The Thoroughbred

By Margaret Kilroy

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His whole knowledge of life was that of paint and tinsel, of flies and flats, of mimic kings and tin clad warriors. His whole ambition was to be "a thoroughbred," because his father had taught him that this was the greatest aim in life. And for a long time—he was getting old, being at the ripe age of seven—he had tried with all his little might to reach always to that great standard.

Things were often hard to understand; it was so hard to draw the line sharply—to believe that the "heave man," who was so kind, was really much worse than the electrician, who always scolded. Sometimes his faith in his own judgment was shaken, and standards were hard to establish. He almost broke friendship with his father when the latter played Iago and the wild audience hissed. Jerry was quite sure, too, that they were right in hissing. Again, for two days, he didn't talk much when his father played Cassius. But he always loved him as Romeo. It brought dreams to him. He wished that he had a mother who could be as tender as this Juliet. It had seemed funny to him, as the years had come along, that he should be the only boy in the world—the big world of railway trains and hotels—who had no mother. Sometimes, out of the dim subconsciousness of the years, a dream came to Jerry and he remembered a mother, fair and sweet and winsome and loving even as Juliet. But the remembrance was very dim, and when he spoke to his father about this dream he was sharply silenced. Jerry hadn't much experience of sharp words, except from the electrician, who scowled forbiddingly at him and scolded him whenever he drew near the switchboard; and since his father had told him that playing with the switchboard was dangerous and naughty, a thing that might end in dreadful fires and terrible accidents, Jerry had come to believe that sharp words were intimately connected with wrongdoing. This time Jerry hadn't meant to do wrong; but perhaps his father dreamt of that dream-mother, too, and felt as badly about it as did Jerry himself. And he knew that when he wasn't just in the mood he hated to think of the mother he hadn't got, and would be as angry as his sunny little soul knew how to be, if something happened to remind him of her. It wasn't nice to think that he might have hurt his father that way, and, after due consideration, Jerry decided that he had better apologize. His father had told him that a thoroughbred was never afraid to apologize when he was in the wrong.

That father of his was still looking very sad and stern, and Jerry clambered onto his knees wondering how he should proceed. There was no response of a caress or cheery word, as was usual, and Jerry's heart began to feel several sizes too big for his chest.

"I'm sorry I said anything about the dream, father," he said earnestly. "I didn't know you'd mind. Of course it isn't your fault that we haven't got a mother! I fink I have made you sorry; so—I—I—pologize!"

Massingwell kissed his son, and told him it was "All right little chap;" but his face grew no brighter, and Jerry felt grieved.

"Wasn't it right—my pology?" he inquired anxiously. In Jerry's mind, a "pology" was one magic charm that ought to make everything happy at once.

Massingwell looked at his boy for quite a long time, and at last said that he would tell him a story. Jerry settled himself in his father's arms and smiled contentedly. His father's stories were his greatest treats.

This story was a long one, and Jerry didn't understand it all. What he did manage to understand was something like this:

There was a world, somewhere, that wasn't like his world where people painted their faces every night, and changed so wonderfully from week to week, doing first brave and then cruel things, until Jerry's poor brain was tired out trying to make his ideals of things and people fit into their proper places. In the other world proper didn't travel in railway trains all the time, hurrying from one hotel to another, where the rooms were always dingy, and so very much alike—a brown bed, a Morris chair that was either purple or green, a rocking chair that wouldn't rock, and shutters that wouldn't open if they were shut, or wouldn't shut if they were open. In this queer other world people had comfortable houses—the whole of a house to themselves not only a bed room and public restaurant. They traveled only in summer time, when their work was done. That seemed funny to Jerry. His father traveled nearly always when he was working, and if he got a holiday loved to stay quite still in some quiet place. Decidedly this other world was a topsy-turvy land—something like Alice-in-Wonderland, perhaps, Jerry thought.

