







THE
LITERATURE OF KISSING,

GLEANED FROM

HISTORY, POETRY, FICTION, AND
ANECDOTE.

BY

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"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine."

SHAKSPEARE.

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PREFACE.

FROM the time of the first kisses recorded in the book of Genesis,—the kiss with which Jacob imposed upon the credulity of his blind old father and defrauded his brother of the blessing intended for him, and that of Jacob the lover when he met Rachel at the well,—to the present hour, the custom of kissing has been so universally honored in the observance that one would naturally expect to find in any well-regulated library a formal treatise upon its manifold phases and expressions. Yet, with the exception of a few insignificant monographs of the seventeenth century, the curious inquirer would find upon the shelves nothing specially devoted to a custom with which all of human kind, from the elect of the children of men to the dwellers *in partibus infidelium*, are familiar. To borrow a waggish saying, the knowledge of the art has been principally transmitted from mouth to mouth. Herrenschiidius published his "Osculogia" in 1630; Muller, "De Osculo Sancto," in 1674; and Kempius, "De Osculis," in 1680. Boberg wrote upon the fashion of kissing among the Hebrews, and Pfanner upon the kisses of the primitive Christians,—both in Latin. But works of this character are inaccessible to general readers. Those modern classics, the "Basia" of Secundus, and the "Baisers" of Dorat and of Bonnefons, are readily attainable, both in the original and in the form of translations and paraphrases.

Beyond this extremely limited range the literature of kissing is scattered as widely as its practice. For the earlier presentment of a custom favored in all ages, we must recur to the Bible. There only may we raise "the barred visor of antiquity" for full and conclusive revelation; and there shall

we find that the kiss, in all the varied forms of which it is susceptible, was recognized among ancient kindred, and lovers, and friends, as an expression of affection or sympathy, as a symbol of joy or sorrow, as a token of welcome or farewell, as a mark of reverence, or reconciliation, or gratitude, or humility. There, likewise, shall we find the kiss of hypocrisy, as noted in the case of Absalóm on the eve of his conspiracy; the sensual kiss, as referred to in the Proverbs; and the spiritual kiss, of the Song of Solomon.

In the annals of the later periods of human passions and activities the records of the custom are more widely diffused. Since the woman "which was a sinner" washed the feet of the Master with tears, wiped them with her hair, and kissed them so humbly and with such affectionate tenderness, millions of good Christians have done the same in their hearts. Since the Emperor Justinian kissed the foot of the sovereign pontiff Constantine, millions of the faithful in the mother church have bowed their necks to kiss the embroidered cross on the slipper of the Pope. Since "the sweet, soft murmur of a kiss of love" was first heard in the groves and gardens of Judea, "a great multitude, which no man could number," have had recourse to the same token as seal to the indenture of their own loves, have found in the same attraction another eloquence than that of words, and in the retrospections of after-days have lingered lovingly upon the memories of the same rainbow radiance, the same celestial beam that from their own life smiled the clouds away. It is the same charm, the same story,

"Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always."

In endless succession, from generation to generation, are the kisses arising from the filial and fraternal relations, the interchanges of affection and friendship, the meetings and the partings, the compliments of esteem and the promptings of admiration, the outburst of grief and the beguilement of treachery. Whether formulated by the cautious prescripts of Mrs. Grundy and her disciples, exhibited in the bluff and unconventional fashion of swaggering rustics, or quickened into life with the emotional abruptness which in Brooklyn is

termed "paroxysmal;" whether consecrated only to the holiest affections, or peddled at church fairs and festivals as a substitute for raffling; whether under moonlight or gaslight, by the seaside or the fireside, it is still in its diversified forms the one perennial beatitude, the one never-ending, still-beginning delight, which "age cannot wither, nor custom stale;"

"The young men's vision, and the old men's dream."

Said Sydney Smith, as quoted in the course of the present volume, "We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

"I would often ask her," says Farjeon, "being of an inquisitive turn of mind, 'Mother, what have you got for dinner to-day?' 'Bread and Cheese and Kisses,' she would reply merrily. Then I knew that one of our favorite dishes was sure to be on the table, and I rejoiced accordingly. And to this day, Bread and Cheese and Kisses bears for me in its simple utterance a sacred and beautiful meaning. It means contentment; it means cheerfulness; it means the exercise of sweet words and gentle thought; it means Home!"

It is in the home-centre that we are first taught "such kisses as belong to early days;" it is there that the maternal embrace proves an efficacious restorative for infantile grievances.

"Who was it caught me when I fell,
And kissed the place to make it well?
My mother."

The boy goes forth from the juvenile attractions of the Kiss-in-the-Ring to the later allurements of the mistletoe bough; the youth of larger growth finds exhilaration in the sportiveness that incites him to

"Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places,
And woo sweet kisses from averted faces."

As the years glide away, destiny leads him to

"The overture kiss to the opera of love;"

while in the maturer days of manhood courtship brings the happy day when, as a bridegroom, he meets his bride,

“ And claims her with a loving kiss.”

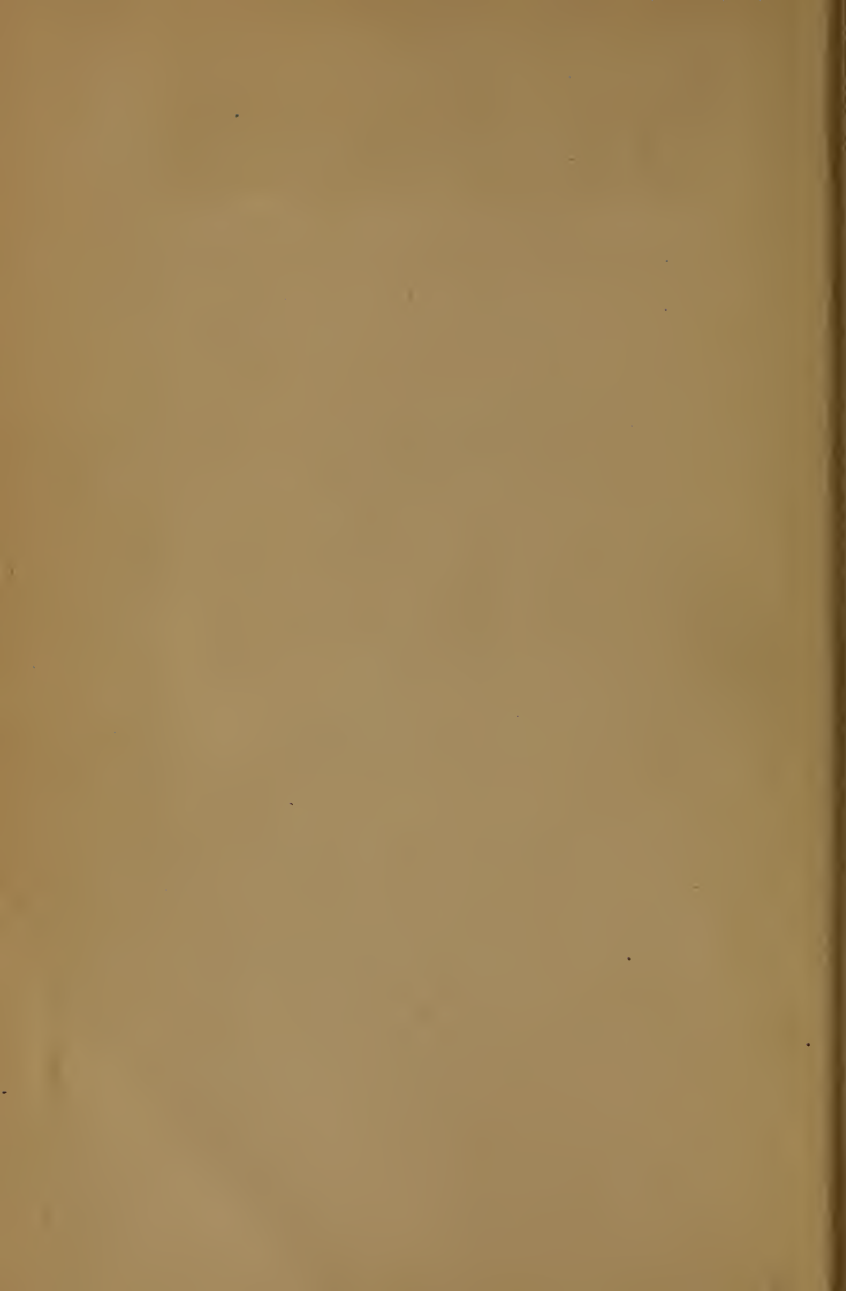
Then come the kisses of connubial and parental love, and, finally,

“ Life’s autumnal blossoms fall,
And earth’s brown clinging lips impress
The long cold kiss that waits us all.”

The observance of the custom, therefore, throughout life, and in all the relations of life, presents a broad field for the inspirations of the poet and the “situations” of the novelist; while in history, tradition, legend, and story it furnishes an endless number of charming and picturesque episodes. To gather together some of its varied interpretations and exemplifications from the wide range of our accumulated literature is the object of this volume. To recur to its ancient as well as its modern phases, to re-awaken some of its historic memories, to dwell briefly upon its poetic enchantments, to show its employment in the drama and in fiction, in metaphor and in anecdote, to exhibit its humorous side and its sorrowful side, to unveil the strength of its sincerity and the peril of its treachery, is the purpose of the editor. Inasmuch as the limitations of a duodecimo are too disproportionate to such breadth and scope of illustration to permit exhaustive treatment of our subject, the aim is to be selective and at the same time comprehensive. In the preparation of a work to fill a hiatus in our modern *Collectanea*, the difficulty which is constantly encountered is that of exclusion. Much that is worthy of a place is necessarily omitted, but the editor trusts that the materials which have been appropriated will measurably supply the deficiency which has been pointed out, and prove acceptable to a large class of readers. To those who welcome the book it has only briefly to say, in the language of the Eastern apologue, “I am not the rose, but I live with the rose, and so I have become sweet.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE KISS IN HISTORY	9
THE KISS IN POETRY	93
THE KISS IN DRAMATIC LITERATURE	191
THE KISS IN FICTION	225
THE KISS IN HUMOROUS STORY AND ANECDOTE	273
MISCELLANEOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS	321





THE KISS IN HISTORY.

THE KISS IMPRIMIS.

MILTON tells us in "Paradise Lost," Book IV., how the pioneer lover saluted the mother of the human race in the bowers of Eden :

" he, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers ; and pressed her matron lips
With kisses pure."

SIGNIFICANCE AMONG THE HEBREWS.

ORIGINALLY, in Oriental life, the act of kissing had a symbolical character whose import was, in many respects, of greater breadth than that of the custom in our day. Acts, as Dr. Beard, the German theologian, remarks, speak no less—sometimes far more—forcibly than words. In the early period of society, when the foundation was laid of most even of our Western customs, action constituted a large portion of what we may term human language, or the means of intercommunication between man and man ; because then words were less numerous, books unknown, the entire machinery of speaking being in its rudimental and elementary state, less developed and called

into play ; to say nothing of that peculiarity of the Oriental character (if, indeed, it be not a characteristic of all nations in primitive ages) which inclined men to general taciturnity, with occasional outbreaks of fervid, abrupt, or copious eloquence. In this language of action, a kiss, inasmuch as it was a bringing into contact of parts of the body of two persons, was naturally the expression and the symbol of affection, regard, respect, and reverence ; and if deeper source of its origin were sought for, it would, doubtless, be found in the fondling and caresses with which the mother expresses her tenderness for her babe. That the custom is of very early date, and very varied in its form among the Hebrews, may be seen in numerous familiar citations from Holy Writ.



DIVERSITIES IN THE BIBLE.

SALUTATION.

DAVID . . . fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times ; and they [David and Jonathan] kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded.—1 *Samuel* xx. 41.

Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss.—1 *Thess.* v. 26.

Salute one another with a holy kiss.—*Romans* xvi. 16.

[See also *Exod.* xviii. 7 ; 1 *Cor.* xvi. 20 ; 1 *Pet.* v. 14.]

VALEDICTION.

The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband [Naomi to her daughters-in-law]. Then she kissed them ; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.—*Ruth* i. 9.

RECONCILIATION.

So Joab came to the king, and told him : and when he had called for Absalom, he came to the king, and bowed

himself on his face to the ground before the king: and the king kissed Absalom.—2 *Samuel* xiv. 33.

SUBJECTION.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.—*Psalms* ii. 12.

APPROBATION.

Every man shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer.—*Prov.* xxiv. 26.

ADORATION.

—All the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.—1 *Kings* xix. 18.

[See also *Hosea* xiii. 2.]

And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.—*Luke* vii. 38.

TREACHERY.

Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast.

And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him.—*Matt.* xxvi. 48, 49.

The kisses of an enemy are deceitful.—*Prov.* xxvii. 6.

[See also *Prov.* vii. 13.]

AFFECTION.

When Laban heard the tidings of Jacob his sister's son, he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him, and brought him to his house.—*Gen.* xxix. 13.

Moreover he [Joseph] kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them.—*Gen.* xlv. 15.

And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him.—*Gen.* l. 1.

[See also Gen. xxxi. 55, xxxiii. 4, xlvi. 10; Exod. iv. 27; Luke xv. 20; Acts xx. 37.]

A Hebrew commentator on Genesis xxix. 11 says that the Rabbins did not permit more than three kinds of kisses, the kiss of reverence, of reception, and of dismissal.

With reference to the expression of reverence or worship in the foregoing quotations, it should be noted that to adore idols and to kiss idols mean the same thing. Indeed, the word *adore* signifies simply to carry the hand *to the mouth*, that is, to kiss it to the idol. We still kiss the hand in salutation. Various parts of the body are kissed to distinguish the character of the adoration paid. Thus, to kiss the lips is to adore the living breath of the person saluted; to kiss the feet or ground is to humble one's self in adoration; to kiss the garments is to express veneration for whatever belongs to or touches the person who wears them. Pharaoh tells Joseph, "Thou shalt be over my house, and upon thy mouth shall all my people kiss," meaning that they would reverence the commands of Joseph by kissing the roll on which they were written. "Samuel poured oil on Saul, and kissed him," to acknowledge subjection to God's anointed. In the Hebrew state, this mode of expressing reverence arose from the peculiar form of government under the patriarchal figure.

SYMBOLICAL EXPRESSION AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

ANCIENT HISTORY AND POETRY COMMINGLED.

IN Homer's beautiful description of the parting of Hector from his wife and child upon returning to the field of battle, occurs a touching recital of paternal affection and solicitude (*Iliad*, vi.). The passage is so beautiful that we quote it at length:

“ Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse’s breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest ;
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hastened to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father’s prayer.

“ ‘ O thou ! whose glory fills th’ ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers, protect my son !
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country’s foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age !
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father’s fame.’ ”

The grief of the venerable Priam upon learning of the death of his favorite son, Hector, at the hands of Achilles, and his journey to the Grecian camp to beg of Achilles the body of Hector for burial, are portrayed with equal force (*Iliad*, xxiv.). The Trojan monarch, prostrating himself before the warrior,

“ Embraced his knees, and bathed his hands in tears ;
Those direful hands his kisses pressed, imbrued
E’en with the best, the dearest of his blood.”

In the course of his entreaty, which completely softens Achilles, the suppliant says :

“ Think of thy father, and this face behold !
See him in me, as helpless and as old !

Though not so wretched : there he yields to me,
 The first of men in sovereign misery !
 Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to embrace
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;
 Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore !”

—◆—

VIRGIL gives us a picture similar to that of Hector when bidding farewell to his child. Æneas, having recovered from a dangerous wound, returns to the combat with Turnus, first bestowing his blessing upon his son Ascanius (*Æneid*, xii.) :

“ Then with a close embrace he strained his son,
 And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun :
 ‘ My son ! from my example learn the war,
 In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare :
 But happier chance than mine attend thy care !
 This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
 And crown with honors of the conquered field ;
 Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
 To toils of war, be mindful of thy worth :
 Assert thy birthright ; and in arms be known
 For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.’ ”

Turning from the camp to the sweets of domestic life, we find in the same charming poet (*Georg.* ii. 523) these lines :

“ His cares are eased with intervals of bliss :
 His little children, climbing for a kiss,
 Welcome their father's late return at night ;
 His faithful bed is crowned with chaste delight.”

—◆—

XENOPHON says, in “*Agesilaus*” (v. 4), that it was a national custom with the Persians to kiss whomsoever they

honored. And Herodotus (i. 134), in speaking of their manners and customs, says, "If Persians meet at any time by accident, the rank of each party is easily discovered: if they are of equal dignity, they salute each other on the mouth; if one is an inferior, they only kiss the cheek; if there be a great difference in situation, the inferior falls prostrate on the ground." Respecting the mode of salutation between relatives, the following passage from the "Cypœdia" of Xenophon (i. 4) is worth transcribing:

"If I may be allowed to relate a sportive affair, it is said that when Cyrus went away, and he and his relations parted, they took their leave, and dismissed him with a kiss, according to the Persian custom,—for the Persians practise it to this day,—and that a certain Mede, a very excellent person, had been long struck with the beauty of Cyrus, and when he saw Cyrus's relations kiss him, he stayed behind, and, when the rest were gone, accosted Cyrus, and said to him, 'And am I, Cyrus, the only one of all your relations that you do not know?' 'What!' said Cyrus, 'are you a relation?' 'Yes,' said he. 'This was the reason, then,' said Cyrus, 'that you used to gaze at me; for I think I recollect that you frequently did so.' 'I was very desirous,' said he, 'to salute you, but I was always ashamed to do it.' 'But,' said Cyrus, 'you that are a relation ought not to have been so.' So, coming up to him, he kissed him. The Mede, having received the kiss, is said to have asked this question: 'And is it a custom among the Persians to kiss relations?' 'It is so,' said Cyrus, 'when they see one another at some distance of time, or when they part.' 'Then,' said the Mede, 'it seems now to be time for you to kiss me again; for, as you see, I am just going away.' So Cyrus, kissing him again, dismissed him, and went his way. They had not gone very far before the Mede came

up with him again, with his horse all over in a sweat ; and Cyrus, getting sight of him, said, ‘What ! have you forgotten anything that you had a mind to say to me?’ ‘No, by Jove,’ said he, ‘but I am come again at a distance of time.’ ‘Dear relation,’ said he, ‘it is a very short time.’ ‘How a short one?’ said the Mede: ‘do you not know, Cyrus, that the very twinkling of my eyes is a long time to be without seeing you, you who are so lovely?’ Here Cyrus, from being in tears, broke out into laughter, bid him go his way and take courage, adding that in a little time he would be with him again, and that then he would be at liberty to look at him, if he pleased, with steady eyes and without twinkling.”



THE kiss among the ancients was an essential implement in the armory of love. Virgil, for instance, uses it in the device by which Queen Dido was to be inspired with a passion for Æneas. Venus, in the course of her instructions to Cupid, says:

“Thyself a boy, assume a boy’s dissembled face ;
That when, amid the fervor of the feast,
The Tyrjia hugs and fondles thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou mayst infuse thy venom in her veins.”



HORACE, in the ode to Lydia, in which he gives such free expression to his jealousy (Ode XIII.), refers with considerable point and feeling to the osculatory attentions of his rival. The following translation is by Bulwer-Lytton :

“When thou the rosy neck of Telephus,
The waxen arms of Telephus, art praising,
Woe is me, Lydia, how my jealous heart
Swells with the anguish I would vainly smother !

“Then in my mind thought has no settled base,
 To and fro shifts upon my cheek the color,
 And tears that glide adown in stealth reveal
 By what slow fires mine inmost self consumeth.

“I burn, whether he quarrel o’er his wine,
 Stain with a bruise dishonoring thy white shoulders,
 Or whether my boy-rival on thy lips
 Leave by a scar the mark of his rude kisses.

“Hope not, if thou wouldst hearken unto me,
 That one so little kind prove always constant ;
 Barbarous indeed, to wound sweet lips imbued
 By Venus with a fifth part of her nectar.*

“Thrice happy, ay, more than thrice happy, they
 Whom one soft bond unbroken binds together ;
 Whose love serene from bickering and reproach
 In life’s last moment finds the first that severs.”

The closing lines of an ode to Mæcenas (Lib. II. Ode XII.) are worth noting :

“Say, for all that Achæmenes boasted of treasure,
 All the wealth which Mygdonia gave Phrygia in tribute,
 All the stores of all Araby—say, wouldst thou barter
 One lock of Lycimnia’s bright hair ?

“When at moments she bends down her neck to thy
 kisses,
 Or declines them with coy but not cruel denial,
 Rather pleased if the prize be snatched off by the spoiler,
 Nor slow in reprisal sometimes.”

* The ancients supposed that honey contained a tenth part of nectar, and therefore the lips of Lydia were imbued with double the nectar bestowed on honey.

Literally, "when she turns to meet the ardent kisses, or with a gentle cruelty denies what she would more delight to have ravished by the petitioner; sometimes she is eager to snatch them herself."

IN the Latin Anthology is an ode to another Lydia, by an unknown poet, but probably Gallus, which breathes throughout the rapturous idolatry of the enamored writer. We have only space for these lines:

"Unveil those rosy cheeks, o'erspread
 With blushes of the Tyrian red,
 And pout those coral lips of thine,
 And breathe the turtle's kiss on mine;
 Deep on my heart you print that kiss,
 You melt my wildered soul in bliss.
 Ah, softly, girl! thy amorous play
 Has sucked my very blood away!
 Hide thy twin bosom fruit, just shown
 Milk-ripe above thy bursting zone;
 Such sweets, as India's summer gale
 Wafts from her spice-beds, they exhale."

OVID appropriates the kiss most effectively in his passages descriptive of the endearments, the fascinations, the yearnings, and the transports of love. Briseis in her letter to Achilles, begging him to return to the Grecian camp, is made to say:

"Oh that the Greeks would send me hence to try
 If I could make your stubborn heart comply!
 Few words I'd use; all should be sighs, and tears,
 And looks, and kisses, mixed with hopes and fears;
 My love like lightning through my eyes should fly,
 And thaw the ice which round your heart does lie;

Sometimes my arms about your neck I'd throw ;
 And then embrace your knees and humbly bow.
 There is more eloquence in tears and kisses
 Than in the smooth harangues of sly Ulysses."*

In the letter of Sappho to her lover, Phaon, when he had forsaken her, and she had resolved upon suicide, we have a picture of that "sorrow's crown of sorrow," the remembrance in adversity of happier days :

"Yet once your Sappho could your cares employ,
 Once in her arms you centred all your joy ;
 Still all those joys to my remembrance move,
 For, oh, how vast a memory has love !
 My music then you could forever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear ;
 You stopped with kisses my enchanting tongue,
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 The fair Sicilians now your soul inflame :
 Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?"

A wife's affection is shown in the letter of Laodamia to her husband at Aulis with the Grecian fleet :

"Yet while before the leaguer thou dost lie,
 Thy picture is some pleasure to my eye ;
 There must be something in it more than art,
 'Twere very thee, could it thy mind impart :
 I kiss the pretty idol, and complain,
 As if (like thee) 'twould answer me again. "

This pretty conceit, which the moderns have often copied from Ovid, occurs in the epistle of Paris to Helen :

* Ulysses had been sent by Agamemnon to the offended Achilles to induce him to return, but was treated by the latter with disdain. hence the importunity of Briseis.

“If you your young Hermione but kiss,
Straight from her lips I snatch the envied bliss.”

In his “Art of Love” (Book I.) Ovid thus pursues his course of instruction :

“Tears, too, are of utility : by tears you will move adamant. Make her, if you can, to see your moistened cheeks. If tears shall fail you, for indeed they do not always come in time, touch your eyes with your wet hand. What discreet person will not mingle kisses with tender words? Though she should not grant them, still take them ungranted. Perhaps she will struggle at first, and will say, ‘You naughty man!’ Still, in her struggling she will wish to be overcome. Only, let them not, rudely snatched, hurt her tender lips, and take care that she may not be able to complain that they have proved a cause of pain. He who has gained kisses, if he cannot gain the rest as well, will deserve to lose even that which has been granted him. How much is there wanting for unlimited enjoyment after a kiss! Oh, shocking! ’twere clownishness, not modesty. Call it violence, if you like; such violence is pleasing to the fair; they often wish, through compulsion, to grant what they are delighted to grant.”



TURNING from Ovid to the Greek Anthology, we find this epigram :

“The kiss that she left on my lip
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie :
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh !

“The dew that distilled in that kiss
To my soul was voluptuous wine :
Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine.”

ANACREON, in one of his odes, speaks of the heart flying to the lips; and Plato, in a distich quoted by Aulus Gellius, tells us of the effect of a kiss upon his susceptibility:

“Whene’er thy nectared kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath in melting twine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.”

Plato also wrote:

“My soul, when I kissed Agathon, did start
Up to my lips, just ready to depart.”

“Oh! on that kiss my soul,
As if in doubt to stay,
Lingered awhile, on fluttering wing prepared
To fly away.”



ANACREON uses this figurative expression:

“They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallowed kisses.”

By the ancient expression “cups of kisses,” reference is most probably made to a favorite gallantry among the Greeks and Romans of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim. Ben Jonson’s oft-quoted verses to Celia, in which occur the lines—

“Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I’ll not ask for wine,”—

are translated from Philostratus, a Greek poet of the second century.

Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea: “that you may at once both drink and kiss.” And Meleager says:

“Blest is the goblet, oh! how blest,
Which Heliodora’s lips have pressed!
Oh! might thy lips but meet with mine,
My soul should melt away in thine.”

Agathias also says:

“I love not wine; but thou hast power
T’ intoxicate at any hour.
Touch first the cup with thine own lip,
Then hand it round for mine to sip,
And temperance at once gives way;
My sweet cup-bearer wins the day.
That cup’s a boat which ferries over
Thy kiss in safety to thy lover,
And tells by its delicious flavor
How much it revels in thy favor.”



LONGPIERRE, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a frail beauty, who, in order to gratify three lovers without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favor, and flattered himself with the preference.



IN one of Anacreon’s odes we find the strong and beautiful phrase, “a lip provoking kisses.”

“Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses.”

Tatius speaks of “lips soft and delicate for kissing;” and that grave old commentator, Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us, with all the authority of experi-

ence, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others!



ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, in his story of the loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine, describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting.* And Catullus, in his poems (viii.), asks, "Whom will you love now? Whose will you be called? Whom will you kiss? Whose lips will you bite? But you, Catullus, be stubbornly obdurate." As Lamb has it:

"Whose fondling care shalt thou avow?
Whose kisses now shalt thou return?
Whose lip in rapture bite? But thou,
Hold, hold, Catullus, cold and stern."

Or, as Elton renders it:

"Whom wilt thou for thy lover choose?
Whose shall they call thee, false one, whose?
Who shall thy darted kisses sip,
While thy keen love-bites scar his lip?
But thou, Catullus, scorn to feel:
Persist—and let thy heart be steel."

Plautus alludes to this biting;† and Horace says (Ode XIII.), as already quoted:

"Or on thy lips the fierce fond boy
Marks with his teeth the furious joy."

Plutarch tells us that Flora, the mistress of Cn. Pompey, used to say, in commendation of her lover, that she could never quit his arms without giving him a bite. And

* "Os parvum decensque labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima."

† "Teneris labellis molles morsiuunculæ."

Tibullus, in his confession of his illicit love for Delia, the wife of another, and of his devices for covering his tracks, says, among other things, "I gave her juices and herbs for removing the livid marks which mutual Venus makes by the impress of the teeth."



ANACREON finds in the brevity of life arguments for the voluptuary as well as for the moralist :

“Can we discern, with all our lore,
 The path we're yet to journey o'er?
 No, no, the walk of life is dark,
 'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!
 Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
 And through the dance meandering glide;
 Let me imbibe the spicy breath
 Of odors chafed to fragrant death,
 Or from the kiss of love inhale
 A more voluptuous, richer gale.”



OF the amatory writers who exhaust rhetoric to express the infinity of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses, Catullus takes the lead. In his famous verses to Lesbia (*Carm.* 5), he says :

“Let us live and love, my Lesbia, and a farthing for all the talk of morose old sages! Suns may set and rise again; but we, when once our brief light has set, must sleep through a perpetual night. Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then still another thousand, then a hundred. Then, when we shall have made up many thousands, we will confuse the reckoning, so that we ourselves may not know their amount, nor any spiteful person have it

in his power to envy us when he knows that our kisses were so many."

Roman superstition recognized an occult and mischievous potency in the sentiment of envy. Moreover, there was a prevalent notion that it excited the envy of the gods to *count* what gave one pleasure.

The following metrical versions of the foregoing are worth a place here. The first is by George Lamb (1821):

"Love, my Lesbia, while we live;
Value all the cross advice
That the surly graybeards give
At a single farthing's price."

"Suns that set again may rise;
We, when once our fleeting light,
Once our day in darkness dies,
Sleep in one eternal night."

"Give me kisses thousand-fold,
Add to them a hundred more;
Other thousands still be told,
Other hundreds, o'er and o'er."

"But, with thousands when we burn,
Mix, confuse the sums at last,
That we may not blushing learn
All that have between us past."

"None shall know to what amount
Envy's due for so much bliss;
None—for none shall ever count
All the kisses we will kiss."

The second is by C. A. Elton, whose translations of the classic poets were first published in 1814:

“ Let us, my Lesbia, live and love ;
Though the old should disapprove ;
Let us rate their saws severe
At the worth of a denier.
Suns can set beneath the main,
And lift their fated orbs again,
But we, when sets our scanted light,
Must slumber in perpetual night.
Give me, then, a thousand kisses ;
Add a hundred billing blisses ;
Give me a thousand kisses more ;
Then repeat the hundred o’er ;
Give me other thousand kisses ;
Give me other hundred blisses ;
And when thousands now are done,
Let us confuse them every one,
That we the number cannot know,
And none that saw us kissing so
Might glut his envious busy spleen
By counting o’er the kisses that had been.”

In another poem addressed to Lesbia (Carm. 7), Catullus says :

“ You ask how many kisses of yours, Lesbia, may be enough for me, and more. As the numerous sands that lie on the spicy shores of Cyrene, between the oracle of sultry Jove and the sacred tomb of old Battus ;* or as the many stars that in the silence of night behold men’s furtive amours ; to kiss you with so many kisses is enough and more for madly fond Catullus ; such a multitude as

* The temple of Jupiter Ammon and the tomb of Battus, founder of the city of Cyrene, were four hundred miles apart, the intervening space being a waste of sand.

prying gossips can neither count, nor bewitch with their evil tongues."

Lamb's translation is as follows :

"Thy kisses dost thou bid me count,
 And tell thee, Lesbia, what amount
 My rage for love and thee could tire,
 And satisfy and cloy desire?
 Many as grains of Libyan sand
 Upon Cyrene's spicy land,
 From prescient Ammon's sultry dome
 To sacred Battus' ancient tomb:
 Many as stars that silent ken
 At night the stolen loves of men.
 Yes, when the kisses thou shalt kiss
 Have reached a number vast as this,
 Then may desire at length be stayed,
 And e'en my madness be allayed,
 Then when infinity defies
 The calculations of the wise,
 Nor evil voice's deadly charm
 Can work the unknown number harm."

Thomas Moore gives the following exceedingly free rendering of the answer to the question :

"As many stellar eyes of light
 As through the silent waste of night,
 Gazing upon the world of shade,
 Witness some secret youth and maid,
 Who, fair as thou, and fond as I,
 In stolen joys enamored lie,—
 So many kisses, ere I slumber,
 Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
 So many vermil, honeyed kisses,
 Envy can never count our blisses :

No tongue shall tell the sum but mine ;
 No lips shall fascinate but thine !”

We cannot dismiss Catullus without one more specimen of his osculatory exuberance. In his lines “To My Love” (Carm. 48), he says :

“Were I allowed to kiss your sweet eyes without stint, I would kiss on and on up to three hundred thousand times ; nor even then should I ever have enough, not though our crop of kissing were thicker than the dry ears of the corn-field.”

Or in Lamb’s metrical version :

“If, all-complying, thou wouldst grant
 Thy lovely eyes to kiss, my fair,
 Long as I pleased, oh ! I would plant
 Three hundred thousand kisses there.

“Nor could I even then refrain,
 Nor satiate leave that fount of blisses,
 Though thicker than autumnal grain
 Should be our growing crop of kisses.”



MARTIAL, in his “Epigrams,” bestows a variety of attentions upon the promiscuous custom of kissing in Rome, as he found it in his day. In an epigram addressed to his friend Flaccus (xii. 98), he complains in very strong and very amusing terms of the persistent salutes of a certain class, who paid no heed whatever to times and seasons, places and circumstances, but broke through all forms and guards and conventional restraints.

On another occasion he pointed his invective in this manner (xii. 59) :

“Rome gives, on one’s return after fifteen years’ ab-

sence, such a number of kisses as exceeds those given by Lesbia to Catullus. Every neighbor, every hairy-faced farmer, presses on you with a strongly-scented kiss. Here the weaver assails you, there the fuller and the cobbler, who has just been kissing leather; here the owner of a filthy beard, and a one-eyed gentleman; there one with bleared eyes, and fellows whose mouths are defiled with all manner of abominations. It was hardly worth while to return."

His epigram to Linus (vii. 95) is rarely exceeded in its sarcastic severity. It closes in this manner:

—“No doubt,
Th' icicles hanging at thy dog-like snout,
The congealed snivel dangling on thy beard,
Ranker than th' oldest goat of all the herd.
The nastiest mouth in town I'd rather greet,
Than with thy flowing frozen nostrils meet.
If therefore thou hast either shame or sense,
Till April comes no kisses more dispense.”

The satirist thus pays his respects to a lady whose physical attractions do not appear to have had much charm for his fastidious taste:

“In vain, fond Philænis, thou woo'st my embrace:
Bald, carrotty, one-eyed, thy tripartite grace!
The wretch, poor Philænis, that would thee salute,
Can never aspire to the buss of a brute.” (ii. 33.)

And again:

“Why on my chin a plaster clapped?
Besalved my lips that are not chapped?
Philænis, why? The cause is this:
Philænis, thee I will not kiss.” (x. 22).

The illustrious Postumus comes in for a share of repugnance in this delicate fashion. We give the literal translation :

“I commend you, Postumus, for kissing me with only half your lip ; you may, however, if you please, withhold even the half of this half. Are you inclined to grant me a boon still greater, and even inexpressible? Keep this whole half entirely to yourself, Postumus.” (ii. 10.)

And elsewhere, thus :

“To some, Postumus, you give kisses, to some your right hand. ‘Which do you prefer?’ you say: ‘choose.’ I prefer your hand.”

In another place (iii. 53) Martial addresses Chloe in this ungallant and uncourtly style :

“I could do without your face, and your neck, and your hands, and your limbs, and your bosom, and other of your charms. Indeed, not to fatigue myself with enumerating each of them, I could do without you, Chloe, altogether.”

This *brusquerie* has been imitated by Thomas Moore in the following manner :

“I could resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er its splendor used to thrill me;
And e'en that cheek of roseate hue—
To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

“That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However much I've raved about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
I *think* I could exist without it.

“In short, so well I've learned to fast,
That sooth, my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last
——To do without you altogether.”

On the other hand, when it comes to the kisses of his favorite (xi. 8), Martial indulges in the following exuberant fancy :

“The fragrance of balsam extracted from aromatic trees ; the ripe odor yielded by the teeming saffron ; the perfume of fruits mellowing in their winter repository ; or of the flowery meadows in the vernal season ; or of silken robes of the empress from her Palatine wardrobes ; of amber warmed by the hand of a maiden ; of a jar of dark Falerian wine, broken and scented from a distance ; of a garden that attracts the Sicilian bees ; of the alabaster jars of Cosmus, and the altars of the gods ; of the chaplet just fallen from the brow of the luxurious ;—but why should I mention all these things singly ? not one of them is enough by itself ; mix all together,* and you have the perfume of the morning kisses of my favorite. Do you want to know the name ? I will only tell you of the kisses. You swear to be secret. You want to know too much, Sabinus.”

One more selection from Martial (vi. 34) will suffice for this branch of our subject :

“Give me, Diadumenus, close kisses. ‘How many?’ you say. You bid me count the waves of the ocean, the shells scattered on the shores of the Ægean Sea, the bees that wander on Attic Hybla, or the voices and clappings that resound in the full theatre when the people suddenly see the countenance of the emperor. I should not be content even with as many as Lesbia, after many

* What more ? All's not enough : mix all t'express
My dear girl's morning kisses' sweetnesses.
You'd know her name ? I'll naught but kisses tell ;
I doubt, I swear, you'd know her fain too well.

Old MS. 16th Century.

entreaties, gave to the witty Catullus : he wants but few who can count them."

The following imitation was written by Sir C. Hanbury Williams :

"Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure girl never gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

"I'm not to be stinted in pleasure ;
Then, prithee, my charmer, be kind,
For, while I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confined.

"Count the bees that on Hybla are playing ;
Count the flowers that enamel its fields ;
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying ;
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields.

"Go number the stars in the heaven ;
Count how many sands on the shore :
When so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

"To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
With my arms I'll forever enfold thee,
And twist round thy limbs like a vine.

"What joy can be greater than this is ?
My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
But the wretch that can number his kisses
With few will be ever content."

TRACES IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

KISSING appears to have been the usual method of salutation in England in former times. A Greek traveller, named Chalondyles, who visited Britain five centuries ago, says :

“As for English females and children, their customs are liberal in the extreme. For instance, when a visitor calls at a friend’s house, his first act is to kiss his friend’s wife; he is then a duly-installed guest. Persons meeting in the street follow the same custom, and no one sees anything improper in the action.”

Another Greek traveller of a century later, also adverts to this osculatory custom. He says :

“The English manifest much simplicity and lack of jealousy in their customs as regards females; for not only do members of the same family and household kiss them on the lips with complimentary salutations and enfolding of the arms round the waist, but even strangers, when introduced, follow the same mode, and it is one which does not appear to them in any degree unbecoming.”

Chaucer often alludes to it. Thus, the Frere in the Sompnour’s Tale, upon the entrance of the mistress of the house into the room where her husband and he were together,

“ariseth up ful curtisly,
And hire embraceth in his armes narwe,
And kisseth hire swete and chirketh as a sparwe
With his lippes.”

Robert de Brunne (1303) says that the custom formed part of the ceremony of drinking healths :

“That sais wasseille drinkis of the cup,
Kiss and his felow he gives it up.”

In Hone's "Year-Book" occurs the following passage :

"Another specimen of our ancient manners is seen in the French embrace. The gentleman, and others of the male sex, lay hands on the shoulders, and touch the side of each other's cheek ; but on being introduced to a lady, they say to her father, brother, or friend, *Permettez moi*, and salute each of her cheeks. . . . And was not this custom in England in Elizabeth's reign? Let us read one of the epistles of the learned Erasmus, which, being translated, is in part as follows :

" 'Although, Faustus, if you knew the advantages of Britain, truly you would hasten thither with wings to your feet ; and, if your gout would not permit, you would wish you possessed the wings of Dædalus. For just to touch on one thing out of many here, there are lasses with heavenly faces, kind, obliging, and you would far prefer them to all your Muses. There is, besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended. If you go to any place, you are received with a kiss by all ; if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a kiss ; if you return, the kisses are exchanged. Do they come to visit you, a kiss is the first thing ; do they leave you, you kiss them all around. Do they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance. In short, wherever you turn, there is nothing but kisses. Ah, Faustus, if you had once tasted the tenderness, the fragrance of these kisses, you would wish to stay in England, not for ten years only, but for life."

This unctuous expatiation of the far-famed Dutchman is in rather broad contrast with the stern reprobation of John Bunyan, who says, in his "Grace Abounding:"

"The common salutation of women I abhor ; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that

have visited them, I have made my objection against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they have made balks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored ones go?"

More than a century before this decided expression of the great allegorist, Richard Whytford had said, in his "Type of Perfection" (1532):

"It becometh not, therefore, the personnes religious to follow *the manere of secular personnes*, that in theyr congregesses or commune metynges, or departyngs, done use to kysse, take hands, or such other touchings that good religious personnes shulde utterly avoyde."

In Collet's "Relics of Literature" may be found this suggestive paragraph:

"Dr. Pierius Winsemius, historiographer to their High Mightinesses the States of Friesland, in his *Chronijck van Frieslandt*, 1622, tells us that the pleasant practice of kissing was utterly 'unpractised and unknown' in England till the fair princess Ronix (Rowena), the daughter of King Hengist of Friesland, 'pressed the beaker with her lipkens, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husjen (a little kiss).'"

But, whether this Anglo-Saxon incident be true or mythical, it is certain that in the time of Cardinal Wolsey, who lived coterminously with Erasmus, from whom we have quoted, the osculatory reputation of the English was widely spread. Cavendish, the biographer of Wolsey, says, in reference to a visit at the château of M. Créqui, a distinguished French nobleman:

"Being in a fair great dining chamber, I awaited my Lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her

own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me, 'Forasmuch as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and *although it be not so here* in this realm [France, *temp.* Henry VIII.], yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof, I kissed my lady and all her women."

When Bulstrode Whitelock was at the court of Queen Christina of Sweden, as ambassador from Oliver Cromwell, he waited on her on May-day, to invite her to "take the air, and some little collation he had provided as her humble servant." She came with her ladies; and "both in supper-time and afterwards," being "full of pleasantness and gayety of spirits, among other frolics, commanded him to teach her ladies *the English mode of salutation*, which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelock most readily."

In a curious book published in London in 1694, entitled "The Ladies' Dictionary; being a General Entertainment for the Fair Sex," the author, who deals with the fashions of the time, remarks under the article "Kissing," as follows:

"But kissing and drinking both are now grown (it seems) to be a greater custom amongst us than in those days with the Romans. Nor am I so austere to forbid the use of either, both which, though the one in surfeits, the other in adulteries, may be abused by the vicious; yet contrarily at customary meetings and laudable banquets, they by the nobly disposed, and such whose hearts are fixed upon honor, may be used with much modesty and continence."

This osculatory custom seems to have disappeared about the time of the Restoration. Peter Heylin says it had for some time before been unfashionable in France. When he visited that country, in 1625, he thought it strange and uncivil that the ladies should turn away from the proffer of a salutation; and he indignantly exclaims "that the chaste and innocent kiss of an English gentlewoman is more in heaven than their best devotions." Its abandonment in England might have formed part of that French code of politeness which Charles II. introduced on his return. Apropos of this, we may here quote a letter of Rustic Sprightly to the "Spectator" (No. 240):

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a country gentleman, of a good, plentiful estate, and live as the rest of my neighbors, with great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the ladies the best company in the world, and have access as a sort of favorite. I never came in public but I saluted them, though in great assemblies, all around; where it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering my spurs in their petticoats, whilst I moved amongst them; and on the other side how prettily they curtsied and received me, standing in proper rows, and advancing as fast as they saw their elders, or their betters, dispatched by me. But so it is, MR. SPECTATOR, that all our good breeding is of late lost by the unhappy arrival of a courtier, or town gentleman, who came lately among us. This person, whenever he came into a room, made a profound bow and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the gross of the room by passing by them in a continued bow till he arrived at the person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a grace and assur-

ance that it is taken for the present fashion ; and there is no young gentlewoman within several miles of this place has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us. We country gentlemen cannot begin again and learn these fine and reserved airs ; and our conversation is at a stand till we have your judgment for or against kissing by way of civility or salutation, which is impatiently expected by your friends of both sexes, but by none so much as

“Your humble servant,

“RUSTIC SPRIGHTLY.”



THE custom of salutation by kissing appears to have prevailed in Scotland about 1637. It is incidentally noticed in the following extract from “Memoirs of the Life of James Mitchell, of Dykes, in the Parish of Ardrossan (Ayrshire), written by himself,” Glasgow, 1759, p. 85 ; a rare tract of 111 pages :

“The next business (as I spake before) was the Lord’s goodness and providence towards me, in that particular, with Mr. Alexander Dunlop, our minister, when he fell first into his reveries and distractions of groundless jealousy of his wife with sundry gentlemen, and of me in special. First, I have to bless God on my part he had not so much as a presumption (save his own fancies) of my misbehavior in any sort ; for, as I shall be accountable to that great God, before whose tribunal I must stand and give an account at that great day, I was not only free of all actual villany with that gentlewoman his wife, but also of all scandalous misbehavior either in private or public : yea, further, as I shall be saved at that great day, I did not so much as kiss her mouth in courtesy (so far as my knowledge and memory serves me) seven years before his jealousy brake forth : this was the ground of no small peace to my mind, . . . and last of all, the Lord brought

me clearly off the pursuit, and since he and I has kepted general fashions of common civility to this day, 12 December, 1637. I pray God may open his eyes and give him a sight of his weakness and insufficiency both one way and other. Now praise, honor, glory, and dominion be to God only wise (for this and all other his providences and favors unto me), now and ever. Amen.

“I subscribe with my hand the truth of this,

“JAMES MITCHELL.”

RELATIVE to kissing among men, Sir Walter Scott has the following passage in “Waverley” (ch. x.):

“At his first address to Waverley, it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine’s demeanor, for the tears stood in the old gentleman’s eyes, when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him *à-la-mode Française*, and kissed him on both sides of his face; while the hardness of his gripe, and the quantity of Scotch snuff which his *accolade* communicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.”

In “Rob Roy” Sir Walter also says (ch. xxxvi.):

“A boat waited for us in a creek beneath a huge rock, manned by four lusty Highland rowers; and our host took leave of us with great cordiality and even affection. Betwixt him and Mr. Jarvie, indeed, there seemed to exist a degree of mutual regard, which formed a strong contrast to their different occupations and habits. After kissing each other very lovingly, and when they were just in the act of parting, the Bailie, in the fulness of his heart, and with a faltering voice, assured his kinsman that ‘if ever a hundred pund, or even

two hundred, would put him or his family in a settled way, he need but just send a line to the Saut-Market;’ and Rob, grasping his basket-hilt with one hand, and shaking Mr. Jarvie’s heartily with the other, protested ‘that if ever anybody should affront his kinsman, an he would but let him ken, he would stow his lugs out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow.’”

Evelyn, in his “Diary and Correspondence,” writing to Mrs. Owen, says :

“Sir J. Shaw did us the honor of a visit on Thursday last, when it was not my hap to be at home, for which I was very sorry. I met him since casually in London, and kissed him there unfeignedly.”

And Charles Dickens, in “Little Dorrit,” gives us this amusing paragraph :

“‘You will draw upon us to-morrow, sir,’ said Mr. Flintwich, with a business-like face, at parting.

“‘My cabbage,’ returned Mr. Blandois, taking him by the collar with both hands, ‘I’ll draw upon you; have no fear. Adieu, my Flintwich. Receive at parting’—here he gave him a southern embrace, and kissed him soundingly on both cheeks—‘the word of a gentleman! By a thousand thunders, you shall see me again.’”



As a token of affection between father and son, the kiss, of course, has prevailed from time immemorial. Wickliffe, in his quaint rendering of the Bible, thus translates one of the earliest recorded instances, that of Isaac and Jacob (Gen. xxvii. 26, 27):

“Gyve to me a cosse, son myn. He come near and cossed him.”

But the preference in most cases, it must be confessed,

is that of the young English sailor in Congreve's "Love for Love." On his return, Ben dutifully seeks his father:

"*Sir Sampson.* My son Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy; thou art heartily welcome.

"*Ben.* Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

"*Sir S.* Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*Kisses him.*]

"*Ben.* So, so; enough, father. Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

"*Sir S.* And so thou shalt," etc.

And so he does, with right good will and alacrity.

MEMORABLE KISSES.

THAT was a wonderful kiss which Fatima received from her lover:

"Last night when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came,
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shivered in my narrow frame.
Oh, love! oh, fire! Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips—as sunlight drinketh dew."*

Then there was the precious kiss which Margarida gave her troubadour lover, when "she stretched out her arms and sweetly embraced him in the love-chamber," which coming to the knowledge of her husband (Raimon de Roussillon), he gave her the troubadour's heart to eat, disguised as a savory morsel. And there was Francesca's kiss, so sweet and yet so sad, so guilty and so pure, when

* Tennyson.

trembling Paolo kissed her and they read no more that day. And there are the kisses that Antony wasted a world so gladly for, "on a brow of Egypt,"—or rather, we suspect, on lips of Egypt,—and Othello's farewell kisses, which, tender and heart-broken as they were, had no magic in them to redeem poor Desdemona's life. Who does not remember that grand kiss of Coriolanus—

"Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!"—

which exhibits such a world of character and passion? and Romeo's dying kiss in the vault of the Capulets? and the famous kiss of Bassanio? Then there is the kiss Queen Margaret gave Alain Chartier, the memory of which is still fresh after three centuries have passed away. He was a poet, and the ugliest man in France. The last of his race died in Paris in November, 1863. The queen with her maids found him asleep one day, and bent over him and kissed his dreaming lips. "I kiss not the man," she said; "I kiss the soul that sings." Another poet, the countryman of Chartier, had, two centuries later, the honor of being publicly kissed in the stage-box by the young and lovely Countess de Villars; but in Voltaire's case the lady gave the osculatory salute not of her own free will, but in obedience to the commands of the *claqueurs* in the pit, mad with enthusiasm for the poet's "Mérope." Then there is the kiss which the fresh cheek of young John Milton received, during his college days, from the lips of the high-born Italian beauty, and the kisses of Laurence Sterne, concerning which he says, "For my own part, I would rather kiss the lips I love than dance with all the graces of Greece, after bathing themselves in the springs of Parnassus. Flesh and blood for me, with an angel in the inside."

Here is a white rose that has not faded through three

hundred years,—the white rose sent by a Yorkist lover to his Lancaster innamorata:*

“If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

“But if thy ruby lips it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.”

It is a pity that we do not know who plucked that rose with such courtly grace. The lines, like “Chevy Chase,” “The Nut-brown Maid,” and “Allan-a-Dale,” are a *filii nullius*, and, like many other anonymous waifs which have floated down to us, could, just as well as not, have carried a name on to immortality. What sort of a kiss was it that sweet Amy Robsart’s friend Leicester placed upon the lips of Queen Bess, and which, according to a chronicle of the time, “she took right heartilie”? It was certainly a bold proceeding “before folks,” considering who the parties were. The kiss that Chastelard asked of Mary Beaton was a notable one. Said the gallant Frenchman :

“Kiss me with some slow, heavy kiss,
That plucks the heart out at the lips.”



WHEN the Cardinal John of Lorraine was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss, greatly to the indignation of the churchman. “How, madam!” exclaimed he: “am I to be treated in this man-

* The Duke of Clarence to Lady E. Beauchamp.

ner? I kiss the queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you, who are only a duchess?" and without more ado he, despite the resistance of the proud little Portuguese princess, kissed her thrice on the mouth before he released her with an exultant laugh. The doughty cardinal was apparently of one mind with Sheldon, who thought that "to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring."

THE proud and pompous Constable of Castile, on his visit to the English court soon after the accession of James I., we are told, was right well pleased to bestow a kiss on Anne of Denmark's lovely maids of honor, "according to the custom of the country, and any neglect of which is taken as an affront."

WHEN Charles II. was making his triumphal progress through England, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hands, in their simplicity held up their pretty lips to be kissed by the king,—a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than the red-haired lover of pretty Nell Gwynn.

