

treating of quadrupeds, that squirrels are inveterate foes of this fruit. Nets will of course be spread over the beds to protect them from blackbirds. The best guard for a strawberry-bed is the house-cat. Let her be tethered by a collar and short string, ending in a brass ring, which plays freely along a cord, stretched by a couple of low stakes from one end of the bed to the other, on the outside of it. If a box with a hole cut in one side, for a sleeping apartment, be placed near one of the pegs, after a few ineffectual attempts at suicide she will resign herself to her fate, and being able to pass freely up and down the long cord, will effectually frighten away birds, and be doing something for her maintenance. But after a time the birds, it will be found, are cunning enough to know the exact length of her tether, and will feed undisturbed just beyond her reach. But by that time the strawberries will probably

have been eaten. A cat of ours thus mounted guard for a fortnight last year over a cherry-tree.

Any late crops for autumn use must not be delayed in the kitchen garden. Thus a final sowing should be made of kidney-beans and peas: the early varieties are the best. All herbs required for drying should be cut in full flower, dried off quickly, and rubbed into powder before being enclosed in tightly-corked bottles. Parsley and salading can still be sown. Early potatoes must be harvested, if possible, before much rain falls. They only deteriorate if left in the ground. In the flower-garden, in like manner, spring-flowering bulbs should be taken up. This is the rosarian's month for budding roses. Choose a showery day for the operation. Cut off all faded blooms, and especially remove them from standard roses—indeed, tidiness is the gardener's chief virtue in July.

M. G. WATKINS.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS BRIGHT.



IT frequently happens that the original freshness and brightness of a newly-furnished house quickly disappears, and yet this need not be the case, for it is quite possible to preserve much, very much, of this gloss and polish and brilliancy of colour—I do not say for ever, but for a considerable number of years.

I oftentimes hear the inhabitants of houses mournfully regretting the rapid decay of the external beauty of their possessions; they never seem to dream that it might be avoided. These young and inexperienced

matrons regard the misfortune as a "must-be." All brightness and shine of course must disappear with daily use, say they.

Nay, say I. It is the abuse of furniture, and not its legitimate use, which imprints such rude and visible disfiguring marks on the surface of its several articles. Domestic servants, as a rule, are strangely ignorant about household matters, and hence much of the mischief which is done daily; for this ignorance, if let loose in a well-furnished house, will very soon do irrevocable damage to its contents. If, however, the mistress possesses the knowledge, her head will be able to direct the hands of her maiden; but if neither of them knows what ought to be done, what then? Ay, what then? Why, then there steals over the house that dingy, forlorn look which we not unfrequently see.

It may well be said that the hints I offer are very simple. So they are, and yet they are not known to

everybody, although they do not contain any deep mysteries. At the same time I assert that they are of a useful kind, and that if these suggestions are carried into daily practice, our houses will preserve their freshness, whether they be in town or country. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," "Order is Heaven's first law," are two quotations which constantly fall from the lips of wise and clever housewives. And it will be readily conceded that cleanliness and order are the two great essentials to be considered in household management; but to be thoroughly effective, they must be carried out in things small as well as great, in what are commonly called trifles. If this is done, then our homes will still continue to look as bright and cheerful as in the days when everything was spick-and-span new! How comes it to pass that the hearth-rugs in our sitting-rooms look so grim, and that their edges are split and jagged? Why, no doubt the servant deposits all her grate-cleaning and fire-making paraphernalia on the rug, no doubt the shovel of ashes, the blacklead-pot, and the fire-irons all find a resting-place there. Methinks that is quite enough to account for the spots and smears which soon appear on rugs which are not rolled away previous to the grate being cleaned. And then with regard to the ragged edge. Cast your eye down and see if the said edge is not put *ou* to the feet of the fender; that will account for the splitting and breaking of the threads.

Really, the carpets are beginning to look so dingy, the colours are quite dull; what can be the reason?

Probably they are full of dust. I dare say that they have been diligently swept; but that will not suffice altogether, and if they are to keep their good looks, they must be taken up every few months, say twice a year.

Let the carpets be beaten, shaken, and, where possible, dragged on dry grass face downwards, and I warrant you that the brightness of colour will return, and the fabric will look fresh and clean again.

And the covers of chairs and couches, why are they so soon soiled? I suspect that the misdemeanours of the maids have much to do with this. It is no uncommon thing to see sweeping-brushes and dirty dusters, ay, even poker and tongs, laid down upon chairs, therefore what reason to wonder why the delicate rep and cretonne so soon lose their pristine beauty?

