his feverish blood
  Leaves him no rest, and change he will, –
When restlessness is restless good,
  Still mending, lessening, human ill!

Unwearied, as from land to land
  The incessant wanderer takes his way,
To hold the light and reach the hand
  To all who sink, to all who stray!

Matthew Arnold.

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PROGRESSIVE STEPS OF

POPULAR EDUCATION.

A PIONEER WORKING SCHOOL,

by WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE spirit now abroad for universal education is apt to cause us to forget how very recent is this spirit. Its growth and growing prevalence, are things mainly of the last thirty or forty years. Thirty years ago, parish schools for the working classes in England were rare; many parishes of England had no such schools; in many, such a thing had never existed since the Norman conquest. Scotland, on the contrary had long had its parish

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schools, and the effect of this was shown by the greater facility with which Scotchmen of the operative class, made their way in the world.

It is not be to supposed, that even then, the educational spirit sprang up at once. It had a long embryo period, indicating its partially recognized existence in different countries by scattered, isolated, and for a long time, by comparatively abortive efforts. It was moving both in Europe and America as early as the middle of the last century, and betwixt that date, and the commencement of this century, the names and plans of Hacker, Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, Raikes, Bell and Lancaster had awakened a lively interest. From the opening of this century, popular education has gone on continually opening new phases, developing new institutions, and within the period of thirty but still more

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markedly of twenty years, its progress has resembled that of mechanical science, the introduction of steam, telegraphy, and railroads: acquiring an ever-increasing velocity, and an ever-expanding field of operation.

It is worth while to take a concise review of this grand march of popular instruction. The noble-spirited lady, who is now introducing the principle of working-schools into Rome, and from whose school-press the present volume issues, is an American, and it is a notable fact that the originator of popular education was also an American, at least, by residence.

The first Sabbath School for the children of the poor was established by Ludwig Hacker at Ephrata, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, between 1740 and 1747. We are accustomed to regard Robert Raikes of Gloucester, England,

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and his coadjutor Dr. Stock, as the originator of Sunday Schools, but it will be seen by this, that Raikes, whose first Sunday School was opened in Gloucester in 1781, came after Ludwig Hacker, at least thirty-four years. The Sabbath Schools of Hacker had a successful existence of thirty years, and were only put an end to by the cursed extinguisher of good and propagator of evil,–War. In 1777, Hacker's original School was broken up in the war of Independence by the battle of Brandywine; the school-room, being turned into a hospital; and owing to the same cause the other Sabbath Schools of the German Seventh-day Baptists, to whom Hacker belonged, were dispersed.

About four years after this deplorable end of so admirable an institution, but thirty-four years after its commencement, Robert Raikes opened his first Sunday

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School in Gloucester. In 1833, this "happy thought" of utilizing the only leisure hours of the generality of the children of the working class, the majority of them being "working children" had expanded itself into 16,828 schools, containing 1,548,890 children. In 1802, the Sunday School union was founded; and this Union alone in 1867, supported 652 schools. In the same year 1802, which witnessed the formation of the Sunday School Union, was established the first school on a new principle, constituting a new epoch in popular education; that of Pestalozzi and Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, in Switzerland. This school combined the ordinary branches of primary education, with the teaching of agriculture, and other arts. It also adopted the plan of mutual instruction, called the Monitorial System introduced by Dr. Bell in India, in

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1795, and by Joseph Lancaster into England, in 1796.

The Hofwyl school, however, was but the perfected outgrowth of ideas and practices introduced by Pestalozzi as early as 1775, whilst Hacker's Sabbath School was still existing in America, and six years before Robert Raikes had started his Sunday School at Gloucester. Pestalozzi had for twenty years laboured under many discouragements, but with undiscourageable philanthrophy, at his generous plans. In 1775, he converted his farm into a school, not only for reading and writing, but for working. It finally failed from want of public sympathy and support, but still undaunted, he organized in 1798 an orphan school, where he made his first trial of mutual instruction, by employing the more advanced children to teach the others, and to assist in maintaining

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order, under the name of Monitors. Dr. Bell at Madras and Joseph Lancaster in England, had preceded him in this particular practice; the one by three years, the other by two, but probably without any one of these philanthropists being cognizant of each other's movements. Discoveries generally reveal themselves in constellations. Pestalozzi's monitorial school, like Hacker's Sabbath School in America, fell a victim to the demon of war. Like the American parent school, it was turned into a hospital for the Austrian army. Finally, Pestalozzi united with Fellenberg in the enterprise of Hofwyl, which for a time possessed a world-wide reputation. The year 1795 gave permanent existence to the Monitorial system, by its introduction into the Orphan House at Madras by Dr. Bell, and its application in England in the following year,

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1796, by Joseph Lancaster. He was a young Quaker, who began his school for the children of the poor, with a most inconsiderable number of pupils. When only eighteen years of age however, he had ninety scholars, and in 1798, two years after his humble commencement, they had increased to one thousand. Yet, he could not boast of much zealous patronage of his scheme till about 1805, when his efforts had attracted the regard of his own Society, of the Dissenters in general, and above all of George the third; and was established under the name of the Royal Lancastrian Institution, by the British and Foreign School Soeiety. The schools were open to all denominations, and the religious teaching of the Scriptures.

Much and warm controversy arose betwixt the respective adherents of Bell and Lancaster, as to the priority

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of their claims to the introduction of this monitorial system.

It would now seem sufficiently clear that Bell was the earlier introducer of the system, but only in India, and Lancaster the earlier in England, but only by the space of one year. These gentlemen however, were only in the field, the one three, the other two years before Pestalozzi's second, or monitorial experiment; he having most probably been previously making proof of it in his earlier working school. The dates of introduction were so near to each other, that it was scarcely worth while to contend for the priority of a plan, adopted in ignorance of each other's proceedings. The grand, the all important fact, which constituted them the perpetual benefactors of their race, was that they each and all in different countries, gave a new and

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beneficent impulse to the noblest of works; that of the intellectual discipline and moral growth of the great toiling mass of humanity.

In 1811, six years after the establishment of the British and Foreign School Society, the church of England, which naturally patronized their fellow believer, Dr. Bell, established his system as "The National Society for Educating the Poor." Both these institutions have done a great work. In 1815, another substantial step to the temple of popular knowledge, was laid by a poor shoemaker, John Pounds of Portsmouth, who whilst at work in his little shop, collected about him small children, and taught them their letters. This was the origin of Infant Schools, which in 1818, were introduced into London, and gradually spreading everywhere, gave birth at a later period, to the Kinder-Garten of

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Herr Frœbel. By this time, the education of the people had become a subject of much importance, and was so strongly pressed on the attention of the British government that it commenced its annual grants for this object in 1834. Great was the need of this governmental stimulus; for the deficiency of parish schools for the labouring classes was most deplorable, and still more deplorable, the violent prejudice of the rural aristocracy against educating the people. In parishes in the suburban districts of London, no such schools existed in 1835. Shortly before that time in the parish of Esher, only sixteen miles from London, Admiral Baine, a great friend of education, who had lately settled there, found two hundred and fifty children growing up in utter ignorance.

The only school for the poor which had ever existed in the parish, was a dame's

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school, commenced by the Princess Charlotte in one of the lodges of Claremont Park, and discontinued after her death. There had been none in the next parish of Oxshott, except one opened by the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria, but at that time standing a dismal spectacle of desertion, with broken windows and tumbling-in doors, but with the words "Royal Kent School" boldly blazoned on its front. In the parish of Ockham, a few miles distant, Lord Lovelace assured us there had never been a school for the poor until he built one. Yet in Esher, the landed gentry vehemently opposed the opening of a school for general use, on the plea that it would ruin both boys and girls for service, and enable the girls to pry secretly into their mistresses' letters.

Admiral Baine, therefore, opened a

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school at his own cost, and in utter opposition to his neighbours.

So little was the English government aware of the need of the education of the poor, that the first parliamentary grant for that purpose in 1834 was merely £20,000. It has now advanced to £1,500,000 annually. From this period, the progress of popular instruction in England has been increasingly rapid. The "Home and Colonial Schools Society" was established in 1836. The Ragged Schools sprung to light in 1844; and Shoeblack Brigades were instituted to give employment to some of the uninstructed lads of the London streets. The Industrial School Act was passed in 1857.

The Training Ship at Greenwich was established for homeless boys in 1866; but a school for homeless boys, the sons of sailors, was existing in Greenwich-

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Hospital long before. Whoever made a visit to that school under the admirable management of Mr. Hughes, too soon removed by death, beheld a marvellous sight. It was nothing less than the developement of regular features and reconstruction of heads, in the persons of those little rescued outcasts, by the developement of mind, commencing in the lowest class with a set of Calibans bearing all the marks, and stamped with the expression of ages of inherited depravity and wrong, and as you ascended from class to class progressively, modulated into bright, well-featured, shapely lads, all activity and intelligence, a really magical transformation.

In 1867, Technical Institutions were recommended by a committee of the House of Commons, and soon after introduced in various towns. In 1868,

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compulsory education was recommended by a Conference at Manchester, and in 1870 Mr. Forster's bill made it the law of the land.

It would exceed the limits of this sketch to trace the progress of national education on the continent of Europe and in America. Germany had introduced it at least thirty years before England. Even Austrian ultra–conservatism in Metternich had declared, so far back, that the empire must educate the people, and bend the human twig as it would wish the tree or opinion inclined, or democracy would do it for them, in an opposite direction. Switzerland of late years has rapidly and liberally legalized popular education, and amongst other admirable means of humanizing its population, has taught in its schools kindness to animals.

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Contemporaneously with direct educational processes, the various speculations for the improvement of the popular condition by Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, Birkbeck, and others for education and social amelioration were collaterally working to awaken the public mind to a new life, more or less sound, more or less visionary and erroneous. Robert Owen's socialistic plans were inaugurated at New Lanark in Scotland, as early as 1801; and more fully at New Harmony in America in 1824; with a supplementary attempt at Tivoli in Hampshire, England, ten or more years later. St. Simon's system was tried in France in 1819, and the Mechanic's Institutes of Dr. Birkbeck in our English towns date from 1823. The great reformatory system for juvenile delinquents was commenced in France in 1839, by M. de Metz in his

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Reformatory Schools, and in 1849, a similar establishment was founded at Redhill, near Reigate in England. In these admirable institutions, the boys were instructed in farm labour. These reformatories did not appear too soon, for it was calculated that in 1856 there were in London no fewer than 30,000, and in England, 100,000 youths under seventeen years of age leading vagabond lives, and the majority of them coming, at one time or other, under criminal discipline. In that year, 1856, the great National Reformatory Union came into existence, and through the operation of different acts of parliament and of philanthropical exertions, had opened into active agency in 1863, fifty one reformatory schools in England, and nine in Ireland. In 1865 a great exhibition of the works of these schools took place in the

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Agricultural Hall in Islington, opened by the Prince of Wales.

In the mean time the stern suppression of education in Italy, under papal and sacerdotal rule, was awfully revealed by the Vatican census of 1861. This brought to light the astounding fact, that out of twenty-six millions of people, seventeen millions could neither read nor write. In the old papal states, from eighty to ninety percent of the population were in a condition of utter ignorance. In the Neapolitan States the case was still worse. In five years, the new Italian government had set on foot eleven thousand one hundred and thirty-seven schools for children of both sexes, and there has been a steady increase of these schools since. As yet however compulsory and, therefore, universal education has not been enforced in Italy, whence the necessity of individual efforts

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to bring within reach of reformatory discipline the neglected children of the ignorant and indifferent.

By far the most conspicuous and efficient labourers in this cause have been Mrs. Gould in Rome, and Madame Schwabe in Naples. Of course, the different bodies of Italian Protestants have their schools for the children of their respective congregations, and there are other efforts, supported by English and American funds for a like end.

In the sketch of the progress of educational measures in England for the people at large, I have not yet spoken of two or three facts which, perhaps more than any other bear upon my present theme,–that of working schools; such as the "Pioneer Working School" placed at the head of this paper. These facts demand notice all the more from having

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been nearly, if not wholly passed over by the annalists of popular teaching. The brightest, and most estimable side of the character of Lady Byron was that of her zeal and generous efforts for the education of the children of the laboring classes in a thorough and practical preparation for the duties of life. She was a warm admirer of the Metray and Hofwyl systems, and her efforts doubtless contributed greatly to the introduction of Reformatories into England. At her residence for many years at Ealing, near London, she had a school in which the boys were taught agriculture, horticulture and other arts, as those of carpentry and smithwork, the girls knitting, sewing, washing, and cooking. At Kirby Mallory, on her Leicestershire estate, she erected a similar working school and induced her son-in-law, Lord Lovelace to build a third at Ockham in Surrey, as I have said,

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the first school erected there at any period. These schools were founded between 1830 and 1836.

At Lord Lovelace's school at Ockham, Mr. Wright, the master, informed me that his brother had been the schoolmaster of Captain Brenton at Hackney Wick near London. Captain Brenton! I had seen him described in a series of scathing articles in the Times of that period, as an infamous kidnapper, who beguiled friendless boys into his premises, under pretence of educating them, and sold them abroad! To my great astonishment I now heard another side to the story; as it regarded the founder and the school itself, a most melancholy one. Mr. Wright assured me that Captain Brenton was a most excellent and humane man, who, seeing the misery of homeless boys in the streets of London, had conceived the desire of

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educating and caring for as many as he could, and had devoted his little fortune to this noble object. He had taken premises there, where boys were fed, lodged, and educated until they were fit for some employment, and then they had the option of learning a trade, or going out to the colonies. Going out to the colonies! On this part of the alternative and an excellent one too for young, adventurous lads, some ignorant or evil person had seized, and made such a distorted report to the *Times*, as brought down on the scheme its most desolating thunder. Most probably the leading journal believed that it was doing a righteous piece of work, but it was with a neglect of inquiry most culpable. In vain did Captain Brenton endeavour to justify himself. He was more accustomed to the quarter-deck than to the pen. Every species of human advocacy has its mar-

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tyrs, and poor Captain Brenton became the martyr of the juvenile outcasts of the streets of London. His school was destroyed by the ruthless cannonade of that journal; the old man sank broken-hearted, and there was an end of his benevolent hopes. On visiting the place, I found the worthy schoolmaster, preparing amid its ruins, to emigrate to America with the last half dozen of the boys, to teach them agriculture, on some small farm in a happier field of exertion.

Another and more fortunate Working School was mentioned to me by Lady Byron, who begged that I would visit it and endeavour to make it more known. This was a working school for boys and girls, picked out of the gutters of London, and established in the heart of one of its most dense and neglected districts,–Whitechapel. Through this

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wilderness of crowded and little regarded human creatures; through square miles of its thick, jostling, and yet disintegrated life, struggling but not upwards, eager for gain but never escaping into sufficiency; dark, depraved, hopeless of everything, a physical life in death; a district which even to the present hour, strikes clergymen whose duties lie there, with despair,–walked one sympathizing man long ago, and resolved to do something, as a first effort towards its social regeneration. This was Mr. Davis, a magistrate of Kent, a director of a Life Insurance Company, whose business led him frequently into London. He at once devoted three thousand pounds to building and endowing a school for the homeless children of the vicinity.

When I visited this school in 1838, the master and mistress of it appeared

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about forty years of age. They were amongst the very first children, gathered from the streets into it. Supposing them then ten years of age, thirty years must have elapsed, and this would bring the foundation of the school to about 1808, or into the very commencement of the century. This would make it about contemporaneous with the foundation of the British and Foreign School Society, when all eyes were turned in that direction as on a novel wonder, and left the rest of the great desert of London unvisited by instructors of the poor, and especially of the little Arabs of the streets. Mr. Davis expended half of the three thousand pounds on the purchase of the ground and on the building of the school; the other half he invested, as a fund for its support. His plan, however, was that the school should, as far as possible, be self-supporting, and

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for this purpose, the girls were to sew and knit for its benefit, and the boys were to *print*. It was not at all his intention to turn all the boys of Whitechapel into printers, but merely into juvenile printers for the benefit of the school; and he sought press-work of all and every kind; books, journals, pamphlets, placards, handbills, anything. At first there was some fear lest the printers should take a prejudice against the school, and oppose it as calculated to flood London with printers, but Mr. Davis explained that his real object was the support of the school, as well as the benefit of the boys by giving them dexterity of hand, and habits of business, so that at the end of their school term, at the age of fourteen, they might be apprenticed to any trade open for them. So far from the printers entertaining a jealousy of the school,

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they were soon found seeking for apprentices there, because the boys were already become good compositors; and had passed the damaging period of *making pie.*

In a word, the school had been a great success, and the printing had been its grand spring of prosperity. It had always been full to repletion; nay, the master said, that if there were a dozen such schools in the neighbourhood, they would all be full. Printing flowed in from all sides, printing had made it; it had never needed a single penny of the fund established in its favour. The money had gone on accumulating and why Mr. Davis or others had not opened more such schools is a mystery. The children on leaving the schools at the age of fourteen, were not lost sight of, the boys were apprenticed to trades, the girls got into service in respectable families, and

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in this part of the scheme perhaps we have a clew to the limitation of the school. It would be much easier to receive a large number of children into a school than subseqcntly to plant them out satisfactorily in decent trades and families. The latter charge would entail much enquiry, care and labour on the part of the conductors of the enterprize. However, so successful was the management of the whole scheme, that the children, both boys and girls, almost universally turned out well. During the time that they continued in the school, a certain proportion of their gains were credited to them, but not paid till they quitted the school, and it was understood that should they leave it from any delinquency, or without sufficient cause, it would be forfeited for the benefit of the school. The rule was absolutely necessary to protect the children from the

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selfish designs of real or pretended relatives on their savings; and it had a wonderful effect in keeping them steadily in the school.

