

## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

## "AULD ROBIN GRAY."



is a singular fact that many of those songs which seize on a nation's heart because they are the expression of its own feelings and interests—songs which are quite apart from the "newest music," and transcend fa-

shion, because they are not for a day, but for all time—have been written by those who have written nothing else, or, at least, whose other productions have been unworthy to escape the oblivion which has overtaken them. Some—nay, most—of these sweetly simple and natural lays date, too, from a time—the last century—when art and literature both ran on stilts and in narrow and conventional ways; and of their writers, many who sang most truly of humble life and love and sorrow belonged to the upper classes, and looked upon the cottage, as it were, from the castle tower.

But the cottage and the castle had many sympathies in common in those days. Dean Ramsay tells us that in Scotland a great familiarity prevailed between members of the greatest families and their domestics, and he bids us observe natural reasons for this, in the simple modes of life which discarded ideas of ceremony or etiquette, the retired and uniform style of living in the best country houses, the hereditary attachment of lord and vassal, and the fixedness of the servant's tenure, often lasting from early youth to old age, "when he cannot forget the days when his younger master was a child." An old domestic of this class illustrated the position, by the reason he assigned for his having his own way in some matter:—"Ye needna find fau't with me, Maister Jeems; I hae been langer aboot the place than yersel'."

Such a state of things, existing in its degree all over Britain, was fraught with touches of delicate humour and poetry. To the subtle sentiment of the educated master the humbler friend contributed some quaint and original turn of expression, some odd or unexpected point of view, or even the unconscious, matter-of-fact simplicity which often gives such pathos to the doings or darings of humble folk. Common things would find expression in picturesque or taking language. This was especially the case with the Scottish dialect, now only to be found in the more retired parts of the country, but lingering in all its grace and pathos in old Scotch ballads.

No part of Scotland is richer in historic reminiscence nor in quaint "character" than that easterly district locally known as "the kingdom of Fife." It has no striking features of natural beauty, except what must pertain to quaint, Dutch-like towns, low green hills, stretches of yellow sand, and the blue waters of the frith. But this district is the very cradle of Scotland's poetry. One, at least, of her earliest poets was born there—Sir David Lindsay, of The Mount, the friend of one king and the mentor and guide of another, the satirist of a corrupt clergy and Court, and the promoter of purer faith and manners. He died about 1567, and we only introduce him here because he is, perhaps, the brightest name on "the family tree" of that Lady Anne Lindsay, the story of whose inimitable lyric, "Auld Robin Gray," we purpose to tell.

Lady Anne was born in December, 1750,

the eldest of the large family of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres. He was sixty years old at the time of her birth, the elderly husband of an energetic, imperious, but well-meaning young wife, with whose severe discipline of their children the more indulgent father was fain to interfere. But the young ones were healthy and happy. Lady Anne could accept a bread-and-water diet with the greatest philosophy. They lived a wholesome, quiet life, knew and loved all the animals about the place, dined with their parents on Sundays, were treated to sweetmeats by the earl, received tuition in solid matters from a dreamy divine, and in the lighter acquirements from sundry genteel ladies, poor relations, humble friends, and the like, who in those simple days found anchorage in great houses in return for such services.

The old library, accumulated by many generations, was open to the young folks. Lady Anne wrote afterwards that they had leave "to drive through the sea of books without pilot or rudder." Probably they were somewhat guided by their father, who was very fond of his little girls, was full of true, old-fashioned courtesy to all women, and seems to have risen superior to the coarse habits of conviviality too common at that period.

The girls saw many pleasant and cultivated people as guests in their own house, and occasionally crossed the frith, then romantically called "the seas," on visits to Edinburgh.

The earl, their father, died an easy, happy death when his eldest daughter, Anne, was only seventeen. But the orphaned family continued to live in the ancestral home, of which their brother was now the master, and it was about four years after her great bereavement that Anne Lindsay wrote her famous ballad. She had tried to fill the blank in her life caused by her father's death and the marriage of a favourite sister, by scribbling for her own amusement, thriftily writing on the backs of old letter-covers. It was in her own little room, high up, and commanding wide views, that she composed her lyric. It "came into her head" to supply verses to a pretty air which one of the relations was in the habit of "lilting" about the old mansion, to words of which the young lady, pure in her simple tastes, could not approve. She thought she would compose a tale of humble sorrow. "Robin Gray" was a real name in the neighbourhood: it belonged to an old shepherd who had once somewhat disobliterated some of the young folks of Balcarres. This selection of a "real" name certainly justifies the queer theory of a great French writer, that names which have been borne by living people, when used in art, possess a greater vitality than those which are pure inventions.

Lady Anne piled up the agonies round her hapless heroine, sending her lover to sea, crippling her father, enfeebling her mother, and persecuting her by the attentions of "Auld Robin Gray." But she felt that something was needed as a climax—the "last straw" to break down "Jeanie's" constancy and fortitude. Little Lady Elizabeth, a child of about ten years old, suggested the stealing of the cow—a hint that was instantly adopted.

It is odd to think how long and how well the secret of the song's authorship was kept. To write in those days subjected a woman to be deemed "a blue-stocking," and to be held apart from common human sympathies and kindness. Lady Anne wisely shrunk from such uncomfortable celebrity. The song soon acquired wide popularity. Lady Anne herself

sang it without awaking more suspicion than she easily averted. There were disputes as to its "period." It was even imputed to David Rizzio, the ill-fated favourite of Queen Mary of Scotland, and the Society of Antiquaries vainly offered a reward of twenty guineas for information as to its source. It can be imagined that all this was intensely delightful to Lady Anne.

We think we may venture to give a copy of the song exactly as Lady Anne wrote it. It may not be known to all our readers, and to others it may be interesting to see the changes—not necessarily improvements—which have crept into modern versions:—

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when  
the kye's a' at hame,  
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,  
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae  
my e'e,  
Unkent by my gudeman, **wha sleeps sound**  
by me.

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought  
me for his bride,  
But saving a crown he had naething else  
beside;  
To mak' the crown a pound my Jamie  
gaed to sea,  
An' the crown and the pound—they were  
baith for me.

"He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and  
a day,  
When my father brake his arm and the  
cow was stown away;  
My mother she fell sick, my Jamie was  
at sea,  
An' auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

"My father couldna wark, my mother  
couldna spin;  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I  
couldna win.  
Auld Rob maintained them both, and,  
wi' tears in his e'e,  
Said, 'Jeanie, for their sakes will ye no  
marry me?'

"My heart it said na, and I looked for  
Jamie back,  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship  
was a wrack;  
His ship was a wrack!—why didna Jamie  
dee?  
Or why am I spared to cry 'Woe is  
me!'

"My father urged me sair—my mother  
didna speak,  
But she looket in my face till my heart  
was like to break;  
They gi'ed him my hand—my heart was  
in the sea,  
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to  
me.

"I hadna been his wife a week but only  
four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at  
my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—for I couldna  
think it he,  
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, love, to  
marry thee.'

"Oh, sair, sair, did we greet, and mickle say  
o' a'.  
I gi'ed him ae kiss, and bade him gang  
awa'.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like  
to dee,  
For though my heart is broken, I am  
young, woe's me!

"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin.

I darena think of Jamie, for that would be a sin;

But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me."

An old Scottish lawyer confided to Lady Anne that he was sure the song must have been written by some "lassie that didna ken the nature o' the Scotch money," since in the old dialect a Scotch "pound" was only twenty pence; and so, as the song ran, Jamie went to sea to lessen his gear. But Sir Walter Scott sets this criticism aside, since the terms could not have referred to Scottish money at all, as such a coin as a "crown" was not counted among it. And the great novelist defends the song from any charge of anachronism by declaring that he could bring forward dozens of old papers to prove that French "crowns" and "pounds" were current denominations on the coast of Fife, where a brisk trade was carried on with Holland and other continental countries.

In verse five, the heroine's wailing question—

"Why didna Jamie dee?"

is now usually rendered—

"Why didna Jeanie dee?"

But Lady Anne herself was prepared to stand by her own version, saying that she meant the heroine to imply: "Would he not have been happier dead than seeing my wretchedness and feeling his own?"

In the fourth verse, the "no" in "auld Robin's" petition is usually omitted, marring its wistful pleading.

One cannot understand the reason for the common variation in the seventh verse—

"Sitting so mournfully at a neighbour's door,"  
from

"Mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,"

which is a touch of true local colour, as anybody who knows the old cottages of the locality can testify.

A commonplace repetition is also often substituted for the intensely pathetic line—

"For though my heart is broken, I'm young,  
woe's me!"

The old lawyer who criticised the coinage was also guilty of the suggestion that it was "Auld Robin Gray" himself who had stolen away the cow. This false tint in the portrait of the "kind gudeman" was incorporated in a sequel to the song, which Lady Anne was tempted to write years afterwards to please her aged mother, who had frequently pleaded—

"Annie, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended."

And it was probably in filial deference to the tender feeling of the aged countess that a tragic end of the sad story was averted—in defiance alike of the stern decrees of Nature and the canons of Art. For the strict parent, who had not "spared the rod" on her children's early days, became the fondly treasured darling of their later life. She lived to be ninety-four, and there are few pleasanter pictures of old age than the glimpses we catch of her in her daughter's letters.

Perhaps we should give part of this sequel, as it is somewhat of a curiosity, being printed comparatively seldom. The writers of "The Songstresses of Scotland" (to whose researches we are greatly indebted, and who do full justice to Lady Anne's genius), while feeling, as we do, that "it was a grievous blunder to write a second part," yet admit "it has verses not unworthy of the author of 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

The first three verses have beauty of their own . . . and the concluding verses."

"The winter was come, 'twas simmer nae mair,

And, trembling, the leaves were fleeing through the air;

'Oh, winter!' says Jeanie, 'we kindly agree,

For the sun he looks wae when he shines upon me.'

"Nae longer she mourned, her tears were a' spent;

Despair it was come, and she thought it content—

She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,

And she bent like a lily broke down by the gale.

"Her father and mother observed her decay;  
'What ails ye, my bairn?' they oftentimes would say;

'Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little speed,

For feeble's your hand and silly's your thread.'

[The old countess used to fondly quote the last couplet as a true description of her own valetudinary condition.]

"Her father was vexed, and her mother was wae;

But pensive and silent was auld Robin Gray;

He wandered his lane, and his face it grew lean,

Like the side of a brae where the torrent has been."

Then follow ten stanzas descriptive of the old man's last sickness and dying confession of his dishonest strategy. These scarcely rise above the level of conventional doggerel; but a touch of genius falls on the picture of the widow's freedom—

"The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa',

But saddest and sairest to Jeanie o' a'  
Was thinkin' she couldna' be honest and right,

Wi' tears in her e'e while her heart was sae light."

Yet we cannot feel the same interest in Jeanie when—

"She has a' that her heart can desire,"

as we did in the brave girl who was determined to do right, and discharge her duties, which, however reluctantly, she had herself consented to fulfil.

Lady Anne Lindsay lived the life of a maiden lady of distinction and leisure until she was fully forty years of age. Then she married Mr. Andrew Barnard, and accompanied him to his official post at the Cape of Good Hope. She rose to the difficulties of her position in a colony then new and rough. Her old love of a country life and of animals asserted itself strongly. She and her husband returned to this country at the beginning of the present century, and Mr. Barnard died in 1808, after fourteen years of happy married life.

She survived, a childless widow, till the year 1825. But she was a bright and thankful woman, "grateful," as she wrote, "for what remains of friendship and affection still on earth to cheer the evening of life . . . My friends press me to go out to amuse myself, but I should go without any interest beyond the charm of getting home again . . . By the side of my fire I have got into the habit of living in other days with those I loved; reflecting on the past, hoping in the future, and

sometimes looking back with a sorrowful retrospect where I fear I may have erred . . .

In the affection of my two nephews I find the tenderness so unusual in young men, which is ever ready to fly to be my prop and support when I feel a want of it. No ostentation is to be found in their attentions. They do not tease me with their *solicitudes* . . . I have great, great reason to bless God, who, in taking much from me, has left me so much."

It was only a year before her death that Lady Anne fully and frankly confessed the authorship of "Auld Robin Gray." In his novel, "The Pirate," Sir Walter Scott quoted the second stanza of the second part, and boldly ascribed it to Lady Anne Lindsay or Barnard. Lady Anne's own curiosity was roused to know how he had got possession of this sequel, of which she had given no copy even to her dearest friend. She conjectured that he must have taken it down from the lips of a friend of his, who had resided with the old Countess of Balcarres in her last years. In writing to Sir Walter, Lady Anne hints that there was another version of the second part, in which Jeanie is again the speaker, as she was in the first part. But she adds that after the honour Sir Walter's quotation had conferred upon the sequel already extant, she should leave the other in oblivion. We cannot but regret that this seems all that is known of this set of verses, which, if they were written under a spontaneous impulse, may have been of superior quality, though it is little likely they would have rivalled the original ballad.

Lady Anne died on the 6th May, 1825, in Berkeley Square, London, a busy, animated woman to the last, leaving, among what she called her "vagrant scraps," a little paper in which she cheerily declared—

"When alone, I am not above five and twenty. I can entertain myself with a succession of inventions . . . What is the moral of this? That . . . occupation is the best nostrum in the great laboratory of human life for pains, cares, mortifications, and ennui."

Her last task was to "sort family papers for family perusal—carrying them forward by her own recollections, and by procuring from her brothers narratives and anecdotes of their experiences." This was done in pursuance of the conviction of old Earl James, her father, that—"as every man has felt, thought, invented, or observed, a little of that genius which we receive from Nature, or a little of that experience which we buy in our walk through life, if bequeathed to the community, would ultimately become a collection to do honour to the family where such records are preserved." We think Earl James was a wise man, and we see no reason that such archives should be confined to families highly placed in rank and power.

It is a curious fact that the air to which "Auld Robin Gray" is now sung is not that which, as we have seen, originally inspired the ballad. The composer of the melody which seized the popular taste was a Rev. Mr. Leves, rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire. He was devoted to music, and composed several songs, but none of the others gained the least notice. The air of "Auld Robin Gray" has given his name the same immortality which the ballad won for Lady Anne. Dean Ramsay says that it was composed for the use of his daughter, Miss Bessy Leves, who was a pretty girl and a pretty singer. The Rev. Mr. Leves died in 1828, aged 80. So the ballad, Scotch alike in spirit and in dialect, goes echoing down the future in the music of an English parson.

(To be continued.)



## HOMEWARD BOUND.

A SAILOR'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

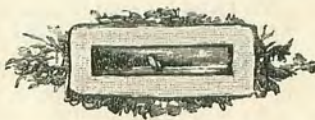
By ALEX. HAYES.

WHAT hold'st thou for me, island home,  
That nearer grows and nearer?  
Dost thou not guard for me my love,  
Who dearer grows and dearer?  
O seagull, hasten to her door,  
Tell her no more we part,  
Say that I come across the sea  
To find a faithful heart.

Else wherefore should I feel this joy,  
Blent with no touch of doubt?  
And wherefore should the breakers seem  
To me to sing and shout?

The sweet birds flying from the land,  
The scent of trees and flowers,  
All in prophetic accents tell  
What meeting shall be ours.

And now we near the fair white town,  
Again I see each place  
On which her presence shed for me  
A glory and a grace.  
And, yes, behold her waiting there!  
I come, my love, I come!  
These weary years are all repaid  
By such a welcome home.



## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAND O'  
THE LEAL," "THE LAIRD O' COCK-  
PEN," ETC., ETC.