WHEN the excommunicated German emperor Henry IV. had been humbled by three days of penance, bare-foot and fasting, in the month of January, before the palace of Pope Gregory VII., he was admitted to "the superlative honor" of kissing the pontiff's toe. This, perhaps, was no greater humiliation than that of the haughty Doge, who, after seeing Genoa bombarded by the fleet of Louis XIV. on account of the assistance he had given to the Algerines, was reduced to the indignity

of going to Versailles to kiss the hand which had given his city to the flames.

MARIE ANTOINETTE frequently shocked the etiquette of her day at the French court. Once, upon receiving the Austrian ambassador, Count von Mercy, she advanced to meet him, and reached her hand to him, allowing him to press it to his lips. Of course Madame de Noailles was horror-stricken. The kissing of the queen's hand was a state ceremonial, and inadmissible at a private interview.

A pleasanter incident at the court of this queen is thus related by Madame Campan :

“Franklin appeared at court in the costume of an American husbandman: his hair straight and without powder, his round hat, and coat of brown cloth, formed a strong contrast with the spangled and embroidered coats, the powdered and pomatumed head-dresses, of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty charmed all the lively imaginations of the French ladies. They gave elegant fêtes to Doctor Franklin, who united the fame of one of the most skilful physicians [Madame Campan was led into this mistake by Franklin's title of doctor] to the patriotic virtues which induced him to take the noble rôle of apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these fêtes, where the most beautiful (the Comtesse de Polignac) among three hundred ladies was chosen to go and place a crown of laurel on the white hair of the American philosopher, and kiss both cheeks of the old man.”

TOM HOOD once asked whether Hannah More had ever been kissed,—that is to say, by a man. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a thing; and yet it has been

asserted by one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." But to think of her having been kissed "on the sly," and in church-time! Horace Smith distinctly affirms that, on a certain occasion,

"Sidney Morgan was playing the organ,
While behind the vestry door,
Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
From the lips of Hannah More!"



CHEVALIER BUNSEN, who rose from a humble position in life to great honor, was a man of vast *savoir*, but little erudition. As a theologian, the character to which he most aspired, he was severely criticised by the celebrated Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. The two savans met at Berlin at the Evangelical Alliance held several years ago. Bunsen kissed Merle; of course the polite Genevan could but return the compliment. Great was the ado about the "kiss of reconciliation," as the Germans called it, much to the annoyance of Dr. Merle, who had no idea of compromising the solemn writers of theology by a kiss! Besides, he said, he preferred the English custom in kissing to the German. A delicate insinuation, that; but the professor meant nothing wrong.



IN the famous Brooklyn trial, Tilton *versus* Beecher, in which the world was favored with some extraordinary revelations respecting the ethics and æsthetics of modern osculation, the defendant, Mr. Beecher, while on the witness-stand, testified to his singularly varied experiences. In the course of his testimony, he said:

"Mrs. Moulton then came in; she came to me and said, 'Mr. Beecher, I don't believe the stories they are telling about you; I believe you are a good man.' I

looked up and said, 'Emma Moulton, I am a good man ;' she then bent over and kissed me on the forehead ; it was a kiss of inspiration, but I did not think it proper to return it.'

When subsequently asked what he meant by a kiss of inspiration, he replied :

"I meant—well, it was a token of confidence ; it was a salutation that did not belong to the common courtesy of life : neither was it a kiss of pleasure, or anything of that kind, but it was, as I sometimes have seen it in poetry—if you will excuse me—it was—it seemed to me, a holy kiss."

Q. "You have said something about your not returning it?"

A. "Well, sir, I felt—I felt so deeply grateful that if I had returned the kiss, I might have returned it with an enthusiasm that would have offended her delicacy ; it was not best, under the circumstances, that she and I should kiss."

This led the newspapers to ask for the interpretation of a kiss which Mr. Beecher had previously characterized as "paroxysmal." It was comparatively easy even for people who were accustomed to do their kissing without analysis to comprehend the other varieties which had been introduced during the progress of the trial, such as the impulsive kiss, the enthusiastic kiss, the holy kiss, the kiss of reconciliation, the kiss of grace, mercy, and peace, and the kiss mutual. But the kiss "inspirational" and the kiss "paroxysmal" were likely to be understood only by those who remembered the story of the good old Methodist deacon. The young people of the church were in the habit of playing games whose forfeits were kisses ; but the pious old gentleman was much troubled about it,

and said that he was not so much opposed to kissing if they did not kiss *with an appetite*.

The Tilton-Beecher case evoked from the newspaper writers an infinite amount of comment. Among those whose views attracted marked attention was Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, who said, in the Chicago "Tribune:"

"We can all see the impropriety of verbal declarations of passion in such cases; and how much more unsafe any act bearing such interpretation! Wherever men and women meet in friendly or business relations, one or both must be constantly mindful of the differences and dangers of the sex,—must guard looks, words, and actions, and in no moment of overwrought sympathy can the stern barriers of decorum be safely broken down. Before kissing Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Moulton should have waited until he had taken that powder, until it had done its work and the undertaker had the body ready for burial. Only in his coffin is it safe for even 'a section of the day of judgment,' in the shape of a woman, to kiss any one man in a thousand. There seems to be no room for doubt that she is, or was, a perfectly upright woman; but her childish act shows the atmosphere in which these men have been living,—shows the unconscious steps by which they passed from virtue to vice,—and ought to awaken all lovers of virtue to a more careful guard of her outside defences. Chastity is not the natural condition of the race, but the very opposite, and it can only be secured by ages of culture and constant vigilance. It is a something to be acquired and maintained through grace and watchfulness, and those who open doors through which the enemy enters and causes the fall of others are responsible for their negligence and mistaken confidence."

This judgment brought out some humorous responses. A lady thus expressed her indignation in the "Graphic:"

"I never saw Mrs. Swisshelm, thank goodness; but what a perfectly ridiculous old creature she must be! According to her own account, no live man could be found who would venture to kiss her, and so she was obliged to go and unscrew a dead man's coffin and kiss him. I never heard of anything so dreadful in the whole course of my life.

"Mrs. Swisshelm's letter is enough for me. I can understand just what a dreadful old person she must be. She wears trousers, I am told, besides that perfectly preposterous garment, the 'chemiloon.' If I was a man, I would no more kiss such a woman than I would kiss a pair of tongs that had been left out over-night in a snow-bank.

"Kissing, when done innocently, is as innocent as strawberries-and-cream, and as nice. If Mrs. Swisshelm could only grow young and pretty, and take off her trousers and dress like a Christian, she would soon change her mind about kissing. Her letter is the expression of a cross old woman's envious mind, and she ought to be ashamed of herself."

Another writer, who objected to such forcibly expressed and sweeping opposition to kissing, said, in the "Inter-Ocean:"

"We believe in temperance, but not in total abstinence, so far as this business is concerned. Mrs. Swisshelm takes credit to herself for carefully avoiding kisses during her protracted life. To this she attributes, in part, her longevity and general heartiness. In one instance only did Mrs. Swisshelm deviate from this rule. It was in a hospital. A poor boy had been suffering long and much,

and she had visited and cared for him. One day when she came in she found him dead and in his coffin. Then the law was suspended for a moment, and, bending her head, she kissed him, satisfied that he had passed beyond the thrill of an unholy thought thereat. A moment after, she bethought herself that others were in the room to whom the kiss might prove unprofitable, and for a second she upbraided herself for her foolish fervor; but an examination proved that these fears were groundless, for the others were dead also. This is the story as we gain it second-hand. We do not sympathize with this sentiment. If the poor boy needed a kiss at all, he needed it before his life had gone out and left the body only a clog. A kick or a kiss is equally unimportant to a piece of inanimate clay. The fact that there may have been too much kissing in high life of late years does not alter the fact that osculatory salutes are very good things in the family."

THE late Father Taylor, of the Seamen's Bethel at Boston, narrates the following incident:

"While in Palestine, I went out one evening, and sat upon the grass on what was thought to be the hill Calvary. I lay down, and, with my arms under my head, looked up at the stars and meditated on what had happened on that sacred spot. With pain I suddenly remembered a man in my far-distant home who had always been hostile to me. I felt that my feelings also had not been right towards him, and I told my Lord that if I lived to get home I would see that man and ask his forgiveness. It was permitted me in due time to reach home. The incident had faded from my mind, when, one day, walking in Exchange Street, I saw that man approaching. My old feeling returned. I passed him without a sign; but

just then I remembered Calvary, and turned to look after him. To my surprise, he also was turning. I went back to him, threw my arms about him, and kissed him ! and I felt better."

HERR HACKLÄNDER, writing on the subject of osculation, says :

"There are three kisses by which the human race are blest : the first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant's head ; the second, that which the newly-wedded bride bestows on your lips ; the third, that with which love or friendship closes your eyes when your career is ended."

After which rhetorical flourish he adds :

"But I, more blest than other mortals, have to boast of a fourth kiss of bliss, that of Father Radetzky !" Hackländer had written a description of the battle of Novara, which brought him, among other distinctions, a *kiss* from the old field-marshal.

TURNING back to mediæval history, we find an amusing incident in the career of Charles the Simple, of France. The viking Rollo, having been banished from Norway by Harold, proceeded southward to conquer a new domain. Entering the mouth of the Seine, he took possession of Rouen, where he spent the winter of each year, employing the summer in ravaging France, till at last the king, Charles the Simple, as the only hope of obtaining peace, promised to give him the province of Neustria as a fief, provided he would become a Christian.

Rollo was baptized at Rouen, in 912. He had then to pay homage to King Charles by kneeling before him, kissing his foot, and swearing to pay him allegiance. Rollo

took the oath, but nothing would induce him to perform the rest of the ceremony, and he appointed one of his followers to do homage in his stead. The Northman, as proud as his master, wilfully misunderstood, and, instead of kneeling, lifted the king's foot up to reach his mouth, so as to upset king and throne together, amid the rude laughter of his countrymen.



WHEN the famous crusade of Godfrey de Bouillon, early in the eleventh century, was nearing its successful issue, Tancred, with a few other knights, was the first to come in sight of Jerusalem. When the Crusaders beheld the Holy City, the object of all their hopes and toils, they all at once fell down on their knees, weeping and giving thanks, and even kissing the sacred earth, and, as they rose, hymns of praise were sung by the whole army. So when Columbus and his followers stepped on the beach of San Salvador, all knelt down, reverently kissing the ground, with tears and thanks to God.



Jean Paul Frederic Richter, in his "Autobiography," thus describes a thrilling event in his life's history :

MY FIRST KISS.

As earlier in life, on the opposite church-bench, so I could but fall in love with Catharine Bärin, as she sat always above me on the school-bench, with her pretty, round, red, smallpox-marked face,—her lightning eyes,—the pretty hastiness with which she spoke and ran. In the school carnival, that took in the whole forenoon succeeding fast nights, and consisted in dancing and playing, I had the joy to perform the irregular hop dance, that preceded the regular, with her. In the play, "*How does*

your neighbor please you ?" where upon an affirmative answer they are ordered to kiss, and upon a contrary there is a calling out, and in the midst of accolades all change places, I ran always near her. The blows were like gold-beaters' by which the pure gold of my love was beaten out, and a continual change of places, as she always forbid me the court, and I always called her to the court, was managed.

All these malicious occurrences (*desertiones malitiosæ*) could not deprive me of the blessedness of meeting her daily, when with her snow-white apron and her snow-white cap she ran over the long bridge opposite the parsonage window, out of which I was looking. To catch her, not to *say*, but to *give* her something sweet, a mouthful of fruit, to run quickly through the parsonage court, down the little steps, and arrest her in her flight, my conscience would never permit ; but I enjoyed enough to see her from the window upon the bridge, and I think it was near enough for me to stand, as I usually did, with my heart behind a long seeing and hearing trumpet. Distance injures true love less than nearness. Could I upon the planet Venus discover the goddess Venus, while in the distance its charms were so enchanting, I should have warmly loved it, and without hesitation chosen to revere it as my morning and evening star.

In the mean time I have the satisfaction to draw all those, who expect in Schwarzenbach a repetition of the Joditz love, from their error, and inform them that it came to something. On a winter evening, when my princess's collection of sweet gifts was prepared, and needed only a receiver, the pastor's son, who among all my school companions was the worst, persuaded me, when a visit from the chaplain occupied my father, to leave the parsonage while it was dark, to pass the bridge, and ven-

ture, which I had never done, into the house where the beloved dwelt with her poor grandmother up in a little corner chamber. We entered a little ale-house underneath. Whether Catharine happened to be there, or whether the rascal, under the pretence of a message, allured her down upon the middle of the steps, or, in short, how it happened that I found her there, has become only a dreamy recollection; for the sudden lightning of the present darkened all that went behind. As violently as if I had been a robber, I first pressed upon her my present of sweetmeats, and then I, who in Joditz never could reach the heaven of a first kiss, and never even dared to touch the beloved hand, I, for the first time, held a beloved being upon my heart and lips. I have nothing further to say, but that it was the *one* pearl of a minute, that was never repeated; a whole longing past and a dreaming future were united in one moment, and in the darkness behind my closed eyes the fireworks of a whole life were evolved in a glance. Ah, I have never forgotten it,—the ineffaceable moment!

I returned like a *clairvoyant* from heaven again to earth, and remarked only that in this second Christmas festival Ruprecht* did not precede, but followed it, for on my way home I met a messenger coming for me, and was severely scolded for running away. Usually after such warm silver beams of a blessed sun there falls a closing, stormy gust. What was its effect on me? The stream of words could not drain my paradise,—for does it not bloom even to-day around and forth from my pen?

It was, as I have said, the first kiss, and, as I believe, will be the last; for I shall not, probably, although she

* Ruprecht may be called the Father Nicholas, who comes on Christmas eve and plays all sorts of tricks.

lives yet, journey to Schwarzenbach to give a second. As usual, during my whole Schwarzenbach life I was perfectly contented with my telegraphic love, which yet sustained and kept itself alive without any answering telegram. But truly no one could blame her less than I that she was silent at that time, or that she continues so now after the death of her husband; for later, in stranger loves and hearts, I have always been slow to speak. It did not help me that I stood with ready face and attractive outward appearance; all corporeal charms must be placed over the foil of the spiritual before they can sufficiently shine and kindle and dazzle. But this was the cause of failure in my innocent love-time, that without any intercourse with the beloved, without conversation or introduction, I displayed my whole love bursting from the dry exterior, and stood before her like the *Judas-tree*, in full blossom, but without branch or leaf.



AN incident previously referred to has been thus embodied in verse:

THE GUERDON.

Alain, the poet, fell asleep one day

In the lords' chamber, when it chanced the queen
With her twelve maids of honor passed that way,—

She like a slim white lily set between

Twelve glossy leaves, for they were robed in green.

A forest of gold pillars propped the roof,

And from the heavy corbels of carved stone

Yawned drowsy dwarfs, with satyr's face and hoof:

Like one of those bright pillars overthrown,

The slanted sunlight through the casement shone,

Gleaming across the body of Alain,—

As if the airy column in its fall

Had caught and crushed him. So the laughing train
 Came on him suddenly, and one and all
 Drew back, affrighted, midway in the hall.

Like some huge beetle curled up in the sun
 Was this man lying in the noontide glare,
 Deformed, and hideous to look upon,
 With sunken eyes, and masses of coarse hair,
 And sallow cheeks deep-seamed with time and care.

Forth from her maidens stood Queen Margaret:
 The royal blood up to her temples crept,
 Like a wild vine with faint red roses set,
 As she across the pillared chamber swept,
 And, kneeling, kissed the poet while he slept.

Then from her knees uprose the stately queen,
 And, seeing her ladies titter, 'gan to frown
 With those great eyes wherein methinks were seen
 Lights that outflashed the lustres in her crown,—
 Great eyes that looked the shallow women down.

“Nay, not for love,”—’twas like a sudden bliss,
 The full sweet measured music of her tongue,—
 “Nay, not for love’s sake did I give the kiss,
 Not for his beauty, who’s nor fair nor young,
 But for the songs which those mute lips have sung!”



FREAKS AND PHASES OF LOCAL CUSTOM.

THE KISS OF PEACE.

THE peculiar tendency of the Christian religion to encourage honor towards all men, as men, to foster and develop the softer affections, and, in the trying condition of the early Church, to make its members intimately known one to another, and unite them in the closest

bonds, led to the observance of kissing as an accompaniment of that social worship which took its origin in the very cradle of our religion. Hence the exhortation of St. Paul, "Salute one another with a holy kiss;" and the brethren followed the injunction literally. It was called *signaculum orationis*, the soul of prayer; and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the Church required as an essential condition to admission to its sacraments. Tertullian, Origen, and Athenagoras mention it; and Dr. Milner cites the Apostolical Constitutions to show the manner in which the ceremony was performed:

"Let the bishop salute the church and say, 'The peace of God be with you all;' And let the people answer, 'And with thy spirit.' Then let the deacon say to all, 'Salute one another with a holy kiss:' and let the clergy kiss the bishop, and the laymen the laymen, and the women the women."

This primitive fraternal embrace appears to have been observed as late as the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *pax* (*osculatorium*, *porte-paix*, or *pax brede*) introduced, as it was at this period that the sexes began to mingle together in the low mass.

The use of the *pax* in England was prescribed by the royal commissioners of Edward VI. The Injunctions published at Doncaster, in 1548, ordain that

"The clarke shall bring down the paxe, and standing without the church door, shall say loudly to the people these words, 'This is a token of joyful peace which is betwixt God and men's conscience; Christ alone is the peace-maker, which straitly commands peace between brother and brother. And so long as ye shall use these ceremonies, so long shall ye use these significations.'"

Agnes Strickland,* in her account of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, says :

“Then the bishop began the mass, the epistle being read first in Latin and then in English, the gospel the same,—the book being sent to the queen, who kissed the gospel. She then went to the altar to make her second offering, three unsheathed swords being borne before her, and one in the scabbard. The queen, kneeling, put money in the basin, and kissed the chalice ; and then and there certain words were read to her grace. She retired to her seat again during the consecration, and kissed the pax.”*



ROYAL FEET-WASHING AND KISSING.

IN this country, the ceremonies of Lent and of Easter belong to the Church alone, but in most other lands these occasions have always borne both a civil and a political relation to society.

In former times royalty itself led the Lenten solemnities, and we read of monarchs washing the feet of beggars, in imitation of Christ, who washed the feet of his disciples. This ceremony, which was regularly practised by the kings and queens of England in ancient times, occurred upon Maundy-Thursday. They washed and kissed the feet of as many poor people as they themselves numbered in years, and bestowed a gift, or *maundy*, upon each.

Queen Elizabeth performed this royal duty at Greenwich when she was thirty-nine years old, on which occasion the feet of thirty-nine poor persons were first washed

* The pax is a piece of board having the image of Christ upon the cross on it, which the people used to kiss after the service was ended, that ceremony being considered the kiss of peace.

by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and lastly by the queen herself; the person who washed making each time a cross upon the pauper's foot, above the toes, and kissing it. This ceremony was performed by the queen kneeling, being attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlemen. Clothes, victuals, and money were then distributed among the poor.

The last of the English monarchs who performed this office in person was James II., and it was afterwards performed by the almoner. On the 5th of April, 1731, it being Maundy-Thursaday, and the king in his forty-eighth year, there were distributed at the banqueting-house, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men and the same number of poor women, boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, for dinner; after that large wooden platters of fish and loaves, the fish being undressed,—twelve red herrings and twelve white herrings, and four half quartern loaves. Each person had one platter of these provisions, and after that were distributed among them shoes, stockings, linen and woollen cloth, and leathern bags filled with silver and copper coins, to each about four pounds in value. The washing of feet was performed by his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, who was also Lord High Almoner.

Cardinal Wolsey, in 1530, made his *maundy* at Peterborough Abbey, where upon Maundy-Thursaday, in our Lady's Chapel, he washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor men, "and, after he had wiped them, he gave every one of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings and three white herrings, and one of these had two shillings."

This ancient custom is now no longer observed, except

in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall, where the poor still receive their gifts from the royal bounty.

Soon after the accession of King Alfonso to the throne of Spain, he performed the emblematic ceremony of washing the apostles' feet, showing that the royal custom is not obsolete in Madrid, at least. A witness, after describing the preliminaries, says :

“ Men and women in a compact mass of silk and velvet, broadcloth and gold lace, crowded the ‘ Hall of the Columns,’ where the ceremony was to take place, the spectators, more than eight hundred of whom were ladies, standing all round, jammed upon benches, row upon row, leaving barely the most limited space open for the performers. Within this space the twelve paupers, or apostles, sat on a settee, each of them with his best foot and leg bare to the knee, and as well ‘ prepared’ for the occasion as by dint of much soap and water could be contrived; the king in his grand uniform, with a towel tied around him, apron-wise, followed by Cardinal Moreno, Archbishop of Valladolid, in his scarlet robes and skull-cap, and behind and all around them a great staff of *grandees* and marshals, an array of golden uniforms only distinguishable from the no less sumptuous liveries of the court menials by the stars, crosses, cordons, and scarfs of their chivalrous orders. The cardinal went first, and sprinkled a few drops of perfumed water over each of the bare feet in succession; the king came after, kneeling before each foot, rubbing it slightly with his towel, then stooping upon it as if he meant to kiss it. The ceremony did not take many minutes. The twelve men then got up; they were marshalled in great pomp round the hall, and seated in a row on one side of the table, with their faces to the spectators, in the order observed in Leonardo da Vinci’s grand picture of the Last Supper.”

THE CUSTOM OF KISSING HANDS.

"Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them."

Evangeline.

MR. D'ISRAELI, in his "Curiosities of Literature," thus summarizes the historical notices of M. Morin, a French Academician, upon the custom of kissing hands:

"This custom is not only very ancient, and nearly universal, but has been alike participated by religion and society.

"To begin with religion. From the remotest times men saluted the sun, moon, and stars, by kissing the hand. Job assures us that he was never given to this superstition (xxx. 27). The same honor was rendered to Baal (1 Kings xviii.). Other instances might be adduced.

"We now pass to Greece. There all foreign superstitions were received. Lucian, after having mentioned various sorts of sacrifices which the rich offered the gods, adds that the poor adored them by the simpler compliment of kissing their hands. That author gives an anecdote of Demosthenes which shows this custom. When a prisoner to the soldiers of Antipater, he asked to enter a temple. When he entered, he touched his mouth with his hands, which the guards took for an act of religion. He did it, however, more securely to swallow the poison he had prepared for such an occasion. Lucian mentions other instances.

"From the Greeks it passed to the Romans. Pliny places it amongst those ancient customs of which they were ignorant of the origin or the reason. Persons were treated as atheists who would not kiss their hands when they entered a temple. When Apuleius mentions Psyche,

he says she was so beautiful that they adored her as Venus, in kissing the right hand.

“This ceremonial action rendered respectable the earliest institutions of Christianity. It was a custom with the primeval bishops to give their hands to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar.

“This custom, however, as a religious rite, declined with paganism.

“In society our ingenious Academician considers the custom of kissing hands as essential to its welfare. It is a mute form which expresses reconciliation, which entreats favors, or which thanks for those received. It is a universal language, intelligible without an interpreter, which doubtless preceded writing, and perhaps speech itself.

“Solomon says of the flatterers and suppliants of his time, that they ceased not to kiss the hands of their patrons till they had obtained the favors which they solicited. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles while he supplicates for the body of Hector.

“This custom prevailed in ancient Rome, but it varied. In the first ages of the republic it seems to have been only practised by inferiors to their superiors: equals gave their hands and embraced. In the progress of time, even the soldiers refused to show this mark of respect to their generals; and their kissing the hand of Cato when he was obliged to quit them was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance, at a period of such refinement. The great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, and dictators obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner, and, instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves;

inferior courtiers were obliged to be content to adore the purple by kneeling, touching the robe of the emperor by the right hand, and carrying it to the mouth. Even this was thought too free ; and at length they saluted the emperor at a distance by kissing their hands, in the same manner as when they adored their gods.

“It is superfluous to trace this custom in every country where it exists. It is practised in every known country, in respect of sovereigns and superiors, even amongst the negroes and inhabitants of the New World. Cortez found it established at Mexico, where more than a thousand lords saluted him, in touching the earth with their hands, which they afterwards carried to their mouths.

“Thus, whether the custom of salutation is practised by kissing the hands of others from respect, or in bringing one’s own to the mouth, it is of all customs the most universal. M. Morin concludes that this practice is now become too gross a familiarity, and it is considered as a meanness to kiss the hand of those with whom we are in habits of intercourse ; and he prettily observes that this custom would be entirely lost if *lovers* were not solicitous to preserve it in all its full power.”



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

“The shepherd, now no more afraid,
 Since custom doth the chance bestow,
 Starts up to kiss the giggling maid
 Beneath the branch of mistletoe
 That 'neath each cottage beam is seen,
 With pearl-like berries shining gay,
 The shadow still of what hath been,
 Which fashion yearly fades away.”

CLARE.

THE mistletoe, which has so many mystic associations connected with it, is believed to be propagated in its

natural state by the *missel-thrush*, which feeds upon its berries. It was long thought impossible to propagate it artificially; but this object has been attained by bruising the berries, and, by means of their viscidty, causing them to adhere to the bark of fruit-trees, where they readily germinate and take root. The growth of the mistletoe on the oak is now of extremely rare occurrence, but in the orchards of the west-midland counties of England, such as the shires of Gloucester and Worcester, the plant flourishes in great frequency and luxuriance on the apple-trees. Large quantities are annually cut at the Christmas season, and despatched to London and other places, where they are extensively used for the decoration of houses and shops. The special custom connected with the mistletoe on Christmas Eve, an indubitable relic of the days of Druidism, handed down through a long course of centuries, must be familiar to all of our readers. A branch of the mystic plant is suspended from the wall or ceiling, and any one of the fair sex who, either from inadvertence, or, as possibly may be insinuated, *on purpose*, passes beneath the sacred spray, incurs the penalty of being then and there kissed by any lord of the creation who chooses to avail himself of the privilege.



SCANDINAVIAN TRADITION.

BALDER, the Apollo of Scandinavian mythology, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to the blind Höder by Loki, the god of mischief, and potentate of our earth. Balder was restored to life, but the mistletoe was placed in future under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil till it touched the earth, the empire of Loki. Hence is it always suspended from ceilings. And when persons of opposite sexes pass under it,

they give each other the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that the epiphyte is no longer an instrument of mischief.



THE MISTLETOE.

STOUT emblem of returning peace,
The heart's full gush, and love's release,
Spirits in human fondness flow,
And greet the pearly *Mistletoe*.

Many a maiden's cheek is red
By lips and laughter thither led ;
And fluttering bosoms come and go
Under the Druid *Mistletoe*.

Dear is the memory of a theft
When love and youth and joy are left ;
The passion's blush, the rose's glow,
Accept the Cupid *Mistletoe*.

Oh, happy, tricksome time of mirth,
Giv'n to the stars of sky and earth !
May all the best of feeling know,
The custom of the *Mistletoe* !

Spread out the laurel and the bay,
For chimney-piece and window gay :
Scour the brass gear—a shining row,
And holly place with *Mistletoe*.

Married and single, proud and free,
Yield to the season, trim with glee ;
Time will not stay—he cheats us, so—
A kiss?—'tis gone ! *the Mistletoe*.

THE MISTLETOE IN AMERICA.

“ UNDER the mistletoe-bough ;”

Not in the far-away British Isles,
But here in the West it is glimmering, now,—
An exile from home of three thousand miles ;
And the leaves are as darkly fresh and green,
And the berries as crisply waxen white,
As they show to-night, in so many a scene,
In Old England's halls of light.

Quiet it hangs on the wall,
Or pendent droops from the chandelier,
As if never a mischief or harm could fall
From its modest intrusion, there or here !
And yet how many a pulse it has fired,
How many a lip made nervously bold,
When youthful revel went on, untired,
In the Christmas days of old !

The lover's heart might be low,
And the love of his lady very high,
With no one her inmost heart to know,
Or the riddle to read of the haughty eye ;
But under the mistletoe fairly caught,
What maiden coyness or pride could dare
To turn from the kisses as sudden as thought
And ardent as waiting prayer ?

“ *C'est la première pas qui coûte !*”

So they say, in another far-away land ;
And, the one kiss given, more follow, as fruit,
As the dullest can easily understand ;
And then, of the end to come, who knows,
Save the village bells, and the welcome priest,
And the sister-maidens, with cheeks like the rose,
Who assist at the bridal feast ?

Methinks, if the shamrock green
 Is the leaf so dear to an Irish heart,
 To the mistletoe-berry's silver sheen
 England's love has been owing no minor part ;
 And greenly its stiff-set leaves have twined
 Round many a tenderest bridal nest,
 Since that saddest of tales all hearts enshrined
 In the lay of the "Old Oak Chest."

What matter if centuries long
 Have hidden a part of the mystery deep
 That lay in the Druids' re-echoing song,
 When it glistened in Stonehenge's mighty heap?
 For enough still remains to make sure the truth
 That it symbolled the great Perennial Good,
 And they saw from its joints springing Endless Youth
 That the force of the Ages withstood.

Little sprig from the mother-land !—
 It is pleasant and cosy to have you here,
 When the festive and lonely waiting stand
 On the verge of their varying Christmas cheer.
 Though we cannot transplant your pride of growth,
 Any more than the hawthorn, wayward and coy,
 You can give us, still, the Old English troth,
 And a thought of Old English joy.

Ha ! what ? Do the leaves grow dim ?—
 Do the white waxen berries wither and fleet,
 Ere even the notes of the Christmas hymn
 Float in o'er the hush of the silent street ?
 But, even if so, may kind Heaven forefend
 That the omen shall fade from heart or brow
 Of that truth to lover, that fealty to friend,
 Ever typed by the mistletoe-bough !

THE BLARNEY STONE.

IN the year 1602, when the Spaniards were inciting the Irish chieftains to harass the English authorities, Cormac MacCarthy held, among other dependencies, the castle of Blarney, and had concluded an armistice with the Lord-President on condition of surrendering this fort to an English garrison. Day after day did his lordship look for the fulfilment of the compact, while the Irish Pozzo di Borgo, as loath to part with his stronghold as Russia to relinquish the Dardanelles, kept protocolizing with soft promises and delusive delays, until at last Carew became the laughing-stock of Elizabeth's ministers, and *Blarney talk* proverbial.

A popular tradition attributes to the Blarney Stone the power of endowing whoever kisses it with the sweet, persuasive, wheedling eloquence so perceptible in the language of the Cork people, and which is generally termed *Blarney*. This is the true meaning of the word, and not, as some writers have supposed, a faculty of deviating from veracity with an unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient. The curious traveller will seek in vain the *real* stone, unless he allows himself to be lowered from the northern angle of the lofty castle, when he will discover it about twenty feet from the top, with the inscription—*Cormac MacCarthy fortis me fieri fecit, A. D. 1446*.

As the kissing of this would be somewhat difficult, the candidate for Blarney honors will be glad to know that at the summit, and within easy access, is another *real* stone, bearing the date of 1703. A song published in the "Reliques of Father Prout" contains an allusion to this marvellous relic:

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,

Oh, he never misses
 To grow eloquent.
 'Tis he may clamber
 To a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member
 Of Parliament.

“A clever spouter
 He'll sure turn out, or
 An out-and-outer,
 To be let alone!
 Don't hope to hinder him,
 Or to bewilder him;
 Sure he's a pilgrim
 From the Blarney Stone.”

THE BLARNEY STONE.

I.

IN Blarney Castle, on a crumbling tower,
 There lies a stone (above your ready reach),
 Which to the lips imparts, 'tis said, the power
 Of facile falsehood and persuasive speech;
 And hence, of one who talks in such a tone,
 The peasants say, “He's kissed the Blarney Stone.”

II.

Thus, when I see some flippant tourist swell
 With secrets wrested from an emperor,
 And hear him vaunt his bravery, and tell
 How once he snubbed a marquis, I infer
 The man came back—if but the truth were known—
 By way of Cork, and kissed the Blarney Stone!

III.

So, when I hear a shallow dandy boast
 (In the long ear that marks a brother dunce)

What precious favors ladies' lips have lost,
 To his advantage, I suspect at once
 The fellow's lying ; that the dog alone
 (Enough for him!) has kissed the Blarney Stone !

IV.

When some fine lady—ready to defame
 An absent beauty, with as sweet a grace—
 With seeming rapture greets a hated name,
 And lauds her rival to her wondering face,
 E'en Charity herself must freely own
 Some women, too, have kissed the Blarney Stone !

V.

When sleek attorneys, whose seductive tongues,
 Smooth with the unction of a golden fee,
 "Breathe forth huge falsehoods from capacious lungs,"
 (The words are Juvenal's,) 'tis plain to see
 A lawyer's genius isn't all his own :
 The specious rogue has kissed the Blarney Stone !

VI.

When the false pastor from his fainting flock
 Withholds the Bread of Life,—the Gospel news,—
 To give them dainty words, lest he should shock
 The fragile fabric of the paying pews,
 Who but must feel, the man, to grace unknown,
 Has kissed,—not Calvary,—but the Blarney Stone ?

SAXE.

 KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

BUCKLE, in his "History of Civilization in England,"
 says :

"Some questions had been raised as to the propriety
 of kissing the Pope's toe, and even theologians had their

doubts touching so singular a ceremony. But this difficulty has been set at rest by Matthew of Westminster, who explains the true origin of this custom. He says that formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness, but that towards the end of the eighth century a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope,—his name was Leo,—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which he had been exposed. Since that time, the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe, instead of his hand. And, lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the historian assures us that the hand, which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, still existed in Rome; and was indeed a standing miracle, since it was preserved in the Lateran in its original state, free from corruption. And, as some readers might wish to be informed respecting the Lateran itself, where the hand was kept, this also is considered by the historian, in another part of his great work, where he traces it back to the Emperor Nero. For it is said that this wicked persecutor of the faith on one occasion vomited a frog covered with blood, which he believed to be his own progeny, and, therefore, caused it to be shut up in a vault, where it remained hidden for some time. Now, in the Latin language *latente* means hidden, and *rana* means a frog; so that by putting these two words together we have the origin of the Lateran, which, in fact, was built where the frog was found."

PUNCH, the London Chariyari, who is no respecter of persons, and who strikes right and left with unhesitating freedom, levelled the following characteristic squib at Pius IX. during the famous Gladstone and Manning controversy:

“DE PROFUNDIS.”—A NEW VERSION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Close prisoner kept within the Vatican ;
 What if 'tis a fair palace, if I don't
 Go free abroad—that is because I won't !
 Dry bread and water, such the prison food ;—
 Unless I choose to order all that's good.
 And then so poor—with Peter's pence in pocket,
 And treasury with friends and foes to stock it.
 Besides, these felon's garments forced to wear,
 Of softest silk and costliest mohair ;
 And forced to brook, by rulers harsh and proud,
 Th' obsequious service of a servile crowd ;
 Crowding my halls, my cruel gaolers see
 Waiting my orders upon bended knee !
 And last, not least—for the severest blow—
 My visitors are free to come and go,
 To crave my blessing, and to kiss my toe !

THE BRONZE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

In “Pen-Pictures of Europe,” Elizabeth Peake says, speaking of St. Peter's Church at Rome :

“In contrast with the beauty and grandeur of the interior is the insignificant-looking bronze statue of what they call St. Peter, seated in a chair of white marble. Some one remarked that it had been in ancient times a statue of Jupiter. ‘Jupiter,’ I exclaimed, ‘the Jupiter of the old Romans? Never!’ While I stood wondering at the unaccountable vagaries of mankind in general, and of artists in particular, and of the meaning of the word taste, several persons passed along and kissed the foot of the statue, the toes of which are actually worn away with kissing, and the big toe, what is left of it, looks bright as gold.

* * * * *

“Crowds of people were walking round in the nave, looking at the pictures and statues; crowds stood at the gate of the chapel, looking in through the gate and railing, listening to the music; and all grades filed along by the statue of St. Peter, kneeling, then rising and kissing his toe. The peasants wiped off the toe with their hands or sleeves, and then kissed it; others carefully wiped it with their handkerchiefs both before and after kissing it.”

A KISS FOR A VOTE.

IN a little work published in London in 1758, entitled “A New Geographical and Historical Grammar,” we find the following paragraph concerning bribery and kissing:

“The ladies may think it a hardship that they are neither allowed a place in the Senate nor a voice in the choice of what is called the representative of the nation. However, their influence appears to be such in many instances that they have no reason to complain. In boroughs the candidates are so wise as to apply chiefly to the wife.* A certain candidate for a Norfolk borough kissed the voters’ wives with guineas in his mouth, for which he was expelled the House; and for this reason others, I suppose, will be more private in their addresses to the ladies.”

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steel, the butcher, a kiss for his vote nearly a century since; and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. Duncan Mackenzie, a veteran of Waterloo, who died at Elgin,

* The admirers of Robert Burns will remember the lines:

“ —bent on winning borough towns,
Come shaking hands wi’ wabster loons,
And kissing barefit carlins.”

Scotland, December, 1866, delighted in relating how he kissed the duchess in taking the shilling from between her teeth to become one of her regiment,—the Gordon Highlanders, better known as the Ninety-second. The old Scottish veteran of eighty-seven has not left one behind him to tell the same tale about kissing the blue-eyed duchess in the market-place of Duthill.

The late Daniel O'Connell hit upon a novel mode of securing votes for the candidates he had named at a certain election, which test, considering the constitutional temperament of his countrymen, is said to have proved effectual. He said, in reference to the unfortunate elector who should vote against them, "Let no man speak to him. *Let no woman salute him!*"



FRENCH CHEAPENING AND DEGENERACY.

MONTAIGNE, speaking of the gradual debasement of the custom in France in his time (1533-1592), says :

"Do but observe how much the form of salutation, particular to our nation, has by its facility made kisses, which Socrates says are so powerful and dangerous for stealing hearts, of no esteem. It is a nauseous and injurious custom for ladies, that they must be obliged to lend their lips to every fellow that has three footmen at his heels, how nasty or deformed soever; and we do not get much by the bargain; for, as the world is divided, for three pretty women we must kiss fifty ugly ones, and to a tender stomach like those of my age, an ill kiss overpays a good one."



KISSING DANCES.

A CORRESPONDENT of "The Spectator" (No. 67, an. 1711) having bitterly complained of the lascivious char-

acter of the dancing of the period, Budgell, in the course of his reply, remarks :

“ I must confess I am afraid that my correspondent had too much reason to be a little out of humor at the treatment of his daughter ; but I conclude that he would have been much more so had he seen one of those kissing dances, in which Will Honeycomb assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one’s lips, or they will be too quick for the music and dance quite out of time.”

Long before, Sir John Suckling had said, in his “ Ballad on a Wedding :”

“ O’ th’ sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance ;
Then dance again, and kiss.”

While on this subject it may not be amiss to advert to a passage in the *Symposium*, or Banquet, of Xenophon, which Burton, in his “ Anatomy of Melancholy,” quotes with his usual gusto :

“ When Xenophon had discoursed of love, and used all the engines that might be devised, to move Socrates, among the rest, to stir him the more, he shuts up all with a pleasant interlude or dance of Dionysius and Ariadne : First Ariadne, dressed like a bride, came in and took her place ; by-and-by Dionysius entered, dancing to the music. The spectators did all admire the young man’s carriage ; and Ariadne herself was so much affected with the sight that she could scarce sit. After awhile Dionysius beholding Ariadne, and incensed with love, bowing to her knees, embraced her first, and kissed her with a grace ; she embraced him again, and kissed him with like affection, as the dance required ; but they that stood by and saw this did much applaud and commend them both for

it. And when Dionysius rose up, he raised her up with him, and many pretty gestures, embraces, kisses, and love-compliments passed between them: which when they saw fair Bacchus and beautiful Ariadne so sweetly and so unfeignedly kissing each other, so really embracing, they swore they loved indeed, and were so inflamed with the object that they began to rouse up themselves, as if they would have flown. At the last, when they saw them still so willingly embracing, and now ready to go to the bride-chamber, they were so ravished with it that they that were unmarried swore they would forthwith marry, and those that were married called instantly for their horses, and galloped home to their wives.' "



KISSING HANDS IN AUSTRIA.

KISSING the hand is a national custom in Austria. A gentleman on meeting a lady of his acquaintance, especially if she be young and handsome, kisses her hand. On parting from her he again kisses her hand. In Vienna, a young man who is paying his addresses to a young lady, on taking his place at the supper-table around which the family are seated, kisses the mother's hand as well as the hand of his affianced. It is very common to see a gentleman kiss a lady's hand on the street on meeting or parting. If you give a beggar-woman a few coppers, she either kisses your hand, or says, "I kiss your hand." The stranger must expect to have his hand kissed not only by beggars, but by chambermaids, lackeys, and even by old men. Gentlemen kiss the hands of married women as well as of those who are single, as it is regarded as an ordinary salutation or token of respect. American ladies are startled with the first experience of the application of this custom; but they soon submit to it with a good grace.

Children, when presented to a stranger, take his hand and kiss it, showing that it is a custom to which they are educated from their cradles.



TEMPLAR INTERDICTION.

IN "Ivanhoe" the Grand Master of the Templars is made to say :

—"Thou knowest that we were forbidden to receive those devout women who at the beginning were associated as sisters of our Order, because, saith the forty-sixth chapter, the Ancient Enemy hath by female society withdrawn many from the right path to paradise. Nay, in the last capital, being, as it were, the cope-stone which our blessed founder placed on the pure and undefiled doctrine which he had enjoined, we are prohibited from offering even to our sisters and our mothers the kiss of affection—*ut omnium mulierum fugiantur oscula*. I shame to speak—I shame to think—of the corruptions which have rushed in upon us even like a flood."



POMPEIAN TOKENS.

MARC MONNIER, in his "Wonders of Pompeii," says that the latest excavations have revealed the existence of hanging covered balconies, long exterior corridors, pierced with casements frequently depicted in the paintings. There the fair Pompeián could have taken her station in order to participate in the life outside. The good housewife of those times, like her counterpart in our day, could there have held out her basket to the street-merchant who went wandering about with his portable shop; and more than one handsome girl may at the same post have carried her fingers to her lips, there to cull (the ancient custom) the kiss that she flung to the young Pompeian concealed

down yonder in the corner of the wall. Thus re-peopled, the old-time street, narrow as it is, was gayer than our own thoroughfares; and the brightly-painted houses, the variegated walls, the monuments, and the fountains gave vivid animation to a picture too dazzling for our gaze.

ARABIAN SALUTATION.

EASTERN salutations take up considerable time. When an Arab meets a friend, he begins, while yet some distance from him, to make gestures expressive of his very great satisfaction in seeing him. When he comes up to him, he grasps him by the right hand, and then brings back his own hand to his lips, in token of respect. He next proceeds to place his hand gently under the long beard of the other, and honors it with an affectionate kiss. He inquires particularly, again and again, concerning his health and the health of his family, and repeats, over and over, the best wishes for his prosperity, giving thanks to God that he is permitted once more to behold his face. All this round of gestures and words is, of course, gone over by the friend too, with like formality. But they are not generally satisfied with a single exchange of this sort: they sometimes repeat as often as ten times the whole tiresome ceremony, with little or no variation.

Some such tedious modes of salutation were common, also, of old; so that a man might suffer very material delay in travelling if he chanced to meet several acquaintances and should undertake to salute each according to the custom of the country. On this account, when Elisha sent his servant Gehazi in great haste to the Shunammite's house, he said to him, "If thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again." (2 Kings iv. 29.) So, when our Lord sent forth his seventy disciples, among other instructions, he bade them

“salute no man by the way;” meaning that their work was too important to allow such a waste of time in the exchange of mere unmeaning ceremonies. (Luke x. 4.)



THE OLD ROMAN CODE.

THIS code defined with great accuracy the nature, limits, and conditions of the *right of kissing*, although we do not find that property of this nature holds a place among the incorporeal hereditaments of our laws. The Romans were very strict, and only near blood-relations might kiss the women of the family at all. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss!



WEDDING-CEREMONY IN TURKEY.

IN Turkey, negotiations for marriage are conducted by friends or relations, the parties in interest not being allowed to see each other. The bargain being concluded to their mutual satisfaction, preparations are made for the customary festivities.

About nine or ten o'clock in the evening the nuptial knot is tied,—the Imaam, or priest, placing himself in a short passage which leads between two rooms, respectively occupied by the bride and bridegroom, who neither see each other nor the priest during the ceremony. That functionary asks the bride if she will take the man to be her husband, whether he be blind, lame, etc. She replies yes, three times.

They are now man and wife, though as yet they have not gazed on each other's features.

After the conclusion of the ceremony the festivities are resumed.

Meanwhile the bride is escorted by her female friends to the bridal chamber, where she is seated on an ottoman and left alone. Shortly after, the bridegroom makes his appearance. Discovering that his wife is still enveloped in her veil, he requests her to throw it aside, so that he can feast his eyes upon her beauty. This she coquetishly declines doing until he has become very earnest in his persuasions, when she discloses to him for the first time a view of her face.

After much persuasion on his part, and affected reluctance on hers, he at length succeeds in kissing her, and the curtain drops.



KISSING IN CHINA.

AN American naval officer, who had spent considerable time in China, narrates an amusing experience of the ignorance of the Chinese maidens of the custom of kissing. Wishing to complete a conquest he had made of a young *mei jin* (beautiful lady), he invited her—using the English words—to give him a kiss. Finding her comprehension of his request somewhat obscure, he suited the action to the word and took a delicious kiss. The girl ran away into another room, thoroughly alarmed, exclaiming, “Terrible man-eater, I shall be devoured.” But in a moment, finding herself uninjured by the salute, she returned to his side, saying, “I would learn more of your strange rite. Ke-e-es me.” He knew it wasn’t “right,” but he kept on instructing her in the rite of “ke-e-es me,” until she knew how to do it like a native Yankee girl; and after all that, she suggested a second course, by remarking, “Ke-e-es me some more, *seen jine* Mee-lee-kee!” (*Anglicè*—American), and the lesson went on until her mamma’s voice rudely awakened them from their delicious dream.

Notwithstanding the alleged infrequency of the custom of kissing in the Chinese dominions, we learn, from the Chinese poems which have been so happily translated by Mr. G. C. Stent, that the people of far Cathay are quite as susceptible to the spell of physical beauty as the people of other lands, and that they know as well how to sing and flatter it. Take the following extract, for example :

“ Bashfully, swimmingly, pleadingly, scoffingly,
 Temptingly, languidly, lovingly, laughingly,
 Witchingly, roguishly, playfully, naughtily,
 Wilfully, waywardly, meltingly, haughtily,
 Gleamed the eyes of Yang-kuei-fei.
 When she smiled, her lips unclosing,
 Two rows of pearly teeth disclosing ;
 Cheeks of alabaster, showing
 The warm red blood beneath them glowing,—
 Peaches longing to be bitten,
 First dew-moistened, then sun-smitten.
 Four lines Li-tai-pai has written
 In more expressive words convey
 What others might in vain essay :
 ‘ Oh for those blushing, dimpled cheeks,
 That match the rose in hue !
 If one is kissed, the other speaks,
 By blushes, *Kiss me too !* ’ ”



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

IN Diedrich Knickerbocker's veracious history of New York, we are told that New Year's day was the favorite festival of the renowned governor Peter Stuyvesant, and was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. On that genial day, says Mr. Irving, the fountains of hospitality were broken up, and the whole community was

deluged with cherry brandy, true Hollands, and mulled cider; every house was a temple of the jolly god, and many a provident vagabond got drunk out of pure economy,—taking in liquor enough gratis to serve him half a year afterwards.

The great assemblage, however, was at the governor's house, whither repaired all the burghers of New Amsterdam, with their wives and daughters, pranked out in their best attire. On this occasion the good Peter was devoutly observant of the pious Dutch rite of kissing the women-kind for a Happy New Year; and it is traditional that Antony the Trumpeter, who acted as gentleman usher, took toll of all who were young and handsome, as they passed through the antechamber. This venerable custom, thus happily introduced, was followed with such zeal by high and low that on New Year's day, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly be-kissed community in all Christendom.

The Trumpeter referred to by the humorous historian was Van Corlear, of whom, on the eve of a famous Dutch military campaign, it is said:

“It was a moving sight to see the buxom lasses, how they hung about the doughty Antony Van Corlear,—for he was a jolly, rosy-faced, lusty bachelor, fond of his joke, and withal a desperate rogue among the women. Fain would they have kept him to comfort them while the army was away; for, besides what I have said of him, it is no more than justice to add that he was a kind-hearted soul, noted for his benevolent attentions in comforting disconsolate wives during the absence of their husbands; and this made him to be very much regarded by the honest burghers of the city. But nothing could keep the valiant Antony from following the heels of the old governor, whom he

loved as he did his very soul; so, embracing all the young vrouws, and giving every one of them that had good teeth and rosy lips a dozen hearty smacks, he departed, loaded with their kind wishes."

Before leaving this lusty bachelor, who was such a "prodigious favorite" with the women, it may be noted that he is said to have been the first to collect that famous toll levied on the fair sex at Kissing Bridge, on the highway to Hellgate. The bridge referred to by Diedrich still exists, but the toll is seldom collected nowadays, except on sleighing-parties, by the descendants of the patriarchs, who still preserve the traditions of the city.

KISS-ME-QUICK.

BARTLETT, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," tells us that the "Kiss-Me-Quick" is a home-made, quilted bonnet, which does not extend beyond the face. It is chiefly used to cover the head by ladies when going to parties or to the theatre. Sam Slick says, in "Human Nature:"

"She holds out with each hand a portion of her silk dress, as if she was walking a minuet, and it discloses a snow-white petticoat. Her step is short and mincing, and she wears a new bonnet called a *kiss-me-quick*."

HUSKING-FROLICS.

THAT early American poet, Joel Barlow, in his famous poem, "The Hasty Pudding," thus pleasantly refers to the New England husking bees:

"For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest home,
The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed
beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack ;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack ;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well :
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains ;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
She walks the round and culls one favored beau,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sports, as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains ;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day."



TAKING TOLL AT THE BRIDGE.

THE old custom of "taking toll" has been humorously commemorated by the Belgian artist Dillens, in a painting of singular beauty. It was exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition in 1855, and purchased by the late Emperor of the French. The scene is in Zealand. A quiet summer evening invites the peasantry of the country to a stroll. Three couples, habited in Sunday or holiday costume, have in their walks reached a bridge. Whether or not it is a legal exaction that a toll must be enforced there, is little to the purpose, but one of a peculiar character is

demanded, and is most willingly paid by the first pair who reach the spot: the buxom maiden, whose pleasant upturned face shows she has no reluctance to submit to the agreeable extortion, is quite as ready to pay the toll as her lover is to take it. Of course the example will be followed by their companions behind, though the two young men pretend to be quite unconscious of what is going on, and one of the females affects a look of surprise.



A BRAVE ICELAND GIRL.

MR. WALLER, in his interesting account of a visit to Iceland in 1872, gives us a very clear idea of some of the customs of the people, whom he found inconveniently hospitable. Among other incidents, he relates the following instance of native kindness and feminine courage:

“In the morning I made a small study, and, after a very tolerable meal and many good wishes, we rode off. All went well until we came to the river Markafjot, which happened to be very much flooded. Not liking to attempt to swim under the circumstances, we rode on down the bank for some miles, and fortunately found a house.