The funniest thing about these people he was hearing about was that though they loved to come and see father and all the others act in the theatres, they never came behind the big curtain and the proscenium arch. Jerry's biggest treats were to be allowed in front of these. They didn't know that the Tower of London grew so quickly while the band was playing, because Tim Murphy knew just how to make the "hands" brace the flats in proper order; nor that when the setting sun looked so beautiful at the back of Bosworth Camp it was because Jake Cohen was handling the "short lines," while the electrician creaked down the heavy "dimming levers," and clicked up four of those fascinating little handles at the right hand top corner of the switchboard. And they didn't even want to see or hear about all these wonderful things—the miracles of Jerry's daily life. In fact, these strangers didn't like the people—Jerry's people, who knew how to do these things. They only liked to sit in orchestra chairs and laugh or cry or be angry, as the case might be, but not for the world would they be friends with the people who had been making them laugh, or cry, or be angry.

Jerry's blue eyes got bigger than ever as he made these discoveries; but greater wonders were to follow.

It seemed that Jerry had a mother; yes, a real living mother, and ten times sweeter and prettier and dearer than Jerry had ever pictured her. But she belonged to these people-who-don't-like-the-stage. When she had married father her mother and father had been very, very angry. They wouldn't speak to her or to father, and she had been unhappy, and then father had had a bad season.

Jerry knew so well what that meant. Lots of things made bad seasons. Things that happened in a place called "Wall Street" made bad seasons sometimes; other times there would have been big theatre fires in the city, and people were afraid to come to the show. Then again, there was what father called "genrul-finanshul-depreshun"—that made bad seasons; and finally there was what Tim Murphy called "the devil's own luck," and that made the worst season of all.

So father had a bad season, and this sweet, sad mother of his had been ill; he, Jerry, had been ill, too—it was when he had been quite a little boy, so that was why his dream mother had been so vague—and father had no money to pay for doctors or anything.

Then mother's-people-who-didn't-like-the-stage had taken her away and given her a lovely time. Jerry didn't know quite why they hadn't given his father a lovely time, too. There were a lot of things about the wind-up of the story that he didn't understand. His father hurried up the end of the tale, and all Jerry could gather was that his mother was still with her people-who-didn't-like-the-stage, and had never come back. He wondered if she was so very much afraid of the coming of another bad season. Then another idea came to him.

"Father," he said a little pitifully, "I suppose she doesn't care at all to see me, then?"

Massingwell had tried so hard to tell the tale so that Jerry should not blame his mother, but this was the one thing he had found it very hard to forgive. He did not, could not, know how his wife's parents had bolstered up their original arguments against stage folk with false but plausible tales of his own life until an impassable barrier had been erected between the wife and her actor-husband. Jerry's hurt eyes cut him to the heart, but he replied resolutely: "You mustn't say that, old man. There are a lot of things you can't understand; but—well, a thoroughbred never goes back on his mother!"

Against that argument there was no appeal, and Jerry was silent. But there was fresh matter for his dreams nowadays. His dream mother had become a reality, and Jerry was quite sure that one day some one would persuade her what a wonderful world there was behind the big curtains, to be seen at its best after Tim Murphy had called "Ha'f an hourr, please!" up and down the dingy corridors. There was misunderstanding, of course; every play had its misunderstanding, to be unraveled in the last act. And Jerry couldn't conceive a world entirely divorced from dramatic rulings.

In the meantime, and pending his mother's return, the only really important thing was to find out more and more of how a thoroughbred ought to act in all sorts of different situations. He set about his quest manfully. It became a joke in the company, causing laughs that had a catch behind them as often as not, for every one loved the little fellow. And because of his quest they nicknamed him the Thoroughbred!

They were a mixed crowd, Americans from many States, Paul Malherbe, the one Frenchman, Britishers and Irish, taken, too, from many stratas of society. But each was careful to show whatever he had in him of good to Jerry. The stage hands, as rough a lot as could well be found, would have been as loath as Massingwell himself to let the boy's questioning eyes see anything that might cloud their innocent happiness. He heard rough language at times, and sometimes his childish chatter was garnished with a swear word or two, that didn't seem very bad when Jerry brought it out with the utmost gravity, and because he had heard it used by his friend in some similar circumstance. Generally, too, the expression would be wrongly remembered.

