

The Pass of Death.

It was a narrow pass,
Watered with human tears,
For death had kept the outer gate
Almost six thousand years.
And the ceaseless tread of a world's feet
Was ever in my ears—
Thronging, jostling, hurrying by,
As if they were only born to die.

A stately king drew near,
This narrow pass to tread,
Around him hung a gorgeous robe,
And a crown was on his head;
But Death, with a look of withering scorn,
Arrested him and said—
'In humbler dress must the king draw near
For the crown and the purple are useless here.'

Next came a man of wealth,
And his eye was proud and bold,
And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,
Telling of sums untold;
But Death, who careth not for rank,
Careth as little for gold—
'Here that scroll I cannot allow,
For the gold of the richest is powerless now.'

Another followed fast,
And a book was in his hand,
Filled with the flashes of burning thought
That are known in many a land;
But the child of genius quailed to hear
Death's pitiless demand,—
Here that book cannot enter with thee,
For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me.'

Next came a maiden fair,
With that eye so deeply bright,
That stirs within you strange sweet care,
Should you meet on a summer night;
But Death, ere the gentle maid passed through,
Snatched away its light,—
'Beauty is power in the world,' he saith,
'But what can it do in the Pass of Death?'

A youth of sickly mien,
Followed in thoughtful mood,
Whose heart was filled with love to God
And the early brotherhood;
Death felt he could not quench the heart
That lived for others' good—
'I own,' cried he, 'that power of love,
I must let it pass to the realms above!'

[From the Flag of our Union.]

The Neighbors.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Mrs. Butts had just dropped in a few minutes to see how Mrs. Tubbs did. It was in the morning, and Mrs. Tubbs was still engaged about her work. So Mrs. Butts sat down just where she could find a place, and proceeded to make herself altogether at home.

'You're despitely busy, this mornin',' said she to her neighbor.

'O, no more'n common, 's I know of,' answered Mrs. Tubbs. 'But we can't exactly get a livin' and be idle too, you know.'

'I don't calculate to be over and above idle, myself,' said Mrs. Butts. 'I generally carry my knittin'-work, when I go a visitin'. I guarantee to set as good an example as most folks. But I wanted to tell you about what my husband said.'

Mrs. Tubbs looked up, looked down, and went on with her work again.

'What did he say?' said she.

'Well, you remember that last quarter of veal he had o' Mr. Tubbs, to pay for the quarter Mr. Tubbs had o' him?'

'Yes, I guess I do seem to remember something about that. Why?'

'O, nothing. Only Mr. Butts said about that veal, that he guessed 'twas pretty near ready to die before it did! That was all.'

Mrs. Tubbs stood erect.

'Did he mean to say anything against my husband's honesty, I'd like to know? Because, if he did—'

'I don't know, I'm sure. I can't pretend to tell what he meant. I shouldn't think he did, though. Yet I can't say. At any rate, that was what he said.'

'And that's enough, I sh'd think! What more could he say? And a neighbor so, too! To accuse my husband of sellin' meat that died! It's a shame and an insult! I'll never put up with it in the world!'

Hot and out of breath in consequence of the protracted discussion that ensued, Mrs. Butts took herself off home, to put another stick under the pot and set it to boiling harder.

Of course, when her husband came in to dinner, the conversation with Mrs. Tubbs was detailed with wonderful precision, and more too. Mr. Butts got a good story out of it. He got exasperated over it. He declared he never would stand it, being a neighbor so; and thought it was a burning shame that people allowed themselves to slander their neighbors in this way.

'At any rate, I know one thing!' said he, in a threatening voice.

'What's that?' asked his wife.

'Tubbs never'll come off so well again, if his cattle get into my mowin'! I'll drive 'em straight to pound!'

'Do they ever get into your mowin'?' inquired his wife.

'Well, I shouldn't wonder if I'd turned them critters out of my piece into his'n, as many as a dozen or twenty times this summer! I'll not do it any more.'

'That's what I wouldn't, I'm sure, Mr. Butts. I wonder you never drove 'em to pound before!'

'Because I never wanted to make any difference with a neighbor,' said he. 'But you don't catch me hangin' back any longer, I tell you!'

Pretty soon afterwards, therefore, the pound-keeper stopped Mr. Tubbs on his way home.

'I've got three head o' your cattle shet up in the pound,' said he.

'Three head o' my cattle!' exclaimed the astonished Tubbs. 'Who drove 'em over?'

The pound-keeper laughed, and took advantage of the laugh to hesitate. The answer was fairly corkscrewed out of him:

'Wal, I s'pose Mr. Butts drove 'em.'

And he laughed again.

Tubbs could hardly keep in his boots, he was so moved with indignation.