“Knocking at the door, we asked, ‘Is the river very deep?’

“‘Very,’ said a voice from the inside.

“‘Is there a man who will show us a ford?’ we asked again.

“‘No,’ was the reply; ‘both Jan and Olave are up in the mountains; but one of the girls will do quite as well. Here, Thora, go and show the Englishmen the way.’

“Immediately an exceedingly handsome young woman ran out, and, nodding kindly to me, went around to the back of the house, caught a pony, put a bridle on it, and, not taking the trouble to fetch a saddle, vaulted on his

bare back, and, sitting astride, drove her heels into its sides and galloped off down the river-bank as hard as she could go, shouting for us to follow.

“We became naturally rather excited at such a display of dash on the part of such a pretty girl, and started off immediately in chase. But, though we did our utmost to catch her, she increased her distance hand over hand. There was no doubt about it,—she had as much courage as ever we could boast of, and in point of horsemanship was a hundred yards ahead of either of us.

“For about half a mile we rattled along, when suddenly she pulled up short on a sand-bank.

“‘You can cross here,’ she said, ‘but you must be careful. Make straight for that rock right over there, and when you have reached it you will be able to see the cairn of stones we built to show the landing-place.’

“‘All right,’ I said. ‘Good-by.’

“She looked puzzled for a moment, and then said, ‘I’ll come through with you: it will be safer.’

“‘Good gracious, Bjarni, don’t let her come!’ I said: ‘she is sure to be drowned, and I can’t get her out with all those wet clothes on. Tell her to go back.’

“But before I was half-way through the sentence, she had urged her horse into the water, and in a moment was twenty yards into the river. Of course we followed as quickly as possible, and after a great deal of splashing reached the middle of the flood. ‘Now,’ she said, bringing her horse up abreast with mine, and pointing with her whip, ‘there’s the mark.’ The water was running level with the horses’ withers, and it was only by lifting their heads very high that they could keep their noses clear.

“‘Good-by,’ she said; ‘God bless you,’ and, before I was quite aware of it, kissed me on the cheek.

“I was about to return the compliment, but she was gone; and, a few minutes after, we saw her, a mere speck in the distance, galloping over the plain.

“Kissing in Iceland is a custom similar to shaking hands here. I would have expected it in ordinary situations, but a kiss in the midst of boundless waters was, to say the least of it, strange. It was certainly the wettest one I ever had in my life.”

PARAGUAYAN COMPULSION.

“EVERYBODY in Paraguay smokes,” says a South American traveler, “and every female above the age of thirteen chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and, instead of chewing it, roll it about and suck it. Imagine yourself about to salute the red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed with satin and flashing with diamonds, as she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish-black roll of tobacco quite two inches long, looking like a monster grub, and then, depositing the savory lozenge on the brim of your sombrero, puts up her face and is ready for a salute. I have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn away with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of ‘the savage!’ applied to him by the offended beauty for his sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, perforce of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to, and one-half you meet are really tempting enough to render you regardless of the consequences, and you would sip the dew of the proffered lip in the face of a tobacco-factory,—even in the double-distilled honeydew of Old Virginia.”

A NEW YORK DRUMMER'S PREDICAMENT.

AT Big Creek, Arkansas, they have a peculiar fashion, which sometimes proves embarrassing. As there is no preacher within thirty miles, the way for marrying is by kissing across a table. Recently, a New York drummer who was there on business put up at a private house, and became quite intimate with the inmates. One evening he was fooling around one of the girls, and trying the sweetness of her temper, when she gave his whiskers a pull and ran. He followed. She got the table between them. He chased her around it several times. When out of breath, he stopped on the other side, and, making a wild plunge, caught her in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss. She then sat down on the sofa, and they talked pleasantly for a couple of hours,—he thinking it singular that she should sit up so late.

At last she said, "Don't you think it's about time we went to bed?"

"I guess you are right," he remarked; "let's go."

She lit a candle, and he was about to do the same, when she said, "I reckon one's enough. One candle will light two folks to bed."

"Undoubtedly it would, when those two people occupy the same room. But your candle won't illuminate my chamber."

"Ain't we going to occupy the same room? Ain't we married?"

"Ain't we what?" shouted the gentleman.

"Married! Didn't you kiss me across the table? That married us."

A cold sweat spread over the drummer. He saw in an instant that if he said he wasn't married to her she would make an outcry, and then her loving and much-tobacco-

consuming father would arise in his wrath and carve him into cutlets, and her brothers would bring down their shot-guns and empty the contents into him. He must be strategic. He must put her off. So he said :

“Fairest of your sex, permit me to remark that I did not know that kissing across the table constituted a marriage-ceremony. But I am content. I have never seen one who so completely filled my idea of a beautiful, sweet, loving, and modest woman. However, I would never think of holding you to this marriage until I had asked the permission of your father to pay my addresses to you. To-morrow, at dinner, when the entire family are present, I will propose for your fair hand.”

This satisfied the lady, and, after bestowing upon him a fervent kiss, she went to her room, and he went to his. He packed his carpet-bag, took off his boots, and made tracks for the nearest railroad-station. He didn't feel entirely safe until he had reached St. Louis. He hasn't informed his wife of this little adventure. He's afraid she might write out to Arkansas for the facts in the case, and then he might get arrested for bigamy. Women sometimes won't listen to reason, you know.



A DANGEROUS GAME.

“DROP the handkerchief” is a dangerous game. Desdemona dropped her handkerchief, and it cost her her life. Handkerchiefs have played a great deal of mischief. A handkerchief ruptured a Baptist church in Dedham, Mass. There was a church sociable in the chapel, and they “played plays,” and “drop the handkerchief” was one of the plays. We don't remember just how it's done, but they stand in a circle, promiscuously, and a lady, taking a handkerchief, walks around on the outside of the

circle and drops the handkerchief behind one of the male persuasion, and he runs after her, or he don't—we forget which—but, any way, if he catches her, or if he don't—we forget which—he can kiss her. There is kissing about it, any way, whether he catches her or not, for “drop the handkerchief” would be no play with kissing left out. And “drop the handkerchief” is a real play, and when grown-up people play, kissing is the main part. So we know there is kissing in it; and the account of this Dedham affair says “the game involves kissing,” to which the Rev. Mr. Foster, pastor, took exception, and he declared “right out loud” that the “church was built for a house of God, and not for kissing-parties.” And one of the young men who was “involved” in the kissing-party even threatened to smite the parson, and the account says “the pleasure of the evening was destroyed,” and the Rev. Mr. Foster resigned his charge.



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

THE Dunkards, at their national convention at Girard, Ill., discussed whether white members were bound to salute colored ones with the holy kiss. After mature deliberation, it was decided to be a matter of taste merely, and that, while those who chose to indulge in universal osculation, irrespective of race or color, should have full liberty to do so, no member should feel himself obliged to follow such example. The decision doubtless, it is said, lightened many anxious hearts. The Dunkards, or German Baptists, wear broad-brimmed hats, and fasten their shad-belly coats close up to the throat; wear no neck-ties, and never waste time in blacking their boots; consider buttons too much like jewelry, and tie up their clothes with strings; live frugally, and eschew cakes and sweets;

work much, and spend little ; never are wealthy, and yet have no poor among them ; kiss promiscuously in public, and have no jealousies ; never give the first word, and never answer back ; regard ancient customs, and disregard the new ; never hold office, and never take contracts.



THE LATTER-DAY KISS OF PEACE.

THE members of the United Brethren Church, or "Church of God," in Pennsylvania, observe the sacrament of feet-washing inculcated in the thirteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. The ceremony is thus described by a Pittsburg reporter :

"The front seats were entirely filled by men and women who desired to take part in the ceremony. The females, however, largely preponderated, and of both sexes there were probably twenty-five or thirty. The pastor partially filled two basins with water. The feet-washing was done by a man and woman, each of whom wore an apron in imitation of the girdle worn by Christ, and each, taking up a basin of water, washed one by one the feet of those of their own sex, the shoes and stockings as a matter of course having been taken off. Both feet were placed in the basin, and upon being taken out were wiped with the apron worn by the washer, whereupon the one performing the ceremony and the one submitting to it shook hands and kissed each other, there being no distinction at all made in the matter of sex, the men kissing each other as well as the women. While this peculiar ordinance was being attended to, the audience manifested the most eager and intense interest. People crowded forward in the aisles to get a good look at it, and so great was the curiosity of those occupying the back seats that many stood up on the benches for the purpose of getting

a better view. During the performance of the ceremony the congregation sang, with unusual vigor,—

“ ‘ This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.’ ”



NATIONAL DIFFERENCES.

AN eminent English authoress was leaving an afternoon concert in London, when two old ladies from the country, finding that she was the writer of books that had delighted them, rushed up to her and begged permission to kiss her hand. The authoress blushed deeply, and began tugging at her tight-fitting glove. The glove was only withdrawn after a minute or two of effort, causing much embarrassment to the modest authoress. A French gentleman, who had witnessed the proceeding, remarked that if it had been George Sand she would instantly have thrown her arms around the old women and kissed each on both cheeks.



DETECTIVE UTILITY.

SOME ungallant writers assert that in the desire of the ancients to test the sobriety of their wives and daughters, who it seems were apt to make too free with the juice of the grape, notwithstanding a prohibition to the contrary, originated a practice reprobated by Socrates the philosopher, Cato the elder, and Ambrose the saint, and lauded by lyrists and lovers from the beginning of time. The refinement of manners among the classic dames and damsels before mentioned was probably pretty much upon a par with that depicted in the “Beggars’ Opera,” when Macheath exclaims, after saluting Jenny Diver, “One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.”



THE KISS IN POETRY.

SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle Sleep hath closèd up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were if I should steal,
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of aught that she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

GEORGE WITHER

THE KISS—A DIALOGUE.

1. Among thy fancies, tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;

Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame that flies
 First to the babies of the eyes,
 And charms them there with lullabies ;

Chor. And stills the bride too when she cries :

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
 It frisks, and flies,—now here, now there ;
 'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near ;

Chor. And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.

1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
 Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss ;

Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
 With thousand rare encolorings ;
 And as it flies, it gently sings,

Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK.

—◆—
 THE SIRENS' SONG.

STEER hither, steer your wingèd pines,
 All beaten mariners :
 Here lie undiscovered mines
 A prey to passengers ;
 Perfumes far sweeter than the best
 Which make the phœnix urn and nest ;
 Fear not your ships,
 Nor any to oppose you save our lips ;
 But come on shore,
 Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.
 For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
 Where never storms arise,
 Exchange ; and be awhile our guests ;
 For stars, gaze on our eyes ;

The compass, Love shall hourly sing,
 And, as he goes about the ring,
 We will not miss
 To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

BROWNE: *Inner Temple Masque.*



THE KISS.

OH that a joy so soon should waste !
 Or so sweet a bliss
 As a kiss
 Might not forever last !
 So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
 The dew that lies on roses,
 When the morn herself discloses,
 Is not so precious.
 Oh, rather than I would it smother,
 Were I to taste such another,
 It should be my wishing
 That I might die kissing.

BEN JONSON.



THOU more than most sweet glove,
 Unto my more sweet love,
 Suffer me to store with kisses
 This empty lodging that now misses
 The pure rosy hand that wore thee,
 Whiter than the kid that bore thee.
 Thou art soft, but that was softer ;
 Cupid's self hath kissed it ofter
 Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
 Supposing her the queen of loves,
 That was thy mistress,
 Best of gloves.

BEN JONSON.

TO CHARIS.

[Begging another kiss, on condition of mending the former.]

FOR Love's sake, kiss me once again ;
 I long, and should not beg in vain ;
 Here's none to spy or see :
 Why do you doubt or stay ?
 I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
 That doth but touch his flower and flies away.
 Once more, and, faith, I will be gone :
 Can he that loves ask less than one ?
 Nay, you may err in this,
 And all your bounty wrong :
 This could be called but half a kiss ;
 What we've but once to do, we should do long.
 I will but mend the last, and tell
 Where, how, it would have relished well ;
 Join lip to lip, and try ;
 Each suck the other's breath,
 And, whilst our tongues perplexèd lie,
 Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

BEN JONSON.

 THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu :
 Though we sever, my fond heart,
 Till we meet, shall pant for you.
 Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
 Let me kiss that falling tear :
 Though my body must remove,
 All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
 And every wish shall pant for you ;
 One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

—◆—
 DODSLEY.

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

WHAT a rout do you make for a single sweet kiss !
 I seized it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it.
 May he ne'er enjoy one who shall think 'twas amiss ;
 But for me, I thank dear Cytherea who sent it.

You may pout, and look prettily cross ; but, I pray,
 What business so near to my lips had your cheek ?
 If you *will* put temptation so pat in one's way,
 Saints, resist if you can ; but for *me*, I'm too weak.

But come, dearest Delia, our quarrel let's end ;
 Nor will I by force, what you gave not, retain.
 By allowing the kiss I'm forever your friend ;
 If you say that I *stole* it,—why, *take it again*.

—◆—
 HORACE WALPOLE.

INES SENT A KISS TO ME.

[From the Spanish of Silvestre.]

INES sent a kiss to me,
 While we danced upon the green :
 Let that kiss a blessing be,
 And conceal no woes unseen.

How I dared I know not now,—
 While we danced, I gently said,
 Smiling, “ Give me, lovely maid,
 Give me one sweet kiss ! ”—when, lo !
 Gathering blushes robed her brow,
 And, with love and fear afraid,

Thus she spoke : " I'll send the kiss
 In a calmer day of bliss."
 Then I cried, " Dear maid ! what day
 Can be half so sweet as this ?
 Throw not hopes and joys away ;
 Send, oh, send the promised kiss !
 Can so bright a gift be mine,
 Bought without a pang of pain ?
 'Tis perchance a ray divine,
 Darker night to bring again.
 " Could I dwell on such a thought,
 I of very joy should die ;
 Naught of earth's enjoyments, naught,
 Could be like that ecstasy.
 I will pay her interest meet,
 When her lips shall breathe on me,
 And for every kiss so sweet
 Give her many more than three."



THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG.

[From the Spanish.]

My ornaments are arms,
 My pastime is in war,
 My bed is cold upon the wold,
 My lamp yon star.
 My journeyings are long,
 My slumbers short and broken ;
 From hill to hill I wander still,
 Kissing thy token.
 I ride from land to land,
 I sail from sea to sea :
 Some day more kind I fate may find,
 Some night kiss thee !

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

[From the Fables of La Fontaine.]

UPON a tree there mounted guard
 A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;
 When to the roots a fox up running
 Spoke thus, in tones of kind regard:
 "Our quarrel, brother, 's at an end;
 Henceforth I hope to live your friend;
 For peace now reigns
 Throughout the animals' domains.
 I bear the news. Come down, I pray,
 And give me the embrace fraternal;
 And please, my brother, don't delay:
 So much the tidings do concern all,
 That I must spread them far to-day.
 Now you and yours can take your walks
 Without a fear or thought of hawks;
 And should you clash with them or others,
 In us you'll find the best of brothers;—
 For which you may, this joyful night,
 Your merry bonfires light.
 But, first, let's seal the bliss
 With one fraternal kiss."

"Good friend," the cock replied, "upon my word,
 A better thing I never heard;
 And doubly I rejoice
 To hear it from your voice:
 And, really, there must be something in it,
 For yonder come two greyhounds, who, I flatter
 Myself, are couriers on this very matter;
 They come so fast, they'll be here in a minute.
 I'll down, and all of us will seal the blessing
 With general kissing and caressing."

"Adieu," said fox; "my errand's pressing;
 I'll hurry on my way,
 And we'll rejoice some other day."
 So off the fellow scampered, quick and light,
 To gain the fox-holes of a neighboring height,—
 Less happy in his stratagem than flight.
 The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve;—
 'Tis doubly sweet deceiver to deceive.

ANACREONTIC.

[From the French of Menage.]

As, dancing o'er the enamelled plain,
 The floweret of the virgin train,
 My soul's Corinna, lightly played,
 Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
 He saw, and in a moment flew,
 And round her neck his arms he threw,
 And said, with smiles of infant joy,
 "Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
 Unconscious of a mother's name,
 The modest virgin blushed with shame;
 And, angry Cupid scarce believing
 That vision could be so deceiving,
 Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame,
 The little infant blushed with shame.
 "Be not ashamed, my boy," I cried,
 For I was lingering by his side;
 "Corinna and thy lovely mother,
 Believe me, are so like each other
 That clearest eyes are oft betrayed,
 And take thy Venus for the maid."

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

[From the German of Uhland.]

THERE came three students over the Rhine :
 Dame Werter's house they entered in :
 " Dame Werter, hast thou good beer and wine
 And where's that lovely daughter of thine ? "

" My beer and my wine are fresh and clear,
 My daughter is lying cold on her bier. "
 They stepped within the chamber of rest,
 Where shrined lay the maiden, in black robes dressed.

The first he drew from her face the veil :
 " Ah ! wert thou alive, thou maiden so pale, "
 He said, as he gazed with saddened brow,
 " How dearly would I love thee now ! "

The second he covered the face anew,
 And, weeping, he turned aside from the view :
 " Ah me, that thou liest on the cold bier,
 The one I have loved for so many a year ! "

The third once more uplifted the veil :
 He kissed the lips so deadly pale ;
 " Thee loved I *ever, still* love I thee,
 And thee will I love through eternity. "

And that kiss—that kiss—with Promethean flame
 Thrilled with new life the quivering frame ;
 And the maid uprose, and stood by his side,
 That student's own loved and loving bride !



BLOOMING NELLY.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,

The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest ;
 When Willie, wandering through the wood,
 Who for her favor oft had sued,
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheathed,
 Were sealed in soft repose ;
 Her lip, still as she fragrant breathed,
 It richer dyed the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild-wanton, kissed her rival breast :
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace,
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace :
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole :
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspirèd wings,
 So Nelly, starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs :
 But Willie followed,—as he should ;
 He overtook her in the wood :
 He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

BURNS.



BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

CHORUS.

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
 And I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O!
 Young kings upon their hansel throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O!
 I seek nae mair o' heaven to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine forever, O!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O!

BURNS.

DINNA KISS AFORE FOLK.

[An old Scotch song.]

BEHAVE yoursel' afore folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me
 As kiss me sae afore folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
 That I sae plainly tell you this;
 But ah! I tak' it sae amiss
 To be sae teased afore folk.
 Behave yoursel' afore folk;
 When we're alane, ye may tak' ane,
 But ne'er a ane afore folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
 It may be sae,—I dinna care,—
 But ne'er again gar 't blush sae sair
 As ye hae dune afore folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet :
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a deceit ;
 At any rate, it's hardly meet
 To pree their sweets afore folk.

But, gin you really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kissed,
 Gae get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours afore folk ;
 Behave yourself afore folk,
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten afore folk.



DON JUAN AND HAIDEE.

THEY looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright ;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight ;
 They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss ;
 A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above ;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 When heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
 I think, it must be reckoned by its length.

By length I mean duration ; theirs endured
 Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never reck-
 oned ;
 And if they had, they could not have secured
 The sum of their sensations to a second :
 They had not spoken ; but they felt allured,
 As if their souls and lips each other beckoned,
 Which being joined, like swarming bees they clung—
 Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

BYRON.

—♦—

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance,
 Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove !
 Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
 Or the rapture that dwells on the first kiss of love !

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
 Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove,
 From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
 Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love !

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
 Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
 Invoke them no more ; bid adieu to the muse,
 And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art ;
 Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
 I court the effusions that spring from the heart
 Which throbs with delight at the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
 Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move :
 Arcadia displays but a region of dreams :
 What are visions like these to the first kiss of love ?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
 From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove :
 Some portion of Paradise still is on earth,
 And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,—
 For years fleet away with the wings of the dove,—
 The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
 Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

—◆—
 BYRON.

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

GIVE me, my love, that billing kiss
 I taught you one delicious night,
 When, turning epicures in bliss,
 We tried inventions of delight.

Come, gently steal my lips along,
 And let your lips in murmurs move ;
 Ah, no !—again—that kiss was wrong :
 How can you be so dull, my love ?

“ Cease, cease !” the blushing girl replied,—
 And in her milky arms she caught me ;
 “ How can you thus your pupil chide ?
 You know ’twas *in the dark* you taught me !”

—◆—
 MOORE.

THINE AT LAST.

GROW to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
 On which my soul’s beloved swore
 That there should come a time of bliss
 When she would mock my hopes no more ;
 And fancy shall thy glow renew,
 In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
 And none shall steal thy holy dew
 Till thou’rt absolved by rapture’s rite.

Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
 Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
 And let my love, my more than soul,
 Come panting to this fevered breast;
 And while in every glance I drink
 The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
 Oh! let her all impassioned sink,
 In sweet abandonment resigned,
 Blushing for all our struggles past,
 And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

MOORE.

—◆—

JULIA'S KISS.

WHEN infant Bliss in roses slept,
 Cupid upon his slumber crept,
 And, while a balmy sigh he stole,
 Exhaling from the infant's soul,
 He smiling said, "With this, with this
 I'll scent my Julia's burning kiss!"

Nay, more: he stole to Venus' bed,
 Ere yet the sanguine flush had fled
 Which Love's divinest, dearest flame
 Had kindled through her panting frame.
 Her soul still dwelt on memory's themes,
 Still floated in voluptuous dreams;
 And every joy she felt before
 In slumber now was acting o'er.
 From her ripe lips, which seemed to thrill
 As in the war of kisses still,
 And amorous to each other clung,
 He stole the dew that trembling hung,
 And smiling said, "With this, with this
 I'll bathe my Julia's burning kiss!"

MOORE.

TO A LADY ON HER TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S
"KISS."

" Mon âme sur ma lèvre était lors tout entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre était ;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrêtoit !"

VOITURE.

How heavenly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss,
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss !
And, ah ! his soul returned to feel
That it *again* could ravished be ;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee !

MOORE.

—•—
THE KISS.

ONE kiss, dear maid, I said, and sighed ;
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah, why refuse the blameless bliss ?
Can danger lurk within a kiss ?
Yon viewless wanderer of the vale,
The spirit of the western gale,
At morning's break, at evening's close,
Inhales the sweetness of the rose,
And hovers o'er th' uninjured bloom,
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling
Vigor to the zephyr's wing,
And she the glitter of the dew
Scatters on the rose's hue.
Bashful, lô ! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper red.

Too well those lovely lips disclose
 The triumphs of the opening rose :
 O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove
 As passive to the breath of love !
 In tender accents, faint and low,
 Well pleased I hear the whispered " No !"
 The whispered " No !" how little meant,
 Sweet falsehood that endears consent !
 For on those lovely lips the while
 Dawns the soft relenting smile,
 And tempts, with feigned dissuasive coy,
 The gentle violence of the joy.

COLERIDGE.



TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one !
 Kiss and clasp her neck again :
 Hereafter she may have a son
 Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
 Love thy mother, little one !

Gaze upon her living eyes,
 And mirror back her love for thee :
 Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
 To meet them when they cannot see.
 Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow
 With love that they have often told :
 Hereafter thou mayst press in woe
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.
 Press her lips the while they glow !

Oh, revere her raven hair !
 Although it be not silver-gray,

Too early death, led on by care,
 May snatch save one dear lock away.
 Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
 That Heaven may long the stroke defer;
 For thou mayst live the hour forlorn
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.
 Pray for her at eve and morn!

—◆—
 THOMAS HOOD.

KISSES.

My heart is beating with all things that are,
 My blood is wild unrest;
 With what a passion pants yon eager star
 Upon the water's breast!
 Clasped in the air's soft arms the world doth sleep;
 Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands;
 With what a hungry lip the ocean deep
 Lappeth forever the white-breasted sands!
 What love-is in the moon's eternal eyes,
 Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight skies!
 Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow,
 Filled with as tender light
 As yon low moon doth fill the heavens now,
 This mellow autumn night!
 On the late flowers I linger at thy feet;
 I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim;
 I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat,—
 Oh, kiss me into faintness sweet and dim!
 Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
 Full-juiced and mellow, leaneth to the taker's reach.
 Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave;
 It floods my shoulders o'er;

Another yet! Oh, as a weary wave
 Subsides upon the shore,
 My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears,
 My heart like moon-charmed waters, all unrest,
 Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
 Doth faint upon thy breast!
 I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet
 With thy rich tears. One kiss, sweet, sweet. Another yet!

—◆—
 ALEXANDER SMITH.

GIVE ME KISSES.

GIVE me kisses—do not stay
 Counting in that careful way;
 All the coins your lips can print
 Never will exhaust the mint.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—do not stop,
 Measuring nectar by the drop;
 Though to millions they amount,
 They will never drain the fount.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—all is waste
 Save the luxury we taste,
 And for kissing—kisses live
 Only when we take or give.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment—and again!

Give me kisses—though their worth
 Far exceeds the gems of earth;
 Never pearls so rich and pure
 Cost so little, I am sure.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment—and again.
 Give me kisses—nay, 'tis true,
 I am just as rich as you,
 And for every kiss I owe,
 I can pay you back, you know.

Kiss me, then,
 Every moment—and again!

SAXE.



TO MY LOVE.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low;
 Malice has ever a vigilant ear:
 What if Malice were lurking near?
 Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low;
 Envy too has a watchful ear:
 What if Envy should chance to hear?
 Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low;
 Trust me, darling, the time is near
 When lovers may love with never a fear:
 Kiss me, dear!

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

SAXE.



A DINNER AND A KISS.

“I HAVE brought your dinner, father,”
 The blacksmith's daughter said,
 As she took from her arm the kettle
 And lifted its shining lid.

“There is not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this.”
And upon the toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food ;

While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss ;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

And she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.

And I thought, how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.



A HINT.

OUR Daisy lay down
In her little night-gown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.

Then, foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,

I asked her the question so old,
 That wife and that lover
 Ask over and over,
 As if they were surer when told !
 There, close at her side,
 "Do you love me?" I cried ;
 She lifted her golden-crowned head ;
 A puzzled surprise
 Shone in her gray eyes—
 "Why, that's why I kiss you!" she said.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

—◆—
 THROWING KISSES.

GIRLIE on the stairway, mother up above ;
 Girlie's eyes and mother's full of tender love ;
 Girlie's little fingers throw a hurrying kiss
 Right to mother, loving, fearing not to miss ;
 Mother throws one downward to her Golden-hair ;
 Girlie cries, "They're meeting, mother, in the air."
 By-and-by the girlie stands all, all alone,
 Looking sadly upward for the mother, gone
 Up the heavenly stairway. Girlie, standing here,
 Knows the mother surely surely must be near.
 If she throws her kisses up the golden stair,
 Will they meet the mother's half-way in the air?

MINNIE SLADE.

—◆—
 KISSES TO-DAY.

BANISH, O maiden, thy fears of to-morrow ;
 Dash from thy cheek, love, the tear-drop of sorrow ;
 Pleasure flies swiftly and sweetly away :
 Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day,—
 Kisses, love.

Hear me, then, dearest, thy doubts gently chiding :
 Know'st thou not true love is ever confiding ?
 Why snatch from Cupid his bandage away ?
 Love sees no morrow, then kiss me to-day.

Kiss me, love.



CONSECRATION.—A LOVER'S MOOD.

ALL the kisses that I have given,
 I grudge from my soul to-day,
 And of all I have ever taken,
 I would wipe the thought away.

How I wish my lips had been hermits,
 Held apart from kith and kin,
 That fresh from God's holy service
 To Love's they might enter in !

MISS BATES.



“UNDER THE ROSE.”

[A Platonic Kiss.]

You kissed me, as if roses slipped
 Their rose-bud necklaces, and blew
 Such breaths as never yet have dipped
 The bee in fragrance over-shoe,
 While rose-leaves of their color stripped
 Themselves to make a blush for you.

Nor chide with such a cold constraint,
 As if you laid the rose in snow ;
 For this the summer stores her paint,
 The dappled twilights overflow
 With motley colors, pied and quaint,
 For kisses that in flowers do grow.

Nor pout and tease : you did not mean
 So sweet a thing. Abide this test :

In open markets grades are seen
 Of good and bad, in price expressed ;
 The buyer's purse must choose between ;
 But when we give, we give the best.

Yet if that color, sweet as bees,
 Of flower-flushes teases, see
 How we can pluck such thorns as these,
 That bleed in blushes, easily ;
 For, kiss me, sweet, just as you please,
 I'll take it as it pleases me.

HARNEY.

PLATONIC KISSES.

“WHAT are they?” birdie, do you ask?
 Your forehead wears a puckered line,
 Oh ! now you've found a dreadful task
 Even for a learned head like mine.
 Some questions are so hard ! Ah, well,
 If even Plato's self were here,
 The sage, I fancy, could not tell
 The riddle that you ask me, dear.

My birdie, Plato was a sage,
 The first to find he had a soul ;
 The life we live from youth to age,
 His wisdom taught, was not the whole ;
 And many theories Plato had
 To rule the impulse of mankind,
 Controlling all the base and bad
 Through stern dominion of the mind.

And love, my birdie, Plato said,
 Should be communion of the soul,
 To glowing passion cold and dead,
 And intellect should rule the whole.

Each soul another soul might find,
And spirit-intercourse reveal
A pure emotion of the mind,
Like that we think the angels feel.

But what Platonic kisses were
I doubt if Plato ever knew,—
Not like, my birdie, I infer,
The long, sweet kisses I give you,
And those you give me back again,
Repeated oft, and never done ;
Not thus, I fancy, could it be
Platonic brides were ever won.

Philosophy, perhaps, had charms
To satisfy great Athens' sage,
Indifferent to his lady's arms,—
Two heads bent o'er one musty page.
But moderns, made of sterner stuff,
Would clothe it with a gentler light,
And, soul-communion not enough,
Both sense and spirit would unite.

Love's sweetest charms they would not miss,
Nor into earthly passion fall,
So talk of a Platonic kiss,
And thus contrive to get it all.
But fondest theories, birdie sweet,
Oft bring a harvest of regret.
Now come and sit here at my feet.
Well, have you understood me, pet ?

I thought not. What a pair of eyes !
I'll have to send you back to school.
If Plato's spirit could arise,
We'd tell the ghost he was a fool.

Now lift your sweet lips up to mine ;
 I like the language that they speak ;
 I know the rhetoric is not fine,—
 What dreadful work they'd make of Greek !

Ah, how I love your little form !
 And now—be sure you sit quite still—
 Just hold my left hand, soft and warm ;
 Don't shake the one that drives the quill.
 Let Plato crown his love with bays,
 I'll make you mistress of my life.
 I'll love you, birdie, all my days,
 And crown you with the name of wife.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

I PRAY you pardon me, Elsie,
 And smile that frown away
 That dims the light of your lovely face
 As thunder clouds the day.
 For on the spur of the instant,
 Before I thought, 'twas done,
 And those great gray eyes flashed bright and cold,
 Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the summer
 When we were boys and girls,
 And wandering in the blossoming woods,
 And the gay winds romped with your curls ;
 And you seemed to me the same little girl
 I kissed in the elder-path.
 I kissed the little girl's lips, and, alas !
 I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not much to pardon,
 For why were your lips so red ?

The blonde curls fell in a shower of gold
 From the proud, provoking head,
 And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes
 And played round the tender mouth
 Rushed over my soul like a warm, sweet wind
 That blows from the fragrant South.

And where, after all, is the harm done?
 I believe we were made to be gay,
 And all of youth not given to love
 Is vainly squandered away,
 And strewn through life-long labors,
 Like gold in the desert sands,
 Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows,
 And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
 In memory's magic shrine
 You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
 Like gems, those kisses of mine;
 And when you muse at evening,
 At the sound of some vanished name,
 The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
 And kindle your heart to flame.

JOHN HAY.

IN AMBUSH.

HALF hidden in the holly's shade,
 Dark with the weight of snow o'erlaid,
 I see you plainly!
 What plot are you two hatching now,
 Lurking beneath the sheltering bough?
 You're hiding vainly!

But never mind—with eyes downcast,
 I'll let you think you have not passed

Before my vision.
 "Let's snowball him! 'twill be such fun!"
 The words are whispered low by one,
 In soft derision.

Ho! ho! so that's your little plot!
 You may be sure that I shall not
 Attempt to foil it!
 Besides, I can't for very shame
 Turn tail and run; and such a game,
 'Twere sin to spoil it!

A warning shot,—it whizzes past!
 Another,—fairly hit at last!
 Nice warm work this is!
 Well, fire away! Your stock runs low;
 Reward must come at length, you know,—
 Returns of kisses!

Bravo! I've caught you both at length!
 In vain resist with all your strength,
 And blushing faces!
 Love's toll, you know, 's a warmer thing
 Than making snowballs just to fling
 From secret places!



A LONG-BRANCH EPISODE.

UPON the broad Atlantic sands
 I saw a maiden and her lover,
 Her dimpled fingers in his hands,
 Her shy blue eyes the sea looked over;
 With coy girl's love to him she turned,
 And said, "Dear,
 Do you think that any one will know
 That you have dared to kiss me so?"

Alone upon the pebbly strand
 Break ocean swell and pale moonbeam ;
 The lovers are walking hand in hand
 From the bluff to where the gas-lamps stream ;
 They reach the peopled colonnade :
 Trembling, she said,
 " Dear, I'm sure they all will know
 That you have dared to kiss me so."

The waltz floats through the casement low,
 And the lovers stand at the open door ;
 The maid shyly whispers, " Will they know ?"
 Her eyes seem fastened to the floor :
 Fond he looks down on the fair young face—
 " All will see
 That my arms are empty," he said,
 " And no kisses cling to your lips so red."

They join the dancers' merry whirl,
 The room is filled with beauties fair ;
 With cheeks aflush and ruffled curl,
 My maiden dances with absent air ;
 She fears that every one can tell.
 Yet, I trow,
 Only the lover and I could know
 Which was the girl that had been kissed so.



THREE KISSES.

THREE, only three, my darling,
 Separate, solemn, slow ;
 Not like the swift and joyous ones
 We used to know,
 When we kissed because we loved each other,
 Simply to taste love's sweet,

And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat ;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament !

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain ;
We have hurt each other often,
We shall again,—
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take ;
Buried, forgiven before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill ;
We have blessed each other always,
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Beyond all time and space ;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place ;
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to and fro ;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know !

The last kiss, O my darling—
My love—I cannot see,

Through my tears, as I remember
 What it may be.
 We may die and never see each other,
 Die with no time to give
 Any sign that our hearts are faithful
 To die, as live.
 Token of what they will not see
 Who see our parting breath,
 This one last kiss, my darling, seals
 The seal of death!



TOO OLD FOR KISSES.

My uncle Philip, hale old man,
 Has children by the dozen ;
 Tom, Ned, and Jack, and Kate, and Ann—
 How many call me "cousin" ?
 Good boys and girls, the best was Bess ;
 I bore her on my shoulder,
 A little bit of loveliness
 That never should grow older !
 Her eyes had such a pleading way,
 They seemed to say, "Don't strike me ;"
 Then, growing bold, another day,
 "I mean to make you like me."
 I liked my cousin, early, late ;
 Who likes not little misses ?
 She used to meet me at the gate,
 Just old enough for kisses.

This was, I think, three years ago,—
 Before I went to college ;
 I learned one thing there,—how to row,
 A healthy sort of knowledge.

When I was plucked (we won the race),
 And all was at an end there,
 I thought of Uncle Philip's place,
 And every country friend there.
 My cousin met me at the gate;
 She looked five, ten years older,—
 A tall young woman, still, sedate,
 With manners coyer, colder.
 She gave her hand with stately pride:
 "Why, what a greeting this is!
 You used to kiss me." She replied,
 "I am too old for kisses."

I loved, I love my cousin Bess;
 She's always in my mind now,—
 A full-blown bud of loveliness,
 The rose of womankind now:
 She must have suitors; old and young
 Must bow their heads before her;
 Vows must be made, and songs be sung,
 By many a mad adorer!
 But I must win her; she must give
 To me her youth and beauty;
 And I—to love her while I live
 Will be my happy duty;
 For she will love me soon or late,
 And be my bliss of blisses,
 Will come to meet me at the gate,
 Nor be too old for kisses!



WEDDING SONG.

[Polonaise.]

THREE suitors were with me to-day;
 They proffered love and treasure.

The lordly one gave pleasant words,
 And many ells of ribbon ;
 The second, plain of face and form,
 He counted coin and jewels ;
 The third presented roses three,
 And coupled them with kisses.

The first I fancied, and would greet
 Him warmly, as a brother ;
 The second, gladly him I'd choose
 To be my nearest neighbor ;
 But, oh, the third, of rosy gifts,
 Who stifled me with kisses,—
 I'd give to him these longing eyes,
 And all that life possesses.



THE KISS AT THE DOOR.

WHEN I took my leave last night,
 Nellie—she could do no more—
 Softly brought a candle-light
 Just to show me to the door.

How it was I cannot tell,
 When I felt her hand in mine,
 Something said, “ Why not as well
 Press her pretty lips to thine ? ”

Then I clasped one hand quite tight,—
 T'other held the light, you know,—
 So that Nellie, helpless quite,
 Felt she couldn't say me “ No. ”

But she gave a little scream,
 That did ne'er the bliss deny ;
 And—too brief the happy dream—
 In went she, and out went I.

A KISS.

A kiss! oh, 'tis a magic spell
 That wildly thrills the breast,
 And bids it with emotion swell
 When lip to lip is pressed;
 'Tis friendship's breath, affection's seal,
 And, though a transient bliss,
 The proudest, coldest heart must feel
 The rapture of a kiss.

A kiss! yes, 'tis a dear delight,
 Whose memory often cheers,
 And sheds through clouds a radiance bright,
 In scenes of after-years.
 When sorrows o'er the bosom roll,
 Who hath not felt a bliss
 Spread swiftly through the glowing soul
 Beneath a magic kiss?

 FIVE TWICES.

“PAPA, the bell's a-rīngin'
 For church—an' mus' you go?
 And I was been a-bringin'
 Your boots an' fings for you.
 And that's all I'm a-good for,
 Jus' cos' to love you some,
 And here's my bestest hood, for
 To meet you comin' home.

“Now jus' I want you kiss me
 Afore you goes away,
 'Cause maybe you might miss me—
 Bein' to church all day.

Now I'm 'your little mices,'
 To creep up on your knee ;
 'F you'll kiss me *all five twices*,
 Why—then—I'll—*let you be.*'*

So climbs "my little mices"
 Up on my willing knees,
 And takes her full "five twices"
 As oft as doth her please ;
 The while that I am drinking
 Kiss-cups of purest bliss,
 And, dreamy-joyous, thinking,
 Was ever love like this?

Yet, mid my fond caressing,
 I mind the time of old
 When little ones, for blessing,
 The Christ-arms did enfold.
 And so I tell the story
 Unto my little maid,—
 How our Good Lord of Glory,
 While here with us he stayed,

Would take the little children
 Up on his friendly knee,
 The while his kindness filled them
 With fearless, gentle glee.
 Then, soft and sweetly laying
 His dear hand on their head,
 They knew that he was praying,—
 They heard the prayer he said !

And so, her blue eyes deeping,
 Upon her head I lay

* An actual expression of a child.

My hand, while, moved to weeping,
 Unto the Lord I say,
 "O loving, gracious Father,
 Bless this dear babe, I pray,
 And with thy people gather
 My child, at that great day."

Bathed in a holy beauty,
 The little maid slips down,
 And I to "higher duty"
 The chiming summons own.
 But childhood's quaint devices
 Once more must needs appear:
 "Did he kiss 'em all five times?"
 Is the last word I hear!

—♦—
 NUTTING.

NURSERY RHYMES.

WHAT is to me the sweetest thing
 That the morning light can bring?

It is this,—

My mother's kiss.

And, if gentle watch she'll keep,
 What gives me the sweetest sleep?

Only this,—

My mother's kiss.

Nothing else so dear can be,
 Nothing brings such joy to me,

As does this,—

My mother's kiss.

Then, if I'm a pleasant child,
 Kind, obedient, and mild,

I'll have this,—

My mother's kiss.

Kiss me quick, my baby boy,—
 Mother's darling, mother's joy!
 Beat the little drum no more;
 Let the horse lie on the floor.

Do not move a foot or hand;
 Kiss me, kiss me, where you stand,
 Through the chair while I am kneeling,
 And the flies look from the ceiling.

That's a noble little boy!
 Mother's darling, mother's joy!
 'Twas a kiss well worth the getting;
 Kissing better is than fretting.



A kiss when I wake in the morning,
 A kiss when I go to bed,
 A kiss when I burn my fingers,
 A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
 A kiss when my bath begins;
 My mamma is full of kisses,
 As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
 A kiss when I pull her hair;
 She covered me over with kisses
 The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
 A kiss when I give her joy:
 There's nothing like mamma's kisses
 For her own little baby-boy.

RHAPSODIES.

I.

You kissed me, my head dropped low on your breast,
 With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
 While the holy emotion my tongue dared not speak
 Flushed up like a flame from my heart to my cheek !
 Your arms held me fast ! Oh, your arms were so bold !
 Heart responded to heart in that passionate fold !
 Your glances seemed drawing my soul through mine eyes,
 As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies.

And your lips clung to mine till I prayed, in my bliss,
 They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss !
 You kissed me ! my heart and my breast and my will
 In delicious delight for the moment stood still !
 Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
 No vista of pleasure outside of your arms !
 And were I this moment an angel possessed
 Of the glory and peace that belong to the blest,
 I would cast my white robes unrepiningly down,
 And tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
 To nestle once more in that haven of rest,
 With your lips pressed to mine, and my head on your
 breast ! .

You kissed me ! my soul in a bliss so divine
 Reeled and swooned like a man that is drunken with
 wine !

And I thought, 'twere delicious to die then, if death
 Would come while my lips were still moist with your
 breath !

'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
 While your arms wrapped me fast in that passionate
 hold !

And these are the questions I ask day and night :
 Must my life taste but once such exquisite delight ?
 Would you care if my breast were your shelter as then ?
 And if I were there would you kiss me again ?

II.

You kissed me : your arms round my neck were entwined,
 As the vine to the oak clings when pressed by the wind ;
 Your breath, zephyr-like from some lone balmy isle,
 Shed a fragrance that heightened the charm of your smile,
 And banished all care, as the sun at mid-day
 Dispels the dark clouds which obscure his bright way.
 And now, as fond memory, with tints bright and rare,
 Paints thy rich coral lips as Love hovers there,
 I ask but one boon may be granted to me,—
 That I, like the oak, may forever shield thee.

III.

You kissed me, and responsively my lips to yours were
 pressed,
 While trembling came a long-drawn sigh deep from that
 throbbing breast.
 Your cheeks were bathed in blushes, while those pouting
 lips revealed
 That secret I had burned to know, yet you'd so long con-
 cealed ;
 You loved me. With what ecstasy did I your form em-
 brace,
 And kiss away the starting tear which marred that beau-
 teous face !
 And now when absent, darling, my thoughts revert to
 thee,
 Thine image is reflected here, true as reality,
 And ever thus it will remain, in colors pure and bright,
 As a meteor in the sky, love, amid the gloom of night.

EXCERPTS FROM THE POETS.

FOR would she of her gentilnesse,
 Withouten more me ones kesse,
 It were to me a grete guerdon.

—◆—
 CHAUCER.

O KISS! which dost those ruddy gems impart,
 Or gems, or fruits, of new-found paradise,
 Breathing all bliss and sweetening to the heart,
 Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise,
 O kiss! which souls, e'en souls, together ties
 By links of love, and only nature's art,
 How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
 Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part.

—◆—
 SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

HE her beholding, at her feet down fell,
 And kissed the ground on which her sole did tread,
 And washed the same with water, which did well
 From his moist eyes, and like two streams proceed.

—◆—
 SPENSER.

THESE poor half-kisses kill me quite :
 Was ever man thus served ?
 Amid an ocean of delight,
 For pleasure to be starved.

—◆—
 DRAYTON.

I DO confess thou'rt sweet ; yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favors are but like the wind,
 That kisseth everything it meets ;

And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

—◆— SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

I DO not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kissed so oft ;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard ;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

—◆— CAREW.

I DIE, dear life ! unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers,
Or there be silver-drops in Iris' showers,
Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven ;
And if displeased you of the match remain,
You shall have leave to take them back again.

—◆— DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away ;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it !

—◆— HERRICK.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair ;
Love does on both her lips forever stay,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.

—◆— COWLEY.

HER kisses faster, though unknown before,
Than blossoms fall on parting spring, she strewed ;
Than blossoms sweeter, and in number more.

DAVENANT.

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair ;
 Two other precious drops, that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
 Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

MILTON.

—◆—

WE were alone, quite unsuspectingly,
 But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
 All o'er discolored by that reading were ;
 But one point only wholly us o'erthrew :
 When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
 To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
 He who from me* can be divided ne'er
 Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over. †

DANTE.

—◆—

SWEET pouting lip ! whose color mocks the rose,
 Rich, ripe, and teeming with the dew of bliss,—
 The flower of Love's forbidden fruit, which grows
 Insidiously to tempt us with a kiss.

TASSO.

* Francesca da Rimini.

† Mr. Longfellow translates the passage thus :

“ Alone we were and without any fear.
 Full many a time our eyes together drew
 That reading, and drove the color from our faces ;
 But one point only was it that o'ercame us,
 Whenas we read of the much-longed-for smile
 Being by such a noble lover kissed,
 This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
 Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.”

Inferno, v.

I FELT the while a pleasing kind of smart ;
 The kiss went tingling to my very heart.
 When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,
 The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,
 Like drops of honey loath to fall away.

—◆—
 DRYDEN.

UPON my livid lips bestow a kiss ;
 Oh, envy not the dead, they feel not bliss.

—◆—
 DRYDEN.

THEN with great haste
 I clasped my arms about her neck and waist ;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came louping to my lips ;
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant na as she spak.

—◆—
 ALLAN RAMSAY.

OH, were I made by some transforming power
 The captive bird that sings within thy bower !
 'Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

—◆—
 POPE.

ON her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

—◆—
 POPE.

BE plain in dress, and sober in your diet ;
 In short, my deary, kiss me, and be quiet.

LADY MONTAGUE: *Summary of Advice.*

NEVER man before
 More blest ; nor like this kiss hath been another,
 Nor ever beauties like, met at such closes,
 But in the kisses of two damask roses.

—◇—
 BROWN: *Pastorals.*

AT these sweet words, how shall I tell my joy?
 I called him to my side. He rose, approached,
 And trembling seized the hand I proffered him,
 A pledge of reconcilèd love ; and, ah !
 So fervent kissed it, that my very heart
 Leaped in my bosom ; then full many a sigh
 He breathed, with sweet regards and fond caress.

—◇—
 GOLDONI.

THE kiss snatched hasty from the sidelong maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep.

—◇—
 THOMSON: *Winter.*

THE rose he in his bosom wore,
 How oft upon my breast was seen ;
 And when I kissed the drooping flower,
 Behold, he cried, it blooms again !

—◇—
 COWPER.

SOFT child of love, thou balmy bliss,
 Inform me, O delicious kiss !
 Why thou so suddenly art gone,
 Lost in the moment thou art won ?

—◇—
 WOLCOT.

I KEN'T her heart was a' my ain ;
 I loved her most sincerely ;
 I kissed her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

BURNS.

HER lips, more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them ;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them.

BURNS.

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie ;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou' ;
 The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

BURNS.

I'LL pu' the budding rose when Phoebus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' ;
 The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

BURNS.

A MAN may drink and not be drunk ;
 A man may fight and not be slain ;
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass
 And aye be welcome back again.

BURNS.

HER head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, " I'm thine forever !"
 While many a kiss the seal imprest
 The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.

BURNS.

GIN a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the world ken?

—◆— BURNS.

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying!

—◆— CAMPBELL.

THAT'S hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed.

* * * * *

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound.

—◆— CAMPBELL.

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
 Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,
 Amid the Argus eyes and din
 And tell-tale glare of noon,
 Brings but a murmur and a blush,
 Beneath the modest moon.

—◆— CAMPBELL.

A CREATURE not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

—◆— WORDSWORTH.

AH, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,

And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste.

BYRON.



How shall I bear the moment, when restored
To that young heart where I alone am lord,
When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they started,
Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!

MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*.



ONE dear glance,
Like those of old, were heaven! whatever chance
Hath brought thee here, oh, 'twas a blessed one!
There—my loved lips—they move—that kiss hath run
Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.

MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*.



THOUGH high that tower, that rock-way rude,
There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would climb the untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
And think its steps, though dark and dread,
Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!

MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*.



OH, think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*.



THE bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

SCOTT: *Marmion*.

OH, lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.

SHELLEY.

THEN press, with warm caresses,
Close lips, and bridal kisses,
Your steel ;—cursed be his head,
Who fails the bride he wed.

KOERNER: *Sword Song*.

AROUND the glowing hearth at night
The harmless laugh and winter tale
Go round, while parting friends delight
To toast each other o'er their ale ;
The cotter oft with quiet zeal
Will musing o'er his Bible lean ;
While in the dark the lovers steal
To kiss and toy behind the screen.

CLARE: *December*.

THEN Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was
right ?

“ Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more ;
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before.”
“ Then here goes another,” says he, “ to make sure,
Fo there's luck in odd numbers,” says Rory O'Moore.

LOVER.

GRIEF with vain passionate tears hath wet
 The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet ;
 Love with sad kisses unfelt hath prest
 Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet breast ;
 And the glad Spring, calling out bird and bee,
 Shall color all blossoms, fair child, but thee.

—◆—
 MRS. HEMANS.

SHE wiped the death-damps from his brow,
 With her pale hands and soft,
 Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
 Had stilled his heart so oft.
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
 She bathed his lips with dew,
 And on his cheeks such kisses pressed
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

—◆—
 MRS. HEMANS.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in.
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add—
 Jenny kissed me!

—◆—
 LEIGH HUNT.

I CLASSED and counted once
 Earth's lamentable sounds,—the well-a-day,
 The jarring yea and nay,
 The fall of kisses upon senseless clay.

—◆—
 MRS. BROWNING.

THERE were words
 That broke in utterance—melted in the fire ;

Embrace, that was convulsion ; then a kiss,
 As long and silent as the ecstatic night,
 And deep, deep shuddering breaths, which meant beyond
 Whatever could be told by word or kiss.

MRS. BROWNING.

FIRST time he kissed me, but he only kissed
 The fingers of this hand wherewith I write ;
 And, ever since, it grew more clear and white,
 Slow to world greeting ; quick with its " Oh, list !"
 When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst,
 I could not wear it plainer to my sight
 Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
 The first, and sought the forehead ; and half missed.
 Falling upon my hair. Oh, beyond meed !
 That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
 With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
 The third upon my lips was folded down
 In perfect purple state ! Since when, indeed,
 I have been proud, and said, " My love, my own !"

MRS. BROWNING.

HE will kiss me on the mouth
 Then ; and lead me as a lover
 Through the crowds that praise his deeds.

MRS. BROWNING.

LOVE feareth death ! I was no child—I was betrothed
 that day ;
 I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give away.

MRS. BROWNING.

KISS, baby, kiss ! mothers' lips shine by kisses ;
 Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings ;

Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

CHARLES LAMB.

BOTH our mouths went wandering in one way,
And, aching sorely, met among the leaves ;
Our hands, being left behind, strained far away.