Certainly Massingwell only shouted with laughter when told by his son that whether he, Jerry, spent his pocket money on chewing gum or candy was none of his father's damp business!

Jerry was seldom so aggressive; his nature was as sunny as his smile, and that, if Tim Murphy was to be believed, "wud coax a Tammany boss ter bay honest, an' make 'ivery angil in glor-r-y glad they've got etur-r-nity ter laff in!"

The Thoroughbred's life was simple enough as a rule. Wonderful things didn't often happen, but then everything was wonderful to him, and he never knew what it meant to be bored. But once in a while the ordinary run of things would be broken by something vivid—perhaps tragic—and such happenings made a great impression on Jerry. They came in some sort of problem shape to his mind. He was one of the people who always "wanted to know."

One night he was standing in the wings during the third act of "Richard III," waiting for his father as the Duke of Buckingham to make the citizens proclaim Richard king. It was one of the parts that made Jerry feel bad, anyway; but this night things were worse than ever before.

The flourish of trumpets was still sounding, though the mayor and citizens had trooped into the Crosby Palace chamber, when Jerry heard a commotion above him. There was a stifled scream and something hurtling from the flies. Whatever it was caught at the backing behind the open fireplace, which stood up like the cover of an open book, and not being braced in position it came crashing down on the ends of the fire logs. And then, on top of the wreck, Jerry saw a huddled form lie, misshapen and still. It was Jake Cohen, the flyman, who had often been warned of the danger of falling asleep in his perch up aloft—and had done it once too often.

Jerry saw his father quite near the fallen man. He could easily have stepped into the huge fireplace and lifted Jake from the wreckage. But he didn't. Some of the "citizens" bolted off through a "wing" exit; there was a stir on the stage, a flutter in the front of the house, and Massingwell took his stand in front of the fireplace and began his scheming harangue to the citizens.

Jerry couldn't understand how he could be so cruel. What did it matter if the Duke of Gloucester got the crown; Jerry wished he wouldn't, and hated to have his father help him. And now his father went on talking and gave no help to a man who needed it! The property man and some others lifted Jake and carried him into a dressing room, and the act went smoothly on—endlessly, Jerry thought.

There was something tight round the back of Jerry's head, and things swam in front of him. It wasn't only Jake's accident that was so heartbreaking, it was his father, sneering and arguing on the stage, that made things so bitter to his little heart.