N the present instance we have less to give the history of one song in particular than to tell something of the character, life, and times of a remarkable woman who has enriched the literature of her native land by

the production of many pathetic and sweetly arch lyrics, which are familiar to the lips of thousands who yet never heard the name of Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

Like Lady Anne Lindsay, Lady Nairne was the descendant of proud old families on "both sides of the house." Her father was Laurence Oliphant, laird of Gask, in Perthshire. The family dated from 1142, and had had intermarriages with the royal blood of Bruce. Her mother was one of the Robertsons of Strowan, Perthshire, whose genealogical tree had already borne one poet of the rough primitive flavour. Both families (Oliphant and Robertson) were staunch Jacobites and Scottish Episcopalians. They had suffered for their principles, which, at the time of our heroine's birth, were not those of the triumphant party. Laurence Oliphant and Margaret Robertson had married in 1755, while in exile in France over "Prince Charlie's business." They did not return to their own country and their ancestral home till 1763, and their daughter Carolina was born on the 16th August, 1766.

She was their fourth child, having been preceded by two sisters and a baby brother, who had died. She used to say that her parents never forgave her for being a girl. Perhaps this atmosphere had something to do with

a prejudice which she herself acknowledged in after years, of "in some degree undervaluing beforehand what is said to be a feminine production." A son and heir was, however, born two years after Carolina.

"Carolina" was feminine for "Charles"—"the king over the water," as the Jacobites loved to toast the exiled Stuart. The sacrifices which had been made by the family for the lost cause were ever before the eyes of the young folk, serving, as such sacrifices always do, to fan the flame of enthusiasm. The family plate was all gone, and nothing but pewter was used in the household, and the remnants of their broad acres were only secured to them by purchase, the money being raised among kinsfolk. In the Books of Common Prayer which Mr. Oliphant gave to his children he pasted the names of the banished Royal family over that of the reigning house. At every point he was equally staunch to his principles of loyalty, though his honesty of character would not permit him even to seem blind or be silent to the faults of the Stuart Pretender, and his plain statement of these did not fail to give offence. Yet when the clergyman who had been accustomed to officiate at Gask notified his final allegiance to the House of Hanover, his gown and books were promptly sent to him, and he was told to come back no more, though it is pleasant to find that his relations with the Gask family were renewed in long years after. When, in extreme old age, the old laird would require some of his family to read the newspapers to him, he always reproved them if they happened to designate "the German lairdie and his ledly" by anything more than the initial letters K. and Q. It does one good to learn that the kindly King George III. was so able to appreciate this firm adherence to a standard which was not his own, that on some occasion he sent the following message to the "dour" old Jacobite:—"Give my compliments—not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover—to Mr.

Oliphant, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles." And truly the old laird appears to have been a fine specimen of the true gentleman; for when he was himself reduced to live on foreign bounty, his first thought was how to relieve the sufferings of his still poorer clansmen. We find him exhorting his children never to assert their rights to certain properties, on which he conceived others had a stronger moral if not legal claim, and bidding his young son, starting out into the great world of London, to remember all those to whom he and his family should be grateful, and especially not to forget to pay his respects to the old family governess.

The laird's wife died in 1774, when her little daughter, Carolina, was only eight years old. She left six tiny children behind her. Of her little is known beyond the sweet character hinted in the widower's account of her last hours. "She talked to me of death and our future meeting as if only going a journey. She called for all the children, took leave of them without the least emotion, and said, as they were going away, 'See which will be the best bairn, and stay longest with papa.'"

Their training and education devolved upon sundry kind old kinswomen, who appear to have found excellent teachers for them. By her father's side Carolina visited the homes of his devoted "people," some of whom were wont to say, "Oliphant is king to us." Thus she gathered "snatches of minstrelsy in the peasant's hut, while in the patrician society of the manor house she listened to the stirring tales of loyalty and heroism." She watched her father directing the plantations about "the auld house o' Gask." Perhaps it was to please her that he called some of them after his little girls.

She had been a delicate child, but she grew strong with years, and she was playfully called "Miss Car, the pretty." She was very fond of dancing, and played sweetly on the guitar; but her father's solicitude was "particularly as to behaviour, principles of religion, and

loyalty, a good carriage, and talking tolerable good English." She wrote a clear, beautiful hand—a practice she admired; for in extreme old age she used to take out of the drawers of her writing-table the invitation to the coronation with the Queen's (Victoria's) signature, as a model of clear and bold handwriting.

Carolina grew up in her father's house, giving great pleasure to her home circle by her musical powers and unflinching vivacity. She was among the first to recognise the genius of the poet Burns, inducing her brother to enter his name for the early subscription edition of his poems. She was particularly interested in Burns' skill in adapting new words to pleasant tunes which had heretofore been linked to verses degrading and impure. This was the inspiration which awoke her own genius, though it does not appear to have begun to work until some months after the death of the old laird, her father, in 1792.

Then, driving through the country on the occasion of an annual fair, Carolina noticed many people carrying a yellow-covered book. Made alert by her interest in Burns' work, she sent her footman to buy one of these pamphlets. It proved to be a song-book, and much of its contents was shocking to her. She resolved to make an attempt at purifying the national minstrelsy. She soon found an opportunity. She provided her brother with a song which he sung at the tenantry dinner, and afterwards distributed among the guests. This was "The Ploughman." Its authorship was kept a profound secret. It is now but little known, and is worthy of interest, not only as the initial lay of our songstress, but from its pleasing picture of the privileges of honest rural labour.

"There's high and low, there's rich and poor,  
There's trades and crafts eneuch, man;  
But east and west his trade's the best  
That kens to guide the plough, man.  
Then come, weel speed my ploughman  
lad,  
And hey my merry ploughman;  
Of a' the trades that I do ken  
Commend me to the ploughman.

"His dreams are sweet upon his bed,  
His cares are light and few, man;  
His mother's blessin's on his head,  
That tents her weel, the ploughman.  
Then come, weel speed, etc.

"The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet  
The morning fresh and new, man;  
Blithe though she be, as blithe is he  
That sings as sweet, the ploughman.  
Then come, weel speed, etc.

"All fresh and gay, at dawn of day,  
Their labours they renew, man;  
Heaven bless the seed and bless the soil,  
And Heaven bless the ploughman.  
Then come, weel speed, etc."

At this period, when twenty-seven years old, Carolina Oliphant was already engaged to Captain Nairne, and when she was seen, busy at her desk, she was supposed to be writing letters to him—her dignified and reserved character forbidding any undue inquisition into her private affairs.

Among the earliest of her productions were her Jacobite songs, which were written to please her maternal grandfather. They "breathe the loyal fervour of a warm-hearted people, awake a compassionate sympathy for the ill-starred adventurer, and excite to valour and patriotism." Her early surroundings and interests gave the subject an intense reality to her. There is an original of "Charlie is my darling" which is now simply "impossible." That used universally is our heroine's version.

"'Twas on a Monday morning,  
Right early in the year,

When Charlie came to our town,  
The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Oh, Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

"As he came marching up the street,  
The pipes played loud and clear,  
And a' the folk came running out  
To meet the Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

Wi' Hi-land bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear,  
They came to fight for Scotland's right,  
And the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

"They've left their bonnie Hi-land hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc.

"Oh, there were many beating hearts,  
And many a hope and fear,  
And many were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, etc."

Almost more touching in its pathos of futile hopes is—

"He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,  
He's owre the hills we daurna name;  
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,  
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

"My faither's gane to fecht for him,  
My brithers winna bide at hame;  
My mither greets and prays for them,  
And deed she thinks they're no to blame.  
He's owre the hills, etc.

"His right these hills, his right these plains;  
O'er Hi-land hearts secure he reigns;  
What lads e'er did our lads will do;  
Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.  
He's owre the hills, etc.

"Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;  
O did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,  
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.  
He's owre the hills, etc."

The furthest of the Ochils, that rise "above Dunblane," are just visible from Gask, nearly twenty miles away.

Other beautiful Jacobite songs Carolina wrote, among them the stirring "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" and the wailing lament—

"Will ye no come back again?  
Will ye no come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no come back again?"

But though she could throw herself into this vanishing enthusiasm, it is very plain that, as time passed on, Carolina Oliphant, inheriting the honesty of her sire, could, like him, recognise the defects of the princely race whose cause they had espoused so chivalrously. This is seen very plainly in her song, "What do ye think o' Geordie now?" It is a dialogue between a wildly Jacobite young lady and a more prudent sire, who urges that—

"O Mysie, lass, ye little ken  
The drift o' cavaliering men."

And when she pleads the personal charms and graces of Charles, he doucely answers—

"It's no to sing, nor yet to dance,  
That we will take a king frae France;  
A bird that's ta'en frae an ill nest,  
It aye will do like a' the rest."

The old gentleman replies to her gibes about Geordie's clumsiness and violent temper—

"Aweel, aweel, an' what's a' that,  
To them that promise and draw back?  
Nae wiser by adversitie,  
Oh, tyrants a' the Stuarts wad be,"

summing up the whole matter with the exhortation—

"O Mysie, lass, dry up thy tears,  
And think nae mair o' cavaliers:  
To fight 'gainst heaven is a' in vain,  
The Stuarts will never reign again."

"The Laird o' Cockpen" was one of Carolina Oliphant's early productions. There is an old song of that name, whose hero was said to have been a personal friend of Charles II. Carolina wrote her version to the same air, and, owing to the strict secrecy which she maintained, this song was long attributed to Miss Ferrier, the novelist, one authority simply adding, "The two last verses are by another hand." Others assigned it to Sir Alexander Boswell. In truth, "the verses by another hand" were added by Miss Ferrier to Carolina Oliphant's original song, in which the laird was left disconsolate. One of the immense disadvantages of her persistent anonymity was this difficulty of keeping work untampered with. "McClish," the name of Cockpen's lady-love, was probably suggested by that of the parish minister of Gask, who in 1746 had refused to pray for the laird's family, as Jacobites and rebels, and had actually travelled into Perth to denounce them to the vengeance of the Duke of Cumberland.

For the sake of readers "out of the way," perhaps we may transcribe the whole song:—

"The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,  
His mind is taen up wi' things o' the State;  
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep,  
But favour wi' wooing was fashious\* to seek.

"Down by the dyke side a lady did dwell,  
At his table head he thought she'd look well,  
McClish's ae daughter o' Clavers ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

"His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, a cocked hat,  
An' wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

"He took the grey mare, an' rade cannily,  
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers ha' Lee;  
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

"Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,  
'An' what brings the laird at sic a like-time?'  
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

"An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low,  
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amazed was the laird when the lady said  
'Na,'

"An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

"Dumbfounded was he, nae sigh did he gie,  
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;

\* Troublesome.

An' aften he thought, as he gaed through  
the glen,  
She's daft to refuse the Laird o'  
Cockpen."

Mrs. Ferrier's additional verses certainly detract from this charming picture of petty self-importance. Except as part of the song's history, they should be always omitted. They run—

"An' now that the laird his exit had  
made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she  
had said;  
'Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll  
get ten,  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o'  
Cockpen.'

"Next time that the laird and the lady  
were seen,  
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk  
on the green.  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit  
hen,  
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared  
at Cockpen."

Let us dwell on some of the quaintly humorous touches—the conceited laird, too much engrossed in political mysteries to find leisure for the "mere frivolities" of love-making; his desire for a wife whose appearance will grace his table; his fussy personal decoration; the sly suggestion of "the grey mare"; his over-confident summons of the lady, who, not at all impressed by the honour of his call, wishes he had come at some other time, and his disappointed ride home, consoling himself with the reflection that nobody but a "daft" person could have dreamed of refusing the honour of his hand.

To the same period may be assigned her production of the popular "Caller Herrin'," with its touching description of the fish—

"Wives and mithers, maist despairin',  
Ca' them lives o' men."

It was about the year 1798 that Carolina, her mind already solemnised by sundry family bereavements, wrote her matchless "Land o' the Leal." The immediate cause which called it forth was a dear friend's grief over the death of her little daughter. It is justly considered "almost perfection." It consisted originally of seven stanzas, but in later life its author added one or two more, which do not add to its poetic beauty. We give the song as it first appeared:—

"I'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal.

"There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

"Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
She was baith gude and fair, John,  
And, oh! we grudged her sair  
To the land o' the leal.

"But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
And joy is comin' fast, John,  
The joy that's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.

"Oh, dry your glist'ning e'e, John,  
My soul longs to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

"Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,  
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

"Now fare ye weel, my ain John,  
This world's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fair,  
In the land o' the leal."

Surely a remembrance of the sweet calm of her own mother's deathbed is embodied in these verses.

It was observed that the name "John" was presently changed by public use to the feminine "Jean," which is still often used. The reason for this blunder is shown by the author herself, in a letter written late in life. She says:—"I was present when it was asserted that Burns composed this song on his deathbed, and that he had it 'Jean' (his wife's name), instead of 'John'; but the parties could not decide why it never appeared in his works, as his last song should have done. I never answered."

Reserve, even to a morbid degree, seems to have been characteristic of Carolina Oliphant, covering, as it so often does, unsounded depths of warmth and devotion. She was engaged to Captain Nairne for fourteen years before he, heir to an attained title and alienated estates, was in any position to marry. Her constancy was tried more than once—once most temptingly—but remained unshaken. Yet it is said she put aside with some impatience and vexation her bridegroom's kiss on their wedding-day (in 1806), "as being too bold and public an assertion of the rights which she had just given him." It is believed that she never told him she had written "The Land o' the Leal," so fearful was she lest between his frankness and his pride in his wife the secret would become public. But surely he knew her authorship of "Kind Robin lo'es me," the sweet expression of her happy married life, in which her real tenderness shows clearly through the poetic disguise.

"Robin is my ain gudeman,  
Now, match him, carlins, gin ye can,  
For ilk ane whitest thinks her swan;  
But kind Robin lo'es me.  
To mak' my boast I'll e'en be bauld,  
For Robin lo'e'd me young and auld;  
In simmer's heat and winter's cauld  
My kind Robin lo'es me.

"Robin he comes hame at e'en,  
Wi' pleasure glancin' in his e'en:  
He tells me a' he's heard and seen,  
And syne how he lo'es me:  
There's some ha'e land and some ha'e  
gowd,  
Mair wad hae them gin they cou'd,  
But a' I wish o' world's gude  
Is Robin aye to lo'e me."

The greatest part of their married life was spent in Edinburgh. One child, a son, was born of the union. In 1824, when many attainders were annulled, the husband's ancestral title was restored to him, and the pair became Lord and Lady Nairne.

Though at that period Edinburgh was at its brightest, both in society and literature, the Nairnes lived a singularly quiet existence. Town gaieties, doubtless, seemed but dissipations to those accustomed to the more real and wholesome hospitalities of country life. They wished to be particularly careful as to the influences surrounding their son, and it is a striking proof of the honest impartiality of their minds, that in selecting a companion tutor for him their choice fell upon a student of high accomplishment and character, who had forfeited valuable exhibitions owing to his family's determined opposition to Episcopacy (and its Scotch concomitant of Jacobitism). Lady Nairne simply remarked, "This shows steady principle, however applied." Nor did she hesitate to express her regret that Sir Walter Scott in his works had been inclined to dwell too much on the harsher and more ignoble traits of the Covenanters. Yet Lady Nairne told one of her nieces, "There was never a merrier home than ours. Your uncle was full of fun, and kept his best spirits for his own home."

It was during her residence in Edinburgh

that Lady Nairne made certain arrangements for the publication of some of her pieces. But even then her incognita was preserved by many devices. She corresponded with her publisher under an assumed name, that of "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan," and her poems were signed with the initials "B. B.," and not always with these.

The Nairne family did little visiting, and that little was in simple, neighbourly style, chiefly with an old bachelor laird and his still older sister, who "received" every Saturday from morning till even, the informal entertainment always concluding by a vocal concert, at which Lady Nairne's assistance was invaluable, since it was reported, "Never was anything in poetry said or sung which she does not know." She was always busy with needle, pencil, and brush. Her little drawing-room was adorned with her own painting and embroidery, of which, too, her gifts usually consisted.

