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dened by a great blaze from within, and heard the bubbling and squeaking of something— doubtless very nice and succulent— that was being cooked at the kitchen fire. I think, indeed, that a whiff or two of the savory fragrance reached my nostrils; at all events, the impression grew upon me that Leicester's Hospital is one of the filliest old domiciles in England.

I was about to depart, when another old woman, very plainly dressed, but fat, comfortable, and with a cheerful twinkle in her eyes, came in through the arch, and looked curiously at me. This repeated apparition of the gentle sex (though by no means under its lowliest guise) had still an agreeable effect in modifying my ideas of an institution, which I had supposed to be of a stern and monastic character. She asked whether I wished to see the Hospital, and said that the Porter, whose office it was to attend to visitors, was dead, and would be buried that very day; so that the whole establishment could not conveniently be shown me. She kindly invited me, however, to visit the apartment occupied by her husband and herself; so I followed her up the antique staircase, along the gallery, and into a small, ~~dark~~-panelled parlor, where sat an old man in a long blue garment, who arose and saluted me with much courtesy. He seemed a very quiet person, and yet had a look of travel and adventure, and gray experience, such as I could have fancied in a Palmer of ancient times, who might likewise have worn a similar costume. The little room was carpeted and neatly furnished; a portrait of its occupant was hanging on the wall; and on a table were two swords crossed, one probably his own battle-weapon; and the other, which I drew half out of the scabbard, had an inscription on the blade, purporting that it had been taken from the

Night

Written for Miss Mary L. Jacob's Album by
A. G. Archer Henry

It is one of morn, the silent hour
When sprites and spirits glide around,
When fairies sport in forest bower,
And moonlight silvers o'er the ground;
When hoots the owl in darkling tree,
And fills belated hind with fear,
And Philomela's melody
Dilights no more this timid ear.
It is at this hour I love to wake,
And view the spangled dome above,
And watch slow-paling in the west
Venus the Golden Star of Love:
Or watch the ruler of the night,
As slow she paces up the sky,
While the gray clouds before her light,
Melt and vanish from on high.—
Ah well I know the charm of night,
Her deep, mysterious charm I know,
When Heaven's lamps are all alight,
And calm and still the earth below