WM. MORRIS : *Defence of Guinevere.*

I SAW you kissing once : like a curved sword,
That bites with all its edge, did your lips lie.

WM. MORRIS : *Defence of Guinevere.*

AND with a velvet lip print on his brow
Such language as the tongue hath never spoken.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was a beam in that young mother's eye,
Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby
Stirred the bright tresses on her infant's cheek ;
While now and then, with melting heart, she prest
Soft kisses o'er its red and smiling lips,—
Lips sweet as rosebuds in fresh beauty dressed
Ere the young murmuring bee their honey sips.

MRS. WELBY.

OH, turn from me those radiant eyes,
With love's dark lightning beaming,
Or veil the power that in them lies
To set the young heart dreaming.

* * * * *

What pity that thy lips of rose,
So fitted for heart-healing,

Should not with tenderest kisses close
The wounds thine eyes are dealing!

MOTHERWELL.

—◆—
SHE tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

E. A. POE.

—◆—
OH, stay, Madonna! stay;
'Tis not the dawn of day
That marks the skies with yonder opal streak;
The stars in silence shine;
Then press thy lips to mine,
And rest upon my neck thy fervid cheek.

MACAULAY.

—◆—
A MOMENT, and he saw her come,—
That maiden, from her latticed home,
With eyes all love, and lips apart,
And faltering step, and beating heart,
She came, and joined her cheek to his
In one prolonged and rapturous kiss;
And while it thrilled through heart and limb,
The world was naught to her or him.

PRAED.

—◆—
OH! Vidal's very soul did weep
Whene'er that music, like a charm,
Brought back from their unlistening sleep
The kissing lip and clasping arm.

PRAED.

How shall I woo her? I will bow
 Before the holy shrine,
 And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
 And press her lips to mine ;
 And I will tell her, when she parts
 From passion's thrilling kiss,
 That memory to many hearts
 Is dearer far than bliss.

PRAED.

SHE loved the ripples' play,
 As to her feet the truant rovers
 Wandered and went with a laugh away,
 Kissing but once, like wayward lovers.

PRAED.

DEEP is the bliss of the belted knight,
 When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,
 And goes, in his glittering armor dight,
 To shiver a lance for his Lady-Love !

PRAED.

DREAM, while the chill sea-foam
 In mockery dashes o'er thee,
 Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
 And the kiss of her that bore thee.

PRAED.

I WEPT and blessed thee, called thee o'er and o'er
 By that dear name which I must use no more ;
 And kissed with passionate lips the empty air,
 As if thy image stood before me there.

ANON. : *Josephine to Napoleon.*

My heart can kiss no heart but thine,
 And if these lips but rarely pine
 In the pale abstinence of sorrow,
 It is that nightly I divine,
 As I this world-sick soul recline,
 I shall be with thee ere the morrow.

—◆—
 BAILEY : *Festus*.

THE smile, the sigh, the tear, and the embrace—
 All the delights of love at last in one,
 With kisses close as stars in the Milky Way.

—◆—
 BAILEY : *Festus*.

FROWN—toss about—let her lips be for a time :
 But steal a kiss at last like fire from heaven.

—◆—
 BAILEY : *Festus*.

OH, weep not—wither not the soul
 Made saturate with bliss ;
 I would not have one briny tear
 Embitter Beauty's kiss.

—◆—
 BAILEY : *Festus*.

MOTHER'S kiss
 Was ne'er more welcome to the waking child,
 After a dream of horrors, than the breeze
 Upon my feverish brow.

—◆—
 ANON. : *Saul*.

DEAR as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
 O Death in Life ! the days that are no more.

TENNYSON : *Princess*.

THE trance gave way
 To those caresses, when a hundred times
 In that last kiss, which never was the last,
 Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died.

TENNYSON: *Love and Duty.*



MANY an evening by the waters did we watch the stately
 ships,
 And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the
 lips.

TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall.*



WHEN I was wont to meet her
 In the silent woody places
 By the home that gave me birth,
 We stood tranced in long embraces
 Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter
 Than anything on earth.

TENNYSON: *Maud.*



THEY found the stately horse,
 Who now, no more a vassal to the thief,
 But free to stretch his limbs in lawful flight,
 Neighed with all gladness as they came, and stooped
 With a low whinny toward the pair; and she
 Kissed the white star upon his noble front,
 Glad also: then Geraint upon the horse
 Mounted, and reached a hand, and on his foot
 She set her own and climbed; he turned his face
 And kissed her climbing, and she cast her arms
 About him, and at once they rode away.

TENNYSON: *Enid.*

AH, one rose,
 One rose, but one, by those fair fingers culled,
 Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
 Less exquisite than thine.

TENNYSON: *Gardener's Daughter.*



THEN stood the maiden hushed in sweet surprise,
 And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down
 Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes,
 Whose smile seemed to enwreath her like a crown.
 He raised no wand, he gave no strange commands,
 But touched her eyes with tender touch and light,
 With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands,
 And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

WILSON: *Magic Pitcher.*



AH, sad are they who know not love,
 But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
 Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
 The silvery coasts of fairy isles.
 And sadder they whose longing lips
 Kiss empty air, and never touch
 The dear warm mouth of those they love—
 Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

ALDRICH: *Persian Love-Song.*



YES, child, I know I am out of tune ;
 The light is bad ; the sky is gray ;
 I'll work no more this afternoon,
 So lay your royal robes away.
 Besides, you're dreamy—hand on chin—
 I know not what—not in the vein :

While I would paint Anne Boleyn,
 You sit there looking like Elaine.
 Not like the youthful, radiant queen,
 Unconscious of the coming woe,
 But rather as she might have been,
 Preparing for the headsman's blow.
 I see! I've put you in a miff—
 Sitting bolt upright, wrist on wrist.
 How *should* you look? Why, dear, as if—
 Somehow—as if you'd just been kissed!

ALDRICH: *In an Atelier.*



WE had talked long; and then a silence came;
 And in the topmost firs
 To his nest the white dove floated like a flame;
 And my lips closed on hers
 Who was the only She,
 And in one girl all womanhood to me.

PALGRAVE.



FLY, white-winged sea-bird, following fast,
 That dips around our foamy wake,
 Go nestle in her virgin breast,
 And kiss her pure lips for my sake.

Sailor's Valentine.



HE who wandered with the peasant Jew,
 And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
 And drank with blessings in His Father's name
 The water which Samaria's outcast drew,
 Hath now His temples upon every shore,
 Altar and shrine and priest,—and incense dim
 Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,

From lips which press the temple's marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore!

WHITTIER.

LAMENT who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse* from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen
Like her may be forgiven.

WHITTIER.

OH to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

“WHAT more have I to give you?
Why give you anything?
You had my rose before, sir,
And now you have my ring.”
“You have forgotten one thing.”
“I do not understand.”
“The dew goes with the rose-bud,
And with the ring the hand!”

* Burns.

She gave her hand ; he took it,
 And kissed it o'er and o'er :
 " I give myself to you, love ;
 I cannot give you more ! "

STODDARD: *The Lady's Gift.*



AND Halfred the Scald said, " This
 In the name of the Lord I kiss,
 Who on it was crucified ! "
 And a shout went round the board,
 " In the name of Christ the Lord,
 Who died ! "

LONGFELLOW.



THEY climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair :
 If I try to escape, they surround me ;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses ;
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

LONGFELLOW: *The Children's Hour.*



MEN and devils both contrive
 Traps for catching girls alive ;
 Eve was duped, and Helen kissed,—
 How, oh, how can you resist ?

HOLMES.



KISS but the crystal's mystic rim,
 Each shadow rends its flowery chain,

Springs in a bubble from its brim,
And walks the chambers of the brain.

HOLMES.

Now, why thy long delaying?
Alack! thy beads and praying!
If thou, a saint, dost hope
To kneel and kiss the Pope,
Then I, a sinner, know
Where sweeter kisses grow—
Nay, now, just one before we go!

TILTON: *Flight from the Convent.*

[Before closing this portion of our selections, it is worth while to note the popular misconception of the favorite ditty "Coming through the Rye," as shown in the pictorial illustrations which present a laddie and lassie meeting and kissing in a field of grain. The lines,—

"If a laddie meet a lassie
Comin' thro' the rye,"

and especially the other couplet,—

"A' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye,"

seem to imply that traversing the rye was a habitual or common thing; but what in the name of the Royal Agricultural Society could be the object in trampling down a crop of grain in that style? The song, perhaps, suggests a harvest-scene, where both sexes, as is the custom in Great Britain, are at work reaping, and where they would come and go through the field indeed, but not through the rye itself, so as to meet and kiss in it. The truth is, the rye in this case is no more grain than Rye Beach is, it being the name of a small shallow stream near Ayr, in Scotland, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by the people going to and from the market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from any lass of his acquaintance whom he met in mid-stream. Reference to the first verse, in which the lass is shown as wetting her clothes in the stream, confirms this explanation:

"Jenny is a' wat, puir bodie;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She drag'lt a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye."]

EXTRACTS FROM THE OLD BALLADS.

MARRIAGE OF GILBERT BECKET.

AND quickly hied he down the stair ;
 Of fifteen steps he made but three ;
 He's ta'en his bonny love in arms,
 And kist, and kist her tenderlie.



BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

HE took his bonny boy in his arms,
 And kist him tenderlie ;
 Says, " 'Though I would your father hang,
 Your mother's dear to me."

He kist him o'er and o'er again :
 " My grandson I thee claim ;
 And Robin Hood in gude greenwood,
 And that shall be your name."



DOWSABELL.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
 Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
 And him she sweetely kist :
 With that the shepherd whooped for joy,
 Quoth he, " Ther's never shepherd's boy
 That ever was so blist."



GILDEROY.

AFT on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kiss and toy,
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
 My handsome Gilderoy.

PATIENT COUNTESS.

HE took her in his armes, as yet
 So coyish to be kist,
 As mayds that know themselves beloved,
 And yieldingly resist.



FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

BUT first upon my true love's grave
 My weary limbs I'll lay,
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
 That wraps his breathless clay.



GENTLE HERDSMAN.

WHEN thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grewe so proud his paine to see,
 That I, who did not know myselfe,
 Thought scorne of such a youth as hee,
 And grewe soe coy and nice to please,
 As women's lookes are often soe,
 He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
 Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.



FAIR ROSAMOND.

AND falling down all in a swoone
 Before King Henry's face,
 Full oft he in his princelye armes
 Her bodye did embrace:
 And twentye times, with watery eyes,
 He kist her tender cheeke,
 Untill he had revivde againe
 Her senses milde and meeke.

LUNATIC LOVER.

I'LL court you, and think you fair,
 Since love does distract my brain :
 I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
 And kiss her, and kiss her again.



CHILD WATERS.

SHEE saies, I had rather have one kisse,
 Child Waters, of thy mouth,
 Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 That lye by north and south.



PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

LOVE, that had bene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweete concluded ;
 And Phillida with garlands gaye
 Was made the lady of the Maye.



FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

I'LL do more for thee, Margaret,
 Than any of thy kin ;
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
 Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethren,
 Making most piteous moan :
 "You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
 And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
 I do but what is right ;
 I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse,
 By day, nor yet by night."

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

“THY faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
 Of me shalt nevir win,
 Till that thou come within my bower
 And kiss my cheek and chin.”

“If I should come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man :
 And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
 Thy days will not be lang.”



LADY'S FALL.

“AND there,” quoth hee, “Ile meete my deare.
 If God soe lend me life,
 On this day month without all fayle
 I will make thee my wife.”
 Then with a sweete and loving kisse,
 They parted presentlye,
 And att their partinge brinish teares
 Stoode in eche other's eye.



WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

BUT had I wist, before I kisst,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinned it wi' a siller pin.



BRIDE'S BURIAL.

IN love as we have livde,
 In love let us depart ;
 And I, in token of my love,
 Do kiss thee with my heart.

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

WITH lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small:
 "God bless you both, my children deare ;"
 With that the teares did fall.



LUCY AND COLIN.

AH, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
 Vows due to me alone :
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own.



MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

SIR KAY beheld that lady's face,
 And looked upon her sweere : *
 "Whoever kisses that ladye," he sayes,
 "Of his kisse he stands in feare."

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
 And looked upon her snout :
 "Whoevèr kisses that ladye," he sayes,
 "Of his kisse he stands in doubt."



GUY AND AMARANT.

THE good old man, even overjoyed with this,
 Fell on the ground, and wold have kissed Guy's feete :
 "Father," quoth he, "refraine soe base a kisse,
 For age to honor youth I hold unmeete."

* Neck.

THE HUMORS OF VERSE.

ON MY REFUSING ANGELINA A KISS UNDER THE
MISTLETOE.

NAY, fond one, shun that mistletoe,
Nor lure me 'neath its fatal bough :
Some other night 'twere joy to go,
But ah ! I must not, dare not, now !
'Tis sad, I own, to see thy face
Thus tempt me with its giggling glee,
And feel I cannot now embrace
The opportunity—and thee.

'Tis sad to think that jealousy's
Sharp scissors may our true love sever,
And that my coldness now may freeze
Thy warm affection, love, forever.
But ah ! to disappoint our bliss,
A fatal hindrance now is stuck :
'Tis not that I am loath to kiss,
But, dearest,—*I have dined on duck.*



MOCK HEROICS.

OUT from the dark, wild forest
Rode the terrible Heinz Von Stein,
And paused at the front of a tavern,
And gazed at the swinging sign.
Then he sat himself down in a corner,
And growled for a bottle of wine ;
Up came—with a flask and a corkscrew—
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed, with a deep love sighing,
 And said, "O damsel mine,
 Suppose you just give a few kisses
 To the valorous Ritter Von Stein?"

But she answered, "The kissing business
 Is not at all in my line;
 And surely I shall not begin it
 On a countenance ugly as thine."

Then the knight was exceedingly angry,
 And he cursed both coarse and fine;
 And he asked her what was the swindle
 For her sour and nasty wine.

And fiercely he rode to his castle,
 And sat himself down to dine:
 And this is the fearful legend
 Of the terrible Heinz Von Stein.



THE closing stanza of the old English ballad called "The Rural Dance about the May-pole" is as follows:

"Let's kiss," says Jane; "Content," says Nan,
 And so says every she;
 "How many?" says Batt; "Why, three," says Matt,
 "For that's a maiden's fee."
 But they, instead of three,
 Did give them half a score,
 And they in kindness gave 'em, gave 'em,
 Gave 'em as many more.



THERE is a song of the reign of Queen Anne beginning:

"Go from my window, go,
 Or something at you I may throw:"

to which a lover replies,—

“Throw me or blow me a kiss,
And nothing can then come amiss.”

FROM the old Scotch ballad, “The Souter and his Sow,” we take the following stanza :

The souter gae his sow a kiss.
“Grumph” (quo’ the sow) “it’s for my birse;”
“And wha gae ye sae sweet a mou’?”
Quo’ the souter to the sow.
“Grumph” (quo’ the sow) “and wha gae ye
A tongue sae sleekit and sae slee?”

SOME of our readers will remember the humorous old Scotch song in which these verses occur :

“Auld wifie, auld wifie, will ye go a-shearing?”
“Speak a little louder, sir, I’m unco dull o’ hearing.”
“Auld wifie, auld wifie, will ye let me kiss ye?”
“I hear a little better, sir, may a’ the warld bless ye.”

In Cheshire and Staffordshire the lines run thus :

“OLD woman, old woman, may I come and kiss you?”
“Yes, and thank you kindly, sir, and may Heaven bless
you.”

MANY will recognize these old verses :

Some say that kissing’s a sin,
But I think it’s nane ava ;
For kissing has wonn’d in this warld
Since ever there was twa.
Oh, if it wasna lawfu’,
Lawyers wadna allow it ;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
 Maidens wadna tak it ;
 If it wasna plenty,
 Puir folks wadna get it.

KING KEDER.

THE only account of this apocryphal monarch is a poetic myth relating to an amorous design, from the frustration of which was named the town of Kidderminster :

King Keder saw a pretty girl,
 King Keder would have kissed her,
 The damsel nimbly slipped aside,
 and so
 King Keder missed her,
 Keder missed her.

SHAKSPEARE, in his "Venus and Adonis," gives this picture of tantalizing caprice :

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a dive dapper peering through a wave,
 Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in ;
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

As a specimen of what the human mind can effect in the way of amatory poetry, we take the following from a journal of the period :

When Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
 Oh, don't I wish that I were there !
 When her fairy fingers pat his head,
 Oh, don't I wish 'twas me instead !

When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
 Oh, don't I wish my neck was his'n !
 When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
 Oh, don't I wish that I were those !



THE PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

IN George Colman's musical farce, "The Review, or the Wags of Windsor," Looney Mactwolter falls in love with Judy O'Flannikin:

Judy's a darling ; my kisses she suffers :
 She's an heiress, that's clear,
 For her father sells beer ;
 He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.



IN Hood's "Retrospective Review," "Oh, when I was a tiny boy," etc., occurs this stanza :

Oh for the lessons learned by heart !
 Ay, though the very birch's smart
 Should mark those hours again ;
 I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
 Beneath the strokes, and even find
 Some sugar in the cane !



IN Robert Southey's "Love Elegies," the poet relates how he obtained Delia's pocket-handkerchief, and shows that "the eighth commandment was not made for love," when he proceeds as follows :

Here, when she took the macaroons from me,
 She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet !
 Dear napkin ! yes, she wiped her lips in thee,—
 Lips sweeter than the macaroons she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Maccabaw
 That made my love so delicately sneeze,
 Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw ;
 And thou art doubly dear for things like these.
 No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
 Sweet pocket-handkerchief ! thy worth profane ;
 For thou hast touched the rubies of my fair,
 And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.



SCOTCH song abounds with pleasant allusions to the custom of kissing, like this, for example, from a well-known West Highland ditty :

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonnie, O,
 When they mind me o' my dear Johnny, O ;
 How happy am I,
 When my soldier is by,
 When he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,*
 For his graceful looks do invite me, O ;
 Whilst guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.



ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

WHEN lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets and with junkets fine,
 Unseen of all the company
 I eat their cakes and sip their wine,

* " But I think my heart was e'en sairer when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dennison afore my face. I wonder women can hae the impudence to do sic things ; but they are a' for the redcoats."—SCOTT: *Old Mortality*.

And, to make sport,
 I whoop and snort,
 And out the candles I do blow :
 The maids I kiss :
 They shriek, " Who's this ?"
 I answer nought but ho, ho, ho !*



NOSES.

How very odd that poets should suppose
 There is no poetry about a nose,
 When plain as is man's nose upon his face,
 A nose-less face would lack poetic grace !
 Noses have sympathy, a lover knows :
 Noses are always touched, when lips are kissing ;
 And who would care to kiss, if nose were missing ?



" BEWARE OF PAINT."

A LOVER sat down with his love by his side,
 With a countenance joyous, and beaming with pride.
 As he gazed on the blending of beauty and art,
 A thrill of delight filled his innermost heart ;
 And, revelling there in his visions of bliss,
 He thought to obtain from the fair one a kiss.
 But ere he had gained the much-coveted prize,
 The scales of love's blindness dropped off of his eyes ;
 For he marked the fixed hue of the maidenly blush,
 And detected the carmine that passed for a flush
 Of the life-giving tide, with its ebb and its flow,
 Like a lake in the sunset with reddening glow.

* "The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow," from which this stanza is taken, though attributed to Ben Jonson, is not found among his works.

“Faugh!” thought he,—“is’t only a semblance, fair
 saint,
 Of beauty and youth,—only powder and paint?
 Have I been deceived by the likeness of truth,
 By counterfeit bloom and by parodied youth?
 Ah, that beautiful brow I was wont to declare
 Did vie with the lily, so white and so fair,
 I find to my sorrow, and e’en to love’s blight,
 Owes its blanch to enamel or pure lily-white!
 No, no, I decline! I relinquish the bliss
 I had hoped to derive from a rapturous kiss,
 Lest the mark of the brush I might haply erase,
 And leave a significant print on her face;
 Nor more will I fondly encircle her neck,
 Lest the counterfeit fairness my sleeve may bedeck,
 And I care not to bear on demonstrative arms
 Such manifest mark of decadence of charms.”

—◆—
 W. M. PEGRAM.

THE SHADOWS.

IN the twilight gloom
 The family sat in the sitting-room,
 Chatting the hour away
 Before tea,
 While Kate and I were watching the gray
 Of evening descend o’er the sea,
 As in a bow-window stood we.
 We talked of times
 That touched our hearts as the evening’s chimes;
 Holding her hand in mine,—
 Happy me!
 And as we looked at the stars that shine,
 I kissed her, and she kissed me,
 As in a bow-window stood we.

Then oped the door,
 And the light of a lamp fell on the floor ;
 While a maid did call
 Them to tea.
 And, as they turned, this sight saw all,—
 Shadows were kissing on the wall,
 As in a bow-window kissed we.



THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
 'Mid Berkshire hills and winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of threescore mingled girls and boys,
 Some few upon their tasks intent,
 But more on furtive mischief bent.
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book,
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack,
 As 'twere a battery of bliss
 Let off in one tremendous kiss !
 "What's that?" the startled master cries.
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,
 "Wath William Willuth, if you pleathe,—
 I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
 With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to the awful presence came,—
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun.

With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude!
 Before the whole set school, to boot.
 What evil genius put you to't?"
 "'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
 "I didn't mean to be so bad;
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
 But up and kissed her on the spot.
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
 But somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
 I thought she kind o' wished me to!"



THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

THEN up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
 I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks
 should see;

I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
 Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this
 here.

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining
 stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight
 gleam;

Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as
 rain,

But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps
 again.

(The lover is seized with the cramp and is drowned,
and the maiden never awakens from her "swound.")

Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down
below. HOLMES.



ANCIENT SPANISH LYRIC.

SINCE for kissing thee, Minquillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling,
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may ;
Quickly give me back my kiss,
That she may have naught to say.

Do,—she makes so great a bother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave,—
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minquillo !
One you give, but two you take ;
Give me back the one, my darling,
Give it for my mother's sake.



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

[From the Spanish.]

It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well,
And what the maiden thought of, I cannot, cannot tell,
When by there rode a valiant knight for the town of
Oviedo,
Alfonzo Guzman was the knight, the Count of Des-
paredo.

“O maiden, Moorish maiden, why sitt'st thou by the
spring?

Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing?
Why gazest thou upon me with eyes so large and wide,
And wherefore doth the pitcher lie broken by thy side?”

“I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way;
And why I gaze upon you I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon well.

“My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is:
A shepherd came behind me and tried to steal a kiss;
I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I spoke,
But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was
broke.

“My uncle the Alcayde, he waits for me at home,
And will not take his tumbler until Zorayda come.
I cannot bring him water, the pitcher is in pieces,
And so I'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wollops all his
nieces.”

“O maiden, Moorish maiden, wilt thou be ruled by me?
So wipe thine eyes and rosy lips, and give me kisses
three,
And I'll give thee my helmet, thou kind and courteous
lady,
To carry home the water to thy uncle the Alcayde.”

He lighted down from off his steed—he tied him to a
tree—

He bowed him to the maiden, and took his kisses three:
“To wrong thee, sweet Zorayda, I swear would be a
sin!”

He knelt him at the fountain, and dipped his helmet in.

Up rose the Moorish maiden,—behind the knight she
 steals,
 And caught Alfonzo Guzman up tightly by the heels,
 She tipped him in, and held him down, beneath the bub-
 bling water,
 “Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet’s
 daughter!”

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo,
 She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Des-
 paredo.

I pray you all, in charity, that you will never tell
 How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.

THE “BASIA” OF JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

THE true name of the Dutch poet Johannes Secundus was Johannes Everard. He was born at the Hague in 1511, and died at Utrecht in 1536. His “Opera Poetica” consist of elegies, odes, epigrams, and other poems, written in purely classical Latin. Of these productions, the “Basia,” or “Kisses” (Utrecht, 1539), have been most admired, and have been ranked with the lyrics of Catullus. They have been repeatedly translated into the principal European languages, the English versions being by Nott and Stanley. We offer selections from the latter, for such of our readers as are unfamiliar with the rapturous Dutchman’s florid effusions.

The introductory epigram is as follows:

LYCINNA scorns my KISSES; they are chaste,
 Not stout enough for her experienced taste;
 And Ælia calls me “bard with languid strings,”
 She that to Love in streets her offerings brings.

Perhaps my utmost strength they seek to know,
 To prove my vigor!—Go! vile wantons, go!
 My strength, my vigor, long despair to find;
 For you these KISSES never were designed;
 Never for you were these soft measures wrought:
 Read me, ye tender brides of boys untaught;
 Read me, of brides untaught ye tender boys,
 Yet new to Venus' sweetly varying joys!



KISS I.

THE ORIGIN OF KISSES.

WHEN young Ascanius, by the Queen of Love,
 Was wafted to Cythera's lofty grove,
 The slumbering boy upon a couch she laid,
 A fragrant couch, of new-blown violets made,
 The blissful bower with shadowing roses crowned,
 And balmy-breathing airs diffused around.

Soon, as she watched, through all her glowing soul
 Impassioned thoughts of lost Adonis stole.
 How oft, as memory hallowed all his charms,
 She longed to clasp the sleeper in her arms!
 How oft she said, admiring every grace,
 "Such was Adonis! such his lovely face!"

But, fearing lest this fond excess of joy
 Might break the slumber of the beautiful boy,
 On every rose-bud that around him blowed,
 A thousand nectared kisses she bestowed;
 And straight each opening bud, which late was white,
 Blushed a warm crimson to the astonished sight.
 Still in Dione's breast soft wishes rise,
 Soft wishes, vented with soft-whispered sighs.

Thus, by her lips unnumbered roses pressed,
 Kisses, unfolding in sweet bloom, confessed ;
 And, flushed with rapture at each new-born kiss,
 She felt her swelling soul o'erwhelmed in bliss.

Now round this orb, soft-floating on the air,
 The beauteous goddess speeds her radiant car ;
 As in gay pomp the harnessed cygnets fly,
 Their snow-white pinions glitter through the sky :
 And like Triptolemus, whose bounteous hand
 Strewed golden plenty o'er the fertile land,
 Fair Cytherea, as she flew along,
 O'er the vast lap of nature kisses flung ;
 Pleased from on high she viewed the enchanted ground,
 And from her lips thrice fell a magic sound :
 He gave to mortals corn on every plain,
 But she those sweets which mitigate my pain.

Hail, then, ye kisses! that can best assuage
 The pangs of love, and soften all its rage !
 Ye balmy kisses ! that from roses sprung ;
 Roses ! on which the lips of Venus hung :
 Your bard am I ; while yet the Aonian shades
 Boast their proud verdures and their flowery glades,
 While yet a laurel guards the sacred spring,
 My fond, impassioned muse of you shall sing ;
 And Love, enraptured with the Latin name,
 With that dear race from which your lineage came,
 In Latin strains shall celebrate your praise,
 And tell your high descent to future days.



KISS II.

As round some neighboring elm the vine
 Its amorous tendrils loves to twine ;

As round the oak, in many a maze,
The ivy flings its gadding sprays ;
Couldst thou, Neæra, thus enlace
My neck with clinging close embrace ;
If thine with such tenacious hold
My arms, Neæra, could enfold,
And nought could those sweet bonds dissever,
But we cling on and kiss forever ;
Then, Ceres, Bacchus, sleep, adieu !
Good friends, I'd ask no more of you.
Oh, not for these, my love, oh, no,
Would I thy vermil lips forego ;
But, lost in kisses never ending,
Our lives in mutual bliss expending,
One bark should waft our spirits o'er,
United, to the Stygian shore :
Then, passing through a transient night,
We'd enter soon those fields of light,
Where, breathing richest odors round,
A spring eternal paints the ground ;
Where heroes, once in valor proved,
And beauteous heroines, once beloved,
Again with mutual passion burn,
Feel all their wonted flames return,
And now in sportive measures tread
The flowery carpet of the mead,
Now sing the jocund, tuneful tale,
Alternate in the myrtle vale,
Where ceaseless zephyrs fan the glade,
Soft-murmuring through the laurel shade ;
Beneath whose waving foliage grow
The violet sweet of purple glow,
The daffodil that breathes perfume,
And roses of immortal bloom :

Where Earth her gifts spontaneous yields,
Nor ploughshare cuts the unfurrowed fields.

Soon as we entered these abodes
Of happy souls, of demi-gods,
The blest would all respectful rise,
And view us with admiring eyes ;
Would seat us 'mid the immortal throng,
Where I, renowned for tender song,
A poet's and a lover's praise,
At once should claim and gain the bays ;
While thou, enthroned above the rest,
Shouldst shine in Beauty's train confest :
Nor should the mistresses of Jove
Such partial honors disapprove ;
E'en Helen, though of race divine,
Would to thy charms her rank resign.



KISS III.

“ ONE little kiss, sweet maid ! ” I cry,
And round my neck your arms you twine !
Your luscious lips of crimson dye
With rapturous haste encounter mine.

But quick those lips my lips forsake,
With wanton, tantalizing jest ;
So starts some rustic from the snake
Beneath his heedless footstep prest.

Is this to grant the wished-for kiss ?
Ah ! no, my love,—'tis but to fire
The bosom with a transient bliss,
Inflaming unallayed desire.

KISS IV.

'Tis not a kiss you give, my love !
'Tis richest nectar from above !
A fragrant shower of balmy dews,
Which thy sweet lips alone diffuse !
'Tis every aromatic breeze,
That wafts from Afric's spicy trees ;
'Tis honey from the osier hive,
Which chymist bees with care derive
From all the newly-opened flowers
That bloom in Cecrops' roseate bowers,
Or from the breathing sweets that grow
On famed Hymettus' thymy brow :
But if such kisses you bestow,
If from your lips such raptures flow,
'Thus blest, supremely blest by thee,
Ere long I must immortal be ;
Must taste on earth those joys that wait
The banquets of celestial state.
Then cease thy bounty, dearest fair !
Such precious gifts then spare ! oh, spare !
Or, if I must immortal prove,
Be thou immortal too, my love !
For, should the heavenly powers request
My presence at the ambrosial feast,
Nay, should they Jove himself dethrone,
And yield to me his radiant crown,
I'd scorn it all, nor would I deign
O'er golden realms of bliss to reign,
Jove's radiant crown I'd scorn to wear,
Unless thou might'st such honors share ;
Unless thou too, with equal sway,
Might'st rule with me the realms of day.

KISS V.

WHILE tenderly around me cast
Your arms, Neæra, hold me fast,
And hanging o'er, to view confest
Your neck and gently-heaving breast,
Down on my shoulders soft decline
Your beauties more than half divine,
With wandering looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting soul with love :

While you, Neæra, fondly join
Your little pouting lips with mine,
And frolic bite your amorous swain,
Complaining soft if bit again,
And sweetly murmuring pour along
The trembling accents of your tongue,
Your tongue, now here, now there that strays,
Now here, now there delighted plays,
That now my humid kisses sips,
Now wanton darts between my lips ;
And on my bosom raptured lie,
Venting the gently-whispered sigh,
A sigh that kindles warm desires,
And kindly fans life's drooping fires ;
Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
And balmy as the breath of spring :

While you, sweet nymph ! with amorous play,
In kisses suck my breath away ;
My breath with wasting warmth replete,
Parched by my breast's contagious heat ;
Till, breathing soft, you pour again
Returning life through every vein ;

Thus soothe to rest my passion's rage,
 Love's burning fever thus assuage :
 Sweet nymph ! whose breath can best allay
 Those fires that on my bosom prey,
 Breath welcome as the cooling gale
 That blows when scorching heats prevail :

Then, more than blest, I fondly swear,
 " No power can with Love's power compare !
 None in the starry court of Jove
 Is greater than the god of Love !
 If any can yet greater be,
 Yes, my Neæra ! yes, 'tis thee !"



KISS VI.

Two thousand kisses of the sweetest kind,
 'Twas once agreed, our mutual love should bind ;
 First from my lips a rapturous thousand flowed,
 Then you a thousand in your turn bestowed ;
 The promised numbers were fulfilled, I own,
 But love sufficed with numbers ne'er was known !
 Who thinks of counting every separate blade
 Upon the meadow's verdant robe inlaid ?
 Who prays for numbered ears of ripening grain,
 When lavish Ceres yellows o'er the plain ?
 Or to a scanty hundred would confine
 The clustering grapes, when Bacchus loads the vine ?
 Who asks the guardian of the honeyed store
 To grant a thousand bees, and grant no more ?
 Or tells the drops, while o'er some thirsty field
 The liquid stores are from above distilled ?
 When Jove with fury hurls the moulded hail,
 And earth and sea destructive storms assail,

Or when he bids, from his tempestuous sky,
 The winds unchained with wasting horror fly,
 The god ne'er heeds what harvests he may spoil,
 Nor yet regards each desolated soil :
 So, when its blessings bounteous heaven ordains,
 It ne'er with sparing hand the good restrains ;
 Evils in like abundance too it showers ;
 Well suits profusion with immortal powers !
 Then, since such gifts with heavenly minds agree,
 Shed, goddess-like, your blandishments on me ;
 And say, *Næra* ! for that form divine
 Speaks thee descended of ethereal line,—
 Say, goddess ! than that goddess lovelier far
 Who roams o'er ocean in her pearly car,—
 Your kisses, boons celestial, why withhold,
 Or why by scanty numbers are they told ?
 Still you ne'er count, hard-hearted maid, those sighs
 Which in my laboring breast incessant rise ;
 Nor yet those lucid drops of tender woe
 Which down my cheeks in quick succession flow.
 Yes, dearest life ! your kisses number all ;
 And number, too, my sorrowing tears that fall :
 Or, if you count not all the tears, my fair,
 To count the kisses sure you must forbear.
 But let your lips now soothe a lover's pain,
 (Yet griefs like mine what soothings shall restrain !)
 If tears unnumbered pity can regard,
 Unnumbered kisses must each tear reward.



KISS VII.

KISSES told by hundreds o'er,
 Thousands told by thousands more,

Millions, countless millions, then,
Told by millions o'er again,
Countless as the drops that glide
In the ocean's billowy tide,
Countless as yon orbs of light
Spangled o'er the vault of light,
I'll with ceaseless love bestow
On those cheeks of crimson glow,
On those lips so gently swelling,
On those eyes such fond tales telling.

But when circled in thy arms,
As I'm panting o'er thy charms,
O'er thy cheeks of rosy bloom,
O'er thy lips that breathe perfume,
O'er thine eyes so sweetly bright,
Shedding soft expressive light,—
Then, nor cheeks of rosy bloom,
Nor thy lips that breathe perfume,
Nor thine eyes' expressive light,
Bless thy lover's envious sight ;
Nor that soothing smile, which cheers
All his tender hopes and fears :
For, as radiant Phœbus streams
O'er the globe with placid beams,
Whirling through the ethereal way
The fiery-axled car of day,
And from the tempestuous sky
While the rapid coursers fly,
All the stormy clouds are driven
Which deformed the face of heaven .
So thy golden smile, my fair,
Chases every amorous care ;
Dries the torrents of mine eyes ;
Calms my fond, tumultuous sighs.

Oh ! how emulous the strife
 'Twixt my lips and eyes, sweet life !
 Of thy charms are these possest,
 Those are envious till they're blest :
 Think not, then, that in my love
 I'll be rivalled e'en by Jove,
 When such jealous conflicts rise
 'Twixt my very lips and eyes.



KISS VIII.

Ah ! what ungoverned rage, declare,
 Neära, too capricious fair,
 What unrevenged, unguarded wrong,
 Could urge thee thus to wound my tongue ?

Perhaps you deem the afflictive pains
 Too trifling, which my heart sustains,
 Nor think enough my bosom smarts
 With all the sure, destructive darts
 Incessant sped from every charm,
 That thus your wanton teeth must harm,
 Must harm that little tuneful thing,
 Which wont so oft thy praise to sing,
 What time the morn has streaked the skies,
 Or evening's faded radiance dies,
 Through painful days consuming slow,
 Through lingering nights of amorous woe.

This tongue, thou know'st, has oft extolled
 Thy hair in shining ringlets rolled ;
 Thine eyes with tender passion bright ;
 Thy swelling breast of purest white ;
 Thy taper neck of polished grace ;
 And all the beauties of thy face ;

Beyond the lucid orbs above,
 Beyond the starry throne of Jove ;
 Extolled them in such lofty lays
 That gods with envy heard the praise.

Oft has it called thee every name
 Which boundless rapture taught to frame ;
 My life ! my joy ! my soul's desire !
 All that my wish could e'er require !
 My pretty Venus ! and my love !
 My gentle turtle ! and my dove !
 Till Cypria's self with envy heard
 Each partial, each endearing word.

Say, beauteous tyrant ! dost delight
 To wound this tongue in wanton spite ?
 Because, alas ! too well aware
 That every wrong it yet could bear
 Ne'er urged it once in angry strain
 Of thy unkindness to complain ;
 But, suffering patient all its harms,
 Still would it sing thy matchless charms,
 Sing the soft lustre of thine eye,
 Sing thy sweet lips of rosy dye,
 Nay, still those guilty teeth 'twould sing,
 Whence all its cruel mischiefs spring :
 E'en now it lisps in faltering lays,
 While yet it bleeds, Neæra's praise :
 Thus, beauteous tyrant ! you control,
 Thus sway my fond, enamored soul !



KISS IX.

CEASE thy sweet, thy balmy kisses ;
 Cease thy many-wreathèd smiles ;

Cease thy melting, murmuring blisses ;
Cease thy fond, bewitching wiles :

On my bosom soft reclined,
Cease to pour thy tender joys ;
Pleasure's limits are confined,
Pleasure oft repeated cloyes.

Sparingly your bounty use ;
When I ask for kisses nine,
Seven at least you must refuse,
And let only two be mine ;

Yet let these be neither long,
Nor delicious sweets respire,
But like those which virgins young
Artless give their aged sire :

Such as, with a sister's love,
Beauteous Dian may bestow
On the radiant son of Jove,
Phœbus of the silver bow.

Tripping light with wanton grace,
Now my lips disordered fly,
And in some retired place
Hide thee from my searching eye.

Each recess I'll traverse o'er
Where I think thou liest concealed ;
Every covert I'll explore,
Till my wanton's all revealed :

Then, in sportive, amorous play,
Victor-like I'll seize my love ;
Seize thee as the bird of prey
Pounces on a trembling dove.

Captive then, and sore dismayed,
 How you'll fondle, how you'll plead,
 Vainly offering, silly maid,
 Seven sweet kisses to be freed !

Not so fast, fair runaway !
 Kisses seven times seven be mine !
 Chained within these arms you stay
 Till I touch the balmy fine.

Paying then the forfeit due,
 By your much-loved beauties swear,
 Faults like these you'll still pursue,
 Faults which kisses can repair.



KISS X.

IN various kisses various charms I find,
 For changeful fancy loves each changeful kind :
 Whene'er with mine thy humid lips unite,
 Then humid kisses with their sweets delight ;
 From ardent lips so ardent kisses please,
 For glowing transports often spring from these.
 What joy ! to kiss those eyes that wanton rove,
 Then catch the glances of returning love ;
 Or clinging to the cheek of crimson glow,
 The bosom, shoulder, or the neck of snow ;
 What pleasure ! tender passion to assuage,
 And see the traces of our amorous rage
 On the soft neck or blooming cheek exprest,
 On the white shoulder, or still whiter breast !
 'Twixt yielding lips, in every thrilling kiss,
 To dart the trembling tongue,—what matchless bliss !
 Inhaling sweet each other's mingling breath,
 While Love lies gasping in the arms of Death !

While soul with soul in ecstasy unites,
 Entranced, impassioned, with the fond delights
 From thee received, or given to thee, my love !
 Alike to me those kisses grateful prove ;
 The kiss that's rapid, or prolonged with art,
 The fierce, the gentle, equal joys impart :
 But mark ! be all my kisses, beauteous maid,
 With different kisses from thy lips repaid ;
 Then varying rapture shall from either flow,
 As varying kisses either shall bestow :
 And let the first who with an unchanged kiss
 Shall cease to thus diversify the bliss,
 Observe, with looks in meek submission dressed,
 That law by which this forfeiture's expressed :
 " As many kisses as each lover gave,
 As each might in return again receive,
 So many kisses from the vanquished side
 The victor claims, so many ways applied."

 KISS XI.

SOME think my kisses too luxurious told,
 Kisses, they say, not known to sires of old :
 But, while entranced on thy soft neck I lie,
 And o'er thy lips in tender transport die,
 Shall I then ask, dear life, perplexed in vain,
 Why rigid cynics censure thus my strain ?
 Ah, no ! thy blandishments so rapturous prove
 That every ravished sense is lost in love :
 Blest with those blandishments, divine I seem,
 And all Elysium paints the blissful dream.
 Næra heard,—then, smiling, instant threw
 Around my neck her arm of fairest hue,
 And kissed me fonder, more voluptuous far,
 Than Beauty's queen e'er kissed the god of War :

“What (cries the nymph) ! and shall my amorous bard
 Pedantic wisdom’s stern decree regard ?
 Thy cause must be at my tribunal tried :
 None but Neæra can the point decide.”

—♦—
 KISS XII.

MODEST matrons, maidens, say,
 Why thus turn your looks away ?
 Frolic feats of lawless love,
 Of the lustful powers above,
 Forms obscene that shock the sight,
 In my verse I ne’er recite,—
 Verse where naught indecent reigns ;
 Guiltless are my tender strains,
 Such as pedagogues austere
 Might with strict decorum hear,
 Might, with no licentious speech,
 To their youth reproachless teach.
 I, chaste votary of the Nine,
 Kisses sing of chaste design.
 Maids and matrons yet, with rage,
 Frown upon my blameless page,—
 Frown, because some wanton word
 Here and there by chance occurred,
 Or the cheated fancy caught
 Some obscure though harmless thought.
 Hence, ye prudish matrons ! hence,
 Squeamish maids devoid of sense !
 And shall these in virtue dare
 With my virtuous maid compare,—
 She who in the bard will prize
 What she’ll in his lays despise ?
 Wantonness with love agrees,
 But reserve in verse must please.

KISS XIII.

WITH amorous strife exanimate I lay ;
 Around your neck my languid arm I threw ;
My trembling heart had just forgot to play,
 Its vital spirit from my bosom flew ;—

The Stygian lake, the dreary realms below,
 To which the sun a cheering beam denies,
Old Charon's boat, slow-wandering to and fro,
 Promiscuous passed before my swimming eyes,—

When you, Neæra ! with your humid breath
 O'er my parched lips the deep-fetched kiss bestowed :
Sudden my fleeting soul returned from death,
 And freightless hence the infernal pilot rowed.

Yet soft,—for, oh, my erring senses stray ;—
 Not quite unfreighted to the Stygian shore
Old Charon steered his lurid bark away :
 My plaintive shade he to the Manes bore.

Then, since my soul can here no more remain,
 A part of thine, sweet life, that loss supplies !
But what this feeble fabric must sustain,
 If of thy soul that part its aid denies !

And much I fear ; for, struggling to be free,
 Oft from its new abode it fain would roam ;
Oft seeks, impatient to return to thee,
 Some secret pass to gain its native home.

Unless thy fostering breath retards its flight,
 It now prepares to quit this falling frame :
Haste, then ; to mine thy clinging lips unite,
 And let one spirit feed each vital flame,

Till, after frequent ecstasies of bliss,
 Mutual, unsating to the impassioned heart,
 From bodies thus conjoined, in one long kiss,
 That single life which nourished both shall part.

—◆—

KISS XIV.

THOSE tempting lips of scarlet glow
 Why pout with fond, bewitching art ?
 For to those lips, Neæra, know,
 My lips shall not one kiss impart.
 Perhaps you'd have me greatly prize,
 Hard-hearted fair, your precious kiss ;
 But learn, proud mortal, I despise
 Such cold, such unimpassioned bliss.
 Think'st thou I calmly feel the flame
 That all my rending bosom fires,
 And patient bear, through all my frame,
 The pangs of unallayed desires ?
 Ah, no !—but turn not thus aside
 Those tempting lips of scarlet glow ;
 Nor yet avert, with angry pride,
 Those eyes, from whence such raptures flow !
 Forgive the past, sweet-natured maid ;
 My kisses, love, are all thy own :
 Then let my lips to thine be laid,
 To thine, more soft than softest down.

—◆—

KISS XV:

THE Idalian boy, to pierce Neæra's heart,
 Had bent his bow, had chose the fatal dart ;
 But when the child, in wonder lost, surveyed
 That brow, o'er which your sunny tresses played,

Those cheeks, that blushed the rose's warmest dye,
That streamy languish of your lucid eye,
That bosom, too, with matchless beauty bright
(Scarce Cypria's own could boast so pure a white),
Though mischief urged him first to wound my fair,
Yet partial fondness urged him now to spare.
But, doubting still, he lingered to decide ;
At length, resolved, he flung the shaft aside,
Then sudden rushed impetuous to thy arms,
And hung voluptuous on thy heavenly charms :
There as the boy in wanton folds was laid,
His lips o'er thine in varied kisses played ;
With every kiss he tried a thousand wiles,
A thousand gestures, and a thousand smiles ;
Your inmost breast with Cyprian odors filled,
And all the myrtle's luscious scent instilled :
Lastly, he swore by every power above,
By Venus' self, the potent Queen of Love,
That you, blest nymph, forever should remain
Exempt from amorous care, from amorous pain.
What wonder, then, such balmy sweets should flow
In every grateful kiss your lips bestow ?
What wonder, then, obdurate maid, you prove
Averse to all the tenderness of love ?



KISS XVI.

BRIGHT as Venus' golden star,
Fair as Dian's silver car,
Nymph with every charm replete,
Give me hundred kisses sweet ;
Then as many kisses more
O'er my lips profusely pour,

As the insatiate bard could want,
Or his bounteous Lesbia grant ;
As the vagrant Loves that stray
On thy lips' nectareous way ;
As the dimpling Graces spread
On thy cheeks' carnationed bed ;
As the deaths thy lovers die ;
As the conquests of thine eye,
Or the cares and fond delights
Which its changeful beam incites ;
As the hopes and fears we prove,
Or the impassioned sighs, in love ;
As the shafts by Cupid sped,
Shafts by which my heart has bled ;
As the countless stores that still
All his golden quiver fill.
Whispered plaints, and wanton wiles,
Speeches soft, and soothing smiles,
Teeth-imprinted, tell-tale blisses,
Intermix with all thy kisses.
So, when zephyr's breezy wing
Wafts the balmy breath of spring,
Turtles thus their loves repeat,
Fondly billing, murmuring sweet,
While their trembling pinions tell
What delights their bosoms swell.

Kiss me, press me, till you feel
All your raptured senses reel ;
Till your eyes, half closed and dim,
In a dizzy transport swim,
And you murmur faintly, " Grasp me,
Swooning, in your arms, oh, clasp me."

In my fond sustaining arms
I will hold your drooping charms ;
While the long, life-teeming kiss
Shall recall your soul to bliss ;
And, as thus the vital store
From my humid lips I pour,
Till, exhausted with the play,
All my spirit wastes away,
Sudden, in my turn, I'll cry,
" Oh, support me, for I die."'
To your fostering breast you'll hold me,
In your warm embrace enfold me,
While your breath, in nectared gales,
O'er my sinking soul prevails,
While your kisses sweet impart
Life and rapture to my heart.

Thus, when youth is in its prime,
Let's enjoy the golden time ;
For when smiling youth is past,
Age these tender joys shall blast :
Sickness, which our bloom impairs,
Slow-consuming, painful cares,
Death, with dire remorseless rage,
All attend the steps of age.



THE KISS IN DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project.

Tempest, iv. 1.

FIE, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2.

WHY, then we'll make exchange ; here, take you this,
And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 2.

SHE shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4.

THE current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage ;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with th' enameled stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 7.

Falstaff. Her husband, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy.

Merry Wives, iii. 5.

WHAT is love? 'tis not hereafter ;
 Present mirth hath present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure :
 In delay there lies no plenty ;
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Twelfth Night, ii. 3.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Measure for Measure, ii. 1.

Benedict. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beatrice. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart un-kissed.

Much Ado, v. 2.

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
 Crystal is muddy. Oh, how ripe in show
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
 That pure congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,
 Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
 When thou hold'st up thy hand: Oh, let me kiss
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2.

—◆—
 So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.

Love's Labor Lost, iv. 3.

—◆—
 WHY, this is he
 That kissed away his hand in courtesy;
 —the ladies call him, sweet;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

Love's Labor Lost, v. 2.

—◆—
 WHY, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

Merchant of Venice, ii. 7.

—◆—
 SOME there be that shadows kiss;
 Some have but a shadow's bliss.

Merchant of Venice, ii. 9.

—◆—
 THE moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
 And they did make no noise——

Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

IF you be well pleased with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.

Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

—◆—
Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Celia. Something browner than Judas': marry, his kisses are Judas' own children.

R. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

C. An excellent color: your chestnut was ever the only color.

R. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

C. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

As You Like It, iii. 4.

—◆—
Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

R. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

O. How if the kiss be denied?

R. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

As You Like It, iv. 1.

—◆—
Clown. He that comforts my wife is the nourisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood

loves my flesh and blood ; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend : *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend.

All's Well that Ends Well, i. 3.

Helena. I would not tell you what I would. My lord—
'faith, yes ;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 5.

I SAW sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Taming of the Shrew, i. 1.

Petruchio. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. Oh, the kindest Kate !—
She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink, she won me to her love.

Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1.

Gremio. This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2.

Petruchio. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Katharine. What, in the midst of the street ?

P. What, art thou ashamed of me ?

K. No, sir ; God forbid :—but ashamed to kiss.

P. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

K. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Taming of the Shrew, v. 1.

—◆—

NEVER gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

—◆—

NEVER saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth.

Winter's Tale, v. 1.

—◆—

Leontes. You are married?
Florizel. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

Winter's Tale, v. 1.

—◆—

Perdita. Do not say 'tis superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began;
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paulina. Oh, patience;
The statue is but newly fixed, the color's
Not dry.*

* * * * * *

Leontes. There is an air comes from her. What fine
chisel

* Shakspeare, it will be observed, represents Hermione as a *colored* statue. Paulina will not allow it to be touched, because the paint is not yet dry.

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paulina. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting.

Winter's Tale, v. 3.



Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Macbeth, ii. 4.



Macbeth. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Macbeth, v. 7.



UPON thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love.

King John, ii. 1.



FORTUNE shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

King John, ii. 2.



NOR let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips,
And comfort me with cold.

King John, v. 6.

(*Richard to Bolingbroke, kneeling.*)

Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.

Richard II., iii. 3.

(*Richard to the Queen.*)

Let me un-kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.*

* * * * *

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*
So now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

Richard II., v. 1.

I UNDERSTAND thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.

1 Henry IV., ii. 2.

Falstaff. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly : I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

2 Henry IV., ii. 4.

Pistol. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bardolph. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it ; but adieu.

Henry V., ii. 4.

* A kiss appears to have been an established incident in ancient English marriage ceremonies.

I KISS his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully.

Henry V., iv. 1.

King Henry. Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

Katharine. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur en baisant la main d'un vostre indigne serviteur ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not de fashion *pour les ladies of France*,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding [*kissing her*].

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in the sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council, and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

Henry V., v. 2.



Mortimer. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp;
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

1 Henry VI., ii. 5.



(*Suffolk to Lady Margaret.*)

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*kisses her hand*] for eternal peace.