Then if we turn to the furniture proper, how comes it that the highly-polished surface now looks dim and rough. It cannot have had fair play, for the beauty of wood increases with age if rightly dealt with. Ah! I see what has been done. There is a mistaken notion abroad that "polishing paste" will keep furniture in good order. Consequently, a quantity is plastered on the chairs and sideboard, and the paste alone is expected to produce the proper effect. No, no; the wood must be dusted and rubbed first of all, grains of dust hunted out of crevices and grooves with duster and brush, finger-marks and spots rubbed off with sponge and cloth; and when this has been done, you can order the polish to be laid on, but see that the wood is well rubbed and brushed afterwards, otherwise the surface will not reflect the face like a mirror.

But some wood is varnished; what is then to be done? A piece of sponge and plenty of clean cold

water will restore its brightness. Strictly forbid the use of hot water and of soda, for if applied, the varnish will never shine more. Again, other articles of furniture are painted in plain colours, and not varnished. In this case, warm water, a little soda, and a flannel are the requisite helps to renew the purity of the white paint.

I think that I have now given as many directions as can well be digested at once, and therefore I will take my leave till another opportunity comes to resume my instructions. I trust that what I have said will not be misconstrued. Time will put its mark upon chairs and tables as well as upon their owners. Sunshine and damp will fade and destroy the vivid brightness of the colours exhibited in carpet or cretonne; threads will obtrude upon our notice, and scratches and bruises are inflicted; in fact, the whole of the contents of the house are worn out with tinte. What I am endeavouring to show is that it is quite possible to keep the good looks of ordinary pieces of furniture for a considerable length of years, if a small modicum of care is bestowed upon it. That there is a degree of attraction, home comfort, and cheerfulness about houses whose furniture is "well kept," and about those only, I think every person will own without one dissentient voice.

E. C.

A CUT IN THE DARK.



"I'VE been about a bit in my time, sir, sure enough," says our second officer, as we look down over the rail of the "look-out bridge," upon the floating masses of weed that dapple the smooth surface of the Sargasso Sea; "and I've had some queer adventures, too. If you care to hear one as a sample (as there's a quarter of an hour or so left of my watch on deck) I'll give it you.

"It's a good many years ago now since I was at

Victoria (in Australia, you know), and of course, like everybody else, I must try my luck at the diggings. You may think it a queer thing for a fellow to be digger and sailor turn about; but that happens oftener than you'd think, too. But in those days it was rough work, I can tell you. There were no railways or beaten

roads then; just a cattle-track through the bush, and everything to be carried by wagons, in some places through mud up to the very axle. We used to travel in great gangs then, just like a caravan going through the desert; so that if Jack got stuck fast, Tom, and Jim, and Sam would come up and lug him out; and if eight oxen couldn't drag a load through, they'd harness three eights to it but they'd do it somehow. In those days I've known transport go as high as £120 a ton; and a ton was sometimes just about as much as two horses could manage, over such a mashed-potato kind of soil as they had of it up-country.

"Then, you see, this travelling in gangs told another way; it was a sort of security against being bailed up [robbed] by the bushrangers, who were about, then, as thick as beetles in a sugar-cask. Nowadays, of course, it's a different thing; but in my time, if a fellow went up-country by himself, or only two or three with him, he was pretty safe to have to say a word or two to Frank Gardiner on the road."

"Frank Gardiner! was he there then? I know his name well enough. A friend of mine got cleaned out by him, two days' march from the nearest township; and he begged for just enough to keep him when he got in. So Gardiner handed him back three dollars, and filled his 'baccy pouch for him into the bargain."

"Ay, that's Frank all over; he was very fond of that style. I remember hearing of a lady that begged hard to be allowed to ransom her watch, because her husband's miniature was in the back of it; when what does Master Frank do but hand it back to her, free

HOW TO KEEP THINGS BRIGHT.—II.



BRIGHT fireside:” this description, when used, is meant to include, let me remind you, not only a bright blazing fire, but also a brightly shining grate. “A cheerful hearth,” allow me to say, depicts a clean white hearthstone, together with well-polished fender and fire-irons, and is not merely descriptive of a pleasant company gathered round it.

The possession of fireside and hearth is one of our subjects of boasting over our Continental neighbours, and truly our homes would look desolate without our hearths.

