

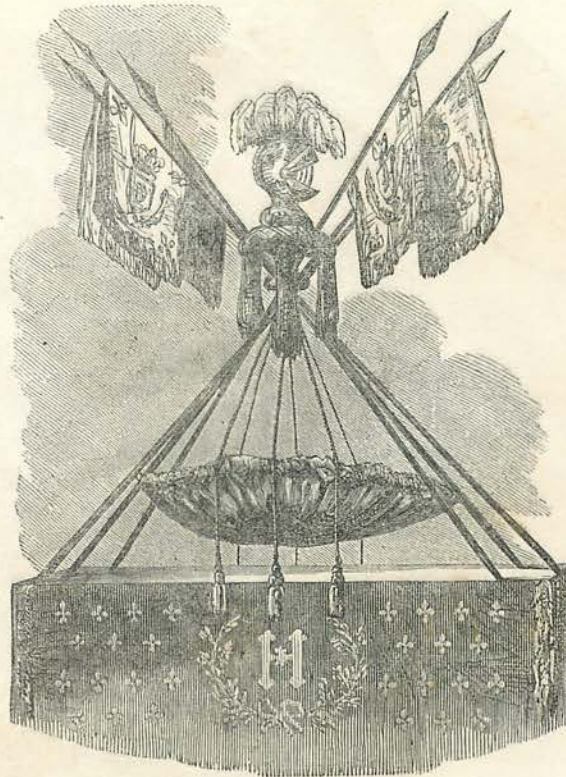
MEMORABLE PLACES AND EVENTS.—DECEMBER.

THE CRADLE OF HENRI IV.

THE Château at Pau, in the Pyrenees, is celebrated as the birthplace of Henri IV. of France; and here is preserved the Cradle in which Le Bon Roi was rocked. As soon as the infant came into existence, his grandfather, Henri d'Albret, performed two ceremonies usual at the birth of children in Bearne. Taking the infant into his arms, he touched its lips with garlic, and poured down its throat a few drops of *vin de Jurançon*. The Royal Cradle is curiously constructed. A trophy of flags, placed on spears, and rising three at each end of the Cradle, supports a cushion and a plumed helmet; whilst balanced under this trophy hangs a large tortoise-shell, the hollow side upwards. By this shell hangs a story:—In the stormy days of the old Revolution, when the castle was pillaged and almost everything of interest was smashed or stolen, the Commandant of the castle conceived the daring idea of substituting a shell of the same size possessed by a collector of objects of rarity in Pau. The exchange was made at night, and with great danger, but it was successful.

THE ANGELS FOR THE NATIVITIE OF OUR LORD.

RUNNE Sheepheards, run where Bethleme blest appeares,
Wee bring the best of newes, bee not dismay'd,
A Saviour there is borne, more olde than yeares,
Amidst Heavens rolling hights this Earth who stay'd:
In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide
A weaking did Him beare, who all appeares,
There is Hee poorelie swad'd in Man ger laid,



CRADLE OF HENRI IV., BORN AT PAU, DEC. 15, 1553.

To whom too narrow Swadings are
our Speares:
Runne, Sheepheards, runne, and solem-
nize His Birth,
This is that Night, no, Day growne
great with Blisse,
In which the power of Sathan broken is,
In Heaven bee glorie, Peace unto the
Earth.

Thus singing through the Aire the
Angels swame,
And Cope of Starres re-echoed the
same.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE NATIVITY, OR CHRISTMAS DAY.

UNFOLD thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sunne, double the
day.

Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight
This day, which makes us love thy
light

For ever better that we could
That blessed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose center and circumference,
Including all preheminnence,
Excluding nothing but defect,
And infinite in each respect,
Is equally both here, and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where,
And alwayes, one, Himself, the same,
A being far above a name.

Draw neerer then, and freely powre
Forth all thy light into that how'r,
Which was crowned with His birth,
And made heaven envy earth.

Let not His birthday clouded be,
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY



THE NATIVITY, FROM A SCARCE PRINT.