1 Henry VI., v. 3.



King Henry. Welcome, Queen Margaret;
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.

2 Henry VI., i. 1.



(*Queen Margaret to Suffolk, kissing his hand.*)

Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!*

* * * * *

* That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightst think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee.

Oh, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves.

2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 2.

AND that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master;
And cried, all hail! when as he meant all harm.

3 *Henry VI.*, v. 7.

TEACH not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

Richard III., i. 2.

THEIR lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.

Richard III., iv. 3.

(*Henry VIII.* to *Anne Bullen*, after the dance.)

Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.*

Henry VIII., i. 4.

THE hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it.

Henry VIII., iii. 1.

Cressida. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed,—Oh, heavens! what have-I done?

Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2.

* A kiss was anciently in England the established fee of a lady's partner. The custom is still prevalent among some of the country-people.

As many farewells as the stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
 And scants us with a single famished kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4.

(*Headquarters of the Grecian camp. Enter Diomed with Cressida.*)

Agamemnon. Is this the lady Cressid ?

Diomed. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nestor. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulysses. Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'Twere better she were kissed in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—
 So much for Nestor.

Achilles. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
 Achilles bids you welcome.

Menelaus. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patroclus. But that's no argument for kissing now.

* * * * *

The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine ;

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. Oh, this is trim !

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your leave.

Cressida. In kissing, do you render or receive ?*

Patr. Both take and give.

* Thus Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice," when he kisses Portia :

"Fair lady, by your leave,
 I come by note to *give* and to *receive*."

Cres. I'll make my match to live.
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man ; give even or give none.

* * * * *

Ulyss. May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss
When Helen is a maid again and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5.



(*Cressida to Diomed.*)

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.

Troilus and Cressida, v. 2.



(*Timon, looking on the gold.*)

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss !

Timon of Athens, iv. 3.



OH, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgined it e'er since.

Coriolanus, v. 3.

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

Julius Cæsar, i. 1.

LET but the commons hear his testament,
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.

Julius Cæsar, iii. 2.

LAST thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl.

Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5.

(*Cleopatra to Messenger.*)

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5.

WE have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 8.

Antony. Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :
This is a soldier's kiss ; rebukable,

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment.

Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4.

Antony. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

* * * * *

Cleopatra. And welcome, welcome! die, where thou
hast lived:

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
'Thus would I wear them out.

Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 13.

Cleopatra. Come, then, and take the last warmth of
my lips.

* * * * *

If she first meet the curlèd Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have.

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2.

Imogene. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pisanio. And kissed it, madam.

Imogene. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

Cymbeline, i. 4.

ERE I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Cymbeline, i. 4.

Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagoned,
 How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus.

Cymbeline, ii. 2.

Imogene. Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it;
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Cymbeline, ii. 3.

OH, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touched them for his life.

Titus Andronicus, ii. 5.

THOU know'st this,
 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

Pericles, i. 2.

A CITY on whom plenty held full hand,
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kissed the clouds.

Pericles, i. 4.

Gloster. Oh, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

King Lear, iv. 6.

Cordelia. Oh, my dear father! Restoration, hang
 Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
 Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
 Have in thy reverence made.

King Lear, iv. 7.

THESE happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows.

Romeo and Juliet, i. 1.

—◆—
AND in this state she* gallops night by night

* * * * *

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.†

Romeo and Juliet, i. 4.

—◆—
Romeo. If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Romeo. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Juliet. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Romeo. Oh, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Juliet. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake.

Romeo. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

(*Kissing her.*) ‡

* Queen Mab.

† Probable allusion to the kissing comfits mentioned by Falstaff,
"Merry Wives," v. 5.

‡ The poet here, no doubt, copied from the mode of his own time,
since kissing a lady in a public assembly was not then thought inde-
corous. In King Henry VIII., Act i., scene v., Lord Sands is repre-
sented as kissing Anne Boleyn, next whom he sat at supper.

Juliet. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo. Sin from my lips? Oh, trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

Juliet. You kiss by the book.

—◆—
Romeo and Juliet, i. 5.

OH that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

—◆—
Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2.

THESE violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die! like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.

—◆—
Romeo and Juliet, ii. 6.

THEY may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin.

—◆—
Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3.

Romeo. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss,
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

—◆—
Romeo and Juliet, v. 3.

Juliet. Drink all, and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

—◆—
Romeo and Juliet, v. 3.

ALAS, poor Yorick! . . . Here hung those lips that I
have kissed I know not how oft.

Hamlet, v. 1.

Iago. Very good ; well kissed ! an excellent courtesy.

—◇—
Othello, ii. 1.

Emilia. This was her first remembrance* from the Moor.

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. *Othello*, iii. 3.

—◇—
Othello. I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips ;
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.
Othello, iii. 3.

—◇—
Iago. One of this kind is Cassio :
In sleep I heard him say, " Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !"
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry, " Oh, sweet creature !" and then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips.
Othello, iii. 3.

—◇—
Othello. I kissed thee ere I killed thee,—no way but
this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
Othello, v. 2.

—◇—
BEN JONSON.

THEIR lips were sealed with kisses, and the voice,
Drowned in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.
Every Man in his Humor, iii. 3.

* The handkerchief.

OH, sweet Fastidious! Oh, fine courtier! How comely he bows him in his courtesy! how full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses!

Every Man out of his Humor, iv. 1.

Hedon. You know I call madam Philautia my Honor; and she calls me her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, *Sweet Honor, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip*; and, withal, kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, *Nay, now you are too ambitious*. And then do I reply: *I cannot be too Ambitious of Honor, sweet lady*. Will't not be good? ha? ha?

Anaides. Oh, assure your soul.

Hedon. By heaven, I think 'twill be excellent; and a very politic achievement of a kiss.

Cynthia's Revels, ii. 1.

HE that had the grace to print a kiss on those lips should taste wine and rose-leaves. Oh, she kisses as close as a cockle.

Cynthia's Revels, v. 2.

YOUR city ladies, you shall have them sit in every shop, like the muses, offering you the Castalian dewes and the Thespian liquors to as many as have but the sweet grace and audacity to—sip of their lips.

Poetaster, iii. 1.

A BEAUTY ripe as harvest,
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lilies! A soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing.

Fox, i. 1.

PRAISE them, flatter them, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubbed. With praises you must mix kisses too; if they take them, they'll take more,—though they strive, they would be overcome.

Silent Woman, iv. 1.

—◆—

Face. This is the noble knight,
I told your ladyship—
Mammon. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.
Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

Alchemist, iv. 1.

—◆—

Subtle. I cry this lady mercy; she should first
Have been saluted. [*Kisses her.*] I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one ere 't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.

Kastril. Is she, i' faith?

Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

Kas. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment.

Alchemist, iv. 1.

—◆—

Beaufort. Then I have read somewhere that man and
woman
Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And, being cleft asunder, ever since
Love was an appetite to be rejoined,
As for example—[*Kisses Lætitia.*]

New Inn, iii. 2.

Prudence. The hour is come ; your kiss.

Lady F. My servant's song, first.

Prudence. I say the kiss, first ; and I so enjoyed it.
At your own peril, do, make the contempt.

Lady F. Well, sir, you must be paid, and legally.

[*Kisses Lovel.*

Prudence. Nay, nothing, sir, beyond.

Lovel. One more—I except.

This was but half a kiss, and I would change it.

Prudence. The court's dissolved, removed, and the
play ended.

No sound or air of love more ; I decree it.

New Inn, iv. 3.

—◆—
Marian. You are a wanton.

Robin Hood. One, I do confess,

I want-ed till you came ; but now I have you

I'll grow to your embraces till two souls,

Distillèd into kisses through our lips,

Do make one spirit of love.

Sad Shepherd, i. 2.

—◆—
SHE that will but now discover
Where the wingèd wag doth hover
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish ;
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kiss and another.

Hue and Cry after Cupid.

—◆—
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Kiss you at first, my lord ! 'tis no fair fashion ;
Our lips are like rose-buds : blown with men's breaths,
They lose both sap and savor.

Mad Lover.

Guiomar. You sent this letter?

Rutilio. My boldness makes me blush now.

Guiomar. I'll wipe off that;

And with this kiss I take you for my husband.

Your wooing's done, sir; I believe you love me,

And that's the wealth I look for now.

Custom of the Country.

—◆—

My charity shall go along with thee,
 Though my embraces must be far from thee.
 I should have killed thee, but this sweet repentance
 Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee,
 The last kiss we must take! And would to Heaven
 The holy priest that gave our hands together
 Had given us equal virtues.

Maid's Tragedy.

—◆—

Duke. Didst thou ne'er wish, Olympia,
 It might be thus?

Olympia. A thousand times.

Duke. Here, take him!

Nay, do not blush; I do not jest; kiss sweetly.

Boy, you kiss faintly, boy. Heaven give ye comfort!

Teach him,—he'll quickly learn. There's two hearts
 eased now.

Loyal Subject.

—◆—

Eros. While you were honest
 I loved you too.

Septimius. Honest? Come, pr'ythee kiss me.

Eros. I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
 No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;
 I hate their looks; and, though I may be wanton,
 I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase.

False One.

Cleopatra. [To *Cæsar.*] I stood slighted,
 Forgotten and contemned; my soft embraces,
 And those sweet kisses you called Elysium,
 As letters writ in sand, no more remembered.

—◆—
False One.

Sceva. [To *Cæsar.*] Whilst you are secure here,
 And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
 To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
 And most lasciviously die in delights,
 You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.

—◆—
False One.

COME, friends, and kill me.
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;
 The more the greater is my fall. Why stay ye?
 Come, and I'll kiss your weapons.

—◆—
Valentinian.

OH, my heart!
 How have I longed to meet you, how to kiss
 Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
 That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
 Of him that drinks your language!

—◆—
Faithful Shepherdess.

I AM not bashful, virgin; I can please
 At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
 And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
 As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
 Of plums or mellow peaches.

—◆—
Faithful Shepherdess.

LILLY.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,—
 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
 With these the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin :
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes :
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

Alexander and Campaspe.

—◆—
 MARLOWE.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium ?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
 Her lips suck forth my soul : see, where it flies !

Faustus.

—◆—
 MARSTON.

SHE comes like—oh, no simile
 Is precious, choice, or elegant enough
 To illustrate her descent ; leap, heart, she comes,—
 She comes ! smile, heaven, and, softest southern wind,
 Kiss her cheek gently with perfumèd breath.
 She comes ; creation's purity, admired,
 Adored, amazing rarity,—she comes !

* * * * *

Mount, blood, soul, to my lips, taste Hebe's cup ;
 Stand firm on deck, when beauty's close fight's up.

Antonio and Mellida.

IF thou knew'st my happiness,
 Thou wouldst even grate away thy soul to dust
 In envy of my sweet beatitude:
 I cannot sleep for kisses; I cannot rest
 For ladies' letters that importune me
 With such unused vehemence of love,
 Straight to solicit them, that—

Antonio and Mellida.

—◆—
 MASSINGER.

MAY I taste
 The nectar of her lip? I do not give it
 The praise it merits: antiquity is too poor
 To help me with a simile to express her:
 Let me drink often from this living spring,
 To nourish new invention.

Emperor of the East.

—◆—

Sforza. Can any act, though ne'er so loose, that may
 Invite or heighten appetite, appear
 Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me;
 My passions to you are in extremes,
 And know no bounds:—come, kiss me.

Marcelia. I obey you.

Sforza. By all the joys of love, she does salute me
 As if I were her grandfather! What witch,
 With cursèd spells, hath quenched the amorous heat
 That lived upon these lips? Tell me, *Marcelia*,
 And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
 That hath begot this coldness?

Duke of Milan.

—◆—

Francisco. [*Preserving the dead body of Marcelia.*]

Your ladyship looks pale;
 But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you.

See, my Eugenia, how many faces
That are adored in court, borrow these helps,
[*Paints the cheeks.*

And pass for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this. Your mouth smells sour, too,
But here is that shall take away the scent,
A precious antidote old ladies use
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are rotten.
[*Paints the lips.*

These hands, too, that disdained to take a touch
From any lip whose owner writ not lord,
Are now but as the coarsest earth.
Duke of Milan.

—◆—
Lovell. If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

Lady Allworthy. I were blind to my own good
Should I refuse it [*kisses him*]; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.
New Way to Pay Old Debts.

—◆—
FORD.

SHE never used, my lord,
A second means, but kissed the letter first,
O'erlooked the superscription, then let fall
Some amorous drops, kissed it again, talked to it
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,
Then gave it to me, then snatched it back again,
Then cried, "Oh, my poor heart!" and, in an instant,
"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.

Lady's Trial.

Piero. Does not yourself know, lady?

Amoretta. I do not uthe
To thpen lip-labor upon quethtionths
That I mythelf can anthwer.

Futelli. No, sweet madam,
Your lips are destined to a better use,
Or else the proverb fails of lispng maids.

Amoretta. Kithing you mean ; pray come behind with
Your mockths then,
My lipth will therve the one to kith the other.

Lady's Trial.

—◆—

HEYWOOD.

THE path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.

Woman Killed with Kindness.

—◆—

My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again.
Though thou art wounded in thy honored name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Woman Killed with Kindness.

—◆—

SHIRLEY.

I'M disinherited, thrown out of all,
But the small earth I borrow, thus to walk on ;
And, having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,
And take my everlasting leave of thee, too.
Farewell ! this will persuade thee to consent
To my eternal absence.

The Brothers.

DRYDEN.

SHE brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his ;
At which he whispered kisses back on hers.

All for Love.

OH, let me live forever on those lips !
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.

Amphytrion.

OTWAY.

HE scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold, the kiss he gave me
Seemed the forced compliment of sated love.

Orphan.

Belvidera. (To Jaffier.)

I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head,
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Venice Preserved.

LANSDOWNE.

THE kiss you take is paid by that you give :
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.

Heroic Love.

GOLDSMITH.

Marlow. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. [*Approaching.*] Yet nearer, I don't think so much. [*Approaching.*] By coming close to some women, they look younger still ; but when we come very close indeed—[*Attempting to kiss her.*]

Miss Hardcastle. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

She Stoops to Conquer.

KNOWLES.

THERE may you read in him how love would seem
Most humble when most bold,—you question which
Appears to kiss her hand,—his breath or lips!

Hunchback.

Modus. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.

Helen. What would you learn?

Mod. The use of lips?

Hel. To speak.

Mod. Naught else?

Hel. "How bold my modest cousin grows!"

Why, other use know you?

Mod. I do.

Hel. Indeed!

You're wondrous wise! And, pray, what is it?

Mod. This. [*Attempts to kiss her.*]

Hel. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin; for my lips,
I keep them for a husband! Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again.

Hunchback.

SCHILLER.

Countess. Doors creaked and clapped;
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind,—the hand was cold that grasped me.

'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelop us.

Wallenstein. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.



Wallenstein.

GOETHE.

OH, hear me, look upon me, how my heart
After long desolation now unfolds
Unto this new delight, to kiss thy head,
Thou dearest, dearest one of all on earth,
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown
On the void winds before.

Iphigenia.



ALFIERI.

O CHILDREN ! O my children ! to my soul
Your innocent words and kisses are as darts
That pierce it to the quick.

Alceste.



LONGFELLOW.

Victorian. Since yesterday I've been in Alcala.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us,
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Preciosa. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Spanish Student.



BULWER-LYTTON.

Melnotte. I hold her in these arms—the last embrace !
Never, ah, nevermore shall this dear head
Be pillowed on the heart that should have sheltered
And has betrayed ! Soft—soft ! one kiss—poor wretch !

No scorn on that pale lip forbids me now !
 One kiss—so ends all record of my crime !
 It is the seal upon the tomb of Hope,
 By which, like some lost, sorrowing angel, sits
 Sad Memory evermore. *Lady of Lyons.*

De Mauprat. [To Julie, kissing her hand.] Ay ;
 With my whole heart I love you!—
 [To De Beringhen.] Now, sir, go,
 And tell that to his Majesty ! Who ever
 Heard of its being a state-offence to kiss
 The hand of one's own wife ?

Richelieu.

TALFOURD.

THE widow of the moment fix her gaze
 Of longing, speechless love upon her babe,
 The only living thing which yet was hers,
 Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
 Yet with attenuated hand wave off
 The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
 Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart.

Ion.

SHE scarcely raised
 Her head; until her work—a bridal robe—
 Hung dazzling on her arm ; as then she sought
 Her chamber, I impressed one solemn kiss
 Upon her icy brow : then, as aroused
 From stupor by poor sympathy, she threw
 Her arms around my neck ; and, whispering low,
 But piercingly, conjured me to keep watch
 Upon her thoughts, lest one erring wish
 Should rise to mar her duty to her lord.

Glencoe.

MISS MITFORD.

HE used to call me child,
His dearest child ; and when I grasped his hand
Would hold me from him with a long fond gaze,
And stroke my hair, and kiss my brow, and-bid
Heaven bless his sweet Camilla ! And to-night
Nought but to bed ! to bed !

Foscari.

King. [*To Cromwell.*]

Sir,

Thou seest me with my children. Doth thine errand
Demand their absence ?

Cromwell. No. I sent them to thee
In Christian charity. Thou hast not fallen
Among the heathen !

King. Howsoever sent,
It was a royal boon. My heart hath ached
With the vain agony of longing love
To look upon those blooming cheeks, to kiss
Those red and innocent lips, to hear the sound
Of those dear voices.

Charles the First.

PROCTER.

OH, Isidora, where—

Where are you loitering now when Guido's here ?
By the bright god of love, I'll punish you,
Idler, and press your rich red lips until
The color flies.

Mirandola.

MRS. BROWNING.

[*Eve to Adam.*] Because I comprehend
This human love, I shall not be afraid
Of any human death ; and yet because
I know this strength of love, I seem to know

Death's strength by that same sign. Kiss on my lips,
 To shut the door close on my rising soul,
 Lest it pass outward in astonishment,
 And leave thee lonely. *Drama of Exile.*

—♦—

Adam. A child's kiss
 Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad—

* * * * * *

Thy hand, which plucked the apple, I clasp close ;
 Thy lips, which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close.

Drama of Exile.

—♦—

TENNYSON.

Milkmaid. [*Singing without.*]

Shame upon you, Robin,
 Shame upon you now !
 Kiss me would you? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Daisies grow again,
 Kingcups blow again,
 And you came and kissed me milking the cow.
 Robin came behind me,
 Kissed me well, I vow ;
 Cuff him could I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Swallows fly again,
 Cuckoos cry again,
 And you came and kissed me milking the cow.
 Come, Robin, Robin,
 Come and kiss me now :
 Help it can I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Ringdoves coo again,
 All things woo again,
 Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

Queen Mary.



THE KISS IN FICTION.

EIGHTEENTH- AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOVELS.

IT is contended by an American humorist, in an argument in favor of osculation, that it would imply a great want of reverence in us if we were to set ourselves up as wiser than our ancestors, and refuse to continue a practice that has been sanctioned by their approval. Yet, if we follow the curious aberrations in the extent of favor accorded to it by these ancestors during the last century, we shall be somewhat puzzled over the reflex as we find it in the novels of different periods. With the exception of Richardson, however, it must be owned that the eighteenth-century novelists, from Fielding and Smollett down to the time of the appearance of Goldsmith, and Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen, prove the truth of the remark of Shaw ("History of English Literature") that "the time when Fielding wrote was remarkable for the low tone of manners and sentiment; perhaps the lowest that ever prevailed in England, for it was precisely a juncture when the romantic spirit of the old chivalrous manners was extinguished, and before the modern standard of refinement was introduced." Accordingly, in Fielding and Smollett the heroes and heroines kiss with all the gusto of a coarse and licentious age, and without waiting for the interesting time which the novelists of our day select for granting the first long kiss of affection. The readers of Fielding's

"Amelia" will remember the insulting young nobleman who, upon meeting the heroine at Vauxhall, cries out, "Let the devil come as soon as he will, d—n me if I have not a kiss."

In singular contrast with such athletic and boisterous rudeness are the overwrought refinement and strained sentiment of Richardson, Fielding's contemporary and sometime friend. In the one it is an outbreak of coarseness or ungoverned passion; in the other it is a ceremonial whose observance is attended with decorum and solemnity. As a consequence, there is a great deal of the "naughty but nice" fascination in the former, and a large proportion of tedious and mawkish twaddle in the latter. For a specimen of Richardson's namby-pambyism we may advert to his "Sir Charles Grandison," in which we are told that after leaving Italy and returning to England Sir Charles solicits the hand of Harriet Byron in true Grandisonian manner. It is amusing to see the lofty style in which this mirror of chivalry makes love, and to note the extravagance of his compliments. But let Miss Byron tell the story:

"'There seems,' said he, 'to be a mixture of generous concern and kind curiosity in one of the loveliest and most intelligent faces in the world.'"

"'Thus,' resumed he, snatching my hand and ardently pressing it with his lips, 'do I honor to myself for the honor done me. How poor is man, that he cannot express his gratitude to the object of his vows for obligations confessed, but by owing to her new obligations!'" [What a formal pedant of a lover!]

"In a soothing, tender, and respectful manner, he put his arm round me, and, taking my own handkerchief, unresisted, wiped away the tears as they fell on my cheek. 'Sweet humanity! charming sensibility! check not the

kindly gush. Dew-drops of heaven! (wiping away my tears and kissing the handkerchief)—dew-drops of heaven, from a mind like that heaven, mild and gracious.'

"He kissed my hand with fervor; dropped down on one knee; again kissed it. 'You have laid me, madam, under everlasting obligations; and will you permit me before I rise, loveliest of women, will you permit me to beg an early day?'"

"He clasped me in his arms with an ardor that displeased me not on reflection, but at the time startled me. He thanked me again on one knee; I held out the hand he had not in his, with intent to raise him, for I could not speak. He received it as a token of favor; kissed it with ardor; arose, *again* pressed my cheek with his lips. I was too much surprised to repulse him with anger. But was he not too free? Am I a prude, my dear?"

Yes, Miss Byron, we are afraid you are a prude, to feel such surprise and doubt at an innocent kiss after a formal engagement.

By way of another contrast we copy the following passages: In the "Unhappy Mistake" of Mrs. Behn (*Astræa*), a lover, who is about to fight a duel, goes early in the morning to his sister's bedroom, with whom Lucretia, the mistress of his affections, is sleeping. "They both happened to be awake and talking as he came to the door, which his sister permitted him to unlock, and asked him the reason of his so early rising, who replied that since he could not sleep he would take the air a little. 'But first, sister,' continued he, 'I will refresh myself at your lips.' 'And now, madam,' added he to Lucretia, 'I would beg a cordial from you.' 'For that,' said his sister, 'you shall be obliged to me for once.' Saying so, she gently turned Lucretia's face toward him, and he had his wish. Ten to one but he had rather have continued with Lucretia than

have gone to her brother, had he known him, for he loved her truly and passionately. But, being a man of true courage and honor, he took his leave of them, presently dressed, and tripped away with the messenger, who made more than ordinary haste."

As an offset to this, we recur to the story of "Sir Charles Grandison." In proof of the "humorous character" of Charlotte Grandison, we are told that soon after her marriage her husband made her a present of some old china. "And when he had done," writes she to Harriet Byron, "taking the *liberty*, as he phrased it, half fearful, half resolute, to salute his bride for his reward, and then pacing backwards several steps with such a strut and crow—I see him yet,—indulge me, Harriet!—I burst into a hearty laugh; I could not help it; and he, reddening, looked round himself and round himself to see if anything was amiss on his part. The *man*, the *man*, honest friend,—I could have said, but had too much reverence for my husband,—is the oddity; nothing amiss in the garb."

It is remarkable, says Forsyth, that some of the most immoral novels in the English language should have been written by women. This bad distinction belongs to Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Heywood. *Corruptio optimi est pessima*, and that such corrupt stories as they gave to the world were the offspring of female pens is an unmistakable proof of the loose manners of the age. It is impossible, without the risk of offence, to quote freely from the works of an age when vice and indelicacy were triumphant and modesty had left its last footsteps upon earth.

It is refreshing to pass from their details of profligacy, and the insidious mischief of their assaults upon domestic purity, to that later school of fiction which, as Lord Bacon

says, "serveth and conformeth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation." Foremost among those at the dawn of the present century, whose ideals are framed according to the healthful and ennobling standards which conform to the government and will of God and which command the reverence of man, was Miss Jane Porter. If her heroes are paragons like Grandison, they are not, like Sir Charles, models of solemn foppery, insipid in their superiority, correct as automata in their elaborate politeness, or passing their lives, as Taine says, "in weighing their duties and making salutations." They are quite as irreproachable, while they are far more consistent with the conditions of our human nature and our human life.

It would be interesting to trace the course of Sobieski, in "Thaddeus of Warsaw," from the time when, as an enforced exile, he dropped on his knees and, "plucking a turf of grass and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, 'Farewell, Poland! farewell all my hopes of happiness!'" to the hour when he clasped his newly-wedded wife at the grave of Butzou. But two extracts will suffice to show what manner of man he was. Upon reading for the third time a letter from Lady Tinemouth containing assurances of Miss Beaufort's high regard for him, his heart throbbed with violent emotion:

"'Delicious poison!' cried he, kissing the paper. 'If adoring thee, lovely Mary, be added to my other sorrows, I shall be resigned. There is sweetness even in the thought. Could I credit all that my dear Lady Tinemouth affirms, the conviction that I possess one kind solicitude in the mind of Miss Beaufort would be ample compensation for——'

"He did not finish the sentence, but, sighing profoundly, rose from his chair.

“‘For anything, except beholding her the wife of another!’ was the sentiment with which his heart panted. Thaddeus had never known a selfish feeling in his life; and this first instance of his wishing that good unappropriated which he might not himself enjoy, made him start.

“‘There is a fault in my heart, a dreadful one!’ Dissatisfied with himself, he was preparing to answer her ladyship’s letter, when,” etc.

When the infatuated and distracted Lady Sara had failed in her desperate efforts to entice Sobieski from the path of honor and virtue in his own lodgings, he pityingly and forgivingly attended her to her own home, where, we are told :

“When Thaddeus had seated Lady Sara in her drawing-room, he prepared to take a respectful leave; but her ladyship, getting up, laid one hand on his arm, whilst with the other she covered her convulsive features, and said, ‘Constantine, before you go, before we part, perhaps eternally, oh, tell me that you do not hate me! That you do not *hate* me!’ repeated she, in a firmer tone; ‘I know too well how deeply I am despised!’

“‘Cease, my dearest madam,’ returned he, tenderly replacing her on the sofa, ‘cease these vehement expressions. Shame does not depend on possessing passions, but on yielding to them. You have conquered, Lady Sara, and in future I shall respect and love you as a dear friend. Whoever holds the first place in my heart, you shall always retain the second.’

“‘Noble, generous Constantine!’ cried she, straining his hand to her lips and bathing it with her tears; ‘I can require no more. May Heaven bless you wherever you go.’

“Thaddeus dropped upon his knee, imprinted on both

her hands a compassionate and fervent kiss, and, rising hastily, quitted the room without a word."

IN the novels of our day, kissing is as indispensable an adjunct to love-making as it ever was, but its treatment has changed as the æsthetic and practical views of courtship have changed with the influences of society. Whether as the impulse of passionate attachment or the expression of refined affection, it is, for the most part, handled by our modern writers in a healthful, natural, legitimate, decorous, and felicitous manner. Those who indulge in namby-pamby effusion or sentimental gush, on the one hand, or the startling aberrations and obliquities of unconventionalism on the other, may expect to hear from the satirists and reviewers. No one entertained for weakly sentimentalism or affected prettiness more profound contempt and impatience than Thackeray. Yet where shall we find more exquisite touches than those which abound in the pages of the great humorist and satirist? Take, for example, a few scattered passages from "The Newcomes:"

"There she sits; the same, but changed: as gone from him as if she were dead; departed indeed into another sphere, and entered into a kind of death. If there is no love more in yonder heart, it is but a corpse unburied. Strew round it the flowers of youth. Wash it with tears of passion. Wrap it and envelop it with fond devotion. Break heart, and fling yourself on the bier, and kiss her cold lips, and press her hand! It falls back dead on the cold breast again. The beautiful lips have never a blush or a smile."

"He took a little slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter: he cleared the

grizzled mustachio from his mouth, and, stooping down, he kissed the little white hand with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him."

"The sisters-in-law kissed on meeting, with that cordiality so delightful to witness in sisters who dwell together in unity."

"He would not even stop and give his Ethel of old days his hand. I would have given him I don't know what, for one kiss, for one kind word; but he passed on and would not answer me."

"For months past they had not had a really kind word. The tender old voice smote upon Clive, and he burst into sudden tears. They rained upon his father's trembling old brown hand as he stooped down and kissed it."

"Clive felt the pathetic mood coming on again, and an immense desire to hug Lady Ann in his arms and to kiss her. How grateful are we—how touched a frank and generous heart is—for a kind word extended to us in our pain!"

"The lips of the pretty satirist who alluded to these unpleasant by-gones were silenced, as they deserved to be, by Mr. Pendennis. 'Do you think, sir, I did not know,' says the sweetest voice in the world, 'when you went out on your fishing excursions with Miss Amory?' Again the flow of words is checked by the styptic previously applied."

"'Oh, Pen,' says my wife, closing my mouth in a way which I do not choose further to particularize, 'that

man is the best, the dearest, the kindest creature. I never knew such a good man ; you ought to put him into a book. Do you know, sir, that I felt the very greatest desire to give him a kiss when he went away ? and that one which you had just now was intended for him ? ”

“ Laura drove to his lodgings, and took him a box, which was held up to him, as he came to open the door to my wife’s knock, by our smiling little boy. He patted the child on his golden head and kissed him. My wife wished he would have done as much for her ; but he would not, — though she owned she kissed his hand. He drew it across his eyes and thanked her in a very calm and stately manner. ”

“ On the day when he went away, Laura went up and kissed him with tears in her eyes. ‘ You know how long I have been wanting to do it, ’ this lady said to her husband. ”

“ She fairly gave way to tears as she spoke ; and for me, I longed to kiss the hem of her robe, or anything else she would let me embrace, I was so happy, and so touched by the simple demeanor and affection of the noble young lady. ”

“ Ethel walked slowly up to the humble bed, and sat down on a chair near it. No doubt her heart prayed for him who slept there ; she turned round where his black Pensioner’s cloak was hanging on the wall, and lifted up the homely garment and kissed it. The servant looked on, admiring, I should think, her melancholy and her gracious beauty. ”

FROM Thackeray to Charles Dickens the transition is

easy and pleasant. The difficulty, in both cases, is to limit the number of our extracts. These are from "Nicholas Nickleby:"

"It was very little that Nicholas knew of the world, but he guessed enough about its ways to think that if he gave Miss La Creevy one little kiss, perhaps she might not be the less kindly disposed towards those he was leaving behind. So he gave her three or four with a kind of jocose gallantry, and Miss La Creevy evinced no greater symptoms of displeasure than declaring, as she adjusted her yellow turban, that she had never heard of such a thing, and couldn't have believed it possible."

"Do you remember the boy that died here?"

"I was not here, you know," said Nicholas, gently; "but what of him?"

"Why," replied the youth, drawing closer to his questioner's side, "I was with him at night, and when it was all silent he cried no more for friends he wished to come and sit with him, but began to see faces round his bed that came from home; he said they smiled, and talked to him; and he died at last lifting his head to kiss them."

"Oh, uncle, I am *so* glad to see you!" said Mrs. Kenwigs, kissing the collector affectionately on both cheeks. "So glad!"

"Now, this was an interesting thing. Here was a collector of water-rates, without his book, without his pen and ink, without his double knock, without his intimidation, kissing—actually kissing—an agreeable female, and leaving taxes, summonses, notices that he had called, or announcements that he would never call again, for two quarters' due, wholly out of the question. It was pleasant to see how the company looked on, quite absorbed in the

sight, and to behold the nods and winks with which they expressed their gratification at finding so much humanity in a tax-gatherer."

"'Mr. Nicholas!' cried Miss La Creevy, starting in great astonishment.

"'You have not forgotten me, I see,' replied Nicholas, extending his hand.

"'Why, I think I should even have known you if I had met you in the street,' said Miss La Creevy, with a smile. 'Hannah, another cup and saucer. Now, I'll tell you what, young man; I'll trouble you not to repeat the impertinence you were guilty of on the morning you went away.'

"'You would not be very angry, would you?' asked Nicholas.

"'Wouldn't I!' said Miss La Creevy. 'You had better try; that's all.'

"Nicholas, with becoming gallantry, immediately took Miss La Creevy at her word, who uttered a faint scream and slapped his face; but it was not a very hard slap, and that's the truth.

"'I never saw such a rude creature!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy.

"'You told me to try,' said Nicholas.

"'Well, but I was speaking ironically,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

"'Oh! that's another thing,' said Nicholas; 'you should have told me that, too.'"

"'Look at me,' said Nicholas, wishing to attract his full attention. 'There; don't turn away. Do you remember no woman, no kind woman, who hung over you once, and kissed your lips, and called you her child?'

“‘No,’ said the poor creature, shaking his head, ‘no, never.’”

“‘It’s naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a father, to see such a man as that, a kissing and taking notice of my children,’ pursued Mr. Kenwigs. ‘It’s naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a man, to know that man. It will be naterally very gratifying to my feelings as a husband, to make that man acquainted with this ewent.’”

“‘No, no,’ cried Arthur, interrupting him, and rubbing his hands in an ecstasy. ‘Wrong, wrong again. Mr. Nickleby for once at fault: out, quite out! To a young and beautiful girl; fresh, lovely, bewitching, and not nineteen. Dark eyes, long eyelashes, ripe and ruddy lips that to look at is to long to kiss, beautiful clustering hair that one’s fingers itch to play with, such a waist as might make a man clasp the air involuntarily thinking of twining his arm about it, little feet that tread so lightly they hardly seem to walk upon the ground,—to marry all this, sir, this,—hey, hey!’”

“‘Upon his knees Nicholas gave him this pledge, and promised again that he should rest in the spot he had pointed out. They embraced, and kissed each other on the cheek. ‘Now,’ he murmured, ‘I am happy.’”

“‘He fell into a light slumber, and waking smiled as before; then, spoke of beautiful gardens, which he said stretched out before him, and were filled with figures of men, women, and many children, all with light upon their faces; then, whispered that it was Eden,—and so died.’”

The following passages are from “David Copperfield:”

“As my mother stooped down on the threshold to take

me in her arms and kiss me, the gentleman said I was a more highly privileged little fellow than a monarch,—or something like that; for my later understanding comes, I am sensible, to my aid here.”

“I am glad to recollect that, when the carrier’s cart was at the gate, and my mother stood there kissing me, a grateful fondness for her and for the old place I had never turned my back upon before, made me cry. I am glad to know that my mother cried too, and that I felt her heart beat against mine.

“I am glad to recollect that, when the carrier began to move, my mother ran out at the gate, and called to him to stop, that she might kiss me once more. I am glad to dwell upon the earnestness and love with which she lifted up her face to mine.”

“When my mother came down to breakfast and was going to make the tea, Miss Murdstone gave her a kind of peck on the cheek, which was her nearest approach to a kiss.”

“‘And I’ll write to you, my dear. Though I ain’t no scholar. And I’ll—I’ll—’ Peggotty fell to kissing the keyhole, as she couldn’t kiss me.

“‘Thank you, dear Peggotty!’ said I. ‘Oh, thank you! Thank you! Will you promise me one thing, Peggotty? Will you write and tell Mr. Peggotty and little Em’ly, and Mrs. Gummidge and Ham, that I am not so bad as they might suppose, and that I sent ’em all my love,—especially to little Em’ly? Will you, if you please, Peggotty?’ The kind soul promised, and we both of us kissed the keyhole with the greatest affection,—I patted it with my hand, I recollect, as if it had been her honest face,—and parted.”

“Little Em’ly didn’t care a bit. She saw me well enough, but, instead of turning round and calling after me, ran away laughing. This obliged me to run after her, and she ran so fast that we were very near the cottage before I caught her.

“‘Oh, it’s you, is it?’ said little Em’ly.

“‘Why, you knew who it was, Em’ly,’ said I.

“‘And didn’t *you* know who it was?’ said Em’ly. I was going to kiss her, but she covered her cherry lips with her hands, and said she wasn’t a baby now, and ran away, laughing more than ever, into the house.”

“Peggotty was the best, the truest, the most faithful, most devoted, and most self-denying friend and servant in the world; who had ever loved me dearly, who had ever loved my mother dearly; who had held my mother’s dying head upon her arm, on whose face my mother had imprinted her last grateful kiss. And my remembrance of them both choking me, I broke down as I was trying to say that her home was my home, and that all she had was mine, and that I would have gone to her for shelter, but for her humble station, which made me fear that I might bring some trouble on her.”

“And, having carried her point, she tapped the doctor’s hand several times with her fan (which she kissed first), and returned triumphantly to her former station.”

“Mrs. Markleham was so overcome by this generous speech (which, I need not say, she had not at all expected or led up to) that she could only tell the doctor it was like himself, and go several times through that operation of kissing the sticks of her fan, and then tapping his hand with it.”

“She put her hand—its touch was like no other hand—upon my arm for a moment ; and I felt so befriended and comforted that I could not help moving it to my lips and gratefully kissing it.”

“Miss Murdstone had been looking for us. She found us here ; and presented her uncongenial cheek, the little wrinkles in it filled with hair-powder, to Dora to be kissed. Then she took Dora’s arm in hers, and marched us in to breakfast as if it were a soldier’s funeral.”

“I hardly knew what I did, I was burning all over to that extraordinary extent ; but I took Dora’s little hand and kissed it, and she let me. I kissed Miss Mills’s hand, and we all seemed, to my thinking, to go straight up to the seventh heaven.”

“‘But I haven’t got any strength at all,’ said Dora, shaking her curls. ‘Have I, Jip?’ (the dog.) ‘Oh, do kiss Jip and be agreeable!’

“It was impossible to resist kissing Jip, when she held him up to me for that purpose, putting her own bright, rosy little mouth into kissing form as she directed the operation, which she insisted should be performed symmetrically, on the centre of his nose. I did as she bade me, rewarding myself afterwards for my obedience, and she charmed me out of my graver character for I don’t know how long.”

“At length her eyes were lifted up to mine, and she stood on tiptoe to give me, more thoughtfully than usual, that precious little kiss—once, twice, three times—and went out of the room.”

“My pretty little Dora’s face would fall, and she would make her mouth into a bud again, as if she would very much prefer to shut mine with a kiss.”

“And Mrs. Gummidge took his hand, and kissed it with a homely pathos and affection, in a homely rapture of devotion and gratitude that he well deserved.”

The remainder of our selections will be found in “Our Mutual Friend:”

“‘If I get by degrees to be a high-flyer at fashion, then Mrs. Boffin will by degrees come for’arder. If Mrs. Boffin should ever be less of a dab at fashion than she is at the present time, then Mrs. Boffin’s carpet would go back’arder. If we should both continny as we are, why then *here* we are, and give us a kiss, old lady.’”

“Mrs. Boffin, who, perpetually smiling, had approached and drawn her plump arm through her lord’s, most willingly complied. Fashion, in the form of her black velvet hat and feathers, tried to prevent it, but got deservedly crushed in the endeavor.”

“‘This,’ said Mrs. Wilfer, presenting a cheek to be kissed as sympathetic and responsive as the back of the bowl of a spoon, ‘is quite an honor.’”

“Arrived at Mr. Boffin’s door, she set him with his back against it, tenderly took him by the ears as convenient handles for her purpose, and kissed him until he knocked muffled double knocks at the door with the back of his head. That done, she once more reminded him of their compact, and gaily parted from him.”

“She girded herself with a white apron, and busily with knots and pins contrived a bib to it, coming close and tight under her chin, as if it had caught her round the

neck to kiss her. Over this bib her dimples looked delightful, and under it her pretty figure not less so."

"Bella put her arms round his neck and tenderly kissed him on the high-road, passionately telling him he was the best of fathers and the best of friends, and that on her wedding morning she would go down on her knees to him and beg his pardon for having ever teased him or seemed insensible to the worth of such a patient, sympathetic, genial, fresh, young heart. At every one of her adjectives she redoubled her kisses, and finally kissed his hat off, and then laughed immoderately when the wind took it and he ran after it."

"With a parting kiss of her fingers to it (the room), she softly closed the door, and went with a light foot down the great staircase, pausing and listening as she went, that she might meet none of the household. No one chanced to be about, and she got down to the hall in quiet. The door of the late secretary's room stood open. She peeped in as she passed, and divined from the emptiness of his table and the general appearance of things that he was already gone. Softly opening the great hall-door and softly closing it upon herself, she turned and kissed it on the outside—insensible old combination of wood and iron that it was—before she ran away from the house at a swift pace."

"The good little fellow had become alarmingly limp, and his senses seemed to be rapidly escaping, from the knees upward. Bella sprinkled him with kisses instead of milk, but gave him a little of that article to drink, and he gradually revived under her caressing care."

"Bella tucked her arm in his, with a merry, noiseless laugh, and they went down to the kitchen on tiptoe, she

stopping on every separate stair to put the tip of her fore-finger on her rosy lips, and then lay it on his lips, according to her favorite petting way of kissing pa."

"The purity with which in these words she expressed something of her own love and her own suffering made a deep impression on him for the passing time. He held her, almost, as if she were sanctified to him by death, and kissed her, once, almost as he might have kissed the dead."



SOME of our best writers of fiction have successfully tried their descriptive power upon the "torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion" which may be concentrated in a burning kiss, but none of them surpass Victor Hugo in graphic vigor. Take the following passages, for example, from "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." In the exciting scene between Esmeralda, the gipsy, and Captain Phœbus, the unfortunate girl proceeds:

"'Look at me! look on her who came to seek you. My soul, life, body, all are yours. Let us not marry, if it displeases you,—and then, what am I? a wretched stroller, while you, my Phœbus, are a gentleman. A pretty thing, truly, for a dancing-girl to wed an officer! I was out of my mind. No, Phœbus, I will be your toy, your plaything, a slave to you. I am made for that; sullied, scorned, dishonored, but loved! I will be the proudest and gladdest of women. And when I shall be old, Phœbus, when my days for loving you are over, you will, won't you, still allow me to serve you? Let others broider your scarfs; I, the servant, may take care of them, and your sword and your spurs. You will grant me this, Phœbus? So, take me! we gipsies only are made for the free air and to love.'

“She had flung her arms around the officer’s neck, supplicating him with a smile shining through her tears. Her delicate throat was scratched by the rough lace. The intoxicated captain glued his burning lips on the rounded Moorish shoulders. The young girl, kneeling, her eyes looking upward, her head thrown back, quivered under the kiss. All at once, above the stooping head of Phœbus, she beheld another head, with a livid, convulsed face, wearing the look of a damned soul; near it was a hand armed with a dagger. It was the face and hand of the priest; he had burst through the door, and was there. Phœbus could not perceive him. The girl was frozen stiff and mute by the fear-inspiring apparition,—like a dove raising its head as the osprey stares over its nest with its round, unwinking eyes. She could not even utter a scream. She saw the poniard fall on Phœbus and rise smoking.

“‘Malediction!’ groaned the captain, and he fell.

“She swooned.

“As her eyes closed, as feeling vanished from her, she fancied she felt impressed on her lips a print of fire, a kiss more burning than the executioner’s red-hot branding-iron.

“When she came to herself, she was surrounded by the soldiers of the watch. They carried away the captain, bathed in his blood; the priest had disappeared (the window at the end of the room, looking on the river, was wide open); a cloak was picked up which they supposed belonged to the officer, and she heard it said around her, ‘She is a witch that has stabbed a captain.’”

The thrilling narrative proceeds with the imprisonment of the poor girl, the false confession of murder and witchcraft extorted by the terrible torture of rack and screw

and pincer, the visit of the archdeacon, and his extraordinary confession of maddening love. In the course of his long and fervid and impetuous appeal for her favor, he says :

“‘Oh, I had not foreseen the torture ! Listen : I followed thee into that chamber of agony ; I looked upon thy rough treatment by the torturer’s infamous hands. I saw thy foot, which to kiss and die at I would give an empire, I saw it crushed by the horrible irons which have made of living limbs raw flesh and a pool of blood. While I beheld this, I wielded under my gown a dagger with which I furrowed my breast. At the scream thou gavest, I buried it in my flesh ; look, it still bleeds.’ ”

* * * * * * *

“‘Oh, to love a woman, to be a priest, to be hated ! to love her with all the fury of one’s soul, to be willing to give for the least of her smiles one’s blood, salvation, immortality and eternity, this life and the other ; to regret not being a king, genius, emperor, archangel, that a greater slave might be at her feet ; to have her mingling day and night in one’s thoughts and dreams ; and to see her enamored of a soldier’s livery, and only have to offer her a priest’s coarse gown which is frightful to and detested by her ! To be present with rage and jealousy while she lavishes on a despicable, empty-brained dog her treasures of love and beauty ! To see that body whose sight makes you burn, that bosom so peerless, that satin flesh redden under another’s kisses ! Oh, to love her arms and neck, to think of her blue veins visible through her brown skin, almost to writhe whole nights through on the pavement of one’s cell, and see all the caresses dreamed of end with the torture ! ’ ”

The priest’s nightly dreams, we are told, were dreadful. Writhing on his bed, “his delirious fancy represented

Esmeralda in all the attitudes that could make blood boil in one's veins. He saw her as when he had stabbed the captain, her white throat spotted with the blood of Phœbus, when the archdeacon had impressed on her shoulders that kiss which, though half dying then, she had felt scorch her." One night he became so inflamed with his uncontrollable passion that he sought relief by a visit to the gipsy's cell, to which he had access. His entrance awakened and bewildered her.

"“Oh, the priest,” said she, in a faint voice.

“Her misfortunes came back to her in a flash. She fell back chilled. The next moment, she felt the priest's arms enclasp her. She would have screamed, but could not.

““Away, monster, assassin, begone!” gasped she, in a voice low and tremulous from rage and fear.

““Mercy, mercy!” muttered the priest, kissing her shoulders.

“She caught his bald head, with both her hands entwined in the rest of his hair, and forced it away as if his kisses were bites.”

His utmost efforts to win her regard and sympathy were ineffectual. He was baffled at every step in his desperate advances, and repelled with immeasurable scorn upon the repetition of his visits. He offered her the alternative of the gibbet or escape and life; he humbled himself before her to an incredible degree. In his passionate entreaties, he says:

““Why, here am I who would kiss thy feet,—no, no, not thy feet, thou wouldst not permit that,—but the very ground under thy feet. I weep like a very child; I tear from my breast, not words, but my heart and my vitals, to tell thee that I love thee; all is in vain, all! And yet in

thy spirit thou hast naught but tenderness and clemency, thou art radiant with gentleness; thou art good, kind, merciful as charming. Woe is me! thou hast not cruelty save for me. Oh, what fatality!’”

At their last meeting he closes a strain of fervid supplication the rejection of which settles the girl's fate:

“‘I entreat thee by all that is holy, do not delay until I am of stone like this scaffold thou choosest in my stead. Think that I hold our two destinies in my palm, that I am mad, that I can make yawn betwixt us a bottomless pit, thou unfortunate! wherein my lost soul will pursue thine through all eternity! One word of kindness! say one word! nothing more than a word.’

“She parted her lips to answer him. He rushed and fell on his knees before her to receive with adoration the word—perhaps affectionate—which was about to leave her lips.

“‘You are an assassin,’ was what she said.

“The priest threw his arms furiously around her, and laughed a devil's laugh. ‘Assassin—be it so!’ said he, ‘I will be thine. Thou wouldst not have me as a slave, —thou shalt have me as master. I have a place to which I'll drag thee. Thou shalt go with me; I will make thee go. Thou art to die, fair one, or be mine! be the priest's, the apostate's, the assassin's! To-night, dost hear? The grave or my bed!’

“The girl fought in his arms while he covered her with kisses.

“‘Do not bite me, monster!’ she shrieked. ‘Oh, the hateful, infectious monk! leave me! I will tear out that vile gray hair of yours.’

“He reddened, turned white, then released her, and regarded her moodily. She thought herself victorious,

and went on: 'I tell you I am for Phœbus; that it is Phœbus I love, because he is handsome. You, priest, are old and ugly. Begone!'

The unalterable and final decision was made. It sent Esmeralda to execution in the Place de Grève, and as the archdeacon watched the tragedy,—the judicial murder of an innocent creature for his own crime,—the revengeful hunchback pushed him violently from the tower of Notre Dame to meet a horrible death upon the pavement below.



CHARLES READE deals with the kiss in the sturdy and energetic manner which usually characterizes his writings. In "Put Yourself in his Place," the bursting of Ouseley Reservoir gives him one of his best opportunities for the display of vivid descriptive power and the production of startling effects and situations. One of the most exciting incidents attending the avalanche of water occasioned by the rupture of the embankment was the rescue of Grace Carden from the flood by her lover, Henry Little:

"He set his knee against the horizontal projection of the window, and that freed his left hand; he suddenly seized her arm with it, and, clutching it violently, ground his teeth together, and, throwing himself backward with a jerk, tore her out of the water by an effort almost superhuman. Such was the force exerted by the torrent on one side, and the desperate lover on the other, that not her shoes only, but her stockings, though gartered, were torn off her in that fierce struggle.

"He had her in his arms, and cried aloud, and sobbed over her, and kissed her wet cheeks, her lank hair, and her wet clothes, in a wild rapture. He went on kissing her and sobbing over her so wildly and so long, that

Coventry, who had at first exulted with him at her rescue, began to rage with jealousy.

“‘Please remember she is my wife,’ he shrieked; ‘don’t take advantage of her condition, villain!’

“‘Your wife, you scoundrel! You stole her from me once; now come and take her from me again. Why didn’t you save her? She was near to you. You let her die; she lives by me and for me, and I for her.’ With this he kissed her again and held her to his bosom. ‘D’ye see that? liar! coward! villain!’

“‘Even across that tremendous body of rushing death, from which neither was really safe, both rivals’ eyes gleamed hate at each other.’”

After a series of miraculous escapes, they descend from the roof of the house whither they had finally sought protection from the raging waters, and, staggering among the *débris*, they finally reach rising ground, where they discover a horse, upon which Henry seats the barefooted Grace. Their conversation eventually takes this turn:

“‘Let us talk of ourselves,’ said Grace, lovingly. ‘My darling, let no harsh thought mar the joy of this hour. You have saved my life again. Well, then it is doubly yours. Here, looking on that death we have just escaped, I devote myself to you. You don’t know how I love you, but you shall. I adore you.’

“‘I love you better still.’

“‘You do not; you can’t. It is the one thing I can beat you at, and I will.’

“‘Try. When will you be mine?’

“‘I am yours. But if you mean when will I marry you, why, whenever you please. We have suffered too cruelly and loved too dearly for me to put you off a single day for affectations and vanities. When you please, my own.’

“At this Henry kissed her little white feet with rapture, and kept kissing them at intervals all the rest of the way; and the horrors of the night ended to these two in unutterable rapture, as they paced slowly along to Woodbine Villa with hearts full of wonder, gratitude, and joy.”

These pleasant passages are from Reade's "Very Hard Cash:"

“The young man, ardent as herself, and not, in reality, half so timorous, caught fire, and, seeing a white, eloquent hand rather near him, caught it and pressed his warm lips on it in mute adoration and gratitude.