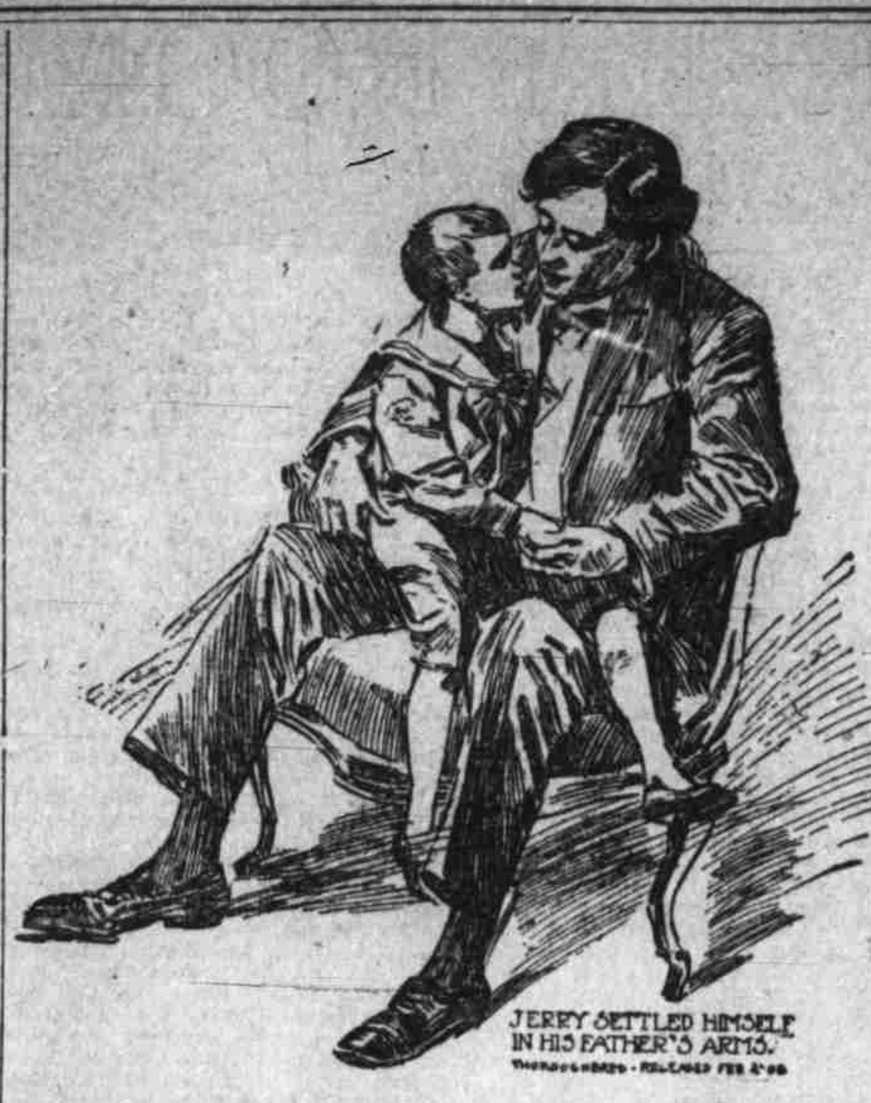
At last the curtain rang down and Massingwell came off the stage. Jerry didn't speak to him. He wasn't at all sure that his father had acted like a thoroughbred. It was a dreadful thing to think, and Jerry was miserable. Then he heard the stage manager come up to Massingwell.

"Bad job—poor Jake. How much did they notice in front?"

"They heard the noise and saw the fireplace wrecked, of course—worst place for a wreck for frightening an audience. Three of those fool 'supers' bolted off then, and I heard some one out front muttering 'Fire!'"

"Thank goodness you kept cool," said the stage manager. "You didn't turn a hair! It didn't take hardly a thing to start a panic, and they're—the devil. Oh, they say there is just a chance, a good working chance, of Jake living."

Jerry's heart bounded. His father hadn't been cruel! He had done more by his seeming indifference than he could have done any other way at all. Jake was probably going to live, and Jerry's father had prevented a panic!



JERRY SETTLED HIMSELF IN HIS FATHER'S ARMS.

THOROUGHBRED - RELEASED FEB 2 '08

The Thoroughbred knew all about panics. His father had always taught him what fire drills were for, and in every theatre they visited went through a little private drill for the boy, telling him that people were generally killed because they lost their heads. And Jerry was to remember that a thoroughbred doesn't lose his head and by keeping cool can often help others.

There was some talk that evening at supper of Jake's accident, of carelessness behind the scenes in general, and from that on to theatre fires. Massingwell had been reading of a peculiarly deadly fire in a theatre out West and was deploring the loss of life.

"It was so darned unnecessary," he said. "They got jammed in the exits and trampled in the panic. Those that stopped in their places got out easily afterward."

"Could—d'you fink if there had been a real furrobred there he could have done anything at all?" asked Jerry's small voice eagerly.

"Shouldn't wonder, old man. Why some fellow might have gone down to the footlights and cracked some silly wheeze about it's being all right so long as he was there. Fellow I knew once did that. Or he could ha' sung—anything would have helped."

Jerry put this away in the corner of his mind where he kept all the rest of his knowledge about the great subject. And he didn't forget.

