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POEMS, BALLADS, AND BUCOLICS.



POEMS, BALLADS,  
AND BUCOLICS.

BY

H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A.

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1890.





PR  
5209  
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1890

TO  
PHILLIPS BROOKS,  
OF BOSTON, U.S.A.,  
IN MEMORY OF A DAY AT CROSTHWAITE,  
AND WITH GRATITUDE FOR ALL HE HAS DONE FOR  
THE RELIGIOUS THOUGHT OF ENGLAND;  
AND TO THOSE OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS WHO  
REMEMBER THAT THEIR FOREFATHERS  
SAILED FROM LINCOLNSHIRE,  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

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## P R E F A C E.

SOME of these poems have appeared in contemporary periodicals. The Ballads, for the most part, record heroic deeds done in Great Britain and America during the past few years. The Bucolics are sketches from real life in Lincolnshire. The language of these latter has been made familiar by the poet Laureate. Those who find alterations in the diction will remember that changes have taken place in the dialect within the past fifty years. In a few instances variations in the spelling of the same word have been admitted because both forms are met with, in others the usual way of spelling has been adopted, *e.g.*, "graws" for "groäs." The "o" before an "i," wherever met with, should be pronounced very softly; it serves generally to give a broad sound to the "i," as in "squire," "toime." Sometimes the "o" has been omitted for fear of over emphasis in pronunciation, this especially when the "oi" precedes a "k," as in the word "loike," and when the word is a rhyming word at the end of a line. The "s" of the possessive case has also been at times purposely left out from the word "it." Readers of dialect will bear in mind that the dialect herein spoken, and the folk-lore alluded to, are those of the old Danish colony whose children live between Horncastle, Louth, and Boston.

H. D. R.

CROSTHWAITE VICARAGE,  
KESWICK.



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## INTRODUCTORY.

HERE are ballads ! who will buy ?  
Not on dainty shelves to lie,  
But for pockets plain enough,  
Honest homespun in the rough ;  
Fit for lord or labourer's hand,  
Up in rocky Cumberland,  
Fit for villager and squire,  
Down in breezy Lincolnshire ;  
Food for all who bring a heart  
Bent upon the nobler part,  
And an eye to which the tear  
Springs, while laughter ripples near.

## THE POET'S HOME-GOING.

“ I shall soon depart for Venice on my way homeward.”<sup>1</sup>

HIS heart was where the summer ever shines,  
 He saw the English swallow eastward come,  
 And still among the olives and the vines,  
 Or underneath the dark sun-scented pines  
 Of Asolo, he hummed his latest lines,  
 And bade his white-winged songs go flying home.

Then when the red sails round by Lido came  
 To rest, and vacant now the gondolier  
 Beneath the Lion and those masts aflame  
 Lounged, bickering o'er his boy's piazza-game,  
 One darker boat came quaywards, called his name,  
 And straight toward the sunset seemed to steer.

<sup>1</sup> Extract from a letter of Browning's to a friend written from Asolo a few weeks before his death.—Cf. *The Athenæum*, Jan. 4th,

High at the prow a Lion ramped, pure gold ;  
Pure gold and with the lily in her hand  
The Maid, whose virgin arms did once enfold  
The world's Salvation, leaned to bless the hold,  
And smiled on him whose music had extolled  
The Lion and the Lily of the land.

His face was pale, but not with fear nor pain,  
His hand still held the harp ; I heard his voice  
Come ringing with a new majestic strain,  
Rememberable music : through the rain  
Of tears I saw across the water-plain  
His eyes were towards the Florence of his choice.

And up into the lordly Palace Hall  
Those strangers passed who called him to the shore,  
And o'er one sleeping did they lay for pall  
Italia's love and England's loss, and all  
Cried, "He whose spirit the Heaven from Earth doth call,  
Freed men, and lo, is freed for evermore."

"Free as the stars to rush upon the dark ;  
Free as the dawn to rise above the sea ;  
Free as the flood to feel its highest mark

On this Rialto ; free from care or cark ;  
Free as the heart of yonder dwindling bark  
    To touch all havens where the blest ones be."

" But freed the most to find his being whole,  
    ' The broken arc, in Heaven a perfect round ' ;  
Free with the freedom of that kindred soul  
Whose love and life through all the under-roll  
Of sorrowful dark, has kept him to the goal,  
    And free to utter his full self in sound."

Then with those strangers silently we went,  
    Pushed from the steps, left Venice flaming bright  
Above her sunset waters ; backward bent  
Towers shook, so swift astern the waves were sent  
Domes danced, and back the harp's accompaniment  
    Came with his voice to call us toward the night.

And other voices called, for other prows  
    Pushed after, gorgeous, sweet for myrtle flowers,  
With long-robed men therein, upon whose brows  
Were caps of honour such as he who knows  
Bellini's Doge can tell of, men of vows  
    By their tight lips, the men who built the towers.

And strange-clad legates, cardinals of Rome,  
Painters, and music-makers of old time,  
Not great in fame, but greater to have come  
To life through struggle ; and with these were some  
Ladies with lustrous hair above the dome  
Of perfect foreheads, moulders of men's rhyme.

These wept ; those cried, "To what far island steers  
The boat that bears our poet-soul away ?  
We built the city, but his glory rears  
Anew the walls, eternal as the years ;  
We took the sea to marriage, but he wears  
The ring that weds our Venice. Let him stay !"

The voices failed, night fell, the harp was still,  
A new star rose to shine upon our way ;  
We scarce could hear that far-off planet's thrill,  
Yet the bright jewel burned, and burned to fill  
The dusk with music. "Death can no more kill,"  
The constellation seemed in song to say.

Then the stars paled, yet paled not that bright star,  
But grew : the grey sea heaved from dusk to gold,  
And sailing we were ware of hills afar—

The amethystine hills where angels are—  
That rose from burnished calm no tempests mar  
To skies of peace that never can grow old.

The earth seemed fairer than the fairest day  
Seen by a bridegroom on his marriage morn,  
For love and life did haunt those hills always,  
And aspiration that would still essay  
Climbed up those heights by God's directest way  
To find One seated there of woman born.

These were the hills we knew," the pilot said,  
"Yet shoreward now no angry breakers roll ;  
The bay is more magnificently spread,  
To rosier height rears up yon mountain head,  
Such hills as in the 'Heavenly Song' are read,  
The gardens of the glory of the soul."

We neared the land, and multitudes foreknew  
His coming, waved a forestry of palm.  
The Singer's face most like an angel grew,  
Far off we saw what fires rekindled flew  
Forth from his eyes, as near the vessel drew,  
And o'er the waves to meet us came a Psalm—



“ O girder of Truth’s sword upon men’s thigh,  
And looser of men’s fear for mortal harm,  
If but they leave their castles to the sky,  
And go forth dauntless when the foe draws nigh,  
Thine was the clarion call to victory  
Against the world’s inevitable swarm ! ”

They clanged the harps, the Singer stepped ashore :  
“ For you, for you,” they cried, “ we waited long ! ”  
One brought a golden orb, another bore  
The crown that cannot wither ; one before  
Went with a trumpet, saying, “ Evermore  
Shall this our brother gladden us with song ! ”

Then as the Singer’s forehead felt the crown,  
Thoughts that had long time struggled into birth  
Took form melodious, wonderful, full-grown,  
And many souls came near to him half-known,  
Souls strong through loss and loving like his own,  
Friends of his mind and making upon earth.

On either side to let him forward move  
The gracious congregation did divide ;  
But those clear eyes that flashed for joy to prove

The bliss of recognition, seemed to rove,  
As looking for fulfilment of all love,  
As yearning still, and still unsatisfied.

There might I see how many a great one came  
And asked of Venice. Blithe Carpaccio  
The laugher ; he who left undying name  
High on Euganean hills ; that queenly Dame  
On whom the Doges wrought their deed of shame,  
Dethroned in Cyprus, throned in Asolo.

And there young Shelley, spoken with at last,  
Moved towards him ; fiery, tender Tintoret,  
With strong Bellini : there no more downcast  
Nor exiled, Dante ; and great Goethe passed  
To welcome, with that bard from England last,  
His dark hair with the dews of Isis wet.

With these was one, the Grecian, he whose song  
Rang round the quarry walls of Syracuse  
And gave the slave his freedom from the thong  
And chain and noon-tide prison-toil among  
Hot cliffs ; and fair Colonna joined the throng,  
With her, made pure of heart, the Lesbian Muse.

And towards him, bowing low, Cellini led  
    Brave Palissy the Potter; 'neath his bar  
Of brow stared Angelo, the whiles he read  
The comer ; looked Galuppi, he who wed  
The viol ; Galileo bent his head,  
    And Newton with the secret of a star.

And Burns was there ; and Keats who spake of Rome ;  
    And Byron, half ashamed for thoughts to rise  
Of Venice ; Coleridge, but how changed, had come  
And Southey, glad for his regathered home,  
And full of blossomed knowledge, from his dome  
    Of curls looked close with penetrative eyes.

And Milton did no sightless eyeball raise,  
    Familiar with Heaven's light above his peers ;  
Therewith walked one who strove not for the bays,  
Nor felt the inalienable lust of praise,  
Contented with one measure all his days,  
    Loved of our Laureate, prince of sonneteers.

Two stood with stars about them—men who sang  
    Of that far home of freedom in the West ;  
And one who asked of France—how lilies sprang ?

How olives flourished? then I heard a clang  
Of Tuscan lutes, and from the midst there rang  
Rossetti's voice in welcome to the guest.

But most the Singer seemed with awe to scan  
One with a forehead god-like, whom they call,  
Yea even in Heaven the chief, our "Avon swan"—  
He gazed. Gazed Lionardo, and the man  
Who felt Ferrara's bonds, and Titian,  
Held with large eyes the new-come guest in thrall.

And Chaucer, fresh as an eternal spring,  
Came through the crowd to claim him of his band;  
And Wordsworth, head and shoulders as a king  
Above the souls who found life—Heaven's great thing  
To be Earth's greatest, gave him welcoming,  
And towards the throne went forward hand in hand.

So up and on to perfect happiness,  
With perfect power, toward the fountains clear  
Of thought and hope, and love and faithfulness,  
That pour in music through the clouds to bless  
Our labouring planet, did these spirits press  
Harmonious, saying things that angels hear.

And glad to go, to stay half resolute  
For loveliness, they led him. Roses chief  
With lilies lit the way ; like flames did shoot  
Gold cypress trees ; there grew the mandrake root  
To harmless blossom ; thistles bare sweet fruit,  
And spiny thorns had burgeoned into leaf.

There most was perfect the fulfilled desire  
Of all they are, who in pure love find all.  
But still the Singer cried, "Our souls aspire,  
And bright before us burns th' unquenched fire,  
And up on eagles' wings that cannot tire  
We go to greet the highest that doth call."

"And I, even here, one angel voice would find,  
Not changed in tone, yet fuller than of yore.  
Oh, could mine eyes behold her, she whose mind  
Was mirror of God's being to me blind  
Who smote my harp in darkness, she who twined  
The cords of loss that brought me to this  
shore !"

E'en as he spake, with amaranth on her brow,  
And all the long upgathered love of years,

Came one whose eyes from distance seemed to know  
Her bliss his perfect glory ; with such glow  
Souls met and mingled, the sad Earth below  
Felt the far joy in Heaven, and ceased from tears.

## GRAND-DAD'S ANNIE, DEAD.

HEAVY strooäk of th' Lord, wur that when Annie wur  
toök !

I'd amoäst a mind to quar'l and speäk reight oop to His  
faäce ;

Sich a luvvable creater, sich a hand at her boök,

So gev' hoaver to meä, and grawing at sich a paäce !

And fur all I wur Clerk in th' Choorch, at the sarvice theer  
i' "the yard,"

When we coomed to hap her oop, where the graäves  
loöks hoaver the Fen,

Tho' I nivver gev' waäy i' my life at funeral times, 'twas  
hard,

And loomps got stuck i' my throät and I muddled and  
messed "Amen."

Yon's her graäve i' the middle, I've setten it round wi'  
traäys ;<sup>1</sup>

“ Man cometh up like a flower,” that's nivver noä reason  
why

“ The beasts of the forest ” should ramp o'er the mounds  
fur theer meät and graäze [lie.

Theer, wheer the flowers of men, God's tenderest gresses

And reg'lar as Saturday night brings Sunday near, i' th'  
laäne

The children gether th' flowers howr Annie luvved best  
of all,

And dress her owt nisht fur the Sunday, wi' a daäsy-  
buttercup chaäin,

And talk at the graäve, and tell her they've browt her a  
cowslip ball.

Fur Annie was noorse you might call her to ivvery bairn i'  
th' school,

Not very sizeable neäther to hug 'em abowt as she did.  
She'd help 'em all round wi' their reädin' and 'rithmetic  
summing rule,

And doctor theer cloäs in th' plaäy-time an' all with her  
neeädle and thrid.

<sup>1</sup> Hurdles.



Aw sich a gell at her thimble, we've got the last frock as  
she had,

She'd beän at hivvery hinch of the Winsey-Kersey-mere,  
Lappeted threeä times thruff, and darned was it nivver so  
bad,

Fur Annie, she couldn't abide the deariest <sup>1</sup> bit of a tear.

Theer's howr Luce, bad lass, as seems quoite t'other waäy  
bred,

Rags to her back, and rags to her skirts, and rags to her  
feeät ;

And Annie last daäy as she sat i' her reight mind oop in  
her bed,

She tailored awaäy at Luce to maäke her respectable neät.

Well she was took quoite sudden, "confixion" theer in the  
braäin;

Squire's oän son died on it ; it's quoite a quolity ill,  
I fun it owt i' a boök as maäkes things sensible plaäin,  
It's humours as rises oop fro' the body, and sewer to kill.

Toök upo' Monday morn and died Good Friday at seven.

I'm glad she went that daäy, it's a great daäy still wi'  
the Lord,

<sup>1</sup> Least.

It's a daäy when I think He must leän and look fro' the  
gaäte of Heaven,

To welcome the least as 'ull coom wi' a child's oän trust  
on His word.

Well, howivver, she coömed fro' school, at teä she was hoff  
of her feeäd,

But down i' the floor she went ascrubbin' awaäy like owt ;  
And we sed, "She's lit i' her stummick on summat as  
hesn't agreeäd";

"If the lass nobbut keeäps of her legs she'll be better  
to-morrow," we thowt.

But nivver noä sleep that night : wi' her sum, and her  
pencil and slaäte,

As busy as beas she wur, and her head rampageously  
wild ;

And now she would be fur mendin' of Luce or Lizzy or  
Kaäte,

And setten 'em off fur school like a muther, the poor  
little child.

But before the birds was awaäke she crep to question the  
clock,

And down at her time she went, fur Grand-dad's toäst  
an' his teä ;  
And oop she coomed for to put the frill to her Eäster  
frock,  
Poor bairn, fur an Eäster mornin' she nivver should live  
to seeä.

But we coäxed her into her bed, and she coäxed hersén  
oop as fast,  
She would hev' the clogs she 'ed bowt, setten close to her  
heäd i' the chair ;  
And she shaäked all the pence fro' the box she 'ed saäved  
the six months past,  
Fur to git howr Luce, ageän Eäster, just sich another  
pair.

She was quoite disturbed i' her mind fur meä. "Next  
Sunday at Choorch  
It's Eäster Sunday, Grand-dad, thou must hev' summat  
new on, tha knoäs ;  
Fur the rooks upon Eäster Sunday 'ull be watchin' whoäle  
waäy to the poorch,  
And if ivver they seeä "Rag-Jack" they maäke sad  
work of his cloas."

And I sed, "Well bairn, work's bad, and I can't go gentle-  
man-fine,

But I'll promise I'll wear summat new, and that thou'lt  
niver guess :

It's a pair of Tar-marl garters—tar-marl, you may call it  
twine,"

And she laughed, did Annie, right owt to think of my  
Eäster dress.

But she laäy till Thursday mornin', agrawin' from wuss to  
wuss,

And we went fur the doctor twice, he wur busy, he  
cudn't coam ;

And parson's wife stepped in, and she sent a widder to  
nuss,

And doctor he popped in laäte, and he sez, "She's agooin'  
hoam."

I went cleän bet to my work, I broäk my favourite plaäne,  
I mashed my fingers to bits wi' missiu' the naäils I  
druvv :

Fur I didn't expec' to seeä owr Annie alive agaäin,

And a Gran'-dad's heart may be owd, but a Gran'-dad's  
heart can luvv.

And she slep, and slep, and slep, and her faäce like an  
aängel shone ;

But wonce, upo' Friday mornin', she called fur a neeädle  
and threäd,

Stitched awaäy till the work as the Lord had gi'en 'er wur  
done,

And then laäy back wi' a smile, and grand-dad's Annie  
wur deäd.

## A WELCOME TO STANLEY.

How shall we bring the weary traveller home ?  
 Not with the roll of drum and trumpet's blare  
     Nor pomp of indefatigable bells,  
     For he has said so many sad farewells.  
 He comes not flushed from war, but worn with care ;  
 He went not forth to conquer but to save ;  
     And though from half a world he hath removed  
     The cloud of death and darkness, those he loved  
 Lie far in some unvisitable grave :  
 Wherefore let England now go forth to meet him  
     With hands outstretched, and silent—eye to eye,  
     Because the heart is full and tears are by.  
 So let our England greet him,  
 And bring the long lost weary wanderer home.

But let the harp in tender accent ring !  
     For he was nursed among the woods and vales

That never have forgot the bardic days,  
Since Kentigern, the exile, to God's praise  
Poured out the psalm upon the hills of Wales.  
And haply he, the little shepherd, strolled  
By Elgy's stream that nourished Asa's care—  
His hall of learning and his home of prayer.

<sup>1</sup> Who knows how much of those stout hearts of old  
Breathed from the ground, and made the child the  
man

Fearless, unflinching, feeling Heaven could bend  
Its purpose to th' inalienable end  
Of resolution's plan.

Wherefore the harp in tender tone shall ring.

Bid East and West go meet him at the shore !

Morn, noon, or night ! for he hath mighty friends !

The sun his mate in tropic lands was made,

And for the woe of that weird forest's shade

On him the daystar lovingly attends.

Or, if he come at midnight's silver noon,

His hair as white as Dian's, she will throw

Upon his head the glory of her snow,

<sup>1</sup> H. M. Stanley, born near Denbigh, was educated in a school at St. Asaph.

The magic of the mountains of the moon.

But should he homeward steer when for his rest

The dark falls down above the sunset bars,

Behold, for him wide Heaven shall light her stars,

A welcome from the West.

So let the nations meet him at the shore.