“At this she was scared and offended. ‘Oh, keep that for the queen!’ cried she, turning scarlet and tossing her fair head into the air like a startled stag, and she drew her hand away quickly and decidedly, though not roughly. He stammered a lowly apology. In the very middle of it she said, softly, ‘Good-by, Mr. Hardie,’ and swept with a gracious little courtesy through the door-way, leaving him spell-bound.

“And so the virginal instinct of self-defence carried her off swiftly and cleverly. But none too soon; for, on entering the house, that external composure her two mothers, Mesdames Dodd and Nature, had taught her, fell from her like a veil, and she fluttered up the stairs to her own room with hot cheeks, and panted there like some wild thing that has been grasped at and grazed. She felt young Hardie's lips upon the palm of her hand plainly; they seemed to linger there still,—it was like light but live velvet. This and the ardent look he had poured into her eyes set the young creature quivering. Nobody had looked at her so before, and no young gentleman had imprinted living velvet on her hand. She was alarmed, ashamed, and uneasy. What right had he to look at her

like that? What shadow of a right to go and kiss her hand? He could not pretend to think she had put it out to be kissed; ladies put forth the back of the hand for that, not the palm. The truth was, he was an impudent fellow, and she hated him now, and herself too, for being so simple as to let him talk to her. Mamma would not have been so imprudent when she was a girl.

“She would not go down, for she felt there must be something of this kind legibly branded on her face: ‘Oh! oh! just look at this young lady! She has been letting a young gentleman kiss the palm of her hand, and the feel has not gone off yet; you may see that by her cheeks.’”

“*Jan. 14th.* A sorrowful day. He and I parted, after a fortnight of the tenderest affection, and that mutual respect without which neither of us, I think, could love long. I had resolved to be very brave; but we were alone, and his bright face looked so sad; the change in it took me by surprise, and my resolution failed: I clung to him. If gentlemen could interpret as we can, he would never have left me. It is better as it is. He kissed my tears away as fast as they came; it was the first time he had ever kissed more than my hand,—so I shall have that to think of, and his dear, promised letters; but it made me cry more at the time, of course. Some day, when we have been married years and years, I shall tell him not to go and pay a lady for every tear, if he wants her to leave off.” [Julia’s Diary.]

“‘Oh, how good you are! oh, how I love you!’

“And she flung a tender arm round his neck, like a young goddess making love; and her sweet face came so near his he had only to stoop a little, and their lips met in a long, blissful kiss.

“That kiss was an era in her life. Innocence itself, she had put up her delicious lips to her lover in pure, though earnest, affection ; but the male fire with which his met them made her blush as well as thrill, and she drew back a little, abashed and half scared, and nestled on his shoulder, hiding a face that grew redder and redder.”



BURTON, in his “Anatomy of Melancholy,” notices those irritating coquettes, Aretine’s Lucretia, and Phyllis, in Lucian, the former of whom boasted that she had a suitor who loved her dearly, but the more eagerly he wooed the more she seemed to neglect and to scorn him, and what she commonly accorded to others—freedom in social intercourse, even to the extent of osculation—she refused to him ; while the latter, in the presence of her sweetheart Diphilus, kissed Lamprius, his co-rival, in order to whet the jealousy of the favorite. Our modern novelists give very little space to character and conduct of this sort, but in the way of provokingly cool indifference in the sterner sex to the charms and fascinations of the fair, we find such instances as this, which occurs in Mühlbach’s “Joseph the Second and his Court,” in an interview between Kaunitz, the prime minister, and La Foliazzi :

“ ‘*Vraiment*, you are very presuming to suppose that I shall trouble myself to come in the carriage,’ replied Kaunitz, contemptuously. ‘It is enough that, the coach being there, the world will suppose that I am there also. A man of fashion must have the name of possessing a mistress ; but a statesman cannot waste his valuable time on women. You are my mistress, *ostensibly*, and therefore I give you a year’s salary of four thousand guilders.’

“ ‘You are an angel—a god !’ cried La Foliazzi, this

time with genuine rapture. 'You come upon one like Jupiter, in a shower of gold.'

"'Yes, but I have no wish to fall into the embraces of my Danaë. Now, hear my last words. If you ever daré let it transpire that you are not really my mistress, I shall punish you severely. I will not only stop your salary, but I will cite you before the committee of morals, and you shall be forced into a marriage with somebody.'

'The singer shuddered and drew back. 'Let me go at once into my boudoir. Is my breakfast ready?'

"'No; your morning visits there begin to-morrow. Now go home to Count Palfy, and do not forget our contract.'

"'I shall not forget it, prince,' replied the signora, smiling. 'I await your coach this evening. You may kiss me if you choose.' She bent her head to his and held out her delicate cheek, fresh as a rose.

"'Simpleton,' said he, slightly tapping her beautiful mouth, 'do you suppose that the great Kaunitz would kiss any lips but those which, like the sensitive mimosa, shrink from the touch of man? Go away. Count Palfy will feel honored to reap the kisses I have left.'

"He gave her his hand, and looked after her, as with light and graceful carriage she left the room."



SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his "Rob Roy," tells us how Frank Osbaldistone, in a moment of confusion and hesitancy, failed to return the half-proffered embrace of Diana Vernon, as she took leave of him on her way to the seclusion of conventual life, and how his absence of mind cost him many a bitter pang afterwards. It reminds one of Michael Angelo, who, at sixty, was enamored of a beautiful widow who died. The great painter and sculp-

tor ever afterwards repented that he had not kissed her forehead and cheeks, as well as her hand, at the hour of parting :

“Miss Vernon had in the mean time taken out a small case, and, leaning down from her horse towards me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quaint lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment, ‘You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and had we reached this same village of Aberfoil last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland sylph to waft to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way; and errant knights and damsels of modern times, bold though they be, must not, as of yore, run into useless danger. Do not you do so either, my dear coz.’

“‘Diana,’ said her companion, ‘let me once more warn you that the evening waxes late, and we are still distant from our home.’

“‘I am coming, sir, I am coming. Consider,’ she added, with a sigh, ‘how lately I have been subjected to control; besides, I have not yet given my cousin the packet, and bid him farewell—forever. Yes, Frank,’ she said, ‘*forever!* There is a gulf between us,—a gulf of absolute perdition; where we go you must not follow; what we do you must not share in. Farewell,—be happy!’

“In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine. She pressed my hand, while the tear that trembled in her eye found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten,—inexpressibly bitter, yet mixed with a sensa-

tion of pleasure so deeply soothing and affecting as at once to unlock all the floodgates of the heart. It was *but* a moment, however; for, instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she intimated to her companion she was ready to attend him, and, putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

“Heaven knows, it was not apathy which loaded my frame and my tongue so much that I could neither return Miss Vernon’s half embrace, nor even answer her farewell. The word, though it rose to my tongue, seemed to choke in my throat, like the fatal *guilty*, which the delinquent who makes it his plea knows must be followed by the doom of death. The surprise, the sorrow, almost stupefied me. I remained motionless, with the packet in my hand, gazing after them, as if endeavoring to count the sparkles which flew from the horses’ hoofs. I continued to look after even these had ceased to be visible, and to listen for their footsteps long after the last distant trampling had died in my ears. At length, tears rushed to my eyes, glazed as they were by the exertion of straining after what was no longer to be seen. I wiped them mechanically and almost without being aware that they were flowing, but they came thicker and thicker; I felt the tightening of the throat and breast,—the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear,—and, sitting down by the wayside, I shed a flood of the first and most bitter tears which had flowed from my eyes since childhood.”



THE admirers of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s “Scarlet Letter” will not forget the caprices of little Pearl.

—“‘Dost thou know thy mother now, child?’ asked Hester, reproachfully, but with a subdued tone. ‘Wilt

thou come across the brook and own thy mother, now that she has her shame upon her, now that she is sad?’

“‘Yes, now I will!’ answered the child, bounding across the brook and clasping Hester in her arms. ‘Now thou art my mother indeed! and I am thy little Pearl!’

“In a mood of tenderness that was not usual with her, she drew down her mother’s head and kissed her brow and both her cheeks. But then, by a kind of necessity that always impelled this child to alloy whatever comfort she might chance to give with a throb of anguish, Pearl put up her mouth and kissed the scarlet letter too!

“‘That was not kind,’ said Hester. ‘When thou hast shown me a little love, thou mockest me!’”

“Whether influenced by the jealousy that seems instinctive with every petted child towards a dangerous rival, or from whatever caprice of her freakish nature, Pearl would show no favor to the clergyman. It was only by an exertion of force that her mother brought her up to him, hanging back, and manifesting her reluctance by odd grimaces, of which, ever since her babyhood, she had possessed a singular variety, and could transform her mobile physiognomy into a series of different aspects, with a new mischief in them, each and all. The minister, painfully embarrassed, but hoping that a kiss might prove a talisman to admit him into the child’s kindlier regards, bent forward and impressed one on her brow. Hereupon Pearl broke away from her mother, and, running to the brook, stooped over it and bathed her forehead until the unwelcome kiss was quite washed off and diffused through a long lapse of the gliding water.”

“Pearl either saw and responded to her mother’s feelings, or herself felt the remoteness and intangibility that

had fallen around the minister. While the procession passed, the child was uneasy, fluttering up and down like a bird on the point of taking flight. When the whole had gone by, she looked up into Hester's face.

“‘Mother,’ said she, ‘was that the same minister that kissed me by the brook?’

“‘Hold thy peace, dear little Pearl,’ whispered her mother. ‘We must not always talk in the market-place of what happens to us in the forest.’

“‘I could not be sure that it was he, so strange he looked,’ continued the child: ‘else I would have run to him and bid him kiss me now before all the people, even as he did yonder among the dark old trees. What would the minister have said, mother? Would he have clapped his hand over his heart, and scowled on me, and bid me begone?’

“‘What should he say, Pearl,’ answered Hester, ‘save that it was no time to kiss, and that kisses are not to be given in the market-place? Well for thee, foolish child, that thou didst not speak to him.’”

“The minister withdrew his dying eyes from the old man and fixed them on the woman and the child.

“‘My little Pearl,’ said he, feebly,—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child,—‘dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not yonder in the forest; but now thou wilt?’

“Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief in which the wild infant bore a part had developed all her sympathies, and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek they were the pledge that she would

grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

" 'Hester,' said the clergyman, 'farewell!'

" 'Shall we not meet again?' whispered she, bending her face down close to his. 'Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity with those bright, dying eyes!'"



IN the endless recurrence of "the old story," the consecutive and unintermitting reproduction of the pictures

"of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers,"

we can find no touches more exquisite than these from Rev. Charles Kingsley's "Yeast :"

"They parted with a long, lingering pressure of the hand, which haunted her young palm all night in dreams. Argemone got into the carriage, Lancelot jumped into the dog-cart, took the reins and relieved his heart by galloping Sandy up the hill and frightening the returning coachman down one bank and his led horses up the other.

" '*Vogue la Galère*, Lancelot! I hope you have made good use of your time?'

"But Lancelot spoke no word all the way home, and wandered till dawn in the woods around his cottage, kissing the hand which Argemone's hand had pressed." [Ch. vii.]



"Entranced in wonder and pleasure, Argemone let her eyes wander over the drawing. And her feelings for Lan-

celot amounted almost to worship, as she apprehended the harmonious unity of the manifold conception, the rugged boldness of the groups in front, the soft grandeur of the figure which was the lodestar of all their emotions, the virginal purity of the whole. And when she fancied that she traced in those bland aquiline lineaments, and in the crisp ringlets which floated like a cloud down to the knees of the figure, some traces of her own likeness, a dream of a new destiny flitted before her, she blushed to her very neck; and as she bent her face over the drawing and gazed, her whole soul seemed to rise into her eyes, and a single tear dropped upon the paper. She laid her hand over it and then turned hastily away.

“‘You do not like it? I have been too bold,’ said Lancelot, fearfully.

“‘Oh, no, no! It is so beautiful, so full of deep wisdom! But—but—You may leave it.’

“Lancelot slipped silently out of the room, he hardly knew why; and when he was gone, Argemone caught up the drawing, pressed it to her bosom, covered it with kisses, and hid it, as too precious for any eyes but her own, in the furthest corner of her *secrétaire*.

“And yet she fancied that she was not in love!”
[Ch. x.]

“‘Argemone! speak; tell me, if you will, to go forever; but tell me first the truth. You love me!’

“A strong shudder ran through her frame, the ice of artificial years cracked, and the clear stream of her woman’s nature welled up to the light, as pure as when she first lay on her mother’s bosom. She lifted up her eyes, and with one long look of passionate tenderness she faltered out,—

“‘I love you!’

“He did not stir, but watched her with clasped hands,

like one who in dreams finds himself in some fairy palace and fears that a movement may break the spell.

“‘Now, go,’ she said; ‘go and let me collect my thoughts. All this has been too much for me. Do not look sad; you may come again to-morrow.’”

“She smiled, and held out her hand. He caught it, covered it with kisses, and pressed it to his heart. She half drew it back, frightened. The sensation was new to her. Again the delicious feeling of being utterly in his power came over her, and she left her hand upon his heart, and blushed as she felt its passionate throbbings.

“He turned to go,—not as before. She followed with greedy eyes her new-found treasure; and as the door closed behind him she felt as if Lancelot was the whole world and there was nothing beside him, and wondered how a moment had made him all in all to her; and then she sunk upon her knees and folded her hands upon her bosom, and her prayers for him were like the prayers of a little child.”

The colors of these pictures are painfully heightened by contrast with the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, through which Argemone was soon afterwards summoned to pass.



THE treatment of this theme—a theme which is un-faillingly attractive to both sexes, to youth with its yearnings and promptings, to age with its retrospects and reminiscences—deserves further selections.

In “The Broken Pitcher” of Zchokke, the delightful German story-teller, is a pleasing scene which shows how the current of love ran smoothly at last, and how the ambitious plans of a match-making parent were defeated:

“As they entered the parsonage she looked at him affec-

tionately, and, seeing his bright eyes moistened with tears, she whispered in his ear, '*Dear Colin.*' Then he bent down and kissed her hand. At this, the door of a room was opened, and the venerable form of Father Jerome stood before them. Just then the young folks seemed seized with giddiness, for they held fast to each other for support. I do not know whether it was the effect of the hand-kissing, or of their veneration for the good Father.

"Mariette handed him the myrtle-wreath. He placed it around her brow, and said, '*Children, Love one another!*' beseeching Mariette in the most tender and touching manner to love Colin. It seems that the old gentleman had either misunderstood the bridegroom's name on account of his deafness, or had forgotten it in consequence of his failing memory, and thought of course that Colin must be the bridegroom.

"Mariette's heart was softened by the exhortation of the pious priest, and with tears and sighs she said, 'I love him already, and have long loved him, but he always hated me.'

"'I hated you, Mariette?' exclaimed Colin; 'ever since you came to La Napoule my soul has lived in you alone. Oh, Mariette! how could I ever entertain the hope that you had any regard for me?'

"'Why did you avoid me, Colin, and prefer the society of my companions to mine?'

"'Oh, Mariette! I was tossed about on a sea of fear and trembling, of anxiety and love, whenever I saw you. I had not the courage to approach you, and if I was not near you I was most miserable.' As they talked so earnestly, the good father thought they were quarrelling: so he put his arms around them, brought them gently together, and said, in an imploring tone, 'My dear, dear children, love one another!'

“Then sank Mariette upon Colin’s breast; Colin threw his arms around her, and both faces beamed with unspeakable delight. They forgot the priest, forgot everything. Colin’s lips were pressed to Mariette’s sweet mouth. It was only a kiss, yet a kiss of loveliest forgetfulness. Both were completely wrapped up in each other. Both had so entirely lost their recollection that, without knowing what they did, they involuntarily followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church, and before the altar.”

IN “Fair Harvard” is another narrow escape of two loving hearts from separation :

“The sight of Miss Campbell’s grief recalled Wentworth to his senses.

“‘Forgive me!’ he cried, passionately. ‘I knew not what I said. My love for you has made me beside myself. It was my wounded vanity that spoke. It is my misfortune, not your fault, that you did not love me. Tell me that you forgive me. Though I love you more than all the world besides, I will never see you again.’

“‘Never again, Wentworth?’ The girl raised her head, a smile broke through her tears, her lips quivered with tenderness.

“‘Darling, I will never leave you!’ cried her happy lover, and caught her half reluctant in his arms, and set love’s sweet seal upon his vow.

“A diviner beauty shone from the girl’s fair face; a tenderer light beamed from her sunny eyes.

“‘Dearest!’ she whispered,—the magic of her voice unlocked the gates of sense, filled the air with visions of beauty, and called over the laughing waves the music of heavenly choirs,—‘Dearest, tell me again that you

love me.' She sank upon her lover's breast transfigured.

" 'Dearest !' she again whispered, 'will you love me always as now ?'

" 'Always, darling, always ! Would that now were forever ? Nay, love, I would give my hope of immortal life to win this moment of delight !'

" 'Hush ! hush !' the girl clung closer to her lover.

" 'Not such love, but that you will always be noble and true, and—and will love no one else so well.' "



IN Charlotte Brontë's masterpiece, Jane Eyre returns to Thornfield after the long separation enforced by a painful adventure. She learns, upon revisiting the old familiar scenes, of the destruction of Thornfield Hall by fire, and of the violent death of the maniac wife. She finds that the lonely and sightless Rochester is an occupant of Ferndean manor-house, and she glides quietly into his parlor unannounced :

" 'This is you, Mary, is it not ?'

" 'Mary is in the kitchen,' I answered.

" He put out his hand with a quick gesture, but, not seeing where I stood, he did not touch me. 'Who is this ? who is this ?' he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to *see* with those sightless eyes,—unavailing and distressing attempt ! 'Answer me,—speak again !' he ordered, imperiously and aloud.

" 'Will you have a little more water, sir ? I spilled half of what was in the glass,' I said.

" 'Who is it ? What is it ? Who speaks ?'

" 'Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here ; I came only this evening,' I answered.

“ ‘Great God! what delusion has come over me? What sweet madness has seized me?’

“ ‘No delusion, no madness; your mind, sir, is too strong for delusion, your health too sound for frenzy.’

“ ‘And where is this speaker? Is it only a voice? Oh! I *cannot* see, but I must feel, or my heart will stop, and my brain burst. Whatever—whoever you are—be perceptible to the touch, or I cannot live.’

“ ‘He groped; I arrested his wandering hand and prisoned it in both mine.

“ ‘Her very fingers!’ he cried; ‘her small slight fingers! If so, there must be more of her.’

“ ‘The muscular hand broke from my custody; my arm was seized, my shoulder, neck, waist—I was entwined and gathered to him.

“ ‘Is it Jane? *What* is it? This is her shape,—this is her size—’

“ ‘And this is her voice,’ I added. ‘She is all here; her heart, too. God bless you, sir! I am glad to be so near you again.’

“ ‘Jane Eyre! Jane Eyre!’ was all he said.

“ ‘My dear master,’ I answered, ‘I am Jane Eyre; I have found you out. I am come back to you.’

“ ‘In truth? In the flesh? My living Jane?’

“ ‘You touch me, sir,—you hold me, and fast enough; I am not cold like a corpse, nor vacant like air, am I?’

“ ‘My living darling! These are certainly her limbs, and these her features; but I cannot be so blessed after all my misery. It is a dream; such dreams as I have had at night, when I clasped her once more to my heart, as I do now; and kissed her as thus—and felt that she loved me, and trusted she would not leave me.’

“ ‘Which I never will, sir, from this day.’

“ ‘Never will, says the vision! But I always woke and

found it an empty mockery ; and I was desolate and abandoned,—my life dark, lonely, hopeless,—my soul athirst and forbidden to drink,—my heart famished and never to be fed. Gentle, soft dream, nestling in my arms now, you will fly, too, as your sisters have all fled before you ; but kiss me before you go,—embrace me, Jane.’

“ ‘There, sir ; and there !’

“ ‘I pressed my lips to his once brilliant and now rayless eyes,—I swept his hair from his brow, and kissed that, too. He suddenly seemed to rouse himself ; the conviction of the reality of all this seized him.

“ ‘It is you,—is it, Jane ? You are come back to me, then ?’

“ ‘I am.’ ”



IN “Lothair,” Mr. Disraeli does not leave his hero and heroine until they start to “walk the long path in peace together :”

“ ‘Where can they have all gone ?’ said Lady Corisande, looking round. ‘We must find them.’

“ ‘And leave this garden ?’ said Lothair. ‘And I without a flower, the only one without a flower ? I am afraid that is significant of my lot.’

“ ‘You shall choose a rose,’ said Lady Corisande.

“ ‘Nay ; the charm is, that it should be your choice.’

“ ‘But choosing the rose lost more time, and, when Corisande and Lothair reached the arches of golden yew, there were no friends in sight.

“ ‘I think I hear sounds this way,’ said Lothair, and he led his companion farther from home.

“ ‘I see no one,’ said Corisande, distressed, and when they had advanced a little way.

“ ‘We are sure to find them in good time,’ said Lothair. ‘Besides, I wanted to speak to you about the garden at

Muriel. I wanted to induce you to go there and help me to make it. Yes,' he added, after some hesitation, 'on this spot—I believe on this very spot—I asked the permission of your mother two years ago to express to you my love. She thought me a boy, and she treated me as a boy. She said I knew nothing of the world, and both our characters were unformed. I know the world now. I have committed many mistakes, doubtless many follies; have formed many opinions, and have changed many opinions; but to one I have been constant, in one I am unchanged, and that is my adoring love to you.'

"She turned pale, she stopped, then, gently taking his arm, she hid her face in his breast.

"He soothed and sustained her agitated frame, and sealed with an embrace her speechless form. Then, with soft thoughts and softer words, clinging to him, he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of them now wished might assuredly be undisturbed. They had arrived at the limit of the pleasure-grounds, and they wandered into the park and its most sequestered parts. All this time Lothair spoke much, and gave her the history of his life since he first visited her home. Lady Corisande said little, but, when she was more composed, she told him that from the first her heart had been his, but everything seemed to go against her hopes. Perhaps at last, to please her parents, she would have married the Duke of Brecon, had not Lothair returned; and what he had said to her that morning at Crecy House had decided her resolution, whatever might be her lot, to unite it to no one else but him. But then came the adventure of the crucifix, and she thought all was over for her, and she quitted town in despair."

But not always is the ending thus smoothed and harmonized, mutual consecration thus rewarded, mutual trust

thus irradiated. Sometimes for the diadem of love is substituted a crown of thorns, and for the aureole of faith and hope the gloom and shadow of despair; sometimes the steps which together had been peaceful and happy are made to diverge into the pathways which lead through dreary interpretation of duty, or fateful compulsion, to that abiding sorrow which only finds rest in the grave.



HERE is a sad picture from Anne M. Crane's "Opportunity:"

"Gazing upon this agony of despair, an uncontrollable impulse swept over the woman, seized upon her, to stretch out her hands and cry to him,—

"'Douglas, your only mistake has been in not seeing that my heart is not dead, but sleeping; that you could still teach me to love you; that we might yet be supremely happy.'

"How mighty was the temptation would never be known except to Harvey Berney and her God; but its power culminated and passed before he found strength to speak again. No, he had voluntarily pledged his word and promise to another, and that pledge must be redeemed; he must bear his hard fate as best he might. She thought of the utter desolation which would descend on another woman's life, were she now to take from it what it had rightfully won. For herself it was the surrender of a future bliss, of a joy which would have come forth in the fulness of time; to that other it would be annihilation of happiness now and forever. Broken heart on the woman's side, broken faith on the man's,—that price must not be paid for any earthly good. For his own sake she did not dare to grant his heart's desire; ah, yes! and the desire of her own. Better misery, failure, and dis-

appointment, than that they should willingly sink to false degeneracy.

“Swiftly but surely she had counted the cost, when, after a moment, the man’s voice again broke the stillness:

“‘From that night I should have gone down to destruction if Rose had not put out her hand to me. I clung to it then, and my one chance for heaven and earth is to cling to it until I die. You women, who lead such quiet, sheltered lives, can never know or comprehend a man’s terrible necessity for some semblance of hope and happiness. Rose takes me just as I am, and I pray, for her sake, that she may save me.’

“‘And I pray the same prayer for your sake, and I know that it will be answered,’ cried Harvey’s quivering voice, as the hot tears sprang to her eyes.

“The man gazed straight into them.

“‘I shall remember that,’ he said, in a different tone from that which he had been using. ‘I shall always remember that, though we part now perhaps forever. My love is a love for life and death, for time and eternity, yet for this world we die to each other from to-night. But, Harvey,’ he said, coming close to her and speaking with a horrible breathlessness, as though soul and body were being torn asunder, ‘dying men gain their own rights and privileges.’ He took that noble, tender face within his hands, and raised it for one last long look. But he could not, he would not go, taking with him only that. Suddenly the strong arms were about her, holding her, straining her to that madly-throbbing heart, while upon lips and cheeks and brow fell long burning kisses, each one of which seemed to claim and seal her as his own. Suddenly again she felt herself released, and after a moment knew that he was gone. Then she sank down before the fire, heart-sick and desolate, knowing that she had

surrendered forever the man who loved her and whom she might have loved."

But both remembered the words of Robert Browning, "This life of mine must be lived out, and a grave thoroughly earned," and both bravely and patiently endured unto the end. Far different was the tragic fate of the "Bride of Lammermoor:"

"Lucy covered her face with her hands, and the tears, in spite of her, forced their way between her fingers. 'Forgive me,' said Ravenswood, taking her right hand, which, after slight resistance, she yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face with the left; 'I am too rude—too rough—too intractable to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life, and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet with no worse misfortune after the moment it divides me from your side.'

"Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each attempt which the master made to explain his purpose of departure only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her forever and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment, that ere the master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips as well as their hands had pledged the sincerity of their affection."

Every reader of this sorrowful story will remember how Lucy was forced by her mother into an agreement to marry a detested wretch on account of his wealth; how Ravenswood confronted the family and poured out the terrors of his wrath and indignation; how he closed his scathing invectives by turning to Lucy with the words,

“And to you, madam, I have nothing further to say, except to pray to God that you may not become a world’s wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury;” how Lucy, in a paroxysm of insanity, attempted to murder Bucklaw in the bridal chamber; and how, soon after, death closed for her the tragic scenes of earth.

How a loving kiss enfeebled and finally paralyzed the arm of a murderess is told by Bulwer-Lytton in his “*Lucretia* :”

“Late in the evening, before she retired to rest, Helen knocked gently at her aunt’s door. A voice quick and startled bade her enter. She came in with her sweet, caressing look, and took *Lucretia*’s hand, which struggled from the clasp. Bending over that haggard brow, she said, simply, yet to *Lucretia*’s ear the voice seemed that of command, ‘Let me kiss you this night!’ and her lips pressed that brow. The murderess shuddered, and closed her eyes; when she opened them, the angel visitor was gone.”

What followed was the theme of a conference with a fellow-conspirator, from which we extract the following dialogue :

“Shutting the door with care, and turning the key, *Gabriel* said, with low, suppressed passion,—

“‘Well, your mind seems wandering. Speak!’

“‘It is strange,’ said *Lucretia*, in hollow tones. ‘Can Nature turn accomplice, and befriend us here?’

“‘Nature! did you not last night administer the——’

“‘No,’ interrupted *Lucretia*. ‘No; she came into the room; she kissed me here, on the brow that even then was meditating murder. The kiss burned; it burns still;

—it eats into the brain like remorse. But I did not yield ; I read again her false father's protestation of love ; I read again the letter announcing the discovery of my son, and remorse lay still ; I went forth as before ; I stole into her chamber ; I had the fatal crystal in my hand——'

“ ‘Well ! well !’

“ ‘And suddenly there came the fearful howl of a dog : and the dog's fierce eyes glared on me ; I paused, I trembled ; Helen started, woke, called aloud ; I turned and fled. ‘The poison was not given.’ ”

And afterwards she said,—

“ ‘That kiss still burns ; I will stir in this no more.’ ”

—◆—

When it comes to the “last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history,” few can equal in power and pathos the popular writer, Samuel Warren, as witness one or two passages in the “Diary of a Physician.”

In “The Wife,” which is a record of incredible atrocities on the part of a brutal husband, and of patient endurance and endless forgiveness on the part of the wife, we come to the closing scene :

“ ‘Well, George, we must part !’ said she, closing her eyes and breathing softly, but fast. Her husband sobbed like a child, with his face buried in his handkerchief. ‘Do you forgive me?’ he murmured, half choked with emotion.

“ ‘Yes, dear—dear—dearest husband ! God knows how I do from my heart ! I forgive all the little you have ever grieved me about.’

“ ‘Oh, Jane—Jane—Jane !’ groaned the man, suddenly stooping over the bed and kissing her lips in an apparent ecstasy. He fell down on his knees and cried bitterly.

“ ‘Rise, George, rise,’ said his wife, faintly. He obeyed her, and she again clasped his hand in hers.

“ ‘George, are you there—are you?’ she inquired, in a voice fainter and fainter.

“ ‘Here I am, love!—oh, look on me! look on me!’ he sobbed, gazing steadily on her features. ‘Say once more that you forgive me! Let me hear your dear, blessed voice again—or—or—’

“ ‘I do! kiss me—kiss me,’ she murmured, almost inaudibly; and her unworthy, her guilty husband kissed away the last expiring breath of one of the loveliest and most injured women whose hearts have been broken by a husband’s brutality.”

In that singular instance of premonstration, “The Broken Heart,” we follow with eager interest to its natural and most sorrowful conclusion the sorrowful revelation so unexpectedly made to a gentle and pensive girl, in the midst of her song at a brilliant party, of the death of her affianced on the battle-field. There was nothing left for her then but to welcome the peace of the grave,—

“ Like a lily drooping,
Bow her head and die.”

On the family’s being summoned into the chamber of death,—

“Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

“ ‘Oh, my darling, precious,—my own sister Annie!’ she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister’s neck, kissing the gentle sufferer’s cheeks and mouth.

“ ‘Annie! love! darling!—don’t you know me?’ she groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the

wrist of the dying sufferer, but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

“‘Speak—speak—my darling Annie! speak to me; I am your poor sister Jane!’ sobbed the agonized girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister’s cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started, exclaimed, ‘Oh, God! *she’s dead!*’ and sank instantly senseless on the floor. Alas, alas! it was too true; my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more.”

THE author of “Guy Livingstone” gives us these noteworthy passages:

“He bent down his lofty head, and instantly their lips met, and were set together fast.

“A kiss! Tibullus, Secundus, Moore, and a thousand other poets and poetasters have rhymed on the word for centuries, decking it with the choicest and quaintest conceits. But, remember, it was with a kiss that the greatest of all criminals sealed the unpardonable sin; it was a kiss which brought on Francesca punishment so unutterably piteous that he swooned at the sight who endured to look on all the other horrors of nine-circled hell.”

“He laid the light burden, that scarcely weighed upon his arm, down on the pillows, very softly and gently, smoothing them mechanically with his hand. Then he stooped and pressed one kiss more on the pale lips: they never felt it, though the passion of that lengthened caress might almost have waked the dead. And so those two parted, to meet again upon earth never more.

“The next time woman’s lips touched Guy Livingstone’s, they were his mother’s, and he had been a corpse an hour.”



THE KISS IN HUMOROUS STORY AND ANECDOTE.

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE.

EVERY one who knows anything of the humorous literature of the century has laughed a hundred times over that wonderful story of "Father Tom and the Pope; or, A Night at the Vatican," which has been attributed to so many of the leading Irish humorists, and is enough of itself to have made the reputation of the best of them. From its first appearance, in "Blackwood," Catholics and Protestants alike have enjoyed its marvellous and abounding fun, and it is one of the few things written in our time which people do not refuse to read to-day because of having read them yesterday and the day before.

Those who know the story will remember that the reverend Father being "in Room, ov coorse the Pope axed him to take pot-look wid him," and they proceeded together to "investigate the composition of distilled liquors." As sociability grew warm between them, Father Tom volunteered to astonish his Holiness with a new "preparation ov chymicals," after the manner of the "ould country." To make this "miraculous mixthir" exactly what it ought to be, his reverence insisted that "a faymale hand was ondispinsably necessary to produce the adaptation ov the particles," and the butler of the Vatican had accordingly brought up "Miss Eliza," one of the fairest maids of the household, that she might stir the

milk in the skillet with the little finger of her right hand. Miss Eliza is described as "stepping like a three-year-old, and blushing like the brake of day," and the Pope had very early to rebuke his reverence with some sternness for his "deludhering talk to the young woman." Nothing daunted, however, the gallant Father managed somehow to upset the candle and put the "windy-curtains" in peril of fire, and while the rest of the company were engaged in "getting things put to rights," the incident, or accident, occurred which can only be told in the words of the story.

"And now," says Mickey Hefferman, the story-teller, "I have to tell you ov a raally onpleasant occurrence. If it was a Prodesan that was in it, I'd say that while the Pope's back was turned, Father Tom made free wid the two lips ov Miss Eliza ; but, upon my conscience, I believe it was a mere mistake that his Holiness fell into, on account ov his being an ould man and not having aither his eyesight or his hearing very perfect. At any rate it can't be denied but that he had a sthrong imprission that sich was the case ; for he wheeled about as quick as thought jist as his riv'rence was sitting down, and charged him wid the offince plain and plump. 'Is it kissing my house-keeper before my face you are, you villain?' says he. 'Go down out o' this,' says he to Miss Eliza, 'and do you be packing off wid you,' he says to Father Tom, 'for it's not safe, so it isn't, to have the likes ov you in a house where there's timptation in your way.'

"'Is it me?' says his riv'rence ; 'why, what would your Holiness be at, at all? Sure I wasn't doing no sich thing.'

"'Would you have me doubt the evidence ov my sinses?' says the Pope ; 'would you have me doubt the testimony ov my eyes and ears?' says he.

“ ‘Indeed I would so,’ says his riv’rence, ‘if they pretend to have informed your Holiness ov any sich foolishness.’

“ ‘Why,’ says the Pope, ‘I seen you afther kissing Eliza as plain as I see the nose on your face ; I heard the smack you gave her as plain as ever I heard thundher.’

“ ‘And how do you know whether you see the nose on my face or not?’ says his riv’rence ; ‘and how do you know whether what you thought was thundher was thundher at all? Them operations ov the sineses,’ says he, ‘comprises only particular corporayal emotions, connected wid sartin confused percipitions called sinsations, and isn’t to be depended upon at all. If we were to follow them blind guides, we might jist as well turn heretics at ons’t. ’Pon my secret word, your Holiness, it’s naither charitable nor orthodox ov you to set up the testimony ov your eyes and ears agin the character of a clargyman. And now see how aisy it is to explain all them phwenomena that perplexed you. I ris and went over beside the young woman because the skillet was boiling over, to help her to save the dthrop ov liquor that was in it ; and as for the noise you heard, my dear man, it was naither more nor less nor myself dhrawing the cork out ov this blessed bottle.’

“ ‘Don’t offer to thrape that upon me !’ says the Pope ; ‘here’s the cork in the bottle still, as tight as a wedge.’

“ ‘I beg your pardon,’ says his riv’rence ; ‘that’s not the cork at all,’ says he. ‘I dhrew the cork a good two minits ago, and it’s very purtily spitted on the end ov this blessed cork-shcrew at this prisint moment ; howandiver you can’t see it, because it’s only its raal prisince that’s in it. But that appearance that you call a cork,’ says he, ‘is nothing but the outward spacies and external qualities of the cortical nathur. Them’s nothing but the accidents

of the cork that you're looking at and handling ; but, as I tould you afore, the raal cork's dhrew, and is here prisint on the end ov this nate little insthument, and it was the noise I made in dhrawing it, and nothing else, that you mistook for the sound ov the *pogue*.'

"You know there was no conthravaning what he said, and the Pope couldn't openly deny it. Howandiver he thried to pick a hole in it this way.

"Granting,' says he, 'that there is the differ you say betuxt the raality ov the cork and them cortical accidents, and that it's quite possible, as you allidge, that the thrue cork is raally prisint on the end ov the shcrew, while the accidents keep the mouth of the bottle stopped ; still,' says he, 'I can't undherstand, though willing to acquit you, how the dhrawing ov the raal cork, that's onpalpable and widout accidents, could produce the accident ov that sinsible explosion I heard jist now.'

"All I can say,' says his riv'rence, 'is that I'm sinsible it was a raal accident, anyhow.'

"Ay,' says the Pope, 'the kiss you gev Eliza, you mane.'

"No,' says his riv'rence, 'but the report I made.' "



THE STUDENT OF UPSALA.

MARY HOWITT, in her "Frederika Bremer and her Swedish Sisters," repeats the pleasant story of a university student at Upsala in the early part of the present century. He was the son of a poor widow, and was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning. As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess.

Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed, "I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!"

His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said, "It is impossible! Thou an utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare! It is too absurd to think of."

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say," returned the other.

The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that, so far from succeeding, he would not even venture to propose such a thing.

Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and politely addressing them, they stopped, on which, in a modest and straightforward manner, he said, speaking to the governor's daughter, "It entirely rests with Fröken to make my fortune."

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed.

"I am a poor student," said he, "the son of a widow. If Fröken would condescend to give me a kiss, I should win a large sum of money, which, enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety."

"If success depend on so small a thing," said the innocent girl, "I can but comply;" and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother.

Without a thought of wrong-doing, the young girl went to church, and afterwards told her father of the encounter.

The next day the governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxious to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his daughter. But the young man's modest demeanor at once favorably impressed him. He

heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited him to dine at the castle twice a week.

In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is at the present day a celebrated Swedish philologist. His amiable wife died a few years since.



TUNNEL STORIES.

THE well-known court-plaster incident is said to have occurred in one of the tunnels of the Hudson River Railroad. A very pretty lady was seated opposite to a good-looking gentleman who was accompanying a party to Saratoga Springs. It was observed that this exceedingly handsome young woman had the smallest bit of court-plaster on a slight abrasion of the surface of her red upper lip. As the cars rumbled into the darkness of the tunnel, a slight exclamation of "Oh!" was heard from the lady, and when the cars again emerged into the light, the little piece of court-plaster aforesaid had become in some mysterious manner transferred to the upper lip of the young gentleman! Curious, was it not?

A Western youth played a trick on two school-girls returning home for vacation, which is thus reported:

Occupying a seat on the train just back of them, he entered into a flirtation which was in no way discouraged. The train came to a dark tunnel, and when it got midway he kissed the back of his own hand audibly,—gave it a regular buss. Each girl, of course, charged the other with guilt, and the passengers thought possibly the youth had kissed both. When they got home, each told the joke on the other, and for the first time two girls have the credit of having been kissed without having enjoyed that pleasure.

A similar story, but with an improvement, is told of Horace Vernet, the eminent painter.

The artist was going from Versailles to Paris by railway. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him minutely, and commented freely upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, the style of his dress, etc. They continued their annoyance until finally the painter determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travellers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth, and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark!

Presently they arrived at Paris; and Vernet, on leaving them, said, "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, *Which* of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

A correspondent of one of the London morning papers writes, "The following little incident which happened the other day illustrates the necessity of providing more light in the carriages of the Metropolitan Underground Railway. A gentleman had taken his seat in a second-class carriage which had already nine occupants. On the side opposite to him sat one of the prettiest women he had ever seen. She had entered the carriage accompanied by an elderly gentleman, who seated himself opposite to her, and whose attentions to the lady left little doubt that they stood to one another in the relation of husband and wife. The light was exceedingly dim when they started. At Victoria Station, a boy, who sat next to the elderly gentleman, got out. In consequence of the

departure of the boy there was a moving up of the tightly-wedged passengers on that side of the carriage, and the gentleman whom I first mentioned was thus brought right opposite to the lady whose beauty had already attracted his attention, and sat in the position originally occupied by her elderly companion. From Victoria to South Kensington they were left in total darkness, and this is what happened, in the words of the narrator: 'A light little hand was laid on my shoulder; I felt a sweet warm breath fan my face; a pair of the softest, most perfect lips were pressed to mine with a delicious sensation which I cannot describe. Then a little hand slid down my arm, thrilling every nerve in my body, and finally deposited three lozenges in my hand. As we neared the lights of South Kensington Station, the hand was withdrawn. May the gentleman on my left ever remain in blissful ignorance of the mistake made by his better half in the darkness of that tunnel.' Let us echo that wish, and hope that the secret of three lozenges was never divulged. Under certain circumstances darkness has its advantages,—that is to say, if you are not travelling with your wife."

Those who have read "The Newcomes" will probably remember the following passage:

"A young gentleman and a young lady a-kissing of each other in the railway coach," says Hannah, jerking up with her finger to the ceiling, as much as to say, "There she is! Lar, she be a pretty young creature, that she be! and so I told Miss Martha." Thus differently had the news which had come to them on the previous night affected the old lady and her maid.

The news was that Miss Newcome's maid (a giddy thing from the country, who had not even learned as yet to hold her tongue) had announced with giggling delight

to Lady Ann's maid that Mr. Clive had given Miss Ethel a kiss in the tunnel, and she supposed it was a match.

Clive, we are told, did not know whether to laugh or to be in a rage over this report. He evidently felt called upon, however, to swear that he was as innocent of all intention of kissing Miss Ethel as of embracing Queen Elizabeth.



AN AMOROUS WESTERN YOUTH.

A YOUNG Montana chap upon stepping aboard of a sleeping-car thus addressed the conductor:

"See here, captain, I want one of your best bunks for this young woman, and one for myself individually. *One* will do for us when we get to the Bluff,—hey, Mariar?" (Here he gave a playful poke at "Mariar," to which she replied, "Now, John, quit.") "For, you see, we're goin' to git married at Mariar's uncle's. We might 'a bin married at Montanny, but we took a habit to wait till we got to the Bluff, bein' Mariar's uncle is a minister, and they charge a goshfired price for hitchin' folks at Montanny."

"Mariar" was assigned to one of the best "bunks." During a stoppage of the train at a station, the voice of John was heard in pleading accents, unconscious that the train had stopped, and that his tones could be heard throughout the car:

"Now, Mariar, you might give a feller jes one."

"John, you quit, or I'll git out right here, and hoof it back to Montanny in the snow-storm."

"Only one little kiss, Mariar, and I hope to die if I don't——"

"John——!"

At this moment an old gray-beard poked his head out of his berth, at the other end of the car, and cried out,

“Maria, for pity’s sake, *give* John one kiss, so that we can go to sleep sometime to-night !”

Thereupon John subsided, and retired to his berth to dream of the distinction between the hesitancy of the kiss of courtship and the freedom of the kiss connubial.



LOVE IN A STREET-CAR.

A BALTIMORE writer narrates the following amusing incident :

Having business that required my attention in the northwestern section of the city until a late hour, I, at half-past eleven o’clock, found myself seated in a Madison Avenue car. At the crossing of Franklin and Eutaw Streets a young couple entered the car, and occupied a seat in the corner opposite myself. Being a great admirer of the fair sex, I stole a glance at the lady, and was recompensed by beholding a very handsome young miss, with black hair and eyes,—the latter appearing as if Cupid had rented the premises and was determined to dispute the sway of man. Her companion was a biped attired in a new suit of Harrison Street store clothes, as gay as a peacock. The first thing he did after seating himself was to encircle the neck of the lady with his left arm, while his right hand lovingly grasped her left. Not being used to such scenes (being a bachelor), I kept my t’other eye open, and noted down the proceedings in my mind.

“Clara,” began the passionate lover, “ain’t this nice? I swon, it’s a good deal better’n ridin’ in the old wagin !”

“Yes, Josh,” feebly articulated Clara. “But don’t hug me so ; the folks are lookin’ at us.”

“Well, let ’em look !” retorted Josh. “Guess they’d like tu be in my place a spell, ennyhow !” (I, for one, did most heartily envy him the position.)

“Yes; but, Josh, you know they will laugh at us,” meekly rejoined his companion.

“Let 'em laugh!” exclaimed the irate lover. “Don't I love you, and don't you love me, and ain't we a-goin' to git married to-morrer?”

Josh at this moment appeared as though a brilliant idea had struck him, for he suddenly bent over and kissed his fair companion squarely in the mouth.

“There!” said he, exultingly; “ain't that nice? You don't allers git them sort!” Then, turning to the occupants of the car, he exclaimed, “Strangers, me and this young woman have come down from the country to git married. She is a nice gal, and I'm a-goin' to do the right thing by her!”

During the delivery of this concise speech, Clara's face was suffused with blushes; noticing which, her ardent lover remarked, “Don't git so all-fired red about the gills, Clara. You know that we are a-goin' to be married; and what's the use to fluster up so?”

This last speech settled the business of the passengers. They gave one shout, and relieved themselves of a charge of laughter that had almost strangled them. At the next corner I vacated the car, leaving the happy couple as contented as if the future denoted nothing but sunshine.

TAKING TOLL.

A GENTLEMAN of an autobiographic turn relates how he was instructed in the custom of taking toll, by a sprightly widow, during a moonlight sleigh-ride with a merry party. He says:

The lively widow L. sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo-robe, with me.

“Oh! oh! don't, don't!” she exclaimed, as we came

to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

“Don’t what?” I asked. “I’m not doing anything.”

“Well, but I thought you were going to take toll,” replied the widow.

“*Toll!*” I rejoined. “What’s that?”

“Well, I declare!” cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, “you pretend you don’t know what toll is!”

“Indeed I don’t, then,” I said, laughing; “explain, if you please.”

“You never heard, then,” said the widow, most provokingly,—“you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always,—that is, sometimes,—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it.”

I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow’s struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in my experience. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the widow said it was of no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

“But you won’t take toll for every arch, *will* you?” she said, so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues; and that was the beginning of my courtship.

SUDDEN ATTACHMENT.

It is related of Curran, the famous Irish orator and wit, that he was one evening sitting in a box at the French

Opera, between an Irish noblewoman, whom he had accompanied there, and a very young French lady. The ladies soon manifested a strong desire to converse, but neither of them knew a word of the other's language. Curran, of course, volunteered to interpret, or, in his own words, "to be the carrier of their thoughts, and accountable for their safe delivery." They went at it at once, with all the ardor and zest of the Irish and French nature combined; but their interpreter took the liberty of substituting his own thoughts for theirs, and instead of remarks upon the dresses and the play he introduced so many finely-turned compliments that the two ladies soon became completely fascinated with each other. At last, their enthusiasm becoming sufficiently great, the wily interpreter, in conveying some very innocent questions from his countrywoman, asked the French lady "if she would favor her with a kiss." Instantly springing across the orator, she imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Irish lady, who was amazed at her sudden attack, and often afterwards asked Mr. Curran, "What in the world could that French girl have meant by such conduct in such a place?" He never revealed the secret, and the Irish lady always thought French girls were very ardent and sudden in their attachments.

EARLY DISCRIMINATION.

A JUDICIOUS mother told her little girls they must not be hanging around and kissing the young gentlemen who visited the house; it was not becoming in them, and it might be troublesome. A few days afterwards an old gentleman, a friend of the family, called, and, while noticing the children, drew one of them to him and offered to kiss the little thing. But no, she would have

nothing of the sort; and when the gentleman was gone, the mother said,—

“My dear, when a nice old gentleman like that offers to kiss a little girl like you, you shouldn’t put on such airs and refuse him. I was quite ashamed of your conduct.”

“But, mother, you told us we mustn’t kiss the gentlemen,” said Maggie.

“Maggie, there is a great difference between letting young men kiss you, and such old people as Mr. Venable who just went out. When such persons offer to kiss you, it is to show their kind feelings, and you should take it as a compliment, and not act foolishly.”

Maggie put on a very serious face, and, after thinking upon it awhile, replied, “Well, mother, if I *have* to kiss the gentlemen, I would a great deal rather kiss the young ones.”

Children and fools speak the truth.



THE BAFFLED COURTIER.

THE “Book of Merrie Jests” relates in the quaintness of a century or two ago how that the wonderful Sir Digby Somerville did keep constantly a houseful of grand company at his seat in Suffolk. At one time among his guests did happen a young gentleman from the court, whose apparel was more garnished with lacings and gold than his brain with modesty or wit. One time, going into the fields with his host, they did espy a comely milkmaiden with her pail.

“Pr’ythee, Phyllis,” quoth the courtier, leering the while at the girl, “an I give thee a kiss, wilt thou give me a draught of thy ware?”

“In the meadow,” quoth she, “thou wilt find one

ready to give thee milk, and glad of thy kiss, for she is of thy kind."

The court-gallant looked in the meadow, and espied a she-ass.

"So sharp, fair rustic!" quoth he, angrily: "thou lookest as if thou couldst barely say boo to a goose."

"Yea, and that I can, and to a gander also." Whereat she cried out lustily, "Boo!"

The young man hastened away, and the worshipful Sir Digby did laugh heartily, and entertained his guests with the tale.



A THANKFUL SPIRIT.

THE chronicles of the time of John Brown of Haddington, author of the "Marrow of Divinity," describe his first osculatory experience. He had reached the mature age of five-and-forty without ever having taken part in labial exercises. One of his deacons had a very charming daughter, and for six years the dominie had found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week. In fact, all the neighbors said he was courting her; and very likely he was, though he had not the remotest suspicion of it himself.

One evening he was sitting as usual by her side, when a sudden idea popped into his head.

"Janet, my woman," said he, "we've known each other a long time, an'—an'—I've never got a kiss yet. D'ye think I may take one, my bonnie lass?"

"Well, Mr. Brown," replied she, arching her lips in a tempting way, "jist as ye like; only be becomin' and proper wi' it."

"Let us ask a blessing first," said the good man, closing his eyes and folding his hands. "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful."

The chaste salute was then given and warmly returned.

“Oh, Janet, that *was* good!” cried the dominie, electrified by the new sensation. “Let us have another, and then return thanks.”

Janet did not refuse, and when the operation had been repeated, the enraptured dominie ejaculated, in a transport of joy, “For the creature comforts which we have now enjoyed, the Lord be praised, and may they be sanctified to our temporal and eternal good!”

History says that the fervent petition of the honest dominie was duly answered; for in less than a month Janet became Mrs. Brown.



A CLERGYMAN'S JOKE.

A GENTLEMAN who was travelling in the West a few years ago relates this amusing incident:

I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I came into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveller, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on several topics, until, seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on *kissing*, just about the time the train was approaching.

“Come,” said he, taking up his carpet-bag, “since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I’ll make a proposition to you. I’ll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge.”

The proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but, as he would be as deep in it as I could possibly be, I agreed,

provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat as I saw his black eye fairly sparkle with daring.

“Yes,” said he, “I’ll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I’ll come in from behind and kiss her.”

I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest-looking women my eye ever fell upon,—a beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright, sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened, and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger slyly to her, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge; and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and, stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made my mouth water from end to end.

I expected of course a shriek of terror, and then a row generally, and a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with compound interest.

Quick as a flash he turned to me, and said, “Now, sir, it is your turn;” pointing to a hideously ugly, wrinkled old woman who sat in the seat behind.

“Oh, you must excuse me! you must excuse me!” I exclaimed. “I’m sold this time. I give up. Do tell me whom you have been kissing.”