The master and mistress at the time of my first visit were highly intelligent and practical people well fitted for their posts. As I have said, they had been brought amongst the first children into the school: had been educated and formed in it. It was amazing that such an institution for reclaiming the juvenile outcasts of the East of London, so eminently adapted to its purpose, should have continued its operations for so many years, almost without notice, and wholly without imitators. But the founder seems to have been a quiet retiring unambitious man, who was contented with his work, and took no pains to give it notoriety. The account I gave of it in *Howitt's Journal*, excited a sort

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of astonished curiosity about it for a time, but it again subsided. The East of London at that day was to the West of it, very much as the desert of Sahara, or any other far off region.

A good many years after, I visited the school again. The same master and mistress were at its head. It was still full of children, still pressed with applications for the admission of fresh ones, but I could not learn, either that the school had been enlarged, or that others had been opened by the founder, or by any one else. The worthy founder himself was gone to his rest, and the school was under the care of two trustees; the founder's son, and the rector of the parish. There was I was told, a talk of erecting fresh schools with the accumulated capital, but of the realization of these intentions I have no knowledge.

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At the funeral of the founder appeared a long train of respectable tradesmen, and of as respectable, matronly women. Who were they? The former boys and girls, whom the benevolent hand of the deceased had gleaned from the wretchedness and ruin of the streets, and had moulded into so many well-informed, well-to-do, and happy heads of families.

In the Whitechapel church there is a marble tablet erected and inscribed, in everlasting and grateful remembrance of the founder of the Whitechapel Working School, by these substantial men and women, whom he had metamorphosed from creatures of rags and ignorance, into intelligent, virtuous, and happy beings.

May Whitechapel School be the harbinger of equally happy results in the school and school press, from whence

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this volume issues in Rome! May the boys print themselves into self-supporting and prosperous citizens, and at some very far distant day, may they erect a tablet of equally grateful recognition of the beneficent services of Doctor, and Mrs. Gould!

William Howitt.

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IN SEVEN DIALS.

UP an alley of Seven Dials,
'Mid the dirt, and the noise, and the crowd
Went a poor, crippled child upon crutches,
Alone, yet crying aloud.

"And why are you crying," I asked her,
"Alone mid the crowd of this place..?"
In a moment was silenced her weeping;
She paused, and looked into my face.

"All the scholars are gone up to Hampstead,—
They set off this morning at seven;—
The vans were so lovely with ribbons!
And I know that Hampstead is heaven!

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"Nay—Hampstead is nothing but London
Just pushed out into the green;—
How can it be heaven, where God is,
And never came sorrow nor sin!"

Her pale face grew radiant in beauty
As stedfastly thus she replied,
"I know it is heaven, for my mother
Went to Hampstead the day that she died.

"She went with a neighbour; they wrapped her
In blankets because she was ill,
And so weak and so dazed with the noises,
And pining for where it was still.

"She came back at evening, towards sunset;—
And Hampstead was heaven, she said
Where the blackbirds were singing like angels,
And the blue sky was all overhead.

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"She died before midnight, and whispered
Just when she was passing away,
'I bless thee, my Lord, for the foretaste
Thou hast given me of heaven to-day!'

"So I know that Hampstead is heaven,
And I'm pining like her, to be there,
Where the women are kind to the children,
And the men do not get drunk and swear.

"But my breath is so short, and I tumble,
My legs are so weak,—when I run.
Now I'm going to the end of the alley,
Where it's quiet, to stand in the sun!"

Mary Howitt.

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THE RECTORY HOUSE.

IT all happened very long ago; but there are some things that we cannot forget. I do not often tell the story now, but when I do, it is I do believe, in the very same words, certainly with the very same sensations, with which I told it first, nearly fifty years ago. Stir the fire into a blaze, and give me my warm shawl; for I always feel chilly when I think of—never mind! Now to my story:

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My husband and I were young, and poor. We had two little children to provide for. Ralph was a curate without interest, or immediate hope of promotion in the church. Putting these facts together, you may judge how glad and thankful we were, to receive a letter one morning, offering my husband a curacy at a far higher salary than he was then receiving, and a house and garden rent free, in one of the most beautiful English counties. "Oh Ralph, dear!" I cried joyfully, as I read the letter over his shoulder. And then I gave him a great hug and a kiss. But Ralph did not appear quite so exultant as I could have wished. He held the letter in a doubtful, deliberating sort of way, and kept his eyes fixed on the crabbed writing, until I felt provoked with his indifference. "Don't you see, don't you feel, what a blessed change

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it will be for us? And think of a garden for the darling children, instead of a stuffy London street!" said I.

Then my husband explained to me that his uncle, who was the Rector of Holme Abbots, and who offered him the position of curate there, had been estranged from his family for many years, and bore an evil reputation. He was the brother of Ralph's mother, and her senior by fifteen years; being indeed a man over seventy. He was said to be a godless, intemperate, and arrogant man: malignant in temper, and unbridled in conduct. Withal, what is called a "jolly fellow" and a "boon companion" when it suited his humour to be so. In a word, a specimen of the country parson, whom the slowness and difficulty of communication, and the rougher tone of manners, made more possible,—or at least more frequent in those days than he is now.

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The Reverend Stephen Mott rector of Holme Abbots, had held no communication with his sister or her children for years past. And now, he wrote to Ralph, to say that his failing health compelled him to absent himself from England during the autumn and winter, and offering Ralph the curacy and the use of the Rectory house as long as its owner should remain abroad. My husband knitted his brows a little, "Why should he pitch on me?" he said. "I don't much like owing a favour to Uncle Stephen."

But of course, in our circumstances, it was out of the question to refuse such an offer. Nor, for my part, did I see any reason to hesitate about accepting it. "If your uncle is not a good man," said I, "all the more reason for you to go and do some useful work in his parish. And as for ourselves, his bad name

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cannot hang about the house like an infections disease; nor poison the sweet country air for our babies."

It was a lovely evening in the latter part of September when we reached Holme Abbots. In that southern country, the air was mild and balmy still. A full harvest moon was rising above the tree tops of a little wood behind the rectory-house. A clear amber glow lingered in the western sky, and the twilight air seemed full of fragrance from the old-fashioned flower-beds in the garden. Peace and beauty brooded over every thing. And when as I stood on the threshold of our new dwelling, the chimes from the ancient village church began to peal with their sweet mellow tones, the thankful serenity in my heart made my eyes brim over with happy tears. I could have stood there all night drinking in the sweet sounds

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and sights and odours. But Ralph who was more prosaic, or more pratical, if you choose, made me go into the house, and warned me against the imprudence of standing bare-headed in the open air, whilst the dew was falling.

The first week of our residence at Holme Abbots was busy and cheerful. The house was large,-far larger than was needful for the accommodation of our family, and well-stocked with antique, but comfortable furniture. Mr. Mott had left everything liberally open, except his wine-cellar. And as I found no inventry or memorandum of the contents of kitchen or store-closet, I was occupied for some days in making out careful lists of china, glass, plate, and linen. The things were abundant, solid, and handsome, (Mr. Mott was a man of considerable private means, having married a County heiress) but in a tarnished

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and neglected state. This was accounted for to my mind, by the fact of the rector having lost his wife about a twelvemonth previous to our arrival, and there being no lady to look after the details of the household.

We had a nursery and a play-room for the children on the second floor; both large, airy, rooms. On this floor, too were the servants sleeping chambers, and some disused store-closets. My husband and I slept on the first floor, and close at hand, was a comfortable little room fitted up with book shelves which Ralph made his study, and where I sat with him of an evening when the children were in bed. The dining-room and a couple of drawing-rooms were on the ground floor, opening from the flower-garden, and the front door gave access to a spacious stone-flagged hall. I must say a few words about the disposition

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of our bed chamber. It was approached by a door from the stair-case landing; and it had a second door leading into a small dressing-room. The dressing-room also opened on to the landing. Our bed was so placed, that a person lying in it, had his feet towards the windows, his head towards the wall, the stair-case door on his right hand, and the dressing-room door on his left. And thus it was possible to enter our chamber, pass through it, and go out by the dressing-room on to the stairs again. Now before I had slept two nights in the house, I became aware of a singular inconvenience caused as I conjectured (having no better theory on hand,) by some unfortunate combination of draughts. The inconvenience was this–

In the course of the night, the dressing-room door was sure to blow open; and then the other door would clap to

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in its turn with a disturbing noise. You will remember, if I have made my description clear, that these two doors were one on each side of it. It was therefore no trifling annoyance to have them opening and shutting just as one was enjoying one's first sleep. Let me be careful as I would, to shut them both securely, I was sure to hear them flapping and banging and startling me into uneasy wakefulness by midnight, and the strange thing was, that habit did not at all blunt the nervous tremor which these noises were sure to throw me into. Nay, I believe my sense of terror and disquietude was stronger after a week or two, than it had been at the beginning of my stay in the Rectory house. I spoke frequently of the matter to Ralph, and suggested changing our bed-room;—the house was large enough! But he said the present

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arrangement was the most convenient that could be made, and that was true. So I made up my mind to endure the annoyance until I could find some way to remedy it. It would have been easy, you may say, to have locked the doors and I would willingly have done so, in order to secure my night's rest. But my husband had a peculiar objection to sleeping with locked doors.

Well, the time went on pleasantly enough with that one exception. Ralph's work was easy. The parish, though large, was thinly populated, and the neighbouring families were friendly. I soon discovered that Mr. Mott bore a very bad character in the whole country side. Few people even asked after him. One or two said they supposed that he would never return to England,– or at all events not to Holme Abbots, but when I enquired why

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they supposed so, they invariably drew back, and evaded the subject. I remember calling once on a farmer's wife, a portly sensible dame who had lived in our parish all her life, and asking her some questions about Mr. Mott's family. She fixed her eyes on me with a singular look, and said "There were but the two, you know: the rector and his wife. We did'nt see much of them. They were not sociable neither the one nor the other." Then she asked (still looking at me in the same odd way,) "And how do you like the Rectory house, Mrs. Raby? Do you find it,– quiet?"

"Quiet!" I exclaimed. "Oh for that matter it is quiet as possible. Not a sound to be heard from morning to night but the chirp of birds and the lowing of cattle. It is a delightful change from the noise of London." The

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farmer's wife nodded gravely, and then she changed the subject and we talked of other things. It was about three days afterwards, on the night of the thirteenth of October, (I shall not easily forget that date), that I was awakened as usual by the clapping of the door near my head,—the door which gave access to the staircase. There were curtains at the head of the bed on either side, but they did not extend far down. They were only large enough to shut in a space about as wide as the pillows. Directly I awoke with the old tremor and dread on me, I became aware of a light in the room. In a minute the rays fell more strongly in my eyes and there emerged from behind the bedcurtains, a figure carrying a lighted candle in a common brass candlestick. There was nothing in the appearance of the figure to alarm one. And yet I was motionless,

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almost stupified with terror. What I saw was an elderly woman dressed in black, and wearing a close muslin cap —of the old-fashioned kind called a 'mob-cap'—over her iron-gray hair.

She had a pale plain face with an unpleasant expression about the mouth, and one of her legs must have been shorter than the other, for she limped in her walk. I have said that there was nothing terrible in her appearance, but I ought to have excepted the expression of her eyes. They were wide open eyes of a light grey colour, and had a look in them which I cannot describe, but which it freezes my blood even to remember. They were turned away from me and fixed on a distant part of the room: and as I lay and watched her move with her slow limping gait around the bed, past the foot of it and towards the dressing-room door, I

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said to my-self "if those awful eyes look at me, I shall die!" Slowly, slowly, she moved along until she was within an inch of disappearing behind the curtain next to my husband's head, when all at once she paused, and without changing her attitude, turned her eyes deliberately upon me. No sooner had that intolerable gaze met mine, than in the excess of my agonizing terror I uttered a loud shriek. Instantly all was dark, the door clapped to loudly, and then followed dead silence. My husband started up awakened by my cry. He struck a light, and demanded to know what was the matter, "Ralph, Ralph," I panted, "something dreadful is going on, there are people in the house."

When I was able to explain more coherently what I had seen, he shrugged his shoulders and told me that I had been dreaming. But as

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I persisted in saying that a strange woman holding a light in her hand had passed through the room, he arose, partially dressed himself, and determined to search the house. He made, me accompany him in order, as he said, that I might be satisfied of my folly. I threw a warm dressing-gown around me, and went with him downstairs. We looked at the fastenings of all the doors. Everything was undisturbed. Then I stole softly up stairs, and listened at the door of the childrens' nursery. They were sleeping peacefully, thank God! I could hear their regular placid breathing.

"*Now* are you convinced, Helen," said Ralph "that your old woman was a nightmare? It could have been nothing else in the world. Pray go to sleep, and let me sleep too."

I did let him sleep, and said no more. But for me, slumber was at an end for

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that night. The next day, even under the influence of the light with its cheerful sounds and sights, the painful impression of what I had seen was by no means weakened. I told my husband that it was impossible for me to sleep in that room again, I should risk having some serious nervous illness if I attempted to force myself to go to rest again with the dread of seeing that pale face and those awful eyes near my bed. Ralph yielded very unwillingly to my whim as he called it. But although he laughed at my fancies, he could not but perceive that my terror was very real and very serious. I and the nursery-maid worked hard all day to change the furniture from one room to the other. We made Ralph's study our bedchamber, and he took the room we had hitherto slept in, for his study. That night, I enjoyed unbroken rest.

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I had been careful not to frighten the servants or the children by any account of my vision-if vision it were,-and merely said that the draughts made my old bedchamber unpleasant to sleep in as the winter was coming on.

The next time that I paid a visit to my friend, the farmer's wife, I asked her as carelessly as I could, if there had been any domestic,–housekeeper, or such like in Mr. Mott's family, who was pale, grayhaired, and had a limp in her gait. The woman changed colour, but answered quite eagerly "Oh no, no; there was nobody at all answering to that description in the Rectory house Mrs. Raby, you must not fancy that!"

Now I had not told her that I fancied anything on the subject, and her answer convinced me that she kept something which she knew, concealed. But I could learn no more at the time. Soon

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afterwards Ralph and I gave our first dinner party at Holme Abbots. It was a very small party, and the chief guests at it were a Mr. and Mrs. Conyers, kind neighbourly people who had been friendly to us on our first arrival at the Rectory. Mr. and Mrs. Conyers were the first of our guests to reach the house. The others had to come from a greater distance, and owing to the state of the roads, we had to wait for them some time. During this interval, my husband, somewhat to my surprise, began to speak of my obstinate fancy about the old woman; and of our having had to change our room in consequence of it. And then he said "Tell our friends, Helen about your dream." I replied that it was no dream, but proceeded to do as he asked. When I began to describe the appearance of the figure, I saw Mrs. Conyers start, and clasp her

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hands together. And when I spoke of the figure moving round my bed with a slow, limping gait, she turned to her husband, and exclaimed in an awe-stricken whisper, "*Mrs. Mott!*"

"What!" cried I, catching at her words, "Was the rector's wife like that?"

But Mr. Conyers checked his wife by a look, and answered with a forced laugh, "Oh Pooh, Pooh, my dear, you must not put such ideas into Mrs. Raby's head! Mrs. Mott was by no means strikingly pale, as far as I remember, and besides, Oh you must not think of such nonsense, Mrs. Raby! you must not really! But I did think of it. And the more I thought, the more was I convinced that the figure I had seen was nothing more nor less than the ghost of the late mistress of the Rectory House. I frankly told Ralph that I firmly believed this. But he combated the notion with might

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and main. "Why should Mrs. Mott's unquiet spirit haunt the Rectory house?" said he. "As to her having died in that very room as you say you are told,-let me remind you, my dear Helen, that you probably never slept in a house in all your life where some human being had not died! Yet it would be as reasonable to expect your London lodging to be full of departed spirits, as to insist on making out this figure in a dream to be Mrs. Mott's ghost. Besides I dont believe in ghosts." Nevertheless I was not to be shaken. My remembrance of that terrible night of the thirteenth of October, was too vivid to allow of its being argued away. I induced Mrs. Conyers to confess to me privately, that my description of the figure I had seen, was the exact portrait of the late Mrs. Mott, even to her dress and attitude. And she further acknowledged to me under

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the seal of secresy that ugly rumors had been afloat in the village as to the cause of Mrs. Mott's death: that her husband and she had quarrelled on the score of the very umbecoming and scandalous life which he notoriously led: and that after his wife's brief illness and death, he had found public sentiment so strongly against him, that he resolved to quit Holme Abbots altogether. That and not ill health, said Mrs. Conyers, was the real cause of his going abroad. Moreover, we needed not to feel ourselves deeply indebted to our uncle's generosity for allowing us to live in the Rectory House, inasmuch as he had tried to let it several times, but no person of the neighbourhood would live in it. It was commonly reported to be haunted.

All this naturally deepened the painful impression that the apparition had

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made on my mind. However, months passed on, and I saw nothing more to alarm or disquiet me. I was thankful to see that my children bloomed, and throve in the pure country air. The evil influence hanging around that house, whatever it might be did not touch their innocent souls. It was true that I never remained late in the room, that was now the study. And nothing would have induced me to enter it alone after nightfall. But Ralph and I used to sit there a good deal of an evening, especially when the winter had fully set in, and the days were short.