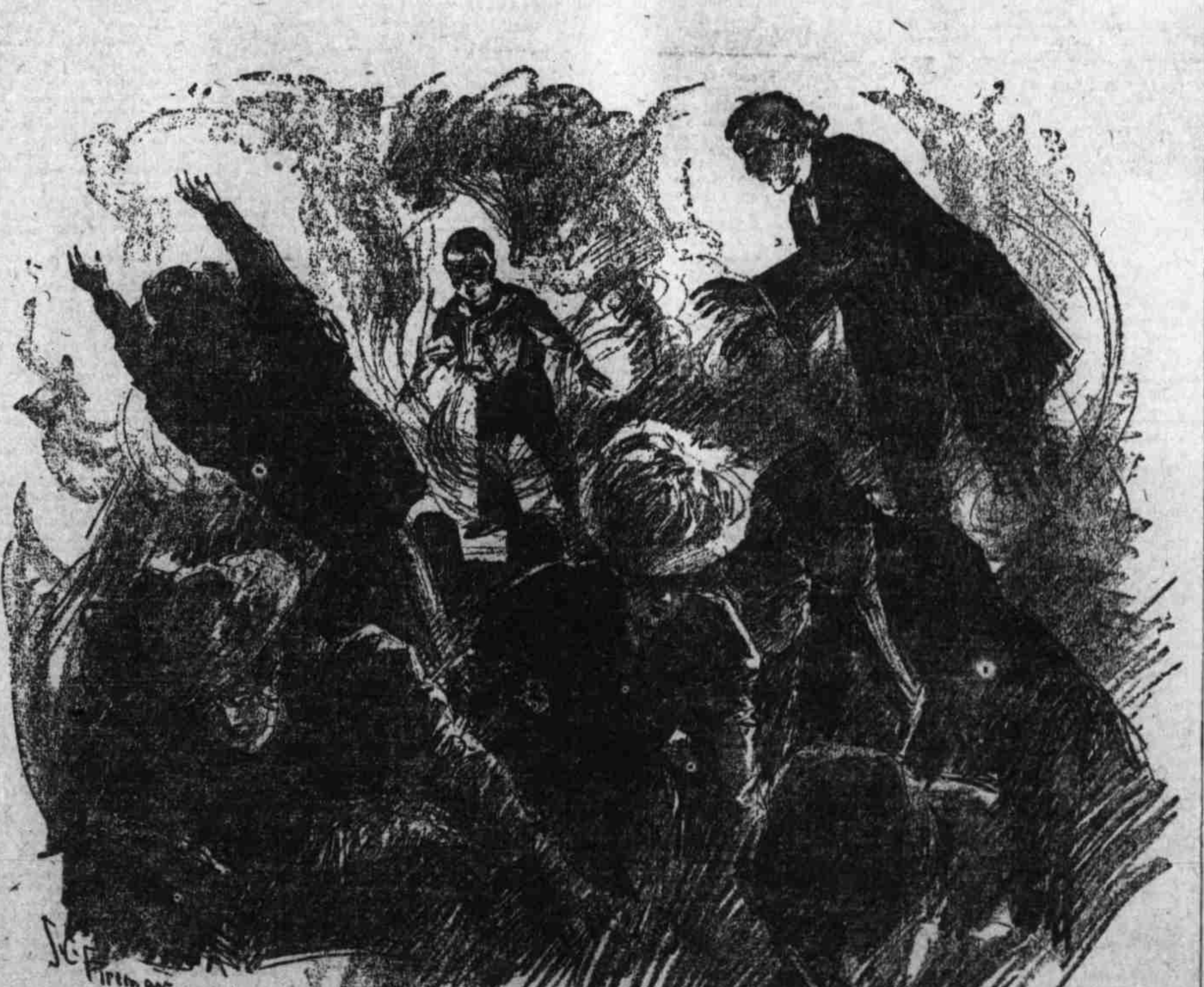
Jake Cohen got slowly better. Not better so that he could go back to work—they didn't think he would ever do that—but so much better that he was soon to leave the hospital and go to the home that his wife had come all the way from Buffalo to prepare for him, since the doctors said he must not think of traveling for a long while yet.

The company—"my company," Jerry called it proudly—was making a three months' stay in a big city, and thus Jerry had been able to go to see Jake in the hospital from time to time and tell him the news. One day Jerry's news concerned Jake.

"We're goin' to act a benefit," Jerry announced. "It's a society that looks after sick people, an' we've told them all about you, an' they're goin' to put aside a lot of money for you an' Mrs. Cohen. An' the best fing is that we're goin' to act a new play, an' I've got a part!"