'Butts drive my cattle to pound!' said he, lowering his brows and setting his teeth. 'I'll teach him a lesson yet! Mebbe some of his own critters 'll get out one of these days. Then we'll see how the account stands!'

He paid the usual pound tax with a great deal more of such grumbling as this, and drove off his three head of cattle. The old keeper couldn't help laughing, as he went away, and wondered in truth what would come of it.

'It's a thing I never knew Butts to do the like of before,' muttered he, trudging along homewards. 'What in the name o' Satan has got into him lately? He hardly spoke to me, the last time he met me. Don't appear as he used to. But I'll fetch him yet. I never'll stand this, not the longest day I live! never!'

Only ten days or two weeks after that, Mr. Tubbs came into the house in a great glee.

'See here, wife,' said he, chuckling to himself, 'I've got old Butts's cattle shet up in my yard, and jest as quick as I can eat my dinner, I'm goin' to drive 'em off to pound. I can't very well spare the time, but I'm going to do it, for all that. He took my critters to pound, and to pound shall his go! There's no two ways about that. What's good for me, is good enough for him! See if there aint a squirm in this time!'

And before night, a couple of Mr. Butts's most staid and matronly old cows were ruminating by themselves on the changes and chances of this mortal life, within the ancient enclosure called the 'pound.' Just so long as they remained, the keeper would be at liberty to make use of the fruits of their udders. There they stood and looked at each other, and chewed their cud, as innocent as children of the intentions of the one who caused their imprisonment.

When night came on, two of Mr. Butts's best cows were not to be found. They didn't come home from the pasture. He hunted and hunted everywhere—but no cows. He looked over the walls, in the woods, in the swamps, behind the old barn in the meadow, and in every other place where a cow might stow herself away—but nothing like two cows yet.

At last, after he had finally given them up for the night, a little boy came running down the road, who hurried up to him and told him where his stray cattle were.

'And Mr. Mulkey says,' added the boy, 'that if you don't come arter 'em pretty quick, he'll milk 'em himself!'

In less than fifteen minutes, Mr. Butts made a formal demand upon the pound-keeper for his cows. And when he had got them safely out, he turned and demanded to know who drove them there in the first place.

Mulkey laughed, just as he laughed before, and hesitated; and then he told Mr. Butts that his neighbor Tubbs was the author of the mischief.

'Tubbs drive my cows to pound!' said he to himself. 'Then, by jingo, he shall pay back for it, jest as soon as I can make pay-day come round!'

And he started off home with his pair of cows, convinced that a game that two could play at, was not exactly the game for his money.

From this date, all intercourse between the families was suspended. There was a broad lake between them, which neither could pass over. At meeting on Sundays, or on any day through the week, it was all the same. Neither party seemed to be conscious that the other still remained in existence—with a single exception. For all this time Mr. Butts's son Sam had been paying his particular attentions to Mr. Tubbs's daughter Susan. Up to this point, Sam and Susan had been making out very well. But close upon this outbreak followed something of an estrangement between themselves.

Says Susan, one evening, to Sam:

'I don't exactly like the way you folks talk about ours—I don't. What is the meaning of it, I want to know?'

'I guess they don't say worse things than what your folks say about us,' rejoined Sam, with the Butts blood flowing swift in his veins.

'Umph!' retorted Susan. 'What did your father drive our cattle to pound for?'

'And what did your father drive our cattle to pound for, too? It's a pretty piece of business, I think!'

Beginning there, the two lovers got a good start. Then they went on at a rate that astonished even themselves. They twitted. Then they used satire. Then they threw mud at one another's names. Then they had an out-and-out spat about it. And at last, the quarrel was too far in to be got out of at all.

Sam said he was as good as anybody, and so were his folks. Susan declared that he'd always thought he was a little better, but he'd find now that he was mistaken. Sam thought there was no use in twitting, for two could perform at that. But Susan was not to be frightened, she would have him to know, and so she went ahead.

He asked her about that veal that died! She flew like a cat with her back up. She never knew anything about any veal. At any rate, she guessed her father could raise as 'likely veal' as his father could; and thereupon advised him to go home and eat some off of his own family bone.

This was too much. Sam got as mad as he could be, and they left. He wasn't seen in Tubbs's parlor again for a long while. Susan lived on 'stuff,' and people thought she grew fat on it.—And so that match was broken off!

Things continued in this situation for a long time, till finally, as good or ill luck would have it, Mr. Butts happened to be riding homeward one

afternoon in the stage-coach, all alone and unmolested, when who should get in, at a little town some dozen miles from home, but Mrs. Tubbs!—This accident threw things into confusion straightway.