One January night, when the year was but a few days old, my husband and I were sitting by ourselves in that ill-omened chamber. I was sewing, and he was reading. We had a lamp between us on the table, which shed a bright light, and a blazing fire made

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the room warm and cheerful. All at once, I had an overpowering sensation of terror. And at the same time, I was conscious of a cold blast of air blowing over me, that chilled me to the marrow. My work fell from my hands on to my lap. I was scarcely able to breathe. I made a strong effort to raise my eyes, and when I did so, I saw–how can I describe what I saw?–I saw a shadowy bulk, less substantial looking than a cloud, through which I could discern surrounding objects, as one can see a reflection through a breath on a mirror, and which showed the dim and vague outlines of a human form. There it stood, or hovered rather between me and my husband in the very spot where the bed had been formerly; and still the icy air seemed to grow more piercing with a deadly cold. I looked at Ralph. He held his book before him,

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and his eyes were fixed on it, but I was aware with absolute certainty that he was not reading. His face was white, and the hands with which he held the book trembled violently. The silence and spell-bound motionlessness seemed to endure for hours. It may have lasted a minute. I longed to rush from the room. But I dared not call to my husband to come away, for I felt that if I spoke to him, *the thing would hear me*. At length he lifted his eyes; they met mine; he held out his hand; I seized it, and we ran together headlong from the room and down the stairs.

When we reached the hall, we stopped breathless and quivering, holding each other's hands, gazing in each other's eyes. I would not speak. I was resolved that this time I would not be accused of yielding to a delusion. Finally Ralph released my hand, and

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wiping his forehead on which the perspiration stood thickly, said hoarsely "Helen, what was that?"

"Ah!" I cried, "Then you saw it too?"

The post travelled slowly in those days; more slowly than you of this generation can well believe. But the next foreign mail that arrived in England brought to Holme Abbots the news of the death of its rector, the Reverend Stephen Mott. He had died in Naples on that very January evening, and at the very hour when we had seen that cloudy shape hovering between us.

What it was, I know not. My own mind tends to the theory that it was the spirit of Stephen Mott returning in that supreme instant of dissolution between soul and body, to revisit the scenes of its earthly life, perhaps, – who can tell? – of its earthly crimes.

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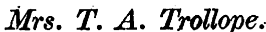
My husband got the living of Holme Abbots. But we removed from the old Rectory house to a pleasant cottage in the village; a much humbler, but much more cheerful abode. The Rectory House is now shut up. It is to be altered and repaired and if possible, sold. No native of Holme Abbots would live in it. No servants would stay there. And yet to the best of my knowledge, after the January night I have spoken of, the figure of the pale old woman, with her limping gait, and awful grey eyes, was never seen there more.

Mrs. T. A. Trollope.



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SONG.

COME Love! the sun has risen long,
And hedge and tree
Are all alive with tremulous song;
Awake! and come with me.
The grass is pearled with gleaming dew,
The larks are thrilling in the sky,
And all the world's awaiting you—
And I—my darling—I.

Look from above, that those dear eyes
May dawn on me.
My love, my life, my light, arise
That I the morning see.

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There's ne'er a cloud to mar the day,
  The air is soft, and fresh, and sweet;
But all the world is dull and gray
  Till thy dear face I greet.

Sweetest of all that live and move,
  Arise! Arise!
The day is short, too short for love,
  The swift hour fleets and flies.
The moments ne'er will come again
  That heedlessly you waste,
And joy deferred is half a pain
  Then! haste! my darling, haste!

W. W. Story.

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SOMETHING NEW!

[*A little lecture for lively ladies.*]

I.

FOR Novelty how oft, ma chère!
We sigh, with artificial care,
What shadows we pursue!
Even in things that yield increase
Of home-born pleasures, love and peace,
We sigh for "*Something New!*"

II.

Yet many novelties, I ween,
Diversify this lower scene,
Emerging on the view;

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While ever, o'er each earthly thing,
A languor spreads its dusky wing,
We sigh for "*Something New!*"

III.

Grieve not for this!—in upper skies
Is stored what always satisfies,
And stored, I trust, for you!
This treasure, how unsearchable
No Seraph's eloquence can tell,
Shall be for ever—"*New.*"

V. Eyre.

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TREASURES OF ART

LOST AND RECOVERED IN ROME.

SUCH unearthing of the treasures of antique Art as we have seen accomplished since the change of government in Rome, may be classed among the memorable events on this city's historic page that have signalized the period since Papal absolutism was overthrown, and the whole of Italy united under a constitutional sceptre. Recent discovery has afforded new evidence of the amazing wealth in art-works, the splendours and refinements

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of the Imperial City; bringing before us with more palpable distinctness the outer form, the draperies and jewels of that wondrous supremacy, whose task for promoting the world's civilization was so marked out by Providence, whose influences in preparing a way for the triumphs of the Cross were so admirably adapted to that purpose.

One conclusion to which we are led by the extent and intrinsic value of these long buried treasures must (I think) prove adverse to the traditionary belief hitherto generally admitted as to the paucity, among the antique sculptures in Roman collections, of Classical works pertaining to Greek schools, or produced by the masters of ancient Art belonging to that gifted nationality. The tradition has been, I believe, greatly overstated—granting even that it may rest on a certain basis of truth—that

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among all ancient works of sculpture in Rome the Greek originals have suffered most from the hand of Time or the outrages inflicted by man; and that, among the thousand examples of statuary and relievo art here before us in so many rich Museums, scarcely more than some half dozen–a few in the Vatican, a few in the Capitoline halls–are really from the chisel of Hellenic artists, the great ones of the greatest schools. Historic testimony is rather on the opposite side; and the proof from such sources is, in fact, that so immense was the aggregate of artistic wealth brought with other spoils of victory to the Republican and Imperial metropolis, that it is inconceivable, an inadmissable assumption indeed, that the major part among those priceless trophies of conquest can have perished.

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Time, injury, vicissitude, barbarian outrage have, no doubt, done their dire work in destroying, mutilating, and overwhelming; but why should the more precious among Arts' fair produce have suffered most, the *less* valuable and beautiful been more generally exempted in the destroyer's path?

Let us glance at the details relevant to this subject on the pages of Latin Historians. The first Roman General who undertook to transport all obtainable art-works from a vanquished city to the great Capital, was Marcellus, the conqueror of Syracuse (B. C. 211)—that splendid Sicilian city, the London of ancient Europe, which had at the time a population of about two millions. Claudius Marcellus, we are told by Plutarch, avowed his purpose and desire of enriching the public edifices of Rome with all such art as the temples

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and palaces of Syracuse contained in marvellous plenitude.

Next was this example followed by M. Fulvius Nobilior, who, returning from a victorious campaign in Ætolia (B.C. 189), brought to Rome 280 bronze and 230 marble sculptures. The mighty Sulla, one of the most unscrupulous despoilers, brought to Rome, after his wars against Mithridates in Greece (B. C. 871), all the treasures, artistic and others, which he could remove from three among the most famous sanctuaries in that land: the temple of Apollo at Delphi, that of Æsculapius near Epidaurus, and that of Jove at Elis. The two great rivals, Pompey and Cæsar, were both men of taste in art, and ready to indulge that taste at the expense of their vanquished enemies—as all readers of Roman history are aware.

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The theatre and temple of Venus Victrix, founded by Pompey the Great in Rome, were among the most superb ancient structures; and how much of statuary entered into the decorations of those edifices, we may infer from the specimens still extant—the colossal bronze statue of Hercules, now in the *Sala Rotunda* of the Vatican, the famous Belvidere torso (also a Hercules), and the two Satyrs, now in the open court of the Capitoline Museum. One of Pompey's conspicuous adherents in his long wars, Æmilius Scaurus, who was appointed by him Governor of Judea, erected a temporary theatre in Rome, the interior of which was adorned with 3,000 bronze statues—all, we may conclude, by Greek masters. Arriving at the period of Empire, we find the augmentation of the spoils of the vanquished, especially in art-works, proportionate to the means

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and desires of more luxurious civilization under munificent, however guilty, rulers.

Nero, in his famous theatrical progress through Greece, ransacked the most splendid cities for obtaining and enjoying in his own residence all such treasures as he coveted. From Delphi alone (v. Pausanias c. 6. ix) he brought 5000 bronze statues for adorning his "Domus aurea" erected on (indeed extending far beyond) the Palatine Hill.

The recent discoveries, to which I have alluded, have been for the most part obtained on that high ground, a wide plateau, where the Esquiline and Viminal hills converge; spreading eastward as far as the city-walls, and filling the space between those fortifications and the valleys and declivities occupied by populous streets. There is reason to believe that this plateau,

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in modern time but scantily inhabited, and for the greater part left to quiet gardens, orchards, solitary convents and half deserted villas, was once among the densely peopled regions; and we have the testimony of one chronicler to the effect that, in the time of the first Constantine, 200,000 was the number of citizens on the Esquiline Hill alone.

Glancing back at more distant times than I have here immediately to consider, I may enumerate the earlier obtained treasure-trove on the same Hill. In the course of the XVIII. century were found here the semi-colossal Apollo with a lyre, called the "Pythian Apollo," now in the Capitoline Museum; the double bust of Epicurus and Metrodorus, dug up below the foundations for the façade, raised in 1749, on the southern side of S. Maria Maggiore; also from the same vicinity, the bust of the orator Isocrates,

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all which portrait sculptures are now in the "Hall of Philosophers" in the same museum.

In 1862 were brought to light, in the course of works for the Railway Station on the Viminal, the ruins of an octagonal Nymphaeum together with those of a patrician Mansion, the chambers of which were profusely ornamented with fresco painting, mosaic pavements etc. In the once (no doubt) luxuriously adorned Nymphaeum was found a semi-colossal statue recognised as Faustina, the unworthy wife of the estimable Antoninus Pius, represented with the attibutes of a Goddess; the cornucopia in one hand, a patera (for the offerings of worshippers) in the other; her costume the long tunic and *palla* or enveloping mantle, on which garments were seen vestiges of colouring, as likewise of gilding on the hair, when this statue was first brought

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to light after having been interred for ages.

The siege of this city on the eventful day when Rome was conquered for the constitutional, and emancipated from the Papal sovereignty, led to an almost immediate discovery, which never perhaps would have been made but for the bombardment of the walls on the 20th September, 1870. The new Government ordered the demolishing of the Salarian gate, which had been slightly damaged during that siege. After the removal of the flanking towers, which pertained to the fortifications of Honorius, a cluster of tombs and monuments appeared, hidden by those structures, on this site; the most valuable memorial thus discovered being that (a cenotaph) which was much commented on at the time,—the monument raised to a youth, Quintus Sulpicius Maximus, a veritable prodigy of pre-

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cocious intellect, who won the prize for Greek poetry declaimed at the "Agones Capitoline," instituted by Domitian, A. D. 86, and held every five years on the Capitol; the Emperor himself rewarding the successful candidate with a crown of laurel, bound with fillets of gold tissue.

The victor whose name is here preserved from oblivion won that crown against fifty-two competitors, A. D. 98; he being then certainly not older than eleven years, for this epitaph informs us that he died in his twelfth year. He is represented in a relief-statuette (Carrara marble), clad in the toga prætexta worn by patrician youths; and not only are a Latin epitaph and a Greek epigram in his honor here incised on the marble, but also the whole of his Greek poem so brilliantly rewarded – this being inscribed on the pilasters beside the niche

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in which the statuette-effigy stands. The obligatory theme of this young aspirant's verse was: "The arguments used by Jove when he reproved Phoebus for entrusting the chariot of the Sun to Phaeton!"

In 1872 two interesting sculptures were found within the limits of the public cemetery near the extra-mural Basilica of San Lorenzo: a statuette of the "Mater Terra", the "Gaea" of the Greeks, seated within an ædicula, holding a sceptre and patera; her matron head being veiled and also crowned with ears of corn. The aedicula, like a small temple, is perfectly preserved, and on the front is inscribed a dedication, in the name of Hortensius Cerdo, to the "Benign Goddess" (*Deæ Piæ*), whom he regards as his heavenly protectress, "Conservatrici meæ." This curious antique lay buried among the ruins of a building

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probably belonging to one of those sodalities which deemed it their duty to give honorable interment to all who had been their own members.

The other sculpture brought to light, about the same time and within the same teritory, is the graceful little "Amor as Hercules", with the lion's hide drawn like a hood over his head, his face lit up with smiles, the golden apples of the Hesperides in his hand; the forms of childhood most natural, and the character most pleasing. This statuette, and that of the "Mater Terra", are now in the Capitoline Museum.

The pleasant Villa built for himself by Sixtus v. when Cardinal (the architect, Domenico Fontana), on the slope of the Esquiline below S. Maria Maggiore, has proved a mine of antiquities, there brought to light through recent works. Remains of arcades,

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halls, porticos etc., lie beneath these grounds; but the only sculpture hitherto dug up thereon, is a fine hermes of the bearded Bacchus. In the vicinity of the old church of S. Cesario, on the Appian Way, have been found relics confirming the tradition that a temple of Isis formerly stood on that site. Here was exhumed, among other marbles, the base of a candelabrum (such as were dedicated in temples), with well designed figures in bas-relief of Jove, Hercules, and Hope, that genial goddess to whom several fanes were dedicated in Rome, – the first on record founded by the consul Atilius Calatinus, B.C. 354, on a site between the Tarpeian Rock and the Tiber. The symbol of the "Spes" (deified Hope) in antique art (as here before us), is a flower held in her right hand. The other artistic fragment from the ground near

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S. Cesario consists of about one half of a colossal female foot, with a sandal the thick sole of which is adorned with bas-reliefs, freely designed and of superior style, representing subjects often seen in funereal art:–Tritons and dolphins floating along the sea, and apparently guided by a winged Eros who precedes them, gracefully flying, rather than floating, along the waves ; a group which we may interpret perhaps, as similar ones are believed to signify in sepulchral art, in sense emblematic of the soul's voyage to the Islands of the Blest. The statue to which this foot belonged must have been about eighteen feet high, representing probably Isis, Proserpina, or some other goddess potent among the shadowy realms of Hades.

The discovery on the Forum of two large marble panels, with bas-reliefs on each side, has been hitherto the most

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interesting result of the works long prosecuted at that most productive centre. These panels were found under the ruins of a mediæval tower. On what was apparently the inner side of each, as originally placed, are represented the three animals (very natural and life-like), a bull, a ram and a boar,—offered in the Suovetaurilia sacrifice at the lustral rites, when the census of the Roman people was taken every fifth year. On the other sides are relievi representing two historic subjects, with numerous figures, as to which sculptures sundry explanations have been advanced; but I believe the most admissible respecting both to be–that they illustrate events in the reign of Trajan: first, that Emperor causing all debts to the state, up to the current year of his reign, to be cancelled, and the tablets on which they were registered burnt before him in the

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Forum; second, a subvention from the state treasury for the children of indigent parents, not only in Rome, but in all Italian cities. A mother with a child in her arms, and a boy (this figure now, however, lost) led by her hand, appears in the act of giving thanks to Trajan, who is seated on a throne, for this provision of charity flowing in so bounteous a stream. Both these interesting relievi are sadly mutilated, the heads almost all broken off.

But the fecundity of antiques from those high grounds on the Esquiline and Viminal hills, where the streets and piazzas of a new city are now rapidly springing up, exceeds all hitherto obtained in the course of antiquarian research within Rome's walls.

Besides objects pertaining to a higher class, there have been found in this region immense stores of miscellaneous

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antiques, terra-cotta heads, hands, feet, limbs and other parts of the human body, all in the same substance, and all destined, no doubt, as *ex-votos* to be hung up in temples in token of gratitude to deities for healing from disease in those respective parts. In the course of the last month of 1874 were dug up, in the same region: 2493 bronze coins and medals, 54 specimens of manufactures in glass, 25 lamps of terra-cotta and bronze, 73 styli and hairpins of ivory and bone, some silver medals and gem cameos. From the station of the Vigiles (Fire-brigade) which was discovered, deep under the surrounding level of streets, some years ago, in Trastevere, has been supplied a unique example of a bronze torch, in shape like a long staff with a flame-like apex (this part hollow), such as those ancient firemen used. From some spot on the Esquiline

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came two other objects, hitherto unknown among Roman antiques: silver forks, each with two prongs, affording proof that the ancient citizens were acquainted with those implements, not used in England till about the year 1600, but much earlier in familiar use among the Italians. An English poet of the Elizabethan age argues against certain staunch adherents to ancient practice, who objected to such novelties at the substantial banquets of our forefathers,— his verse wisely advocating

"The laudable use of forks
For the sparing of napkins." (1)

The ground near the western side of the Praetorian camp has yielded a

(1) The earliest hitherto known example of this article, a two-pronged fork in bronze, was found, 1874, on the site of Nineveh, during the researches energetically carried on by Mr. George Smith. Forks were first heard of in Europe, as articles of luxury brought by a Greek Princess from Constantinople to Venice, about the end of the eleventh century.

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multitude of epigraphs; a large and most richly wrought Corinthian cornice and frieze of white marble, with eagles clasping thunderbolts among its ornamental relievi ; a graceful statuette of Venus, and a wild, but finely expressive head of a Faun crowned with a circlet of pine-cones. Vestiges of red color are seen on this striking ideal of the semi-brutal semi-divine mythologic creatures, who haunted earth's lonely places, and sometimes appeared to the eyes of astonished mortals. The origin of such belief is perhaps discoverable in the strange aspect of savage races little known save through exaggerating report in times when few travelled and when vast regions, Asiatic and African, yet lay unexplored. Pomponius Mela (*De situ Orbis*) mentions "Satyrs with nothing human besides their outward form," among the nations of inner Africa. A Christian Father of

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the Church states that a half brute creature, believed to be a satyr, was met by the hermit Saint Antony in the Egyptian desert!