Lo, spirit guests the wanderer homeward bring

Unnumbered, known and visible to God,

Friends dark of skin with large pathetic eyes

And faith to follow still to paradise,

Who died but never disobeyed his nod.

He too, the daring soldier <sup>1</sup> left alone

To eat his heart out in enforced delay

Till the Manyema's hand was stretched to slay,

And his adventurous spirit journeyed on :

Nor least the gentle Exile <sup>2</sup> pale with pain,

For whom Abdullah's son the Mahdi yearned,

Led by a daughter's hand and safe returned :

These come across the Main,

The hero home with gratitude to bring.

And with them stand the mighty travellers dead,

Whether with hope undaunted they set forth

<sup>1</sup> Major Barttelot.

<sup>2</sup> Emin Pasha.



O'er pathless seas or roamed a trackless shore,  
Faced the Equator, heard the icebergs roar  
And plunge in the inhospitable North :  
With high congratulation lo they move  
And meet him ; they who reached a brother's hand  
To those who wandered lost by sea or land,  
And brought them solace of their nation's love.  
There too, with Afric writ upon his heart,  
The breaker of the yoke from off the slave  
Comes from long rest in yonder Abbey nave  
To bear a welcoming part,  
And stands, great ghost, among the mighty dead.

Shall they not greet those comrades tried and true,  
Whose hearts were swift as arrows in their will  
And bold as lions for the desperate fray ?  
Witness the rout of that momentous day  
When Mazamboni's drums from hill to hill  
Sounded for war :—<sup>1</sup> one, wan and maimed of foot,  
Who watched the sick and famished pine and die  
In Ugarrowa's toils and treachery ;  
And <sup>2</sup> one who sought in vain the manioc root  
To save the ten he strove for ; <sup>3</sup> one whose eye  
<sup>1</sup> Captain Nelson.    <sup>2</sup> Mr. Bonney.    <sup>3</sup> Mr. Jephson.

So nearly saw the Mahdi's spears of flame  
 Close round ; one<sup>1</sup> skilled and brave fierce death  
 to tame ;

One<sup>2</sup> wounded like to die ;

These England greets, his comrades—tried and true.

Then, while the soft harp sounds, let voices praise

The wonder of a heart whose cords are steel,

Within whose adamant casket stored

'Bides the sure oath that keeps the solemn word ;

A heart of flint that still like man can feel,

But holds such secret fires within enshrined

That danger doth but make its darkness light

With dazzling courage, woe and want's despite

Seem but the natural fuel of its mind ;

A heart whose judgment, like a strong man armed,

Leaps to the gate when others quail and fear,

Whose eyes, through all perplexity, see clear—

Whose life is trebly charmed.

So the heart's wonder let the soft harp praise.

Next may the harper tell in changing tone

Of all those seven long wanderings in the land,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Parke.

<sup>2</sup> Lieut. Stairs.

Dread night avowed where light shall one day be ;  
The fierce equator known from sea to sea ;  
Peoples and tongues, unnumbered as the sand,  
That war and waste for ever, slay and burn ;  
Huge rivers rolling east and rolling west ;  
Vast inland oceans ; that white mountain's breast  
Whence Nilus gathers strength into his urn ;  
And that mysterious wood whose teeming womb  
Breeds dark perpetual mist of rain, and pours  
Atlantic clouds by Aruwimi's shores  
Above a weltering tomb.  
These let the harp tell forth in changing tone.

Sing sweetly, so the wanderer may forget  
The weary heartache of the thousand miles,  
The thrice re-travelled length of bitter road,  
Famine, and loss, and disappointment's load,  
The dwarf's dread arrow-flights, the wild men's  
wiles,  
That river of six nations and seven names  
Roaring in twilight underneath its wood,  
The cone shaped huts, the fierce confederate brood  
Of savage harpies that no glutting tames,  
The foodless interspace of dearth and death,

The maddening fever, ulcerous limbs and feet,  
The stupor of despair no hope could cheat,  
And then the last long breath.

These must the singer make him quite forget.

But most the forest memories all must fade.

The fearsome, fretful, forest, dank and deep, [plash,  
Whence venomous vapours rise, where rains down  
And scarce the elephant's head avails to crash  
Its way through coils of tangle, where foes creep  
Or stand like ruddy tree-stems, poise the spear  
In silence, flash and vanish; where the ground  
Reeks fever, and sharp pitfall barbs abound,  
If ever for the nonce the track show clear.  
Ah! who shall tell that forest's pitiless spite,  
The mournful booming of the foeman's drum,  
The death-like drowse of morn, the noontide's hum,  
The whispers of the night—

Yea, let the singer bid such memories fade.

But ring the harp, and let it bring to mind

How war-drums down the river ceased to boom,  
And sudden sunshine with transfiguring light  
Put swift the leaden-wingèd morn to flight

And burst the wood's impenetrable gloom  
With splendours unimagined. Then the trees,  
    White-stemmed as ivory pillars, rose from earth,  
    Ten thousand voices mingled in their mirth,  
And waving like a banner in the breeze  
Rich scarves flew o'er the river, wheeled and  
    burned  
    In rainbow lines; in multi-coloured droves  
    Rare butterflies toyed up and told their loves,  
And Paradise returned.  
Let the harp ring and bring these things to mind.

Nor shall the harper cease till he have told  
How when six moons had faded—scarcely seen  
    For that malignant woody vale that made  
    Day night, and night a deeper, deadlier shade—  
There rose a shout, and sunlight's marvellous sheen  
Lay on the mounded hills, and on the plain  
    Where grass was large and Mazamboni king:  
    And how the famished on the flocks did fling,  
And slew and ate, so strength was born again,  
Yea, and with strength, unconquerable zeal  
    To follow on through sunlight and through storm  
    Of spear and arrow, him of god-like form,

Who thus could sorrow heal.—

Let not the harper cease till this be told.

Then, while the song grows, gladdening all who hear,

Bid one December morn the joy recal,

When they who clomb, victorious, slope to slope,

Saw from their Pisgah hope beyond all hope—

Nyanza laid along Unyoro's wall,

And—like a serpent coiling—down below,

Semliki, with the sunlight on its breast,

While southward far with glory to the crest

Rose Ruwenzori's ridges swathed in snow.

Most let the harper with triumphant song

Sing of that hour supreme the saviour stood,

Above Nyanza's shallowy silver flood,

With him he sought for long.

So may the harp sound, gladdening all who hear.

Strike loud the harp ! and louder sing the lay !

Sing of the travellers' joy that swallowed pain,

Scatter the glow as wide as Nilus pours

Through those twin sister Lakes the fruitful stores

Of Afric's heart to mingle with the main,

For never soul did gladlier see the dawn,

Nor eyes with greater joyance scale the heights  
Than his, who saw the rosy morning lights  
Flash up the terraced slopes and forest-lawn,  
And fill the Heavens as with a magic boon  
Of some enchanted world's inconstant grace  
That came, like clouds from azure depths of  
space,  
Dissolved to cloud as soon.  
Strike the loud harp ! and loudly ring the lay.

Here shall the singer change awhile his song  
To tell of sorrow, and the Leader led  
Half way adown the hill whence none return :  
The anxious watching for the fires to burn,  
To coldness in the brain, and bring the dead  
Back to the living, all an April moon ;  
The faithful love that o'er the sick man bent,  
The faithless lust whose murderous intent  
Brought judgment at the breaking of the swoon ;  
Thence homeward thro' Ukanju's constant spring,  
And Usangora's tawny land of drouth,  
Beyond the waters gleaming in the south,  
The Salt Lake's crystal ring.  
These let the singer tell in changing song.

Louder and yet more loud the song may swell,  
For every dawn is nearer now to joy.  
The joyful sound of that familiar voice  
Sound of the sea-blue surges that rejoice  
Along the palm-girt beach of Bagamoy,  
And joy for that unutterable spell,  
Born of the wilderness, the call to prayer,  
When old sweet memories throb, and all our care  
Fades at the sovran bidding of a bell,  
When all the clouds of sorrow ever come  
Between the wanderer and his promised land  
Melt at the grasp of some warm-hearted hand  
That gives a welcome home.  
Loud sweep the harp let such song loudest swell.

Last let the harper sing in solemn tone,  
Unseen but felt the guardian spirit's hand  
That gently led, that firm impelled him on  
Till all the ways of safety had been won,  
From dawn to brightening dawn—the while his band  
Drave the dark hordes in half a hundred fights  
Along Semliki's vale of silver shine,  
Out-faced with brave but daily-minished line,  
Fierce heats, and withering cold upon the heights ;



The hand that brooked no bitterness of delay,  
That brought the exile from the snares and wile  
Of King and caitiffs, from the fount of Nile,  
And traitorous Wadelai.

So shall the harper sing in solemn tone.

And while the song has solemnized the soul,  
Let all the people standing on the shore  
Lift up their hands and voices in accord,  
To thank the great Deliverer, even the Lord  
Whose wings are stretched in mercy as of yore  
To guide the weary wanderer on his way,  
Whose wisdom still miraculously feeds,  
Sustains and guides, to light through darkness  
leads,

And for the night of anguish gives the day ;  
But most for those far purposes divine  
Of peace to all the warrior tribes that sit  
In pain and iron until love's lamp be lit,  
And God's true Mahdi shine.

That solemn sound shall sink into our soul.

But ah, how changed the hero steps ashore !  
Is this the man beside yon Abbey grave,

The strong stern man a moment woman-weak,  
Who dashed the tear of friendship from his  
    cheek  
When the great hymn went rolling down the nave?  
Not this the man I met in that weird place,  
    Where Egypt keeps her gods beside the Nile,  
    Who smiled back Sheik Ed Beled's sturdy smile  
And stared the royal Raamses in the face?  
This is not he whom England used to know,  
    Or he has searched the very heart of care.  
    He went forth strong, with silver in his hair,  
He comes as white as snow—  
Changed but unchanged, the hero steps ashore.

Therefore we bring the weary traveller home  
Not with the roll of drum and trumpet's blare,  
    Nor pomp of indefatigable bells,  
    For he has said so many sad farewells.  
He comes not flushed from war but worn with  
    care,  
He went not forth to conquer but to save,  
    And though from half a world he hath removed  
    The cloud of death and darkness, those he loved  
Lie far in some unvisitable grave.

Wherefore our England now goes forth to meet him  
With hands outstretched, and silent—eye to eye,  
Because her heart is full and tears are by,  
So does our England greet him,  
And brings the long lost weary wanderer home.

## THE OLD PARTNER GONE.

DEÄD, ay deäd, but I thowt

He was nivver a-gooin' to die ;  
 But he nivver not wanted for nowt  
 As long as the cloäs wur to dry.

Thoff he very gäin lost me the wash

From quolity oop at the Hall,  
 Fur I mowed Miss Hallus's sash  
 When his carpenter <sup>1</sup> coömed fur to call.

When the Vicarage laädies caäme

To ax after Ellerby's staäte,  
 D'ya think if he'd meä to blaäme  
 He wudn't ha' spoak owt sträight ?

Fur I sed, " Now Ellerby, saäy,

Hev I ivver waästed your dinner

<sup>1</sup> The coffin-maker.

Coom give me a character," "Naäy,"

He sed, "I've nowt agin her."

"And you hallus 'ed plenty to yeät,

And nivver went owt 'Rag-Jack' ;

And I nivver was one to cheät

My belly to put on my back?"

And he sed, "Not as I can mind."

"And you're quoit contented to goä ?

If the Lord wud leave you behind

Fur a bit you'd not hev it soä?"

He was stunt, soä I shook him i' bed ;

"Now give the young laädies your word" ;

And he sidled and noddod his head,

"He was quoit content with the Lord."

Oh yees, he was quoit content,

As a Christian 'ed ought to beä ;

And quoit lamb-quiet he went

At the last, when he went fro' meä.

I nivver not fetched him at night,

Tho' noä dowl in his beer he wur flighty ;

He warnt not a choorchman, but quoit  
Well-affected toward the Halmoighty.

He was offens a botheration,  
And my kneeäs they are still fur to rub ;  
Fur 'e cudn't remember my staätion  
Was downstairs along o' the tub.

But I nivver gev 'im a down-raätin',  
And wud goä oop iron i' hand,  
And tell him yung laädies wur waäitin'  
Fur frills he mud understand.

Sometimes his owd paäins they wud lighten,  
He'd hing hissen oaver a chair ;  
And lor how his faäce seemed to brighten,  
And he wrestlin' out sich a prayer.

And "Muther," he'd saäy, "I'm wi' Jesus" ;  
"That's just where I want you to beä,"  
I wud answer. The Saviour He seeäs us  
When two in His name do agreeä.

And I really do think that He'd secäd us,  
And knew that my back was nigh broak ;

Fur the haängel of Death caäme and freeäd us,  
When the Hall was a-fillin wi' fwoak.

And after a long daäy's washin',  
I'd gitten meä oop to bed,  
And I felt that the raäin was a-lashin',  
And silin in oaverhead,

Clear fit to drown boäth on us nearly,  
So I stirred and th' owd man stirred an' all ;  
And " Muther," he sed, " I feel queeärly,"  
And the clock bang'd twelve at the Hall.

The wind was a-shaäkin' the winders,  
The chimley was all in a moil,  
But I got to the kindlin' and cinders,  
And bellus'd the kettle to boil.

And I mashed him the teä, and I pour'd it,  
—Yon blue un's the very saäme cup—  
Noa milk, fur we cudn't afford it,  
And I puffed it fur him to sup.

And I reached to 'is owd lips the saucer :  
He sed nowt, but that wasn't straänge,

For he moastly sed nothink ; and lor, Sir !  
I seeäd i' a moament the chaänge.

Soä 'e went, it was awkard 'is goin',  
Fur dryin' daäy was soä near ;  
But the Lord I reckon is knowin'  
Reight times fur to call us oop theree.

And I wean't säy as I wur unwillin',  
Thoff cumpany's good at nights ;  
But the parish has stopped 'is two shillin'  
I hed, and shud still hev by rights.



## SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE.

IF, Lord, Thy hand to each a sum doth give  
 Of joy, take mine to be on others shed ;  
 And if Thou seekest vengeance, strike me dead—  
 So others live.

SISTER ROSE with the meek blue eye,  
 And the Dominic dress, and the milk-white hood,  
 You have long resolved, you have crossed the flood,  
 You have out-faced death, and the leper's ban,  
 For the glory of God and the love of man :  
 At least you can never die.

It is true you sat in your "nurse's" gown  
 And waved a hand to the twilit shore ;  
 It is true, when the funnels began to roar  
 And the stern to lash in the Mersey tide,  
 You looked back over the vessel's side,  
 And thought of the Combe and the Down.

But your soul had long ago crossed the seas,  
To the purple cliffs with their ladders of sun,  
To the beach where the pitiless breakers run,  
Where the lepers wail on the prisoning strand,  
And Christ's love only can reach a hand  
To lessen the sore disease.

Sister Rose, there the roses are fair,  
The wild convolvulus shines like fire,  
The air is as soft as soul can desire,  
The honey-bird gleams, and the fern trees wave,  
But the ocean moans round an island grave,  
And Death has poisoned the air.

Sister Rose, you will land in a bay  
Where the fish like jewels will swim or sleep,  
But the shark's fierce fin sails out of the deep.  
Fair is the day, but all night in the south  
The dread volcano flames from its mouth  
Anger and sore dismay.

One can bear to sit down by a corpse awhile,  
To see the face-cloth drawn from a face  
Which has won from death a renewal of grace ;

But how will it be when the face that is death  
Still breathes and heaves through its knots with breath,  
And counterfeits still a smile ?

One can wait and watch by a coffin, when  
The lid is closed and the cry unheard ;  
But what if the dead man called or stirred,  
And what if the pain of our agony  
Was to tend the dead and to hear the cry  
Of the still uncoffined men ?

One can love and pity the wounded and weak,  
The mangled body whose face is whole,  
Whose eyes look forth with the look of a soul ;  
But, ah, when the body has ceased to be  
The thing God made it, no eyes to see,  
No ears, and no lips to speak ?

Sister Rose, when saw you the Lord ?  
Did you gaze at Him coming adown the hill  
When the leper cried, and He said, " I will,  
Be clean ! " or when did the angels meet  
And strew the lilies about your feet,  
And press your hands to the sword ?

—Sword of the spirit, and lilies of life,  
Flower of the heart, and weapon of fire,  
Tender and keen with the soul's desire  
To dare this deed, and to face disease  
With the flush of your health ; in the Southern Seas  
To be unto Death for wife.

When you were a child did the angels come  
That day that you gave your cowslip ball  
To the crippled boy? Did you hear the call,  
When the birds were crying about the nest  
In the copse, and you carried with beating breast  
The poor winged pigeon home?

When your youth with the birds and the flowers was filled,  
With the sun and the dew of the Somerset lane,  
Did you go to the prisoner's house of pain,  
Or take your little white heart of pity  
Into the grim and ulcerous city,  
And feel that God's will had willed?

Had you read of Sienna's Saint and the dove  
That hovered above the maiden's head?  
Or of her who giving the leper a bed,

Found Christ? Or of him who learned to die  
That the dying might live at Molokai,  
That thus you are sworn to love?

Or was it a faded leaf with a prayer  
They found on a fallen soldier's breast,  
Which has sent you forth on your holy quest  
To beat down death, and if God must give  
The blow, to bear it, so brothers may live,  
And sisters your sunlight share?

It matters little, the angels came,  
Passed thro' the streets of the troubled town  
To the quiet village beneath the down ;  
They touched your soul and they opened your eyes,  
They fired an altar of sacrifice,  
And cast your heart in the flame.

And ever since then, your grey hills gleamed  
As grey as the native hills He knew  
Who loved His friends to the death, and drew  
The whole world after : yea, yonder mill,  
With its arms outstretched on the top of the hill,  
Like a cross in the darkness seemed.

Sister Rose Gertrude, the gates of Heaven  
Are open for you, and your heart that was small  
Is wide to embrace the world at the call  
Of Love at the gates. Let England prove  
At the height of its power, its power to love,  
To you is the high task given.

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE—who has just sailed to be the Superior of the Leper's Hospital at Kalawao on the Island of Molokai, the home of the late Father Damien—is the daughter of the Vicar of Combe Down, near Bath, sometime Chaplain of the Union and H. M. Prison at Bath. She is described as being a young, fresh, beautiful girl, with large eyes of deepest blue, and a fair rosy complexion. A member of the Roman Catholic Church, she feels that "suffering is her lot and her profession. Love which cannot suffer is unworthy of the name of love." For years past it has been her desire to go forth and tend the lepers on their lonely island home of sorrow, and she has equipped herself for the work by study in the hospitals and at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. "It had always been," she said to a lady who interviewed her on the eve of her departure, "my wish and my desire to do some of God's work on earth, into which I could throw my whole being, where there was scope for the fullest self sacrifice, and where I could follow Him who said: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.'" She handed shyly a little old Prayer-book to the lady, and said, "I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but unless I do I shall not have explained one of the reasons of my great wish to go and live with and help the lepers. In Miss F——'s small clear hand-writing a prayer was

written on the leaf—the touching, pathetic prayer which is said to have been found on the breast of the Prince Imperial when he was carried dead from the battlefield in Zululand. Miss F—— pointed to the passage, “If Thou givest on this earth a certain sum of happiness, take, O God! my share, and bestow it on the most worthy. . . . If Thou seekest vengeance on man, strike me!”