Mr. Butts could not well avoid speaking to Mrs. Tubbs neither could Mrs. Tubbs refuse, under any color of decency, to accost Mr. Butts. There they were, mortal enemies to each other, boxed and booked for a good twelve-mile together. Unless the road was unusually smooth, it would not be a strange matter to find that they jounced and bumped against one another. And in some way like that, perhaps, they might manage to pound off the sharp angles that now kept them at such a distance.

Mr. Butts spoke of the weather. It was rainy, and the coach had to be shut pretty closely. Mrs. Tubbs thought, as her companion did too, that it was rainy. Mr. Butts suggested that it might rain in upon her. Mrs. Tubbs thought it wouldn't, and changed her seat over to that of Mr. Butts.—This was an admirable beginning, surely!

Well, from one thing to another they went on—not because they had any hope or wish of reconciliation, but because they couldn't help talking—till at last Mr. Butts came out with it, as plump and round as ever a man did in his life, and asked Mrs. Tubbs what was the occasion of all the trouble between the families!

Put to it in this way for a categorical answer, Mrs. Tubbs could not do less than hesitate. And when she did reply, it was the most unsatisfactory, shuffling, evasive sort of an answer that could be offered by any one. Perceiving the absolute weakness of the enemy, Mr. Butts began to think that his own cause might be just about as strong. As a consequence, he hastened first to make explanations, then concessions, then apologies.—That was enough. In such a case, as soon as one begins to withdraw his pretensions, the other hastens to be before him in the good work, if possible.

'Then it's all about nothing, after all,' said Mr. Butts.

'Nothin' in the livin' world,' said Mrs. Tubbs. 'And I'm dreadfully mortified to think I've been caught in such a scrape,' said he.

'Then we'll make it all up again?'

'I'd be glad enough to.'

'From beginning to end?'

'Yes, and forever and ever.'

A silence of a few minutes.

'But then,' asked Mrs. Tubbs, 'I would like to know one thing of you first?'

'Well, Mrs. Tubbs—anything in the world.'

'Did you say that my husband sent you a quarter of dead veal to pay for yours? Because that was what your wife told me, and that was what began it. I never'd believe that Mr. Tubbs would do such a thing in this world. He aint small enough!'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed out Mr. Butts. 'And so it all sprung out of that quarter of veal, hey?—Well, if that don't beat the Dutch taking Holland! Did I say that your husband sent me back dead veal? Why, yes, it's most likely I said so, for I didn't calculate he was going to send me a quarter alive! And I got up the joke just to see what my wife would say!'

There it was. It all grew out of his innocent disposition to see what his wife would have to say! Jefferson was elected President by means of a quarrel over a pig, down in Rhode Island; and here was a quarrel over a quarter of veal that might, but for this accidental stageride, have led to the dismemberment of the church, and possibly the demoralization of the town itself.

Sam and Susan rushed back into one another's arms, and in three months were the happiest groom and bride to be seen on the hither side of sundown. The very first family meal to which they sat down together was made up of vegetable and such dishes, with a piece of stuffed baken veal in the centre. Sam declares he will have a coat of arms, and that a leg of veal shall be found in the same—not couchant, nor rampant, but pendant!

Oliver Cromwell—From his Youth to Parliament.

The great-grandfather of the Protector was a person who was designated in legal documents as 'Richard Cromwell, alias Williams,' and the same alias continued in the family down to the time of Oliver, who sometimes made use of it in his younger days. Two letters are extant addressed by Richard Cromwell to the famous Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the Vicar-General of Henry VIII, and in both of them he subscribes himself 'Your most bounden nephew.' In one of these epistles he expresses his devotion to the service of the Earl, adding, 'as nature and also your manifold kindness bindeth.'

To account for the alias of Richard Cromwell, and his relationship to his more celebrated namesake, it has been asserted that his father was a Williams, who married the sister of the future Vicar-General, and subsequently called himself after the prosperous house with which he had contracted an alliance.

Of this marriage there is no trustworthy evidence, and when Bishop Goodman, in a dedication to the Protector, alluded to his connection with the minister of Henry VIII, Cromwell replied, 'My family has no relation to his.' The denial is countenanced by the circumstance that a Sir William Williams married one of the daughters of the Lord Cromwell who lived in the reign of Henry VI, and was the last male heir of his line. The conjunction of the names of Williams and Cromwell would be thus explained by a real instead of a doubtful marriage; and the Earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith, may have been glad to discover a kinsman in a race of higher lineage than his own, while his 'most bounden nephew'—a term said not to have been strictly applied in those days to a brother's or sister's son—may, on his part, have welcomed the claim for the sake of the substantial benefits it was to bring. These he enjoyed in an unusual degree.