Almost all artistic objects belonging to the higher class, exhumed thourgh recent works, have been found on the Esquiline, namely on that wide plateau to which I have alluded as so fertile a field for the reward of researches. Curious testimony was afforded to the abuse of marble antiques in mediaeval Rome, when, in the course of their labors on that summit, the workmen came to an old wall deep below the surface, entirely built up with fragments of statuary and architectural details (all in marble), some hundreds of which, the wrecks of lost grandeur, had thus been utilized!

A dim-lit Hall of the ancient Tabularium on the Capitoline Hill has been made the place of provisional deposit

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for an immense number of statues, relievi, and other marble fragments, comprising many of great value and beauty. Among the finest of those lately rescued from oblivion, still in this provisional museum, may be signalized a Hercules of heroic size, the head noble and at once recognisable as of the Herculean type; the action that of subduing the horses of the Thracian King, Diomedes, who fed those animals with human flesh. Few remnants of the marble steeds were found; but the vigorous effort apparent in the muscular figure of the Demi-God, makes strikingly manifest the task on which he is engaged; and we may imagine the complete group to have been highly imposing. In pleasing contrast to this last, are (in the same collection) two life-size statues of children, one probably a portrait, representing a chubby little boy with a dog; the other a more graceful

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and naive figure, most natural in action, of an older boy in the act apparently of digging, though the mutilated arms no longer hold the implement used, nor serve to indicate precisely the employment in which the little laborer is evidently exerting his utmost strength. Another child-statue, the youthful Eros, still fortunately possesses its well-executed and lovely head.

Among the busts here deposited may be noticed one of Hadrian; two (well preserved and finely wrought) of ladies, probably Empresses, both distinguished by beauty and intellectual aspect; above all, a fine head of Scipio Africanus, recognisable from resemblance to that in the Capitoline museum, and, like the latter, with the cicatrix of a wound on the high bald forehead.

The broken marble pieces of a large fountain, here seen, display some highly

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finished relievi, especially one spirited group of an amorous Silenus (or satyr), and a nymph. Three life-size statues of Athletes have been added to this collection from Velletri, where they were brought to light a few years ago. In these sculptures we perceive a certain dignity and refinement which, as is obvious, cannot pertain to the hireling performers on the public arena, but rather to patrician combatants whom we may suppose to be here represented disporting themselves in the palestra, on the premises, perhaps, of some Imperial Thermaė. Athletes who had been victorious in the games were honored by statues placed in, or near, temples; but such images were conventional,—that is not portraits, unless in the case of competitors who had thrice vanquished in the gymnastic combat, to whom were erected veritable *eikones*,

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life-size portrait statues in bronze, or marble. Pausanias describes such a statue (bronze) of a thrice victorious Athlete, seen by him in the sacred grove around a temple of Æsculapius near Corinth

On the Christmas-eve of 1874 the richest among all recent treasure-trove was obtained on the Esquiline Hill—namely, various sculptures, more or less complete, exhumed near the spot where had previously been laid open a most splendid pavement of considerable extent, formed in part of the finest colored marbles, but principally of veined oriental alabaster, the so called "rose alabaster,"—comprising indeed almost all the known species of that beautiful stone.

The statue which has won highest tributes of praise, among all found on that site, and was first reported of as a Venus, is now generally recognised as a

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Nymph. It is an exquisitely wrought figure in Parian marble, and seems to me probably intended for a Naiad, perhaps the portrait of a lovely girl in that character, presiding over her fountain, in which she has just been bathing. Both arms are wanting, but part of the left hand remains, the fingers placed on the knot into which her hair is gathered at the back of the head. The action may have been that of binding a fillet (which remains) around the braided hair; and the sandals on the feet, (though the figure is otherwise nude) confirm the supposition that the lovely Naiad has just risen out of the waters of her own consecrated stream, which may have gushed into its marble basin beneath the dome of some richly decorated Nymphæum, like the so-called Grotto of Egeria. Beside her is laid a mass of gracefully treated drapery, on

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a vase which has a figure, in low relief, like a serpent, and on an ornamental basis are flowers with leaves—in none of which accessories can any attribute of the Venus in art be recognised. The serpent may be the symbol of the Naiad or of her fountain; the flowers and foliage are not those of the trees, or plants, which were sacred to Aphrodite.

The other sculptures found in this mine of genuine wealth are the following: Bacchus (heroic size), the lower limbs and left arm wanting, the right arm preserved, with hand resting on the ivy-wreathed brow; the form delicately but fully developed and most graceful; the head inferior to the body, and betraying some defective drawing, notwithstanding which we perceive in the countenance the more refined and peotic ideal of this God. In the elastic

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imagination of the ancients Bacchus had different aspects; he was not only the God of wine and mirthfulness, but the teacher of agriculture, with its attendant benefits to Humanity; a mighty conqueror in his mundane career, and pre-eminently beautiful among all the Olympic deities. In this incomplete statue he appears as the genial Dionysus of the higher mythologic ideal; and we may believe him to be here reposing, serenely triumphant, after his conquests over the farthest Indies.

Commodus, with the attributes of Hercules, the Demi-god under whose protection that Emperor placed hmself, and whom he affected to imitate, is a hingly effective half-statue resting upon an elaborately chiselled marble base, or bracket. Over the head is drawn the lion's hide, which, hanging down the shoulders, is gathered in a massive knot

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over the muscular chest. Both the arms are introduced, one hand holding the Herculean club; the other, the golden apples of the Hesperides. The countenance resembles other busts of Commodus, but is rather more pleasing, with such finely marked features, haughty in character, as seem to have distinguished him. Nothing could exceed the elaborate finish of this work, in the closely curling hair and beard carried to the extreme of minuteness; and the smoothly polished surface is like that of a sculpture fresh from the studio.(1)

The basis, found broken into many pieces is overladen with symbolic orna-

(1) This half-length statue of Commodus confirms the report of the Greek historian, Herodianus, respecting that Emperor's ferocious manners: "he repudiated the paternal cognomen, and instead of calling himself Commodus, son of Marcus, desvied to be named Hercules, son of Jove; and, throwing aside the imperial mantle, muffled himself

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ments, and in a fragmentary state we perceive, among its details, a globe with the signs of the zodiac, and a kneeling female form. Two Tritons, half-length figures, probably not otherwise finished, both with scales (indicating the marine nature of such beings) on the broadly developed breast, are distinguished by a certain wild grandeur suitable to those mysterious creatures of the lonely deep—like, but severed from, Humanity. Vestiges of gilding are seen on the matted hair, heavy with sea-water, in these finely imagined embodiments of the ocean deities.

Two draped female statues, life-size, both wanting the arms, but otherwise

---

in a lion's hide, and went about with a club in his hand; wearing over this costume vestments of purple interwoven with gold, not without laughter from those who beheld feminine fineries thus united with emblems of heroic virtue" (*History of the Empire* c. I.)

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entire, are probably meant for Muses (Erato and Melpomene, as I should conjecture), which characters would accord with the sweet aud serious expression of the heads; but no attribute being left, it is difficult to determine farther. A beautiful female bust, with hair gathered in a diadem-like knot, is perhaps meant for Aphrodite, and might well be the goddess of Beauty herself. Another female head (discovered January 16th, on the same Esquiline site) is of a still more interesting and lovely type, serious even to sadness, yet perfectly serene. This might be an Ariadne after her desertion by Theseus, or an Andromeda chained to the rock, yet relieved from the terror of her impending fate by the approach of her deliverer, Perseus.

More recently have been found in the ruins of a Patrician mansion, near the new streets, two statuettes, one of

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bronze, a smaller one of silver, much mutilated, representing Household Gods; also a statuette of larger scale and superior style intended for the fabulous Hermaphrodite .

May we not infer that even this aggregate, precious and various as it is, of lately discovered art-treasures, is but the earnest of what future researches may obtain? The extent of such wealth as has been for ages buried under the soil of Rome , the promise held out by a region so favored, can hardly be overestimated. Without forgetting all that has been accomplished by several munificent Popes, we cannot but admit that a government so constituted as was the pontifical wanted the qualifications requisite for persistent and systematic forwarding of the interests of Art and Antiquity in the sphere over which its powers extended.

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Many sites within this city,–the Fora of Trajan, Augustus and Nerva, the great area occupied by the buildings of Pompey, – remain to this day almost unexplored; and what may they not yield if worked to such a degree as have been, since 1870, the Esquiline and Viminal Hills?

Charles I. Hemans.

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ODE

TO MY PIPE.

I.

NOW seated here to meditate
On this or that in each one's state,
While thoughts are ripe;
Or, saddened, I would fain unbend
In sweet communion with a friend;
Come then my pipe!

II.

Who scoffs at charms he fails to see
May hope in vain to blacken thee,
Or favors win:

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I love thee, little rounded thing,

Thy paleness and thy colouring,

Thy fire within!

III.

Consoler of my solitude!

When worrying threatening thoughts [intrude,

I thee invoke.

Inhaling thy philosophy

The gloom, the doubts, the fear, I see

Dissolve in smoke.

Alfred Pearson.

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MA CHE!

A SOFT and lovely light
Touches the sea, the coast, the isles;
The waves are crowned with limpid white,
The clouds are massed in lucent piles.
A radiance rare is everywhere,—
And yet a light is wanting there.
Ma che?

A mild and fragrant breath
Comes o'er the bay from odorous bowers,
Leaving or ere it vanisheth
The essence of delicious hours.

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A perfumed air is everywhere,—
And yet a breath is wanting there.
Ma che?

A low and gentle sound
Floats with the perfume from afar;
Into its harmony profound
Such tender melodies woven are!
Voices most rare are everywhere,—
And yet a sound is wanting there.
Ma che?

Aye wanting is the light
Is wont to shine in eyes I know;
And wanting is the sound of sighs
On breath of balmy lips that flow.
Life debonair is everywhere,—
And yet a charm is wanting there.
Ma che?

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Ah, if you will, proclaim
    Me ingrate for the good I find;
Admit I may, but not explain
    Such inconsiderate state of mind.
A world how fair! is everywhere ,—
Yet wanting her, all' s wanting there.
        Ma che!

Howard M. Ticknor.

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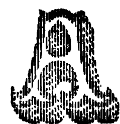
THE STORY OF HIM WHO WORE THE WREATH.



SCHOLAR, an already aged man, who had endured much sorrow and disappointment throughout his weary life, had pored hopelessly over his books during the silent hours of the long night. With the first yellow streaks of dawn, he listlessly arose from his studies, shivering in the dim ante-chamber, and stumbling, as if giddy from sleeplessness, against the stools and chairs laden with dusty folios and still more dusty manuscripts,

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he flung over his shoulders his shabby old black velvet mantle, and went forth into the narrow and ancient streets of the city, yet silent, as a city of the dead.

Listlessly did the little black figure, with bent head, wend its weary way over the rough pavement; the gable ends of the irregularly built houses, with their clusters of quaint chimneys, seemed ready to meet above his head, and shut out the long orange gleam of light heralding the dawn and which, with vacant blear eye, the scholar had already beheld from his dormer-window shining forth upon the horizon, far-off behind the jagged mountain range; beyond the vast stretch of plain, and beyond the thousand roofs of the sleeping city. On, and on went the little figure, with bent head, and stooping rounded shoulders; past the closed portals of the houses; beneath their heavy carved balconies, and mullioned,

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windows defended with iron frame-work; past iron-barred, nail-studded doors and curious, dark and escutcheoned portals.

Unobservant of all things, appeared the scholar, until his foot catching in a something upon the ground he stooped, looking to see, what this might be.

It was nothing but a faded garland. He picked up the dry and unattractive thing. The once fresh, and fragrant blossoms had either scattered their petals entirely, or only a bleached and crumpled petal yet clung here and there to the stems, amidst the brown and withered leaves. Bay and myrtle, roses and some sprays of an exotic creeper might yet be recognized. A rare and pathetic fragrance clung to these faded relics of a once tender loveliness. The scholar wondered in a listless way, whose hand had let fall this wreath, and upon whose young brow it had rested, making

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it yet more bright with its evanescent loveliness; whether perchance, it had graced a marriage festival—or a funeral, or whether it had fallen from a painted banner, borne aloft in some holy church-festival. Any way, it now was faded and miserable, a fitting crown for a faded and melancholy brow like his own.

The strange fragrance in its decay, someway pierced to the long–buried tenderness of his old heart, even as though it had been a keen arrow of love. Involuntarily, he placed the faded wreath upon his grizzled and thin locks. He heaved a deep sigh, standing thus bare-headed, except for the wreath, beneath the ever-brightening sky, whilst all the long pent-up aspirations of his life welled forth like living waters. His eyes were full of tears, and his lips full of strange words. A burning sensation was in his brain, and a mist

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before his eyes. His footsteps became stately; his cloak fell around him in fuller folds, and a shining glory came over his countenance.

As the rising sun kissed the towers and pinnacles of the cathedral, and the bells of all the churches began to ring for matins, the flocks of white doves which housed amidst the stone saints upon the roofs, flew round in a bright cloud, with sun-illumined wings.

Early worshippers hastened in throngh the great open doors of the cathedral, while the country-folk began to fill the wide square with motley groups, some bearing upon their heads baskets filled with ripe fruits, melons and figs, grapes and russet pomegranates; or driving laden asses, or oxen slowly drawing along wagons filled with the leafy and rich produce of meadows and orchards. Then did the scholar, with the counte-

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nance of one transfigured, approach the fountain, in the centre of the vast square, and like one in a dream lean himself against a column which rises opposite to it. Upon this lofty column, stands the figure of "our Lady" wearing the crown of stars, whilst her heart is pierced with the sword, and her gentle feet rest upon the crescent moon.

But the wreath upon the head of the scholar was more fresh and fragrant than any garland which had at any time made beautiful this place of garlands.

As the people came and went, passing in and out of the Cathedral, or to the fountain, or to offer chaplets at the feet of the Lady of Sorrows, the man who wore the wreath had ever a word to say to each one who approached—a word, which was spoken to him, or to her apart. And each one, to whom the man had spoken his word, was seen to depart

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with an unwonted fire in the eye, a glow upon the cheek or with an added grace and dignity to their bearing; the aged had become more holy of look; the women, maids and matrons, more full of a brave, sweet innocence; the children of quaint wisdom and divine joy; and the young men of a stronger courage, yet withal mingled with a strange and subtle tenderness.

Many a one glancing up towards the figure of the Holy Mother, to cross themselves, ere they departed, and catching sight, were it only for a moment, of the transfigured countenance of the man wearing that wonderful garland of flowers, which might have bloomed in Paradise itself, were struck with an awe which made the heart stop beating for a moment, as they thought - *is not he an angel?* For now the sunshine falling fully upon the wreath, with its many

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gorgeous flowers, it appeared to gleam around his brows with a glory as of an angelic aureole ! And ever as each one looked upon him, his lips opened, and to each one was spoken the mystic word apart, which unclosed the innermost locked up doors of the heart, and the God-guest within was revealed for the first time to each man, woman and child. And as the crowd ever increased in the market-square, and the jongleurs and the merry-andrews came, and the singers of ballads, and the gypsies, and the wild folk from the mountain-fastnesses, and the soldiers from the citadel, the retainers from the castle of the great Lord of that city, and the great merchants, not to speak of the many peasant folk, such a mighty concourse crowded into that great square as had never been seen within it since the ancient city had been built. And all drawn thither

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by the magic of the man's word; for the news of this mysterious word, spoken by the man who wore the wreath—or as some said, by the angel—spread in a whisper which grew ever louder and stronger through the city; and then the high-born and gently nurtured ladies came from the fragrance of their fair gardens, or from their tapestry-hung chambers; from their cedar oratories, and their ivory embroidery frames, some leading fair children by the hand; and each one was impelled by a strange yearning to look upon the illumined countenance of the strange man, and to hear spoken in their ear, the mystic word which wrought so wonderfully upon every heart. Many a maid and matron that day, became so filled with joy by the hearing of the word, that they departed with likewise transfigured countenances—and the joy was a

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joy that endured with them forever; and in future days and years, the babes that were born of these gentle and joyful ladies, were of the transfigured race—and it became a saying in that land, that such babes were born with the wreath about the brow, or the aureole of the angel.—

But not alone, did the ladies come to hear the word, but the knights and the high-born lords and gentlemen came forth, by twos, and by threes to hear the word spoken to each one apart, as they could best receive it: some came upon great war-horses, steel clad as from battle; others velvet-clad with falcon on wrist, and falconer at the side, attended by long haired pages;—yea, and there came groups of merry pages, without their masters;—and the pert rosy-cheeked waiting women of the high-born ladies; and skilled artists of

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divers kinds, and artisans and mechanics of the great city; workers in gold and in silver, in iron, and in steel; and the weavers of fine stuffs, of silks and of velvets, of linens and of woolens; and the moulders of holy images and sacred vessels; the potters; and they from the deep woods upon the mountains, who formed the fair and resplendent cups and goblets of crystal. Here there too might be seen a priest, or a sandaled monk or a shaggy hermit from among the lonely hills. The men and the women of all races and of all degrees were drawn by one impulse towards the man who wore the garland. And to each and to all, in the same manner, did he speak, as one in a dream, his wonderful word, and each one returned to his home with the God-guest within the innermost of his heart revealed to himself, for the first time.

