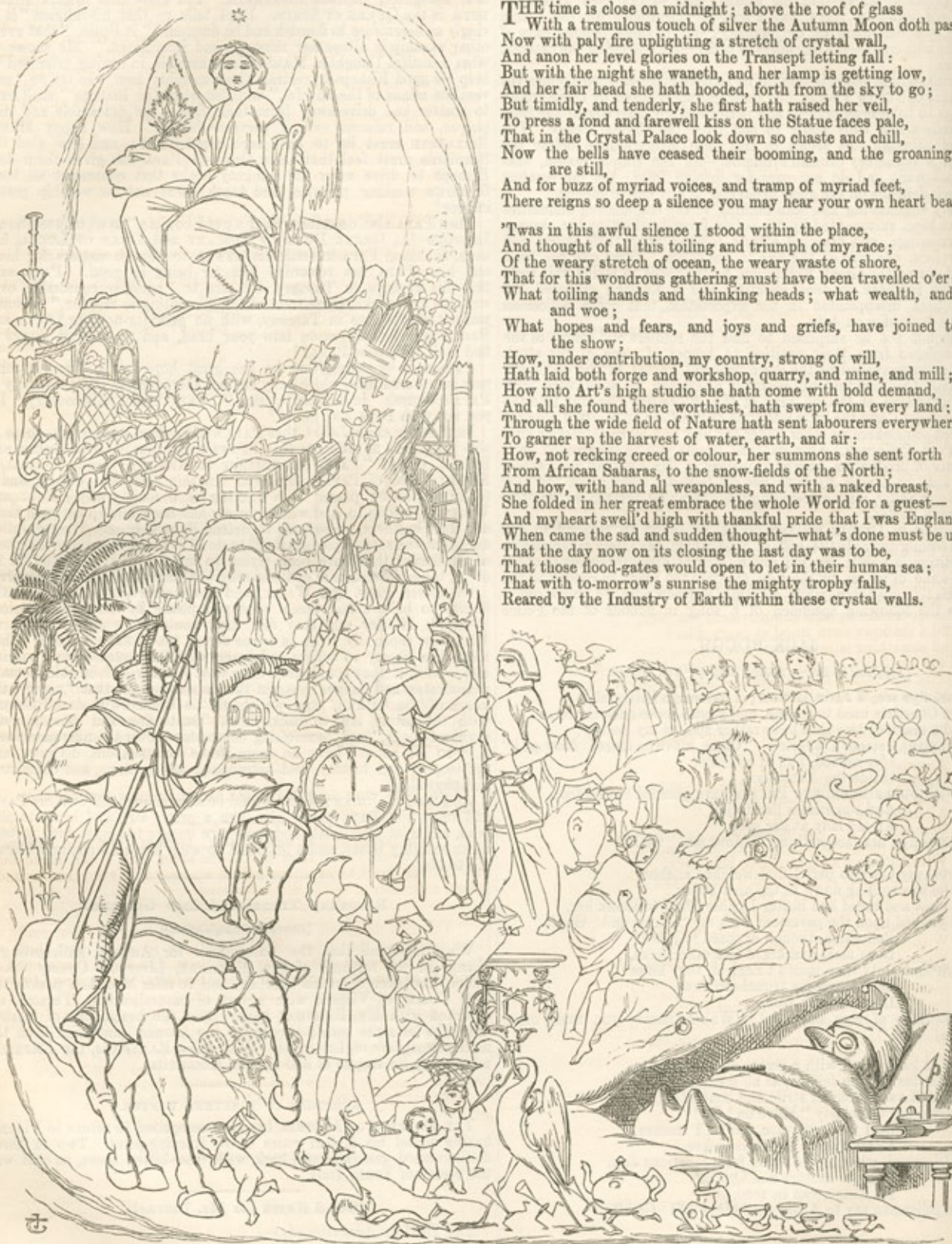


THE LAST NIGHT IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE time is close on midnight; above the roof of glass
 With a tremulous touch of silver the Autumn Moon doth pass;
 Now with paly fire uplighting a stretch of crystal wall,
 And anon her level glories on the Transept letting fall:
 But with the night she waneth, and her lamp is getting low,
 And her fair head she hath hooded, forth from the sky to go;
 But timidly, and tenderly, she first hath raised her veil,
 To press a fond and farewell kiss on the Statue faces pale,
 That in the Crystal Palace look down so chaste and chill,
 Now the bells have ceased their booming, and the groaning gongs
 are still,

And for buzz of myriad voices, and tramp of myriad feet,
 There reigns so deep a silence you may hear your own heart beat.

