

the same as their own, the buildings erected for them, the club house maintained for them, and other acts of wisdom and public spirit, have made modern Coventry much more desirable than one would imagine from the ill fortune which being "sent to Coventry" implied.

There is a wooden effigy of Peeping Tom on the corner of one of the streets of the old town, which all strangers want to see. "Peeping Tom" is now generally considered a myth, while the Lady Godiva continues to be perpetuated in the procession at the county fair year by year.

The following are some of the remarkable occurrences which have distinguished the history of this very interesting old town :

In 1043, Leofric, Earl of Mercia and his Countess Godiva founded the Great Monastery in Coventry.

In 1344, by virtue of letters patent granted by King Edward III., a municipal corporation, consisting of mayor and bailiffs, was constituted in Coventry. The name of the first mayor was John Ward.

In 1406, John Botoner, the mayor, caused the streets of Coventry to be paved.

In 1411, John Horneby, the mayor, arrested the prince (afterward Henry V.), at the Priory in this city.

In 1422 the first Cross was built in Cross Cheaping. In the same year, according to the old city manuscripts,

"A dooke stool (ducking pond) was made upon Cheykesmore Green, to punish scolders and chiders, as ye law saylls."

In 1429 bells were first hung in St. Michael's steeple.

In 1436, Henry VI. came to Coventry and kept Christmas at Kenilworth.

In 1453, King Henry and Queen Margaret came to Coventry, and slept at the Priory.

In 1483, Richard III. came to Coventry at the festival of Corpus Christi, to see the plays, and kept his Christmas at Kenilworth.

In 1485, Henry VII. came to this city after his victory over Richard III. at Bosworth Field, and lodged at the house of the Mayor, Robert Ouley, Esq., of the Black Bull Inn, Smithford Street, conferring on the mayor the honor of knighthood. The worthy magistrate had presented to the king on the part of the city £100 and a cup, and also provided, what was at that time considered a sumptuous entertainment, at a cost of £23 15s. 11d.

The following curious items are copied from the original account :

"Two dozen of bread, 2s. ; one pype of claret wyne, £3 ; one pype of redde wyne, £3 ; one cestr. of ale, 1s. 6d. ; 20 motons, £2 10s. ; Two Oxen, £2 ; Four Stokffyshes, 2s. ; Fifteen pounds of wax, and making ditto, 11s. 3d. ; 9 pots, 9d. ; 2 dozen goddards, 1s. 3d." etc., etc. The house of Sir Robert Ouley stood on the site of the present barracks.

In 1492, Henry VII., with his queen, came to see the plays performed by the Gray Friars.

In 1510 the old cross was taken down, and in the same year Henry VIII. and his queen came to Coventry to witness the pageants, and afterward proceeded to the Priory. Also in 1510 Joan Ward was burnt in the Little Park for heresy.

In 1519, Robert Sikeby was burnt for denying the "real presence."

In 1555, Mr. Lawrence Saunders, Robert Glover, and Cornelius Bongay were burnt in Little Park for heresy.

In 1566 Mary Queen of Scots was confined as a prisoner in the mayoress's parlor in this city.

In 1575 the old Coventry play of "Heack Tuesday" was performed before Queen Elizabeth for her entertainment while at Kenilworth Castle.

In 1586, in consequence of a great scarcity of provisions, every man, woman and child in this city was numbered, and were found to amount to 6,502 persons. Perhaps this was the origin of the census.

In 1635 old Thomas Parr passed through Coventry, aged 152 years.

In 1741, on Monday, July 20th, the *Coventry Mercury* newspaper was first printed in this city by Mr. Jopson.

In 1755 horse races were instituted in Coventry Park.

In 1760 the *Coventry Mercury* of Sept. 22d says : "On Tuesday and Wednesday last was performed here the Oratorios of *Samson* and the *Messiah* at St. Mary's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Bond, organist of Coventry, assisted by a most eminent band of celebrated vocal and instrumental performers and attended by a numerous and brilliant audience of nobility and gentry."

In 1773, on Nov. 25th, Mr. Siddons, the tragedian, was married to Miss Kemble, at St. Michael's Church. For some time during the year 1773 Mr. Kemble occupied the Draper's Hall as a theater.

In 1774, on Tuesday and Wednesday, in the last week in August, the celebrated Rowland Hill, then a young man, preached to crowded congregations in Coventry.

In 1793, on the first of January, the effigy of Thomas Paine, author of the "Rights of Man," with a copy of that book, was burnt in Cross Cheaping.

In 1798, in February, a soup institution was first established in Coventry.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

DISCONTENT.



SINCE discontent was elevated into a virtue, by having the prefix of "noble" applied to it, the feeling, worthy or unworthy, has been cultivated more than ever, until it is now nearly universal, and its exhibition is paraded as an outward sign of the inward possession of qualities calculated to shed luster upon superior opportunities, position, and endowments. Discontent is such a very cheap method of showing superiority, that it is not surprising many persons indulge it who would find it difficult to display it in any other way.