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But as the sun rose high into the zenith, and then began to descend, and the great square was filled with a glare of a great brightness and heat, the man as if aweary–but still as one in a trance–opening his lips unconsciously, to utter to each and to all, his magic word withdrew into the dark shadow of an ancient arcade, sculptured with curious figures of saints and of angels, of men and of beasts, and which with its low, dark arches, encircled the market-square—and there, in a deep shadow, growing ever more and more weary he seated himself upon an ancient block of marble.

Here, quite unobserved by the great and surging sea of human life in the market-square—all of whom were busied in their own occupations and their own thoughts—the man, who in the shadow had quite lost his transfigured

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look, mechanically raised his hand to his head, and withdrew his lovely, although now fading wreath. Laying it with his trembling old hands upon the ground, it was again as he gazed upon it, the same dried-up, pitiful garland which he had picked up from the rough stone at dawn.

Looking at it thus with wan eyes, he heaved a very bitter sigh, saying: "a wasted, a disappointed life! Ah, wherefore was I born! So much to be accomplished in this poor world, and I have no power to do aught—no, not even the meanest thing!" And truly very weary and very faded, and very melancholy, did the old man now appear–even as the disappointed scholar of the dawn. His mantle was again of rusty black, and his locks were thin and grizzled. A very ghost of a man, did he seem.

Verily, ere the sun had sunk beneath

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the great cathedral, leaving its many pinnacles, towers and statues, together with the slender column bearing aloft the image of the Mother of the Sorrowful, black, against a blood-red heaven, the man had become a ghost. There, leaning up in the dark corner, was the faded husk of the old scholar, out of which, as the many bells of the city musically rung forth the Ave Maria, the spirit had softly departed, leaving a smile of ineffable joy upon the pale, thin face.

And they, who at night-fall discovered the human chrysalis, knew not that it was the mortal remains of the wonderful man, with the transfigured countenance, and the glorious wreath, who had spoken the mysterious words to the folk of the city. But as they bore the body by torch-light to the place where lay the unclaimed dead, they spoke among

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themselves, all unconscious of whose body it was they bore,—of the great event of the day—of the wonderful stranger who might be an angel, and of his power over the minds of men.

And as the magic of his word was still quick within all hearts, pity for the desolate dead was rife within them, and he received decent burial.

He was laid in a quiet, and a green spot, near to the old Cathedral. The hundred stone saints gazed down upon the grave, and the cloud of white doves would long hover over it, with wings gleaming in the sunlight, and as you stood beside it, the very earth, and the air would seem to tremble when the bells of the Cathedral rang sweetly forth at the hours of prayer and all day the scent of incense found its way to that spot. Also, rarely was it, that a fresh wreath of flowers did not grace that

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nameless grave. The hearts of the dwellers in that city, stirred by the magic word felt the thrills of a tender imagination, and became very pitiful and gracious in all action whether small or great.

And it may be, that the spirit of the man who had worn the wreath so greatly for the benefit of the city might be conscious of the grace of flowers thus love-laid upon his nameless grave. But, be that as it may, his spirit was rejoiced with a mighty and a wonderful astonishment, for then found himself wearing a more excellent wreath than any which could have been plucked and woven from any royal garden upon the whole earth.

And his heart burned within his spirit-body, as it was gradually revealed to him that the wreath dropped before his feet upon the last day of his mortal life had fallen straight from the hand of a mighty, world-famed master of song, even as *he*

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had ascended into a fuller Angel-band, even as he had ceased to dwell in recollection upon the memories of his own earthly fame, and had ceased to lament, as is the wont of most men, over his own uncompleted labours upon earth.

Thus infinitely praising Almighty God for His wonderful ways towards men and angels, in a manner too ineffable for mortal ears to comprehend, was the spirit of the once poor scholar withdrawn within the veil of yet diviner joys, whilst the fragrance of the Angelic Wreath of Divine Love remains still potent within the hearts of the people of that city, to quicken the yet unborn generations, and to send them forth to speak the magic word of inspiration to all the world.

The Author of "An Art Student in Munich."

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UN EDUCATORE ITALIANO

DEL SECOLO XV.

La storia della letteratura italiana del secolo XV ci da una serie, che può dirsi sterminata, d'uomini dotti, i quali sono conosciuti col nome di eruditi o di umanisti, e godettero al loro tempo d' una fama grandissima. Ma chi legge le loro biografie, trova quasi sempre gli stessi aneddotti, le stesse passioni, le medesime qualità ed errori; spesso anche i loro libri trattano gli stessi argomenti e portano i medesimi titoli. Così la fisonomia di tutti sembra confondersi in una sola. La ragione di ciò sta nel fatto, che la più

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parte degli scrittori si sono occupati più della storia esterna e materiale, che della intrinseca, ideale e psicologica di quel periodo. Chi si ponesse a questo secondo lavoro, vedrebbe subito che gli eruditi sono molto diversi gli uni dagli altri. Un gran numero di essi non fanno che ripetere meccanicamente cose già dette da altri, e non meritano quindi di essere ricordati dalla storia; ma ve ne sono altri non pochi i quali ebbero un ingegno assai originale, e sotto l' apparenza d' imitatori degli antichi, furono invece veri e grandi novatori. La vita di questi ultimi anderebbe scritta, non per raccontare gli aneddotti, ma per misurare e pesare la originalità che essi ebbero. Allora non solo si vedrebbe, ma si capirebbe in che modo l'Italia di quel secolo, mentre copiava i Greci ed i Latini, scopriva l'America; rinnovava la letteratura e l' arte, la critica e la filosofia; fondava la scienza militare e la scienza politica.

E tra le altre cose, può dirsi che in quel secolo sia nata ancora la moderna pedagogia,

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ossia quella scienza che insegna a educare ed istruire la gioventù, secondo norme e criterii scientifici. Il primo inventore di questa scienza fu appunto un erudito, discepolo d'un altro erudito. Guarino Veronese, professore a Ferrara dove insegnava latino e greco, scrisse molte opere, ebbe una gran fama; ma i suoi veri meriti furono due: quello d'essere onestissimo in una società corrotta, quello d'avere un dono singolare per l'insegnamento. Si disse perciò che erano usciti più dotti della sua scuola, che Greci dal cavallo Troiano. Uno di questi dotti fu Vittorino Rambaldoni da Feltre (1378-1446), il primo educatore moderno. Di nobile carattere, d'animo semplice e religioso, pieno della stessa passione per l'insegnamento che aveva il suo maestro, punto curante d'onori o di guadagni, aprì una scuola a Venezia che subito acquistò molto credito. Allora Giovan Francesco Gonzaga, Signore di Mantova, lo invitò con ricco stipendio e con ampio locale, a fondare colà una scuola

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modello. E Vittorino si mise all'opera con l'ardore di un apostolo. La scuola fu chiamata *Casa giocosa*, perchè insegnanti e discepoli vivevano una vita allegra e felice, in conseguenza d' un lavoro regolato da sani principii, e diretto ad uno scopo che si poteva dir santo.

In questa scuola s' insegnava, come per tutto allora, il greco, e questo da eruditi venuti di Grecia, quali il Gaza ed il Trapezunzio; latino; filosofia e matematica. Si aggiungeva però, cosa insolita allora, la musica, la danza, il disegno, la ginnastica, l' equitazione. La novità peraltro non stava già nel numero, nell' ordine o nel nome delle materie insegnate; stava nel *metodo* che presiedeva a tutto, e che veniva adottato in un secolo nel quale molti erano dotti insegnanti, ma nessuno aveva pensato che vi potesse essere un metodo scientifico, fondato sopra una giusta conoscenza della natura umana. I criterii da cui Vittorino partì, e su cui fondò la sua scuola, furono molto semplici.

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1° L' istruzione deve essere un mezzo, l' educazione deve essere il fine. Bisogna, nello stesso tempo, coltivare l' intelligenza e formare il carattere.—Questa è divenuta oggi una massima di senso comune. Essa fu pronunziata però e fu messa in pratica, la prima volta, come base d' una nuova pedagogia, da un Italiano, in un secolo assai corrotto, nel quale tutti pensavano alla scienza, nessuno sembrava che pensasse più al carattere.

2° La scuola deve educare e svolgere contemporaneamente tutte quante le facoltà. L'insegnante però deve conoscere individualmente ciascuno de' suoi alunni, per lasciare che in ognuno predomini quella o quelle facoltà cui la natura, sempre varia, ha voluto dare forza maggiore.

3° Siccome nell'alunno non possiamo mai separare l'animo dal corpo, così dobbiamo nello stesse tempo fortificare, ingentilire l'uno e l'altro. Dobbiamo ancora cominciare dal concreto per andare all' astratto, dalle sensazioni per andare

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alle idee. Quando possiamo accompagnare l'insegnamento orale, con la presentazione di oggeti visibili, più l'alunno è giovane, più ne caverà vantaggio.

4° Scopo della scuola deve essere il formare l'uomo, perchè impari a vivere nel mondo quale esso è. Per questa ragione, non occorre dividere le classi sociali; ma giova invece riunirle nella scuola. I poveri che vogliono studiar lettere, se ne hanno l'attitudine, staranno insieme coi ricchi. E per mettere in pratica questa massima, Vittorino, che aveva nella scuola i figli del Marchese Gonzaga, e Federico di Montefeltro, che fu poi il celebre Duca d'Urbino, accoglieva in essa anche i poveri, e li manteneva a sue spese nel convitto, col proprio stipendio.

Chi oggi legge quelle massime, sarebbe quasi indotto a credere, che Vittorino da Feltre non ebbe alcun merito, tanto esse sono entrate nella convinzione di tutti, tanto sono per se stesse divenute evidenti. Ma ciò è appunto quello che, dimostran-

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done la verità, prova il merito grande di colui che le annunziava, quando non si pensava neppure che vi potesse essere una scienza pedagogica. I risultati che egli ottenne furono grandi, se si considera che visse in un secolo in cui l'Italia andava incontro alla sua rovina politica, in cui le libertà cadevano, i costumi rapidamente si corrompevano, e le nuove invasioni straniere erano per ricominciare. In mezzo a quella generale decadenza, più volte la storia si ferma a notare in alcuni uomini, le qualità morali che essi dovevano all'insegnamento ricevuto nella *Casa giocosa*. Federico duca d'Urbino, per citare un solo esempio, era un principe, fra tutti gli altri, amato dal suo popolo; aveva una dottrina varia, vasta; un singolare amore a tutto quanto lo scibile, amava tutte le arti belle, e lavorò sempre a fare del suo stato un piccolo Eden. Ma quello che è più, egli, che era anche un capitano di ventura assai celebrato, veniva da tutti dichiarato il solo che non avesse mai voluto violare la fede e la parola data.

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Ed in ciò specialmente si riconosceva l' effetto dellaeducazione ricevuta sotto il buon Vittorino.

Del resto se le massime di Vittorino da Feltre sono oggi troppo note e molto ripetute tra noi, si può anche dire che sono assai poco seguite nella pratica. Noi abbiamo fatto un gran progresso, non v'è dubbio, nei metodi secondo cui ciascuna materia deve essere insegnata. Ma nella scuola queste materie non sono coordinate fra loro in modo che, come debbono essere tutte assimilate da una sola intelligenza, si presentino ad essa, quasi direi, come una materia sola. Procedono invece separate, ciascuna per la sua via, ingombrando la mente; e così non possiamo cavare profitto neppure dal progresso che abbiamo fatto. La formazione del carattere nella scuola è troppo spesso abbandonata a se stessa. La ginnastica per fortificare il corpo, è ammessa più come un utile passatempo, che come una parte essenziale della educazione nazionale. La grammatica, la

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teoria, l'astrazione, in genere, prevalgono troppo, non solamente nella scuola elementare, ma anche nell'asilo infantile. E vi prevalgono a segno, che molte volte si potrebbe dubitare se gli anni spesi in alcuni asili saranno a vantaggio o a danno della futura istruzione.

Di uguaglianza parliamo anche troppo; ma nelle scuole le classi sociali sono invece troppo divise. Il clero riceve la sua istruzione nei seminarii, la gioventù laica va all'università, e sono educati ed istruiti come per due società diverse. Fin dalle classi elementari abbiamo paura di avvicinare i giovanetti alle giovanette; per la donna c'è in Italia poco più della scuola elementare. L'avvocato, il medico debbono studiare greco e latino; l'architetto, l'ingegnere non sono obbligati neppure al latino. Le buone massime, i critterii pedagogici vi sono, ma sulla carta.

Per queste ragioni si può credere che non sia del tutto inutile, ricordare qualche volta il nome di colui che, non solo fu

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primo a trovare le norme ed i principii della buona pedagogia; ma invece di esporli in un trattato, li mostrò applicati in una scuola.

P. Villari.

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AN IDYL OF LONDON STREETS.

WITH fog and mud and drizzling rain the town
Was murk: the very gas-lights blurr'd with
Thick heavy air: the sky hung like a pall [damp
Above the houses dimly seen in rows
Of shadowy height: A carriage stood before
The portal of a stately mansion there,
As ready for its mistresses: to take
Them forth to some bright scene of dance
Or festive music, ball or opera;
Where lights and luxury were things of course,
As much a portion of the scene as were
The mud and darkness of the streets that night.
Upon the pavement, like a half-seen ghost,
There loiter'd near, the figure of a girl,
A woman; something feminine of form,

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But most unfeminine withal; a creature
With lost abandon'd look, a look
Of bold defiance, yet a scared and dread
Expression, as of a hunted-down wild beast.
She stood with savage glance, half furtive, half
Disdainful, reckless, impudent; a glance
Not good in any human face, still less
A woman's; there she stood-and shrank and shiver'd,
Thin wrapp'd in her old thread-bare shawl and gown,
With gaunt wan cheeks, and restless sunken eyes.
All youth and freshness seemed gone out of her,
Although but twenty autumns she had seen.
And yet a touch of child-like fancy lurk'd
In what she did, — to stand there gazing at
The grand luxurious carriage, and to wait
Until its mistresses came forth, that she
Might see their dresses–that was all–their dresses!
To stand there, shivering in the wet and cold,
That she might catch a glimpse of finery
And rich attire! so potent is the taste
For elegance and grace in girlish mind,
It rather sees a handsome dress adorn
Another, than see no good dress at all.
And yet this girl half mocked herself for so
Remaining there:—"Why should I stay? What for?

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"I know what I shall see; some haughty minx
"Step out, and trip across the pavement damp
"In satin shoe; like a sleek cat, that can't
"Abide to wet its squeamish velvet paw.
"Proud cat! what right has she to be so fair
"And fortunate, and I so foul and poor?
"Forsooth, because she's born a lady, I
"A nobody; one doomed to be a drab,
"An outcast, refuse of the pavement edge,
"The gutter; filth that's only fit for drains
"And sewers, made to drift away the orts
"From cities. Ay, what better am I than
"The dirt and offal swept along yon kennel?
"While she,"—by this, the mansion door was flung
Wide open, and a burst of light appear'd
Within the spacious hall, that showed where down
The stairs came stepping with a stately pace
A lady elderly and portly; cloaked
In furs and ample folds of costly silk.
Two powder'd footmen waited her descent;
Two more attended to the carriage-door,
And gave their aid, while she placed foot upon
The step and made the light-hung carriage swerve
And swing with her important weight, as in
She stepp'd. Then down the stairs came gliding soft

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A graceful figure; lithe and easy, quick
In movement, yet composed, and full of that
Possess'd demeanour that belongs to those
Brought up from childhood never to commit
A single act of awkwardness or aught
Ungain. The figure had a face that match'd
In beauty and attraction: bright, and young,
And very frank; beaming with kindliness;
Sweet violet eyes, and mouth like rose-bud fresh.
A little hood of blue and swandown clos'd
Around the winning face, and seemed to pet
And fold it in with loving warmth, as if
'Twere glad to nestle near and minister
To so much loveliness: and on she came,
This young bright lady beauty, and stepp'd out
Into the night, where stood the outcast girl.
From moment that she first caught sight of that
Sweet lady face, the girl had fix'd a rapt
And fascinated gaze upon its beauty:
She seemed unable to withdraw her eyes,
And made involuntary movement forward
To look the more intently at the face
That so enthrall'd her.—"Now, young woman," said
The footman, "where are you a-coming to?,
Stand back, and don't block up the way; stand back!"

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"Take care, Nathaniel"; said the lady voice
In gentle tone; "take care, or you will throw
The poor girl down; don't push her off so roughly.
"How pale and scared she looks! she totters, is
"She ill?" —"No no, my lady; no, not she:
"She's drunk I think.–" Poor thing! Poor girl!"–and [with
A look compassionate, the lady young
Moved slowly on and stepped into her coach.

It rolled away; and with it passed the fair
Bright vision that had bless'd the eyes of her
Who gazed, and left her haunted. Like as one
That, after many dreary weeks of fast
From seeing the green fields, has spent a day
Amid their glories, still beholds a host
Of leaves and boughs beneath his lids when'eer
He shuts his eyes, so this girl's sight was fraught
With images of the fresh beauty she
Had seen; it seemed to fill her senses to
Th'exclusion of aught else; to take the place
Of darkness, wet and mud; to let her see
No other than its radiant self, and flood
Her eyes, her thoughts, with brightness, purity
And beatific grace. She drew a deep
Long sigh; and turned to go, as if she walked
In sleep, possess'd by some entrancing dream.—

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"She look'd at me,—she pitied me,—she would
"Not let the fellow drive me off! Good heart!
"It looks from out her face! That bright young face!"
Thus coursed her still-recurring thought as back
She took her way through crowded thoroughfares
And justling passers by.