## THE OLD-FASHIONED "TORTOSSY" CAT.

COOM in, sir, I've wiped the cheir, sit down ; yees, I'll  
 taäke yur hat,  
 Ay, it's a straänge owd-fanned<sup>1</sup> owd thing. Doän't touch  
 her, she'll scrat !  
 Theer now, sir, I could tell ye soom things along of owr  
 cat.

Nivver was parshal to tabbies, and black uns is awkard  
 and queer,  
 Allays alookin' in when you doän't expec' that they're neär,  
 Cooms fro' the divil, fwoäks saäy, to listen and let 'im heär.

But, howivver, if ivver the divil was plagued wi' a cat  
 hissén,  
 It's wi' Tortossy-shell i' the winder, why, talk o' nine lives,  
 she's ten !

<sup>1</sup> Old-fashioned.



Theer ain't sich a clivir owd thieäf, noä not fur miles i' the  
Fen.

We've nivver no 'casion to buy, fur whenivver my laädy  
cooms in,

After layin' fur daäys in the deyke,—you may tell by the  
drip ov her skin—

Sheä's sewer to coom straängen fat, thoff her leg beä  
mashed oop i' a gin.

Not that she wur soä allays, as a kit she was maäzin  
graäve,

Reg'lar born Wesleyan, and mind ye, knew how to be-  
haäve ;

Lor' when muther wur bad, how she maäde the choorch  
minister raäve !

Fur muther wur took quoite suddent i' one of her brown-  
kittey<sup>1</sup> fits,

And parson he coomed and 'e reäd reight thruff her  
favourite bits,

And all muther sed at the hend was, "Lawks, 'ow quiet  
cat sits."

<sup>1</sup> Bronchitis.

And 'e gloomed, and 'e shet the book and sez 'e, "Cat's  
 ain't in the Word,  
 And hadn't she need o' comfort, and wasn't it quoite absurd  
 Fur 'im to beä reädin' Paul, and nivver a verse to beä  
 heard."

Quoite a Quaäker cat she wur, soä sober and taäme,  
 But Squire's sons got at her and plaäyed her "the straw-  
 berry game,"  
 And ivver sin that the critter warn't what you might call  
 the saäme.

Fur they buttered twoä oyster tubs, and set' em each side  
 o' the bed,  
 Ran a long twine fro' the twoä, put a ring-collar oäver 'er  
 'ead,  
 And "theer she might find hersén i' meät wi' blackbirds,"  
 they sed.

It was oop and down i' the strawberry beds she was made  
 to fleeä,  
 Bangin' hersén to bits, and the lads they laughed to seeä,  
 Scared the birds furst-raäte, but was nivver the saäme to  
 meä.

And she addled<sup>1</sup> meä nowt by the job, thoff the critter 'ed sarved 'em true,

Not so much as a berry<sup>2</sup> fur thanks,—and the cat spoilt too—

She didn't yeät, but I reckon cat's missis could yeät a few.

Pussy, thou knoäst we are talkin' o' theeä—do ye 'eär 'ow she purrs?

Cats is sensible things, you maäy tell by the sparks i' their furs—

'Lectric—doctor, 'e maäkes the stuff i' a box that whirrs.

But, howivver, the cat went wild and turned oop 'er noäse at a mouse,

Thieäved at the coops she did till the neähbours gev' 'er the souse,

And she coomed hoame wringin' wet wi' a string round 'er neck to the house.

It bothered feyther a deäl to sarve muther's cat that waäy, And 'e tongued 'em and called 'em adeäl, and they went oop o' Session daäy,

And blaämt if the Justices didn't consent to maäke 'im paäy !

<sup>1</sup> Earned.

<sup>2</sup> Strawberry.

But things went fro' wuss to wuss till the neähbours was  
 all turned foe,  
 And we cudn't keeap pussy at hoäm and we judged the  
 poor thing mun goä,  
 And feyther 'e gev' 'is consent with a "hiff" and a  
 "spoäsin' soä."

But 'e begged like a lawyer i' wig and gown, "She was  
 friend o' his wife  
 As wur deäd, and was we sewer that 'er endin' wud end  
 the strife.  
 He'd deäl reyther kill a pig." And the cat sat purrin' fur life.

But yon hypocrite theer i' the winder, she didn't git hoäver  
 us  
 Wi' all her soft sawdrin' purr, ivvery daäy she wur cause  
 o' some fuss,  
 And 'er manners abowt the house wur grawin' from bad to  
 wuss.

And feyther at last gev' in, "Now, gells," sez 'e, "you'll  
 greeä,  
 If the critter, maäde oop i' a poäke to beä drowned i' the  
 dreän, gits freeä,

You noän on you doän't nivver ask for 'er condemnation  
fro' meä."

Well, hincourse, the thing was sattled i' terms, and the  
poäke wur browt,  
And a couple o' bricks, and the cat popped in—by goy !  
'ow she fowt,—  
And feyther he took the twine and 'e needdled awaäy like  
owt.

Awaäy to the dreän we went, and the neähbours set oop a  
cheeär,  
"White noäsed doä i' the hutch won't yeät 'er young  
uns to yeär !  
Fwoäks maäy goä to market, and chickens weän't beä soä  
deär."

It wur dusk when we splashed 'er in, and Tortossy-shell  
went down,  
Bagged wi' a couple o' bricks she wur sartin sewer to  
drown,  
And the fwoäks cried owt, "We're shut o' the clivirest  
thieäf i' the town."

But blaämt if the very saäme night, when all on us got to  
bed,

If we didn't 'ear Tortossy mew, "Mun beä Tortossy's  
ghoäst," we sed ;

But the ghoäst cud kill rabbits, 'owivver, that night theer  
wur threeä on 'em dead.

And theer i' the morn when we hopped the door, owt-  
side, i' the mat,

A-lickin' the fur fro' 'er lips and groomin' 'ersen, who sat,  
And pleased and peart as a queen? howr owd-fanned  
Tortossy cat !

Howivver owd Tortossy scheämed 'ersen freeä we cudn't  
decide,

But feyther 'e called us all round o' the night afoor 'e died,  
And sez he, "Gells, I neädled yon cat i' the poäke, but the  
knots wur noän on 'em tied."

## THE BALLAD OF THE "CLEOPATRA."

HEAR how the stars and stripes—above stripes the stars,  
 For by suffering men grow great—  
 In the foam of Atlantic waves, the fiercest of wars—  
 Rage of waters and hate  
 Of wind—did a noble deed  
 Whereof the eternal seed,  
 When this our little world  
 Into thousand atoms is hurled,  
 And there is no more sea,  
 Shall still bear fruit and be.

---

WE waved our caps, we crossed the cove,  
 And out into the bay,  
 And many a lass who lost her love  
 Was sad of heart that day,  
 Each sailor loves some maid the best ;  
 Our ship went east, our thoughts went west.

The great sail whitened to the sun,  
And cheerly sang the foam,  
But backward still some hearts must run  
To that last eve at home,  
When in the mellow harvest corn  
They named the far-off marriage morn.

Our "Cleopatra's" golden head  
Scarce heaved, so smooth of keel  
We flew, our topsail canvas spread,  
Our skipper at the wheel,  
Sixteen aboard, a crew as sound  
As ever sought a fishing ground.

You hail from Gloucester, friend, you know  
Jack Pendleton—a man you say,  
Our skipper—ay, not one to throw  
Much breath or many words away,  
But just and brave, a man who won  
All hearts of men, was Pendleton.

I sometimes think that God still comes  
In human shape and common kind,



And calls from fisher-faring homes  
A simple crew of varied mind  
To teach men in a cross-sea trip  
The mystery of fellowship.

But be that false or be that true,  
Our skipper's spell was over all,  
His word was law in love, no crew  
Came merrier to a "bosun's" call,  
And in the love to him we bore  
Each came to love his brother more.

Once in a dream it seemed to me,  
Like Jesus, as I read one day,  
Our skipper walked a stormy sea ;  
I saw his face burn through the spray,  
And I remember that he said,  
"With Me is life—be not afraid."

He seldom spoke of God or Heaven,  
But moved as in another world,  
And ever one day out of seven  
The kedg was cast, the sails were furled,

We raised a hymn, he made a prayer,  
And told us of a Father's care.

Oh ! hard is any seaman's lot  
When nets are foul and winds are wild,  
But when in calm the nets are shot  
And decks with silver store are piled,  
And lines come laden home with spoil,  
The fisher's heart forgets the toil.

And many a day we sailed and knew  
A golden east and rosy west,  
But still our thoughts like swallows flew  
To that dear harbour loved the best.  
"To-morrow," cried the skipper, "come  
What will to-day, we'll steer for home."

But as he spoke we felt the breath  
Of some far iceberg fill the sail,  
And with a hand as cold as death  
The storm wrack burst in sleet and hail,  
And all the sea writhed mad with pain  
Beneath the thundering hurricane.

Our shrouds were snapt like packers' thread,  
The blocks flew out, the schooner heeled,  
We saw the white sea overhead,  
We cut the sheets and back she reeled,  
Then all a-board a billow leapt,  
And stem to staggering stern it swept.

Oh ! bitterest wave, it tore from me  
My own son's son, it crashed the mast,  
It smote us all upon our knee,  
And when the whelming flood was past  
Three were not : one upon the deck  
Lay dying, and our craft a wreck !

God knows how through that day and night  
The groaning vessel rose and sank,  
We envied him with face so white  
Beside the shattered water tank,  
He seemed so calm, his tempest past,  
We could not die, we fought the blast.

Then one cried out : "A sail ! a sail !"  
Dear God ! the dead man was forgot.

They see our flag's distress, they hail—  
    Brave land to bear so brave a Scot—  
Our stars and stripes remember still  
Your bold sea captain's generous will !

Oh ! life is dearer than we guess'd,  
    And hope is harder to forego,  
Each saw the port he loved the best  
    Once more upon the weather bow ;  
But without word our skipper seemed  
As one who prayed or one who dreamed.

The mountain ridge of hurrying wave  
    Rose up, but ever as it fell  
We caught between us and the grave  
    That huge red hull, and we could tell  
How men as brave as lions there  
For brother men would do and dare.

Our boats were stove, their boats were whole,  
    Lord help them ! out the davits swing !  
What ! shall they pull for such a goal  
    And launch on Death from death to bring

Life, but at Death's most certain price?  
God asks, not man, such sacrifice.

The waters hissed, the waters curled,  
    Thrashed into dust the waters screamed,  
From height to hell we back were hurled,  
    But still our skipper prayed or dreamed,  
And still above our battered crew  
The stars and stripes in pity flew.

Then spake the skipper tried and true,  
    And there was that about his word  
That pierced our very beings through  
    As if it were a spirit's sword,  
And there was that about his face  
Made each forget the storm a space.

"Mates, have we such dark fear of death,  
    Is that old Gloucester dock so dear,  
That we would purchase life and breath,  
    Albeit the succour come so near,  
At risk of such a hungry grave  
For yonder friends who haste to save?"

“Have they no homes, no bairns, no wives?  
Shall we like cowards stand to see  
Men, brothers, dare to rescue lives,  
—Our lives so poor—at such a fee?”  
And as he spoke his eyes were bright  
With something of an angel light.

Oh! God forgive my silence then,  
My wife's dear call came through the wind;  
But with the skipper there were ten  
Of self-forgetful hero mind.  
Amen! Amen! and with that cry  
They swore for them no man should die.

Down came the stripes, down came the stars!  
Did e'er doomed hulk so well pretend  
Her pumps were sound, no leak, no scars,  
Nor any need of succouring friend?  
And with the dead man at our side  
We felt that we indeed had died.

Right merry gleams the Peter blue,  
'Tis sad to haul the Peter down,

But when the flag for life flies true  
And every other hope is flown,  
To haul those colours down and feel  
Hope dead, it tries a heart of steel !

Our vessel groaned as she would break,  
O'erhead a billow seemed to boom ;  
When next I heard the skipper speak  
I lay in some strange cabin room—  
He smiled and said, " God crossed us, mate,  
That day we dared to choose our fate."

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The facts on which the ballad has been founded appeared in an English paper shortly after the occurrence. The writer was fortunately able to have them verified by an American friend, Mr. Yarnall, of Philadelphia, who wrote direct to the Shipping Agency for him and obtained the following reply :—

"Peter Wright and Sons, Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1886.

"Ellis Yarnall, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—Annexed please find information required by you.

"Very truly,

"FRANK D. P. WEALL.

"Capt. Geo. W. Pendleton, American fishing schooner 'Cleopatra,' of Gloucester, Mass.

"Capt. Edmund Miller Hughes, American line steamer 'Lord Gough.' Date of rescue, December 27th, 1885."

The "Lord Gough," though of the American line of steamers (Liverpool to Philadelphia), is a British vessel; her captain is, I think, a Scotchman. On the 27th December the "Lord Gough," on her way to Philadelphia, saw the flag of distress on the mast of the "Cleopatra." The wind was blowing a gale, making it a matter of serious risk for the "Lord Gough" to send a boat to the rescue. But Captain Hughes thought it his duty to do this, and he called for volunteers. The second officer (I think) and a crew volunteered, and a boat was lowered. Suddenly, however, the signal of distress was lowered from the mast of the "Cleopatra." Captain Hughes was much perplexed; it seemed almost certain that the vessel was in extremity. On the whole he thought it his duty to send the boat. The brave fellows made their way over the perilous waters, and the schooner was reached. There they found the master and eleven men, but for the "Lord Gough," utterly without hope. Three others of the crew had been washed away, and the body of a fourth lay on the deck. In two trips the survivors were conveyed to the "Lord Gough." The master of the schooner went in the second trip of the boat, but before doing so, he read with such solemnity as he could in the awful storm, the burial service over the remains of his comrade, and then the body was committed to the deep. Of course, the first inquiry made by Captain Hughes of the American captain was, Why did he haul down his signal? The reply was:—"Sir, we saw that you were preparing to make an effort to save us, but we saw, also, that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said, then, to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' and they said 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."



## DREEÄMS.

THEER'S dreeäms i' the Bible, my dear,  
 And part of the Promise was dreeäms ;  
 But mind ya they're terrible queer  
 When they waäkens a body with screäms.

And its singlar they moastlins shud come  
 Wi' a bit o' bad news to their taaïl ;  
 Mebbe just when you've setten fro' home,  
 And not hoaver fond o' the raaïl.

But thou knaws it's not Christians aloäne  
 As dreeäms, fur dreeäms cooms to the brute,  
 Howr dog dreeäms of shakkin' a boäne,  
 But it's worst when ya dreeäm o' Ripe Fruit.

I dreeämed o' Ripe Fruit tother night,  
 And I set oop o' hend i' the bed ;

And I woake my owd man wi' my fright,  
And "Ripe Fruit!" was the words that I sed.

"Is it couzen or hant as is ta'en?"  
And he grunted, "Git on, let ma lig";  
"Is it one of Will's waggoners slaän?"<sup>1</sup>  
And he gruffed and soon snoored like a pig.

But next mornin' as sewer as I'm here,  
A "black-hedge" 'ed coomed thruff the post;  
Was it hant? Was it couzen? My dear,  
It was one of Will's "caulvers" wur lost!

<sup>1</sup> Killed by accident.

## FATHER DAMIEN.

FATHER DAMIEN is dead,  
Mourn for Father Damien,  
He who broke the leper's bread,  
Most compassionate of men.

Crowns of gold to kings we give,  
But for those who life lay down  
That their brother men may live,  
Immortality is crown.

Lilies bring, bring passion flower,  
Strew white poppies o'er his sleep,  
Damien's love could charm with power  
Gardens from the barren steep ;

Not a lava-bed but gave  
Fruit and fragrance to his hand,

Wherefore over Damien's grave  
Let the blossoming roses stand.

Fierce the "Cona" winds may blow,  
Howling down the northern heights,  
Round our huts as white as snow  
Moan by day and roar by nights.

Damien hears them not, no more  
Breasts the blast to bring us aid,  
He has reached a stormless shore  
Where the winds of God are laid.

Red as rubies flash the birds  
Over Damien's resting-place—  
So like rubies flashed his words  
When he gave us heart of grace.

Fair as foam the sea-birds flew  
Glad when Damien passed them by—  
Free as foam his love, we knew,  
Hovered over Molokai.

Southward look by sea and shore  
How the great fire-fountains toss !

So burned on the zeal he bore,  
So flames out at night our loss.

He who staunched the leper's sore,  
He who bade the leper smile,  
He who taught us holy lore,  
Gave us faith and blessed our isle ;

Built us homes, from beasts made men,  
Out of madness and despair  
Wrought sweet patience—Damien—  
Damien has ceased from care.

Seas less sapphire, skies less blue  
Meet in Kalawao's bay,  
Fish that swam, of iris hue,  
Through the corals cease their play.

Desolate the forest yearns,  
Where the south wind holds its breath,  
Murmuring move the tall tree-ferns,  
Sighing as for Damien's death.

Hark! from Molokai a call,  
Wailing, weeping up the glen,

“ Lord, have mercy on us all,  
Reft of Father Damien.”

Who shall strive our woes to heal,  
Give the sick ones drink and food,  
Who shall make the leper feel  
Joy in human brotherhood?

Who shall teach us God is love—  
God we cursed for this our ill—  
Who by sacrifice shall prove  
Christ the Lord is with us still?

Who will show us gain from loss,  
Bid us faint not on our way,  
Bear uphill our heavy cross  
Till we reach our Golgotha?

So the lepers wail and wail,  
Down the shore and up the glen ;  
Shall their sorrow nought avail  
Crying still for Damien?

Yea, at night, when on the wave  
Winds are hushed, and no birds cry

Comes a voice from Damien's grave,  
Sounding out to Molokai:

“Leper men no longer weep  
Though ye now seem fatherless ;  
Damien has but entered sleep  
Damien's spirit lives to bless !”

## THE EVIL EYE.

Now Liza, didn't I tell tha a straänger wud coom to-daäy?  
 Fur I stirred th' owd cup last night, but the tea leaves  
 swum and swum,  
 And the shrouds burnt bright in the candle thoff I snuffed  
 and snuffed awaäy,  
 When things goä that-how siver, a straänger is bound  
 to coom.