There undoubtedly is a noble discontent.

but there is also a very ignoble branch of the same family, and this is far more apt to be cherished than its more worthy relative.

Noble discontent makes us dissatisfied with ourselves and our own achievements ; ignoble discontent makes us dissatisfied with our circumstances and surroundings, and inclined to lay the blame upon these that is due to our own weakness and short-comings. This makes a distinction in which there is a very great difference. It is neither wrong nor foolish to see the limitations which nature and circumstance have placed as barriers against our progress, or as obstacles to be overcome, but it is both wrong and foolish to waste one's precious time and strength in repining at them, instead of working away at whatever lies before us, and preparing, by a gradual process of self-development and self-cultivation, for the possibilities which may open up in the future.

As a rule, the most discontented persons are those who have the least right to indulge the inclination. Those who hold in themselves nothing of any great value to others, who receive constantly everything, and give nothing, or next to nothing, and that little with grudging or unwillingness, have no claim upon the future for anything better than is given to them in the present. They plant no seeds, and can expect to reap no harvest. The good that comes into our lives does not find its way through the hands of fairy god-mothers, or the unexpected finding of golden treasures ; it is the steady and successive growth from seeds which we ourselves have sown.

I think myself that this is rather a hard and disappointing fact to learn. It is so pleasant in youth to think that all the possibilities of life are open to us, and may come any time, in an unlooked-for and unexpected manner. It is pleasant to feel that what we are not born into may be sent after us, and reach us when we are not looking for it. It is only later, by length of time and depth of experience, that we learn that the true wealth which is to enrich our lives, and make them valuable to ourselves and others, is born with us, and waits the germinating influence of our own action and that of passing circumstances for development. You can modify nature, but you cannot change it entirely, and no matter how many pearls you put into a swine's mouth, it is swine still.

Mere adventitious aids, therefore, to position and distinction are of very little real consequence unless the individual is fitted by nature and cultivation to appreciate, enjoy, and make the best use of them. To almost every one the possession of more money than they have got is the one great desire of their lives. If they only had it, what would they not do with it? Yet the acquisition of money by unlawful means, or without having earned it by labor or the exercise of honest faculties, is one of the surest means of obtaining a harvest of suffering and failure. The greater the possession, the greater the responsibility, and one who has not been faithful over a few things will not be more faithful when placed in charge of many. There are thousands who, if not happy, were free from remorse, and enjoyed life moderately and well when poor, who have lost all that made it valuable by the acquisition of money, because it has released them from the

necessity of regular habits of industry and thrift, and allowed them to indulge appetites and inclinations detrimental to character, and incompatible with the self-forgetting purpose of a noble life.

Small discontents—those which are petty, and those which are personal—find a safe and certain outlet through the temper, and exhaust themselves upon the unfortunate individuals who are dependent upon, or most nearly connected with the unhappy subject of the malady. A great discontent, on the contrary, prevents one from feeling the minor causes of complaint, lifts one above them, prevents one from seeing them, and keeps the mind so absorbed in the effort to ameliorate the larger suffering of others, or reach the goal of our own hopes, that we care little for the thorns that prick us on our way. The most common discontent, however, is that which comes from unoccupied lives, from an ambition which has nothing in or out of itself to satisfy it. There are hundreds, doubtless thousands, of young women who long for distinction of one kind or other. They would like to be authors or artists, or women of society. They are poor, and have no distinguished connections, and their lives are one long wail over what they have not got—are not likely to have. In themselves they are as poor as their fortunes; the little knowledge they possess is superficial, and they have no real love, even for those things which they affect to admire and desire to reach. They only wish, in reality, to avoid the duties and obligations which they have received as their birth-right, and appropriate the rewards which others have gained, without the trouble of working for them.

This, it need hardly be said, is the most ignominious discontent of all, and calls for no sympathy, while it is pretty sure to bring suffering upon any one who indulges in it.

Take a case in point. There was once a young girl who lived in the country, and indulged in the ambitious dreams in which young girls will. So thoroughly did they absorb her that she neglected all her home duties, and failed to perfect herself in even those common housewifely accomplishments which it is essential every woman should have acquired by practical experience.