Lord Nairne died in 1829. Owing to the lateness of her marriage, the sorrows which fall into most women's lives overshadowed hers in the feebleness of old age. In 1837, when the death of her only son left her bare of all near ties, she was in her seventy-second year. At such an age the forces of life can scarcely rally under repeated blows; but at any rate her losses failed to make her bitter or selfish. During her journey from the foreign land where she left her son's grave, a young relative records that "sunshine had always been the most trying thing for her in her grief, but now she would have all the blinds up, that I might not lose the views," and she "made room on the carriage for a guitar case." The old reserve was on her. "She never spoke of her sorrows, nor did her companions recollect ever seeing tears." She occupied herself with needlework, knitting diligently for "quietly-conducted bazaars," to which alone she contributed, but preferring to sell her work herself to any friend who fancied it, and so giving the money direct to whatever good cause she was forwarding at the time. She bought the cheapest materials, and made them beautiful by her taste and skill, saying "it was best to use our labour on things which cost little, as it would then be all profit." She used to tell her nieces that an old kinsman of hers had informed her that when he was in exile at the French Court "the ladies thought it graceful to be always at work, and that conversation flagged without it; but that none might suppose that they wished to be of any use in the world, he had seen some of them, as soon as a lovely little leaf was produced by the tatting-shuttle, throw it into the fire." Such were the women and such the ways which ended in the great French Revolution; and yet they are but an exaggeration of the same spirit which makes girls too weak for household work, but strong enough for tennis!

In whatever town they stopped, Lady Nairne and her party made friends among the sick and poor—the almsgiving being as abundant and as secret as the lyric writing had been. "Religion is a walking and not a talking concern," was Lady Nairne's favourite maxim.

She was in her seventy-sixth year when she wrote those lines, so strangely thrilling at once with pain and peace:—

"Would you be young again?  
So would not I—  
One tear to memory given—  
Onward I'd hie.  
Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
All but at rest on shore,  
Say, would you plunge once more,  
With home so nigh?

"If you might, would you now  
Retrace your way?  
Wander through thorny wilds,  
Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red,  
Hope's smiles around us shed,  
Heavenward—away.

"Where are they gone, of yore  
My best delight?  
Dear and more dear, though now  
Hidden from sight.  
Where they rejoice to be,  
There is the land for me;  
Fly time, fly speedily:  
Come life and light."

In 1843 she ventured to return to her childhood's home at Gask, as the guest of her nephew and his newly-made bride, who crossed the Channel to escort her on the journey. Here she reports herself as "greatly occupied in selecting and arranging papers which were sent for my inspection from my too happy home—letters more than a hundred years old, full of hopes, fears, and anxieties of other times." Her constitutional reserve still shows in the next sentence:—"There are many dear memorials of those I myself have loved and lost, and I wish to destroy them, precious as they are, that no one after me may read them with indifference." It is believed that she carried out this intention, since "No letters addressed to her during the entire period of her married life have been found among the Gask papers."

On the 26th October, 1845, the end came, sweetly and quietly.

After she was gone to "The Land o' the Leal" her family saw no reason to maintain the secrecy she had observed as to her writings.

It has been well said that "as a Christian gentlewoman, Lady Nairne was an honour to her age and country." Her Swiss maid, who was with her during the eleven years preceding her death—those years of sorrow and loneliness when "the grasshopper" must have been "a burden," bore this significant testimony:—

"My Lady Nairne approached as near to an angel as human weakness might permit."

We cannot conclude this paper without adding that among her less widely-known verses are some which we think are so appropriate and acceptable to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN, that they may thank us for transcribing them:—

"THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WOULD."

"The bonniest lass in a' the world,  
I've often heard them telling,  
She's up the hill, she's down the glen,  
She's in yon lonely dwelling.  
But nane could bring her to my mind,  
Wha lives but in the fancy.  
Is't Kate or Shusie, Jean or May?  
Is't Effie, Bess, or Nancy?"

"Now, lasses a', keep a gude heart,  
Nor envy e'er a comrade,  
For be your e'en black, blue, or grey,  
Ye're bonniest aye to some lad."

The tender heart, the cheering smile,  
The truth that ne'er will falter,  
Are charms that never can beguile,  
And time can never alter.

"SAW YE NE'ER A LANELY LASSIE?"

"Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie,  
Thinkin' gin she were a wife,  
The sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down,  
But warm and cheer her a' her life?  
Saw ye ne'er a wearie wife,  
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,  
She would aye be blythe and cheerie,  
Lightly as the day wad pass."

"Wives and lassies, young and aged,  
Think na on each other's state;  
Ilka ane it has its crosses,  
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.  
Ilka ane it has its blessings,  
Peevish dinna pass them by,  
But like choicest berries seek them,  
Though amang the thorns they lie."

We cannot help thinking that both her humorous and her pathetic songs will have renewed and deeper interest when it is seen from what a pure, upright heart they came, and how the faith which she depicted in her deathless lyric served to uphold and cheer herself in the days when she, too, was "wearin' awa'."

(To be continued.)

## SOME CHARMING DISHES.



WE have noticed in our household, and no doubt other people's experience is the same as ours, that of our attempts to please the palates of our guests, some are received with much more favour than others. Indeed, we have one or two dishes for which we are noted, their popularity is so widespread. Their appearance is the signal for their disappearance. We are continually asked for the recipes by our friends; but they are few in number, and one cannot go on presenting the same old favourites week after week and year after year. But if other people would let us into the secrets of their popular dishes, giving us full directions how to prepare them, we feel that we should owe them a debt of gratitude, which we could only attempt to repay by making them a free present of our own. Our payment shall be made in advance.

The most popular sweet dish that appears on our table is dignified by the name of a *casserole*. It is especially a favourite with gentlemen.

### THE RECIPE FOR A CASSEROLE.

Take one pound of French plums, those sold at tenpence to a shilling a pound; take out the stones, set the fruit in an enamelled saucepan, with three-quarters of a pint of cold water, a few lumps of white sugar, and a small piece of lemon peel cut very thinly from the lemon. Let the fruit stew until it is quite tender, when add an ounce packet of gelatine

dissolved in a little hot water (care must be taken that it is thoroughly dissolved before the plums are removed from the fire) and a small glass of port wine. If you possess a *casserole* mould, pour the stewed fruit into it, but if you do not the following plan answers admirably. Take a cake tin of the size that would hold an ordinary shilling cake, place in the middle of it a moderate sized Liebig or currant jelly jar, turned upside down. The object is to turn out the stewed plums when cold in a smooth round jelly, with a space in the centre for cream. Please do not forget to carefully oil the tin, and observe that there should be a sufficient proportion of juice to quite cover the fruit. You will have to place a heavy weight on the little jar before pouring in the fruit, or the juice will rush underneath and lift it up. This weight must remain until the jelly is firmly set, which will take twelve hours. Now crack the stones and take out the kernels. Carefully remove the little jar, and turn out the jelly on to a glass dish. Take half or a quarter of a pint of thick cream, whip to a froth, fill up the hole in the centre, and lay the rest in the dish round the *casserole*. Colour a little crushed loaf sugar by laying it in a saucer with a little cochineal, and sprinkle lightly over the cream. Stick a double row of kernels round the top of the *casserole*, and it is finished.

Let me add that where strict economy is an object, a quarter of a pint of cream may be made to answer the same purpose as half a pint, by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth with a knife, and adding it to the cream, before proceeding to whisk it. This dish is really very easy to make, the critical points in it being to have a sufficient quantity of juice, so that it may turn out a smooth dark jelly filled with fruit, to stew the fruit until perfectly soft, and to turn it nicely out of the tin.

Next in order of favour comes a German or spiced apple tart. This is an extremely pretty dish, and makes a charming addition to a luncheon, supper, or high tea.

### RECIPE FOR GERMAN APPLE TART.

Take one pound and three-quarters of good cooking apples, a quarter of a pound of dates; peel and core the apples, cut them up small, and put them into an enamelled saucepan with the dates stoned and cut up. Let them stew together till quite soft. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Beat up smoothly, and turn out into a dish to cool. In the meantime proceed with the crust.

Take half a pound of flour, add to it two ounces of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, and a quarter of a pound of butter. This tart is best made in a small oval baking tin, the sides of which are as straight as possible. An ordinary tart dish slopes too much, besides which it is always more difficult to get an undercrust thoroughly baked in earthenware than in a tin. Mix the dough with the yolk of an egg and half a teacupful of milk. It should be mixed dry enough to leave the sides of the basin quite clean. Cut the dough into three pieces. With one, rolled out to a thickness of a quarter of an inch, line the bottom of the tin. With the second piece line the sides of the tin, wetting the edges of the crust where it overlaps with a little milk. Fill the tin with the stewed apple, and with the third piece of crust cover the whole. Trim the crust round evenly where it joins the sides, and notch it round. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, taking care that the undercrust is thoroughly done. When baked, loosen the tart from the sides of the tin, but do not turn it out until it is about half cold, or it will probably break. Have ready a suitable dish with a d'oyley neatly folded on it. Turn the tart out on to it. The easiest way of doing this is to place a small chopping-board over the tin, reverse it, and let the tart drop gently on to the board, then slip the tart from the board to the dish. In the meantime, beat the white of the egg (the yolk

## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

## THE "MARSEILLAISE."



SONG whose story we now propose to tell is no lyric of quiet peasant life, like "Auld Robin Gray." It is as far removed from the merry humour of the "Laird o' Cockpen" as from the solemn faith of "The Land o' the Leal."

It is the story of that French song called the "Marseillaise," whose name all the civilised world has heard—now with enthusiasm, next with a shudder. For, as an eloquent French author has said, "It was the song of patriotism, but it was also the imprecation of rage. It conducted our soldiers to the frontier, but it also accompanied our victims to the scaffold. The same blade defends the heart of the country in the hand of the soldier, and sacrifices victims in the hand of the executioner."

We do not here aspire to give a history of the great French Revolution—that marvellous upheaval of political and social life which in its results altered the face of Europe. We only desire to explain the influences which were the inspiration of this wonderful production, so that we may in some measure understand its strange power.

Many of us have been accustomed to think of that Revolution only as the Reign of Terror, which beheaded a kindly king, a sweet and gracious queen, a saintly princess, and scores of brave men and gentle women, which filled the dungeons of criminals with good priests and innocent children, flamed out in burning *châteaux*, and perished at last, choked with its own blood. And all this is true; and yet there is another side to the sad history.

All through France, for many years previous, there had been a dire scarcity of bread or comfort for the working classes. The peasants have been described as having a pain-stricken look. An Englishman travelling in France at that period has recorded how he met a poor woman "looking sixty years of age, though not yet twenty-eight," who told him how hardly the rents and quit rents, fines to this lord and compliments to that, king's taxes, statute labour, Church taxes, and what not, bore upon her husband, with his seven children and his tiny farm, worked by one cow and one horse. The same writer declared that the signs of a great noble being landlord were wastes and deserts, that his *château* was ever in the middle of a great forest, peopled only with deer and wild animals, while the fields were the scenes of pitiable management, and the houses of misery.

Nor were matters better in the towns. Even good harvests failed to revive fettered and ill-remunerated industry. Already political changes were in the air. Old abuses were being destroyed, but they died hard and slowly, and their destruction was not sufficient to produce contentment, but only to unloose discontent. It is ever when the evil rule of despotic kings and their corrupt courts is checked that the disorders and miseries it has

bred first appear. The check is often blamed for this appearance, when it is rather the need for this check and its long delay which should be deplored.

In Strasburg, as in other French cities, there had been want and murmuring and mutiny. The populace and the soldiery had fraternised. The troops threw off the control of their marshal, and the civilians that of their mayor. The town hall had been sacked, and the town muniments rudely scattered to the winds.

If such had been the state of things in good years, what was it likely to be when 1791 closed with a bad harvest, with troubles in the French colonies, and universal massacres and disorders, which the existing government was powerless to repress or punish?

The heart of the Mayor Dietrick, of Strasburg, was on the side of the people, notwithstanding the difficulties he had had with his clamorous mob. Despite his official position, he was a poor man, struggling in a humble home, cheered by a wife and young daughters. In those days of dearth the household kept but the barest table, little likely to tempt any guest but one who came for pure kindness and love.

There was such an one who came almost daily. This was a youth named Rouget de Lisle, an artillery officer in the city garrison. His own home—a home of simple religion and old-fashioned feeling—was among the mountains of Jura, and in him the sentiment and enthusiasm of the mountaineer found expression in music and poetry, gifts which conspired to make him very welcome in Mayor Dietrick's feminine family.

It was the depth of winter—that season when "hard times" are felt the hardest. On the mayor's supper-table there was but a loaf of coarse bread and a little ham. But the old gentleman was not disposed to let his heart sink low. He exhorted the young folks to cheer up; all was not lost while enthusiasm and courage remained. There was but one bottle of wine left in his modest cellar, and he bade his daughter bring it, saying that those last drops might inspire De Lisle to produce one of those lays which convey its own ardour to those who repeat it. In such talk the evening passed. At midnight De Lisle went away through the silent snowy streets to his own abode. His spirit felt strangely stirred, and sitting down before a clavichord in his room, he composed now the air before the words, then the words before the air, "combining them so intimately in his mind that he could never tell which was first produced." He sang everything—wrote down nothing. Then, overcome by this stormy inspiration which had swept over him, he fell asleep on his instrument, and did not wake till the wintry dawn was grey in the room. As the memory which explained his strange position returned to him, he jotted down the words and notes of his composition, and then ran round to the mayor's house, so early that though the master was in his garden (perhaps looking after his poultry!), the ladies of the family had not yet appeared. But they soon entered the modest *salon*, where their father hastily summoned one or two appreciative neighbours. The eldest daughter played the accompaniment; Rouget de Lisle himself led the singing. The flashing eyes and quivering lips of the audience soon told their own tale; the enthusiasm of the little group rose to white heat.

The song was executed in public a few days afterwards; it flew from city to city, and was chanted on every public occasion. In the

words of Lamartine, "the hymn of the country was found."

But all its grim power was first brought into full prominence when it became the marching song of a great body of fierce and determined men, who, gathering at Marseilles, marched through France upon Paris, to add new vigour to the revolutionary forces there, and aid them to resist those foreign attempts to restore despotism which were so justly dreaded by the revolutionary leaders.

It is said that only 517 men left Marseilles, but that their number had swelled to nearly four thousand before they reached Paris, the journey taking three weeks. In the environs of the capital they were entertained at a banquet. The day had been sultry, the sun had set in clouds of sullen fire, and on that night—the night when the doom of the old monarchical government was sealed—"by one of those strange coincidences which sometimes appear to associate great crises in nature with great crises in empires, a storm burst over Paris. . . . The lightning, which glared incessantly for eight consecutive hours, killed a great number of the men and women who bring provisions to Paris during the night. Sentries were found killed, and their watch-boxes burned to a cinder. Iron gates, bent by the wind or the lightning, were rent from the walls to which they were fastened by their hinges, and carried to incredible distances."

It seemed like Nature's sympathy with the end of the old order of things in France. The imprisonment of the Royal family and their execution were not long delayed. The aristocracy were in banishment, and sympathy with the long-oppressed people did not satisfy them unless it was accompanied by a bloodthirsty hatred and vengeance upon their whilom tyrants. The democracy, like a wild animal, turned first on those who had opened its prison door. Rouget de Lisle, enthusiastic, patriotic, and yet sensitive and humane, seemed spurned by both parties. His stern old mother reproached him that she found the honoured household name connected with "a revolutionary hymn which is sung about France by a horde of robbers." On the other side he found himself proscribed as a royalist. Lurking in secret in an Alpine pass, he heard his own song chanted by the peasantry. "What is the name of that?" he asked, and was told "They call it the Marseillaise." What had been its name before that terrible "march" we do not know. Rouget de Lisle was subsequently arrested and thrown into prison, and was only released in 1795, when the Reign of Terror itself came to an end by its fierce destruction of its own promoters, leaving the calmer politicians of the country to reduce anarchy into order.

The poet survived for many years, dying about the date 1836.