Once or twice before he had taken some small part in the proceedings of the plays, generally being led on by the leading woman's hand and wept or laughed over for a few minutes; but he was as proud of these appearances as if he had been the star. In this new play Jerry's wildest hopes were realized. He had "lines to say!" In the first act he said, "I shall always, always love you, mother dearest," and in the fourth act he was to declare, "Don't be frightened, mother; I will take care of you!"

He went about asking all the actors if they thought he "read his lines" properly; and he took all the advice they showered upon him about his expression and the gestures he should use very gravely indeed. When he passed strange boys in the street he pitied them, and wanted to tell them that he was at last a real actor, like his father. At least he hoped they would be lucky enough to come and see him act.



"JUMP, JERRY, JUMP!"

The wonderful day came at last. To Jerry that day had been—"in a fortnight." Presently—"in a week." Later—"the day after the day after the day after to-morrow" (that sounded so much more real than just "in four days") Then it had been "the day after to-morrow," and finally the great day really did arrive.

Jerry was dressed and "made up" before Tim Murphy had called "Ha'f an hourr' please!" Then it seemed an hour before the gruff Irish voice was heard declaring, "Quarter uv an hourr, ple-ese!" And Jerry was quite sure the whole afternoon must have elapsed before the welcome call, "Overture an' beginners, ple-e-ese!" Jerry wasn't a "beginner," but he was down on the stage peering out under the prompter's arms when the curtain went up, and he danced back and forth to the door where he was to make his entrance a dozen times before it was time for his cue. Even that came at last, and Jerry was led into the blaze of the footlights, holding Miss Roby's hand and was petted and talked about until the moment of his first great opportunity, when his childish treble piped out bravely with its "I shall always, always love you, mother dearest!"

The situation had been made for him and he got his applause—more, was made to take a curtain call, still holding Miss Roby's hand, after which he was so tumultuously excited that time went a little faster until his next appearance. His stage mother had been weeping, and was being bullied by the villain. Jerry knew just how the audience ought to feel when he appeared and blared his indignation at the "heavy man." He himself felt a man and a hero as he put his arms around his "mother's" neck and declaimed his great second speech; "Don't be frightened, mother; I will take care of you!"

Out in front—of course Jerry didn't know this—sat a woman whose heart throbbed at each movement of the little fellow in white sailor clothes. His mother was sitting there—the real mother of his dreams—and the programme that had told her that both her husband and her son were in the cast had left her sitting with hungry eyes, and pale, anxious face, until one of the dear ones—secretly so dear in spite of all she had been told—came before her, taking their parts in the drama. But Jerry's two short appearances meant more to her than all the rest.

It was over for Jerry again very quickly, but he felt happily certain that the play couldn't have gone on without him. He stood in the wings watching the end of the act, in which his father would shortly join. Massingwell was upstairs, changing his clothes, but he had promised to look out from the dressing room gallery and watch Jerry on the stage, and now the little fellow wanted to hear whether his father would say that he had done well.

All at once the dreaded, pungent smell of smoke came strongly to his nostrils; and as he noticed it, he noticed, too, that the stage manager and shifters were rushing and scurrying over on the left of the stage, where was the trap door through which big pieces of furniture were hoisted from the property room below. Smoke was belching up from the trap; and then—it all happened so dreadfully quick—a thin tongue of flame licked up through the smoke, was caught in a draught and ate hungrily into the thin wood and canvass of a flat. And at that moment a terror stricken voice in the audience shouted "Fire!"

The fire was in the scenery itself, making it impossible to go on playing, and the shrill whistle gave the order to lower the asbestos curtain. Down it creaked to within about two feet of the stage, and stuck. Through the aperture a volume of smoke poured out into the audience; and then above the crackle of the flames and the spurt of the emergency hose sounded the horrible swelling note of panic out in front. The audience was rising en masse to fight its way to the exits!

The Thoroughbred was in his corner at the extreme right of the stage. His heart was thumping so that he felt half suffocated; but while every one rushed and not a few screamed the little fellow remembered that he mustn't be afraid and he mustn't lose his head!

