

Poets' Corner.

"ANGELS IN HEAVEN."

Lines written by Denis Florence McCarthy, Esq., on the death of his three children; two within the year. His wife has since departed.

"But thou shalt rejoice and thy children, because they shall be blessed, and shall be gathered together to the Lord."—Tobias, xiii. 17.

Oh, what a grace to me is given,
To have my angels three in Heaven;
Three angels who with me have been—
One was my baby-wonder, Willie,
One was my darling little Lillie,
And one my gentle Josephine.

A bud of one brief Spring-tide's brightness,
A lily whose unsullied whiteness
Through thirteen joyous Junes was seen;
While eighteen Summers, with the sweetness
Of their roses, and their fleetness,
Twined their wreaths for Josephine.

That bud, a perfect bloom is blowing;
That lily, now is lovelier growing;
Transplanted to a summer sod.
While she, the sun-flower of the seven,
Revives the amaranth rose of Heaven,
Amid the garden groves of God.

Ah! shall I ever see those bowers!
Ah! shall I ever clasp those flowers!
Once more into my beating breast?
Ah! shall it be, my sins forgiven,
My stains washed white like snow that's driven,
I, with my angels, too, may rest?

O blessed hope! delight Elysian!
O blissful dream! ecstatic vision!
O life that death cannot destroy!
To see once more my darlings' faces—
To fold them in my fond embraces—
To taste with them eternal joy!

O Josephine! by Joseph kneeling!
O Lillie! to the Lamb appealing!
O Angel! to the Angels Queen!
Join all your prayers and your entreating,
Bring round for me that happy meeting,
And make to be what once hath been.

And for the others here remaining—
The gentle mother uncomplaining—
The sweet nun-sister in her cell—
The tender one that needs most caring—
The brothers, for life's fight preparing—
Oh! guard the golden circle well.

Let not the precious ring be broken,
Let not a missing pearl betoken
A loss beyond all other loss.
But, as the master-hand hath finished,
Be found undimmed and undiminished,
Encrowned and crimsoned by the Cross.

THE ACOLYTE AT THE NEWGATE.

A LEGEND OF THE CHARTER HOUSE.

CHAPTER III.

DARVELL GATHEREN.

THREE months had rolled away; instead of an inclement November morning, it was an equally unpleasant day in February. Raw and miserable, with half-melted snow cumbering the roadway, and slipping in patches from the sloping roofs of the houses.

Despite the wretched weather, however, the inhabitants of London are crowding in the streets. London was a tolerably populous city even then, and much elbowing and pushing there was among the persons who took the way to Smithfield, for that was the locality towards which everybody thronged.

Smithfield was of old the scene of many a gallant tourney; is it one of those gorgeous spectacles of the age of chivalry that the people are crowding to see?

The age of chivalry is past, though tournaments occasionally divert the public mind from the horrors of the time.

Henry the Eighth had a love of gorgeous display, so had Nero; he loved music, too, and it is as notable an instance as the atrocious Emperor of Rome, of the poetical fallacy, that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

It was no tournament, then, that was to be exhibited in Smithfield on that cold and wet February morning.

Great preparations are, however, there made for some extraordinary display. A portion of the field—it was a field then—was parted off and surmounted with barriers, as in the case of a tournament. At one end of the barrier, a scaffolding is erected, with seats for the spectators. Raised above those seats and a little in advance of them, is the place of honor! a throne is it, for the king and his queen, Anne Boleyn? No, it is an erection passing strange for a scene of public festivity. It is a *pulpit*! The awning over the pulpit and the gallery is covered with scarlet cloth, to shelter the spectators and the

preacher, from the rain, sleet and snow, which by times dropt down from the leaden sky. The seats in the gallery, too, are comfortably cushioned; whatever the nature of the coming exhibition, a portion of the spectators are privileged to view it at their ease.

The aspect of the people beneath is not that of people who expect much satisfaction from the show. For the most part, their looks are downcast and gloomy; a few indeed there are whose wild and haggard faces are lighted with a glow of exultation.

These are sour-looking men, clad for the most part in sad-colored and primly cut garments.