Translations fail to convey the spirit of Rouget de Lisle's wonderful production. This is necessarily sacrificed to secure corresponding rhymes in an alien language. When we read a well-known English version—

"Come, children of your country, come,  
New glory dawns upon the world;  
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,  
Their bloody standard have unfurled;  
Already on our plains we hear  
The murmurs of a savage horde.  
They threaten with the murderous sword  
Your comrades and your children dear.  
Then up and form your ranks, the hireling  
foe withstand,  
March on—his craven blood must fertilise  
the land!"—

we find it hard to enter into Lamartine's impassioned description of "words sung in notes alternately flat and sharp, which seemed to come from the breast with sullen mutterings of national anger, and then with the joy of victory. . . . There was heard the regular footfall of thousands of men walking together to defend the frontiers over the resounding soil of their country—the plaintive notes of women, the wailing of children, the neighing of horses, the hissing of flames as they devoured palaces and huts: then gloomy strokes of vengeance, striking again and again with the hatchet, and immolating the enemies of the people and the profaners of the soil." But we do catch something of his meaning if we can understand the original.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!  
Contre nous, de la tyrannie  
L'étendard sanglant est levé.  
Entendez vous dans ces campagnes  
Mugir ces féroces soldats!  
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras  
Egorger vos fils et vos compagnes!  
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons,  
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos  
sillons!"

Perhaps the most poetic of the seven verses composing this chant is that put into the mouth of the young, who sing (according to a literal translation)—

"We shall enter on life's road  
When our elders are not there.  
There we shall find their dust  
And the track of their actions.  
We think less of surviving them  
Than of sharing in their grave.  
It is our supreme desire  
To avenge them or to perish!"

But this terrible "Marseillaise" did not breathe only fire and vengeance. One verse—its fifth—must surely have been suppressed when the fierce song was sung beside many of the scaffolds—for instance, that of the king's sweet sister, Madame Elizabeth—for it called upon—

"Frenchmen, valiant men of war,  
Restrain your vengeful blows.  
Spare those sorrowful victims  
Reluctantly ranged against you,"

and bade them remember that their true enemies only were "the tiger brood" who

were in concert with "Bouillé," the royalist general who had openly declared his determination to lead foreign armies into France for the defence and restoration of the despotic power.

Perhaps the "Marseillaise" was never sung under more singular and exciting circumstances than at the battle of Jemappes, fought in the Low Countries in 1792, when Dumouriez, the French Republican general, was engaged in intercepting the march of the Austrian army upon the northern provinces of France. The battle went hard with the French troops, many of whom were young and little disciplined. In the words of a graphic, if summary, description, "Dumouriez is swept back on this wing and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly, when he rushes up in person, speaks a prompt word or two, and then in clear tenor pipe 'uplifts the hymn of the "Marseillaise,"' ten thousand tenor or bass pipes joining, or, say, some forty thousand in all, for every heart leaps at the sound; and so with rhythmic march melody, waxing ever quicker to double and to treble quick, they rally, they advance, they rush, death-defying, man-devouring; carry batteries, redoubts, whatsoever is to be carried, and, like the fire whirlwind, sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action. Thus, through the hands of Dumouriez, may Rouget de Lisle, in figurative speech, be said to have gained, miraculously, like another Orpheus, by his Marseillaise fiddle-strings a victory of Jemappes."

The surgeons attached to the army remarked that the delirium of those who died of their wounds after this victory was a delirium of patriotism—that the enthusiasm which had conducted them to the combat survived even in their agony, and that the last words of many were snatches from the wild lay of Rouget de Lisle.

We should always endeavour to train ourselves to strive to discover the real drift of any cause or movement, not allowing ourselves to be influenced only by its attendant graces or horrors, which may be but its mere accessories, of which it would be glad to be rid. Misfortune must ever command womanly sympathy; but misfortune which is united with rank and beauty and blandishment is too apt to dazzle the female imagination, and render it blind to misfortune which has been trodden under foot until it has grown dumb and numb in misery. We have seen how the poetry

of the Pretender's fate enlisted the heart of Lady Nairne, until growing years and wisdom taught her the truth concerning

"The ways o' cavaliering men"

And there is not a girlish heart which does not thrill over the woes of stately Marie Antoinette, and the little Dauphin, and pathetic Princess Elizabeth, and Madame Royale, and the groups of gentle ladies and good men whose heads fell beneath the Revolutionary guillotine. But let the girlish heads reflect that the blood of these victims rests less upon the nation, rising maddened in its wrath, than upon the tyranny which had wounded and tortured it into its frenzy. It was the sins of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louis which were visited upon their innocent descendants. The real murderer of the Reign of Terror was that vainglorious monarch who scores of years before, reckless in his pleasures and his pride, had yet turned one glance down the coming years, and, satisfied with his own selfish security, had not paused in his career, because he could foresee that after him must come destruction. ("Après moi, le deluge.")

Most of us have read a great deal of romance and poetry whose interest centres in the horrors of the Reign of Terror (though probably what all those horrors were has never yet been fully revealed). But now let us hear the summing up of this revolutionary story by a deep thinker of our own people—a stern man, strong on the side of authority and order, and absolutely martial in his notions of discipline and obedience. Yet he admits:—

"History confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with in which the general twenty-five millions of France suffered less than in this period which they name Reign of Terror. But it was not the dumb millions which suffered here; it was the speaking thousands, and hundreds, and units, who shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should."

And let us remember that everybody who studies justice and mercy, who shuns luxury and "considers the poor," is doing his or her share in promoting that happier state of progress in which—

"Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent."

(To be continued.)

## TWO SCHOOLFELLOWS OF NEW UNKRAUT.

By J. A. OWEN.

### CHAPTER II.

OLGA VON FICHTENBERG.



"WICK, dear children," said Sister Pampel, as soon as the girls of room No. 4, in which Margaret had been placed, had returned to their quarters; "quick! Buy your fruit, and then get ready for our walk."

I want to go as far as Hammerstein to-day."

Every day, after dinner, peasant women from the villages outside New Unkraut brought huge baskets of fruit and window plants for sale. They were allowed to sit down in the

covered part of the courtyard, and there we bargained with them. For I also was at New Unkraut, and I fall into the "we" unconsciously in describing a small part of our happy schooldays there.

Fifty huge, oval plums, fifty walnuts, a pound of cherries (great white hearts and luscious dark ones), or half a pound of grapes, we bought for a groschen (one and a fifth of a penny).

Margaret's great joy was to be able to buy some pretty flowering plant to present to Sister Nachtigall. The happiest hours she spent were those in her dear presence; even though it was for a private lesson, when the sister was very firm with her pupil.

"Not so—not so, dear child; I must have it clearly and strongly."

"But, Sister Nachtigall, I cannot."

"You can do anything you like," would be the invariable answer to such a plea from Margaret.

And Margaret generally found that she could do all that was expected of her so confidently. Love constrains, and faith works miracles now, as of old.

The little baskets having been filled, and the hats adjusted—curiously enough I do not remember any mirrors or looking-glasses at New Unkraut—the girls set out for the walk of six miles, through the pebble paved streets of the town; and along the bank of the river for a mile, through the pleasantly-shaded gardens of the palace—we had a prince and a palace both at New Unkraut—as far as a little village, where there was a wonderful ruin of a great house which had never been finished, because, so the people believed firmly, as fast as the builders put the roof on an evil spirit pulled it off again, or made it fall in during the night. At last it had been given up, and left unfinished. On, under great apple and walnut trees—resting for a while inside a pretty little church, with open doors, where

admire them; to say nothing of the sparkling eyes and red-rose cheeks. He was the only man who could resist Fan's fascinations.

"You harbour all sorts of vagrants either in the kitchen or woods. Twice I have seen a suspicious character lurking about, once in your presence, once I believe, waiting for you. You are often in company with that old humbug, the Tigress. You resist Miss Vigors' efforts for your good; even my father and Mr. Austen——"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Tom," shouted Fan, putting her fingers in her ears. "I won't listen to a word more, for you are beginning to tell lies. Neither Sir nor Mr. Austen ever said a word against me. The Tigress is not a humbug, but a Christian woman who has given up making lots of money upon principle, and become a respectable hawker. You may laugh, Mr. Tom; but she's converted, and Mr. Clarville has done it as

sure as Fan's Fan. I wonder whether you would give up the hope of a grand match and a grand fortune to go a-hawking."

Tom's face darkened as he replied—"Not the Tigress's kind of hawking, certainly. But what is more to the purpose, will you give up your haunts and associates and do your duty to my father, who has done so much for you?"

"I would do anything in the world for him, and you know it, Mr. Tom. Oh! how I wish Jack was here!"

The recollection of Jack was the last strain on Fan's overwrought feelings. She broke into passionate, almost hysterical sobs. Tom had never seen her so affected since his mother's funeral, when the women servants were obliged to withdraw her from the grave. Being human, he was himself touched.

"I did not mean to pain you so much, only to advise you, Fan," he said.

"I don't care what you meant. You

are cold and cruel," she cried, restraining the sobs, and moving towards the door. "But you shall not reproach me any more. Everybody in this house has been kind to me but you. I love Sir, and Jack dearly—dearly. Oh, if Jack were here! And mother! I love her still with all my heart. But you! you, Mr. Tom! No: I won't hate you, for that's wicked, but I—I—never want to see you again as long as I live."

She opened the door, banged it after her, and left Tom Harton in a state of some uncertainty.

"I did not mean to raise such a whirlwind," he muttered: "but I think she will not again prejudice the Miss Aspenels against me. She is so shrewd, that one knows not where she may stop."

He sat down, took up a book, and began his studies.

(To be continued.)

## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

## "THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."



HE ballad which forms the subject of the present paper was characterised by the poet, Robert Burns, "as one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language."

His further evidence concerning it is that, "about the year 1771 or 1772, it came first on the streets as a ballad;" and he infers "that its composition was not much anterior to that period." It is something to have such

a witness as to its earliest appearance, for a curious interest is added to this lovely song by the fact that its authorship remains uncertain, and has been the subject of very lively literary dispute.

We will give the whole song, as it appears in "Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Song," and then we will tell the histories of the two people to whom it has been attributed, and the internal and external evidences which have seemed to the partisans of each to justify their advocacy.

It runs—

"And are ye sure the news is true?  
And are ye sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to think o' wark?  
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.  
Is this a time to think o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Rax me my cloak—I'll to the quay,  
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa'.

"And gie' to me my biggonet,  
My bishop's satin gown,  
For I maun tell the baillie's wife  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue;  
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

"Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gie' little Kate her button gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat,  
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa'.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

"There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,  
They've fed this month and mair,  
Mak' haste and thraw their necks aboot,  
That Colin weel may fare;  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw,  
For wha can tell how Colin fared  
When he was far awa'?  
For there's nae luck, &c.

"Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
His breath like caller air;  
His very foot has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht—  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind  
That thirl'd through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my head?  
It may be far awa';  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

"Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,  
In troth I'm like to greet."  
For there's nae luck," &c.

In 1806—that is, more than thirty years after the song "had been sung about the streets"—the Rev. John Sim, of Oxford, claimed the song on behalf of William Julius Mickle, the translator of "The Lusiad." He brought out an edition of Mickle's works, in which the song appeared marked with an asterisk, as having never before been issued under his name. Mickle had died in 1788—eighteen years earlier.

A counter claim was set up for one Miss Jean Adam, a humble Scotch schoolmistress, who had died in 1765; that is to say, five or six years before Burns heard the ballad.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE had been a man of some literary repute. He was born in 1734; the son of a Scotch minister; was educated first at a Dumfries grammar school; early showed a taste for versification, and was "finished" at the high school of Edinburgh, in which city he afterwards went into business, very much against his will. As a natural result he was not successful, and after many struggles and vicissitudes, he went to London in 1764, to seek for literary employment. Finding pure literature not highly remunerative, he became a corrector for the press, and having acquired a knowledge of Portuguese, in due time he issued his great work, the translation of Camoens' "Lusiad." His linguistic acquirement gained him a good appointment in a British embassy to Portugal, from which he returned with a small fortune. In 1782 he married a well-dowered English lady, a Miss Mary Tomkins, wooing her in the old manor house of the Powells, whence Milton had taken his first wife. Mickle survived his marriage only six years.

He seems to have been a well-intentioned

man of considerable industry and some taste, but the greater part of his undoubted work shows no force or originality. One notable exception, however, must certainly be made. He wrote the exquisite ballad of "Cumnor Hall," whose first stanza,

"The dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby,"

"had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear" of Sir Walter Scott, the force of which he owned "was not entirely spent" when he made the story of this ballad the plot of his novel "Kenilworth."

MISTRESS JEAN ADAM is certainly a more interesting and pathetic figure. She was born about 1710, in the neighbourhood of Greenock, now a huge city, teeming with wealth and filth, but then a clean little town on the silvery Frith of Clyde. She lost her parents when she was quite young, and commenced a self-dependent career as a sort of household "help" in the family of a clergyman. She was an intelligent girl, was made free of the minister's library, and when twenty-four years of age issued a little volume of verses of a somewhat portentous character, since we find in the table of contents such subjects as "On the Method of Grace," "A Dialogue between the Soul and Curiosity," "On Cleopatra," and the like. About the same date she seems to have left the manse, for we presently hear of her as the mistress of a girls' school, which she carried on for some time with considerable success, though with much originality, since she is reported to have sung her own songs in the schoolroom, and to have read *Othello* to her pupils at a date when Shakespeare was a forbidden book in most Scottish households. There is a tradition that, in her middle age, she walked up to London, to pay a visit to the novelist Richardson, author of "Clarissa Harlowe," &c. Perhaps these eccentricities hastened the catastrophe, for eventually her school failed, her unsold poems absorbed her tiny savings, and in her old age there was nothing for her but to wander from house to house, and from village to village, in quest of such tasks as lay within her strength and skill, subsisting on the pittance which justice or charity gave her in return. Sometimes old pupils offered her homely little kindnesses against which her independent spirit at first revolted; though she schooled herself into final submission. Yet we may believe that even this hard lot had its alleviations. It had interest and variety. Jean's social gifts of song and story would surely secure her many a kindly welcome. But in the end she died in the poorhouse of Glasgow, described as a "poor woman in distress, a stranger who had

been wandering about." She had but a pauper's grave.

The authorship of "There's nae luck about the house" was claimed for Jean Adam on the testimony of several of her old pupils, who declared they had heard her sing the song, and affirm it to be her own composition. As Jean Adam died in 1765, this, if true, must have happened long before the song became public property by being "sung in the streets" about 1770-1.

On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Sim, in editing Mickle's works, stated that a copy of the song in the poet's handwriting "was found among his papers after his death, bearing marks of correction as a first copy, and that Mrs. Mickle perfectly recollected her husband giving her the ballad as his own composition, and explaining to her (she being an Englishwoman) the Scottish words and phrases."

In this conflict of evidence, we must try to bear in mind the following points:—

Mr. and Mrs. Mickle were not married till 1782—more than ten years after Burns had "heard the ballad sung in the streets."

Undue importance must not be attached to the copy of the poem found in Mickle's handwriting. In very recent days, that lovely poem "The Blind Spinner," written by Mrs. Helen Jackson, an American poetess, made its appearance in this country with the signature of "F. Brooks," a MS. copy of the verses having been found among the papers of a deceased gentleman of that name, who had greatly admired them.

Jean Adam has left no work of note—nothing which points in the direction of this beautiful song. But some of the best songs ever written have been their author's solitary successes.

On the other hand, though most of Mickle's productions are classical in form, and "high and dry" in quality, yet "Cumnor Hall" remains to prove that he had a genuine inspiration.

The verses of our ballad are so full of wifely feeling and housewifely touches, that if they are the work of a young, unmarried man, they show a wonderful dramatic power. But as the work of an unmarried and practically homeless woman, they show scarcely less.