It's maäzin' happen you've lit huppon Eve of St. Mark  
 to-year,  
 Fur my owd man as is gone, 'e wur boärn huppon Eve  
 of St. Mark,  
 Why 'e'd second sight fro' 'is birth, 'e cud tell when the  
 sperrits wur near,  
 And cud seeä the stars i' the nooän, that huther fwoaks  
 seeäs at dark.



They doan't goä now to the choorches, but lor, when I  
wur a gell,

Theer wur watchers went cloäse huppo twelve, to know  
whoä was gooin' to die,

Owr maister 'e hedn't noä 'casion, fur 'e knawed thoff 'e  
nivver wud tell,

Wonst goä ya wur foorst to goä hivvery year when St.  
Mark's coomed by.

I mind one Skipputh as went, and he coom'd back maäz'd  
i' the heäd,

And blaämt if 'e didn't get sight of hall owd Worl-  
laby's lot,

The gaäinest neähbour an' all, and by goy, i' the year they  
wur deäd,

Fur the "demnick"<sup>1</sup> tuk taäties and caulves and the  
fam'ly reight down to the cot.

We wur all on us skeared i' them daäys, theer wur corp-  
lights seeän i' the ditches,

And meg-ullats<sup>2</sup> skrikin' o' death, and death-carts  
stoppin' at doors,

<sup>1</sup> Epidemic.

<sup>2</sup> Screech-owls.

And coffins that joomped fro' the cooäls, and wise men  
 along o' the witches,  
 And women as hoäver-looked ya,<sup>1</sup> the bad uns, by scoors  
 and scoors.

One time when ovr sow went wrong, and Molly the cow  
 wur draäpe,  
 And the butter wud hardlins coom, and the hens got  
 crawin' at morn,  
 And fur all the management<sup>2</sup> put i' the threeä-haäcre top  
 o' the raäpe,  
 Theer was nowt pääid cuttin' or feeädin', and ketlocks<sup>3</sup>  
 clear meslin<sup>4</sup> the corn.

I minds my owd feyther went hoff to Scamblesby moun-  
 tain-side,  
 And 'e fun the wise man i' the house, one Cossit, and  
 telled 'im 'is staäte,  
 And the chimly began to rooar, and my feyther wur like  
 to hev died,  
 Fur 'e thowt all the divvils i' hell wur a-bealin'<sup>5</sup> a-back  
 o' the graäte.

<sup>1</sup> Looked with an evil eye at you.      <sup>2</sup> Manure.      <sup>3</sup> Wild mustard.

<sup>4</sup> Entirely mingling with and destroying.      <sup>5</sup> Bellowing.

Soä 'e downed with 'is munny and left, 'e nivver let on  
what he wore,<sup>1</sup>

But I knaw Cossit gev fur the butter white hairs fro' a  
black cat's taail,

And 'e 'vised 'im to wring the hens necks, chaänge the  
land, and to git a new boar,

And to turn the first sod as draape trod when she  
coomed fro' the milkin' paail.

'E wur daft fur 'is pääins, fur the parson wud like enew  
done it fur nowt,

When Stoäne's wur hoäver-looked 'e got 'im to coom to  
the sty,

And 'e went to the Choorch next Sunday and 'is pigs got  
as well as owt,

Yeeäs, I do belieëve that the parson can saddle the  
"Evil Eye."

<sup>1</sup> Paid.

## THE FOREMAN KING.

## A BALLAD OF THE OHIO.

FOURTEEN comrades laid in a row !

The Louisville people shudder and stare ;

The hush is horrible ; I declare

The sob of that woman bending low,

And the "Oh, God help us !" and then the prayer

Blesses the curse of the silent air,

My tears are beginning to flow.

Dumb drowned corpses fit for the clay,

But meant for the holiest work God sends—

Toil from the morn till the hard day ends

For wife and for babe. A rivet gave way

So the caisson flooded, you know my friends

When a rivet gives way and a wall-plate bends

In a caisson, it ends the day.

You are gazing long on the pale white face,  
But the pale white face, it can stare you out.  
“Did they suffer in death?” you ask ; no doubt,  
Rats in a trap die hard ; you may trace  
Pain in the look of a beast’s death pout,  
And the beast leaves little it cares about—  
These were leaving the hope of their race.

Look at the fingers and hands that were strong,  
Strong for the hammer, and pick, and spade,  
Fighting like demons was never their trade !  
But scabbles of flesh the whole cheek long,  
Tufts of hair clenched tightly, are made  
Signs of a battle where none were afraid  
And where all that they did was done wrong.

Like enough ! for with Heaven before  
And Hell behind, it was swim or sink,  
And death that had closed on them all but a chink  
Was foaming up thro’ the floor.  
Prisoners they, could they stop to think ?  
In a case like theirs we should none of us shrink  
From pushing a bit for the door.

But here lies a man like a prince, so tall,  
Such a proud fixed smile, on his lips no pain,  
You might almost think he would wake again.  
He has long since waked to a clearer call  
Than the cries of a wife and her sobs in vain,  
He has gone with the mates whom he loved, to reign  
Foreman King of them all.

I speak, I was one of the four that past  
Out from that prison of pain and death,  
Of struggle, of throttle, and stamping beneath,  
Tearing at flesh while the flood rose fast,  
Fighting like devils all hooves and teeth ;  
I can tell there was one drew a bold man's breath,  
Yea, God's brave breath, to the last.

For the river hissed in, and we saw the sky,  
A narrow slit in the caisson's top,  
And first one climbed o'er his fellows to drop  
Back with an oath to be trodden and die—  
“ He has had his chance, stamp him into a sop,  
Let his body be rags so the rift it stop !”  
And the water it rose breast high.

And I who was smallest knew the wave  
Gurgling cold at the nape, at the chin,  
And I struck at the fallen and felt it no sin,  
Got him beneath my feet ; then a brave  
Calm voice cried out thro' the dark and the din :  
“ Mates, be men ! let the weaker win !  
Let the strong be strong but to save !”

Then lips were hushed that had loudest cursed,  
And hands were stayed that had fought like giaours.  
The calm voice cried, “ The man who towers  
Above his brothers will not fare worst !  
There are heads will be sooner beneath than ours !  
Help them, by God, and by God's own powers !  
Let all that are short go first !”

Then I felt from the whirl of death that an host  
Of hands were laid on me, struck for the light  
And gained the heaven ; there pale with affright  
Another, a third, and a fourth, like a ghost [fight  
Bubbled up thro' the man-hole, the blood of the  
Red on their brows ; and the voice cried “ Right ?  
Say the Foreman died at his post.”

A Central News Telegram from New York, January 10, 1890, reports:—A horrible death has overtaken fourteen workmen engaged in laying the foundations of a new bridge over the Ohio river to connect the towns of Louisville and Jeffersonville. Eighteen men were working within a large caisson in the river bed, when, owing to some accident, which remains at present unexplained, the water rushed in beneath. All saw the terrible fate which must overtake them if they could not escape before the water rose to the top. The only means of exit was a small valve door at the top of the caisson, just large enough to allow one man at a time to pass. To gain this was everyone's object, and according to the narrative of the survivors an awful struggle ensued. With almost certain death staring them in the face, nearly all acted on the principle of *saue qui peut*, and fought desperately for the first chance. Meanwhile the waters gained rapidly, and every man knew that some must die. The foreman, a tall man, now shouted, "Let all the short men go first, mates. Our heads will be out of the water longer than theirs." This gallant advice had the effect of checking some of the men in their fight for egress, but it availed little or nothing to save life. Four only succeeded in passing the door, and the brave foreman was amongst the fourteen left behind to die.



THE MONKEY-O'-HERSE-BACK METHODY  
MAN.

I WAS taävin'<sup>1</sup> about i' "the yard," like the critter among  
the graäves,

When parson he coomed thruff the garden and in at the  
choorchyard gaäte,

And he seed that summat was oop, for it's not very offens I  
rääves,

And he sez, "Good mornin'," sez he, "and isn't it reyther  
lääte?"

And I turned round stunt at the word, I 'ed wind the owd  
clock that morn,

'Ed scatted the clat<sup>2</sup> fro the wheeäls and gëan her works  
a shak.

Sich a chitterin' thing to be sewer, a reglar recklin-born,<sup>3</sup>  
Maäde by a tinker feller as 'edn't a cwöat to 'is back.

<sup>1</sup> Walking excitedly.    <sup>2</sup> Dirt.    <sup>3</sup> A poor weakling.

And sez I, "Ting-tang<sup>1</sup> esn't gone! If we're laäte oop  
theer i' the tower,

There'll be many a tick-tack liar to weeäk i' the farmer's  
fob,

For nivver a cart as passes, but reckons a taäking the  
hour, [job."

We've nivver deceäved 'em yit, sin I beeän along o' the

But the words warn't coäld fro' my mouth when dang it  
the quarter went,

"Clock agin, clerk," nods the parson, and into the  
choorch wea past.

It warn't to be called a sarvice, noa ting tang, noa  
horganiment, [heä went soa fast.

I mowed the Aämens and I mashed the Psalms, fur

And arter sarvice he grunted, as I wur a hingin' the gown,

"What's oop?" "A deal," I sez, for I nivver was  
parson-shan,<sup>2</sup>

"And I reckon I shan't be better till I've beeän a time or  
twoa down [Methody man.

O' my kneeäs, along o' the Monkey-o'-herse-back

<sup>1</sup> The small bell rung before the service.      <sup>2</sup> Afraid of the parson.

“ But I’ll owt wi’ it all, it’s best for stummick and mebbe  
for mind.

You knaw up a Sunday mornin’ it’s eëight o’clock bell  
as goäs,

And I cooms to seä to the fires and to gie the owd clock a  
wind,

Birds gits into the chaämber, so I cooms i’ my wuk-a-  
day cloäs.

“ We ’ed fired and ’ed clocked,—eh.! dear, what a clat of  
a job to be sewer—

Wants a new roäpe for the weights, theer’s summat  
wrong wi’ a chime—

And I loöked owt Halminak plaäces and hid the keäy by  
the door,

And hoff to breäkfast I went to be cleeän by sarvice time.

“ I heeärd a hamblin’ sound, and I gits myssen oop o’ the  
pad,

And a voice like thunderee cooms bealin’ a back o’ my  
heäd.

Thinks I wi’ myssen, thinks I, it’s nobbut the doctor’s lad,  
It’s somebody wants to be boarn, or somebody wants to  
be deäd.

“Not noä bizness o’ mine, and ‘Feller!’ the chap cries out,  
 But I taäkes noa noatish, and ‘Feller!’ ageän he sings  
 in a roar.

‘My man!’ and ‘Feller!’ Wi’ that I turned myssen faäce  
 to the shout,

‘My naäme’s not ‘Feller,’ my naäme’s i’ the Bible, it’s  
 Jeremy Hoaare.

“‘Now what’s your bizness?’ I sez, ‘And what do you  
 want o’ mea?’

And he draws hissell oop i’ the saddle wi’ a sanck-  
 shimonious leer,

‘By your appearance, my friend, i’ your wuk-a-day cloäs,  
 I seä [the beer.]

You’re a-goin’ to spend this Sabbath an all, along o’

“Lor’ how the blood went oop, me as doän’t take nowt you  
 may saäy, [fair,

Not to call owt, from Fattus<sup>1</sup> reight thruff to Horncastle  
 Meä, a clerk i’ the choorch, to be called and my-friended  
 that waäy,

Meä comin’ hoäm fro’ the choorch, i’ cloäs for the  
 puppos I wear.

<sup>1</sup> “Fat-horse,” an annual horse-fair.

“ Naäy, naäy, if the parson’s tub i’ the choorch is a barrel  
ov aäle,

Ya may call the clerk’s seat by its side a aäle bench  
reight enuff ;

Nivver no sarvice wi’owt me, and allays theer wi’owt  
fail,

And nivver no missin’ the eëight o’clock bell the whole  
year thruff.

“ So I turned and snapt at my monkey, and answered him  
plaäin and straäight—

‘ I’m not a-goin’ to spend my Sabbath along o’ the  
swill,

Not no moor than you, a-ridin’ your raäil of a gaäte,

And who giv you God’s daäy to goa about speakin’ ill ?’

“ For I seäd by the cut of his faäce he wur one of them  
ranter chaps,

Good, no doubt, i’ the gab when theer’s onything good  
to git,

Fussin’ about the country and settin’ their hell-fire  
traps,

And I thowt by the colour he ’ed plaäyed hissen wi’ the  
jug a bit.

“Sez he, ‘My friend, I’m one as God O’mighty oärdained  
 To goa about lettin’ fwoaks knoa the terrible staäte  
 they’re in,

And mightn’t I beä quite sewer ’twas the sperrit o’ luvv  
 had reined

His herse and bidden ’im speäk to a man wi’ the loöks  
 ov sin.’

“‘Oardained of who?’ I sez. ‘You may ranter and canter  
 awaäy,

Aye, and pison the ponds you wesh in by leavin’ your  
 sins behind,

For hafter yon Baptist dippin’ owd Ellerby’s cows went  
 wrong—

But oardained, you were nivver oardained a preächer,  
 least waäy to my mind.

“Oardained, you’re not oardained, not hauf so much as  
 myssen,

For I am a clerk i’ the choorch, and goäs to the Supper  
 an’ all,

Nivver a woman wed nor choorched, but I sez Aämen,

And I moästlins sättles the ‘Lesson,’ and gies the  
 parson ’is call.

“‘Telled in the sperrit was ya? It’s a foöl rides faäce to  
the taäil,  
Or blaämt if I shouldn’t ha’ thowt that a knaäve had  
got höld o’ the rein ;  
But when clerks i’ their wuk-a-daäy cloäs is thowt to be  
sinners i’ aäle,  
It’s not the sperrit o’ luvv, it’s the Methody man’s mis-  
täen.

“‘Tellin’ fwoaks o’ their sins, thou’rt a strëan pretty haängel  
o’ graäce,  
When parson sez a bit rough he hus’es and we’es it the  
while,  
Goin’ about insultin’ the loikes o’ meä to my faäce,  
Rubbin’ in salt to the soäres and forgettin’ the wine and  
ile.’

“‘I was o’most fit to be craäzed, the feller he maäde me so  
mad,  
But he seead he was oop to his neck wi’ noan but hissen  
to thank,  
So he looked as much as to saäy, ‘You’re hoäver-eärdly  
bad,’  
And hoff he popped at a canter the Methody mountebank.

“ And I dowl till I’ve bin down a bit o’ my kneëas I shan’t  
be reight,

It’s solidly spoilt the sarvice this mornin’ from fust to  
last.

I could mebbe forgit the feller, but it’s ting-tang went so  
laäte,

And all i’ the town to hear it a gooin’ a quarter past.

“ It’s bad enuff to be blaämt for mindin’ my Sunday traäde,  
Windin’ them clatty owd works, and ringin’ yon eight  
o’clock bell,

But hafter I’d sattled the Lessons and seeäd that the fires  
was maäde,

I had taen the Boök this mornin’ and studied five  
chapters as well.

“ Noä dowl it’s wrong to be craäzed, and them as trusts to  
the Lord

Should let sich Monkey-o’-herse-back men goä canterin  
by,

But it’s not very nisht to be called that how, when you’ve  
read i’ the Word

Bang thruff three o’ Colosshans and two o’ Malachi.”



## A BRAVE DOCTOR.

*To the Memory of DOCTORS RABBETH and LYSAGHT.*

WHEN with a wreath in hand for hero men  
 His roll the angel of the judgment calls,  
 Doctor, thy name, though quite forgot till then,  
 Shall sound about the city's golden walls.

---

THERE she lay, the rose in her cheek,  
 Her nostrils wide, and the sweat on her brow.  
 I have lost my own—I suppose I am weak,  
 But I never can see a sick child now.

Her hands were twitching, they dropped her dolly,  
 Her large eyes followed us round the room,  
 They were soon to be fixed, poor dear little Polly,  
 Stifled to death! what a pitiful doom!

When the day was closing the doctor came—  
Strong big man, but his voice was mild,  
He felt her pulse, and he saw the flame  
On her cheek, and he said, "Poor child! poor child!"

Then the nurse passed by, so grave, with a sponge,  
For Polly's eyes had begun to stare,  
And a bright thing flashed with a harmless plunge,—  
The doctor had given her lungs sweet air!

I could not look—I had lost my own,  
And my heart was there with the four in heaven—  
But I heard the doctor say in a tone  
I shall never forget, "It's the last chance given."

The lamp burnt low, and her breathing went  
And came with a sort of silvery sigh.  
"What a beautiful child! I could be content  
For such," the doctor muttered, "to die."

He turned on his heel and he strode away ;  
"Call me, nurse, if the child cannot rest,  
Or the canular blocks : I always say  
For a wound like that one must do one's best."

It was night ; the nurses had gone to bed ;  
I was watching alone, and I heard a click,  
The breathing laboured, her face went red  
Then grey, and I summoned the doctor quick.

The tube is clotted ! my God, she is lost !  
And the child, with a wonderful meek surmise,  
Looked, and I saw as a man at his post  
Wavers, then wills, the doctor's eyes.

“ Poor little Polly, she's younger than I,—  
I seemed to see such a thought in his face,—  
“ Should a man for a child's sake fear to die ?  
What about Christ in such a case ? ”

Then he stooped his brave strong mouth to the vent,  
And he sucked the poisoned canular clear,  
And her silvery breathing came and went.  
“ Nurse, be careful ! Good-night ! little dear ! ”

So he went to his rest. Good-night ! good-night !  
But he went with the dread diphtheria ban ;  
He had given his life for a child. Was it right ?  
Men called him a fool—God calls him a man.

## IN THE PIG MARKET.

Now durst onyone buy my pigs?

Guineas I want, ya may 'low meä more,  
 Coomed of a sow as coomed fro' Briggs,  
 Tha knaws th' owd boar?

I'll give yon little owd recklin in,

Danged if I wean't if ya taäke the lot,  
 They're sweeät and cleän as a baäby's skin,  
 And nivver a spot.

Some hes pigs as greeäsy as wax,

Look at yon lot how the crew-clat clings,  
 Reg'lar cwoats o' maäil to theer backs,  
 The howry things!

How yon chitterin' recklin stares,

It'll not sleeäp at its swill tha mun knaw,

Nivver likes to seeä pigs at prayers  
Upo' kneeäs i' the straw.

Weigh? if the bairns is like the muther,  
And doa theer duty to flesh and boäne,  
Forty coom Christmas yeär ! her bruther  
Hinged fifty stoäne.