She was a burden rather than a help at home, and it was a relief when, during a brief visit to the city, she became acquainted with, and engaged to, a young man employed in a banking-house, with whose reputation for large and honorable dealings even the residents of a small country town were acquainted. But a very few months of married life sufficed to dispel illusions of both sides. The husband, who thought he had wedded a bright, intelligent young country girl, well trained in household matters, and able to make for him a pleasant home upon small means, discovered that he had for a wife a restless, scheming young person, ambitious in a small way, not for his honor and real success, but for the notice of certain people, who represented her world, to see her name figure in little society paragraphs, to give "receptions," and be able to say that she knew or had been invited to the houses of the people she had read about. On her side, in-

stead of the *entrée* into brilliant society, the visits to theaters and opera, the freedom of a full purse, and ability to gratify her inclination for dress, she found a husband full of anticipations of a quiet, economical home, in accordance with his slender means, able to afford amusements only on the rarest occasions, and willing to surrender the share he had heretofore had in them to the necessities of his new life. As to the society which her imagination had fondly pictured, she found that marriage had cut it off, instead of enlarging its boundaries, even for her husband. Inviting a married man and his wife, with whose antecedents you are not acquainted, is a quite different thing, in a city, from inviting a well-informed and rather prepossessing young man, who is free from any "encumbrance" of this sort, and this disagreeable fact soon made itself known to the young woman in question, much to her disgust.

Here was she, appreciative, or so she considered herself, with the strongest desire for an introduction to the charmed circles of art, literature, and taste, within a stone's throw of their material boundaries, and yet as effectually shut out as if she had remained an inmate of the paternal homestead. Had her experience been greater, she would have formed no such extravagant expectations; had she been less selfish and more conscientious, she would have found abundant occupation and opportunity in filling her round of duties, and taking advantage of the chances for pleasure afforded her. But the word duty had no place in her vocabulary; she "hated it," she said, prettily, though petulantly, and her husband laughed at her until he found her growing moody and cross, dwelling with bitterness upon what was out of her reach, and neglecting the good that lay close to her hand, and which only needed its touch, as that of a divining rod, to have started springs of sweetest refreshment, that would have fed her whole life with blessing.

Even the advent of children made little change in the temper and spirit of her mind; it only intensified, if anything, her morbid craving and bitterness. She did not want children, she asserted, and could not bear to be "tied" down to them; she did not want to spend her life washing children's faces; she might as well be in a "nursery" or a "hospital." All the sweet ties and affections which grow out of the household relations and family life were unrecognized by her, or, at least, found only such nourishment as they could catch in passing, and struggled on in a sickly, uncared-for way that gave little promise of healthy life in the future. The husband began with sense and intelligence, and perhaps with desires for a cultivated life as strong and much more clearly defined than those of his wife, but gradually the foundations of his honor, his integrity, and right principle were sapped; his patience gave out; he determined if he could not satisfy his wife in one way he would in another. He borrowed the money of his bank without leave, and entered into speculations. The first were successful, and the heart of the foolish, worse than foolish, wife was rejoiced by removal into a better part of town, by the acquisition of finer furniture, and the ability to vie with her neighbors in ele-

gance of dress, and above all in opening her house for the entertainment of visitors. It is true there was less satisfaction in these things than she imagined, but her craving had not abated, and her husband made no objection to the expenditure of money. He never inquired what she did with what he gave her, and she did not stop to inquire from whence it came; in fact she had an uneasy consciousness that all was not right, and was afraid and unwilling to verify her impressions. But there came a time when her dearly bought ease was disturbed by a shock as rude as it was unexpected. Her husband had grown reckless, his defalcations were discovered, he absconded with what money he could raise, and she was left to the horror of her awakening. Too late she saw what discontent had done for her, for her husband, and for her children. How gladly now she would have gone back to the quiet of their first little home! how strongly she realized the possibilities which had lain before her, had she then taken up her share of the burden of life and borne it bravely and patiently, waiting and working for what she wanted, instead of rebelling against destiny, and neglecting the opportunities which it placed within her grasp.

But the habit of her life, and the tendencies of her character, were too much for her. She had cultivated no useful acquirement—she was not even yet a good housekeeper—and she blamed everything and everybody but herself for her misfortunes. She had no real friends, and she drifted back finally to her old home. Away from her, the husband began retrieve himself. He wrote to his firm declaring his good intentions; he devoted his time and energies to restoring that of which he had wrongfully deprived it; he sent occasional small sums of money to his family, which assisted them to a poor maintenance, but no member of it was made aware of his whereabouts, or in what part of the world he was living, at least up to the time at which the knowledge of the writer of these lines terminated.

There is a kind of discontent which is generally thought quite justifiable, and which is, perhaps, to a certain extent, unavoidable, and that is dissatisfaction with other people's shortcomings, particularly in so far as they affect our own comfort and happiness. But if we once set aside the idea of personal happiness, and substitute that of duty; if we once learn to accept the inevitable, and make up our minds that life is to be what we make it for ourselves, not what others make it for us, and that their shortcomings not only do not excuse ours, but sometimes furnish our best opportunities, the question presents itself in quite a different aspect, and we shall be too busily employed in doing our own best to have much time to think of other people's worst, and when we grieve, it will be for their sakes more than our own. Thus discontent will not find much room to live and thrive in our hearts; and the hopes which lay deep down within them will gradually lift their heads to the surface—for it is the first law of the universe, that every desire of their hearts is fulfilled to those who strongly labor and patiently wait.