'Twas in this awful silence I stood within the place,
 And thought of all this toiling and triumph of my race;
 Of the weary stretch of ocean, the weary waste of shore,
 That for this wondrous gathering must have been travelled o'er;
 What toiling hands and thinking heads; what wealth, and want,
 and woe;

What hopes and fears, and joys and griefs, have joined to make
 the show;

How, under contribution, my country, strong of will,
 Hath laid both forge and workshop, quarry, and mine, and mill;
 How into Art's high studio she hath come with bold demand,
 And all she found there worthiest, hath swept from every land;
 Through the wide field of Nature hath sent labourers everywhere,
 To garner up the harvest of water, earth, and air:

How, not recking creed or colour, her summons she sent forth
 From African Saharas, to the snow-fields of the North;

And how, with hand all weaponless, and with a naked breast,
 She folded in her great embrace the whole World for a guest—
 And my heart swell'd high with thankful pride that I was England's son,
 When came the sad and sudden thought—what's done must be undone!

That the day now on its closing the last day was to be,
 That those flood-gates would open to let in their human sea;
 That with to-morrow's sunrise the mighty trophy falls,
 Reared by the Industry of Earth within these crystal walls.

Sad with this thought, I measured the nave with heavy pace,
When the great pulse of midnight throbb'd solemn through the place,
And the beat of the last stroke was still booming in my ear,
When all was life and motion, of a sudden, far and near.

There was rustling of draperies, and slamming of doors,
Tossing of naperies, and creaking of floors,
There were metals a-ringing, pianos a-singing,
And harps of themselves obligatos a-stringing,
And furniture tumbling, and organ-pipes rumbling,
And awkward machines o'er each other a-stumbling,
And glasses a-crashing, and porcelain a-smashing,
And bronze candelabra through mirrors a-dashing,
And carpets, and floor-cloths, a-rolling themselves up,
And dresses a-folding their breadths on their shelves up—
In short, such a shindy, and rumpus, and riot
Burst out all at once on the night and the quiet,
That, my bacon to save, I fled down the nave,
When I saw—all at once—pray don't fancy I rave,—
The Statues in motion.—Have you e'er seen a Statue,
In the moonlight, at midnight—a-coming right at you?
Down from her horse swung the Amazon bold,
The Lioness dropped, much relieved, from her hold;
And the Horse gave a shake, as if thankful to break
From the pose he'd been forced for a six months to take.
Then tripped up the nave HIRAM POWER'S Greek Slave,
In a Bloomer costume, most provokingly grave;
And MONTI'S sweet Vestal came swathed in her veil,
Peeping out from its wrappings, so pensive and pale,
Like a belle from the crush-room or ball, covered warm—
And, oh! how I longed just to offer my arm!
Mother EVE from the wall whipped a large India shawl,
And folded herself up the closest of all.
And here, with a clank, fit to stave in each plank,
Came, with HAGEN and GUNTHER, the Niebelung rank.
And sans-culottes Cupids, a plump little throng,
From the Milanese Room, trundled, scampering along,
Not heeding poor VENUS, who begg'd and beseech'd
They'd come back, like dear good little boys, to be breech'd.
Down came "ELDON" and "STOWELL," both stiff with the gout,
And I heard "ELDON" whisper, while looking about,
With a shrug "Humph! No good will come of it, I doubt!"
At last, lest I might be by accident crush'd
By the Statues that hitherward, thitherward, rush'd,
I made myself small, and shrank into a nook,
And plucked up a heart on the chaos to look:
When all was suddenly still as before—
The movement in each compartment was o'er,
And a shadowy form stood at every door!
And something within reveal'd to me
'Twas the Spirit of each land's Industry,
Which had gather'd itself from the objects there,
And now stood reveal'd to my wondering stare.