Coom git 'oäme and git thy owd woman,  
She knaws pork when she seeäs it kilt,  
Nivver noä better pigs selt to noä man,  
“Heder” or “gilt” !<sup>1</sup>

Sellin' ! sellin' ! it's givin' awaäy,  
If ya 'low meä ma price ya'll git 'em fur nowt,  
Whoy, the pigs 'ud amoast speak oop and saäy,  
“Ya begged, not bowt.”

Guineas I want to-daäy fur my pigs !  
Dal little luvvies ya're wuth far more !  
Gev us tha hand, sow coomed fro' Briggs,  
Tha knaws th' owd boar.

<sup>1</sup>A female pig before she has had a litter.

## THE VILLAGE CARPENTER.

I AM a village carpenter ;  
When last we travelled along this road  
She lightened half of my bitter load,  
And now I carry her.

Yes, come up close, the coffin is right,  
The best wood job I have done in my life ;  
Did you think I was going to shame the wife ?  
Tennon and mortice tight !

Sit down here till the storm blows o'er,  
You are cold, I feel it as warm as May ;  
The sun shines bright as it shone that day  
We rested here before.

There lies the very same stick, I declare,  
She broke from the hedge for the pack on my shoulder ;

I can hear her laugh and her sigh when I told her  
Thorns could not carry care.

For I was the village carpenter,  
Work in the place was woefully slack,  
So we tramped ; I carried the tools on my back  
For love of my darling there.

I remember a passionless face flashed by ;  
The wife looked down at her dusty feet,  
“ I suppose I shall never take a seat  
In a carriage before I die.”

Oh God ! how the sun went under a cloud ;  
I rose and I clenched my fist, and cried,  
“ Is a cold heart better with plenty and pride  
Than want that feels and is proud ?”

We wandered on from village to town,  
We shunned the commoner lodging place,  
She wiped the morning dews from her face,  
She shook the dust from her gown.

Her face lies under a colder dew,  
Body and gown are both as dust ;

But she has travelled to rest, I trust,  
Where never a tempest blew.

Work would not come though we sought it wide,  
We toiled through sun, and we braved the storm ;  
And then—she was far too frail of form—  
She sickened, and then she died.

But or ever she slept, she rambled, and spake  
Of that old old village she loved from birth.  
I am seeking there six feet of earth  
For her dear dead body's sake.

I had no friends in the far-off spot,  
I wrought this coffin with mine own hand ;  
We started together through the land,  
The last time, too, God wot.

She cheered me on over hill, over dale,  
She shared each crust that the people gave ;  
I have often wished I might share her grave,  
But what can a wish avail ?

I have done with wishes, I wished for pay,  
Half-pay and full work, so it gained her bread,



I wished her to live.—She is dead! she is dead!  
I have wished my life away.

Uphill and down, to me all was one,  
Her coffin it made the journey level ;  
In wrath I asked if a god or devil  
To me this deed had done.

How had I sinned to be treated so ?  
Did ever a man love better than I ?  
I could curse right out, but I could not cry,  
And on and on did I go.

Sometimes downhill, with a passionate pace,  
Her coffin tilted against the sun ;  
Sometimes in anger it seemed to run  
Full into the moon's white face.

No pity by night, no pity by day,  
The stars in heaven were keen and cold,  
The earth from the morn to the sunset rolled  
Compassionless on its way.

The woodland moaned and the hedges cried,  
The long wet roads were bitter and wild,

And never a face upon me smiled,  
Her face it was shut inside.

Hoarse voices blaming me came with the wind,  
The passers by gazed all askance  
As if I had killed her ; and on in a trance  
I pushed, nor looked behind.

One met me once who had wronged me sore,  
Right up to the coffin he came and spoke,  
Kindly, I think, but I could but choke,  
I hated him all the more.

I pushed down the streets of a darkened town,  
I saw on the window-blinds the shade  
The wives bent over their needles made,  
Where, oh where, was my own ?

The Christmas bells came over the lea,  
It was hollow mockery all they rang ;  
I heard the carols, but what they sang  
Seemed madness unto me.

And once on a night the stars from heaven  
Fell fierce with a flash across our way ;

I had cursed her God, but I could not pray,  
Nor care to be forgiven.

But yestermorn on the ridge of a hill,  
Where quite foredone with the toil I stopt,  
A robin down on her coffin dropt  
And sang his sweetest trill.

All thro' the day with a song in mine ears,—  
For she loved the bird with the red on its breast,—  
I pushed on bravely, my soul had rest,  
And I felt on my cheek the tears.

Dreamed of my darling, then woke and wept,  
And dreamed again ; to-day I am strong,  
For she sang a lilt to the robin's song,  
And smiled on me as I slept.

This morning the coffin seemed so light,  
I whistled myself, half-ashamed, poor dear,  
That a passer-by should see us and hear ;  
But I felt that to whistle was right.

For all the way now through wind and weather  
This hand-cart has no weight for my hand,

We are travelling both to a happier land,  
And our souls are still together.

---

“A poor man entered the town of Thirsk last evening pushing a handcart before him, on which was his wife’s coffin. He was a carpenter who had gone off from his home with his wife in search of work. She had died in a town somewhere on the east coast. Being without money or friends, he had made a coffin, and had either borrowed or knocked together a handcart, and was making his way by road back to his native village to bury her.”—Extract from local paper

## A SAD LETTER.

“DEAR gell, thy Joe is gone to glory,  
 Took sudden upo’ Sunday night.”  
 So of the drear pathetic story  
 Wrote one who could not write.

“He will not keeäp, his corp’s that bad,  
 We bury ’im at threeä to-morrow.”  
 Words fit to send a lover mad,  
 Sad words not meant for sorrow.

“We shall not send to meeät thee, gell,  
 But cloäthes they needn’t be no bother,  
 Fur Emma’s ‘black’ ’ull sarve thee well  
 That job, thy luvvin’ mother.”

So in such wise a mother told  
 Of Joe the village lover’s death,

And of a world made blank and cold  
For her Elizabeth.

Though happy they whose souls have words,  
Whose thoughts flame out in golden speech,  
Our human hearts have tender chords,  
Such silence best can reach.

## THE ISLAND HOME.

A BALLAD OF THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

LOVE leads us by a devious way,  
And sets us sudden face to face,  
Then what we scarce had hoped, we say,  
And silent stand a little space—  
One single word will change our fate,  
The silence is too long : too great :  
And then an answer comes, and then  
We are the happiest of men.

But sometimes even so, a veil  
Is hung between our beating hearts ;  
We dare not wholly tell the tale  
We secret spoke, but spoke in parts,  
Till, on a day far off, we feel  
Our souls so one, we tear the seal,

And after to the inmost core  
Are one, and one for evermore.

---

New York ! its rugged streets half light,  
Half dark, crossways of blinding sun ;  
How crisp the air, how swift of flight  
Above our heads steam-horses run ;  
How filled with folk, how smooth of feet,  
The cars go jingling down the street ;  
How keen the talk, where each one plies  
The task of New World rivalries !

But oft-times from the withering heat  
And withering cold of city ways,  
I ask if heaven gives no retreat,  
Where souls in quietude may raise  
Their thoughts above a seething tide  
Of restlessness personified ;  
No tranquil island o'er the stream,  
Where hearts a little while may dream.

Must gentle youth in such a strife,  
As good as orphaned for the press,



Pour out its tender vase of life?—

Then how shall fare the fatherless!  
The waifs, the strays, whose mothers die  
In unremembered misery,  
And what can keep a city pure,  
Whose sons of shame such woes endure?

Hard by, East River sought the sea.

The Adirondacks' stream was rolled  
To build the continents to be,  
When this New World shall prove the Old.  
“Is there no island home,” I cried,  
“In yonder river's cleansing tide,  
Where babes forlorn a home may share  
And grow to grace in fruitful air?”

The rope was loosed, the helmsman steered,

We had no need of oarsman's hand,  
And soon our boat of mercy neared  
An island palace nobly planned.  
Above the stream with walls and towers  
It rose, about it trees and flowers:  
“And here,” said they, “we train our youth  
Else lost—for duty and for truth.”

Upon the place there lay a charm,  
    Deep peace, where any soul might grow ;  
Around it, with a saviour arm,  
    The solemn Hudson seemed to flow.  
A sweet bell tinkled—out there ran  
Brave boyhood, soon to be the man,  
And girls, as full of life as grace,  
Made sunshine in that merry place.

These, through a leaf-embowered screen  
    Passed on to game of romp and ball ;  
And those, with deftest hands were seen  
    To ply for play the axe and awl.  
A kind old greybeard to me came ;  
“ We teach,” said he, “ our tasks in game,  
So scholars trained in head or hand  
May prove an honour to the land.

Just then, with happy bridal face,  
    A girl toward the gateway moved,  
Linked with her lover ; you could trace  
    Even in their walk how well they loved.  
They seemed of gentle blood and life,  
As on they strolled, that man and wife,

And yet a guide they needed not—  
Spirits familiar with the spot.

But deep and silent as the tide,  
As strong to keep two shores apart,  
The bridegroom and his new-made bride  
Felt each an ache within the heart ;  
A secret stream, a silent flood,  
A fear unuttered, understood,  
The strange unrest no reasonings move,  
Of something hid 'twixt souls that love.

And still from stair to stair they went,  
They watched the children backward pour ;  
The masters, o'er the scholars bent ;  
From class-room and from corridor  
Heard sounds that told how well the hive  
Of youth and industry must thrive,  
When all the moments on the wing  
Sweet store for future use will bring.

“ Yon lad, his mother died of dread  
The morn his father met his fate :

So spake our guide, "that, underfed  
And blind, we found beside the gate,  
Left by a passing boat ; his eyes  
Have seen a glimpse of Paradise,  
His ears have heard the angel chime,  
His heart is set to serve his time.

"But all are nameless, leave behind  
The very call to which they came,  
For some were born to fate unkind,  
And some have felt the breath of shame :  
So entering to this island home,  
They must forget from whence they come,  
Forget their old dead selves, and here  
Learn life is new and love sincere."

"And shall these nameless ones go forth  
Mere cyphers?" "Nay, when fully grown  
They pass, to leaven with their worth  
The great bewildering busy town :  
And ere they go, the name is told  
By which their mothers called of old,  
And from that morn, they learn to date  
Their names, and move to meet their fate.

“Forth to the world of strife they go  
    Poor lads, but oft rich princes come :  
Where'er they work, whate'er they do,  
    Their hearts are with their island home :  
And I have seen,” the greybeard said,  
“Sons, nurtured here, our city's head,  
And youths, whose hands we taught to work,  
The pride and blessing of New York.

“Ay, and yon city's fostering care  
    Broods o'er the isle with generous wing ;  
You saw but now that happy pair,  
    They brought a marriage offering,  
He looked me straight into mine eyes—  
But time forgets and years disguise—  
And then he laughed, I heard him say,  
“'Tis scarce a moon since wedding day.’

“He looked me close, he looked me thro',  
    He said, ‘You sure are teacher here ?  
Now tell me, Master, tell me true,  
    Is that life whole, that love sincere,  
That still must keep within its breast,  
The least faint something unexpressed

To her he loves, that fain would hide  
One secret from his new-made bride?’

“ ‘Nay, Sir,’ I answered, ‘I am old,  
And I have done with love and life,  
But if once more I might enfold  
In these grey arms my own true wife,  
No thought in all this interspace,  
But I would tell her face to face,  
No moment’s joy, nor hour of care,  
But with my loved one I would share.’

“Then to his bride the young man turned,  
‘Old Master mine, you answer well,  
You kindle fires that still have burned  
Within my heart the tale to tell.  
Dear love, henceforth ’twixt me and thee,  
No secret of my life shall be,  
Here, in this island home, my youth  
Was trained, I speak God’s very truth.

“ ‘Here learned I how East River’s tide  
Takes tender age in saviour arm ;  
This greybeard standing at our side,  
He threw o’er waking life his charm.

And I, not knowing whence I came,  
Learned here how honest work was fame,  
And passing hence was consecrate  
To duty, for our God and state.'

"You should have seen how that fair wife  
Blushed at the word, and kissed his brow,  
Then taking both his hands, 'My life,  
My love,' she cried, 'thrice honoured now,  
No secrets shall be unconfessed,  
Soul wide to soul, breast bare to breast,  
I too, thine own, whatever come,  
Was nurtured in this island home.'

"The very silence seemed to speak,  
I saw his lips a moment part,  
And then, with tears upon his cheek,  
He pressed her, heart to beating heart,  
And wond'ring, towards the river's side,  
They went, the bridegroom and the bride,  
And walked that dear familiar shore,  
One Life, one Love, for evermore."

— — —

Extract from a speech delivered by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge

at the supper given to the criminal classes by the St. Giles' Christian Mission, Tuesday, December 1, 1885 :—

“It is one of the most interesting recollections of a very interesting passage of my life, the visit that I paid when I was in America, to a great institution in the harbour of New York. The physical conditions of that institution are, no doubt, peculiarly advantageous. It is situated on one of the islands, and is a sort of boys' and girls' home. When I was there, some 1,600 or 1,700 boys and girls were in the home, which, cut off from New York by the swift stream, is only accessible by boats. They are all taught some trade. They are sent there not as a punishment, but they are allowed to be sent by the law of New York for minor offences, offences which would condemn many a poor little fellow here to be a felon for life. They are sent to this institution, where their names are concealed, and where they are not treated as under punishment, but as Christian boys and girls, and taught as far as they can be taught to get on themselves in life. I was told that there was no dishonour nor discredit in after life in having been in this place ; that constantly young men who had flourished in life came back and left donations for the assistance of this institution—an institution helped, indeed, by the State of New York, but chiefly carried on by voluntary contributions, and by some of the first men, and men of the largest business, in that crowded and immensely wealthy city. And I was told a story, for the truth of which I do not vouch, but for the possibility of which I may vouch, otherwise it would not have been told me. A young man and young woman, very thriving people, came to see this institution. They had just been married. They went through the building, and when they left, each of them gave a considerable donation. As they left the place, the young man said to the young wife, ‘I have told you everything about myself but one thing, I was a boy here.’ ‘Well, my love,’ said the young wife, ‘I have told you everything about myself but one thing, I was a girl here.’”



“CHAÄSING THE SUN”; OR, “THE TRAK WI’  
THE TERRIBLE NAÄME.”

I NIVVER went howt o’ the town,  
I’m noan o’ your fidgetty-rigs ;  
It’s twenty year sin’ I hed a black gown  
To my back, and I keeäps noä pigs.  
But if there’s owt that I like as well  
As my cat, it’s a book abowt Heaven and Hell.

There’s summat as warms your blood  
In a trak about fwoaks as sins,  
For praise the Lord—He is good,  
It nivver ends sääme as’t begins.  
We all on us hev our faults, but then  
It’s a strangen plaäce for quar’ls is the Fen.

Not that I quar’l, but, lor !  
Wi’ chickens a scratting your stocks,

And bairns a slamming the door,  
 Or clamming the hollyhocks,  
 It's nowt but the graäce of Heaven I saäy  
 As keeps ya neahbourly daäy by daäy.

For they're nowt but a mask o' fieënds,  
 From the mill reight down to the dreän,  
 Nivver cud call 'em friends,  
 Sich tongues and so blaämedly meän :  
 There's Stubbs's, and Johnson's and Ellerby's lot,  
 Fieënds from the man reight thruff to the cot.

And it's not for want of a teächer,  
 For parson he's plaäin and straight ;  
 And one of the wust's a preächer,  
 And they goa to choorch fust-rate.  
 But to keeap fro' guile, oh, it's 'maäzin' hard,  
 When you're called to your faäce i' your oän back-  
 yard.

I tried all ways to git on,  
 But my owd man was so bad,  
 And mebbe it's well he's gone,  
 For he spent what boöath on us had ;

And was I, his wife, to säy nowt, and hear  
The things fwoaks sed when they see'd him i'  
beer?

But, howivver, he went at last,  
And I'd a'most nowt to do,  
For my work-a-daäy toime wur past,  
And the bairns at sarvice too,  
So I toök to larning mysen to reäd,  
And the laädies up at the Hall agreeäd.

I cud scrat i' the pääpers a bit,  
And guess at the praäyers i' chuch ;  
But now I can reeäd as I knit,  
Reight thruff, be it ivver so much ;  
And the laädies knaws I luvv nowt so well  
As a trak as treeäts of Heaven and Hell.

I've mastered “Brands from the Flames,”  
And “Saäfe,” and “Wheer are you now?”  
And a mess wi' terrible names  
As browt the sweat to my brow.  
But the laädies softened them off, besure,  
They'd meant that packet for fwoaks next door.

I weant hev no more fro' the Hall,  
 I shall tek in the Baptists' next,  
 A maäkin' one crip and crawl  
 And turn i' one's bed—I was vext :  
 For tha knaws very well that theer's traks and  
 traks,  
 And soom's for choorch-fwoak and soom's for blacks.

It's my opinion Miss Kaäte  
 Hes gotten the wrong soort sent ;  
 Noä dowt that soom's fust-rate,  
 But some on 'em's devilment.  
 There's one I've kep' wropped up for long,  
 Wi' a naäme I reckon quite dreadful wrong.

It's lock'd i' my drawer upstairs,  
 The laädies found me fro' home,  
 And left it me unawares ;  
 I keeäp it wropped up till they come.  
 By the words on the coover howtside I could seä  
 It was not for a hungry soul like meä.

Mind the knots round the boök,  
 It's reytherly queerly done,

And hankercher's owd ; now look

At the naäme, “A Chaäsing the Sun !”  
Did you ivver see loikes o' the soort afoar,  
For a trak to be lent fro' door to door ?

“Chaäsing the Sun,”—as I reäd,

I shaäkes to menshun the word !

“Chaäsing the Sun,” i'deeäd,

The sun belongs to the Lord  
They'll find if they chaäses it fast or slow  
That God Omighty will let 'em know !

Noa, noa, I'm fond of a trak,

But the Devil he mebbe can write  
And shuffle his oän i' a pack

That's hotherwise Christian quite.  
But the laädies, I reckon, is much to blaäme  
For leaving yon trak wi' a terrible naäme.

## DEATH THE BEFRIENDER.

## A BALLAD OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

“RABBI JEHUDAH hath said,  
     The Messiah which was for to come  
 Is with us, but waits to be known,  
     Hid in His mother's home  
 Till the sown appear unsown,  
 And the travailing earth is afraid.

“Hath not the prophet written  
     That the great Prince—He who shall stand  
 For the people—cannot arise  
     Till trouble perplex the land,  
 And the world be full of cries,  
 And the powers of Heaven be smitten?

“Did not the Carpenter's Son  
     Tell the beginnings of sorrow

Before the Day of the Lord,  
New wars heard on the morrow,  
Earthquake, famine, and sword,  
And Love as cold as a stone?