The authors of "The Songstresses of Scotland" favour the claims of Jean Adam, perhaps with too much partisanship, which caused certain descendants of Mickle's, now resident in the United States, to take up the matter in a natural spirit of family pride and honour. Certainly a great deal of internal evidence can be brought forward on the side of Jean Adam. She was a sailor's daughter, and had spent all her life in a seaport town, where the comings and goings of sailors were among the most picturesque incidents. Her hero's very name, "Colin," is only common in the Western

Highlands, where she dwelt, and in her seaport town, too, the houses had broad outside staircases, made of sounding deal.

"His very foot has music in't  
As he comes up the stair."

But even such internal evidence, valuable as it is, is not all-sufficing. No verse in the song is more instinct with subtle womanly yearning and inconsistent emotions than the sixth, which won the especial admiration of Robert Burns—

"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind  
That thirled through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my head?  
It may be far awa';  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw."

And yet there seems no doubt that this verse was not part of the original song, by whomsoever that was written, but was subsequently added by Dr. James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel" and other poems of the most formal and didactic cast.

We feel driven to adopt the conclusion of the editor of "The Book of Scottish Song," who inclines to believe that possibly Mickle and Jean Adam both had a hand in this exquisite ballad—that some lines of hers, floating, as it were, in the air, gave birth to his finished version. We must remember that from Jean's hand we find nothing else written in her native Scotch. Probably she was proud rather of her prim, artificial English, for on the title-page of her volume of poems, she Anglicised her very name into "Jane Adams!" From Mickle, also, we have nothing in his country's dialect, but we have the quaint, pathetic "Cumnor Hall," and he who wrote that might surely have written anything, had he once set his genius free from the trammels of the "taste" of his time.

Such a conflict of evidence on a matter not yet a century old, and transpiring among the articulate and recording classes of society, may well make us pause before we deliver rash opinions and judgments. It is quite possible—though not probable—that the real author of "There's nae luck about the house" is neither Mickle nor Jean Adams, but some third person, either utterly unknown, or famous in some entirely distinct direction.

It has been cleverly said that nothing lasts so long as a coin or a song; yet the superscription may be worn from the one, and the signature torn from the other. What matters? The gold or the genius remains. Let all be forgotten that can be forgotten. A true, loving thought can never die, and neither you nor I, neither he nor she, need claim it, nor feel wronged if it slips accidentally from our grasp; for in truth it is not ours, but God's, and it is blessing enough, and honour sufficient, that He gave it to us to say for Him.

## ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.



SOMEWHAT oppressive silence fell on the little company in the house-keeper's room after the door had been closed. Everybody except Fanny, who was the most guilty, felt convicted of frivolity. No more compliments were exchanged or meaning glances darted in Mr. Craik's direction.

"You talk of rising early, so you had better say 'good-night,'" suggested Mrs. Motley to her niece, and the girl was obliged to obey. But she ventured on a little protest, though she rose promptly enough.

"It is my last night, aunty."

"The more need for you to rest as a preparation for beginning work again, my dear."

"I shall see you again, Mr. Simmons, so it must be good-night only to you," said Fanny, but she extended her hand

to the gardener as she continued, "It may be good-bye to you, Mr. Craik. I am not so sure of seeing you in the morning."

If Fanny expected a contradiction she was disappointed, for the gardener only shook the little hand gently, as if he were dealing with a fragile flower, and said "Good-bye," also adding the hope that Miss Fanny would keep well at Longminster, and that when she next came to Castlemount she would look even more blooming than at present.

## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE AMERICAN MARCHING SONG,  
"JOHN BROWN."

It has been aptly said that "the making of the song of a people is a happy accident. . . . It must be the result of fiery feeling long

confined, and suddenly finding vent in burning words or moving strains. Great national lyric is the result of the conjunction of the hour and the man."

There is no better illustration of this than the popular American war song, "John Brown's Body." There is literally nobody who claims its authorship. Words and tune "grew" together in the early days of that great war between the Northern and the Southern States which settled the question of American slavery for ever.

Yet there is no song which has a better story to tell. And as there is seldom any historical period so misty to our minds as that which immediately precedes the date of our own personal histories, we are sure that there are many girls who will thank us for a glimpse of the heroism and romance which wrought out a great national drama in the days when their fathers and mothers were the young folks of the world.

We are not ambitious enough to attempt any history of the rise and development of slavery in the United States of America. We shall only attempt to set forth, as simply as we can, a few facts necessary to explain its existence and the varying influences that surrounded it, and that finally brought about its extinction.

Let it suffice to say that slavery—that supreme crime against humanity—originated in the States when they were a British colony. Therefore, the worst indictment we have any right to bring against them in this matter is, that they did not all come to a full realisation of the heinousness of this evil quite so soon as did the mother country.

Now, at the very outset of this paper we must caution our readers against an error which we would not imagine could be fallen into by educated people, had we not proved it to be so. They must realise at once that the Northern and Southern States are alike in North America, different parts of the Republic of the United States. These have nothing whatever to do with the continent of

South America, with all its varying empires and republics, mostly Spanish in origin and development. We should have thought such a caution quite unnecessary, had we not heard a friend from Buenos Ayres being constantly asked "Whether the party feeling between the Northern and Southern States had now entirely passed away?"—the questioners being presumably educated people and filling respectable and indeed honourable positions in British society.

Having explained this much, we may go on to say that from the earliest days of the British colonisation of North America a vital difference arose between those States called the Northern and those afterwards grouped as the Southern.

The Northern States were founded by "The Pilgrim Fathers," who were themselves exiles from Britain for the sake of civil and religious freedom. In the communities under their influence certain religious and political theories were made of the first importance from the very beginning. They started on the path of moral progress, though the struggle for existence and the greed for material wealth soon entered in, to warp the nobler aims.

The Southern States, on the other hand, were colonised by aristocratic English adventurers, often of high character and courtly manners, but whose first aim was the profit and comfort of their immediate followers, without any special sense of responsibility towards the community at large. Thus in these Southern States a wide gulf soon yawned between the upper and lower classes. "Below the great landholders came a population largely tainted with pauperism and crime." Further, the development of the natural resources of these Southern States required masses of specially cheap labour.

How was this to be supplied?

At first, the forced labour was of white people, "criminals, beggars and vagrants" being transported there from the mother country. Orphan or friendless children became the victims of family cruelty or mercenary greed. But still the supply was insufficient for the demand.

Then these our colonies in the Southern States resolved to follow the example of our colonies in the West Indies, and to encourage the importation of negroes. The first shipload was landed in 1620, at Jamestown. In 1662, the Royal African company was incorporated, with the English King Charles II. and his brother as its chief directors, its main business to be the exportation of negroes from Africa to slavery in the plantations. The black slave soon supplanted not only the white bond-servant, but the white labourer of every kind. The Southern States became the home of a white aristocracy, a black slavery, and a desperate ruffianism.

In 1772, a slave named Somerset, brought to England by his master, was, on account of ill-health, turned adrift. When, through the charity of Mr. Granville Sharp, he was restored to health, his master again claimed him. A suit resulted, which, mainly owing to the energy and determination of Mr. Sharp, ended in a decision that slavery could not exist in Great Britain.

Owing to the revolt against sundry British impositions, the United States declared their independence of Britain in 1776. They were recognised internationally as a distinct Government in 1783; and in 1787, the American Congress passed an unalterable article forbidding slavery in that part of their

territory north-west of the Ohio. This put the Northern States on the same footing that Great Britain had already attained, while slavery still persisted in the Southern States of the Republic as it did in those West Indian colonies which remained in British possession.

Slavery finally terminated in all British possessions between the years 1833 and 1838. Its extinction cost the British nation £20,000,000.

It still lingered in the Southern States of America, and in its most frightful form. In the slavery of the antique world the masters had been content with the possession of their human chattels, often employed as tutors and guardians, and frequently attaining high rank in philosophy and learning. In Oriental slavery there had been hope. The slave to-day was often Grand Vizier to-morrow. But in America they sought to deprive the human chattel of mind, soul, and affection. To educate him was penal. He could have no family ties. The Courts of Justice were closed against him, and the curse of slavery pursued the least drop of African blood, however diluted it might be with that of the ruling race.

The advocates of slavery had two or three arguments on which they laid great stress. One was that the slave in the Southern States was generally well-treated and content, in evidence of which they told stories of domestic attachments, and brought forward his merry plantation songs. Of course, it would be going too far to say that the large majority of slaves were treated with personal violence and cruelty. They were only entirely at the mercy of their master *pro tem.*, and away from the kindest owner they might be sold any day, either at his own will, or at the will of any creditors or trustees into whose hands he chanced to fall. Among the women, wifehood and motherhood were only other names for shame and agony. It was the cruellest wrong of all if they were kept in such a low condition as to be unable to realise all the bitterness of their lot. But that many of them did escape this crowning ignominy is proved by the wildly pathetic hymns in which they cried out to God for His help and support.

Another Southern argument was, that the Northerner, though not a slave-holder, held the negro in such bitter contempt and abhorrence, that his free life in the Northern States was lacking in many of the alleviations which he often found in his Southern slavery. There is no denying this indictment. But neither do two wrongs added together amount to one right! In excuse of the Northerner, it can be pleaded that this savage nation had been poured upon his country, not for his benefit, but for the interests of his Southern brother; that the negro was a portentous appearance in those States where white labour abounded, and competition was already fierce enough. Furthermore, the negro stood to the Northerner as the outward and visible sign of the Northerner's own subjection. For Southern voices were predominant in the councils of the nation, and it was mainly through, and for slavery, that such predominance was jealously maintained.

On the side of the North we may justly urge, that whatever might be popular prejudices, it was in her States, and under influences that had made her what she was, that all true and loving help for the slave originated; the voices of the North were ever on the side of freedom. We all know Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery." Perhaps not quite so many of us are equally familiar with those of John Greenleaf Whittier,

the American Quaker poet, who, like so many of his sect, threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the slave. It is characteristic of the man, and his deathless faith and hope, that he called his outpourings "The Voices of Freedom." One of the best known of these is "The Christian Slave," founded on an incident at a slave auction in New Orleans, where the auctioneer recommended the woman under the hammer as "a good Christian." The indignant poet breaks forth:

"My God! can such things be?  
Hast Thou not said that whatso'er is done  
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,  
Is even done to Thee?"

In that sad victim, then,  
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand

Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,

Bound, sold, and scourged again!"

We should quote from Whittier more largely, for his works (save his translation from the German of "The Angel of Patience") were but little known in Britain a few years ago, but we refrain, since they are now widely circulated and easily procurable.

The poet Lowell, and the philosophers Emerson and Thoreau, were also active and consistent in their advocacy of the slave. But the subject of American slavery was first brought before the whole world in a strongly picturesque form in 1852, by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The enthusiasm of sympathy which it created was immense. One result was an appeal from the women of England to the women of America, which was headed by the mother of the present Duke of Sutherland, and obtained nearly six hundred thousand signatures. From that time the subject was never left at rest. Special cases of fugitives were constantly before the Northern courts. The "border" States were kept unsettled by perpetual "risings" and skirmishings between the "slave party" and the abolitionists. One such struggle in Kansas, and of considerable importance, brought to the front that indomitable hero whose name is now embalmed in the great rough Yankee war-song.

That name is

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

It need hardly be said that he belonged, by descent, to the stern Puritan stock which had colonised the Northern States. He was born in Connecticut, but he was only five years old when his family moved to Ohio, then a wilderness filled with wild beasts and Indians. There he lived the hardy adventurous life of a healthy lad in a new country. By the time he was twelve years old he was often sent off alone more than a hundred miles with companies of cattle.

It was during a brief war between England and the United States (which broke out in 1812) that he was brought under influences which decided the current of his life. His father sold cattle to the American troops, and in his capacity as assistant he saw a good deal of military life, "more, perhaps, than if he had been a soldier, for he was often present at the councils of the officers." This was to prove an important element in his training for the future, but the immediate result was to disgust him with military life, so that he refused to train, and was fined in consequence. "He then resolved that he would have nothing to do with any war, unless it were a war for liberty." It was at this same period that there occurred the incident which we prefer to tell in his own words, as we find them in an autobiographical fragment written for the benefit of a young friend:—

"John was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord, once a United

States Marshal, who held a slave boy near John's own age, very active, intelligent and good feeling, and to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. The master made a great pet of John, brought him to table with his first company and friends, called their attention to every little smart thing he said or did, and to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a company of cattle alone; while the negro boy, who was fully if not more than his equal, was badly clothed, poorly fed and lodged in cold weather, and beaten before his eyes with iron shovels or anything that first came to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children, and, in the end, made him a most determined abolitionist, and led him to declare or swear eternal war with slavery," so that at last he believed he "held a commission direct from God to act against it."

His education was purely that of practical life. He learned nothing of grammar, nor of arithmetic beyond the first four rules. He had never danced; he had never used a pack of cards. But he was fond of reading, and he felt that "by reading the lives of great, wise and good men, their sayings and writings, he grew to a dislike of vain and frivolous conversation and persons." He was very familiar with the Bible, and had a most unusual memory for its contents. In business he was diligent and shrewd, but with a keen sense of honour, so that he refused to sell his leather while it retained a particle of moisture, lest his customers should be cheated in value or weight. In the course of his business he visited England. But though he was ever increasing in social weight and importance, such a man was not likely to make money. Indeed, from the year 1839 he cherished the hope of some organised attempt at the delivery of the slaves, and "from that time he engaged in no commercial speculation which he could not honourably and without serious loss to his family wind up on short notice."

As we have said already, he became prominent in the border warfare of which the State of Kansas was the arena in 1855-7. Neither the property nor the life of anybody suspected of being an abolitionist was safe, and brutal outrage on the one side occasionally provoked stern reprisals from the other. In John Brown's camp the strictest order and discipline prevailed, "no man of immoral character was allowed to stay, except as a prisoner of war." The great leader said: "He did not love warfare but peace—only acting in obedience to the will of God, and fighting God's battles for His children's sake," and therefore "he would rather have the small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera together in his camp, than a man without principles." A favourite remark was, "One man in the right, and ready to die, will chase a thousand."

The fortunes of this warfare constantly varied, but with an ever-growing force of public feeling on the abolitionist side.

It is impossible for us in this paper to follow in detail the events which led to John Brown's raid on the Arsenal of Harper's Ferry, which was to be the starting-point for a general rising of the negroes, and which he hoped, if successful, would banish slavery from the Southern States, while, if unsuccessful, he trusted at the worst to be able to force his way with his followers to British ground in Canada, and thus, at the least, to secure freedom for a large multitude.

Many of his most faithful adherents considered the scheme hopeless, but seeing that he was not to be turned from it, "could not give him up to die alone."

Before the raid, John Brown himself wrote a letter which states his own motive and expectation, and which, viewed in the light of subsequent events, seems like a prophecy.

"I have only had this one opportunity in a life of nearly sixty years. . . . God has honoured but comparatively a very small part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards. I expect nothing but to endure hardness, but I expect to effect a mighty conquest, even though it be like the last victory of Samson."

The attempt was made and ended in failure! It is said that the immediate cause of this was Brown's consideration for the interests of some prisoners who fell into his hands, and for whose sake he delayed in the carrying out of his original plan. He himself fell wounded, and was made prisoner, and of his little following of twenty-two, ten were killed in the conflict, five escaped, and seven were captured, tried and hanged.

History contains nothing grander than the account of John Brown as he lay in his prison awaiting trial and death by the law of his country. He had thoroughly counted the cost of his attempt beforehand, for even years earlier he had actually written—

"The trial for life of one bold, and to some extent successful, man, for defending his rights in good earnest, would arouse more sympathy throughout the nation than the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of more than three millions of our submissive coloured population."

His most adverse critics say "that the authorities hurried through his trial for treason, conspiracy, and murder with an unseemly precipitancy, almost calculated to make him seem the accuser, and the commonwealth the trembling culprit."

Meanwhile the aged and suffering prisoner was calm and content. The women whom he had left at home—his wife bereaved of several of her sons, and his daughters widowed of their husbands—did not grudge their own share in the great sacrifice. They had thrown no obstacles in its way. They had learned from him to make the cause of the oppressed their own, and had been reared in the atmosphere of the simple couplet which he had taught them all, down to the youngest, a wee maiden of five—

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Wonderful were the letters which they received from the husband and father in his condemned cell. He could cheer them by writing—

"I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky."