I do not wish to be thought rude to my fellow-countrywomen, but truth compels me to say that bright grates and snow-white hearths are not to be found in every house. I have no doubt that in many instances the grates have been brushed, and the hearthstones washed, but somehow the labour spent upon the fire-side has not been repaid, for there is no shine, no high polish, no brightness and cheerfulness about it.

Examine the maiden, and see if she is not in the habit of committing two or three common faults. The prevalent idea, that the use of black-lead is all that is necessary for the polishing of grates, leads her to do what ought not to be done, and not to do what ought to be done.

I feel sure that you will find that she has put a quantity of lead on to the dusty bars; and if this has been done, no amount of brushing will ever turn the grate into a mirror. Instruct her, then, to keep an old piece of woollen rag for the purpose of rubbing clean the bars, before the black-lead is put on them, and to be very sparing in the use of the lead; also to keep two brushes for the polishing process—one with which to brush off the lead, and the other to be kept entirely for the final polishing.

But perhaps the grate is made of steel, then of course the treatment has to be of a different kind. Steel grates are much more trouble to keep in good order, the steel rusts so quickly, therefore it is necessary to rub it over every day with a dry leather. When it requires cleaning, prepared emery powder should be used. A small quantity of this powder ought to be mixed as a paste, and a little put on to a woollen rag, and rubbed over the steel. The metal should afterwards be rubbed with a soft leather. If the fender is of bright steel, it must be subjected to like treatment.

“It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.” The other day I bought, at a sale, a handsome steel fender for a few shillings. Although it had resided in the drawing-room of a large mansion, it was evidently an ignorant housemaid who had had the charge of it, for its bars and bead-work had been brushed with a black-lead brush. Consequently it looked blackened and dull, and as there happened to be no one present as wise as myself, I got what I knew would prove a bargain. Come and look at it now in my drawing-

room, and see how brightly it shines after undergoing proper treatment for one week.

Sometimes the fire-irons also are of polished steel, when of course they must be cleaned in like manner as the grate and fender. When they are the ordinary kind, poker, tongs, and shovel must be taken to the kitchen, and cleaned with hot ashes and a woollen rag.

How is it that the whiteness of the hearthstone disappears in a few hours, even outside the fender, where no coal or ashes fall upon it? I can guess. The whitening has been mixed with water, and when this is done, you will find that the whitening will not adhere to the stone; it comes off on to everything that touches it, to the great detriment of the hearth-rug and ladies' dresses. But if milk is substituted for water, then the hearth will retain its nicety, and there will be no grumbling on account of whitened skirts.

Don't you think that the mantelpiece looks dull? Marble should show its polish better than that; its brightness must be obscured by smoke. I do not mean to infer that it has not been regularly dusted every day, but mantelpieces want a little extra attention now and again. Some clean cold water applied with an old sponge will soon make it smile, and this is only the work of a few minutes.

Most, if not all, young housewives take pride in the setting out of their dining-tables, and yet there are some who do not succeed to their own satisfaction. This failure arises from want of knowledge in two or three points. The chief ornaments of a table (setting aside flowers, which in the present day form such an important part in the table array) consist of the silver and glass, and the great object is that these should shine and glisten, not on state occasions only, if you please, but always, every day. Now with regard to the silver. If there is not time for much of it to be kept in good order, my advice is, don't expose more to view than is absolutely necessary for daily wants, and at least let that be kept bright; but it is really more the want of knowledge than the want of time that is lacking.

In the busiest households, I presume, it is arranged that the plate should be cleaned once a week. You will find that it will shine throughout those seven days (with the aid of an occasional rub over with a dry, clean wash-leather) if it has been properly cleaned at the outset; on the other hand, if it has been attended to in a careless slipshod way, that day it will do no one credit, and the next day it will look as dull as if it had not been touched. The error which is so often committed is that of putting on the whitening, rouge, or whatever plate-powder is used, and expecting that will do all that is required. But no silver can or will shine if it has the least suspicion of grease about it, and this being the case, it is necessary to wash all the articles in clean warm water, with flannel and soap, before any further attempt is made. Then, after it has

been dried with a clean cloth, the plate-powder can be put on, and when dry it may be brushed off again, and finally every piece of silver must be industriously and thoroughly rubbed with a soft chamois leather. Now it looks as if it had just arrived from the silver-smith's shop.