“Yea, the earth has quaked, like a moon  
The day-star glimmers o’erhead,  
And suns ! men make them for night,  
The murderers hack the dead,  
The streets flame fiercely alight,  
The Messiah must sure come soon !

“Hath not one sign been seen,  
How the wells are stopped and dry—  
Wells of the heart of pity—  
Here where our children ply  
Their needles, and curse the city  
That swears by the Nazarene?

“Age stands in the presence of prime,<sup>1</sup>  
The son dishonours the sire,  
True wisdom is gall and hate,  
The poor who wander for hire

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Mishna, Sota, ix. 15.

Find none compassionate.  
This most betokens the time."

So half in wrath and half in grief  
Old Moses muttered at my side,—  
I bound on errand of relief,  
He busy with the wares he cried.

With hopeless eyes and jaded face  
The weary hundreds passed and passed ;  
Some found last night no sleeping place,  
And some to-day would seek their last.

Down the long miles of loveless street  
The dismal houses stared forlorn,  
A hay cart rolling by breathed sweet,—  
All else was sickly London morn.

Now here, now there, with gleaming cross,  
High lifted o'er the flock unfed,  
A towery temple seemed to toss  
Its passionless defiant head.

Then on our left with purple dome,  
With ample stair and wide-roofed hall,



The poorest people's Palace-home  
Sprang up, with looks of love for all.

Slow entering in the royal place,  
Where sits the Queen above the door,  
One went with sorrow on his face,  
And pain and patience, wan and poor.

His hairs were white, but not with sin,  
In decent black the man was dressed,  
But, ah ! his coat, thread-worn and thin,  
Hung loose about a withered breast.

Too proud he seemed for such a plight,  
But hunger glittered in his eyes,  
Where caverned deep, I saw the light  
That burns before the last lamp dies.

I asked his state and whence he came :  
" I once had friends," he made reply,  
" On Lincoln's wold they know my name,  
I could not beg, but I can die.

" My wife beside our child was laid,  
I dared not pass the churchyard gate,

My door was locked, my last debt paid,  
I wandered off disconsolate.

“ I left the golden breadths of corn,  
The whirling mills, the fruitful fen,  
They loved me well where I was born,  
None knew me in this maze of men.

“ I craved employ, with no avail,”—  
And here his voice grew hoarse and low,—  
“ They looked me o’er, they heard my tale,  
They bade me to the workhouse go.

“ I asked it not—one gave me bread,  
A pictured paper wrapped it round ;  
There of the People’s Hall I read,  
And hither faint my way was found.

“ Oh, bitter quest, to prove in vain !  
Books feed, but are not body’s food !  
But now, well past my hunger’s pain,  
The right of resting here is good.

“ This gorgeous roof of royal span,  
This golden gallery’s purple dome,

At least have made a dying man  
Feel love has still on earth a home."

He spake, and swooning smote the floor,  
His face showed where his soul had flown ;  
Dead, in the Palace of the Poor,  
In Christian England's wealthiest town !

Then half in wrath and half in grief  
Old Moses muttered at my side—  
"The poorest poor shall find relief,  
Messiah can no longer hide !"

---

"A little before 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday the 17th, a poorly but respectably dressed old man, cleanly in appearance, and with well blacked shoes, staggered into the premises of the People's Palace, dying of starvation. Too weak to coherently explain his condition, he was led into the office, and supplied by the clerks there in attendance with a basin of soup and some bread, which, however, his famished stomach refused to retain for a moment. He was then placed in a cab and conveyed to the London Hospital, where he lingered for about an hour and died, the coroner's jury subsequently returning a verdict of 'Death from starvation.'"—*The Times*, Oct. 27, 1888. Subsequent inquiry elicited the fact that he was a Lincolnshire man, a widower, who had left his home for London in search of work, and had failed to find it.

## OLD TIMES.

I'SE nobbut a middlinish creatur to-daäy, but how's thysen?  
 Straänge sight o' pääins in my back—now, Betsy, a  
 cheëir fur the gent.

Coomed about Witches, hev ya? Tha mun knaw, when  
 they dreäined the fen

A deal o' years sin' I can mind, the Witches and Jinny  
 Wisps<sup>1</sup> went.

Not but what I wur glad, sewer-loy, that the Witches shud  
 goä,

Fur I do belcäve owd Saätan was a'back of the whoale  
 live lot.

But fwoaks i' them daäys was hoffens quoite turned, they  
 wur frightened soä,

And now they goä scamperin' clear into hell reight  
 lathery hot.

<sup>1</sup> Will o' the wisp.

Theer was Harniss, the postin' boy, who nivver went near  
noä plaäce,<sup>1</sup>

'E seeäd a corp-light burn, and it did 'im a sight o' good.  
Our parson's man met a Witch or a Jinny Wisp faäce to  
faäce,

And 'e took to preaächin', 'e did, in the chapel down by  
the wood.

Yeës, odd uns wur good i' them daäys, they wasn't all  
solidly bad,

Tha knaws, if theer wasn't noäne good, the world wud  
coom to a hend,

And a few on 'em went oop o' Sunday, when my owd man  
wur a lad,

But they maäde sad work in God's House i' them toimes  
they cudn't intend—

Didn't know better, poor things ; why, I've seen my oän  
sen i' the choorch

Happles, and peärs, and taätes skelped<sup>2</sup> down by the  
chanshel-wall,

Wool i' the gallery gethered, and lambs penned oop i' the  
poorch,

<sup>1</sup> Place of worship.

<sup>2</sup> Thrown.

And milk teeämed owt 'i big tins, and the parson along  
ov it all.

Naäy, I can't saäy what they meant by theer dooment, they  
called it tithes.

We wur all of us poor i' them toimes—not a fardin' to  
spend at the fairs.

Cooäls? theer wasn't noä cooäls, we baäked upo' peeät  
and dithes <sup>1</sup>—

Cow-cassons roälled i' the sun and cutten i' nishtish  
squares.

I' harvest men addled a shillin', but flour was six a stoäne,  
Nivver yeät wheäten breäd 'cep' o' one daäy howt o' the  
seven :

Teä—it was not fur bairns, and we got neäther flesh nor  
boäne—

Squire's dinner o' Christmas daäy, was omoast like goin  
to Heaven!

But then, theer wur cows and commons! we hed milk to  
howr barley breäd.

<sup>1</sup> Fuel, made of dung or cow-castings dried in the sun.

Best part of the fens wur i' watter, and a deal o' wheät  
wasn't sown.

A reg'lar "Yaller-Belly"<sup>1</sup> was my owd man as is deäd,  
And he knawed, and I knawed when two haäcres o' wheät  
sarved Henderby Town.

Commons? Yees, then theer wur commons, and waäste  
reight hoäver the wold.

Roots wur nowt, it wur rabbits, and menny a man i' the  
shire  
Began low down upo' rabbits, and chaänged fro' silver to  
gold,  
As but fur theer grey owd jackets 'ud nivver hev got  
noä 'igher.

But the poor got shotten like dogs! Oop theer o' Barring-  
ton Hill

They found a skeletin man with a hoäl i' his heäd, they  
saäy.  
Fwoaks didn't knaw, but I knawed he'd gotten a leaden  
pill  
Like scoors, along o' the rabbits; they sarved the poächers  
that waäy.

<sup>1</sup> The Fen-men were not called frogs, but "yaller-bellies."

Shot 'im, and happed 'im oop; theer wasn't no paäpers then  
 To fuss; whoy, howr paäper was nowt but a feller as  
 reightled the clocks,  
 Picked oop news as he went, and added a deäl hissen—  
 And mebbe his oän wur the best as fell from his  
 chatterin' box.

Eh, luvvy! them toimes is chaänged—theer's nivver no  
 gibbets now!  
 I can mind at Saucetripp Cross the last as they hing'd  
 i' the chaäins,  
 And his poor owd feyther an' all as wur forced to foller  
 the plow  
 I' the fieälds cloäs by, and the craws a-pickin' his oän  
 son's braäins!

• Theer's a deal o' talk oop o' the Sessions, o' taäkin' a 'aäpoth  
 o' threäd,  
 W hoy stealin' 'ed used to be summat, but now theer's  
 noäbody steäls!  
 A nichst fat yowe wur temptin' when the bairns were pinin'  
 fur breäd,  
 Lor! fwoaks knaws nowt o' temptation as can look  
 reight thruff to theer meäls.



It wasn't not oänly theer bellies wur pinched, theer backs  
 wur cold, [git

And loike enuff poor things, fur the oänly stuff they cud  
 Was the wool they cud scrat together, fro' the sheep walks  
 oop o' the wold—

I hev spun a quarter myssen ov a night when the rushes  
 wur lit.

But the poorest wur cleän i' them daäys, new fangledy  
 ribbins wur dear,

We dressed oop o' winseys then, cleän kerchiefs and  
 brats and smocks ;

Nivver noa dallackments then but stuff as ud wesh and  
 weear,

And nivver a gell but larned to whiten the Sunday  
 frocks.

Nat'ral sooäp we used, fur a "Linken Bar" cost a deäl,

It lathered like owt and rembled the clat and the spots  
 o' greeäse,

We wur cleän fur sewerness i' them daäys, tho' hoffens we  
 wanted a meäl,

And were proud as a mouse amoast ov a bit o' hoam-  
 maäde cheeäse.

Homespun? Yeës, yeës, i' them daäys, and now not a  
wheeäl to be seeän ;

But, lor ! if I hed a hemp-bunch I could still mebbe  
draw owt a line,

For we maäde owr oän aprons and sheeäts and bleeäched  
them milk-white i' the greeän,

Wattered and sunned them well, and the webs the finest  
o' fine.

Tha know'st what it saäys i' the Word 'bowt Saätan  
a-rooärin' round,

And "mischief fur idle hands"; th' owd feller must haäte  
the spinnin' ;

Fur when lasses wur saäfe at hoäme, and twistin' theer  
quarter o' pound,

Theer was nowt o' nonsense at nights, noä time ya may  
saay fur sinnin'.

But fur all that we hungered and scratted from light to  
the dark i' them daäys,

Theer wur fiddles and heëls and toäs i' the barn, when  
the barley wur got ;

And the "Plough-Jags"<sup>1</sup> called o' Plough Munday, and  
we laughed fit to brost at their plaäys,

And the queeär "Moddish Dancers" at Yule got caäkes  
and brown aäle spiced hot.

But I've gotten a fit o' the gab, my dear, thou must 'scuse  
an owd tongue,

Fur an owd tongue 's nowt to doä but to clack o' the  
times gone past ;

I was minded to tell o' the witches and wizards when I  
wur young,

Thou must call, and must set meä on witches ageän and  
howd meä fast.

<sup>1</sup> Lads who went about in costume on Plough Monday, and acted  
a rude drama.

## LINCOLNSHIRE WITCHES

I'M not of the sort as is feared o' crossin' the choorch-yard  
 o' nights,  
 The man with his heäd off his showders he nivver gev' meä  
 the frights.  
 I've gethered star-shot <sup>1</sup> i' the fieälds, but I doan't think it  
 fell fro' the skies,  
 And as fur them "fairy-rings," it's all a parshel o' lies.  
 But I'll 'low that I moästlins 'ull burn the hegg-shell I've  
 'ed to my teä,  
 To prevent them howry owd witches fro' crossin' the  
 Mablethorpe seä—  
 Fur tha knoäs theer wur witches of old i' the Bible, and  
 divvils an' all,  
 And our parson 'e's allus a-precächin' we ain't gotten shut  
 o' the "Fall."  
 Fwoaks talks abowt vervein and dill, and pins putten  
 hunder the floor,

<sup>1</sup> A white gelatinous fungus.

But "wicken"<sup>1</sup>'s the thing, I'll uphowd it, fur keepin' the  
witch fro' the door.

I 'member our maister's owd "gaffman,"—it's gone upo'  
seventy year—

They wur takkin' threeä hay-loaden waggins, the Screm-  
bleby witch wur theer,

And she crossed the rooad wi' her stick, and two o' them  
waggins fell,

But the "gaffman" druv reight forrart, and the witch—soä  
I've heärd tell—

Wur all of a dither, and shak', and she skirled<sup>2</sup> out fit to be  
mad, [gad.]

"The divvil shall goä with the man as goäs wi' the wicken  
Whoy didn't we clam the witches? they cud nivver be  
hodden by noä man—

Fur a witch wud chaänge to a hare, and back ageän into a  
woman.

My feyther wonst watched fur my laädy, and set on his  
owd splayed bitch,

And just as sheä popped i' the cat-hole, dog clammed the  
Scrembleby Witch,

Teäred a pieäce owt'ner an' all; when they coomed to her  
cottage door

<sup>1</sup> Rowan-tree.

<sup>2</sup> Shrieked.

Yon hare was chaänged back to a woman, but theer wur  
the blood o' the floor.

Tha mun knaw, if tha nobbut draws blood fro' a witch the  
witches is done.

My bruther wonst scrawmed an owd witch—ay, 'e's deäd  
these forty year gone—

'E was amblin' one night fro' the fair, and she joomped on  
'is 'erse's back,

'E 'ad gotten a reeäp hook i' hand, and 'e fetched the owd  
critter a whack,

And theer i' the morn o' the pillion wur blood, and blood  
i' the rooäd ;

'E wur nivver disturbed no moor by the witch when he  
venter'd abrooäd.

Till we got clear shut o' the witches, the country was all of  
a tew,

Theer wur nivver no sureness i' baäkin, and hoffens we lost  
the brew,

And the wizard's wud cockle the barley, and the witches  
wud smut the coärn,

And blaämt if they wudn't wish ill to the babbies afore  
they wur boärn.

Theer wur toimes when the cows i' good milkin' wi' plenty  
o' gress 'ud goä dry,

Fwoaks laäid it to "otchen,"<sup>1</sup>—I knawed wi' mysen 'twur  
the witch's eye.

We'd a gell o' the farm as wur witched, and she got quoite  
disgraäced wi' a wen,

And it wudn't not stirr thoff she went to the gallus and  
touched threeä men—

And the touch of a man that is hinged is as good as a  
king's, they saäy.

Eh, the witches wur bad sewer-ly, but the "wise uns"  
wur wuss ony daäy,

Fur the "wise uns," my dear, cud wish tha, and fetch  
tha fro' far awaäy.

My owd man used to tell he was kiddin'<sup>2</sup> o' furze upo'  
Hagnaby Hill,

'E wur wished, and coom reightlins hoff, and noä time to  
get "mittens" nor "bill,"

But he fun hissén down at the Bull, and the "wise man"  
gawmin' theer, [is cheëir,

And fixed he wur all ov a moäment, and cudn't ha' rembled<sup>3</sup>  
Noä, not fur a thousand pounds, and the fire got scorchin'  
his kneeäs ;

"Sit furder, tha fool," groomped the "wise un," and my  
maister sed "Yeës, if you pleeäse."

<sup>1</sup> The Hedgehog.

<sup>2</sup> Making faggots.

<sup>3</sup> Moved.

But I wean't saäy the "wise uns" did nowt to adde  
 theer daäily breäd,  
 Fur one they called Stainton o' Louath, he telled where  
 they fun' a man deäd ;  
 And but fur owd Cossit to 'vise us when Bessie with king-  
 cough took ill,  
 Wes hud nivver ha' knawed o' the vally o' sow-beetles<sup>1</sup> took  
 fur a pill.  
 Eh, luvvy ! I moind it as clearly as if it wur nobbut to-  
 weeäk,  
 How I went when our threeä hogs wur stoälen fur all they  
 'ed gitten owr streeäk ;  
 And the "wise man" he grooäned i' the sperit, his chimly  
 was all of a rooär,  
 We sattled i' terms, and I bid 'im threeä pound, thoff he  
 axed fur moore.  
 Then he showed meä the feller as stoäle 'em, and he gev  
 me a hetherd-stoän<sup>2</sup> charm,  
 And be hangt if it wasn't our neahbour who wukked on the  
 next dooär farm !  
 Od blaäm 'im; we nivver sed nowt, but the "wise man"  
 'e put on 'is back [sack.  
 A curse fur a thousand years, till Saätan hes gotten the  
<sup>1</sup> Wood-lice.      <sup>2</sup> Adder-stone, old spindle whorls used as a charm.



They telled meä that ivvery Lammas till the theeäf wur  
laäid i' the "yard,"  
He wud snort like a herse round his paster, and wud  
plunge and gallop it hard ;  
Noä dowl it wur 'long o' the "wise un," for wizards is  
under a curse,  
They feeäl that th' owd feller has got 'em, and they luvvs  
to seeä other fwoaks wurse.  
But the last o' the "wise uns" as died, he sent fur the  
parson, I red  
I' the paäpers, "I've lived a wise man, and I's dyin' a  
fool, sir !" he sed.  
Fwoaks saäy that it's dreäinin' as druv 'em, but I saäy it's  
along o' God's graäce,  
And the nasty owd things isn't hended, they nobbut hev  
chaänged theer plaäce.  
Fur my grand-daughter's gell, i' her missiony booäk, was  
a-reädin' to meä,  
They're a sight o' tormentaätion to the blackamoors  
höaver the seä.  
Well, the Lord knaws his oän, and the divvil will cling to  
his oän to the last,  
But I'm solidly Christian-glad that the toimes of the  
witches is past.

## DANIEL PERITON.

## A BALLAD OF THE CONEMAUGH FLOOD.

THE windows of Heaven were open wide,  
The storm cloud broke, and the people cried  
    Will Conemaugh dam hold out?  
But the great folks down at Johnstown played,  
They ate, they drank, they were nought afraid,  
For Conemaugh dam holds Conemaugh lake,  
By Conemaugh dam their pleasure they take,  
    Fine catching are Conemaugh trout.

The four mile lake at the back of its wall  
Is growing to five, and the rains still fall,  
    And the flood by night and by day  
Is burrowing deep thro' buttress and mound,  
Fresh waters spring and spurt from the ground ;

While God is thundering out of His cloud  
The fountain voices are crying aloud,  
    Away to the hills ! away !

Away to the hills ! leave altar and shrine,  
Away to the hills ! leave table and wine,  
    Away from your trade and your tills ;  
Let the strong man speed with the weakest child,  
And the mother who just on her babe has smiled  
Be carried, leave only the dead on their biers,  
No time for the tomb, and no time for tears ;  
    Away, away to the hills !

Daniel Periton heard the wail  
Of the waters gathering over the vale,  
    With sorrow for city and field,—  
Felt already the mountain quake  
'Twixt living and dead. For the brethren's sake  
Daniel Periton dared to ride  
Full in front of the threatening tide,  
    And what if the dam do yield ?