He was ready with advice for the future of his young unmarried daughters, reminding his wife that he had "always expressed a decided preference for a plain, but perfectly practical, education, for both sons and daughters," meaning thereby "enough of the learning of the schools to enable them to transact the common business of life, together with that thorough training in good business habits which best prepares both men and women to be useful though poor, and to meet the stern realities of life with a good grace. You well know," he writes, "that I always claimed that the music of the broom, wash-tub, needle, spindle, loom, axe, scythe, hoe, flail, &c., should first be learned at all events, and that of the piano, &c., afterwards. I put them in that order as most conducive to health of body and mind, and for obvious reasons, that, after a life of some experience and much observation, I have found ten women as well as men who have made their mark in life right, whose early training was of that plain, practical kind, to one who had a more popular and fashionable early training."

He strove to guard his family against any wrong deductions from the interest felt by most Northerners in their present tragic position.

"Let me tell you that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little more of the romantic about helping poor widows and their children than there is about trying to relieve poor 'niggers.'"

And so little did he regret the sacrifice of his own life for the cause of freedom, that in his very last letter home he solemnly enjoined on his children, "to abhor with undying hatred, that sum of all villainies—slavery."

He made a friend of his very gaoler, and enjoyed his present opportunity of impressing his own views on the minds of many of the slavery party who visited him in prison, where he lay in the blood-stained clothes in which he had fought. He would take no credit for his own cheerfulness and fortitude, only saying with a smile, "Some can bear more than others, and not suffer so much. . . . it is only a constitutional difference, and I have been trained to hardships. . . . I have always been more afraid of being taken into an evening party of ladies and gentlemen than of meeting a company of men with guns."

Nor can there be anything more touching than the simple account of the last scene of all, when, on the 2nd of December, 1859, John Brown was led out to die. As he left the gaol, he said, "I can endure almost anything but parting from friends; that is very hard." He had refused the ministrations of clergymen since none could reach him but those who were believers in the institution of slavery, and who, therefore, as he said, stood more in need of his prayers than he of theirs. He had remarked that if he had a choice, he would prefer to be followed to the gallows by a few poor negro children than by any such chaplain. Just as he passed the prison door, a negro woman held up her little child, and then, as Whittier sings—

"The bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,  
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child."

The procession moved on. As John Brown came upon an eminence near the gallows, he was observed to take his last look over the beautiful landscape, following with his eye the windings of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance.

"This is a beautiful country," he remarked. "You are a game man, Captain Brown," said the undertaker who rode by his side.

"Yes," he answered, "I was so trained up; it was one of the lessons of my mother. But," he reiterated, "it is hard to part from friends, though newly made."

"You are more cheerful than I am," said his companion.

"Yes," he replied, "I ought to be."

They kept the old man standing blindfold on the scaffold while the troops in attendance went through sundry military manoeuvres. What did it matter? It was but the last cruelty which slavery could inflict upon him who (little as it seemed then) had given it its deathblow.

Then all was over.

The hero's body was given to his family, and was taken back to the neighbourhood of

his home within sight of the Adirondacks, where by his own desire his name was simply placed upon an old tombstone which already bore that of his grandfather.

From his portraits—not idealisations of loving reverence, but engravings from homely photos—John Brown looks at us with a grave face, which yet seems quivering with tender humour. It is said that in a bust of him a strong likeness comes out to Michael Angelo's ideal of "Moses," the great leader of another enslaved people.

Among John Brown's last words to his wife had been these—

"Those that are dead to this world are angels in another,"

and very shortly afterwards Thoreau, the philosopher, wrote—

"Of all the men who were said to be my contemporaries, it seemed to me that John Brown was the only one who *had not died*. . . . I never hear of any particularly brave and earnest man, but my first thought is of John Brown, and what relation he may be to him. I meet him at every turn. He is more alive than he ever was. He has earned immortality. He is not confined now to North Elba or Kansas. He is no longer working in secret. He works in public in the clearest light that shines in the land."

And though on the dreary night of his execution there was lament about the streets of Boston a dismal lament—

"Tell John Andrew,  
Tell John Andrew,  
Tell John Andrew,  
John Brown's dead!"

yet it was singular how soon the realisation of his persistent vitality entered into the popular idea. The Southerners soon discovered the truth of a poet's prophecy—

"Old Brown,  
Osawatimie Brown,  
May trouble you more than ever when you've nailed his coffin down!"

Never again were the Southern States permitted to dominate the Union. Early in the following year, Abraham Lincoln, a Northerner by descent, by character, and by principle, was returned to the presidential chair, whereupon the Southern States, unwilling to obey where they had ruled so long, raised the standard of rebellion, and there broke forth the long fierce war between the Northern and Southern States, whose most striking feature was the total and entirely unconditional abolition of slavery in 1862, barely three years after John Brown's execution!

Nobody seems able to tell exactly how

"Tell John Andrew  
John Brown's dead,"

developed into the rudely grand "marching song":

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;  
But his soul is marching on."

Glory, glory Hallelujah; glory, glory,  
Hallelujah, &c.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,  
And he frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through;  
They hung him for a traitor—themselves the traitor crew!

But his soul is marching on.  
Glory, glory, &c.

John Brown died that the slave might be free,

John Brown died that the slave might be free,

John Brown died that the slave might be free;

But his soul is marching on.  
Glory, glory, &c.

"Now has come the glorious jubilee,  
Now has come the glorious jubilee,  
Now has come the glorious jubilee,  
When all mankind are free.  
Glory, glory, &c."

One Northern military man asserts that the song was put together by a quartet of men in the second battalion quartered at Boston harbour, in April, 1861. These four men, it appears, re-enlisted in the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, commanded by a Colonel Webster. It is an undoubted fact that Webster's regiment first adopted it as a marching song, singing it down Broadway, New York, as they went out to the front in the summer of the same year. Before a year later, the tune had been taken up by the nation at large, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers were marching forward with the name of John Brown on their lips.

Thus does

"God name differently what men name,  
failing."

Let the simple song and its hero's brave story help to keep up our own faith and hope even when the days are darkest and triumph seems on the side of wrong. For there are still struggles to be fought out. We must not allow ourselves to think that all the giants of evil in this world are already slain for us, and that we have nothing to do but to enter into the fruits of others' victory. Evil is hydra-headed. Slavery was but one manifestation of human selfishness, and while that root remains, other manifestations as evil will spring up only the more deadly if they are less defined. Each heroism of the past is but one more stone laid in the foundation of that Kingdom of God for whose coming we all pray, but for which we must also live and labour. And let us not forget to consider the homely women who stand in the background of this national tragedy—the good mother who reared her son hardily, the good wife and daughters ready to endure hardship and accept sorrow, but not to hinder the hero in his work. It is not for us to reckon whether our tasks in life be great or small, whether they shall succeed or fail. We need answer but one question: "Ought they to be done?" If the answer is "Yes," then let us do them with our best powers. The rest is God's business, not ours.



## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

## "HOME, SWEET HOME," and "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."



**I**N our last we gave the history of a famous American war song; we now turn to a lyric entirely different in influence, associations, and everything but nationality.

It is not universally known that "Home, Sweet Home" was written by an American, an old bachelor, who, from the time he was thirteen years of age, was practically homeless, who has been graphically described as "the football of fortune, the wallflower at life's festival whom success never joined and engaged for a dance, as a critic, a traveller, or a politician," who wandered to and fro upon the earth, and finally filled an exile's grave.

John Howard Payne was born in 1798, a native of Easthampton, a quiet, old-fashioned town in New England. His grandfather (on his mother's side) was a German Jew, whose wife had connections among the English aristocracy. His father was for a while school-master in Easthampton. Payne was apprenticed to a carpenter. But that honest calling did not satisfy the ambitions of the handsome lad, with his slight but seductive gifts in oratory and dramatic performance.

So his wandering life began. He went on the stage. He played Romeo in Philadelphia. While he was still in his teens he edited some periodical in Boston, and was the associate of important literary men. He went to Europe, wandering from country to country, writing, composing, acting, but always faithfully corresponding with old neighbours in the quiet New England town. He enclosed a whole budget of letters under cover to the village postmistress, addressed "Miss Joann Miller, behind the counter, very busily opening all the letter bags for an office full of the citizens of Easthampton." He maintained, through all his wandering middle age, a pretty, playful pathetic correspondence with a little schoolgirl, who, now grown an elderly lady, still lives in the old place. His first messages were sent to her when she was fourteen and he was forty-two. But as she grew older the friendship, which could be but fanciful, naturally faded. And yet when we think of the lonely, defeated man, we feel that there was a sincere pain in the mock complaint he addressed to her: "Am I to be utterly forsaken? Does even Miss Rosalie treat me with contempt?" But the pain was not really for "Miss Rosalie's" defection, rather for the empty heart in which he had fully set her up—a childish toy in a deserted shrine.

He must have been a man full of slight, pleasant gifts; one who made many acquaintances but possibly formed few close friendships. His old neighbours show albums and "fortune books" which he helped them to get up. His letters—still cherished in antiquated desks and work-boxes in his native place—are written with a light touch, with abundant

dashes of wit that is not very costly, with a thorough sense of what will please the kind townspeople who will hear them, with perpetually welling memories . . . full of minute inquiries."

He seems to have written "Home, Sweet Home" while in England. "The 'home' he was thinking of, as he traced the deathless lyric in some London rookery, was undoubtedly Easthampton." The song appeared in an opera called "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which is otherwise forgotten.

"Payne declared that he had first heard the tune from the lips of a Sicilian peasant girl, who sang it artlessly as she sold some sort of Italian wares." The copyright of the song brought two thousand pounds of profit in twenty months; but John Howard Payne appears not to have retained the copyright!

Yet in the course of his shifty life he did have a few hours of triumph. Great actors played some of the parts which he created. Kean had thrilled mighty London audiences with Payne's Brutus. And it seems to have been amidst these tinsel glories rather than in days of gloom and failure that he had felt his heart most tenderly 'wae for his ain countrie.' For does not the song run—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home,  
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;  
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily, as they came to my call,  
O give me the peace of mind, dearer than all!  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home,  
There's no place like home!

It was Easthampton which was in Payne's mind when he wrote that—quiet Easthampton, which has been described as consisting "of a single street, and the street was a lawn, an immense carpet of rich grass, set with tapering poplar trees, and bordered on either side of its broad expanse by ancestral cottages." The Easthampton that the poet knew has not yet passed away. The birds which force themselves most persistently on the visitor's notice are geese, and Payne's pet name for the beloved Easthampton was "Goose Heaven!"

Late in life, Payne came back to visit his native place, and moved about among his old humble connections, a spare, elderly man, primly fine, with the "student's bend" of the head; or was it not rather bowed by the cares of that poverty which he said took more diplomacy to conceal than was required by all the politics of Washington?

He was a man of fifty-six when he writes that he "was electioneering on every side for an appointment under General Taylor," who had just carried the Mexican war to a conquering conclusion, and was about to fill the Presidential chair. The same sort of curious, official want of tact which made the poet Burns an exciseman, sent the author of "Home, Sweet Home" into exile at Tunis, by making him the American Consul there. It is

said that he was inclined to hector over the Bey, who did all he could to conciliate this emissary from the far western world by building him a gorgeous "palace"! It was at this period that he mentions in one of his letters to Easthampton that some school calendar belonging to the old place had chanced to come into his hands as he sat among "the ruins of Carthage," and that he had opened it "at a page recording academic honours to Anicartha Miller and Julia Sands!"

He held his appointment in Tunis for less than two years, and during that period went back to America for "the adjustment of certain political disputes," returning to his exile only to die in his grand lonely "palace" on the 9th of April, 1852—one of those pathetic figures in literary history which seem to wander through earthly life like ghosts, and leave but the echo of a wail to record that they have passed that way. There is nothing sadder than the discovery we occasionally make of sweet, true sentiment living on where there is little moral fibre or strength of character to support or guard it. If in the days of his youth John Howard Payne had realised that "the true pathos and sublime of human life" lies among its ordered duties and disciplined avocations, life's very duty and discipline might have led him into a loneliness from whose heart he might still have sung to the world his lyric "Home, Sweet Home," yet without thrilling our hearts with a pitiful yearning over a defeated, ineffectual life! For John Brown was lonely on his scaffold; General Gordon was lonely in his desert fortress; Livingstone was lonely in his African tent. But these men do not weaken us with regret for them. They inspire us! We hear their responding voices as we sing our favourite hymn—

"Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is Christ sure to bless?"  
Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
Answer "Yes!"

Another poet who sang sweetly and truly of lowly life and love has also left a sad history behind him. We mean Henry Carey, to whom some authorities assign the composition of the National Anthem, "God save the King" (or Queen). Little is known of him except that he was "a musician and music composer of great merit, but not fortunate in his life or affairs." But there is no doubt that he wrote "Sally in our Alley," which "has been the delight of an infinity of people, and will probably continue so while the English language lasts."

What buoyant young life there is in its artless swing!

"Of all the girls that are so smart  
There's none like pretty Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
There is no lady in the land,  
Is half so sweet as Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

"Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em;  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally!  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

"When she is by I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely:  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely.  
But let him bang his bellyfull,  
I'll bear it all for Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

"Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday.  
For then I'm drest all in my best  
To walk abroad with Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

"My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is named;  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
And slink away to Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

"When Christmas comes about again,  
Oh, then I shall have money:  
I'll hoard it up and box it all,  
I'll give it to my honey:  
I would it were ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

"My master and the servants all  
Make game of me and Sally;  
And but for her I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
Oh, then I'll marry Sally!  
And then how happily we'll live,  
But not in our alley."

These verses offer a unique picture of a social state whose last lingering remnant has now almost disappeared. Henry Carey did not try to resuscitate the manners and customs of Athens or Rome or the Troubadours, but worked rather on the lines indicated to a young poet by the old Scotchman in Kingsley's "Alton Locke." "If God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha' put ye there—and because He means ye to write about London town, He's put ye there, and gi'en ye an unco' taste o' the ways o't."

With this true artistic instinct Carey wrote of

what he knew and saw. Possibly he may have been "a 'prentice lad" himself. Certainly he would have friends in that position, and to the end, he, a poor "Grub Street" ballad writer, must have lived among such humble folk and their homely ways. So he did not try the foolish experiment of "pouring new wine into old bottles," but put his idyl of fresh young love into the shape which he found standing ready to his hand. His wisdom is justified, for while his ballad's human innocence and joy sparkles as freshly as ever, its "circumstances" are already becoming precious in the eyes of the student and historian of manners.

Henry Carey died in London in 1743. He had had a long and unsuccessful fight with poverty, and it is said that he finally perished by his own hand. He left a widow and four little children absolutely penniless.

The epoch in which he had lived was not a happy one for those men of genius who, possessing neither rank nor fortune, were withheld, either by principle or incompatibility of temper, from playing toady to such as enjoyed those advantages. It took a mental and moral giant like Dr. Samuel Johnson to cope with the literary situation of that era, and conquer, without forfeiture of dignity or independence. If an author did not interest "the fashionable world"—the world that was then playing at shepherds and shepherdesses, with egg-shell china and Watteau fans—what was to become of him? There was no other recognised world for him to interest. There was nothing for him but the hackwork pasquinades and ballads of "Grub Street," the locality (now Milton Street, Cripplegate) whence that sort of literature was issued. From a mass of scribbling of this kind two or three scraps gleam out like jewels on a dunghill; and one of the brightest of these is the song we have quoted.

Yet since those were also the days when politics had an immense share in literature, it seems singular that some good fortune did not come to Henry Carey, if he were really the composer of the National Anthem, as many competent judges believe. But some assert that the anthem had made its appearance as early as the reign of James I.; whilst some represent it as originating in honour of James II., when he was first threatened with the invasion of the Prince of Orange.