He was knighted by Henry VIII, and on the suppression of the monasteries, which was the great work of his namesake, received enormous grants of church lands.

Among other prizes which fell to his share he obtained the estate and nunnery of Hinchinbrook, near Huntingdon, and here his son, Sir Henry, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, built the present mansion. Sir Henry, called for his riches and liberality the 'Golden Knight,' died in 1603, and Oliver, the Uncle after whom the Protector was named, became Lord of Hinchinbrook.

The year in which he inherited his estate was the same in which James I. succeeded to the English crown, and the King was his guest for two days during the royal progress from Scotland to London. The entertainment was reported to be the most sumptuous which a subject had ever given to sovereign, and even if the new monarch had been as sparing as he was lavish of his honors, could not have left the hospitable roof without bidding his host rise up Sir Oliver.

In addition to Sir Oliver, the 'Golden Knight' left five sons and five daughters. It is a singular circumstance that from his children should have sprung the two most famous leaders in the Great Rebellion, for his second daughter was the mother of Hampden, as his second son, Robert, was the father of the Protector. Another curious circumstance is that Robert married a widow, Mrs. Lyme, whose maiden name was Steward, and who came of the royal race.

The fact is now established beyond question that Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell were distant cousins. The Protector certainly did not exaggerate his descent when he said, in a speech to his first Parliament 'I was by birth a gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity.'

Robert Cromwell settled in Huntingdon, where he had an estate and a brewery. The first, which is computed by Mr. Carlyle to have been equivalent to a thousand a year at the present day, he farmed himself, and the second is reported to have been managed by his wife. Oliver, their fifth child, and the only one of their sons who lived to manhood, was born April 25th, 1593.

He was educated at the grammar-school of Huntingdon by Dr. Beard, the author of the 'Theatre of God's Judgments.' The traditions of his boyhood are at best of uncertain truth, and of as little importance. He is alleged to have been forward in robbing orchards and dovecotes, and to have loved practical jokes. Unless his character changed greatly in after years, he was undoubtedly a lad of spirit, and being possessed of unbounded daring, was likely to have played whatever pranks are usual among boys.

On the 23d of April, 1616, when he was seventeen years of age, he was entered at Sydney-Sussex College, Cambridge. His father died in June, 1617, and Oliver, now his own master, left the University. The Royalists, who wrote of him after his death, asserted that while he remained he neglected study for foot-ball, quarter-staff and drinking. Either at school, however, or afterwards, he acquired sufficient Latin to speak it during his Protectorship to foreign ambassadors.

This he did, Burnet says, 'very viciously and scantily,' but to have retained the art at all at the close of a life which had been spent like his, he must have made respectable progress in his youth. His letters and speeches preclude the idea of greater proficiency. No man who was deeply versed in any description of literature could have written such barbarous and inaccurate English.

Shortly after he withdrew from Cambridge he went to London to study law, but continued idle and dissipated. Without attaching too much weight to particular incidents, there is reason for rejecting the general testimony that he was what Baxter calls him, 'a prodigal in his youth.'

In this he resembles his celebrated cousin, Hampden, who, according to Clarendon, 'had, from a life of great pleasure and license, on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness.' Oliver's wild oats were quickly sown, if his marriage on the 23d of August, 1620, to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Felstead, in Essex, may be considered as an evidence of his reformation. The wedding took place in London, at St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, and the young couple went to live at Huntingdon.

The ordinary occupations of Cromwell were now the management of his farm and brewery, but he made himself of such importance in public affairs, that his townsmen elected him to represent them in the memorable Parliament of Charles I., which was summoned in 1628.

The two previous parliaments which Charles had assembled since his accession to the throne in 1625 had been hastily dissolved. The object of the King was to get money; the object of the Commons to obtain a redress of grievances. They made compliance with their demands the condition of voting the supplies, and Charles, rather than consent to these terms, impatiently dismissed them. Deprived of the usual subsidies, he attempted to fill his exchequer by forced loans, and met with indifferent success.

For the third time he was compelled to have recourse to the representatives of the nation, who, conscious of his necessities and their own power, took their stand upon their old ground. They drew up the famous 'Petition of Right,' of which the first clause declared all loans and taxes not sanctioned by Parliament to be contrary to law.—The King, compelled to forego the promised supplies, or to sanction a bill which would tie his hands for the future, substituted an evasive reply for the invariable form in which the sovereign gives assent to acts of Parliament.

The resolute Commons were preparing a fresh remonstrance, when on the 4th of June they received a message from his Majesty, that, as he intended to terminate the session in a week, 'they must husband time, and despatch old business without entertaining new.' The Commons, persevering in the new business as the surest means of concluding the old, the message was repeated