To a man it is given but once to die,  
Though the flood break forth he will raise his cry

For the thousands there in the town.  
At least some child may be saved by his voice,  
Some lover may still in the sun rejoice,  
Some man that has fled, when he wins his breath,  
Shall bless the rider who rode thro' Death,  
For his fellows' life gave his own.

He leapt to his horse that was black as night,  
He turned not left and he turned not right,  
Down to the valley he dashed;  
He heard behind him a thunderous boom,  
The dam had burst and he knew his doom;  
"Fly, fly for your lives!" it was all he spoke,  
"Fly, fly, for the Conemaugh dam has broke!"  
And the cataract after him crashed.

They saw a man with the God in his face,  
Pale from the desperate whirlwind pace,  
They heard an angel cry.  
And the steed's black mane was flecked as he flew,  
And its flanks were red with the spur's red dew,  
Into the city and out of the gate,  
Rider and ridden were racing with fate,  
Wild with one agony.

“Flash on the news that the dam has burst,”<sup>1</sup>  
And one looked forth, and she knew the worst,  
    “My last message!” she said.  
The words at her will flashed on before  
Periton’s call and the torrent’s roar;  
And not in vain had Periton cried,  
His heart had caught a brave heart to his side.  
    As bold for the saving he sped.

The flood came down and its strong arms took  
The city, and all together shook,  
    Tower and church and street.  
Like a pack of cards that a player may crush,  
The houses fell in the whirlpool rush,  
Rose and floated and jammed at the last,  
Then a fierce flame fed by the deluge blast  
    Wove them a winding sheet.

God have mercy! was ever a pyre  
Lit like that of the flood’s fierce fire!

<sup>1</sup>Miss Ogle, a telegraph clerk, saw the waters coming down on the town, and died at her post. “This is my last message”—so ran her telegram—but the message was unfinished, the waters overwhelmed her.

Cattle and men caught fast,  
Prisoners held between life and death,  
While the flame struck down with its sulphurous breath,  
And the flood struck up with its strong cold hand,  
No hope from the water, no help from the land,  
And the torrent thundering past !

Daniel Periton, still he rides,  
By the heaving flank and the shortening strides,  
The race must be well-nigh won.  
“Away to the hills !” but the cataract’s bound  
Has caught and has dashed him from saddle to ground,—  
And the man who saw the end of the race,  
Saw a dark dead horse, and a pale dead face.  
Did they hear Heaven’s great “Well done?”

---

Daniel Periton is believed to have seen the first signs of the breaking of the Conemaugh dam. He took horse and dashed madly down in front of the certain deluge-wave, into and through Johnstown, crying, “To the hills, to the hills !”

He was overwhelmed by the oncoming flood, and perished in an heroic attempt to warn his fellow-townsmen of their peril.

## THE WIDOWER FROM LATRIGG.

WHEN last I stood on Latrigg's brow,  
'Twas thirty years ago,  
But clear can I remember how  
The lake and valley shone.

Then one was standing at my side,  
"Has Heaven," she said, "more grace?  
Can God indeed of bounty hide  
A lovelier resting place?"

Tears have been mine, and want, and pain,  
And death has come between,  
But like sweet sun thro' April rain  
I still behold that scene.

Far Borrowdale is all as blue,  
Helvellyn lies as brown,

As silver coils the Greta thro'  
The meadows by the town.

Yon pale white flood at Skiddaw's feet  
So gleamed—about his knees  
Rose valley incense just as sweet  
From fields as glad as these.

Their rubies out the larches hang,  
As rich their tresses glow ;  
You heard that bird? no merrier sang  
The thirty years ago.

How sad and soft the river calls !  
How hums the town beneath !  
And never yet on Walla's walls  
Did spring more gently breathe.

Still with its island home of prayer<sup>1</sup>  
Close bosomed, lies the lake,  
Ageless with youth no years will wear,  
In calm no storm can break.

<sup>1</sup> St. Herbert's Isle on Derwentwater.



Yet as I gaze, one little spot  
In this vast changelessness  
Seems lovelier, one remembered plot  
Is changed, but changed to bless.

The old church tower on yonder mound  
Shines white, as then it shone ;  
There one I love is sleeping sound,  
And I am here alone.

Dear voice, send answer up the steep,  
“ Has Heaven indeed more grace,  
Does God of His compassion keep  
A lovelier resting place ? ”

THE BALLAD OF ROSEMARIE ; OR, THE  
WHITE COCKADE.

CHRISTMAS is here, and Christ is King !  
 No need to rhyme of Belted-Will,  
 Nor Clym o' the Clough I care to sing,  
 The Robin Hood of Penrith Hill ;—  
 I tell how helplessness has power  
 More sure to guard than moat or tower.

---

RED are the roses by the tower  
 That looks rose-red on Caldew's tide,  
 But fallen and frayed the milk-white flower—  
 Gaunt Warwick's badge of battle pride,—  
 Yet Rose, one blossom cannot fade  
 Thy knightly flower, the White Cockade !

It chanced on a November's day  
 The cruel northern winds did blow,

And darkly Caldew swept away  
From Carrock muffled white with snow,  
A bitter wind from over Forth  
Brought news of rebels from the north.

The sun on Carlisle's walls may shine,  
'Tis set for hearts of loyal blood,  
For brave Prince Charlie quaffs the wine  
Where for his king stout Dacre stood,  
And Carlisle's burgher sons must flee,  
Or sing "neck-verse" at Harrabee.<sup>1</sup>

Oh ! better had the ship that sailed  
With those seven rebels drunk the seas,  
And better had the pibroch wailed  
For Death to dance in Hebrides,  
Than that old Carlisle's walls should ring  
With shouts of "Bonnie Charlie's King."

But one is in the castleyard  
Who hears no screel of pipe nor song,

<sup>1</sup> One of the Penitential Psalms repeated by the condemned at the gallows on Harraby Hill.

He paces moody 'twixt his guard,  
And deems the night is all too long.  
This night, God knows, his good wife lies  
In her first mother's agonies.

Quoth Dacre :—" By our Lady, sire,  
Whose rose adorns old Halton's gate,<sup>1</sup>  
Grant me a boon !—my heart's desire—  
My lady lies disconsolate,  
And is it meet when babes are born  
The mother should be left forlorn?"

Prince Charlie laughed a laugh and said,  
" Let ring-doves coo, but men of war  
Who wear the bonnet and the plaid  
Leave dreams of wives and babes afar ;  
When James the Third has won his claim  
Shall Dacre go to tend his dame !"

<sup>1</sup> The entrance gateway to Rose Castle, built by Bishop Halton in the 14th century, still stands, and bears above it in a large scutcheon the rose, in emblem probably of the Virgin Mary to whom Rose Castle was dedicated

Morn broke—and Criffel o'er the flood  
Frowned upon Skiddaw, veiled in cloud,  
The eastern heavens were wet with blood,  
And Crossfell's fiends were howling loud,  
By Dalston tower, with never a gleam  
Of light, ran dreary Caldew's stream.

All night the country-side had seen  
The blaze in heaven of farmyard fires,  
The geese are gathered from the green,  
The sheep are folded in the byres,  
And doors of church and pele are barred,<sup>1</sup>  
For Cumbria's yoeman-sons die hard.

A cry ! the rebels come ! they come  
With bonnets blue and bare of knee,  
But with no sound of pipe nor drum,  
Pride of Glenfinnan's chivalry,  
And at their head with naked blade  
Rides one who wears the white cockade.

<sup>1</sup> The church and pele towers on the border were the refuge for the farmers and villagers in time of foray.

“ Now Dalston loons,” Macdonald cries,  
    “ We have no quarrel, friends, with you,  
But tell us where Rose Castle lies,  
    And at your peril tell us true.  
Your Baron Bishop in his hold,  
He dines from silver, drinks from gold.

“ Your Bishop’s horses fill the stall,  
    He has good store of buckled shoon,  
We scarce for lack of such can crawl  
    Your English roads to pibroch tune—  
No man need fear, no maid need flee,  
But shod our Highland lads must be.

“ Nor dread for your great lord, we care  
    For those our God anoints, too much,  
We will not hurt a single hair,  
    His books and “shaws” we will not touch ;  
Yea, if the Rosemary were out,  
We would not pluck a single sprout.”

Then spake a voice, thick doors behind,  
    “ The time for Rosemary is past,

But if you chance a sprig to find,  
Unharm'd by this November blast,  
Swear you will come as now you go,  
And I the way to Rose will show."

"Ay ! that will I right gladly swear,  
For Rosemary is out of time,  
And Rosemary or not, no hair  
Shall cry for vengeance on our crime ;  
But horse and shoon we needs must take  
All for the Lord's anointed sake."

Then through the fields, Macdonald's men  
Moved merry with their yeoman guide ;  
They had no thought of Athol's glen  
When Caldew glittered at their side,  
And soon beneath its sheltering wood  
The "Castle Rose" before them stood.

Flanked by the tower that Strickland planned,  
High lifted o'er its terraced moat,  
Macdonald bade his trooper band,  
Its simple strength and beauty note,

And paused their captain's word to wait.  
Then challengeless they passed the gate,

Macdonald's broadsword on the door  
    Made noise, the rookery rose in air,  
Came hurried steps across the floor,  
    And voices whispered from the stair :  
"God's mercy !" cried the serving man,  
And backward to the Hall he ran.

Then grave, but white with wild alarm,  
    An aged serving maid stepped out,  
"Ye cannot mean a woman harm,  
    My lady must not hear this rout,  
She is delivered in this hour  
Of babe that is of babes the flower !

"Keep silence friends and follow me,  
    The roast is ready in the Hall,  
There eat and drink and welcome be,  
    But let her hear no foot to fall,  
For if she may not sleep to-day,  
Her gentle life will pass away."



Back at her prayer the troopers fell,  
They saw the working of her face,  
They too had served a master well,  
They too held faithfulness in grace,  
Leaned on their swords, no word they spoke,  
And thus her voice the stillness broke.

“ But if your heart no mother’s woes  
Can reach, respect the rites divine,  
E’en now the service forward goes,  
Within our castle’s ancient shrine,  
The prayer is said, the name is given,  
That God will ratify in Heaven.”

“ Fear not, fear not,” Macdonald said,  
“ I have a wife and bairnies three,  
What will they call your little maid?”  
“ Good sire, they name her Rosemarie :  
Mary the Rose without a thorn,  
From her they call the babe new born.”

Then round Macdonald turned, “ I swore  
If Rosemary were but in bloom,

I would not burst the castle door,  
Nor let my gallants sack a room !  
Here, nurse ! go, take my white cockade,  
And pin it on the little maid ;

“ And say we will in silence wait,  
The while the christening prayer goes on,  
Then under yon rose-scutcheoned gate  
We will as silently be gone—  
That white cockade shall be a dower,  
More sure to guard than moat or tower.

“ For if our troopers come this way,  
And yon cockade and babe be shown,  
They shall not dare to rob or slay,  
While brave Prince Charlie seeks his own.  
God speed his cause, and long life be  
To ‘ Castle Rose ’ and Rosemarie ! ”

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Rosemary (Molly) Dacre, the heroine of this ballad, married Sir Walter Clerk, fifth baronet of Penicuik, and communicated

the following account of the White Cockade incident to the publisher of *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 21st, 1817:—

“SIR,—According to your request this morning, I send you some account of the particulars that attended my birth, which I do with infinite pleasure, as it reflects great honour on the Highlanders, to whom I always feel the greatest gratitude, that at the time when their hearts were set on plunder, the fear of hurting a sick lady and child instantly stopped their intentions.

“The incident occurred 15th November, 1745. My father, Mr. Dacre, then an officer in His Majesty's Militia, was a prisoner in the Castle of Carlisle, at that time in the hands of Prince Charles. My mother (a daughter of Sir George le Fleming, Bart., Bishop of Carlisle) was living at Rose Castle, six miles from Carlisle, where she was delivered of me. She had given orders that I should immediately be privately baptised by the Bishop's chaplain (his lordship not being at home) by the name of Rosemary Dacre. At that moment a company of Highlanders appeared, headed by a Captain Macdonald, who having heard that there was much plate and valuables in the Castle, came to plunder it. Upon the approach of the Highlanders an old grey-headed servant ran out and entreated Captain Macdonald not to proceed, as any noise or alarm might occasion the death of both the lady and the child. The Captain inquired when the lady had been confined. ‘Within the hour,’ the servant answered. Captain Macdonald stopped. The servant added, ‘They are just going to christen the infant.’ Macdonald, taking off his cockade, said, ‘Let her be christened with this cockade in her cap, it will be her protection now and after if any of our stragglers should come this way. We will wait the ceremony in silence’; which they accordingly did, and then went into the courtyard and were regaled with beef, cheese, and ale, etc. They then went off without the smallest disturbance.

“The white cockade was safely preserved, and shown me from

time to time, always reminding me to respect the Scotch, and the Highlanders in particular. I think I have obeyed the injunction by spending my life in Scotland, and also by hoping at last to die there. (Signed) ROSEMARY CLERK."

Later historical search has proved by examination of the Kirk-linton parish register that the baptism took place at Rose Castle the 3rd November, on which day no Highlanders had crossed the border. It is possible that the old servant is responsible for the fact as he stated it. Necessity is the mother of invention. It is believed that the Macdonald spoken of was not Donald Macdonald of Moidart, but possibly Macdonald of the Edinburgh City-guard or some petty officer. It is thought that the object of the Highlanders was not so much loot as horses and shoes: they suffered terribly for lack of both. It is to their never-ending glory that the villagers for the most part were not harried, and no women suffered wrong at the hands of Prince Charlie's men in 1745.

The white cockade in question was given by Lady Clerk to George IV. when he came to Edinburgh.

## THE LEGEND OF ST. BEES.

IT fell upon the very day  
When God's dear Son was given,  
That looking westward through the spray,  
Men saw a vessel driven,  
Its boats and bulwarks swept away,  
Oars shattered, mainsail riven.

And who is this with book in hand  
Stands ever at the helm?  
Though waves roll mountains to the land,  
Her heart no fear can whelm.  
Sure such a presence, such command  
Would rule a stormier realm!

Across the bar they crash! they gride!  
When, mightier than before,

Upon the shoulders of the tide  
One wave the vessel bore ;  
Back from her hull the waters glide  
And leave her safe ashore !

Then out and stepped the ladye fair,  
She was but one of three,  
The foam-pearls fell from her red hair,  
As she sank upon her knee,  
And there they knelt in silent prayer  
Beside the surly sea.

“ Now who is here,” the ladye said,  
“ That knows of Christ our Lord ?  
And who will give us home and bread  
For sake of His dear Word ?  
Nought have we left, but loom and thread,  
Of all we brought aboard.”

Forth from the crowd, upon the beach  
There stepped an aged hind,  
Quoth he, “ To-day our churches teach  
Christ came for all mankind.

If our great ladye's hall ye reach,  
Christ's pity ye shall find.

“For at her gates or rich or poor  
To-day find equal dole,  
There men, or knight, or priest, or boor,  
Are one—God keep her soul !  
If but you win her castle door  
Your sorrows shall be whole.”

The ladye, never a word she said,  
But beckoned him to guide,  
And up along the cliffs so red,  
Above the sounding tide,  
She followed where the shepherd led,  
Her maidens at her side.

Above the hill, across the moor,  
To Egremond they hie ;  
Without is dusk, within the door  
The lights burn merrily ;  
Inside are gathered rich and poor  
For Yule-tide jollity.

“For Jesu’s sake,” the porter cried,  
The steward clanked his keys,  
The lord he swore, a royal tide  
Had brought him such as these.  
And the ladye led them straight aside  
And bade their hearts have ease.

Anon she asked them of their race  
And of their late distress,  
Why emblems of the gospel grace  
Were broidered in their dress ;  
But most she questioned face by face  
Of its pure saintliness.

And little, or of yea or nay,  
The strangers made reply,  
But the ladye did them all array  
In robes most courteously,  
And bade her ship-wrecked guests to stay  
Till winter should go by.

Now comes the spring, and now the swift  
Screams over land and lea,



The ragged edges of the thrift  
Are pink against the sea,  
And where the rosy ledges lift  
Is gold as gorse can be.

The goat-herds up at Rothington  
Have oft the strangers seen,  
The heart of many a weary one  
For the sight has gladder been ;  
They say that one is a holy nun,  
Yet seems a very queen.

But queen or nun, with maidens twain  
The fisher folk aver  
She earns her bread, with more of pain  
Than the busy gossamer ;  
They know how oft she winds the skein,  
How late the spindles whirr.

For lowly, in a lowly cot,  
These high-souled maidens spin,  
Contented with their humble lot  
If they their bread may win—

So happy that the busy spot  
Seems freed from touch of sin.

Sometimes into the narrow room  
Great lords and ladies pry,  
To watch the wonder-working loom  
Build up its tapestry,  
Whereon the small sand-roses bloom  
In deathless broidery.

Now sets more northerly the sun,  
Glad Midsummer is near,  
Unharm'd the woodland boar may run,  
The doe no arrow fear ;  
And Egremond's great lord is won  
His lady's suit to hear.

“ Now by the child that shall be born,  
A boon, Sir Knight, I crave,  
Our farms are green with store of corn,  
Much food for years we have ;  
Mind ye the shipwrecked maids forlorn  
Who came across the wave ?

“ Good sire, I ask thee not beyond  
What duly may be given,  
'Tis meet the lord of Egremond  
Should treasure lay in heaven,  
And from these holy maids have bond  
That so his soul be shriven.”

The lord, he laughed with such an oath  
As made the wood-birds fly :  
“ If spinsters' prayers can save us both,  
Then spinsters' prayers I'll buy,  
But Dame, I like not, on my troth,  
To found a nunnery.

“ This morn, the fells seemed far away  
For quivering of heat,  
The Ehn<sup>1</sup> went winding through the hay  
Right warmly to my feet ;  
And Dame, look west, how sultry grey  
The sun and ocean meet !

<sup>1</sup>The River Ehn or Ehen flows from the Ennerdale lake by Egremont to the sea.

“ Midsummer’s Vigil is to-night,  
And ladye, I have sworn,  
All lands whereon the snow lies white  
Upon the morrow morn,  
I give these wrecked ones out of right  
To mend their case forlorn.”

“ Now God send grace, for well I trow,”  
Quoth Egremond’s ladye,  
“ The hand that holds, can loose the snow  
From off the northern sea.  
And many a godless oath ere now  
Has won for Heaven a fee.”

The lord, he whistled, from his wrist  
The blinking hawk he shook,  
That light-heart oath he little wist  
Was written in God’s book,  
As homeward through the mellowing mist  
His careless way he took.

But swift and sure beyond the moor  
The lord’s promise has sped,

Has entered in the little door  
    Beneath the rocks so red,  
And all night long, beside the shore,  
    Are prayers and "aves" said.