"Worshipper of Antichrist! Pestilent Papist! Idolatrous mass-monger!" are the sentences they mutter, very much under their breath, though, for "bluff King Hal," has no more toleration for the new learning, than for the old; he hates the reformers as bitterly as when, for his invective against Luther, the Pope gave him the title of "Defender of the Faith."

He has cast off his allegiance to Rome, but he still esteems himself a Catholic, only his ideas of Catholicity are peculiar. He is to be Catholic when Catholicity interferes not with the demon of passion to whom he has resigned himself body and soul.

He expects implicit obedience from his subjects, and they are all to be Catholics of his fashion, and he has racks and thumbscrews, halters and penal fires, for all who impugn his *decrees*, be they Lutherans or Catholics.

But what are the objects within the barrier?

At a little distance from the end where the conopied gallery and pulpit are erected, is a quantity of combustible material—wood shavings, dry twigs, and tar barrels—piled round a time-worn rood or cross, which had evidently been brought from some despoiled sanctuary.

It had originally been painted in the mediæval style. The figure of the crucified Lord is of life size; and, faded as is the coloring, the upraised face looks piteous and ghastly in the light of the torch held by a grim-looking man who stands at the foot of the pile, and who is giving directions to his subordinates, who are still piling light wood about the crucifix, which, probably to intimate the contempt with which Protestant Christians regard the symbol of their redemption, is turned almost upside down.

The fuel is piled around, and the rood partly leans against a tall iron post, from the top of which issues a transverse rod, giving it a resemblance to a gallows.

A chain with a hook at the end depends from this cross rod, and the man with the torch bids his assistants see that it is properly secured.

Meantime, the iron tongues of the clocks of the church of the near hospital of St. John, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, proclaim the hour of ten. The eager, anxious populace note the arrival of the principal actors in the forthcoming tragedy.

The preacher, with the cope and mitre of a bishop, has ascended the pulpit. He is a man of portly and commanding presence, with harsh but impressive features.

It is Hugh Latimer, the celebrated Bishop of Worcester: a man of superior integrity to most of the Reformers, but deeply imbued with the persecuting spirit of the age, and as ready to condemn others to the stake, as he was himself dauntless in encountering that fiery death.

After the Bishop came the lords of the King's council, clad in scarlet robes, furred with miniver, who took their seats in the gallery.

For what is this assemblage of the dignitaries of Church and State?

Look to the entrance of the barrier, opposite to the pulpit! There come the governor and the head jailer of Newgate, with their turnkeys and apparitors. They surround a poor prisoner, an old white-haired man, arrayed in a worn Franciscan habit.

It was Dr. John Forest, the confessor of Queen Katherine, the Franciscan friar, who was one of the witnesses of her marriage.

For him are the deadly preparations made. For his behoof are the king's council assembled. For him will Hugh Latimer exert all his strong, nervous eloquence "to make the worse appear the better reason!"

The bishop, the council, and even the tyrant king himself, earnestly desired the recantation of John Forrest.

The council attended to grant his pardon, would he only sign the paper which they offered him.

All was in vain, the martyr face to face with death in its most dreadful form, only repeated the words of his pathetic letter to Queen Katherine.

"Would it become this white beard, and these hoary locks, to give way in aught that concerns the glory of God?"

All was vain then, and his last instructions were issued to the grim-looking man who held the torch.

Grim and repulsive indeed was his aspect; a muscular man, six feet in height, habited in a close-fitting garment of black serge, with his brawny arms bare to the shoulder. He was the executioner, the common hangman, and while his subordinates fastened a strong chain round the waist of the condemned friar, the hangman rings a bell, and makes proclamation in the following ribald lines—

"Forest the friar,
This infamous liar,
That wilfully will be dead;
In his contumacy,
The gospel does deny,
The king to be the supreme head!"

Then was the old man, faint and feeble with his long and cruel imprisonment, dragged to the pile.

Swung up, and secured by the chain round his waist, to the iron hook that hung up from the transverse bar of the gallows. For the most the populace were silent in horrid expectation.

Some there were, however, among the lowest parasites of power, who mocked, and gibed, and cried out, that the prophecy had come to pass, that the idolatrous image, "Darvell Gatheren," brought from Wales, should indeed "burn a Forest!"