When I was staying at the curate's cottage, of which I have made a former mention, my eyes were greatly distressed by the outward appearance of the silver; and I was told that the forks must be replated, a new coating of silver being necessary to hide the flecks and marks so plainly visible. I went so far as to inquire the cost of such a proceeding, but when the sum was named the curate shook his head, and said—

"Not at present."

Last month I paid the cottage another visit, and my first remark on seating myself at the dinner-table was—

"Why, you have had your forks re-plated."

No, they had never been out of the house, he affirmed.

The fact was that they had only been in the hands of a different cleaner. All the black spots had totally disappeared, and they would have graced any table in their present state of polish. This change in their condition I should not have believed to have been possible, had I not myself witnessed it.

Let me now criticise the appearance of the glass on

the table. It ought to look bright and clear, but too often it looks dim and streaked. I am aware that "cut" glass will always look better than that which is moulded, but there are other reasons besides that for its unsatisfactory appearance. All servants I have met with have such a fixed notion that hot water is necessary for the washing of everything, no matter whether it be for the ablution of dishes and floors, or glass and china. For the former and for some other things, the hotter the water the better; for the latter and for some other things, the cooler the water the better. Not only is hot water liable to crack glass and china, but it gives a peculiar dullness of look, which detracts greatly from whatever personal beauty they may possess.

And then, again, a special bowl should be kept for the washing of glass, because if the water is not quite clean—that is, if it should be in the slightest degree tinged with grease—a film will be cast over the glass, however good its quality. Lastly, a dry cloth is necessary, for glass looks flecked if dried with a damp cloth.

I have not yet exhausted my catalogue of hints and suggestions on these homely matters, but I have filled up my space, and therefore must lay down my pen. I hope, however, to meet you who listen to me on a future occasion. E. C.

SEAL HUNTING IN GREENLAND NORTH.



THAT "sealing" trip of mine I shall never forget. My particular friend the doctor and I, and Brick, the dog, were always hungry, and often went in for midnight suppers, cooked and eaten under the rose and fore-castle. Friday night was sea-pie night by universal custom of the service. The memory of that sea-pie makes my mouth water even now.

The skipper came down from his nest one morning, and entered the saloon, having apparently just taken leave of his senses. He was "daft" with excitement, his face wreathed in smiles, and the tears standing in his eyes.

"On deck, man, on deck, and see the seals!"

The scene was peculiarly Greenlandish. The sun had all the bright blue sky to himself—not the great

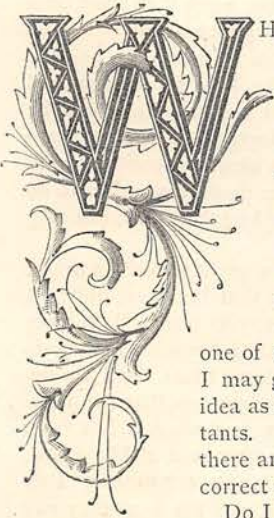
dazzling orb that you are accustomed to in warmer countries, but a shining disc of molten silver hue, that you can look into and count its spots with naked eye. About a quarter of a mile to windward was the main ice-pack, along the edge of which we were sailing under a gentle topsail breeze. Between and around us lay the sea, as black as a basin of ink. But everywhere about, as far as the eye could see from the quarter-deck, the surface of the water was covered with large beautiful heads, with brilliant earnest eyes, and noses all turned in one direction—that in which our vessel was steering, about south-west and by south. Nay, but I must not forget to mention one peculiar feature in the scene, without which no sea(l)-scape in Greenland would be complete. Away on our lea-bow, under easy canvas, was the *Green Dutchman*. This isn't a phantom ship, you must know, but the most successful of all ships that ever sailed the Northern Ocean. Her captain and owner has been over twenty years in the same trade, and well deserves the fortune that he has made by his own skill and industry. If other proof were wanting that we were among the main body of seals, the presence of that *Green Dutchman* afforded it; besides, yonder on the ice were several bears strolling up and down, those yellow monsters with the ease and self-possession of gentlemen waiting for the last dinner bugle. Skippers may err in their diagnoses, the *Green Dutchman* himself might be at fault, but the instinct and judgment of Bruin is infallible.