The evidence for Carey, as the writer of "God save the King," is as follows.

The National Anthem came into notoriety in 1745 (two years after Carey's death), when

the first successes of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, called forth a burst of anti-papish feeling in the population of London. To gratify this sentiment this song was brought upon the stage, where it was received with repeated cheering. It was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the October of that year; but had seen the light previously in some obscure collection. "In 1794," says Chambers, "a gentleman named Townsend was able to report that his father had dined with a party which met in a tavern in Cornhill in 1740, to celebrate the capture of Portobello, when he heard Henry Carey sing the song as his own composition, with great applause from the company. About the same time Dr. Harington, the celebrated physician and amateur musician of Bath, took down from the lips of John Christopher Smith (who had composed an opera for which Carey gave the libretto), a statement which Dr. Harington had often heard from the old gentleman before—that Henry Carey came to him with the words and music of "God save the King," desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper, a request which Mr. Smith complied with by writing another bass in correct harmony.

The song was of no apparent value during Carey's life, and his family were probably too young and too indigent to understand the matter, or to insist upon their dead father's literary rights, if they knew they existed. It is feared, therefore, that the authorship can never be definitely decided.

Little seems to be known of Henry Carey's life except its long fruitless struggle and the mystery of its end. But at least his fate can warn us that joy or success is seldom to be found in relying for the supply of the practical necessities of life by the flash of wit or genius. The "light from heaven" is intended to gleam above us, not to be set to light the fire in the kitchen. It is a sad thing when young men or women allow the possession of some taste or gift (and the interest or admiration it may inspire in those about them) to entice them from the solid and settled industries on which households and communities may safely rest. Instances such as those of Dick, the scientific baker of Thurso, steadily pursuing his researches, but not to be lured from his duty at his oven, even by the complimentary visit of a duke; or of Jasmin, the French barber poet, asking his titled guests to wait until he had served his customers—are more pleasant to think upon than the pitiful and tragic records of John Howard Payne and Henry Carey.

## BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

### CHAPTER XI.



people of small means came from time to time from the great manufacturing

HERE was a little quiet watering-place on the west coast called Sheldon, little known to visitors of the gay tourist world, a busy little fishing town with a few tidy, unpretending lodging-houses to which

towns of Lancashire to refresh themselves and their numerous children, by a taste of the fresh breezes, and a dip in the wild salt waves.

To this little town Bessie brought her sister-in-law. They took up their abode in a small white house on the outskirts of the town, and there they lived a life of close retirement.

For a time stories about these two lonely women were circulated in the place, and the wildest conjectures made that unsatisfied curiosity could prompt, but their life was so simple and unpretending that the talk died away, and they ceased to be an object of remark.

Bessie had brought the full powers of

her mind and will into the one determination to cure her sister-in-law.

From the first moment that she first undertook the task, knowing and facing the fact of all the sacrifice that it would entail on herself, she had never shrunk from it. And at last she met with her reward.

Lettice clung to her, obeyed her, followed her lead with passionate gratitude and devotion. She had suffered long and much, but by slow degrees with returning health and nerve came the power of resistance, the renewed strength of self-mastery.

Then and not till she was assured that this had been won did Bessie allow

Farrar frowned an angry frown, but accepted Eve's decision.

"Very well, we'll walk then, and I'll tell you what I came to tell you, though I expect you know it well enough without the telling. Eve, I love you. I would die for you this moment if it would make you happier. You have heard this story often enough, for you have many lovers, I know; but, Eve, you never heard it from one who loves you as I do. One lock of your hair is more to me than the wealth of the Indies; and I'd walk ten miles any day for one of your smiles. Ever since I first saw you that Sunday evening two years ago, as you walked into Martham Church, with your father, looking like a beautiful rose, I have loved you—loved you as you will never be loved again, and now at last I can speak, for the wherry is all mine now, and I can afford a wife as well as any man on the broads. Eve, my darling, will you have me?"

And Farrar seized Eve's hands, and

brought his handsome face close to hers, as with bated breath and beating heart he waited for an answer, his black eyes glowing with passion so fierce that Eve dared not look up at him, but let her long lashes droop and veil her own grey eyes.

The May sun was hot and powerful as the passion of the man, but the cold east wind which was blowing was not more cutting than Eve's manner, as she struggled to withdraw her hand, and said proudly: "I do not love you; please let me go."

"Say at once you are too proud to look at a wherryman; a broadman like your father isn't good enough for you, you must have a gentleman; but let me tell you, as true and loving a heart may beat under a jersey as under a coat. I know more than you think, perhaps; oh, you need not be afraid, I am neither going to hurt you nor to tell tales, but this much I'll tell you—you shall be my wife and no other man's; you are mine

by right, because no other man loves you as I do; and I'll have you, as sure as my name is Jack Farrar."

"How dare you talk to me in this way! I'll never speak to you again!" said Eve, as, with a final effort, she freed herself from his grasp.

"Oh, yes, you will; speak to me, now, and say you forgive me for my rudeness; I was mad to talk to you like that; but Eve, my love, my love, it was because I love you so madly that I said it. Only forgive me, and I will never be so rough with you again." And he stretched his hands out to her with an imploring gesture, and Eve, turning round, saw the black eyes were filled with tears, and her heart smote her with pity.

"I forgive you," she said, with all the majesty of a young queen, and then turned and walked rapidly back to the ark, leaving Farrar apparently rooted to the spot, gazing after her retreating figure.

(To be continued.)

## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,"  
"EXCELSIOR," "THE OLD CLOCK  
ON THE STAIRS."



I think there may be some interest in a sketch of a famous man who has passed away in our own time, and in a description of the influences under which he produced the many songs which speedily attained a world-wide popularity. Though our mothers sang them, they still find a place in our repertoire, and though they are no longer "new songs," and yet have scarcely

taken full honours as "old songs," they remain favourites, even in the very debatable and trying climate of "old-fashion."

The poet to whom we allude is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and the songs are those well-known lyrics, "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

Our poet was born in 1807, at Portland, Maine, U.S.A. He seems from the outset to have been a fortunate individual, nurtured in quiet affluence, favoured with well-conditioned parents and grand-parents "on both sides of the house." He has celebrated the place of his birth in the poem "My Lost Youth."

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,

And the sea tides tossing free,  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's woods;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of  
doves

In quiet neighbourhoods.

He seems to have been gifted from the first with a sweet, equable temperament, and an almost morbid shrinking from anything which seemed to him violent or exaggerated. When he was about twelve years old he first discovered the charms and wealth of literature through the fascinations of Washington Irving's Sketch Book.

As a schoolboy, he was evidently exemplary, for several quaint "reports" have been preserved, by which we learn that—

"Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable."

And again, "He has during the week distinguished himself by his good deportment."

He first appeared in print when he was thirteen. The "appearance" was "a poem" in the local paper; the authorship was kept a secret between himself and his sister. His first experience of a critic was enjoyed (or suffered) on the same day. For one of his father's friends, all unconscious, asked old Mr. Longfellow, "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover it is all borrowed, every word of it."

From school he went on to college, where his verse-making continued, but was only of the ephemeral sort. He did not find it easy to decide on a career, for we find him writing to his father, "I hardly think nature designed me for the bar, or the pulpit, or the dissecting room; I am altogether in favour of the farmer's life." There must have been something very beautiful in his filial relationship, since he could make the following frank confidence: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature . . . I am almost confident in believing that if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature." Nor did his father receive this confidence with any ridicule or scorn,

though he naturally modified it by the considerations of experience, saying "a literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation." Therefore out of the three professions our young poet chose the law, but always as a means to an end, and not an end itself. He decided, "I can be a lawyer: this will support my real existence; literature, an ideal one."

His dutiful submission secured its own reward. It was his father himself who brought him news that his college was anxious to send him to Europe, that he might qualify himself for a professorship of modern languages about to be founded in his *alma mater*. Nothing could have more completely squared with his utmost hopes and aspirations.

This was his first visit to Europe. He travelled in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and then returned to fulfil the duties of his professorship. In the year 1831 he married Mary Potter. In 1835 he resigned his professorship at Bowdoin, in favour of one at Harvard, and revisited Europe, accompanied by his young wife, who sickened and died at Rotterdam.

After going home and fulfilling his duties at Harvard for about six years, he paid another visit to Europe. On his return in 1843 he married again, and though in this instance his domestic life was prolonged to eighteen years, yet it came at last to an untimely and violent end. In the summer of 1863, Mrs. Longfellow's dress caught fire as she was sealing some packets, and she died a few hours after. The remainder of the poet's life was spent quietly occupied in literary labour among his young family and his old friends. He paid yet one more visit to Europe (1868-9), where he spent a long time in England, was received at Windsor Castle, and it is said half-shocked and half-delighted our formal court etiquette by giving the Queen's outstretched hand a hearty grasp instead of a perfunctory kiss! His last years were cheered by much affectionate appreciation, to which he responded by uncounted charities and courtesies. He "departed" in 1882, for over him we may surely

use his own words above the grave of Albert Dürer in Nuremberg—

“Emigravit—is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.”

The last lines he wrote seem what he would have chosen to write had he known they were his last; for they were these—

“Out of the shadow of night  
The world moves into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.”

Longfellow's nature seems to have been saturated with poetic sensibility. His inspiration was true and sweet, rather than powerful and stirring. Wherever he turned his eye, his consciousness was laying in stores for his muse to work upon, perhaps years afterwards. “Out of my childhood,” he wrote “there rises in my memory the recollection of many things rather as poetic impressions than as prosaic facts.”

Probably few poets have a wider circle of admirers, and we feel that we may refer to any of his verses with the assurance that they are already familiar to most of our readers, while the few who do not know them should certainly lose no time in making their acquaintance.

His first widely popular piece was “The Psalm of Life.” It was written on a summer morning in 1838, in the pleasant rooms he occupied in Cambridge. It is to be noted that though from boyhood he had possessed the faculty of versification, and the yearning to express himself, yet his full power did not come upon him till he had been chastened by sorrow. “The Psalm of Life” brought him fame and profit, but it brought him far more—the assurance that he had inspired and cheered many wavering or drooping souls. Some of its verses are very open to criticism. But it was a voice which went straight to the world's heart, and was translated into many tongues, even into Sanscrit! “The Psalm of Life,” said one of the poet's most intimate friends, “was written as an exorcism against all bad spirits and blue devils. It was sung to cheer the unhappy, not to chime in with their wailings.”

When this same friend, Mr. Ward, had lost his wife and their baby, he had written to request Longfellow to translate for him a certain pathetic German song. The right mood would not come at that time, but it came by-and-by, and the result was the well-known “Two Locks of Hair.” It is a singular and interesting coincidence that the original song was written by the German author, not from his own experience, but also as the expression of the pathetic lot of a friend.

It was about this same time that Longfellow produced “The Village Blacksmith.” He alludes to it, slightly, in a letter to his father, “as a kind of ballad on a blacksmith which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor at Newbury.” For the poet's great grandfather on the paternal side had been himself a blacksmith, and it is a significant fact that “a blacksmith's shop, where the farm horses were shod,” had stood opposite his grandfather's roomy old house at Gorham, a favourite resort of the poet's boyish holidays. But the special village smithy of the poem, “under the spreading chestnut tree,” was an old smithy at Cambridge. In 1879 the children of Cambridge presented the poet with an easy chair made out of the wood of this tree.

But, perhaps of all his poems, the song

“Excelsior” had the widest and swiftest popularity, though possibly it may not enjoy the most enduring favour. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes calls it “a trumpet call to the fiery energies of youth.” Its inspiration came in this wise:

One day Mr. Longfellow's eye fell upon a scrap of newspaper, a part of the heading of one of the New York journals, bearing the seal of the State of New York, a shield with a rising sun, and the motto in heraldic Latin, “Excelsior.” At once there sprang up in his imagination the picture of the youth scaling the Alpine pass, bearing in his hand some slender pennant affixed to his alpenstock, sufficient to bear his chosen motto. This the poet made a symbol of the aspiration and sacrifice of a nobly ideal soul, whose words and aim are “an unknown tongue” to the multitude, and who, refusing to listen to the cautions of experience or prudence, or to the pleadings of home affections, of woman's love, or of formal religion, presses on to a higher goal. That goal he does not perfectly attain in this life, but in dying still presses on to a higher beyond. The Latinity of the motto was questioned by some of the poet's friends at the time, and afterwards by critics, who thought it should be either *Excelsius* or *Ad Excelsiora*. The poet explained the word as part of the phrase, “Scopus meus excelsior est,”—my goal is higher. In truth he was not responsible for the borrowed Latin, and evidently the word excelsior was the word the poem needed.

Our readers will do well to bear in mind this story of the poem's origin and significance, as it has lately become the fashion to carp at it, asking in captious spirit, “What does it all mean?”

The form of the poem lends itself easily to parody. At the outset it was unfortunately illustrated. The artist bestowed on the mountaineer, not the alpenstock and pennant which would have been so suitable, but a broad, trailing banner with a heavy staff. The poet himself reported that Hawthorne, the novelist, made great fun of the pictures, saying that “the absurdity of ambition was rendered obvious by seeing this figure carrying a huge log of wood up the Alps, with as much fervour as if the safety of the world depended upon it.”

But the verses had living seed in them, and no blunders could destroy it.

It is said that when a German translation of “Excelsior” appeared, the students of Innsbrück, meeting the translator, embraced him and kissed him with transport.

The original of “The Old Clock on the Stairs” stood in the hall of an old-fashioned country seat, surrounded by poplars, and belonging to some of Mrs. Longfellow's relatives. In November, 1845, the poet records in his journal—

“Began a poem on a clock, with the words, ‘For ever, never,’ as the burden: suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity—*C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux—Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effroyables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, ‘Quelle heure est-il?’ et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, ‘L'Eternité!’*”

In the following month he reports that the verses were already a success, and in January, 1846, he recommended them to somebody who asked for words suitable for music.

Dr. Wendell Holmes, in summing up Longfellow's poetic art, says—

“It was in his choice of subjects that one source of the public favour with which his writings were received obviously lay. A poem to be widely popular must deal with thoughts and emotions that belong to common, not exceptional character, conditions, and interests. In ‘The Old Clock on the Stairs,’ we find the history of innumerable households told in relating the history of one, and the solemn burden of the song repeats itself to thousands of listening readers, as if the beat of the pendulum were throbbing at the head of every staircase.”

The poet Longfellow kept a diary singularly free from any morbid introspection. Almost every day he notes the weather, or the aspect of some place he was visiting, with some phrase of wonderful poetic beauty, in which it is often easy to find the germ of a future poem. As we are only writing the story of famous songs, we may but glance at his other productions by noticing that though he was within easy reach of “Acadie,” the scenery of his “Evangeline,” he never visited it, and further that he wrote some prose works, less known than his verses, but two of which, at least, “Hyperion” and “Kavanagh,” are of rare originality and finish, and seldom fail to take a strong grasp on the minds of those who read them.

In person, the poet Longfellow was handsome and attractive. “His voice, countenance and manner conveyed one harmonious impression. . . . His dignified bearing made him appear tall, though he was not above the medium height. . . . One young enthusiast exclaimed, after seeing him, ‘All the vulgar and pretentious people in the world ought to be sent to see Mr. Longfellow, to learn how to behave.’ . . . His simple and beautiful courtesy made every caller think himself a friend.” Alas! this disposition was often abused by mere autograph hunters and similar intruders, and we blush to say that under this head the poet more than once notes in his journal, “What queer women there are in the world.”

On one occasion, he describes how an English gentleman introduced himself without letters, abruptly saying, “In other countries, you know, we go to see ruins and the like, but you have no ruins in your country, and I thought—I thought—I would call and see you!”

We do not think we can close our paper better than by a few extracts from the poet's common-place book, selecting those most likely to be interesting and valuable to our readers.

“The happy should not insist too much upon their happiness in the presence of the unhappy.”