Night after night
The girl returned to linger in the square,
Where she had seen the face that spell-bound her.
It drew her there: it kept before her eyes
All day, and fill'd her with the need to go
At night and see its veritable self
Again, and yet again. It came to be
The object of her idolizing fancy,
The one bright star-like point in all her grim
And dingy life's horizon: something that
Supplied the famine of her heart for goodness,
For purity, for kindliness, and beauty,—
All things that are instinctively a want
To even natures most depraved by vice
And vicious teaching; yearn'd for, p'rhaps, un'wares:
But still they're yearn'd for, bent to, ay, and held
In secret worship. So by her. She learn'd
The name of her young lady cynosure,
The rank, the whereabout, the daily wont;

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She follow'd all her doings, knew her hours
For driving out, for riding in the park,
For visiting, for being at home; and when
She went to court—and what the dress she wore;
Spell'd out the newspaper that gave the account
Of Lady Blanche de Lyle's costume at last
Court-ball or drawing-room: and when the time
Arrived for all the London world to flock
Away from town, she read of how the Earl
And Countess Chute, with Lady Blanche de Lyle
Their daughter, had departed for their seat
In Oxfordshire; and then a blank seemed
Fall'n on the City, which no longer held
The bright young lady star of her adoring;
But still she search'd the columns of each old
Stray paper that e'er chanced into her hands
For news of where and what her charmer was
And did; would hang enchanted o'er the lines
That told of how the Lady Blanche rode to
The meet; of how her ladyship was seen
To follow with great spirit through the run;
And how her party came up with the hounds,
And she was chosen County Beauty to
Receive the fox's brush; or how, at some
Great archery affair, the prize was won

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By Lady Blanche de Lyle; or how the Earl
And Countess Chute and family were soon
Expected back to town: then leaped the heart
Of her who read; and felt she then as if
A light were shed around, and all things seemed
The brighter.

Spring was come: and e'en into
The town came some reflection of the hues
That flushed the vernal meads and skies away
From smoke and grime; soft slants of sunshine [touched
The tops of houses, fell upon the sides
And angles of the tall white mansions, or
Upon the long brick ranges of the streets,
And glorified them with effects of light;
Above the roofs, a line of tender blue
Took place of that grey streak that mostly marks
The ridge where house-tops meet the firmament
In London; wafted scents of balmy air
Come playing through the through-fares at dawn,
And carry sense of open downs afar
Where grass and thyme are swept by breezy gusts
Of morning wind, that crisply dry the drops
Left by some passing shower of the night;
The baskets of the primrose-sellers bring
Sweet thoughts of turfy banks rich-cover'd with

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The dainty yellow blossoms pale; the cry
Of "Violets, sweet violets! Come buy
My violets!" recalls the shady lane
Where neath the hedge lurk coyly the blue gems
Of modest loveliness, like true and gentle eyes
That lie in wait to bless the look which seeks
To win them earnestly: the parks have lost
Their brownest driest tint, and something like
Green sward carpets their centre space; their drives
Are neat and smooth, and sprinkled duly by
The dust-bedewing water-cart, that sends
Its gush of wide-shed silvery jets adown
In plenteous stream, and mimics well the fall
Of mighty cataracts, cascades, that pour
Their sheeted weight o'er rock, and fell, and steep.
The grand old elms of Hyde put forth their leaves;
St. James' and the Green Park wear a look
Of urban-rural verdure; while the trees
Of gardens Kensington rise massively
Against the western sky, their emerald tufts
Of tender shoots and budding leaflet-sheaths
Soft woven into one broad velvet surface
Bespreading all those swelling curves that look
At distance like the domes of sylvan fanes,
Green cupolas. Tall beeches with their large

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Expansive branches, fan-like stretching out;
The grace of drooping birches, silver-stemm'd,
The stately growth of regal oak; the boughs
Of Spanish chestnut, horrent with their spiked
And taper leaves, the vividest of foliage;
The straight horse-chestnut, almost clumsy-shaped,
So round and heavy is its outline, with
Those formal rows of blossoms white and red
Up-rising one by one, a pyramid
Of girandoles; and yet formality
That has its handsomeness among the more
Irregular design of neighbour growths.
The spring had brought out early token of
The summer promise by and by; and town
Was smiling with the sunny sheen of May
When May is May indeed in dear old England.

The girl had sauntered to the rails that skirt
The level line of Rotten Row ; to watch
For that gay cavalcade of riders, men
And women, mounted on the finest beasts,
Equipped in trimmest trim; among them there
She looked for one, the fairest in her eyes;
The slenderest of waist, the winsomest
Of form; the one whose habit fell in folds
Of sweep most graceful, with the hat that had

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The feather most bewitching in its droop
Against the rich dark hair and rosy cheek
And throat of purest white. And hark; yes, hark!
Now! clatter-tramp, clatter-tramp, clatter-tramp!
On, on they come, pelting along, a throng
Of gallopers, a crowd on horse-back, at
Full speed! a sound of rippling laughter light,
A merry buz, ran pattering among
The thump and clatter of the horses' hoofs,
As on they raced. When suddenly a stop,
A reining-up, a check confused of all
The riders, as a wretched urchin boy
Quick darted, close beneath the very feet
Of the advancing throng, to cross the road.
An oath of angry sympathy escaped
The lips of sundry gentlemen; a cry
Of horror from the lady horsewomen:
  Bent down with pitying looks and eager voice
The young sweet face, to ask how fared the lad;
If he were hurt,—if badly,— if' twere much.
They took him up and lifted him away;
And bore him to St. George's hospital
Close by; the girl still watching how her own
Bright lady star, (as now she always called her
Went sorrowing after him to hear

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What said the surgeons to the case, and if
They thought the boy would die, or whether they
Deemed hopefully; and rode away with sad
Soft mournful eyes, when the was toold there was
But little chance for him. "Poor ragged Bill!"
The girl low mutter'd to herself (she knew
The boy,—a crossing-sweeper orphan lad,—
A reckless daring chap, in fifty scrapes
A day,—) "Poor ragged Bill! I wish it had
Been me had been run over—' stead of you!
I'd give my life to have her look like that
For *me!* her eyes were wet, ay really wet;
She has a feeling heart, a true friend heart,
My own bright lady Star! "—And after that,
She noted not a day pass'd by without
The Lady Blanche's going to enquire
How fared the boy: and when she heard he would
Recover, went to see him, took him help,
And sat beside his bed with kindly words;
And when he left the hospital, she put
Him to a school, where he might learn to gain
His bread, and be a steady honest lad.
And now the girl's fond worship knew no bounds;
It interblent itself with all she thought
And did; she breathed it with her very breath;

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It was her vital air of moral good,
The one sole element of purity
She lived in. From it came to her a sense
Of better things; of beauty in good deeds,
Of trust, of truth, of virtue, in their own
Divinest essence; abnegation and
Disinterestedness; benevolence,
And pleasure in the gentle exercise
Of charity and kindliness; the joy
And solace of indulging generous thoughts
Of others; and the comfort in mere trying
To rise above the slough of selfishness;
Th'ineffable delight of impulse to
Be good for goodness' sake: all these became
Unconsciously apparent to the soul
Of her who consciously beheld the bright
Young beauty of her lady star, and saw
Its fair effulgence,—visible reflection
Of spiritual light within. The girl,
With softened nature, fell into the way
Of thinking over things that ne'er before
Had struck her, while she leaned against
The back of some park-bench, and watch'd the sun
Sink slowly down behind the distant trees
Of bosky Kensington. "How glad I am

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I've seen her, known her!" Thus her musings ran:
"I'm better for my love of her; it makes
Me feel the better, do the better,—try,
At least. I can't be pure like her, of course;
I can't be good like her; but I can give
Up things I like to do, as she does; I
Can do things that I do not like to do,
As she does. How she'd give up, day by day,
Her rides and drives to go and see poor Bill!
And how she'd sit and listen to his talk,
Poor chap, and make him tell her how he felt,
And what he did, and how he lived, and where!
She couldn't much ha' liked all that o' course;
But she did it, ay, day after day.
She did it,'cause she know'd it did him good;
She did it,'cause she know'd 'twas right and kind.
And how she used to look when out she come
From sitting with him! how her bright young face
Was just as if the sun was on it, like!
Her eyes all sparkle, and her cheeks flush'd up
As if she'd heard some joyful news, or had
Some present given her,—my beauty bright!
How God must love her! how He must be pleased
With her!—God help me! I've heard tell of God:
I wonder what he thinks of such as me.

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I didn't make myself the thing I am;
Perhaps he knows all that, and wont be hard
With me because of it. Perhaps he sent
Me her, to make me better; who can tell?
Perhaps he sent me her to love and think
About, that I might be more happy, and
Have something, I can call my own that's good.
Who knows? At any rate, I've got her, and
I'm glad and thankful that she's mine, mine, mine:
I've made her mine myself, by loving her
And watching her, and calling her my own,
And feeling somehow that God gave me her."

And time went on: and still the outcast girl
Kept loving watch and worship, secretly,
At lowly distance; most content, nay, glad
To know and be unknown, and make of that
Pure lady bright, her own life's guiding star.

One day,—a burning day, when the hot sun
Came flaming out, and shone with tropic force,—
A day when London pavements struck a glare
Like Afric sands against the eyes, and walls
Reflected oven heat, scorching the hands.
Unwary laid upon them, casting o'er
The shoulders an oppressive copper cloak,
As walkers dared to skirt along their length;—

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A day when shade became necessity,
And people cross'd the way to gain a strip
Of darkly cool relief,—a day when dogs
Where eyed askance and shrunk from with distrust,—
A day when beggars crawled away from spots
Where usually they bask'd, and sought instead
Some friendly refuge from the glow and warmth
Of afternoon,—a day when idlers most
Complain of languor, weariness and bore
Of having nothing upon earth to do;
While workers half incline to envy them
Their power to sit at ease and lounge away
The lazy hours, attempting to get rest,—
A day when eating is a task and naught
But ices seem a possible approach
To food,—a day when broil and brazen dazzle
Seem wholly to pervade the air, and make
A furnace of the town,—on such a day
As this, the girl beheld with beating heart,
A carriage she well knew, draw up before
The entrance to a fashionable shop,
Its glittering front o'ershaded by a blind
Of ponderous slope; out stepp'd a youthful form
Of graceful buoyancy, and took its way across
The flagstones at the very moment that

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The iron uprights of the blind gave way,
Made sudden slip from some unwonted cause,
And let the weight descend with crushing force.
The girl, who saw the peril at a glance,
Dashed forward, thrust the lady back, herself
Receiving the whole brunt of the descent;
And dropp'd to earth, felled by the deadly blow.

In that precedent particle of time
Who knows what compensating flash of thought
Was then vouchsafed? The brain perchance conceiv'd
The consolating image,—"Death endured
For *her*! For *her* my own bright lady star!
Thank God for letting my life purchase hers!"—
And then there stood beside the fallen girl
The lady pure, with hallowing tears of ruth
Shed o'er the bruis'd and bleeding form of one
Who died to save, of one whose instinct taught
'Twas blessedness to nobly sacrifice
The erring self for innocent belov'd.

Mary Cowden Clarke.

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MISS JONES

By AUNT FRIENDLY.

MISS JONES was traveling in Italy, traveling quite unincumbered. She had but one trunk and she needed no more, for she had left at home her music-books—and her gala-dresses, her flounces and her furbelows. In the thickest of thick cloth garments, not one yard too much in the suit, she was equipped for the occasion. She was emancipated; even her scruples and her fastidiousness and almost her conscience she had left behind her, far

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over the water. Miss Jones could pass a beggar every ten steps without a twinge of compassion. Even the blind man's hat won from her no coppers. She had learned to doubt his oft-urged plea, and fancied she saw a sly twinkle under his half-closed lid, as some uninitiated stranger gave him a soldo for sweet charity's sake. She could recognize, half a block away, the ubiquitous woman with her mouth awry, who makes her ugliness a source of private income. Before her whine began, Miss Jones had the right expression ready for her, which needed not even the Italian shake of the fore finger to strengthen its negative. Perhaps there was a something settling over the fair features of our traveler, as unlovely in the eyes of the angels as that wonderful mouth and chin, so profitable to the persevering beggar.

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Miss Jones could have passed out of the gate of the temple called Beautiful—without giving either silver or gold, copper or paper, or even a blessing to the lame man, who lay there expecting, like his Italian imitators, something from those who went in to worship. Not that worshiping formed any part of Miss Jones' well-ordered plan for her day's sight-seeing. She went into the churches to see pictures and statues, to wonder, admire, criticise, anything but to offer the pure incense that goes up from a devout spirit. She did not belong to that congregation. She was a protestant. She could look down with contempt on the kneeling figures about her, without once thinking of that contented visitor of the Jewish temple, who thanked God he was not as other men.

Miss Jones never read the news-papers —we may except an occasional glance at

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the Swiss Times. It was nothing to her that she walked among a people who were struggling towards life and liberty, like strong swimmers, who buffet the wild waves where the great ship has gone down. She did not understand Italian politics. She preferred to read about those horrid old emperors, who seem to have tainted the very ground they trod, so that excavations of their precincts fill the air with death, and no wonder!

Miss Jones liked to talk of the sunny skies, the stirring associations, the classical sanctity of dear Italy, the very thought of an old Roman, made her hold her own fair head more erect, and step as if she wore a toga; but a modern dweller in Rome, he was unpoetical, uninteresting, he had no real existence for her; she was in the clouds, in the golden-tinted past.

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Miss Jones was not traveling alone. She was far too proper for that. She was duly escorted and accompanied by a select party of congenial souls, judicious tourists, who went their way, and let her go hers. Generally their paths lay in the same direction, fortunately for Miss Jones. She however was quite self-reliant in these days. She could argue with a cabman about half a franc, no matter how large the group that gathered about her, and call for what she wanted in a crowded restaurant, in bad French or worse Italian, without a blush. Miss Jones was the youngest of her party, yet she planned the campaigns, and led the van, Baedecker in one hand, and a white *en-tout-cas* in the other. With the aid of her inestimable knowledge of the modern languages they had secured a sunny suite of rooms, looking out upon a cheerful piazza.

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Was it not quoted in the infallible red book, "dove non entra il sole, entra il medico"! There, when not sightseeing, our traveler wrote her journal, and "read up" in history and art. From those sunny rooms Miss Jones sallied out, with a sense of perfect freedom, a rest from the conventional shackles against which she had inwardly chafed at home. She was in a strange city, and a strange land. No one knew her, and she could do as she pleased. True, she had lost her personality; no one cared whether she were Smith or Jones, Douglas or Howard. Yet by an indescribable something, more than by her fair hair, her bearing, or the cut of her dress, her nationality was seen at a glance. On the Corso, and the Campagna, the shop and the café, she was representing her country, the country she dearly loved. That free, mannish deportment she

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herself would have repudiated at home, was accepted as a mark of her origin. Miss Jones was making a shade deeper the portrait of her country-women, too often accepted in Italian cities, and criticised with scorching severity.

There cannot always be sunshine even in Italy. The bright skies were slowly veiled, January ceased to be like May, and one morning Miss Jones awoke to find the air as piercing as a stiletto. Cold sleet was driving against the window, and our tourist reluctantly decided to spend the day at home. Not that she was to be diverted from her constant aim, self improvement, a kind of selfishness often as hard, cold, and unloving as any other form of the hydra-headed monster. She would give the day to the study of Italian. She had become suddenly interested in the language, not that she might come heart to heart with the living

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yearning crowds around her. Miss Jones must assist in person at the Delivery of Jerusalem, and go down with Dante, to that bourne, from whence no traveler is said to return.

Miss Jones had a fire made in her own room, she was in the mood for solitary study. Little Vittorio had begged to have the pleasure of putting on the fresh wood, and as he now blew with his mouth, and now with the bellows, Miss Jones thought him a pretty quaint little figure, worthy of the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, or the more modern Frère.

The young stranger had a perfect charm for Vittorio. The few words she had spoken to him, when his black eyes greeted her, in answer to her ring at the door, had sunk deep into his heart. Miss Jones had never thought of his having a heart at all. She had only

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wanted to bring to his lips the sudden smile which made his handsome face glow with an almost angelic brightness. Now she had only to tell her sworn servitor, that she wanted a certain Italian book from the circulating library she frequented, when Vittorio was off like an arrow to do her bidding. The wonderful translations made that day by Miss Jones were never given to the public. Suffice it to say,—that sad face of Dante's might have relaxed into a grin smile, if he could have heard her rendering of his immortal verse.

The storm swept swiftly by, like the tempest of passion on the face of an Italian beauty. The skies were again all sunshine. Miss Jones was arrayed for her morning excursion, when the sharp black eyes of little Assunta, Vittorio's mother, appeared in the passage. Would the signora just look in for a

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moment at Vittorio. He was in a fret about a book he was to get at the library.

Miss Jones mechanically followed the speaker. It had never struck the dweller in the bright apartments visited by the sun, that there was another side to the picture, but the moment she passed through the door on the landing, that led to the back part of the house, she seemed to be in another world. A sunless, chilly, damp, sepulchral world it was, and filled with congenial sounds. A hoarse cough, a gurgling struggling effort to breathe, greeted her ears.