“Well,” said he, “since you are a man of so much

taste and such quick perception, I'll let you off." And we all burst into a general peal of laughter, as he said, "This is my wife! I have been waiting here for her. I knew that was a safe proposition." He told the story to his wife, who looked tenfold sweeter as she heard it.

Before we reached Chicago, we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopalian preacher whose name I had frequently heard.



"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER."*

AMONG the funny incidents that took place during the late sectional conflict between the States is one that is thus recorded:

A young lady of the gushing sort, while passing through one of the military hospitals, overheard the remark that a young lieutenant had died that morning.

"Oh, where is he? Let me see him! Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden.

The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when, discovering Lieutenant H., of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep on his hospital couch, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and, bending over him, said:

"Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother!"

What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse"

* In the serious treatment of this idea the following lines from Whittier's "Angels of Buena Vista" are among the most beautiful:

"Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, 'Mother,' murmured he, and died."

ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute with interest, and exclaimed :

“Never mind the old lady, miss; go it on your own account. I haven’t the slightest objection.”

From the lyrics perpetrated by the “satirical wags” during the popularity of the above well-known phrase, we cite the following :

Let me kiss her for her mother—
 The bewitching Polly Ann—
 Let me kiss her for her mother,
 Or any other man.

Let me kiss her for some body,
 Any body in the world ;
 With her hair so sweetly auburn,
 And so gloriously curled.

Let me kiss her for her “feller,”
 And I do not care a red
 If he taps me on the smeller
 With a “billy made of lead.”

Let me kiss her for her daddy,—
 The pretty, pouting elf,—
 Or, if that don’t suit the family,
 Let me kiss her for myself.



THE AWAKENING.

AN adventure befell a Tennessee poet, which he narrates in very moving verse, but which we transmute into plain prose. He had been hunting, one sultry day, and, being very tired, lay down under a shady tree, with his faithful dog by his side. He there fell asleep, and dreamed the orthodox dream of all young poets. A maiden

“beautiful exceedingly” approached him, and, after a very brief wooing, expressed a perfect willingness to bless the poet with her affections. Hereupon,—but plain prose cannot do justice to the *dénouement*, so we must give it in the poet’s own verse :

I kissed her, but,—oh, shocking !
 I kissed a beard so rough !
 Surprised, half choked, awaking,—
 Ah, broken was the charm ;
 There lay—will you believe it?—
My pointer on my arm.



JEAN PAUL’S SCHOOL-BOY EXPERIENCE.

WHEN Jean Paul was first sent to school, a mischievous boy, taking advantage of his inexperience, told him that it was an established custom for each pupil, when he first entered, to kiss the hand of the master. This seemed to Paul but a suitable custom, and by no means extraordinary, as in his own family it was an established expression of reverence from the young to the old, and Paul, whenever he went to his grandfather’s, kissed his hand behind the loom. When he entered the French school, therefore, he bashfully approached the master, and, with honest faith, carried the brawny hand to his lips.

The poor Frenchman,—an indifferent and poorly-paid instructor, who had been a tapestry-worker,—suspecting some mystification or insult, broke out into the most violent anger, and Paul barely escaped a blow from the hand on which he had imprinted his loyal homage. The mirth of the class was expressed in a jubilant manner, and, between them both, Paul stood confused, ashamed, and in the highest degree mortified.

In this instance, we are told, he was taken by surprise,

and betrayed by his loyal nature ; but in another attempt to impose upon him he asserted his rank as a scholar with a degree of firmness and dignity that compelled respect ever after.

THE FIRST KISS.

WHO has forgotten the emotions inspired by the first kiss? Pierce Pungent has exhausted himself in a vain attempt to describe what may be remembered, but cannot and should not be told. He says :

“ We never believed Pope’s line,

‘ Die of a rose in aromatic pain,’

till we once accidentally got a kiss awarded to us at a game of forfeits, some fifty years ago. *Eheu ! fugaces !* The fair one in question was the secret idol of our soul. Oh, those cerulean eyes ! those flowing silken tresses ! those ruby lips ! that exquisite form !

‘ Her presence was as lofty as her state ;

Her beauty of that overpowering kind

Whose force description only would abate :

I’d rather leave it much to your own mind

Than lessen it by what I could relate

Of form and feature.’

“ But we must tear ourself away from these charms and return to our mutton, or, rather, our lamb, for our heart’s worship was only eighteen cents a pound,—confound the butchers ! the high price of meat has confused our notions,—we mean she was only eighteen years of age. When we found ourself entitled to a kiss by the sacred game of forfeits, the keenness of the rapture almost grew into a toothache. A kiss seemed more than we could manage ; it grew into Titanic dimensions. We had a vague notion of asking the company to help us out by sharing our bliss, as the school-boy who, when he

hears of his two-hundred-pound cake being on the road, promises all his comrades a slice, but when it arrives he keeps it all to himself!

“A kiss from Mary! and all to our own cheek! Oh! and then the blushing shame of a first love, vulgarly called calf, came over us, and we stood looking at our Mary’s lips as a thief does at the gallows! Oh! those sunny eyes! Oh, those luxuriant tresses! as she shook them off her radiant face, as a dove shakes her feathers and a dog his hide, in order to leave more cheek to kiss! Oh, those provoking lips, pursed up ready, like the peak of Teneriffe, to catch the first kiss of love, that rosy light from heaven! Oh, that circling dimple, couched in her cheek like laughing wile! And oh! that moment when she said, ‘Well, if Cousin Pierce won’t kiss me, I’ll kiss him!’ She stooped down,—my sight grew dim,—my heart beat fast, as though I had swallowed a dose of prussic acid; her lips touched mine; the world slid away, as it does when we soar in a balloon; and we were carried away into a calm delirium, which has never altogether left us.”



KISSING THE FEET.

SENECA tells us that Caius Cæsar gave wine to Pompey Pennus, whom he had pardoned, and then, on his returning thanks, presented his left foot for him to kiss. This custom is still practised in Oriental countries, where it is regarded as a mark of the deepest reverence and most profound humility. Don Juan, in his feminine disguise, disdainfully refused such subjection, even to the Sultana:

“Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
Motioned to Juan to approach, and then
A second time desired him to kneel down,
And kiss the lady’s foot; which maxim when

He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
Drew himself up to his full height again,
And said, 'It grieved him, but he could not stoop
To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope.' "

Finally the matter was compromised by kissing the hand, the proud Castilian promptly acknowledging the requirement of a common courtesy:

"For through the South the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands."

Sir R. K. Porter, the Eastern traveller, tells the readers of his interesting sketches of a Persian who was not only not so fastidious, but ludicrously otherwise in the depth of his self-abasement. Says Sir Robert, "I took a lancet out of my pocket-book, put it into his hands, and told him it was for himself. He looked at me, and at it, with his mouth open, as if he hardly comprehended the possibility of my parting with such a jewel. But when I repeated the words, 'It is yours,' he threw himself on the ground, kissed my knees and my feet, and wept with a joy that stifled his expression of thanks."

ALL-EMBRACING INCLUSION.

IN that old-fashioned youthful game, "Kiss in the Ring," a favorite manœuvre of some of the boys was to keep out of a place in the ring till they had kissed all the pretty girls in succession. Those who grow up with the same fondness for osculatory attentions would probably like the custom in some parts of Germany, which requires a young man who is engaged to a girl to salute, upon making his adieu for the evening, the whole of the family, beginning with the mother. Thus, in a family circle embracing half a dozen girls, each having a lover, no less than forty-eight kisses would have to be given on the

occasion of a united meeting; and when we consider that each lover would give his own sweetheart ten times as many kisses as he gave her sisters, the grand total would outnumber a hundred!

—♦—
A KISS IN THE DARK.

IN Buckstone's very amusing farce, "A Kiss in the Dark," the jealous Pettibone tries a foolish stratagem in order to confirm his unjust suspicions of Mrs. P.'s constancy:

Frank (reading note). "Continue your attentions." Certainly, as you request it. (*Draws close to her; PETTIBONE again darts in; they retreat as before.*)

Pettibone. Shan't go out at all—I tell you I shan't go out at all—to-morrow will do. (*Sits in centre.*) You've done as I bid you, I see—eh?—ah, ah, ah! (*Aside.*) I think the last time I left the room he kissed her! I could almost swear I heard the squeak of a little kiss. Oh, if I could be convinced! I'll conceal my feelings till I'm quite satisfied—quite sure; and then—Betsey, dear, if that note you were writing just now is for any one in the city, I'll leave it for you.

Mrs. P. No, no, thank you, it is not worth the trouble, and you wouldn't be so mean as to defraud the revenue of a penny.

Pet. How they look at each other! I've a great mind to jump up and tell 'em both how they've deceived me. No, I won't. I'll set a trap for them—show 'em what they are: ah! a good thought—I have it.

Mrs. P. Selim, what's the matter with you, this evening?

Pet. Nothing; I've been vexed,—city business. I think, as I have a moment to spare, I'll drop a note to the wine merchant about the empty bottles (*takes inkstand*

to a table): he ought to fetch 'em away, or I shall be charged for 'em. What horrid candles! (*Snuffs one out.*) Why did I go to the expense of a handsome lamp, when you will burn candles? (*In trying to light it he purposely extinguishes the other; stage dark.*)

Mrs. P. P., dear, how clumsy you are!

Pet. Sit still—I'll get a light; Mary's cooking—I'll get a light. (*He pours some ink on his pocket-handkerchief, and in passing MRS. P., contrives to leave a large patch on her nose.*)

Mrs. P. P., what are you doing?

Pet. Nothing, dear, nothing; sit still. I'll fetch a light. [*Exit.*]

Frank. Is it really your wish that I should continue my attentions? (*Getting close to her.*) Gad, she's a fine woman, and I never in my life could be in the dark with one, without giving her a kiss; and, encouraged as I am, who could resist? [*Attempts to kiss her.*]

Mrs. P. Don't, don't; I won't allow it; how can you be so foolish? (*Kisses her, and blacks his nose.*) Go away: here's P. (*Lights up; FRANK returns to his chair as P. enters, stands between them moonstruck at seeing FRANK'S face; he trembles, places one candle on the table, and seizes MRS. P.'s arm.*)

Pet. Woman, look at that man—look at his nose. Now go to your room—to the glass, and look at your own! come, madam, come. [*He drags her off.*]

Frank. Very strange conduct; however, my poor friend is severely punished for the pains he has taken to test his wife's constancy. * * *

In the *dénouement* the position of Mrs. P. and Frank is explained:

Pet. Not Betsey!—the lady I've pulled about so—not

Betsey ! Who are you, madam? Explain, before I faint away—who are you ?

Frank. That lady, sir, is my wife. (FRANK and LADY embrace.)

Pet. Your wife ! and really you are not going to elope?—you are still your own Pettibone's?—but that kiss in the dark, madam ! what can remove that stain ?

Mrs. P. My candid confession——

Pet. Of what ?

Mrs. P. That I overheard the test by which I was to be tried, and, knowing in my heart that I did not deserve such a trial, I was resolved, as you had thought proper to suspect me without a cause, for once to give you a reason for your jealousy.

Pet. (on his knees.) Oh, Betsey, forgive me. * * *

THE city of Nashville boasts of a smiling-contest, as an adjunct to a Presbyterian church fair. There were three competitors, young men, and a judge to decide which of them smiled most sweetly. Three trials were had, the contestants standing on a platform in full view of the assembly, with a strong light thrown on their faces. Louis Tillichet was declared the winner of the prize, which was the privilege of kissing any one of the girls attending the candy-counter, where the prettiest daughters of the church were engaged.

A LADY asked her little boy, “Have you called your grandma to tea?” “Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her ; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said, pretty loud, ‘Grandma, tea is ready.’ And she never knew what woke her up.”

A BUDGET OF FACETIÆ.

A COLUMBIA clergyman, who, while preaching a sermon on Sunday evening, perceived a man and woman under the gallery in the act of kissing each other behind a hymn-book, did not lose his temper. No! he remained calm. He beamed mildly at the offenders over his spectacles, and when the young man kissed her the fifteenth time, he merely broke his sermon short off in the middle of "thirdly," and offered a fervent prayer in behalf of "the young man in the pink neck-tie and the maiden in the blue bonnet and gray shawl, who were profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew seventy-eight." And the congregation said "Amen." Then the woman pulled her veil down, and the young man sat there and swore softly to himself. He does not go to church as much now as he did.

AT Boulogne, during the reception of Queen Victoria, some years ago, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see everything, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line that the latter were forced to give way, and generally were—to use the expression of policemen—"hindered in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, observing the state of affairs, called out, "One roll of the drum,—if they don't keep back, kiss them all." After the first sound of the drum the ladies took to flight. "If they had been French," said a Parisian journal, "they would have remained to a woman."

THE portrait-painter, Gilbert Stuart, once met a lady in Boston, who said to him, "I have just seen your like-

ness, and kissed it because it was so much like you.”
“And did it kiss you in return?” said he. “No,” replied the lady. “Then,” returned the gallant painter, “it was not like me.”

MARY KYLE DALLAS says love-making is always awkward. “A stolen kiss, if seen, creates a laugh; a squeeze of the hand, if detected, is a great joy. I myself, who claim to be romantic, did grin at a shadow picture cast upon the wall of the white garden fence, next door, by an envious gas-light, when I saw the shadow of the young lady with much waterfall feed the shadow of the young gentleman with no whiskers with sugar-plums and then kiss it; but the shadows were very black, and took odd crinks in their noses as they moved to and fro, and that may have been the cause of my mirth.”

“OH! your nose is as cold as ice,” a Boston father thought he heard his daughter exclaim the other evening, as he was reading in the next room. He walked in for an explanation, but the young fellow was at one end of the sofa and the girl at the other, while both looked so innocent and unconscious that the old gentleman concluded that his ears had deceived him, and so retired from the scene without a word.

A COUNTRY girl, coming from a morning walk, was told that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew, to which she innocently replied, “You’ve got my name right, Daisy; but his isn’t Dew.”

SCENE at the Atlantic Telegraph office.

Fond Wife (to telegraph-operator). “Oh, sir! I want to

send a kiss to my husband in Liverpool. How can I do it?"

Obliging Operator. "Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. You've got to give it to me with ten dollars, and I'll transmit it right away."

Fond Wife. "If that's the case, the directors ought to put much younger and handsomer men in your position."

(Operator's indignation is great.)



A YOUNG lady of Cincinnati, who had just returned from completing her education in Boston, wanted to kiss her lover, but her mother objected. The daughter drew up her queenly form to its full height, and exclaimed, "Mother, terrible, tragical, and sublimely retributive will be the course pursued by me, if you refuse to allow him to place his alabaster lips to mine, and enrapture my immortal soul by imprinting angelic sensations of divine bliss upon the indispensable members of my human physiognomy, and then kindly allowing me to take a withdrawal from his beneficent presence." The mother feebly admitted that her objections were overruled.



Mabel. "Yes! that young man is very fond of kissing."

Mater. "Mabel, who ever told you such nonsense?"

Mabel. "I had it from his own lips!"



A YALE student, who is evidently in the "journalistic" department, writes a twelve-verse poem which is entitled, "We kissed each other by the sea." "Well, what of it?" asks a Western journalist: "the seaside is no better

for such practices than any other locality. In fact, we have put in some very sweet work of that kind on the tow-path of a canal in our time, but did not say anything about it in print."

THE tender young poet who began, "I kissed her under the silent stars," and whom the newspaper to which he sent the poem represented as beginning, "I kicked her under the cellar-stairs," appeared before the editors and publishers assembled in convention at Lockport, New York, and preferred the request that the name of the room from which typographical errors emanate might be changed forthwith. He wants it called the discomposing room.

A YOUNG lady of Atlanta says there is no woman living who could interest her with a lecture on "kisses." She says that she can get more satisfaction from the lips of a young man, on a moonlight night, than a woman could tell in a thousand years. That young lady is posted.

A TEACHER in De Witt County has introduced a new feature in his school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. The result is that the girls are fast forgetting what they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving with wonderful rapidity.

"GRACIOUS heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat, dropping the paper from her nerveless grasp, and leaning back in her chair with an expression of blank astonishment on her countenance, "Gracious heavens, Miltiades, what's a 'paroxysmal kiss'?" Mr. Marrowfat, assuming

a very serious aspect, observed, "A 'paroxysmal kiss,' my love, is a kiss buttered with soul-lightning."



"MA, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" "'Cause that leetle man with a heap o' hair on his face cotched hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste!'"



A YOUNG lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended justified the act by quoting the passage, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."



A MARRIED man in New Hampshire is said to have adopted an original method of economy. One morning, recently, when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant-girl. The house-expenses were instantly reduced three hundred dollars per year.



"KISSING your sweetheart," says a trifling young man, "is like eating soup with a fork: it takes a long time to get enough."



✓ I SAW Esau kissing Kate,
And the fact is we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.



BUS—to kiss. Re-bus—to kiss again. Blunderbus—two girls kissing each other. Omnibus—to kiss all the girls

in the room. Bus-ter—a general kisser. E pluri-bus unum—a thousand kisses in one.

AN editor defines a blunderbuss as kissing the wrong girl,—just as though it were possible to be wrong in kissing any girl. A blunderbuss is for men to kiss one another, as Frenchmen do, or for girls to kiss one another, as they often do for want of a man to kiss them.

A YOUNG fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and excused his conduct by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him, “If you ever feel any more such fits coming on, you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you.”

THIS story is told of an English barrister on his travels. As the coach was about to start after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without first giving her a kiss. “Friend,” said she, “thee must not do it.” “Oh, by heavens, I will!” replied the barrister. “Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it.”

HERE is an episode from a Palais Royal farce. A. is making love to C., who is B.’s wife, and scents B.’s coat with musk. A. is on the point of kissing C., when he smells mischief in the air. She waits, expectant of the

embrace ; he turns up his nose, snuffs, and changes the tone of his remark. Tableaux !

THE electrical kiss is performed by means of the electrical stool. Let a lady challenge a gentleman not acquainted with the experiment to give her a salute. The lady thereupon mounts the glass stool, taking hold of the chain connected with the prime conductor. The machine then being set in motion, the gentleman approaches the lady and attempts to imprint the seal of affection upon her coral lips, when a spark will fly in his face which effectually checkmates his intentions.

SOME of the young men who go to see the girls have adopted a new way of obtaining kisses. They assert, on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of a gas-jet to flicker, and they easily induce the girls to experiment in the interest of science. At the first kiss or two the parties watch the flame to see it flicker, but they soon become so interested in the experiments as to let it flicker if it wants to. Try it yourself.

NILSSON is not above resorting to the little tricks of the stage, when she thinks they will serve her purpose. A correspondent of the "Arcadian" says, "One night, at the 'Italiens' in Paris, she actually sent a man up to the top proscenium-box with a quantity of common wall-flowers, which he was to throw down upon the stage at a given moment. Imagine what a lovely scene this produced. How sweet and simple was this tribute of the poor to the august Diva ! How pretty it was to see her pick up the common wall-flowers and kiss them, and then lift her

eyes up to the gallery in sign of eternal gratitude to the gods!"



"MARY, why did you kiss your hand to the gentleman opposite, this morning?" said a careful mother to her blooming daughter. "Why, the gentleman had the impudence to throw a kiss clear across the street, and, of course, I threw it back indignantly! You wouldn't have encouraged him by keeping it, would you?"



A BEAUTIFUL girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mittens. "How much are they?" said she. "Why," said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon the sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss." "Very well," said the lady, pocketing the mittens, while her eyes spoke daggers; "and, as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and let me know when you collect it." And she very hastily tripped out.



A LADY residing in Lansingburg hailed a passing car, with her little son, to see him safely on the horse-car for a trip to Troy. He stepped on board and scrambled for the front of the car. As he was going, his mother said, "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little fellow was so delighted at the prospect of a ride, and in such a hurry, that he hastily rejoined, looking back excitedly, "Mr. Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?" And of course the passengers couldn't keep from smiling.



"My dear," said an affectionate wife, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?" "One of your smiles," re-

plied the husband; "I can dine on that every day." "But I can't," replied the wife. "Then take this," and he gave her a kiss, and went to his business. He returned to dinner. "This is excellent steak," said he: "what did you pay for it?" "Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure," replied the wife. "You did!" exclaimed he; "then you shall have the money next time you go to market."

THE author of the old comedy called "The Kiss" sent a copy, as soon as published, to a young lady, informing her that he had been wishing for several months for the opportunity of *giving her a kiss*.

JOSEPH II., Emperor of Germany, during a visit to Rome, went to see the princess Santacroce, a young lady of singular beauty, who had an evening *conversazione*. Next morning appeared the following pasquinade: "Pasquin asks, 'What is the Emperor Joseph come to Rome for?' Marforio answers, 'Abaciar la Santa Croce'"—to kiss the Holy Cross.

WHEN the court of France waited upon the king on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, all were welcomed to kiss the royal hand. The Marquis of Spinola, in the ardor of respect, bit his majesty's finger, on which the king started, when Spinola begged pardon, and said in his defence that if he had not done so his majesty would not have noticed him.

"OUR professor does wonderful things in surgery," said a young medical student: "he has actually made a new lip for a boy, taken from his cheek." "Ah, well,"

said his old aunt, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

AN engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two young ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age! Wasn't it artful? Just like the men!

"PRAY, Miss Primrose, do you like steamboats?" inquired a gentleman of a fair friend to whom he was paying his addresses. "Oh! pretty well," replied the lady; "but I'm exceedingly fond of a smack." The lover took the hint, and impressed a chaste salute on the lips of the blushing damsel.

"YES, you may come again next Sunday evening, Horace dear, but"—and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward; they scratch so."

"COME, my little fellow," said a Washington gentleman to a youngster of five years while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled, "do you know me?" "Yeth, thir!" "Who am I? Let me hear." "You ith the man who kithed mamma when papa wath in New York." Correct.

LITTLE KATIE, standing on a chair before a mirror, and holding her mother's elegant hat upon her head, remarks to her father, who is sitting *tête-à-tête* with her mother, "Oh, papa, now I know why mamma gets so many kisses from your cousin Tom; it's because of the pretty hat she wears. Don't I look tempting, though?"



A MILWAUKEE man hid in a public door-way, and jumped out and kissed his wife. She didn't whoop and yell, as he expected, but remarked, "Don't be so bold, mister: folks around here know me."



MRS. LAING, an Omaha woman, glided softly up behind Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, and—stole a kiss! But the joke of the thing is that the Omaha wags passed off a good-looking negro for the king.



A BINGHAMTON girl offered to let a countryman kiss her for five cents. "Gad," exclaimed the bucolic youth, "that's darn cheap, if a fellow only had the money."



A NEW ORLEANS minister recently married a colored couple, and at the conclusion of the ceremony remarked, "On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To this unclerical remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied, "On such an occasion as this it is customary to give the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."



THE accomplished Fitzwiggles propounded this conundrum to the lovely Miss Sparrowgrass: "What would you

be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should be *stationery*."

WALT WHITMAN thus used the poetic license in his salute to the White House bride, the daughter of President Grant, upon the occasion of her marriage:

"O youth and health! O sweet Missouri rose! O bonny bride!

Yield thy red cheeks, thy lips to-day,
Unto a nation's loving kiss."

It was considered doubtful whether such wholesale osculation would be satisfactory. Yet, at the same time, the gifted actress, Clara Morris, upon meeting with an enthusiastic reception in Cleveland, her home, concluded a speech of grateful appreciation with the tantalizing wish that Cleveland "had but one mouth, that she might kiss it."*

A PARTY of ladies and gentlemen, on a tour of inspection through Durham Castle, were escorted by an elderly female of a sour, solemn, and dignified aspect. In the course of their peregrinations they came to the tapestry for which the castle is famed. "These," said the guide, in true showman style, flavored with a dash of piety to suit the subject, and pointing to several groups of figures upon the tapestry, "these represent scenes in the life of Jacob." "Oh, yes,—how pretty!" said a young lady; and, with a laugh, pointing to two figures in somewhat

* The readers of Byron's "Don Juan" will remember the wish

"That womanhood had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from North to South."

close proximity, she continued, "I suppose that is Jacob kissing Rachel?" "No, madam," responded the indignant guide, with crushing dignity, "that is *Jacob wrestling with the angel.*" Amid a general smile the young lady subsided, and offered no further expository remarks, but groaned under a sense of unworthiness during the rest of the visit.



A CARSON (California) editor thus speaks of "Climatic Influences:"

Last evening, after the dusky shadows of night had cast a mantle over this part of the mundane sphere, we strolled out upon one of Carson's beautifully shaded avenues for a walk. While pondering upon the uncertainty of everything human, we came suddenly upon two persons, both of whom were not of the same gender, standing one upon either side of a gate, which seemed to require a pressure of forty pounds to the square inch to keep it from falling; but, strange to say, it remained upright when they separated at our approach. Further on we came in sight of a kind young man who was assisting a poor lame girl with his arm around her waist. Not wishing to investigate the matter further, we turned into the next cross-street, but had not proceeded more than a block when we heard a sweet voice exclaim:

"Ed, if you kiss me again, I'll call ma."

Thinking how such things could be, we returned to our sanctum, where reference to the "Chronicle" of yesterday explains it. It is all in the climate, you know.



MR. S. S. COX, in his illustrations of American humor, refers to the newspaper fashion of giving a comic account of a catastrophe, and then, by a sudden and serious turn,

leaving a suggestive hiatus, making a conclusion which connects the premises. Among the examples given is this one:

Mr. Jones was observed by his wife through the window to kiss the cook in the kitchen. Comment: "Mr. Jones did not go out of the house for several days, and yet there was no snow-storm."

"I SAY, Mr. Smithers," said Mrs. Smithers to her husband, "didn't I hear you down in the kitchen kissing the cook?" "My dear," replied Smithers, blandly, "permit me to insist upon my right to be reasonably ignorant. I really cannot say what you may have heard." "But wasn't you down there kissing the cook?" "My dear, I cannot really recollect. I only remember going into the kitchen and coming out again. I may have been there, and from what you say I infer I was. But I cannot recollect just what occurred." "But," persisted the ruthless cross-examiner, "what did Jane mean when she said, 'Oh! Smithers, don't kiss so loud, or the old she-dragon up-stairs will hear us'?" "Well," said Smithers, in his blandest tones, "I cannot remember what interpretation I did put on the words at the time. They are not my words, you must remember."

A MILWAUKEE chap kissed his girl forty times right straight along, and when he stopped the tears came into her eyes, and she said, in a sad tone of voice, "Ah, John, I fear you have ceased to love me." "No, I haven't," replied John, "but I must breathe."

A NEW design for an upholstered front gate seems destined to become popular. The foot-board is cushioned,

and there is a warm soap-stone on each side, the inside step being adjustable, so that a short girl can bring her lips to the line of any given moustache without trouble. If the gate is occupied at half-past ten P.M., an iron hand extends from one gate-post, takes the young man by the left ear, turns him around, and he is at once started home by a steel foot.

A MAN who has been travelling in the "far West" says that when an Idaho girl is kissed, she indignantly exclaims, "Now put that right back where you took it from!"

At a recent wedding in Ohio, the minister was about to salute the bride, when she stayed him with, "No, mister, I give up them wanities now."

A MARYLAND editor, on the subject of kissing, says, "The custom is an old one, and no *written* description can do it justice; to be fully understood and appreciated it must be handed down from mouth to mouth."

"STAY," he said, his right arm around her waist and her face expectantly turned to him, "shall it be the kiss pathetic, sympathetic, graphic, paragraphic, Oriental, intellectual, paroxysmal, quick and dismal, slow and unctuous, long and tedious, devotional, or what?" She said perhaps that would be the better way.

REFERENCE having been made to the basial diversities mentioned in the Bible, it was incidentally remarked that there is another kind of kiss which young ladies receive

on the sofa in the parlor after the gas is turned low, which the Scriptures don't mention,—nor the young ladies either.

—◆—

AN Indiana editor advises people against using a hard pencil, and goes on to tell why. His wife desired him to write a note to a lady, inviting her to meet a party of friends at her house. After "Hubby" had done as his wife desired, and started to post the note, she saw on another piece of paper an impression of what he had written. It was:

"Sweet Mattie—Effie desires your company on Wednesday, to meet the Smithsons. Don't fail to come; and, my darling, I shall have the happiness of a long walk home with you, and a sweet good-night kiss. I dare not see you often, or my all-consuming love would betray us both. But, Mattie dear, don't fail to come."

—◆—

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL is responsible for this description of a paroxysmal kiss:

"Only the roses will hear;
 Dear,
 Only the roses will see!
 This once—just this!
 Ah, the roses, I wis,
 They envy me!"

That kiss was clearly *sub rosa*.

—◆—

THE incongruities in the repetitious mode of singing hymns are shown in such illustrations as these: "Send down salvation from on high" became "Send down sal-." A soprano in one case sang "Oh for a man," and the chorus responded, "Oh for a mansion in the skies." In another case the soprano modestly sang, "Teach me to

kiss ;” the alto took up the strain, “Teach me to kiss ;” while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing, “Teach me to kiss the rod.”

“PUNCH” publishes the following from its sensational reporter : An appalling tragedy in domestic life has lately scattered consternation in the neighborhood of Bayswater. A newly-married couple, in possession of ample fortune, and moving, it is rumored, in extremely good society, had been observed to live together upon very loving terms, and no suspicion as to their affection was entertained among their friends. It appears, however, that on Monday morning last the young husband left his wife in considerable agitation, having, as he alleged, some business in the city. It has since transpired that he had previously secured himself a stall at Drury Lane for Salvini in “Othello ;” and there seems reason to believe that the tragical event which subsequently happened was first suggested to his mind by this most masterly performance. It was noticed by the footman that he did not return until a few minutes before his usual dinner-hour, when, rushing in abruptly, without one word of warning, he proceeded to the bed-chamber where his wife was in the act of dressing for the evening, and before her startled maid could even scream for help, he caught his wife up in his arms in a frenzy of excitement and deliberately proceeded to smother her—with kisses !

IN that very amusing sketch, “Johnny Beedle’s Courtship,” occurs the following droll scene :

“It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched : it was that ’are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had

any notion after Patty, and, to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me; and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip my arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go to poking out my lips after a kiss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a grid-iron. The battle now began in the regular way.

“ ‘Come, Sally, give me a kiss, and ha’ done with it now?’

“ ‘I won’t! so there, you’—

“ ‘I’ll take it, whether or no.’

“ ‘Do it, if you dare!’

“And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced; the bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt-collar; and at the same time some of the head-fastenings gave way, and down came Sally’s hair in a flood like a mill-dam let loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally’s elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck-tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and away came a lot of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

“By the hookey, if Sally Jones is not real grit, there is no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her head back over her chair, her eyes closed,

and there lay her plump little mouth, all in the air. Lord, did ye ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin, or a bumble-bee upon a clover-top? I say nothing.

“Consarn it, how a buss will crack of a still frosty night! Mrs. Jones was about half-way between asleep and awake.

“‘There goes my yeast-bottle,’ says she to herself, ‘bust into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread is all dough again.’”



IN “The Tour of Dr. Syntax,” Combe gives us the following amusing passages :

Squire. This, Doctor Syntax, is my sister ;
Why, my good sir, you have not kissed her.

Syntax. Do not suppose I’m such a brute
As to disdain the sweet salute.

Squire. And this, sir, is my loving wife,
The joy and honor of my life.

Syntax. A lovely lady to the view !
And with your leave, I’ll kiss her too.

* * * * *

With heart of joy and look of woe,
The Doctor now prepared to go ;
He silent squeezed the Squire’s hands,
And asked of madam her commands.
The Squire exclaimed, “ Why so remiss ?
She bids you take a hearty kiss ;
And if you think that one won’t do,
I beg, dear sir, you’ll give her *two*.”

“ Nay, then,” said Syntax, “ you shall see !”
And straight he gave the lady *three*.
The lady, blushing, thanked him too,
And in soft accents said, “ Adieu.”

PRENTICEANA.

THE following epigrammatic hits are from the pen of George D. Prentice, the late distinguished editor of the "Louisville Journal :

We once had a female correspondent who wrote, "When two hearts are surcharged with love's electricity, a kiss is the burning contact, the wild leaping flame of love's enthusiasm." This is certainly very pretty, but a flash of electricity is altogether too brief to give a correct idea of a truly delicious kiss. We agree with Byron that the "strength" of a kiss is generally "measured by its length." Still, there should be a *limit*, and we really think that Mrs. Browning, strong-minded woman as she is, transcends all reasonable limits in her notion of a kiss's duration. Why, she talks in her "Aurora Leigh" of a kiss

"As long and silent as the ecstatic night."

That indeed must be "linked sweetness" altogether too "long drawn out."



AN exchange says that we have a right to take an umbrella or a kiss without permission whenever we can. Well, but if the umbrella isn't returned the fault is ours; if the kiss isn't, it is the lady's.



SURELY it is a blessed privilege to be kissed by the breeze that has kissed all the pretty women in the world.



"THAT's very singular, sir," said a young lady when we kissed her. "Ah, well, we'll soon make it plural."

As Claude R.'s wife sat quietly in the twilight, a fellow stole behind her and kissed her. "Is it Claude?" she asked, hurriedly. "No, dear madam." A moment afterwards he was heard to exclaim, "Oh, yes, I am *clawed* now, indeed I am."

A FEMALE correspondent suggests a condition on which she will give us a kiss. We feel in duty bound to say to her that kissing is a thing that, at every proper opportunity, we set our face against.

LAST evening we chanced to see a pair of interesting lovers kissing at an open lattice. Young people! that was very improper lattice-work.

"Is the smoke of my cigarette unpleasant to you, sir?"
"Oh, no, madam: I would rather inhale smoke from your beautiful lips than taste kisses from any others."

RETURN a kiss for a blow.—*Sunday-School Union*.

Always provided the giver of the blow be a pretty girl.

A BEAUTIFUL young girl has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

A KISS on the forehead denotes respect and admiration; on the cheek, friendship; on the lips, love. The young men of our acquaintance have not much "respect" for young ladies.

ACCORDING to the New York "Express," nine thousand ladies of that city shook hands with Mr. Clay, and kissed him, or were kissed by him, in the brief space of two hours. This was just seventy-five kisses to the minute, or considerably more than one to the second. We are not altogether sure that Mr. Clay, instead of kissing nine thousand girls in two hours, would not have preferred to select the prettiest one of the whole number and kiss *her* two hours.



IF you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl or not, give her the benefit of the doubt.



A YOUNG lady says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they commence kissing them as lovers.



WE are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.



A YOUNG lady's first-love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a great shock, but it's soon over.



A YOUNG physician asking permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied, "No, sir; I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face."



MISCELLANEOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS.

QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS.

KISSING is not to be talked about ; one practical demonstration is worth a thousand prosaic descriptions. The emotions of anger, fear, doubt, hope, and joy have been appropriately described ; but no one has done justice to a warm, loving kiss. Among the attempts which have been made is one by a young lady still in the dreamy regions of girlhood. She sings,—

“ Let thy arms twine
Around me like a zone of love,
And thy fond lip, so soft,
To mine be passionately pressed,
As it has been so oft.”

This is cold enough, surely. Here is something better ; the heart has made advances and speaks from experience :

“ Sweetest love,
Place thy dear arm beneath my drooping head,
And let me lowly nestle in thy heart ;
Then turn those soul-lit orbs on me, and press
My panting lips, to taste the ecstasy
Imparted by each long and lingering kiss.”

Alexander Smith seems to have been electrified by a kiss ; one made him feel as if he were “ walking on thrones,”—a figure quite as remarkable as the old dea-

con's, who, upon taking too much apple-brandy, likened his sensations to being on top of a meeting-house and having every shingle turned into a Jew's-harp. But let us hear Alexander :

“ My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss,
 What then to me were groans,
 Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss,
 I seemed to walk on thrones !”



THE PHILOSOPHY OF KISSING.

WHAT'S in a kiss? Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can we see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part, and the job is complete. There is a kiss in the abstract! View it in the abstract, take it as it stands, look at it philosophically, what is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair, by this kissing; and yet when you look at the character of the thing, it is simply pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will,—to what country you will,—you are perfectly sure to find kissing. There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss, after all.

There's something in a kiss;
 If nothing else would prove it,
 It might be proved by this:
 All honest people love it.



THE SCIENCE OF KISSING.

PEOPLE will kiss, though not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, any more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal; yet it is easy

enough, at least for us. First know whom you are going to kiss ; don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly and smack a woman on the neck, or the ear, or the corner of her forehead, or on the end of her nose. The gentleman should be a little the taller ; he should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression. Don't kiss everybody ; don't sit down to it ; stand up ; need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss ; more persons would spoil the sport. Take the left hand of the lady in your right ; let your hat go to—any place out of the way ; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady and let it fall down the right side. Do not be in a hurry ; draw her gently, lovingly, to your heart. Her head will fall submissively on your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder-strap it makes. Do not be in a hurry. Her left hand is in your right ; let there be an impression to that, not like the gripe of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought, and respect. Do not be in a hurry. Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder ; you are heart to heart. Look down into her half-closed eyes ; gently, but manfully, press her to your bosom. Stand firm ; be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open ; lean slightly forward with your head, not the body ; take good aim ; the lips meet ; the eyes close ; the heart opens ; the soul rides the storms, troubles, and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry) ; heaven opens before you ; the world shoots under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky (don't be afraid) ; the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned ! No fuss, no noise, no fluttering or squirming like that of hook-impaled worms. Kissing doesn't hurt, nor does it require an act of Congress to make it legal.

That reverend wag, Sydney Smith, says, "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed; but it should not be too long, and, when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy,—let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle, deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

CUPID, if storying legends tell aright,
 Once framed a rich elixir of delight.
 A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
 And in it nectar and ambrosia mixed;
 With these, the magic dew which evening brings,
 Brushed from the Idalian star by fairy wings,
 Each tender pledge of sacred faith he joined,
 Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind,—
 Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
 And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
 The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
 The streamy chalice bubbled up in sighs,
 Sweet sounds transpired, as when the enamored dove
 Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.
 The finished work might Envy vainly blame,
 And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.

COLERIDGE.

THE SOUND OF A KISS.

A KISS is a difficult thing to describe on paper with only the unyielding, unimpressible materials of pen and

ink ; but it has been courageously attempted by a wag who had been at a wedding, "all of which he saw, and part of which he was." Having "seen it done and performed, and heard the reverberation," he describes a kiss as follows :

"This is the age of improvement, ladies and gentlemen ; stand back and you will see *a kiss on paper*. Don't be incredulous. I will give you the sound in types. Listen :

"When two pairs of affectionate lips are placed together to the intent of osculation, the noise educed is something like to the ensuing,

Epe-st' weep' st-e' ee !

and then the sound tapers off so softly and so musically that no letters can do it justice.

"If any one thinks my description imperfect, let him surpass it if he can, even with a pen made from a quill out of Cupid's wing."

Another writer describes the acoustic phenomena of the process in the following stanzas :

Men's fancies have long been sore tasked
 Some simile meet to bestow
 On that which all figures of speech
 Never fail to fall vastly below.

Of the magical power of the touch,
 And the odorous perfume distilled,
 Already there's written so much
 That poetical books are now filled.

But a thought rather novel occurs
 To my mind in regard to the sound :
 It is this,—that a kiss is just like
 The swell which in music is found.

Beginning most gently at first,
 To the middle you gradually swell,
 Then softly reduce to the close,
 And, though luscious, take care not to dwell.

This gradual ascent to the swell
 Prepares for the climax of bliss,
 And letting one down as he rose
 Will weaken a fall such as this.

This provision of nature most wise
 I have studied, and sagely conclude
 'Twas done by this scale of degrees
 Certain death from excess to elude.



THE DANGEROUS SIDE.

THE LEGAL VIEW.

POOR ENCOURAGEMENT.

AN Iowa school-teacher was discharged for the offence of kissing a female assistant. Whereupon a local paper inquired, "What inducement is there for any person to exile himself to the country districts of Iowa to direct the young idea in its musket-practice, if he is to be denied the ordinary luxuries of every-day life? If a Platonic exercise in osculation, occasionally, cannot be connived at, where are the mitigating circumstances in the dreary life of a Western schoolmaster? We give it up."



KINDLY CAUTION.

A YOUNG fellow in a Western town was fined ten dollars for kissing a girl against her will, and the following day

the damsel sent him the amount of his fine, with a note saying that the next time he kissed her he must be less rough about it, and be careful to do it when her father was not around.

RETALIATION.

THE following colloquy occurred in an English divorce-case. Mr. Sergeant Tindal, "He treated her very kindly, did he not?" Atkinson, "Oh, yes, very; he kissed her several times." Mr. Sergeant Tindal, "And how did she treat him?" Atkinson, "Well, she retaliated."

AN EXPENSIVE KISS.

AN interesting suit for damages was tried in the Circuit Court of Sauk County, Wisconsin. The title of the case was Helen Crager *vs.* The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company. The facts are substantially as follows. The plaintiff, who is a good-looking, interesting young lady, twenty-one years of age, and a school-teacher, on the 6th of March, 1873, bought a ticket of the company's ticket-agent at Reedsburg, for Baraboo, and took a seat in a passenger-car attached to a mixed train. When within a few miles of her destination, the plaintiff, being at the time alone with the conductor (the only other passenger and an employé of the company having left the car), was caressed and kissed by the conductor. There being nothing in the lady's manner to induce such familiarity, the ticket-puncher was, soon after the occurrence, arrested upon a charge of assault and battery. He pleaded guilty, was fined twenty-five dollars by the justice, and discharged by the company. The court ruled as a matter of law that the company was liable for the plaintiff for actual damage occasioned by the wrongful act of the con-

ductor. The case was well argued, and submitted to the jury, who returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed her damages at one thousand dollars.

TWENTY SHILLINGS FINE.

A NOTEWORTHY trial may be found among the proceedings of a Connecticut court held at New Haven, May 1, 1660. In this case, the kisser was Jacob M. Murline, and the kissee was Miss Sarah Tuttle. It was demonstrated that Jacob "tooke up or tooke away her gloves. Sarah desired him to give her the gloves, to which he answered he would do so if she would give him a kysse, upon which they sat down together, his arme being about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and *he* kyssed her and *she* kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour."

On examination, the amatory Jacob confusedly admitted that "he tooke her by the hand, and they both sat down upon a chest, but whether his arme were about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, he knows not, for he never thought of it since till Mr. Raymond told him of it at Mannatos, for which he was blamed, and told he had not layed it to heart as he ought." Jacob and Sarah were each fined twenty shillings. So much for two centuries ago.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

BREACH-OF-PROMISE trials are of frequent occurrence in the English courts, and any contribution to the law of the subject is received with interest. The English papers, therefore, comment with great relish upon the definition of a marriage engagement given by Judge Neilson, of Brooklyn, who, in a suit for money damages for blighted

affections, charged the jury that the "gleam of the eye and the conjunction of the lips are overtures when they become frequent and protracted." In the face of such a decision he is a rash man who would say, in the words of the song, "I know an eye both soft and bright," and that variety of kiss known as the "lingering" is positively interdicted to gentlemen who do not mean business, or who are liable to a change of mind.



THE INGENUITY OF THIEVES.

WHEN the Pope's chamberlain, who was captured by Italian brigands, paid fifty thousand francs as ransom-money to the leader of the band, the sight of the money so transported him that he fell on his knees and begged to kiss the hand of his captive before he departed. The prelate stretched out his hand to him, forgetting that he wore a ring of great value, which the scoundrel, as he kissed the hand, slyly slipped over the finger and appropriated to himself.

This incident was more than paralleled by French dexterity in a case which is thus reported by a Paris correspondent:

There is a pretty little creature who has bestowed upon herself the cognomen of Diane de Bagatelle, with whom a well-known young viscount is madly in love. Mlle. Diane is a very romantic young lady, with a taste for the plays and novels of the younger Dumas, and especially for the "Dame aux Camellias." So she was not surprised when one day the card of the Count de X——, the father of the viscount in question, was handed to her, and an elegant elderly gentleman, faultlessly dressed, and with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor at his button-hole, was ushered into her boudoir.

"My son loves Mademoiselle," began the count, without further preface.

"I know it," sighed Diane.

"He has——"

"A sister!" exclaimed the lady, remembering the interview between Marguerite Gautier and the elder Duval.

"No, not a sister, but a cousin,—his cousin Blanche, to whom he has been betrothed for years. She pines and weeps, and you, mademoiselle, you and your fatal charms are the cause."

"Alas!" sighed Diane, feeling herself Doche and Blanche Pierson rolled into one and in real earnest.

"Your sensibility does you honor. Will you break with my son at once and forever? And if two hundred thousand francs——"

"Two hundred thousand francs!"

"I will draw you a check at once."

"Sir," exclaimed the lady, "you have not made appeal to a callous heart. I will make the sacrifice; I will give up Henri. You said, I think, two hundred thousand?"

"I did. Blessings on you, my child!" exclaimed the count, fervently. "Write the letter I shall dictate, and the check shall be yours."

So down Diane sat, and penned the following epistle:

"Dear Henri, I love you no more. In fact, I never have loved you. I love another. Farewell forever.

"DIANE."

The count took the letter, inspected it carefully, and placed it in his pocket-book, from which he then drew a check for the amount named, which he placed in the lady's eager hands.

"Allow me, my child, to raise to my lips the gentle hand that has just saved my son!" A kiss and a tear fell on the dainty hand together; it was then released, and

the aged nobleman departed. He had not been long gone when Mlle. Diane discovered that her diamond ring, which was valued at ten thousand francs, had disappeared from her finger; and further investigations proved that her silverware and other articles of value had also vanished. The pretended count was no other than a swindler of the very worst type. The worst of the affair was that the scamp actually mailed the letter of Mlle. Diane to the viscount, so that the lady found herself minus an adorer as well as her valuables.

THE MEDICAL VIEW.

DON'T KISS THE BABY.

THE promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Yes, madam, *murderous*; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend Mrs. Brown the other day, with a strip of flannel round your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room, didn't you pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer-meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless, you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic. Your caresses were fatal.

Two or three days after, the little pet began to complain of a sore throat too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming; and when the doctor came, the single word *diphtheria* sufficed to explain them all. To-day a little mound in Greenwood is the sole memento of your visit.

Of course the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect, you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence. The doctor says nothing to disturb the delusion; that would be impolitic, if not cruel: but to an outsider he is free to say that the child's death was due directly to your infernal stupidity. Those are precisely the words: more forcible than elegant, it is true; but who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? Remember,

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

It would be hard to tell how much of the prevalent sickness and mortality from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule, adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold; and, as a cold is not contagious, they think nothing of exposing others to their breath or to the greater danger of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well-established fact that diphtheria is usually if not always communicated by the direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the further fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic.

It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation: though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria in about the same relation that promiscuous hand-shaking formerly did to the itch.

It were better to avoid the practice. The children will not suffer if they go un-kissed; and their friends ought for their sake to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware, then, of playing Judas, and let the babies alone.

EXCESSIVE GALLANTRY.

THE late Marquis de Prades-Conti, ex-officer of the body-guard of Charles X., died from the effects of what might be called an excess of gallantry. He had never been ill a day, and retained all his activity in spite of his eighty-two years, but in stooping to kiss the hand of the Dowager Countess de la Rochepeon, who came to pay him a visit, he fell dead.

THE TREACHEROUS SIDE.

MADAME DE STAEL'S HYPOCRISY.

COLERIDGE was a man of violent prejudices, and had conceived an insuperable aversion for France, of which he was not slow to boast. "I hate," he would say, "the hollowness of French principles; I hate the republicanism of French politics; I hate the hostility of the French people to revealed religion; I hate the artificiality of French cooking; I hate the acidity of French wines; I hate the flimsiness of the French language." He would inveigh with equal acrimony against the unreality and immorality of the French character of both sexes, especially of the women; and in justification of his unmeasured invective, he related that he was one day sitting

tête-à-tête with Madame de Staël in London, when her man-servant entered the room and asked her if she would receive Lady Davey. She raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders, and appeared to shudder with nausea as she turned to him and said, "Ah, ma foi! ô, mon cher ami! ayez pitié de moi! Mais quoi faire? Cette vilaine femme! Comme je la déteste! Elle est, vraiment, insupportable!" And then, on her entry, she flung her arms around her, kissed her on both cheeks, pressed her to her bosom, and told her that she was more than enchanted to behold her.

But the query arises, have the French a monopoly of such conventional duplicity? or may we find its counterpart nearer home?



A JUDAS KISS.

THIS time Sophronia was so much in earnest that she found it necessary to bend forward in the carriage and give Bella a kiss. A Judas order of kiss; for she thought, while she yet pressed Bella's hand after giving it, "Upon your own showing, you vain heartless girl, puffed up by the dotting folly of a dustman, I need have no relenting towards *you*."

DICKENS: *Our Mutual Friend*.



A WIFE'S INFIDELITY.

HEAVEN support thee, old man! thou hast to pass through the bitterest trial which honor and affection can undergo,—household treason! When the wife lifts high the blushless front, and brazens out her guilt; when the child, with loud voice, throws off all control, and makes boast of disobedience, man revolts at the audacity; his spirit arms against his wrong; its face, at least, is bare;

the blow, if sacrilegious, is direct. But when mild words and soft kisses conceal the worst foe Fate can arm,—when amidst the confidence of the heart starts up the form of Perfidy,—when out from the reptile swells the fiend in its terror,—when the breast on which man leaned for comfort has taken counsel to deceive him,—when he learns that, day after day, the life entwined with his own has been a lie and a stage mime,—he feels not the softness of grief, nor the absorption of rage; it is mightier than grief, and more withering than rage; it is a horror that appalls.

BULWER-LYTTON: *Lucretia*.

ALGERINE REVENGE.

A TRAGIC event occurred in a divorce court at Constantine, in Algeria. The wife of Bel-Kassem appeared before the Cadi and demanded a divorce from her husband on the ground that he had ill-treated her. In spite of the strenuous opposition of the respondent, the Cadi gave judgment in favor of the lady, who, triumphantly pronouncing the orthodox formula, "I repudiate thee," bounced out of the court. The custom of the country wills that a defeated suitor kiss the judge upon the shoulder, to show that he acknowledges the justice of his sentence. In accordance with this usage, Bel-Kassem, in apparent submission, moved toward the Cadi. But as he drew near him his manner suddenly changed. Dashing aside his burnous, he sprang upon the unfortunate judge and drove his knife into his breast. The murderer then threw down his weapon and surrendered himself to the gendarmes, saying, quietly, "I have killed the Cadi because, according to the Koran, a judge who gives an unjust sentence deserves to be put to death."

ALL FOR SHOW.

LITTLE Antoinette, a lonely little girl, was glad to find any companions. "Mamma kisses me on the promenade," she told them, in her artless way. "She never kisses me at home."

THACKERAY: *The Newcomes.*

—◆—

 THE KISS FULIGINOUS.

THE Italian poet Francesco Gianni is the author of a remarkable sonnet, in which the avenging kiss of the demons for the kiss of treason is given with great power, following a no less powerful portraiture of Satan :

"Poi fra le braccia si reco quel tristo,
E con la bocca fumigante e neva
Gli rese il bacio che avea dato al Cristo."

[Then the malefactor threw himself into his arms, and with mouth black and smoking—the kiss fuliginous—he gave back the kiss that he had given to Christ.]

—◆—

 FABULLA.