We were now in the latitude of Jan Mayen; the

not have earnest convictions and principles : no man is worth a straw that is double-minded. No one respects a Pyrrhonist or a universal sceptic ; we all honour the man of ability in mind and character : but modesty is always beautiful whether in dress, or mind, or countenance. Firmness in steel, or temperament, is an admirable quality, and is compatible with a good deal of flexibility ; but prejudice is other than firmness, it is blindness and obstinacy combined, and requires a good dose of sarcasm with a few grains of ridicule to purge the constitution of its ignorant influence. Pit prejudice against prejudice, and what a Spanish bull-fight spectacle you have ! One man's prejudice acts

like a red flag upon another man's, and they go to work tearing each other to pieces with alarming gusto. Some people call this sort of thing argument : they like what they call an "intellectual tournament." Poor souls ! truth cannot live in this kind of heated atmosphere. How different it all is when we read the table-talk of the higher and nobler minds ! When an Irishman was asked at a veterinary examination what he would do with a broken-winded horse, he naïvely replied, "Get rid of it as quickly as possible." Bravo, Erin ! I cannot close better than in regard to your prejudice to recommend you, of whatever nationality you are, in this respect to act the Irishman.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS BRIGHT.—III.



WHENEVER I make a first call upon new people—by "new" people I do not allude only to newly married couples, but to those with whom I am just then forming an acquaintance—well, whenever I pay a visit of this description, I invariably scan the outside of the house as I approach it, not for the mere purpose of discerning whether it is the one of which I am in quest, but that I may gather from its appearance an idea as to the character of its inhabitants. As a rule, the inference I there and then draw turns out to be a correct one.

Do I hear some one say—

"A most unfair test, for how can the tenant alter the architecture of his habitation, which too often, alas ! exhibits execrable taste ? Bricks will look dull and dismal, and stone oftentimes cold and bare ; as for the absence of paint on the window-frames, and varnish on the door, surely the landlord ought justly to bear the blame."

I might suggest in passing that the planting of a slip of ivy, or jasmine, or climbing rose, or Virginian creeper would quickly hide the vituperated bricks, and completely metamorphose the ugly stone erection. Try the experiment.

But apart from any ornamentation of this kind, the consideration of which hardly lies within my province, I boldly assert, and I wish to call particular attention to the fact, that a house may have an ugly, even a shabby exterior, and yet may look bright and attractive, and on the other hand a house upon which architect, builder, and painter have bestowed taste, skill, and care, will look dull and unattractive if the dwellers in the edifice do not pay due attention to certain little matters. Let me demonstrate this.

My eyes involuntarily glance at the windows. Do the panes of glass shine and glitter, or do they look dim and blurred ? And what about the blinds ? Do they appear to be tolerably clean and straight, or are

they discoloured with dust, and drawn awry ? And then, is the little glimpse one gets of the white curtains satisfactory ? These are the little matters which attract my attention as I approach the door.

Now, it seems a simple thing to clean a window, but in truth all those who essay do not succeed, for the glass looks dim and streaked afterwards, instead of being bright and clear. Do not tell me that this failure is owing to the quality of the glass, for, excuse me, it is not. I suspect that the window-cleaner is not up to the work. I should imagine that the boy or the maid has plunged a washleather into a bowl of water, and soused the panes, with an idea that that process was the proper one. It is this error of rubbing a very wet leather over dusty glass which causes the effect one so often sees. Let a duster be first used, and when the glass is tolerably free from dust, then let a damp washleather remove all specks and spots, and lastly, let a soft dry cloth give the finishing rub. The windows will then reflect a proper amount of credit, and will cheer the passers-by with their bright sparkling panes.

Of all the necessary fittings of a house, the blinds are, I think, the most troublesome, therefore it behoves us to keep them presentable for as long a time as we possibly can. I will show how it is possible to preserve a tidy appearance for many months. Of course the sun will discolour them, and smoke will blacken them, in a measure, but the rays of the sun and the fumes of the smoke are accountable for but half the mischief which is usually set down to them. Just induce the servant to make a practice of rolling up the blinds to the very top before she begins to sweep the rooms ; for if they are not out of harm's way, the dust will settle on the fabric, and the damp air will fix it there. And just induce the servant to make a practice of using the cords to draw down the blinds, instead of grasping hold of the material with fingers which most probably are not clean. Besides, the continual handling takes away the stiffness of the linen, as well as its purity of colour.