At the end of the dim passage was a small room, lighted only by a single window, which opened into a tiny court, a sort of well, or open space in the midst of the great building that fronted so pleasantly on the gay piazza. In this cheerless place on a high bed, lay

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little Vittorio panting and gasping, with a bright fever spot on his cheek, and a wild light in his eyes.

Miss Jones' late studies in Italian enabled her to understand that the child fancied he had lost the book, entrusted to his care, and she pacified him by her soothing manner far more than by her broken words.

That sudden transition from the warmth of Miss Jones' bright fire to the cold sleet without, had changed the happy little boy into the tossing suffering patient before her.

The poor little mother craved sympathy. She could not bear to see the fair stately young lady leave the dark room she seemed to brighten with her presence. Would the Signora just stay a moment while she dressed the blister, the doctor had ordered for Vittorio's arm.

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Miss Jones was no weak woman, yet she would gladly have been spared the sight. The boy stretched out his thin right arm, stiff and motionless as a marble statue, not once wincing while the scissors clipped and slipped, and slipped and clipped, in his mother's trembling hand.

What ailed Miss Jones? She was not mannish now! "Would Garibaldi like me to hold it like that?" said the child proudly, as he relaxed his compressed lips. "Wont I do to be a soldier and fight for Italy?" 'Yes! yes! said the mother, quickly, but her eyes filled up with tears, as she whispered to Miss Jones, "The Doctor thinks he'll die! My darling boy!". She had found her heart, that heart dormant through long months of traveling. Her blue eyes welled over with loving sympathetic tears. How tenderly she

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spoke to the dear little patient! How she strove to soothe and comfort the stricken mother.

Miss Jones remembered a scene far away, in her childhood, when her own young brother lay on his sickbed. The windows brought in the sweet air from the pleasant garden to his couch of pain. All that love could invent, or luxury furnish, was lavished for him, and yet he could not live. What hope was there for Vittorio, in that cold, damp room, with its bare stone floor, and utter absence of any shadow of comfort! She could not bear it. She must do something. There was a choking in her throat. She must have action.

Miss Jones had faith in a certain physician who had won the affection of many strangers in Rome. She visited no galleries that day, she ganced round no churches, she sentimentalized among no

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grand old ruins. She was mannish now, only in the business like promptness with which she sought Doctor G. and explained to him Vittorio's case. She brought him to the child's bed-side, and would gladly herself have carried out his orders for the little patient; but no, his mother alone could minister to him now. In his delirium he shrank from the hand of a stranger.

Miss Jones went to her cheerful room, to await the result of the new treatment. She had never thought of that beautiful boy as:

> "A being drawing thoughtful breath,
> A traveler 'twixt life and death."

Indeed he had hardly seemed to her a human being at all, but an existence of something bright that crossed her path, to make her glad life the gladder.

It came home to Miss Jones that this was not a mere world in which to see sights, write journals, and go to bed

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tired, to wake to the same routine, every sunny morning. She felt that her life had touched other lives all along the road her wandering feet had traveled. She had left no silver wake of sunshine by kind deeds, and wise words, in the human hearts to which she had had access.

Miss Jones had the joy of seeing the pale face of little Vittorio brighten with returning health. His was but a physical recovery, she had passed through a better resurrection.

Sight-seeing Sundays, morning readings omitted, hurried prayers, had had their natural result in a cold, heartless godless life, asleep almost unto death, but she was awake now, thoroughly awake.

Miss Jones did not cease her journeyings. She did not preach and distribute tracts right and left. She did not encourage idle beggary, the curse from which

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Italy is struggling to be free. She found a church she could love and help, and where she could worship devoutly, without contempt for the opinions or delusions of others. She interested herself heart and soul, hand and purse, in the children of the land of her pilgrimage. The money that would have been spent in cameos and mosaics, coral and shell-work, she devoted to the christian education of black-eyed boys and girls. She sowed her good seed quietly, and went on her way glad of heart.

When Miss Jones returned to her own far off country, it was not merely with the so-called polish of foreign travel, a superficial knowledge of many things, but with a deep, earnest purpose, to be in her day and generation, a loving, active, useful, christian woman.

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THE COURSE OF TIME.

NO! no arresting the vast wheel of time, [might,
That round and round still turns with onward
Stern, dragging thousands to the dreaded night
Of an unknown hereafter. Faith to climb
In thought to that supernal Force sublime,
Who guides the circling of the wheel aright,
Alone can steady our dismay at sight
Of that huge radius imaged in my rhyme.
Some swept resistless through a mire of sin,
Some carried smoothly on in downy ease,
Some whirled to swift destruction 'mid the din
And crash of sudden end! Oh, may it please
The Guider merciful to will my course
Shall be in peace and trust, devoid remorse.

Charles Cowden Clarke.

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NOTHING MORE.

LATE upon an evening eerie, I was sitting worn
 and weary,
Pondering all forlorn and dreary, how to meet a
 tradesman's score;
Funds were low and spirits daunted, and I should
 have been enchanted
Had kind fortune to me granted any increase of
 my store;
Had the fickle goddess given smallest increase of
 my store,
 Which was dwindling more and more.

Vainly, vainly, to my sorrow, from my friends I'd
 tried to borrow,
And again upon the morrow I might ask at each
 one's door;

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They, no help, nor aid would proffer, save advice ;—
that all would offer,
But that cannot fill my coffer, standing empty as
before ;
Good advice will never fill it ; it stands empty as
before ;—
Empty still for ever more !

Oh ! the hours I've spent in writing, lengthy manu-
scripts inditing ;
To every London publisher I've sent at least a
score,
Many editors returned'em , some did *not* , perhaps
they burned'em.
Many with contempt have spurned'em , and this
answer o'er and o'er,
Answer fraught with dreadful meaning, I've had sent
me o'er and o'er,
"Declined with thanks", and nothing more !

Brooding thus, and almost napping, suddenly I heard
a tapping
As of feeble fingers rapping gently at my chamber
door ;

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"Now" I said, "is this some letter to remind me I'm
a debtor
To my boot-maker or tailor, and must soon acquit
the score?
Or perchance it is my Landlord with a still more
heavy score,"
And I muttered "what a bore!"

"Had I only just a rap in purse or pocket"—here the
tapping
Louder grew, impatient rapping, and wide open flew
the door;
Was I waking, was I dreaming, was it real or was
it seeming,
The form that I saw standing there upon my study
floor,
Imp-like, small, and dark, and grimy, standing on
my study floor?
Was it shadow, nothing more?

Neither bow nor curtsey made he, not the slightest
greeting said he,
But with dirty boots still played he a tattoo upon
the floor;

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Fast my heart began to flutter, as these words I
heard him utter,
As he sulkily surveyed me from his station near the
door,
From a chair that he had taken just within my
chamber door,
"Copy wanted," nothing more!

"Now" thought I "this case most sad is, for he surely drunk or mad is,
Who would venture as this lad is, thus within a
stranger's door,
And at this untimely season with no meaning one
can seize on,
Utter words devoid of reason, like a parrot o'er and
o'er.
How shall I resolve his meaning?" Then he muttered as before,
"Copy wanted," nothing more!

Then more closely as I eyed him, by a lamp which
hung beside him
I perceived some grimy, inky sort of stains the
urchin bore,

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"Printer," cried I, "think no evil, though I call thee printer's devil,
From the office have they sent thee? Tell me, tell me I implore,
My last paper *is* accepted? Tell me quickly I implore,
Give me hope, if nothing more!"

Said the imp his seat forsaking, "don't put yourself in such a taking,
I believe I've been mistaking this room for another floor,
Why for sure *you* ain't the author, who's been making such a bother
For to get some proofs or other, and they've sent me 'ere afore,
From the office I belongs to I've been often sent afore,
But we can't get nothing more!"

"Printer," cried I, "thing of evil, printer still, if boy or devil;
Whether office sent, or whether by mistake thou'st sought my door,

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Leave me, leave me to my sorrow! Never more I'll
try to borrow,
But right early on the morrow will I seek some
distant shore;
Take that ink from off thy brow, take those boots
from off my floor,
Let me see thee—never more!"

N. Lawless.

Rome 1875.

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A VISIT TO GENAZZANO

HAVE you ever visited the Sabine Mountains? I do not mean with the hasty run of a tourist—just to Tivoli and back—but have you ever spent a few bright summer months there? Have you made yourself familiar with some of its less known nooks and recesses? Have you viewed the softened undulations of the Campagna from its hill terraces? Do you know the delightful region where you may brood all day long under the thick leaves of ilex or olive groves: where

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the Anio runs and revels and dances in the sun, tumbling from many a peaky rock or shelvy hollow, racing by broad meadows, carrying a delightful coolness with it, as it rushes beneath some tiny citadel or picturesque promontory, or laves the borders of some green vineyard, in which the vines hang in festoons from tree to tree, dropping with bloomy purple fruit: where white oxen draw the rude plough along through the furrow, or the rustic vehicle along the dusky road, their bells jingling dreamily: where the song of the shepherd is heard amongst the hills blent with the notes of the rejoicing nightingale: where the day dies, as the dolphin is said to do, with a thousand changing colors, and the night comes softly, laden with odours, lit by the unstinted beams of a whole heaven of glistering stars? If you do not know this "happy land," you can hardly be

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said to know Italy; for this is its bank and treasure-house of beauty.

Some years ago I spent the best part of a summer with some congenial friends in this pleasant region. After a stay at Tivoli, which is too well known to need dwelling upon here, we pushed our way to Subiaco, seated on the jingling diligence of the country, which was of the usual ramshackle order. We passed the broken ruins of the Claudian acqueduct; Vicovaro, pausing to examine its fine octagonal chapel; the picturesque San Cosimato perched on its bold headland, and the still more lofty Saracinesco, looking as if it belonged to the clouds as much as the earth; and so we reached Subiaco with its rumbling mills, tumble-down houses, and marvellous monastery on the neighbouring hills. Do you know the quaint town?—its narrow and crowded thoroughfares, its gabbling

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bargain-makers, its scenic surroundings? If not, it would be worth a journey over the hot Campagna along the dusty road all the way from Rome, and it would repay you everything. But neither here will I detain my reader, except to narrate to him one little incident. I stood under a vaulted passage sketching. It was filled with a pervading gloom. Solemn sounds were heard approaching: tapers glimmered: a procession of monks and others entered the gallery. They were bearing a bier. On this bier lay a fair young girl; her hands were crossed; a crucifix was placed in them. She was dressed in white; pale and beautiful; her unshrouded form strewn with flowers. As they passed by sadly, they seemed to leave a streak in the sunshine, bringing forcibly to my mind the words of good, old George Herbert:

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"When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell
Which shall befriend him at the house of death."

So true is it that in the midst of life we are in death!

One morning before daylight, we left the primitive town, left its clacking mills and babbling river for "fresh fields and pastures new." Some hours steady tramping along unfrequented and half-formed roads, and we found ourselves at Olevano, still more remote in the heart of the mountains. Hot, dusty and tired, a pleasant meal soon refreshed us; and doubly so, for here was a little band of congenial souls—all artists of divers nationalities. We soon fraternised and spent many delightful days together in the exercise of our

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pencils. As I write this in busy London it all comes back to me: the grey old castle rising in the midst, like a ghost of former days—broken walls half-clothed with sombre ivy; the vast panorama of hills with their infinite variety passing through all hues and tints, crowned here and there with eerie-looking towns, in which we wondered who could live, or what they did there, perched so high above the rest of the world; the rustic shrine; the glimmering alley; the forlorn houses; and across the spreading valley, the deep blue Volscians, which lifted their jagged summits like a sea of rocky waves billowing into the far distance. Many a brilliant morning woke us to our pleasant toil, until the hot sun drove us indoors to the pleasant mid-day meal. Many a delicious evening we watched the twilight steal over the scene with ever new delight. Many

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a merry song, lively discussion, or interesting story went round, until the season of rest lulled all the world to sleep.

But I must take may reader one stage further: the last. It is to Genazzano, the strange hill-side town, with its tall towers, ancient castle, and crumbling aqueduct.

It was the hottest season of the year, at the beginning of September, that we started soon after midnight on the morning of the day of the great annual festival in that town—the festa of *S. Maria del Buon Consiglio.* In silence, and somewhat subdued by the solemn scenery, the stillness of the night, the vast heaven with its brilliant constellations, we tramped mile after mile. The mountains seemed to be reposing like mighty giants on every side, their hollows filled with darkness, and the curtain of

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night half veiling their summits. Broken masses of rock lay strewn about; there was little or no vegetation; the dreary landscape looked like the realm of disorder, huge fragments of rock lying tumbled around in the greatest confusion. We had thus pursued our way for some time, when a faint rosy tint showed itself over the summits of the eastern mountains. Presently it grew brighter and the stars paler. The sky was rippled and furrowed with crimson waves; whose crests were gold; a glow diffused itself in the horizon like a furnace, and then the sun rose, a burning fiery ball, shooting his rays far and wide, a flood of light, over the world.

Whilst I was gazing at a spectacle so entrancing, faint musical sounds were heard in the distance, which approached as we proceeded. Presently a turn of the

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road revealed a picturesque procession: men on the one side of the road, and women on the other. They were all dressed in the peasant costume of southern Italy; the men with low crowned hats, in which a little bouquet of artificial flowers was stuck, the badge of the occasion, short jackets, tights and sandals, the women wearing coloured skirts, laced boddices, and the usual white linen head-dress.

Each of the latter bore on her head a white wicker basket, in which purchases made in the town were carried. They were already returning from the town, where they had been since the preceeding day. As they walked in long files on the road they chaunted the litany of the Virgin:

"Sancta Maria
Ora pro nobis!"

rose and fell with varied intonation, first from the men and then from the

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women. The chaunt was musical and plaintive. The sounds seemed to gather solemnity in the new day, as they floated from crag to precipice, and died away in faint echoes on the mountains. I shall not soon forget the effect of this at such a moment, and in the midst of scenery so wild and desolate. There seemed to be a reality and fitness about it hardly to be conveyed by words.

We were soon within sight of the town, which we entered by a quaint gateway, and immediately found ourselves in the midst of a dense mass of people standing gossiping, or chaffering, or sitting and lying, in every available corner. We crushed our way to the caffè in the piazza, and sitting down, amused ourselves with watching the characteristic groups around us. Here a man with wild gesticulations and loud cries, flourished a knife over a pig roasted whole, and stuffed with herbs,

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which he facetiously called "*una bella gallina*" (a fine fowl), there the living animal, tied by the leg, increased the uproar, or escaping from the tether, added to the general confusion by running about wildly hither and thither. Venders of bread, cheese, curds and other comestibles, proclaimed the virtues of their wares in the shrillest tones; dogs barked, bells rang, a band played. Presently I crushed my way through the streets, and entered the church of *S. Maria del Buon Consiglio*. This church is a very celebrated one, more than locally; for it contains a famous shrine or picture to which are attributed miraculous qualities. The picture is said originally to have belonged to a church of Scutari in Albania, from the walls of which it was removed by an invisible power, accompanied by a celestial melody, between two columns, one of flame and

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the other of bright cloud, the one to shelter it by day and the other to light it by night. First arriving at Rome, it passed in the same manner to Genazzano, where it became fixed in the wall of the convent of St. Augustine, built by the blessed Petruccia, a religious sister, who afterwards built this church, to which it was transported by invisible hands, and immediately commenced to work miracles.

However this story may have originated, there is the picture, and its miraculous power is still believed in.

Within the church I found a crowd of persons at their devotions. Picturesque groups of women and children, girls and peasants of all sorts knelt on the floor, chaunted the responses, or were occupied in silent prayer. As I stood by the shrine of the celebrated picture, I was aware of a slight stir near the door. A

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hush pervaded the church, and then a loud cry rose which was echoed from side to side: "*Evviva Maria!*" Presently the crowd separated, opening a lane or passage to the shrine, and I saw a man on his hands and knees, with his forehead, which he never lifted, brushing the floor as he approached the shrine. In order that he might be guided to the spot, he held in his hand the corner of a handkerchief, of which a peasant woman held another, and thus led him to the shrine. When close to the iron rails which separated the little chapel from the rest of the church, at a signal the man stood up. He had a strange, sad, wild look, as one might have who had suffered the tortures of the rack until his frame was numbed and dead, and he could suffer on more. Life had evidently not been good to him. Had he dwelt with the consuming fires of fever, had he been

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afflicted with the pains of rheumatism, as the victim of epilepsy, or had birth denied him "il ben dell' intelletto"—the light of reason? I cannot tell. His face wore a wistful, bewildered expression. He seemed to be only imperfectly aware of his position and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I do not know what was his age. He might have been of any age between twenty-five and fifty-five. Time was a blank page to him: its marks were obliterated by those of other and more powerful agencies. The peasant woman by whom he was accompanied, evidently his mother, with a countenance filled with much sorrow looked up at the picture. She burst into tears. She threw herself against the iron railings. Earnestly she implored the Madonna to help her son. She pointed to him in a passion of anguish. "Mother of

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God," she cried, "help, help and heal him!" Still her passion of grief grew louder and wilder. Her sobs and cries filled the church. The whole congregation took up the cry; "*Evviva Maria!*" rang from roof to rafter once more and again and again. In the mean time the object of this demonstration stood immoveable, bewildered, vacant. No tear dimmed his eye; no sigh escaped him: but drooping and nerveless like a withered branch, he scarcely looked around. He of all the multitude was the only one unmoved.