France I knew, by the red cap she wore,
And the tatter'd and trailing tricolor:
Austria, by her scowl of pride
On sad, sweet Italy, crouch'd by her side:
Russia, by crown barbaric of mould,—
All malachite and Ural gold:
Germany, by her flag outspread,
With its motley of yellow, and black, and red;
Which Prussia slyly strove to hold back,
Protruding before it her white and black:
Switzerland stood like a mountain queen,
Sturdy of limb, and free of mien:
By broad-based Holland, half fish, half maid,
With rudder, and oar, and dyking-spade;
While Denmark and Sweden were NORNAS fair,
With ice-blue eyes and amber hair;
America full well I knew,
By her stars, and stripes, and her Eagle, too,
But her hand held a scourge, and her back show'd scars,
And somehow the stripes seem'd to dim the stars:
Persia, on her cushions lying,
Her almond eyes with kohl was dyeing:
And Turkey, a slipper'd and shrouded dame,
Flash'd from her yashmac a glance of flame;
While India show'd, with a lazy grace,
From shawls and muslins, a dusky face,
Large eyes half of languor, and half of light,
And a brow that blazed with the Koh-i-Noor's light.

But in stature far above the rest, I mark'd one spirit tower,
The spirit of my own England—a spirit of peace and power;

Her eyes were deep and clear of look, and placid was her cheek;
And in her bearing that high calm to which all else is weak;
And as I bow'd before her, her chaste lips oped to speak:—

"Son, but now I heard a murmur in that shallow heart of thine,
That this gathering of wonders must henceforth no more be mine;
And a hard thing to thy folly it appear'd to scatter forth
All these garner'd fruits of labour, East and West, and South and
North.

Know, vain heart, it is not only what they brought unto my shore
That my guests will take back with them—poorer were they than before;
No, a store of mighty import will with each and all return,
Till the world shall by the scattering—more than by the gathering—earn.
As the seeds of costly spice-trees by the Indian birds are spread,
So, by all my guests returning, precious seeds will wide be shed;
Seeds of peace, good-will to nations—seeds of useful arts untried,
With whose growths the world hereafter will be glad from tide to tide."

The deep voice ceased: and, when I raised my head,
Grey morn sat in the East, and I was snug a-bed!

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

(Delivered without prejudice to the real merits of the Question.)



ON'T a lady's dress of the present day
take so many lengths to make up
—according to the taste of the
wearer?—but, with the Bloomer
costume, I should be sorry to say to
what lengths the lady, who wears
it, might feel inclined to go to!"—
An Indignant Milliner.

"Should the Bloomer costume be
adopted, petticoats will go out, and
petticoats going out, there may be
an e. d. at last, to all Petticoat Go-
vernment!—of which no one will be
more heartily rejoiced than"—
The Hen-Pecked Husband.

"'Ere's the jolly good health of
the Bloomer costume! For I tell
you what, BILL, our 'Bus, with all
the shaking in the world, won't
carry more than sixteen ladies,
pack 'em as tight as you will; but
I find that it will take twenty
Bloomers comfortably, and allow
each on 'em a Bloomer Baby on
the lap! It's the dress, my boy,
vot makes the difference."—
The 'Bus Conductor.

"Oh, dear! how delightful it will be for jumping over the stiles!"—
The Fast Young Lady.

"I'm in favour of the new costume; because if my wife bothers me
for a new dress, I shall refer her to the tailor, and I can make out a
tailor's bill, and I know all his prices; whereas I defy any man to under-
stand a milliner's."—*The Mean Husband.*

"This new dress will take all opposition off the road—for, really, the
long dresses of the ladies swept everything so clean, that there was
nothing left for us to clear away after them. In short, I look upon the
Bloomer as the very best friend to the Broomer."—*The Street Orderly.*

"I don't care how my girls dress, as long as they dress decently;
but I am sure—as sure as quarter-day—that they will hang on to the
skirts of this new Bloomer costume—that is to say, if it has any skirts
—if it is only for the sake of getting a new dress: for I never knew
any girl of mine let a new dress slip through her fingers when she had
a chance of getting one."—*The Good-natured Papa.*

The Senate and the Circus.

It is a wonder that *La Patrie*, or some other French newspaper, has
not adverted to the "East Riding Election," as an instance of JOHN
BULL'S irreverent humour, supposing it to be an equestrian burlesque
on our representative system, performed at BATTY'S.