“A great sorrow, like a mariner's quadrant, brings the sun at noon down to the horizon, and we learn where we are on the sea of Life.”

“Each new epoch of life seems an encounter. There is a tussle and a cloud of dust, and we come out of it triumphant or crestfallen according as we have borne ourselves.”

“What discord should we bring into the universe if our prayers were all answered! Then we should govern the world, and not God. And do you think we should govern it better? It gives me only pain when I hear the long, wearisome petitions of men asking for they know not what. As frightened women clutch at the reins when there is danger, so do we grasp at God's government with our prayers. Thanksgiving with a full heart—and the rest, silence and submission to the Divine Will.”



## THE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"THE WATCH ON THE RHINE,"  
 "WHAT IS THE GERMAN'S  
 FATHERLAND?" "THE SWORD  
 SONG."



FOR months past we have heard so much of Germany, that we think it may be worth while to give a short account of three famous German songs. Their names, at least, are already familiar to most, and they have played no unimportant part among the influences under which was finally achieved that grand national unity of Fatherland which will remain the glory and the monument of the late Emperor William's reign.

The songs to which we allude are "The Watch on the Rhine," "What is the German's Fatherland?" and the famous "Song of the Sword."

We have no intention of rushing into the intricacies of German history or politics. We wish only to give a simple explanation of these to help our readers to an intelligent comprehension of the present position of affairs and the agencies by which it has been brought about.

From the earliest known periods Germany had been, not one country, but many, with different royal families and varying laws and customs. These separate countries had been often at war with one another. It is exceedingly difficult to follow the threads of their history, which, while so distinct, yet seem so hopelessly tangled. There were the great Powers of Austria and Prussia, and the smaller ones of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony. Then came Westphalia, Hesse-Darmstadt, Mecklenburg, and a host of still smaller principalities.

Such was the state of things when, after the great French Revolution, at the close of the last century, the armies of France overran Europe under the generalship of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Prussia and Austria he humbled to the dust. Some of the smaller German Powers, too weak to remain neutral, actually saw fit to ally themselves to the conqueror.

Finally the great Emperor's discomfiture in Russia, and the defeats his armies received in Spain at the hands of our English Duke of Wellington, turned the scale of events.

To Germany the French disasters brought hope of deliverance. Prussia was the first to seize the golden opportunity. Secret societies were formed, in which all classes of society eagerly joined, with the one object of driving the foreign usurper from the country. The army, which Napoleon had restricted in number, was kept always freshly recruited, so that as soon as one body of men were thoroughly drilled and disciplined, they were replaced by another, until almost the whole male population had received a military training.

In 1813 Frederick William III. of Prussia, father of the late Emperor William, made an appeal to the young men of Prussia to arm in defence of "Fatherland." The call was eagerly responded to.

Among the crowds who flocked to his standard was a youth of the name of Karl Theodor Körner. He was the son of a highly respectable family in Saxony. Born in 1791, he had, as a little lad, enjoyed the acquaintance of the great poet Schiller. In

his earlier years he had been a delicate and precocious child, but as he grew towards manhood he became strong and agile, as renowned for his prowess as a gymnast and a dancer as for his personal beauty and mental qualities. His father would have liked him to be a lawyer, but his own tastes leaned towards natural science and engineering. He studied at the universities of Leipsic, Berlin, and Vienna, and first came before the public as a poet when he was about twenty years of age. He produced a tragedy, which, contrary to the experience of most young authors, proved an immense success. But this work struck the right key, for its subject was a patriot hero. Still fortunate in his surroundings, the young man, whose childhood had been honoured by the smiles of Goethe and Schiller, now became the friend of Humboldt and Schegel. About this time, too, he fell in love with a sweet girl, and their betrothal gave unmingled satisfaction to two families.

But when Prussia's call to arms resounded through Germany, Körner forgot everything but patriotism. His was no courage of despair, but that high courage which can turn aside from the sweetest joys of life, saying:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much  
 Loved I not honour more."

He wrote to his father thus:

"Now that I know what happiness may be realised in this life, and when all the stars of my destiny look down on me with such genial rays, now does a righteous inspiration tell me that no sacrifice can be too great for that highest of all human blessings, the vindication of a nation's freedom."

He enlisted in a corps of volunteers called "The Black Huntsmen," joining with them in their solemn dedication service, which concluded with the singing of "Luther's Hymn,"

"A safe stronghold our God is still,  
 A trusty shield and weapon."

His powers of endurance and aptitude for every kind of military duty soon raised him to the rank of lieutenant, and he was the idol of his comrades. Beside the bivouac fires he composed the noble lyrics which have immortalised his name, such as "The Summons to Arms," the "War Song," and the solemn "Prayer during the Battle."

It was during the August of 1813 that the "Black Huntsmen," deceived by the rumour of an armistice, found themselves surrounded by their foes and reduced to lie in ambush for several days, and it was when thus hidden with his comrades in a thicket that Körner composed his most famous lyric, the "Sword Song," a dialogue in which the warrior speaks as a bridegroom, to his sword as a bride, eager for the consummation of their bliss. This fancy may strike us as partaking of the nature of a mere "conceit," and it is weird and gruesome into the bargain. But its passionate fervour shines even through the disguise of a translation.

"O sword beside me hanging,  
 Why dost thou on me smile?  
 There's something in thy aspect  
 That does my heart beguile."

"O brave is he who bears me,  
 So radiant is my gleam!  
 To be a free man's comrade—  
 What more can weapon dream?"

"Ah! cherished sword, free am I  
 With you, my love and pride,  
 As you were to me wedded,  
 My own beloved bride!"

"So to thy hand I render  
 The wielding of my life;  
 O would we were but wedded!  
 When will you claim your wife?"

"Unto our bridal evening  
 The festive trumpets call;  
 And 'mid the cannon's booming  
 We'll find our nuptial hall!"

"O blessed, bridal moment,  
 For it I yearn, I pine!  
 O clasp me to thee closer,  
 For thee my wreath I twine!"

"Why clangs't thou in thy scabbard,  
 As if thy blade was mad  
 With joy at coming battle?  
 My sword, why art thou glad?"

"Well may I clang in scabbard!  
 I yearn with ardent zest  
 For battle's strife and struggle;  
 How, rider, can I rest?"

"Stay yet in thy still chamber,  
 My darling must not stir,  
 But keep her quiet shelter  
 Until I come to her!"

"O keep me not long waiting  
 Outside Love's fair domain,  
 Where blood-red are the roses,  
 And fresh bloom death and pain!"

"Then leap thee from thy scabbard,  
 Light of the rider's eyes!  
 Come out, my sword, and show thee  
 Beneath the Father's skies."

"Out in the open meadows  
 Our wedding dance we'll tread,  
 While the sweet sunbeams glisten  
 Upon thy shining head."

"Come on, ye valiant warrior,  
 Ye rider, ride apace,  
 For sure thy heart is throbbing,  
 Its darling to embrace!"

"Once, coyly as a maiden,  
 She hung at thy left side;  
 Now in God's sight, she blushes  
 In thy right hand, thy bride!"

His lips pressed to her brightness,  
 Their nuptial vow they take,  
 And he must be a craven  
 Who would his bride forsake!

"Now let her sing her anthem,  
 And sparkle at my side;  
 The wedding morn is springing,  
 Hurrah! my gleaming bride!"

Two hours after Körner had thus written the French soldiery surrounded the patriots, and the poet fell, mortally wounded. The "Sword Song" was found in his pocket-book. He was buried beside an oak on the roadside, and his grave has since been surrounded by a wall and graced by a monument. And English Mrs. Hemans sang over his tragic end—

"A song for the deathday of the brave,  
 A song of pride!  
 For him that went to a hero's grave,  
 With the sword his bride."

The war ended with every advantage to the German side, and two years later "Waterloo" completed the ruin of Napoleon.

Ernest Moritz Arndt was another who at this epoch gave his pen to the service of his country. He, too, belonged to the cultured and privileged classes. He was a professor in sundry German universities. He attacked Napoleon "like a bulldog," and during the short period of French ascendancy was forced to take refuge in Sweden, where he plotted unceasingly for the benefit of his country.

But when favouring fortune permitted his return, he did not meet with much gratitude. His sentiments were of too liberal a nature to be pleasing to an exclusive dynasty. His wonderful lyric, "What is the German Fatherland?" was perhaps the first voice of the national craving for unity. It runs—

"What is the German Fatherland?  
Is't Prussia's realm or Suabian land?  
Is't where the Rhenish grapes hang red,  
Or Baltic sea-mews scream o'erhead?  
O nay, nay, nay, so cramped a strand  
Is not the German Fatherland!"

And so on, through a poetic enumeration of the many provinces, until the question is answered—

"Where'er men speak in German tongue,  
Where German songs to God are sung,  
That only be thy boundary line—  
That, valiant German, call thou thine!  
The whole of Germany shall it be!  
O God of Heaven, look down and see;  
And German courage to us send,  
To love and guard it to the end.  
Thus shall it be, thus shall it be!  
The whole of Germany shall it be!"

Arndt was born in 1769, in the Isle of Rügen. He died in extreme old age in 1860. Could he have been spared for ten years, he would, "in the flesh," have beheld the fulfilment of the youthful "desire of his heart."

But, alas! for years after the downfall of Napoleon, the history of Germany was little but a record of petty squabbles between its several states and of high-handed repression of popular rights in all of them.

When Frederick William IV. (brother of the late Emperor William) ascended the throne of Prussia in 1840, the popular party founded great hopes on the moderation and tolerancy of his earlier measures. These hopes proved ill-founded; for from that date until 1848 all Europe was filled with "risings" of "the peoples," and with clamours for popular representation. To this period we owe the world-famous song of the

#### "WATCH ON THE RHINE,"

whose author, Max Schneckenburger, like the writers of so many other national lyrics, was a

quiet, obscure person, who does not seem to have burst into song on any other impulse. The song, which attracted very little attention at the time, was written on the occasion of France insolently asking for the Rhine frontier as her natural boundary; it runs—

A cry goes up like thunder's crash,  
Like clash of swords and roaring sea.  
At the Rhine, the Rhine, the German  
Rhine.  
Who will the river's guardian be?  
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine.  
Firm and true stand the watch,  
The watch on the Rhine.

"Through countless thousands flies the word,  
A million eyes with lightnings shine,  
And each sound German heart is stirred  
To keep the sacred boundary line.  
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"To heaven's plains he lifts his eyes,  
Where hero-fathers have their rest,  
And swears, while patriot passions rise,  
Thou, Rhine, art German as my breast.  
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"For while one drop of blood still glows,  
One sword remains in German hand,  
While one the rifle's magic knows,  
No foe shall trample on thy strand.  
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"The oath resounds, the waters shine,  
The standards flutter in the air,  
By Rhine, by Rhine, the German Rhine,  
All German hearts are guardians there.  
Dear Fatherland, etc."

The perpetual bickerings between the German states culminated in the Franco-Austrian war, at the close of which Frederick William of Prussia died, and was succeeded by his brother William. He began to reign as King of Prussia in 1860. His chief minister was the famous Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," whose one idea was, sooner or later, to place Prussia at the head of a "united Germany." His first move towards this end was the annexation by Germany of the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein; Austria to hold Holstein, and Prussia Schleswig. Next a quarrel was picked with Austria, which drove her out of Holstein, and reduced her to a secondary posi-

tion. But the climax was the great war with France in 1870, when France once more hoped to extend her frontier to the Rhine, and to carry her triumph into Berlin itself. The whole German nation rose up in solemn self-defence, in the resolute spirit of another popular song—

"It never shall be France's,  
The free, the German Rhine,  
Until its broad expanse is  
Its last defender's shrine."

It was at this time that "The Watch on the Rhine," the song of the obscure Suabian merchant, Schneckenburger, sprung into universal favour.

The King of Prussia, already an aged man, rode out of his capital with tears in his eyes, accompanied by his son and surrounded by royal kinsmen, and followed by his troops. On the other hand, the French Emperor's first despatches were filled with self-glorification and boastful sentimentality.

There was soon a most dramatic reversal of the picture. France was defeated at every turn. Instead of the French marching in triumph to Berlin, the Prussians marched to Paris. Instead of extending France to the Rhine, the French had to give up Alsace and Lorraine, including the fortified towns of Strasburg and Metz. In September, 1870, the Emperor of the French placed his sword at the feet of King William of Prussia, and was carried a prisoner to Germany, being only released to die an exile's death in England. It was actually in the heart of France, in the "Hall of Mirrors" of the Palace of Versailles, that William I., King of Prussia, was proclaimed "Emperor of Germany." This happened on the 18th January, 1871. Thus was fulfilled the dream of poets and patriots, and wherever the conquering army passed the stirring notes of our three "famous songs" accompanied them.

Let us hope and fervently pray that this great empire, whose foundations have been laid by such strong hands, and cemented by the blood and tears of myriads of her own children, will now be ruled by heads and hearts wise to know that there is "a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to break down and a time to build up, a time of war and a time of peace."

## NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

### NOVELLO AND CO.

FROM this eminent firm we have received several new works of interest, amongst them being Weber's hymn, "In constant order works the Lord." This is, of course, another number of the celebrated octavo editions. To the octavo choruses have been added many numbers, ancient and modern. We have before us a chorus (753) from Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," and a Hallelujah Chorus (755) from Handel's "Triumph of Time and Truth." Their tonic sol-fa series of anthems and part-music comprises over 600 numbers. Amongst the most recent of these appear madrigals by Pearsall, part-songs by Sullivan, Barnett, and Pinsuti, and anthems by Dr. Mann and Berthold Tours.

The volume of Seven Pianoforte Pieces, by Henselt, edited and fingered by De Pachmann, would make a beautiful New Year's gift to a really capable pianist.

Then, for violinists, we have an Album (No. 11), containing six sonatas by Corelli, full of beauty; and another (No. 13), made up of eight British melodies arranged by Siegfried Jacoby.

### ENOCH AND SONS.

*Drawing-room Songs*, with banjo accompaniment, arranged by Edmund Forman.—This

album includes "Three Old Maids of Lee," "Some Day," and other ballads which, doubtless, will suffer but little from being associated with the banjo.

*A Child's Garden of Verses*.—Twelve songs for children, with delicious quaint words by Robert Louis Stevenson, which alone should create quite a rush for copies, and, added to this, charming music by Miss Carmichael, forming a most auspicious commencement to Messrs. Enoch's Kindergarten series.

*Madrigal* is the name of a graceful French song by C. Chaminade. Both French and English words are appended.

*The Angel Came*. A song by Frederic H. Cowen.—This ballad is published in keys to suit all voices. It is scarcely up to the high standard which we assume by some of his songs that Mr. Cowen has set up for himself.

*The Salute* is a capital quick march, and has all the dash and spirit necessary to military music.

### ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

*King Weathercock*, words by Chrissie Denning and music by Joseph L. Roedel, is a humorous song, which, well sung and well told, would be sure to give amusement.

*None Know How I Love Thee*. Words by W. Toynbee and music by Tito Mattei.—A

fine song, but almost overbalanced by a rather meaningless and very vague modulation.

*Burlington Music Books* (No. 1).—This part offers six songs by Gounod, Sterndale-Bennett, Blumenthal, Cowen, and others, at a shilling, sheet-music size.

*Six Recreations* for the violin, with piano accompaniment, by Carlo Ducci, jun.—No. 4, a song without words, which we have before us, is very well suited to the instrument, and has a most melodious subject.

### STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

*Six Easy Pieces for Violin*. By Otto Peiniger.—Let us again recommend these excellent and interesting pieces. They are so very suitable for young beginners.

### PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

*Little Sweethearts*. Song, by Edward German.—Quaint and pretty, the compass in the G minor key being from D to E natural. The story is funnily pathetic. It will amuse old and young alike.

### FORSYTH BROTHERS.

*If at your window, Love*. Song, by Ethel Harraden.—Published in three keys. A clever and graceful song by a G.O.P. Prize-winner. It is fully expected that this song will become very popular.