MARTIAL in his "Epigrams" (xii. 93) makes the following hit :

"Fabulla has found out a way to kiss her lover in the presence of her husband. She has a little fool whom she kisses over and over again, when the lover immediately seizes him while he is still wet with the multitude of kisses, and sends him back forthwith, charged with his own, to his smiling mistress. How much greater a fool is the husband than the professed fool!"

Or, as Hay translates it :

"My lady Modish doth this way devise
To kiss her spark before her husband's eyes :

She slavers o'er her little boy with kisses,
 And the gallant receives the reeking blisses ;
 Then to the little Cupid gives a smack,
 And to his laughing mother sends him back.
 But if the husband is this way beguiled,
 The husband is by much the greater child."



WOMAN.

NOT she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
 Not she denied him with unholy tongue ;
 She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
 Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

BARRETT.



THE DESCENT FROM THE TREE.

WITH that she leaped into her lord's embrace,
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
 He hugged her close, and kissed her o'er and o'er,
 Disturbed with doubts and jealousies no more ;
 Both, pleased and blessed, renewed their mutual vows,
 A fruitful wife and a believing spouse.

POPE: *January and May.*



THE FALSE LADY.

THY girdle-knife was keen and bright,—
 The ribbons wondrous fine,—
 'Tween every knot of them you knit,
 Of kisses I had nine.

Fond Margaret ! false Margaret !
 You kissed me, cheek and chin ;
 Yet, when I slept, that girdle-knife
 You sheathed my heart's blood in.

Old Ballad.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST EDWARD II.

EDWARD, this Mortimer aims at thy life :
 Oh, fly him, then ! But, Edmund, calm this rage ;
 Dissemble, or thou diest ; for Mortimer
 And Isabel do kiss while they conspire :
 And yet she bears a face of love, forsooth !
 Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate !

MARLOWE.

PERJURY.

SWORN on every slight pretence,
 Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
 While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
 Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within.

COWPER : *Expostulation.*

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

FAREWELL, farewell, thou falsest youth
 That evir kist a woman's mouth !
 I wish all maides be warned by mee
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us then they care not how.

Scottish Song.

THE GAY DECEIVER.

TRUST him not ; his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet.
 All his practice is deceit ;
 Every gift it is a bait ;
 Not a kiss but poison bears ;
 And most treason in his tears.

BEN JONSON : *Hue and Cry after Cupid.*

THE LURES OF THE ENCHANTRESS.

SHE shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
 Pretending good in ill ;
 She offereth joy, but bringeth grief ;
 A kiss—where she doth kill.

SOUTHWELL.

CUPID'S WILES.

LET not his tears thy easiness beguile,
 Nor let him circumvent thee with a smile ;
 If he to kiss thee ask, his kisses fly ;
 Poison of asps between his lips doth lie.

ANACREON.

ARTIFICE.

Amarillis. Here, take thy Amoret ; embrace, and kiss !
Perigot. What means my love ?
Amarillis. To do as lovers should,
 That are to be enjoyed, not to be wooed.
 There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
 Can kiss thee with more art ; there's none can feign
 More wanton tricks.

FLETCHER : *Faithful Shepherdess.*

THE SORROWFUL SIDE.

MARGARET.

THE admirers of Goethe's immortal tragedy "Faust" will remember the passage in which poor Margaret says to her lover :

Kiss me ?—canst no longer do it ?
 My friend, so short a time thou'rt missing,

And hast unlearned thy kissing ?
 Why is my heart so anxious on thy breast ?
 Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,
 A heaven thy loving words expressed,
 And thou didst kiss, as thou would suffocate me—
 Kiss me !
 Or I'll kiss thee.

(She embraces him.)

Ah, woe ! thy lips are chill
 And still.
 How changed in fashion
 Thy passion !
 Who has done me this ill ?

Nor can they forget the simple song in which, while seated at her spinning-wheel, she gives utterance to her grief. The closing verses are these :

And the magic flow
 Of his talk, the bliss
 In the clasp of his hand,
 And, ah, his kiss !

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore ;
 I never shall find it,
 Ah, nevermore !

My bosom yearns
 For him alone ;
 Ah ! dared I clasp him,
 And hold, and own,

And kiss his mouth
 To heart's desire,
 And on his kisses
 At last expire !

THE WELCOME HOME.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

GRAY: *Elegy*.

Evidently the poet Gray had in his mind's eye the following passage from Lucretius :

“Non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
 Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
 Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangens.”

[No joyous home shall receive thee, nor excellent wife,
 nor will any dear children of thine run out to meet thee
 and vie with each other in snatching kisses from thee,
 and raise a tumult of sweet but unutterable affection in
 thy breast.]



AFTER THE BALL.

[THE sisters return from the ball to their chamber, gayly
 laugh and chat over the reminiscences of the night, lay
 aside “the robe of satin and Brussels lace,” “comb out
 their braids and curls,” and as the fire goes out, and the
 winter chill is gathering, they seek repose. “Curtained
 away from the chilly night, after the revel is done,” they
 “float along in a splendid dream,” which the poet re-
 counts, and then addresses them thus:]

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
 With never a pang of jealous fear !
 For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
 Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
 Braided brown hair, and golden tress,

There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun ;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,
The revel of life is done !

But, robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won !



AFTER THE WEDDING.

ALL alone in my room, at last ;
I wonder how far they have travelled now ?
They'll be very far when the night is past ;
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress !
She is queenlier far than the village girls ;
Those were roses, too, in the wreath, I guess—
'Twas they made the crimson amongst her curls.

She's good as beautiful, too, they say ;
Her heart is as gentle as any dove's ;
She'll be all that she can to him always—
Dear ! I am tearing my new white gloves.
How calm she is, with her saint-like face !
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue ;
How careless I am with my mother's lace !—
Her hands are whiter, and softer, too.

They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again!
I'm almost afraid to be here so still;
I wish it would thunder! and lighten! and rain!
Oh, no! for some may not be abed,
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon will come instead,
And heaven be starry, and earth all light.

'Tis only a summer that she's been here—
It's been my home for seventeen years!—
But her name is a testament far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came—
There! at last, I have tied my hair—
Her curls and mine were nearly the same,
But hers are longer, and mine less fair.

They're going across the sea, I know,
Across the ocean—will that be far?—
Did I have my comb a moment ago?
I seem to forget where my things all are.
When ships are wrecked, do the people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down,
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.

Good-night, good-night—it is striking one!—
Good-night to bride, and good-night to groom.
The light of my candle is almost done—
I wish my bed was in mother's room!
How calm it looks in the midnight shade—
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day:
They're all too white for me, I'm afraid:
Perhaps I may soon be as white as they.

Dark!—all dark!—for the light is dead.
 Father in heaven, may I have rest?
 One hour of sleep for my weary head—
 For this breaking heart in my poor, poor breast!
 For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray,
 O God! protect him from change and ill;
 And render her worthier every way,
 The older the purer, the lovelier still.

There! I knew I was going to cry;—
 I have kept the tears in my soul too long:
 Oh! let me say it, or I shall die,—
 As heaven is witness, I mean no wrong.
 He never shall hear from this secret room,
 He never shall know in the after-years,
 How seventeen summers of happy bloom
 Fell dead, one night, in a moment of tears!

I loved him more than she understands.
 For him I loaded my soul with truth;
 For him I am kneeling, with lifted hands,
 To lay at his feet my shattered youth!
 I love, I adore him, still the same!
 More than father, and mother, and life!
 My hope of hopes was to bear his name—
 My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

His *wife*—oh, name which the angels breathe,
 Let it not crimson my cheek for shame—
 'Tis her great glory that word to wreath
 In the princely heart from whose blood it came.
 Oh, hush! again I behold them stand,
 As they stood to-night, by the chancel wall:
 I see him holding her white-gloved hand,
 I hear his voice in a whisper fall.

I see the minister's silver hair,
 I see him kneel at the altar-stone,
 I see him rise when the prayer is o'er,
 He has taken their hands and made them one.
 The fathers and mothers are standing near,
 The friends are pressing to kiss the bride ;
 One of those kisses had birthplace here—
 The dew of her lips has not yet dried.

His lips have touched hers before to-night—
 Then I have a grain of his to keep !
 This midnight blackness is flecked with light,
 Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
 He knows full well why many a knave
 So close to his lady's lips would swim—
 God only knows that the kiss I gave
 Was set in her mouth to give to him !

W. L. KEESE.

—◆—
 THE BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

IN this popular ballad, believed to have been written about the year 1600, occur these familiar stanzas :

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail ;
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kissed them dead a thousand times,
 Ere they were clad in clay.

—◆—
 THE OLD LOVE.

I MET her ; she was thin and old,
 She stooped, and trod with tottering feet ;

Her locks were gray that once were gold,
 Her voice was harsh that once was sweet ;
 Her cheeks were sunken, and her eyes,
 Robbed of their girlish light of joy,
 Were dim : I felt a strange surprise
 That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air
 Restored me to my youthful prime :
 My heart grew young, and seemed to wear
 The impress of that long-lost time.
 I took her wilted hand in mine,
 Its touch awoke a ghost of joy ;
 I kissed her with a reverent sigh,
 For I had loved her when a boy.



EARL MARCH'S DAUGHTER.

THE earl, smitten with grief over his broken-hearted
 and dying Ellen, is anxious to restore the lover he had
 exiled. But it is too late :

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs ;
 Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

CAMPBELL.



THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

His pale lypes, alas !
 Twenty times she kissed,
 And his face did wash
 With her trickling teares ;
 Every gaping wound
 Tenderly she pressed,

And did wipe it round
 With her golden haire.
 "Speake, faire love," quoth shee,
 "Speake, faire prince, to mee ;
 One sweete word of comfort give :
 Lift up thy deare eyes,
 Listen to my cryes,
 Thinke in what sad griefe I live."
 All in vaine she sued,
 All in vaine she wooed ;
 The prince's life was fled and gone.

Pepys Collection.

—◆—
 DYING INJUNCTION.

WHEN our dear parents died, they died together ;
 One fate surprised them, and one grave received them.
 My father with his dying breath bequeathed
 Her to my love ; my mother, as she lay
 Languishing by him, called me to her side,
 Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embraced me ;
 Then pressed me close, and, as she observed my tears,
 Kissed them away. Said she, Chamont, my son,
 By this, and all the love I ever showed thee,
 Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth,
 Let not her wants betray her to dishonor ;
 Perhaps kind heaven may raise some friend ; then sighed,
 Kissed me again ; so blessed us, and expired.

OTWAY: Orphan.

—◆—
 FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

'Tis she,—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothèd bride,
 She who would rather die with him
 Than live to gain the world beside !

Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosened tresses.

* * * * *

One struggle, and his pain is past,
 Her lover is no longer living !
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving !

MOORE: *Lalla Rookh*.

—◆—
 THE LAST OBSERVANCE.

OH, may I view thee with life's parting ray,
 And thy dear hand with dying ardor press ;
 Sure thou wilt weep, and on thy lover's clay
 • With breaking heart print many a tender kiss.

* * * * *

On my cold lips thy kisses thou wouldst fix,
 While flowing tears with thy dear kisses mix.

TIBULLUS: *Elegy I*.

—◆—
 THE EXILES.

WITH louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear.

GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village*.

—◆—
 "ORATE HIC PRO ME."

THEY went with speed to the dungeon-door ;
 The air was chill and damp ;
 And the pale girl lay on the marble floor,
 Beside the dying lamp ;

They kissed her lips, they called her name,
 No kiss returned, no answer came.
 Motionless, lifeless, there she lay,
 Like a statue rent from its base away.

PRAED.

—◆—
 JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

IT comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
 That I subdued me to my father's will ;
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
 Sweetens the spirit still.

TENNYSON : *Dream of Fair Women.*

—◆—
 THE MAY QUEEN.

I HAVE been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me
 now ;
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild ;
 You should not fret for me, mother, you have another
 child.

TENNYSON.

—◆—
 ENOCH ARDEN.

MY children, too ! must I not speak to these ?
 They know me not ; I should betray myself.
 Never ; no father's kiss for me,—the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.

TENNYSON.

—◆—
 GENONE.

OH, mother, hear me yet before I die !
 Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
 In this green valley, under this green hill,
 Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
 Sealed it with kisses ? watered it with tears ?

TENNYSON.

QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 Oh, there above the little grave
 We kissed again with tears.

—◆— TENNYSON: *Princess*.

EVANGELINE.

VAINLY he strove to whisper her name, for the accents
 unuttered
 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
 tongue would have spoken.
 Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling be-
 side him,
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

—◆— LONGFELLOW.

OVER THE STARRY WAY.

GONE to sleep with the tender smile
 Froze on her silent lips
 By the farewell kiss of the angel Death,
 Like the last fair bud of a faded wreath
 Whose bloom the white frost nips.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

OH, fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,

Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst outlasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But killed, alas, and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

MILTON.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

IF Death

More near approaches, meditates, and clasps
 Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,
 God, strengthen Thou my faith, that I may see
 That 'tis Thine angel, who, with loving haste,
 Unto the service of the inner shrine
 Doth waken Thy beloved with a kiss.

LOWELL.

HIGHLAND MARY.

OH, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !

BURNS.

CONSUMPTION.

OH, then, when the spirit is taking wing,
 How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
 As if she would blend her soul with his
 In a deep and long-imprinted kiss !

PERCIVAL.

BARBARA.

OH, that pallid face !
 Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace !
 When last I saw them, dearest, 'twas in another place ;

You came running forth to meet me, with my love-gift on
 your wrist,
 And a cursèd river killed thee, aided by a murderous mist.
 Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kissed
 When last I saw thee, Barbara !

ALEXANDER SMITH.

“I WANT TO FIND MY PAPA.”

A LADY while walking in a city street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her where she was going.

“I am going down town to find my papa,” was the reply, between sobs, of the child.

“What is your papa’s name?” asked the lady.

“His name is papa,” replied the innocent little thing.

“But what is his other name?” queried the lady;
 “what does your mamma call him?”

“She calls him papa,” persisted the baby.

The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying,—

“You had better come with me ; I guess you came from this way.”

“Yes, but I don’t want to go back ; I want to find my papa,” replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

“What do you want of your papa?” asked the lady.

“I want to kiss him.”

Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her and led her away. From subsequent inquiries, it appeared that the little one’s papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him, she tired of waiting for him

to come home, and had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.



THE PENALTY OF HARSHNESS.

It seems a hard and cruel thing to make the affections of a child its means of punishment for slight juvenile offences. A sad occurrence may be quoted as evidence in point.

A little girl, who, although an affectionate little creature as ever lived, was very volatile and light-hearted, could not always *remember* to mind her mother. At the close of a winter day she had gone into the street, contrary to her mother's injunction, to play with one of her little companions; when she came in, and was prepared to go to bed, she approached her mother for her good-night kiss.

"I cannot kiss you to-night, Mary," said the mother; "you have been a very naughty little girl, and have disobeyed me. I cannot kiss you to-night."

The little girl, her face streaming with tears, again begged her mother to kiss her; but she was a "strong-minded woman," and was inexorable.

It was a sad lesson that she learned, for on that very night the child died of croup. She had asked her mother, the last thing as she went up to her little bed, if she would kiss her in the morning; but in the morning her innocent lips were cold.



VIRGINIA.

MACAULAY, in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," includes the tragic incident which led to the downfall of the execrable government of Appius Claudius, who had made an attempt upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of

humble birth. The decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependant of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant; but the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole forum. Virginius, in the course of a thrilling appeal to the people, says,—

“Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage
springs
From consuls, and high pontiffs, and ancient Alban
kings?
Ladies who deign not on our paths to set their tender
feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the
wondering street;
Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles be-
hold,
And breathe of Capuan odors and shine with Spanish
gold?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life,—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of
wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul
endures,
The kiss in which he half forgets even such a yoke as
yours;
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast
with pride,
Still let the bridegroom's arms enfold an unpolluted
bride;

Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's
blood to flame,
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our de-
spair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the
wretched dare."

Having led the devoted maiden to the spot for sacri-
fice, he pours out in passionate language the wealth of
his affection, closing thus :

"With all his wit, he little deems that, spurned, be-
trayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left,
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can
save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion
of the slave ;
Yea, and from nameless evil that passeth taunt and
blow,—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt
never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me
one more kiss,
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way
but this.'
With that he lifted high the steel and smote her in the
side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob
she died."

THE KISS IN EPIGRAM.

CASUISTRY.

WHEN Sarah Jane, the moral miss,
 Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
 I'll bet a shilling I see through it:
 The damsel, fairly understood,
 Feels just as any Christian should,—
 She'd rather *suffer* wrong than *do it*.

SAXE.

THE DIFFERENCE.

“I NEVER give a kiss,” says Prue,
 “To naughty man, for I abhor it.”
 She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true:
 She'll *take* one, though, and thank you for it.*

MOORE.

MODESTY.

“Kiss me, dear maid, to seal the vow
 Of love that you have made.”
 “I have no *right* to kiss you now,”
 The modest maiden said.
 “If you can find it in your heart
 My first wish to refuse,
 Perhaps 'tis best that we should part
 Ere we our freedom lose.”

* This epigram, though taken from the French, may be traced back to the Latin Anthology :

“Kisses my Phillis takes, but ne'er bestows:
 Taking's all one with giving, Phillis knows.”

“ Although to kiss *you* I demur,
 Yet please to recollect
 That if you choose to kiss *me*, sir,
 Of course, I—can’t object.”

—◆—

FOOLISH ROBIN.

“ COME kiss me,” said Robin. I gently said, “ No !
 For my mother forbade me to play with men so.”
 Abashed by my answer, he glided away,
 Though my looks very plainly advised him to stay.
 Silly swain, not at all recollecting—not he—
 That *his* mother ne’er said that he must not kiss *me*.

—◆—

THE PRINTER’S KISSES.

Print on my lips another kiss,
 The picture of thy glowing passion ;
 Nay, this won’t do—nor this—nor this—
 But now—Ah, that’s a *proof impression* !
 But yet, methinks, it might be mended—
 Oh, yes, I see it in those eyes ;
 Our lips again together blended
 Will make the *impression* a REVISE.

—◆—

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rosa from the latticed grove
 Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
 And asked, as round my neck she clung,
 If *tulips* I preferred to *roses*.
 “ I cannot tell, sweet wife,” I sighed,
 “ But kiss me ere I see the posies :”
 She did. “ Oh, I prefer,” I cried,
 “ Your *two lips* to a dozen roses.”

SEALING AN OATH.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
 "In earnest love me as you say?
 Or are those tender words applied
 Alike to fifty girls beside?"
 "Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear;
 For by those eyes—those *lips*—I swear!"
 She stopped me as the oath I took,
 And cried, "You've sworn—*now kiss the book.*"

MOUSTACHES.

KATE hates moustaches; so much hair
 Makes every man look like a bear;
 But Nellie, whom no thought could fetter,
 Pouts out, "The more like bears the better,
 Because" (her pretty shoulders shrugging)
 "Bears are such glorious chaps for hugging."

THE ANCIENT MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

I HAVE a mouth for kisses,
 No one to give or to take;
 I have a heart in my bosom
 Beating for nobody's sake.

THE STAKES.

THE following playful lines of Strode first appeared in a little volume entitled "New Court Songs and Poems," printed in 1672, and were reproduced in Dryden's "Miscellany," 1716:

My love and I for kisses played:
 She would hold stakes; I was content;

But when I won, she would be paid ;
With that, I asked her what she meant.
“Nay, since I see,” quoth she, “your wrangling vain,
Take your own kisses; give me mine again.”*

—◆—
DECLINING A KISS.

SAID the master to Mary, a sweet-lipped lass,
As she stood in her place at the head of her class,
“You can decline ‘a kiss,’ no doubt?”
“I can,” she replied, with a blush and a pout,
And a glance to the master’s heart there shot,
“But, sir, if you please, I would rather not.”

—◆—
EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

I RECOLLECT a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a nice young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, “Ah!
When I can talk, I’ll tell mamma”—
And that’s my earliest recollection.

FREDERICK LOCKER,

—◆—
THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

OLD Birch, who taught a village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit :

* There is a similar point in a Greek epigram of Strato :

“While thus a few kisses I steal,
Dear Chloris, you bravely complain ;
If resentment you really do feel,
Pray give me my kisses again.”

He was as stubborn as a mule,
 And she was playful as a rabbit.
 Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,
 Before her husband sought to make her
 The pink of country polished life,
 And prim and formal as a Quaker.
 One day the tutor went abroad,
 And simple Katy sadly missed him :
 When he returned, behind her lord
 She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.
 The husband's anger rose, and red
 And white his face alternate grew.
 "Less freedom, ma'am!"* Kate sighed, and said,
 "Oh, dear! I didn't know 'twas you!"

—◆—

NON-COMPUTATION.

OLD Jealousy would count our blisses ;
 Then give to me a thousand kisses,
 Quick kissing me—quick kissing thee—
 Oh, quick, oh, quick, the jade to trick !
 O Ada, kiss so many kisses,
 She, counting ever, ever misses.

LESSING.

—◆—

BIANCA'S DREAM.

MEANWHILE, remindful of the convent bars,
 Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,

* Mrs. Thomson, in her "Life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," says :

"The proud Duke of Somerset married twice. His second duchess once tapped him familiarly on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round, and, with an indignant countenance, said, 'My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty.'"

But turned to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words like verbal kisses on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and, backed
By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestowed a something on her cheek that smacked
(Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness,—
That made her think all other kisses lacked
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness:
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Inspid things—like sandwiches of veal.

Hood.

—◆—
THE HONEY-MOON.

OH, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs, in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers.

Hood.

—◆—
NO DOUBT OF IT.

SHE felt my lips' impassioned touch,—
'Twas the first time I dared so much;
And yet she chid not,
But whispered o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not.

—◆—
A REBUS.

"WHAT is a rebus?" I asked of dear Mary,
As close by my side the dear maiden was seated:

I saw her eye droop and her countenance vary
As she said in reply, "'Tis a kiss, sir, repeated."

—◆—
THE DIFFERENCE.

My brother is shy,—I am not shy at all ;
So, when there's a mistletoe hung in our hall,
He manages always to miss all the kisses,
While *I*, on the contrary, kiss all the misses.

—◆—
STOLEN KISSES.

Kiss her gently, but be sly ;
Kiss her when there's no one by ;
Steal your kiss, for then 'tis meetest—
Stolen kisses are the sweetest.

—◆—
THE REASON WHY.

AN impertinent youth at Saratoga amused himself by exhibiting the following lines to some of the ladies at a hotel :

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother ;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other.

Whereupon a young lady pencilled this retort on the back of an envelope, and left it for the fool's instruction :

Men do not kiss among themselves,
And it's well that they refrain :
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again.

As sometimes on poor woman's lip
Is applied this nauseous lotion,
We *have* to kiss among ourselves
As a counteracting potion.

THE INVENTOR OF KISSING.

WHEN we dwell on the lips of the girl we adore,
 What pleasure in Nature is missing?
 May his soul be in heaven—he deserves it, I'm sure—
 Who was first the inventor of kissing.
 Master Adam, I verily think, was the man
 Whose discovery can ne'er be surpast;
 Then, since the sweet game with creation began,
 To the end of the world may it last.

WOLCOT.

FORGIVENESS.

FORGIVE thy foes; nor that alone;
 Their evil deeds with good repay;
 Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
 And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
 So does the fragrant sandal bow,
 In meek forgiveness, to its doom,
 And o'er the axe at every blow
 Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

THE RIGHTS OF MEN.

WHILE others, Delia, use their pen
 To vindicate the rights of men,
 Let us, more wise, to bliss attend:
 Be ours the rights which they defend.
 Those eyes that glow with love's own fire,
 And what they speak so well inspire;
 That melting hand, that heaving breast,
 That rises only to be prest;
 That ivory neck, those lips of bliss
 Which half invite the offered kiss;
 These, these—and Love approves the plan—
 I deem the dearest rights of man.

TO A PAINTED LADY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Is't for a grace, or is't some dislike,
 Where others give ye lippe you give the cheeke ;
 Some houlde it for a pride of your behaviour,
 But I do rather count it as a favour.
 Wherefore to shew my kindnesse and my love,
 I leave both lippes and cheekes, and kisse your glove.
 Now what's the cause? To make you full acquainted,
 Your glove's perfumed, your lippes and cheekes be-
 painted.



THE SOURCE ALIKE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE that gave the bee so feate a grace
 To find honey of so wondrous fashion,
 Hath taught the spyder out of the same place
 To fetch poyson by strange alteration,
 Though this be strange, it is a stranger case
 With one kiss, by a secret operation,
 Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
 In change whereof I leave my heart behinde.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.



ON A LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

To heal the wound the bee had made
 Upon my Delia's face,
 Its honey to the wound she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.
 Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound
 Sucked both the sweet and smart :
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting went through my heart.

THE KISS IN METAPHOR.

MORNING SONG.

SPEED, zephyr! kiss each opening flower,
Its fragrant spirit make thine own,
Then wing thy way to Rosa's bower;
Ere her light sleep is flown.

There, o'er her downy pillow fly,
Wake the sweet maid to life and day:
Breathe on her balmy lip a sigh,
And o'er her bosom play.

MRS. HEMANS.



SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

LONGFELLOW.



SPRING.

No icy fetters hold the stream;
The sun's bright beam
Comes dancing o'er it to my feet;
The violets that skirt the bank
Bend down to thank
The laughing stream with kisses sweet.



SPRING FLOWERS

SPRING has come with a smile of blessing,
Kissing the earth with her soft warm breath,
Till it blushes in flowers at her gentle caressing,
And wakes from the winter's dream of death.

THE VIOLETS.

CLOSE by the roots of moss-grown stumps,—
 The sweetest and the first to blow,—
 The blue-eyed violets, in clumps,
 Kiss one another as they grow ;
 And, kissing one another, blend
 Their dewy tears upon the earth,
 And purest fragrance upward send,
 Unconscious types of modest worth !



SPRING SONG.

WHEN the soft winds blow,
 And kiss away the snow,—
 When the bluebirds sing,
 For the dear warm spring,—
 Then we'll go a-Maying,
 Through the meadows straying.

ROSE TERRY.



AUTUMN.

MORN on the mountain, like a summer bird,
 Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved.

LONGFELLOW.



THE EVENING WIND.

THE faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,

And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep.

BRYANT.

—◆—
THE CRIMSON SUNSET.

FALL on her, tell her dying glow,
How I am dreaming of her here,
And kiss for me her snowy brow ;
Love, I am weak with hope and fear,
Thinking of thee.

HONE.

—◆—
THE MOON-BEAM.

THE silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandishèd,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moon-beam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

SCOTT.

—◆—
THE LIGHT FROM THE TOMB.

No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-browed warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

SCOTT.

—◆—
TIME AND TIDE.

THE bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,

And in the fulness of his marriage joy
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
 Retires a pace to see how fair she looks,
 Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;
 It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
 And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

LONGFELLOW.

THE GROWING CORN.

THEN, like a column of Corinthian mould,
 The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold ;
 The bushy branches all the ridges fill,
 Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.

BARLOW.

FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

MERCY and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.—lxxxv. 10.

PARAPHRASE.

IN the book of Deuteronomy, ch. xxxiv. v. 5, occurs the sentence, "So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord." The literal rendering of the last words is, "by the *mouth* of the Lord," or, as the Hebrews express it, "with a kiss from the mouth of God." It is thus paraphrased by an old English poet :

Softly his fainting head he lay
 Upon his Maker's breast ;
 His Maker kissed his soul away,
 And laid his flesh to rest.



TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

BEN JONSON.



FROM ANACREON.

THE shadowy grove,
 Where, in the tempting guise of love,
 Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
 Whose sunny charms, but half displayed,
 Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
 Excludes the kisses of the wind.

Ode 59.



LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single ;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine ?

 See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother :

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

SHELLEY.

FROM PLATO.

KISSING Helena, together
 With my kiss, my soul beside it
 Came to my lips, and there I kept it,—
 For the poor thing had wandered thither,
 To follow where the kiss should guide it ;
 Oh, cruel I, to intercept it !

SHELLEY.

FROM "THE LOVER'S CREED."

I BELIEVE if I should die,
 And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
 Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
 The folded orbs would open at your breath,
 And, from its exile in the Isles of Death,
 Life would come gladly back along my veins.

NATURE'S MINISTRATIONS.

NATURE'S voice
 Bids thee hie fieldward and rejoice ;
 She calls thee from unhallowed mirth
 To walk with beauty o'er the earth ;
 Proudly she calls thee forth, and now
 Prints blandest kisses on thy brow ;
 On lip, on cheek, on bosom bare,
 She pours the balmy morning air.

MOTHERWELL.

"GENTLEST OF MY FRIENDS."

THE branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

LONGFELLOW.



THE RELEASED CAPTIVE.

THE hour which back to summer's light
Calls the worn captive, with the gentle kiss
Of winds, and gush of waters, and the sight
Of the green earth.

MRS. HEMANS.



FROM "PHILASTER."

LET me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



FROM "THE TRAITOR."

Does not
That death's head look most temptingly? the worms
Have kissed the lips off.

SHIRLEY.



FROM "THE DYING SOLDIER."

AND here upon the battle ground,
Exhausted with the march and fight,
And sickened with the dreary sight
Of the red carnage all around,

I sigh to taste one cooling breath
 Blown from the icy hills and sea ;
 Then welcome as a bride's to me
 Would be the gentle kiss of Death.

—◆—
 MARY IN HEAVEN.

AYR, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green.
 BURNS.

—◆—
 QUEEN GUINEVERE.

A MAN had given all other bliss,
 And all his worldly worth, for this,
 To waste his whole heart on one kiss
 Upon her perfect lips.
 TENNYSON.

—◆—
 THE PARTING.

THE trance gave way
 To those caresses, when a hundred times
 In that last kiss, which never was the last,
 Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died.
 TENNYSON.

—◆—
 THE POET'S FOOD.

NOR seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.
 SHELLEY.

—◆—
 SLEEP.

SLEEP, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
 Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.
 SHELLEY.

THE KISS IN ENIGMA.

I AM just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
 And the parent of numbers that cannot be told ;
 I am lawful, unlawful,—a duty, a fault ;
 I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought ;
 An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
 And yielded with pleasure—when taken by force.*

COWPER.



A LADY gave a gift, which she had not,
 And I received her gift, which I took not ;
 She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not ;
 And I received it, albeit I could not ;
 If she gives it me, I force not,
 And if she takes it again, she cares not.
 Construe what this is, and tell not ;
 For I am fast sworn, I may not.

WYATT.



A LADY once did ask of me
 This pretty thing in privity :
 Good sir, quoth she, fain would I crave
 One thing which you yourself not have ;
 Nor never had yet in times past,
 Nor never shall while life doth last ;

* This riddle was originally published in the "Gentleman's Magazine." A correspondent furnished the following answer :

"A riddle by Cowper
 Made me swear like a trooper ;
 But my anger, alas ! was in vain ;
 For, remembering the bliss
 Of beauty's soft kiss,
 I now long for such riddles again."

And if you seek to find it out,
 You lose your labor out of doubt.
 Yet, if you love me as you say,
 Then give it me, for sure you may.

—◆—
 GASCOIGNE.

THE instant I'm born, though my frame is quite weak,
 Most wondrous to utter, I smartly can speak ;
 My parents are pleased, and greatly rejoice,
 And seem quite enraptured to hear my sweet voice ;
 But short, ah ! too short is the time that I stay,
 For when I've done speaking I languish away ;
 Yet this to my parents but seldom gives pain,
 For they with a touch can call life back again !
 Now all ye fair girls, and ye cheerful young swains,
 Come search for my name and take me for your pains.

—◆—
 WHAT part of speech is a kiss?—A conjunction.

—
 WHAT is the shape of a kiss?—A-lip-tickle.

—
 WHY is a kiss like a sermon?—Because it requires, at least, two heads and an application.

—
 WHY is a kiss like a rumor?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

—
 WHEN is a man like a spoon?—When he touches a lady's lips without kissing them.

—
 WHEN are kisses sweetest?—When *syrup*-titiously obtained.

—
 WHY are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity?—Because they are doing to each other as they would men should do unto them.

PROVERBS AND PROVERBIAL PHRASES.

KISSING goes by favor. —

IF you can kiss the mistress, never kiss the maid. —

MANY kiss the child for the nurse's sake. —

SHE would rather kiss than spin. —

BETTER kiss a knave than be troubled with him. —

HE that kisseth his wife in the market-place shall have enough to teach him. —

TO kiss a man's wife, or wipe his knife, is but a thankless office. —

KISSES are the messengers of love. —

KISS and be friends. —

NONE kitheth like the lithping lath (lass). —

THERE'S something in a kiss that never comes amiss. —

STOLEN kisses are sweet. —

KISSING is the prologue to sin.

KISSING is lip-service.

As easy as kiss your hand.

KISSES are the interrogation-points in the literature of love.

A SWEETMEAT which satisfies the hunger of the heart.

CHERRIES kiss as they grow.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A KISS from my mother made me a painter.

BENJAMIN WEST.

I CAME to feel how far above all fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood, all earthly pleasure, all imagined good, was the warm tremble of a devout kiss.

KEATS.

It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved—is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.

LANDOR.

THE fragrant infancy of opening flowers flowed to my senses in that opening kiss.

SOUTHERN.

KISSES are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near.

GEORGE VILLIERS.

THE first lesson which the infant is taught is to kiss ; it is at once the language of infancy and the currency of childhood. The little passionless face as it rests upon its mother's bosom is moulded into smiles by a kiss, and thus by love's fruit sweet echo is produced. Who shall tell the mystery, the deep love and earnestness, the quiet joy, the proud hope, of a mother's kiss? and what brow or cheek of all that have gone forth into the wide, wide world, but wears this heavenly jewel, as imperishable as the glance of a diamond?

—◆—

LIKE Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

LONGFELLOW.

—◆—

PANT on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed ;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.

POPE.

—◆—

THE gilliflower, the rose, is not so sweet
As sugared kisses be when lovers meet.

BURTON.

—◆—

KISSES are like creation, because they are made out of
nothing and are very good.

SAM SLICK.

—◆—

HE hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

SHIRLEY.

You may conquer with the sword, but you are con-
quered by a kiss.

HEINSIUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says a kiss is "the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet,—the love-labial which it takes two to speak plainly."

I PUT my lips to the panel of the door, as a kiss for my dear, and came quietly down again, thinking that one of these days I would confess to the visit.

DICKENS.

I PICTURE you to myself as my hand glides over the paper. I think I see you, as you look on these words, and envy them the gaze of those dark eyes. Press your lips to the paper. Do you feel the kiss that I leave there?

BULWER-LYTTON.

HE, from his very birth, cut off from the social ties of blood,—no mother's kiss to reward the toils, or gladden the sports, of childhood,—no father's cheering word up the steep hill of man.

BULWER-LYTTON.

MANY a man and woman has been incensed and worshiped, and has shown no more feeling than is to be expected from idols. There is yonder statue in St. Peter's, of which the toe is worn away with kisses, and which sits, and will sit eternally, prim and cold.

THACKERAY.

Now let me say good-night, and so say you :
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.

SHAKSPEARE.

INDEX.

THE KISS IN HISTORY.

- Diversities in the Bible*, 10.
Freaks and Phases of Local Custom, 56.
Arabian Salutation, 78.
Blarney Stone, 68.
Custom of Kissing Hands, 61.
Dangerous Game, 89.
Detective Utility, 92.
French Cheapening and Degeneracy, 74.
Husking-Frolics, 83.
Kiss for a Vote, 73.
Kiss-me-quick, 83.
Kiss of Peace, 56.
Kissing Dances, 74.
Kissing Hands in Austria, 76.
Kissing in China, 80.
Kissing the Pope's Toe, 70.
Latter-day Kiss of Peace, 91.
National Differences, 92.
New-Year's Day in New Amsterdam, 81.
New York Drummer's Predicament, 88.
Old Roman Code, 79.
Paraguayan Compulsion, 87.
Pompeian Tokens, 77.
Question of Taste, 90.
Royal Feet-Washing and Kissing, 58.
Taking Toll at the Bridge, 84.
Templar Interdiction, 77.
Under the Mistletoe, 63.
Wedding Ceremony in Turkey, 79.
Kiss Imprimis, 9.
Memorable Kisses, 41.
Significance among the Hebrews, 9.
Traces in English History, 33.

THE KISS IN POETRY.

- Anacreontic, 100.
Blooming Nelly, 101.
Bonnie Peggy Alison, 103.
Cock and Fox, 99.
Consecration, 115.
Dinna kiss afore Folk, 104.
Dinner and a Kiss, 112.
Don Juan and Haidee, 104.
First Kiss of Love, 105.
Five Twices, 126.
Give me Kisses, 111.
Glove, The, 95.
Hint, A, 113.
How it happened, 118.
In Ambush, 119.
Ines sent a Kiss to me, 97.
Julia's Kiss, 107.
Kiss, A, 126.
Kiss at the Door, 125.
Kiss, The, 95.
Kiss, The, 108.
Kiss, The, A Dialogue, 93.
Kisses, 110.
Kisses To-Day, 114.
Landlady's Daughter, 101.
Long Branch Episode, 120.
Nursery Rhymes, 128.
Parting Kiss, The, 96.
Platonic Kisses, 116.
Rhapsodies, 130.
Siren's Song, 94.
Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss, 93.
Teacher and Pupil, 106.
Thine at Last, 106.
Three Kisses, 121.
Throwing Kisses, 114.
To a Child embracing his Mother, 109.
To a Lady on her translation of Voiture's Kiss, 108.

THE KISS IN POETRY (*continued*).

- To Charis, 96.
 To my Love, 112.
 Too Old for Kisses, 123.
 Under the Rose, 115.
 Wandering Knight's Song, 98.
 Wedding Song, 124.
 Yielding to Temptation, 97.
Basia of Johannes Secundus, 170.
Excerpts from the Poets, 132.
Extracts from the Old Ballads, 153.
Humors of Verse, 158.
 Ancient Spanish Lyric, 168.
 Auld Wife, 160.
 Ballad of the Oysterman, 167.
 Beware of Paint, 164.
 Broken Pitcher, 168.
 Caprice, 161.
 Carlo and Sally, 161.
 Dance about the Maypole, 159.
 Delia's Handkerchief, 162.
 Dumbarton's Drums, 163.
 Kissing no Sin, 160.
 Kissing the Rod, 162.
 King Keder, 161.
 Mock Heroics, 158.
 Noses, 164.
 On refusing Angeline a Kiss, 158.
 Publican's Daughter, 162.
 Robin Goodfellow, 163.
 Shadows, The, 165.
 Smack in School, 166.
 Souter and his Sow, 160.

THE KISS IN DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

- Selections from Shakespeare*, 191.
 Alfieri, 221.
 Beaumont and Fletcher, 212.
 Ben Jonson, 209.
 Browning, Mrs., 223.
 Bulwer-Lytton, 221.
 Dryden, 219.
 Ford, 217.
 Goethe, 221.
 Goldsmith, 219.
 Heywood, 218.
 Knowles, 220.
 Lansdowne; 219.
 Lilly, 214.
 Longfellow, 221.
 Marlowe, 215.

THE KISS IN DRAMATIC LITERATURE (*continued*).

- Marston, 215.
 Massinger, 216.
 Mitford, 223.
 Otway, 219.
 Procter, 223.
 Schiller, 220.
 Shirley, 218.
 Talfourd, 222.
 Tennyson, 224.

THE KISS IN FICTION.

- Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Novels*, 225.
 Selections from Richardson, Mrs. Behn, Jane Porter, Thackeray, Dickens, Victor Hugo, Reade, Mühlbach, W. Scott, Hawthorne, Kingsley, Zschokke, Brontë, Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, Warren, and others, 225.

THE KISS IN HUMOROUS STORY AND ANECDOTE.

- All-embracing Inclusion, 295.
 Amorous Western Youth, 281.
 Awakening, The, 291.
 Baffled Courtier, 286.
 Clergyman's Joke, A, 288.
 Early Discrimination, 285.
 Father Tom and the Pope, 273.
 First Kiss, The, 293.
 Jean Paul's Schoolboy Experience, 292.
 Kissing the Feet, 294.
 Kiss in the Dark, 296.
 Let me Kiss him for his Mother, 290.
 Love in a Street-Car, 282.
 Student of Upsala, 276.
 Sudden Attachment, 284.
 Taking Toll, 283.
 Thankful Spirit, A, 287.
 Tunnel Stories, 278.
Budget of Facetiæ, 299.
Prenticeana, 318.

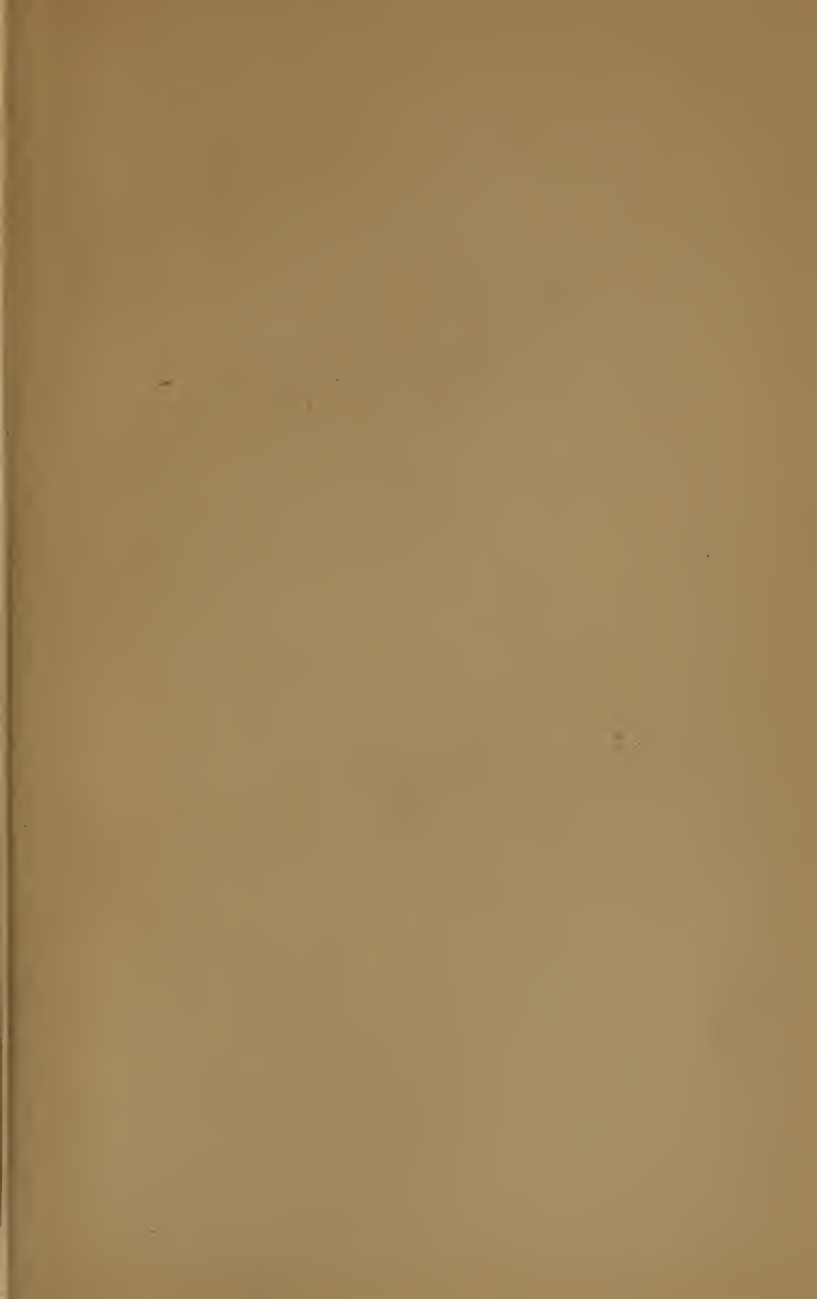
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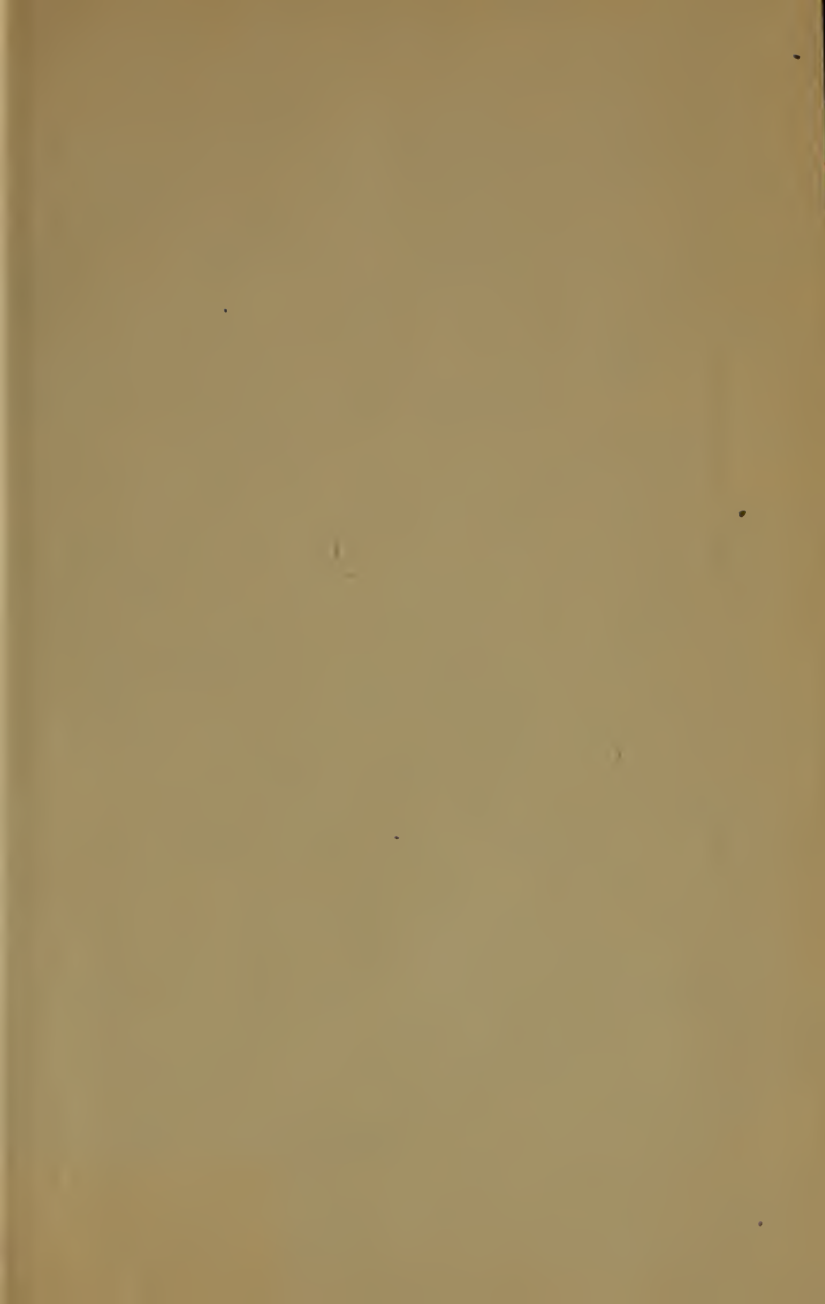
- Qualitative Analysis*, 321.
 Composition of a Kiss, 324.
 Philosophy of Kissing, 322.

- MISCELLANEOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS (*continued*).
- Science of Kissing, 322.
 Sound of a Kiss, 324.
The Dangerous Side, 326.
 Legal View, 326.
 Medical View, 331.
The Sorrowful Side, 339.
 After the Ball, 341.
 After the Wedding, 342.
 Barbara, 351.
 Chevy-Chase, 345.
 Consumption, 351.
 Death of an Infant, 350.
 Death of a Friend's Child, 351.
 Dying Injunction, 347.
 Earl March's Daughter, 346.
 Enoch Arden, 349.
 Evangeline, 350.
 Exiles, The, 348.
 Faithful unto Death, 347.
 Highland Mary, 351.
 I want to find my Papa, 352.
 Jephthah's Daughter, 349.
 King of France's Daughter, 346.
 Last Observance, 348.
 Margaret, 339.
 Ænone, 349.
 Old Love, The, 345.
 Orate hic pro me, 348.
 Over the Starry Way, 350.
 Penalty of Harshness, 353.
 Quarrel and Reconciliation, 350.
 Virginia, 353.
 Welcome Home, 341.
The Treacherous Side, 333.
 Algerine Revenge, 335.
 All for Show, 336.
 Artifice, 339.
 Conspiracy against Edward II., 338.
 Cupid's Wiles, 339.
 Descent from the Tree, 337.
 Fabulla, 336.
 False Lady, 337.
 Gay Deceiver, 338.
 Judas Kiss, 334.
 Kiss Fuliginous, 336.
 Lady Bothwell's Lament, 338.
 Lures of the Enchantress, 339.
 Madame de Staël's Hypocrisy, 333.
- MISCELLANEOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS (*continued*).
- Perjury, 338.
 Wife's Infidelity, 334.
 Woman, 337.
The Kiss in Enigma, 373.
The Kiss in Epigram, 356.
 Ancient Maiden's Lament, 358.
 Bianca's Dream, 360.
 Casuistry, 356.
 Declining a Kiss, 359.
 Difference, The, 356.
 Difference, The, 362.
 Disappointment, The, 359.
 Earliest Recollection, 359.
 Foolish Robin, 357.
 Forgiveness, 363.
 Honey-Moon, The, 361.
 Inventor of Kissing, 363.
 Lady Stung by a Bee, 364.
 Modesty, 356.
 Moustaches, 358.
 No Doubt of It, 361.
 Non-Computation, 360.
 Painted Lady in Olden Time, 364.
 Printer's Kisses, 357.
 Reason Why, 362.
 Rebus, A, 361.
 Rights of Men, 363.
 Sealing an Oath, 358.
 Source of Life and Death, 364.
 Stakes, The, 358.
 Stolen Kisses, 362.
 Tulips and Roses, 357.
The Kiss in Metaphor, 365.
 Autumn, 366.
 Crimson Sunset, 367.
 Evening Wind, 366.
 From Anacreon, 369.
 From Philaster, 371.
 From Plato, 370.
 From The Dying Soldier, 371.
 From The Lover's Creed, 370.
 From The Psalms, 368.
 From The Traitor, 371.
 Gentlest of My Friends, 371.
 Growing Corn, 368.
 Light from the Tomb, 367.
 Light-house, The, 368.
 Love's Philosophy, 369.
 Mary in Heaven, 372.
 Moon-beam, The, 367.
 Morning Song, 365.

<p>MISCELLANEOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS (<i>continued</i>).</p> <p>Nature's Ministrations, 370. Paraphrase, 368. Parting, The, 372. Poet's Food, 372. Queen Guinevere, 372. Released Captive, 371. Sleep, 372. Spring, 365.</p>	<p>MISCELLANEOUS ASPECTS AND RELATIONS (<i>continued</i>).</p> <p>Spring Flowers, 365. Spring Song, 366. Sunrise on the Hills, 365. Time and Tide, 367. To Celia, 369. Violets, The, 366. <i>The Kiss in Proverbs</i>, 375. <i>Gems of Thought</i>, 376.</p>
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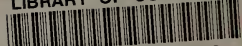
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