He heard orders shouted to the orchestra to go on playing; but below the gap in the fire curtain he could see that the musicians had already forsaken their places and were well out through the orchestra exit. Then his great idea came to him. What had his father told him about a fire and stopping a panic? Singing it was—yes, singing out in front of the curtain. Perhaps it wasn't dangerous, since the band had been told to keep their places. But, anyway, a thoroughbred hadn't got to think about danger.

Down on his hands and knees he got and unobserved by the rushing people near him crawled under the fire curtain and out by the footlights.

There, this tumult! Helpless women being trampled beneath the feet of wild-eyed men. Children forgotten by the mothers that bore them. Girls screaming and men fighting. A tumult of arms waving above the sea of white faces. here was no mercy. An old woman slipped backward across her seat, and immediately the mob surged over her, breaking her back and crushing her out of all semblance of humanity. Everywhere the wicked yellow flames lapped greedily onward. Where the ever-thickening smoke veiled the scene groans and shrieks told of the tragedy that was being enacted.

Jerry saw it all, and the horror of it brought him stiffly erect, his hands clenching till his nails hurt his palms and his little heart thumping away up in his throat. But—he hadn't got to be afraid—he hadn't got to be—he hadn't! Once he had been to a wonderful kindergarten. He remembered that now because he had to sing, and they had sung at the kindergarten. One of his choicest bits came to his mind now:

"Up in the sky where the little birds fly,
Up where they fly, so high—so-o high!"

His childish treble, penetrating and sweet, rang across the scene of panic and shrilled out above the tumult. Men stopped and women gasped. They could not fight like demons while that courageous little figure shamed them with the simple heroism of that song, so grotesquely inappropriate but all the more appealing for that reason. Men ceased to be brute beasts. The madness of panic died away and respect for human life again resumed its sway. Toward the exits they still hurried, but in orderly press. The Thoroughbred had stopped that first deadly rush.

In the centre aisle there was a temporary block. A woman was fighting her way back toward the stage. Many voices abused her as a madwoman, but perhaps one or two made way for her, for there was a whole heart's agony in her cry, "It's my boy—my little, little son!"

Jerry couldn't sing any more. Gusts of smoke were sweeping by him. The flames had taken hold on the left hand boxes. Everything crackled and scorched. The curtain behind him was hot; behind that again there seemed to be a raging furnace. There was nothing in the world but fire, and at last he was terribly afraid.

Then he saw the woman burst from the flying audience toward him. "Jump, Jerry! Jump to mother, Jerry boy!" It was Jerry's dream mother—he knew that he remembered her, yet he could not obey. The fear he had fought down for so long now conquered him wholly, paralyzing him. The hot curtain surged nearer him in a gust of flame. The Thoroughbred shrank from it, and then his overtaxed strength gave way and he crumpled up helplessly on the floor.

Through the flame and smoke of the wrecked curtain burst Massingwell, his forehead cut and bleeding, his eyes frantic. It was but the work of a moment to snatch up Jerry and leap with him into the orchestra, where the poor mother was clambering over the musicians' fallen seats to reach the child. There was no time for any greeting. Only if they were very quick could they still escape through the orchestra exit, which might at any moment be blocked by falling masonry. Already a wall of flame had licked out with the draught from the wrecked fire curtain and separated them from the flying populace. With Jerry on the one arm and his left hand gripping his wife Massingwell ducked into the smoky passage leading under the boxes on the right out into the court. Gasping, they stumbled forward through the darkness. Then came an ominous crack in the wall showing a gleam of fire near them, and they were enveloped in stifling smoke, through which they fought on blindly for their lives. It was the last trial. The merciful daylight met their eyes then and the cool, clean winter air came to greet them. A few more steps and they were out in the court, where the engines were fighting the fire. Water swished everywhere, hissing furiously as it met the venomous flames. Scantily clad figures tried to avoid the streams of water and huddled desolately together showing how suddenly the fire had surprised some in the dressing rooms.