With respect to crooked blinds—those which persist in rolling themselves up awry—why, that fault is traceable to the manner in which the blind has been prepared, or else nailed on to the roller. If you wish

to guard against the vexation of having untidy, badly-fitting blinds, I counsel you to make use of the following directions:—Never attempt to tear the material, but always cut it straight, for an edge which has been torn will be considerably stretched and widened. If you cannot get the exact width of the window, then choose a width which will allow of the material being turned down on each side, for a blind having a hem on one side and selvage on the other always gives trouble. Be particular to nail it in a straight line on the roller. Bear in mind that it is essential to be exact and precise in all these details. The easiest and pleasantest way out of these household difficulties is to send for an upholsterer, and let him undertake the job; but then the expense would be doubled, to say the least, and after all the task is not beyond our accomplishment if we make a vow to be very particular in our measurements.

And now a word about the white curtains. Muslin curtains are often allowed to remain up much longer than is desirable, because of the apprehended difficulty and expense of having them renovated or of purchasing new ones. Pray take them down if they are soiled, for the "getting up" is not such a serious matter. I so very often hear my friends complain that muslin curtains washed at home always look limp and languid after the process, instead of being stiff and starched. Perhaps some kinds of muslin will not retain starch. No, dear people, that is not the reason. I expect you iron the curtains? Then don't in future. Directly they have passed through the starch, spread them out on the floor of a spare room, or, if the day is sunny, on the grass-plot. The edges must be pulled even, and the curtains stretched out to their full size. The more quickly they dry, the stiffer will they be, and for this reason a damp day is not an advisable one for this process of curtain stiffening.

Well, we have criticised the outside appearance of the house. I have not passed any remark upon the steps, but I will make one, although what I am about to say is a matter of taste. For my own part, I never admire white steps. I like clean steps, of course, but I think that the sand-stone looks better than the white. Every footmark shows itself on the latter, so that an hour after being washed the steps look very

untidy, but when scoured with stone they will look respectable for at least one day, and who expects them to remain so for longer, I wonder?

Now let us glance at the interior. What is the *coup-d'œil* when the front door opens? Does the entrance hall or passage suggest the idea of brightness, or of gloom? The furniture has nothing to do with the matter. I direct my eyes to the floor-cloth and the brasses. Too often I find these have not been kept in good order. Floor-cloth should have a gloss upon its surface, even although the beauty of its pattern may have been partially worn away by the treadings of many feet.

When I see one dull and shineless, I conclude that it has not had fair play. Ignorance has scrubbed it with hot water and a scrubbing-brush one day out of seven, and the remainder of the week it has not been touched. This is quite enough to account for its wretched appearance. Prohibit the hot water and the brush, provide a flannel to be kept for this special service, and order clean cold water. Let these be used every morning, and by degrees the original gloss will return and remain, if this simple attention is paid daily. The cloth should not be made very wet, and on busy mornings a dry one may be substituted, as doing its work more expeditiously.

Brass handles and stair-rods ought to be "as bright as bright can be." How is it that these are dull? I dare say they have been lately cleaned. I suspect that bath-brick is the cause. I know it is a common notion that that dust cleans brass, but I am decidedly against it, and for these reasons, that the metal never wears its proper golden hue when it has been rubbed with bath-brick, but assumes a sickly yellow, and, moreover, it never retains its brightness. Rub them with bath-brick one day, and the next they will have assumed a blackish hue, and the day after that will look worse still. This is vexatious with stair-rods because it is a trouble to take them out constantly. The chemist will supply you with a paste which is admirable for the purpose, nor can it be called an extravagant help, for a small pot will last many months. The tiniest bit put upon flannel, and rubbed over the brass, will give a polish and brilliancy which is most satisfactory in every way.

E. C.

CHALLENGED!

BY ISABELLA BANKS.

MY trusty rapier, shall I meet
This common brawler of the street?
Or fling his challenge in his teeth,
An honest soldier's arm beneath?
There is no tarnish on thy blade,
No spot upon my name;
No man can say I am afraid,
No man belie my fame.

Ne'er have I drawn thee in a cause
Opposed to honour, truth, or laws;
Ne'er have I drawn thee on a foe,
Lacking good reason for the blow;

A woman wronged, a comrade pressed,
A rogue to put to flight;
But never was thy point addressed
Unto a baser fight.

Ne'er did I draw thee on a friend;
Ne'er urged a stripling to his end;
Ne'er thrust my sword in tavern fray;
Ne'er picked a quarrel by the way:
Oft has my temper like thy steel
Been sharply touched and tried;
But men must think as well as feel,
And turn hot wrath aside.