It was infinitely touching: the anguish of the mother, and the miserable condition of her son. Did they expect a miracle to be wrought for him on the spot? I do not know. It would have been a miracle indeed to have restored health and vigour to that wasted frame; to have brought back the faded light to

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that dim eye; to have touched the slumbering and paralysed energies once more into life and action, so crushed and quenched in their shattered tenement.

With a sad heart I left the church, deeply moved by so extraordinary a spectacle — extraordinary to me, but perhaps not so to others. The priest who was officiating at the altar beneath the picture—the picture a blurred and blackened form upon which I could barely trace a design—having his back to the congregation, never once turned or appeared to be in any way moved or surprised.

Rejoining my friends, we went to the principal trattoria of the town to refresh ourselves. We entered by some descending steps a large room filled with a gabbling multitude. Long tables were spread from end to end. Every avail-

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able corner was occupied, whilst the waiters, distracted, ran hither and thither almost beside themselves. The heat was intense, the closeness unbearable.

We passed through the apartment into a terrace garden. It faced the arid valley, from whose heated stones and the opposite mountains, the fiercest blaze of the noon-day sun was reflected upon us, whilst his hot rays were poured on our heads from above, like a fiery rain. A few orange trees were all the shelter. In vain we sought to enter some of the alcoves or sheds which had been erected. They were all crammed full of hungry crowds, and we had to wait—to wait until the life was almost baked out of us—before we could find accommodation. Then a merry meal amply repaid us, for the jest and story went round, with really good wine; and we were happy.

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Once more assembled in the Piazza, the usual *tombola* or lottery began. The screeching, the trumpeting, the shouting which invariably accompany this part of every festa day in Italy are well known to the traveller in that country. The evening hour was approaching and we prepared for our return.

Much as has been said and written of the evening hour of the southern clime, it is always fresh and new; the fading of the colour from earth and its revival in the sky; the pale stars glimmering out, first with shy glances, then bright as the eyes of angels; the cool and solemn stillness which calls up an answering calm in the soul; the beautiful harmony which reigns over the inner and outward world—all conspire to make the approaches of evening welcome and soothing, after the heat of a southern day: and so we now found it.

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When the sun had set, we descended the hill. There was no moon, but a soft diffused light was spread over the landscape, throwing a glamour of mystery upon the prospect. For some part of the distance I lagged behind the little band of gossipers who made night merry with their laughter. A deep silence brooded over the world, save that now and then an owl went by with his melancholy cry, or a bat flickered through the gloom. The mountains rose around with weird and ghostly outlines; gentle airs of night flitted to and fro; everything was hushed to a solemn repose.

The night was far advanced when, nearing our destination, the mouldering walls of the old castle of Olevano once more rose before us on their rocky elevation. When we entered the cheerful little inn an abundant supper was pro-

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vided, to which we did full justice, and then we retired to bed, weary, but delighted with our pleasant visit to Genazzano.

W. Davies.

London.

February, 1875.

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THE OPEN CASEMENT.

FULL-STARRED the fragrant night, tranquilly [blue—
Long I sat dreaming
Sadly, half deeming
In my deep weariness, Life all untrue;
Rhineland was round me, its broad river flew
Past, in its daring,
Heedless, uncaring,
Here shaded, there moonlit, then lost to the view.

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Spectral old castles crowned shadowy heights
Up which were twining
Full vines; and shining
In far away sparkles were red village lights.
These are the seasons when memory smites
To silvery ringing,
Like Angels' soft singing,
All the sad heart-bells that toll past delights.

"Where are my early-loved!" musing I said,
"Are they world ranging,
"Fading and changing,
"Where are my distant ones, where are my dead!
"They at least change not—none stand in their stead:
"Life floateth past,
"Hope faileth fast,
"Riseth no light on the path that I tread."

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A soft sudden music came borne on the breeze,

A wild and sweet wailing,

Gently prevailing

Over the waters' rush, over the trees

As they mimicked the murmur of midsummer seas;

It wakened to gladness,

Then deepened to sadness

Those vague prisoned yearnings that Melody frees.

Though never that measure had reached me before,

Now it seemed known to me,

Longed for — alone to me

Sent, for it stirred buried memories of yore;

Moved by a strange charm, I sped to the shore:

Whence it was passing — too plainly,

I followed — how vainly;

From that summer night I have heard it no more.

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Wearily turning, I sighed, "Even so
"The heart's best meetings
"Are but the greetings
"Of casual music, that grows faint and low
"E'en while we listen; yet wilèd we go
"Forth, blindly groping
"With sudden wild hoping,
"And on some vain quest all our best years bestow."

Often I muse alone, marvelling whose
Was that magic singing,
Which to my heart bringing
A record for life—passed—withdrawing all clues;
Is it wasting on those who know not how to use
High gifts? Ah that pleading
Told suffering, told needing!
Did my sought one seek me, and thus find but to lose?

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Still smiles the Rhineland, the glorious, the gay;
Lightly the hours
Touch its fair towers,
Nor fades the romance from its fortresses gray
Though long years have passed; Still, still, night [and day
Rusheth that river,
As heedless as ever:
As ever, I still tread my desolate way.

A. Y.

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AT LAST.

(*By the Author of the Rose Garden.*)

——— : o : ———

VERY now and then in England you come upon certain nooks which seem to gather into themselves all the sweet kindliness, all the delicate fragrance, all the repose and warmth and freshness which an English summer can give. The house, for there is always a house, lies mellowing in the sunshine, the creepers which cover it shelter an infinite number of small birds to chirp and twitter in the early morning, flowers are embedded in nests of soft turf, little insects dance, so

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that there is a continual murmur or rather movement in the air, and in the very heart of what seems like stillness, life, glowing, radiant and ecstatic.

Shut your eyes and allow yourself to be persuaded that you see such a spot.

The old parsonage house at Allering lay deep in one of those Sussex combes which are as it were scooped out of the long line of softly swelling downs, where every flying cloud casts its answering shadow, and the colouring has a quiet beauty of its own. The house itself was of stone, squarely and solidly built, so as to withstand the fierce gales which in winter time came rushing up from the south-west, but losing all its sternness in a manner, under a greenery of banksia roses, jessamine, and the great glossy leaves of the magnolia.

On the particular morning of which I write, the grass had but just been mown,

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and lay tossed about in fresh, sweetly smelling heaps; the flowers still glistened with the heavy dew of the past night; the sun shone out, touching everything with pure warm light, every now and then children's laughter sounded from the road bordering the garden, along which they were making their way to the school just visible between the trees; pigeons were wheeling round and round the roof, bees were humming, a great dog had lazily stretched his whole length outside a window;—you, simply looking on, would have found yourself in spite of all experience, thinking that life in such a spot must be all peace and tranquillity. And yet, no further than the drawing-room, there was something very different.

"Frank," a woman's voice was saying angrily, "you ought to understand that you have duties to your wife and child."

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"I know it well, Joanna."

"Then do not begin that horrid argument over again. If it is necessary that any one should go to these unfortunate people, which I do not for a moment believe, what on earth is the use of an unmarried curate, unless he can take this sort of thing in hand? If the fever is so infectious and dreadful, the person to do them good is the doctor, and I have told you already that I am ready to order as much beef-tea and milk as they can want, to be sent to the turn-pike for them. The children can fetch it from there, for I certainly should not allow them to come to this house; and I will not hear of your going there."

With the tenderest forbearance he listened and looked at her, with the tenderest forbearance still he answered her.

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"My poor Joanna, surely when you became a clergyman's wife, you counted the cost?"

"Of course I counted it. You have no right to say that as if you were the first clergyman I had ever met; my father was one and he would never, never have thought of such nonsense. I am sure I have never objected to anything reasonable, and you know I have never made such a stand before, although it was not considerate of you to go to the Allen's and Davis' when the children had the measles. However, the measles were not like this fever, and I will say you are most wrong ever to have thought of such a thing. Besides, you know very well that it is not as if you were a great preacher, and could do them any good; nobody will think anything of your going there. Your first duty is to your wife and child"—

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"No", he interrupted gently but very gravely, "my first duty is to my God, and His ministry."

Something in his tone checked the passionate upbraidings and awed her for a moment. But it did not last; there was a querulous selfishness about the poor woman, which would not permit her to measure anything except by its relation to herself. She broke out again in complaining words, and Mr. Martin put his hand wearily to his head.

"Joanna, do not say any more, I must go," he said, when she stopped at last from want of breath: "I wish you did not feel it so, my poor wife."

And he went up to her, and would have kissed her, forgetting her words in his love, but she turned from him speechless with anger, until he was at the door. There her voice pursued him—

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"If you go, and baby catches the fever and dies, I shall always say that it was your doing."

"Joanna!" he said appealingly, "Joanna!"

"Always, always!" she cried; "I give you warning;" and putting her hands to her ears, she ran out of the window and into the warm soft sunshine, where a little child was being tossed in the nurse's arms.

Was there no struggle in his heart do you think? She was very loveable when she was pleased, and it would have been easy to have gone after her into that smiling sunshine, and kissed and been forgiven; very easy and very much pleasanter than what he saw before him, the hot fever rooms and her ill-humour. Besides this, her words had cut him cruelly. If indeed, he brought back with him the terrible infection could he ever forgive

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himself or ever endure the self reproach which would pursue him? And he acknowledged very humbly that those other words of hers were quite true. He had no especial gift for attracting or or for teaching souls: he was a commonplace preacher. Looking round upon other men's works, he had often reproached himself that his shewed so little outward fruit; it was not very likely that by going that day to the Sluice cottages anything very satisfactory would result from the effort. As for any one thinking the better of him for it, that never entered his head; the poor, such poor as his, quiet hard working folk, are slow to blame, and slow to praise; if he had stayed away, the milk and the beef-tea would have atoned for a great deal, and now that he was on his road, nobody would say any more than, "there's the parson going down to see after poor

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Lizzie Parker." There was no human look or word to which he could turn for the help for which his whole soul was crying out.

He went, nevertheless. And will any dare to accuse this man of cowardice, because all the time that he paid his visit and led dying souls gently as far as his voice and touch could lead them, there was a fear lurking in his heart? That his faith was faltering, it may have proved; I do not deny it; but which among us could be his judge in this matter? And if his faith faltered, his love had stood firm. His wife's words had been grievous words and had tried him very hardly. "Not that, O Lord, only not that!" was the unspoken prayer which his heart's anguish sent up all that day and the next. He kept away from his child, he met his wife's reproaches with a silence she despised for

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its gentleness. People often said that Mr. Martin was not a man of strong character; that he yielded too readily to his wife; that he was easily entreated and hard to rouse. They liked him generally, but what he said or did was little noticed in the neighborhood where he made so little stir. It is so over and over 'again, and we acknowledge sometimes when it is too late, that the greatest heroes do not always fall in the visible glory of battle, nor the noblest martyrs where they are known and praised. Frank Martin would have laughed in the face of any one who had called him a hero.

And yet—?

The third day the baby was taken ill; then came three more days of watching and hoping, and at last the giving up of all hope and the end. And his wife, as he put his arm round her to lead her

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away from the little cot, looked up with hard dry eyes, and said,

"Frank, this is your doing."

Perhaps she was past understanding what she was saying, perhaps grief had blinded her, for I do not think that any woman could have seen the look in his face at that moment without melting at once into loving comfort. He did not answer or even turn from her, he took her to her room, and only when she hid her face, refusing to see him, did he go slowly away, walking along the passages and into the garden where the sun was still shining, and the pigeons wheeling against the blue sky.

He put his hands before his eyes to shut out these things which seemed to mock his anguish. His doing. Had God indeed made use of the father to slay the child? Must he carry this intolerable thought all his life long? In his

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bitterness he asked himself these questions, and that other which lurked behind them—had it been of any use? He could not honestly tell himself that those two at the Sluice had died differently from what they had lived; no special sign had been granted; for aught he knew, he might as well have stayed away. I do not say that even in this moment of agony he repented, or that if the alternative had been placed before him again, he would have done differently.. But it all looked hopeless to him, and dreary.

* * * * * * * * * *

People who saw Mr. Martin during the next week, were not astonished afterwards when it was said that he had the fever; by-and-bye as the accounts grew worse, an amount of sympathy began to be manifested which perhaps astonished the givers. His life among them

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had been so quiet and unobtrusive, that no one knew how much he was to them, how many kind words and actions had come from him, until now that this sudden check stopped their course. If he could have heard of them, the warm expressions of sympathy and friendship which poured in would have inexpressibly gladdened his heart. But he did not hear. He lay in a state of torpor broken only by an occasional fitful gleam of consciousness; and as the days passed by it grew only the more apparent to those who watched that the end was near. Then, day by day, there came a little quiet sorrowful crowd, whom no one had the heart to send away, a crowd that hung about the house, and waited hours, if need were, for a word; old and young, children and middle-aged, people whom he had loved and prayed for, never looking for a return. It had come now,

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too late, somebody said crying, the good measure, heaped up and running over. Was it too late, do you think? Or is it not that we talk of the beginning as if it were the end, and where God gives us an illimitable horizon, set up our own boundaries and will not look beyond? It was true that he never saw his wife's grief, when she flung herself on her knees by his side, and implored him to forgive her, that he never heard how the most hardened man at the Sluice, came up and begged and prayed that he might be let in to look on his face once more;—but none of those who were by him in those last hours, could any more think of those words, *too late*, for him. There came such a look of satisfaction, of infinite peace, that it seemed to hush all their regrets.

"Now I know, even as also I am known."

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These were his last words.

It seemed to them afterwards, thinking of his broken sentences, that he had been trying before to frame them, and had failed. Only Death itself had brought them forth, clear and triumphant.

And perhaps it was like the story of his life; like many stories which we do not recognise now, though they are round about us, struggles, failures, even what, to our dull eyes, looks like defeat, until a mere perfect light shines upon it and us, and at last,—we know.

F. M. Peard.

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UNITED.

ONCE more thy hand in mine.
Forgotten now the years of fear and doubt
That held my struggling heart within, without;—
At length I clasp the sign

Of life's most perfect whole.
Through coming time shall breathe but one sweet
"Never to part", its infinite refrain [strain,
To bind us soul to soul.

No language meet I find
To tell the love-thoughts crowding sense and sight,
And filling this glad hour with perfumed light;
Joy leaves all speech behind.

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For aye thy hand in mine!
Yon silver track that on the water lies,
And links this lower world to starry skies
With moonlit rays divine,

Is where thou leadest me.
I could not reach the high, pure heavens alone;
'T is this sweet hand must guide me surely on
Across Time's fitful sea.

O endless bliss in store—
Thy years below, thy long above to share!
Love folds us close: and newly chrismed with prayer
Life glides through Eden's door.

E. T. H.

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THIS LIFE.

LIFE, dear life, precious life, oh what will you
give for your life?
Gold, and other men's lives, and labour, and sorrow
and strife,
Nothing we deem too great or too costly our
treasure to save,
For what shall we be worth when we lay it down
in the grave?
Folly! Oh have you not learnt that it has been lent
you to use it?
If you shut it up and save it for nought, you will
but lose it,
If you grudge the wear and tear, the pain and tears
and the cost,
Your death remorse will be that your time and your
life were lost;

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Time lost from you for ever, and eternity not
gained—
Oh! better wear yourself out, body and mind over-
strained,
Spending your treasure for others, now while you
have it to spend,
For though you hoard it, O miser, Death claims it
all at the end.

But is this *life?* this anguish, this painful and fitful
dream,
This knotted and tangled tissue, this shadow of
things that seem?
Did the flower live in the seed-pod, before it saw
the sun,
And in the crawling worm had the butterfly's life
begun?
Or the bird's in its prison shell, ere he spread his
wings in flying,
And is a man's life this, which is not living, but
dying?
Life, true life cannot die; but the seed which our
God has sown
In this earthly field shall blossom in Heaven's pure
air alone.

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Use, then, unto some profit this that you have to
day,
Render back to humanity all of it that you may;
For you, men live and have died, and the fruit of
their works you reap,
Their wealth and knowledge and power are your's,
but not your's to keep.

"Every man for himself, and God for us all," have
men cried;
Nay—every man live for all, for Christ for us all
has died.
For country, for truth and right, for knowledge
will true men fall,
And they are heroic because their lives are laid down
for all,
While some only wear out their strength in silence
out of sight,
In the weary daily troubles that cloud the blessed
light;
But is the sacrifice less if offered up in the dark,
Less dear the wrung-out life-blood, because there is
none to mark?
Will the ransom paid be worthless if only a
woman's life,

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The conflict won, less noble, if a child has borne the
strife?
If a deed of self-surrender and of suffering must
be done,
Does it matter if it be for a hundred or for one?

Yet every man for himself must prove him true in
his trial,
Bear his own burden of work, and sorrow and self
denial.
Aye! every man for himself must give his own life
to men,
But O with what an increase shall he have it
back again!
For the precious fleeting hours he has given every
day,
He shall have all eternity, when time has passed
away.
For the labours that have cost him such bitter tears
and sighs,
The strength that knows not weakness, and the
life that never dies.
For the heart-wealth he has lavished, receiving
nought again—

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More than he ever dreamed of love, from angels and
from men.
And he shall count as dross the richest treasures he
has given,
Beside the golden glory of the Love of God in
Heaven.

Elizabeth M. Farmar.

Rome: Italo-American School Press.

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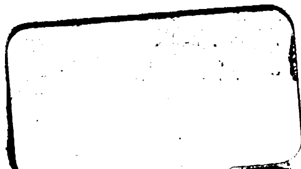

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