Shouts and orders echoed back and forth, but amid all this confusion the Thoroughbred presently came out of his faint to find the face of his dream mother very near him and to hear his father's voice say huskily:

——"and you won't leave us again? Jerry and I want a mother. And I guess this son is worth having; he's been a thoroughbred to-day, all right!"

And the papers next day said so too.

BIG POLICYHOLDERS.

President Joins Ranks of Those Holding Enormous Insurance.

(New York Correspondent Chicago Record-Herald.)

President Roosevelt has insured his life for $85,000, according to information received by the Spectator Company of this city, which is about to publish for the information of insurance officials a list of over 5,500 persons who carry policies on their lives ranging from $50,000 to $4,000,000. It is the first time that such a list has been compiled from official sources for several years, and many interesting things about the way in which business men gamble on their lives have been developed in the search among the archives.

Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, son of John Wanamaker, is now worth more to the insurance companies than any other man. He carries policies aggregating $4,000,000. His father is insuretd for $1,500,000.

Following are the big risks of $500,000 or more carried by Chicagoans:

A. J. Graham	$313,000
C. H. Hulburd	390,000
H. H. Kohlsaat	1,000,000
H. C. Lytton	700,000
S. W. McMunn	575,000
F. W. Peck	600,000
J. M. Smith	375,000
C. A. Stevens	375,000
W. Wrigley, Jr.	550,000

The insurance companies have staked $500,000 or over on the lives of New Yorkers as follows:

August Belmont	$800,000
J. C. Colgate	1,500,000
Aaron Hecht	500,000
G. Marconi	750,000
J. F. O'Rourke	600,000
Henry Siegel	500,000
E. R. Thomas	1,000,000
G. W. Vanderbilt	1,000,000
T. H. Watkins	800,000
J. G. White	700,000
B. F. Yoakum	725,000

Some of the best known New Yorkers have gambled in but a small way on their lives. Among them are:

Henry Clews	$50,000
Stuyvesant Fish	60,000
E. H. Harriman	150,000
J. H. Hyde	100,000
W. M. Ivins	50,000
R. A. McCurdy	300,000
J. D. Rockefeller	50,000
H. H. Rogers	100,000
T. F. Ryan	200,000
J. H. Schiff	50,000
James Stillman	50,000
Nathan Strauss	50,000
S. Untermyer	250,000
T. L. Woodruff	55,000

Mrs. Charles Netcher, of Chicago, with a $500,000 policy on her life, heads the risks among American women. Among those of her sex insured for $100,000 or over are:

Mrs. A. White, Gardiner, Me.	$175,000
Mrs. M. L. Akers, Louisville, Ky.	100,000
Mrs. J. S. Carr, Durham, N. C.	250,000
Mrs. B. N. Duke, Durham, N. C.	258,000
Mary S. Williamson, Elon College, N. C.	160,000
Mrs. T. M. Mordecai, Charleston S. C.	100,000
Mrs. F. J. Carolan, San Francisco	125,000
Mrs. J. J. Brown, Denver, Col.	250,000
Mrs. A. J. Graham, Chicago	75,000
Pauline H. Lyon, Chicago	800,000
Elizabeth A. Harter, Canton, O.	240,000
Mrs. C. H. Heine, Cincinnati	240,000
Mrs. C. R. Holmes, Cincinnati	200,000
Mrs. S. S. Taylor, Cincinnati	250,000
Mrs. Nellie Stimson, Seattle	100,000
Mrs. H. W. Treat, Seattle	100,000
Johanna T. Gadski, New York	100,000
Mme. Schumann-Heink, New York	100,000
Mrs. Gago E. Tarbell, New York	100,000

Among the Western men carrying $500,000 insurance or more are:

C. A. Smith, Minneapolis	$550,000
R. A. Long, Kansas City	750,000
W. K. Bixby, St. Louis	500,000
G. G. Pabst, Milwaukee	500,000
E. Schlesinger, Milwaukee	1,000,000
E. A. Uhrig, Milwaukee	697,000

RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eyes this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the powers of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd
I thank the infliction of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

—THOMAS CHATTERTON.

SLEEP.

O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
Oh thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurley, Death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.