The lord has gotten him to rest,  
    His ladye at his side,  
He little dreams the dame's request  
    Shall bring back Christmas-tide—  
That bitter winds at God's behest  
    Shall make his oath abide.

A black frost fell upon the hill,  
    A white frost on the wood,  
The barn-owl felt the bitter chill,  
    And stayed to warm her brood,  
And the watchman durst not stand him still  
    For freezing of his blood.

But ere the night had passed about,  
    The warder he might know  
From out the north, a fleecy rout  
    Of clouds came scudding low,

And when the morrow's sun shone out,  
The grass was white with snow.

Lord Lucy looked from out his tower,  
While still the morn was red ;  
“ Now by the holy angel's power  
The ground is overspread—  
I vow those maids have won for dower  
From Esk to Tomline Head ! ”

He cares not for his loss, beyond  
Hurt hay or blasted corn,  
He only thinks him of the bond  
With those three maids forlorn,  
For the lord of faithful Egremond  
Will do as he hath sworn.

Then loud he called for chart and seal,  
For seneschal and knight—  
“ Go, sires, and bring me answer leal  
What lands the snow makes white,  
For God has heard weak lips appeal  
And answered them to-night.”

And down he rode with half content  
Toward the rose-rocked Bay,  
Behind, on Herdus Hill and Dent  
Was full Midsummer's day,  
But every step he shorewards went  
Was snow-white as the May.

Now has he won to Tomline Head,  
But his dame has won before,  
The loom is hushed, unplied the thread,  
The maids are on the shore,  
And she whose hair is russet red  
Is praying, one of four.

The lord, he leaned upon his rein—  
“God give you grace,” he cried,  
“As much as under snow has lain  
This strange Midsummer tide  
Is to your use, and shall maintain  
An house of prayer beside.”

Then up she rose from off her knees,  
The Lady Bega hight,

And with those maidens whom the seas  
Had wrecked on Christmas night,  
She entered, Abbess of St. Bees,  
Into an Abbey's right.

And long as Egremond may wear  
The Pike-fish in his crest,  
Shall Cumbria's shepherd-sons declare  
How Lucy's soul had rest,  
And how the good St Bega's prayer  
By summer's snow was blest.

---

The remains of the monastery of St. Bees, some four miles south of Whitehaven, on the Cumberland coast, are situated about half-a-mile from the shore in a hollow, well sheltered from the north-west storms which sweep across the Irish Channel, by the broad-backed bluff of Tomline Head, more generally known as St. Bee's Head.

In respect to this religious foundation, Tanner says—"Bega, a holy woman from Ireland, is said to have founded, about the year 650, a small monastery in Copeland, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her."

St. Bega is said to have been the daughter of an Irish king. She ran away from her father's house, having determined to be a nun; and in order to avoid marrying a Norse chieftain, she joined some strange sailors, and took ship and sailed to the coast of Cumberland. The traditionary account of the founding of the nunnery of St.



Bees is to be found in Wm. Samford's MS.; from this MS. it would appear that a ship, containing a lady abbess and her sisters, "being driven in by stormy weather at Whitehaven, the abbess applied for relief to the Lady of Egremont, who, taking compassion on her destitution, obtained of her lord a dwelling-place for them, at the now St. Bees, where they sewed and spun, and wrought carpets and other work, and lived very godly lives, as got them much love." It goes on to say that the Lady of Egremont, at the request of the abbess, spoke to her lord to give them some land "to lay up treasure in heaven," and that "he laughed and said he would give them as much as snow fell upon the next morning, being Midsummer Day, and on the morrow as he looked out of his castle window, all was white with snow for three miles together. And thereupon builded this St. Bees Abbie, and gave all those lands were snowen unto it, and the town and haven of Whitehaven." Etc.

## RAM BUKSH, THE LEPER.

" To His compassionate Excellency,  
 One Ram Buksh who is ready to die—  
 He in the light, and I in the dark,  
 He full sun and I but a spark—  
 Prayeth. I once like a wild goat ran,  
 Tigers right to their lair would trace,  
 Met the elephant face to face,  
 Smote the leopard, and slew the buck,  
 Strangled the cobra before he struck ;  
 Pride of the village, beloved of my wife,  
 Now am I stricken and weary of life ;  
 Under the whole community's ban,  
 A lonely, loathsome, leprous man.

" I, the hunter, so strong, so fleet,  
 Now the hunted, scarce crawl on my feet,

No whole part of my body sound,  
One huge festering, fearful wound.  
Though my soul weep sore, no tear on my cheek,  
Lidless eyes that shrink from the glare,  
Ears decayed, where was hair, no hair ;  
Nose shrunk inwards so none can trace  
The look of a man in my knotted face.  
Toes ! they have withered off one by one,  
There falls my last forefinger's bone !  
So wizened my windpipe, lungs so weak,  
Though my heart cry loud my lips scarce speak.

“ Weary of being : Hear my cry !  
I, Ram Buksh, for I fain would die.  
My life is a plague-spot here on earth,  
I am loathed by the mother that gave me birth :  
The Pariah dogs when they scent me near  
Growl and slink to their offal heap,  
I am weary of waking, I fain would sleep  
It is known to all, if a leper consent  
To be buried alive, the gods are content :  
And never afflict his village again  
With the leper's curse and the leper's pain.

I am willing to die : yea, I have no fear ;  
Cherisher of the afflicted, hear !

“ The sun is sweet in the heaven still,  
May it shine for you ! but the high gods' will,  
And the wish of the village I full well know,  
Is that I, the leper, to death should go ;  
Dust in my mouth till my mouth cease breath,  
For so the gods will alone give ease,  
And save the village from sore disease ;  
So will this plague of my body's rot  
Pass from the people and be forgot ;  
So never more will the leper crawl  
A carrion corpse in the shade of the wall !  
Oh compassionate ! hear what he saith,  
Ram Buksh, the leper, and grant him death.

“ Hear the prayer of a leper ! Forgive  
The wish of the living not to live ;  
For the will of my heart that still must beat  
Is to lie beneath the dust of the street,  
Out of sight of mine own wife's eyes,  
Out of sound of the hunter's rout  
When they bring the tiger home with a shout,

Where the heavy curse I shall no more hear,  
The earth is a lighter load to bear !  
But the law is good—you are law to the land,—  
Wherefore I beg this boon of your hand,  
To lie beneath where no torment lies,  
For the people's sake and for Paradise.”

---

Thus, that his brothers escape the ban,  
Prayed Ram Buksh, the leper man.

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On Monday, January 13th, 1890, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales presided at a subscription dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, in aid of the National Leprosy Fund. Father Damien's brother was of the company. Speaking of the lepers in India, the Prince stated that there were considerably over 200,000 of them, and that not more than one per cent. were in hospitals or asylums in 1887.

The vast majority of these roamed over the country as beggars—shunned, friendless, and uncared for, until they dropped down and died, or perhaps drowned themselves in some public well. Let me—continued the Prince—read to you one of the saddest and most pathetic petitions I have ever heard of, which was presented by a leper to the late Lord Lawrence when he was Viceroy :—

“Hail, Cherisher of the Afflicted,—Be it known to your enlightened mind that your devoted servant has been a leper for many years. My limbs have fallen off piece by piece ; my whole body has become a mass of corruption. I am weary of life. I wish to die. My life is a plague and a disgust to the whole village, and my

death is earnestly longed for. It is well known to all that for a leper to consent to die, to permit himself to be buried alive, is approved of by the gods, who will never afflict another individual of the same village with a similar malady. Therefore, I solicit your permission to be buried alive. The whole village wishes it, and I am happy and content to die. You are the ruler of the land, and without your leave it would be criminal. I hope that I may obtain my prayer. I pray that the sun of prosperity may shine on you. —(Signed) RAM BUKSH, Leper.”

This petition, it is hardly necessary to say, Lord Lawrence did not grant, but the unfortunate leper was nevertheless buried alive a day or two afterwards. He (the Prince of Wales) was glad to say that there was a possibility, he hoped a probability, of the State taking a more active part than hitherto in the prevention and treatment of leprosy in India.

## IN A GARDEN.

THE cowslip glowed, the tulip burned,  
The grass was green as green could be ;  
There, as in sweet content we turned,  
Beneath the budding linden tree,  
We saw the westering sunbeams shake  
Large glory o'er the mountain lake.

The cushat cooed, the blackbird's cry  
About the terrace garden rang ;  
Still as we wooed, my love and I,  
The throstle still enraptured sang,  
And still the waters danced with glee  
Beneath the budding linden tree.

The tulips trembled still with flame,  
The cowslips gleamed along the walk,

Yet, dear one, when the last word came  
And silence only seemed to talk,  
We looked and found the lake was gone,  
Flowers dim, birds hushed, and one star shone.

Beloved ! by many an up and down,  
O'er level lawns, unlevel ways,  
Through weeds and flowers, when birds had flown,  
And when birds sang, have passed the days  
Since our new dawn forbade the night ;  
But, lo ! o'erhead Love's star is bright.



## THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

NO flocks and bells  
Are on the fells,  
    The sheep are in the vale ;  
But near and far,  
From belfry bar,  
    There goes a good old tale,  
The bells of Christmastide that ring,  
Against the coming of the King.

With joy and hope,  
The merry rope  
    Leaps dancing from the ground ;  
With steady sway,  
From stay to stay,  
    The solemn bells swing round,  
And silent hills, that watch and hear,  
Beat back the news along the mere.

Though winds are chill,  
The heron's bill  
    Is busy by the lake ;  
The white owls crow  
Across the snow,  
    They needs their meal must make,  
They cannot pause to wonder why  
The night air throbs with melody.

Where great men dine  
Flows talk and wine,  
    The meats are flashed about ;  
But as they drink  
They little think  
    What music is without ;  
And at the windows idly beat  
The words those merry bells repeat.

But on the farm  
Has come a charm,  
    The airiest of spells ;  
Rob still must bide  
To open wide  
    The barn, to hear the bells ;

With lingering step to-night he plies  
His frosty farm-yard ministries.

Upon his tramp,  
The shepherd's lamp  
    To-night stands steady, oft ;  
For up the hill  
The church bells still  
    Sound cheerily and soft ;  
Though he has heard their tune for years  
A strange new thing is in his ears.

On pillow props,  
Poor Elsie stops  
    In middle of her prayer ;  
Such sounds were given  
From out of heaven,  
    She says, to guide her there ;  
And hands upon the window latch,  
Let in the humming at the thatch.

The old man reads,  
The grandchild heeds,

And crawls along the floor,  
With fret and cry  
Its fingers try  
    The bolts upon the door ;  
And soon the elder children stand  
Out in the lane, a listening band.

But by the fire  
The aged sire,  
    He rocks him to and fro,  
Those sad church bells  
Their music tells  
    Of Christmas long ago.  
Outside the children laugh to hear,  
Inside the old man drops a tear.

Laid on his back  
Behind some stack,  
    Less cold the beggar feels ;  
Loudest of all  
To him they call,  
    Those gladsome Christmas peals.  
Men's hearts—but why he does not know—  
At such a season warmer grow.

Not recking much  
Whose souls they touch,  
    The breathless ringers ring,  
They little ken,  
Those simple men,  
    What messages they wing,  
But as each echoing bell comes up  
An angel fills its iron cup.

From their full throats  
A thousand notes  
    To village hearts are sent,  
And some are glad,  
And some are sad,  
    But all are much content ;  
For as is meet, the bells recall  
How Christ was born to save them all.

Not curtains long,  
Nor windows strong,  
    Keep out the roundelay,  
For high and low,  
Who list, may know  
    What words the church bells say ;

Their Christmas tale alone is barred  
From hearts whom selfishness makes hard.

Still, as of old,  
Christ's birth is told  
    To men of humblest home ;  
Still throbbing air  
Can make minds 'ware  
    That Christmas-tide is come,  
And he who has not where to rest  
May hear the joyous tidings best.

## AN OLD CONSPIRACY.

THEY met in haste, they met with guile,  
Old Hanan mumbling in his beard,  
Proud Pilate with a weary smile,  
And Herod trembling to have heard,  
And Caiaphas, the man of sin,  
Arch-leader of the Sanhedrin.

They closed the doors, the soldier stood,  
They asked him of the Crucified :  
Stained with the water and the blood,  
His spear was leaned against his side,  
And he had felt the body cold  
That Joseph in fine linen rolled.

“ Now swear thee, dog, thou didst not break  
The legs of Him who hung with three-

Worst malefactor—for the sake  
Of bribe to set this Jesus free.  
Thy spear but grazed, it gave no wound,  
Swear that this Christ not died but swooned.”

“Cæsar, I swear,” the soldier said,  
“But all the world that came to see  
Knows well this Christ was good as dead  
Before we nailed Him to the tree ;  
He drank no cup to dull the pain,  
Who swears He swooned but swears in vain.”

Then crafty Caiaphas began,  
“Nay, sirs, He died, talk not of swound,  
Nacdimon is a careful man,  
He would not waste a hundred pound  
To spice a body but in faint  
And save it from corruption’s taint !

“Say, while the watch lay right and left,  
Deep drugged, friends came, the seal was broke,  
Rolled the great stone far up its cleft,  
And as this poor Pretender spoke,



Made Him arise the promised day,  
And bore His corpse by stealth away.

“ Better this word than as at first,  
With larger monies spread the tale,  
For that wild fisher, mad, accursed,  
Doth with the people much prevail,  
And dares the priests bring forth the Lord  
Unrisen, and so make vain his word.”

There Pilate smiled, “ The people know  
Your priests were fearful He should rise ;  
Peter’s bold challenge doth allow  
No answer but your craven lies.  
Methinks it doth more Roman seem  
To say Christ comes, but comes in dream.

“ Mine own wife, Procula, who sent  
To bid me nothing have to do  
With that just Man and innocent,  
Has dreamed she sees Him come and go :  
Down the deep Tyropean way  
He seemed to walk this very day.”

Ah ! how "that Fox's" face grew white,  
That Idumæan Sadducee !  
"Dreams cannot hurt us though they fright,  
Yea, let Him come in dream to me,  
And do the marvels He refused  
When in mine hall He stood accused."

Thereon the soldier blunt replied,  
"Masters, I know one who hath thrust  
His hand into that Vision's side,  
And I have heard from him, I trust,  
How this same dream can break wheat-bread  
And by the food of men be fed.

"Yea, can speak words so men may hear,  
Talks Galilæan roughly still,  
But, like a dream, doth disappear,  
Appears, when doors are closed, at will ;  
Walked to Emmaus without pain,  
Though feet were pierced as plain as plain."

Lo ! even as he ended, came  
A sigh of silence on the air,

And with His wondrous eyes aflame,  
For love, not hate, the Christ was there !  
None spake—thereafter nought was said  
Of Christ, dream—risen—swooned—or dead !

## ELIJAH AT THE BROOK CHERITH.

HE stood in presence of the King—  
 His soul in presence of the Lord—  
 He said, "The brooks shall no more sing,  
 No more the flowers and grass shall spring,  
 For dew shall fail from off the lea,  
 And rain for years shall only be  
 According to my word!"

Proud Ahab's lips were curled with scorn,  
 And Jezebel, with serpent hiss,  
 Cried, "Now, by Baal, and the horn  
 Of Sidon's altar, we have sworn,  
 The clouds shall rain, the springs shall flow.  
 Or, Prophet of Jehovah, know  
 Thy head shall fall for this!"

Then forth from Ahab's presence went  
That dark-eyed man whose hair was long ;  
The people wondered, women bent  
Forth from their lattices, men sent  
Long glances after him—he dared  
Curse the King's land, and yet is spared !—  
But he passed through the throng.

He left the city ; beast and man  
Were glad ; full fountains spouted clear ;  
Long strings of camels to the Khan  
Brought clover green ;<sup>1</sup> the caravan  
Told of the miles of emerald grain,  
The former and the latter rain  
Seemed sure, no drought was near !

The people turned them to the west,  
The sun sank down, the soft dew fell,  
They only saw on Carmel's crest  
Fires burn to Baal ; he, God's guest,  
Went eastward underneath the moon,  
And thought him of the sultry noon,  
Ahab and Jezebel.

<sup>1</sup> The camels bring into Eastern cities each day great loads of green bersim or clover as provender for horses and cattle.

And, as he went, he heard the Lord  
Say, "Get thee to the torrent bed  
Before the Jordan ! Deeply stored,  
There shall the water drink afford,  
Yea, even in drought ; there at thy need  
By hungry ravens that I feed  
My prophet shall be fed."

Then down by gulfy Cherith's side  
Elijah, with his shepherd crook,  
Passed fearless, there did he abide ;  
At morning and at eventide  
He heard the rush of wings, and saw  
The birds that brought with beak and claw  
Flesh ; and he drank the brook.

Forth as he gazed, he watched the noon  
Scorch into dust the grass and grain ;  
Barren as salt beneath the swoon  
Of that unending fierce simoon,  
Right from the sea of salt to where  
White Hermon's ridges rose in air  
Lay yellow, Jordan's plain.

The land grew iron underneath,  
The heavens were brass from day to day,  
Proud Ahab, with his scornful breath,  
Cursed the bold Prophet to his death,  
But every morn and eventide  
The brook its constant gift supplied,  
And birds brought food alway.

The lion met him eye to eye,  
And pawed the torrent bed, athirst;  
At morn and evening from the sky  
Fell shadows where the brook was dry,  
Then bread, and to the Prophet's hand  
From out the cool of Cherith's sand  
The fountains upward burst.

And since that time both man and beast,  
The bird that flies, the brook that sings,  
Have come together to one feast,  
Love hath in common need increased.  
Still in the desert God prepares  
A table for the man who dares  
To speak the Truth to kings.

## A LIBEL.

COOM, wenches, git to work !  
 Now, Keziah, theer's thy fork,  
     And the waggin's in the corn !  
 When the craws tum-poäke that waäy  
 And are yawlin' soä, they saäy  
     It 'ull chaänge befoor the morn.

Howr Betsey got a plaäce,  
 But she pulled an awkard faäce—  
     Nivver 'lowed howt to the Fair—  
 And they've silver laäid fur dinner,  
 And sez graäce! If she graws thinner  
     Work weänt hurt—she's flesh to spare.

But Jemima—she's at home ;  
 We was foorced to let her come,  
     She was dithery of her 'ead.



Poor lass ! she hed a stroäke—  
 Let the teä-things down—they broäke—  
     Wasn't saäfe i' hand, they sed.

And they meant kind when they sacked her,—  
 Gev the gell a good charäcter,—  
     Quoite content, they told our Ben ;  
 But when squoire's wife coomed by  
 And axed questions—mebbe I  
     Was'nt saäfe i' hand mysen.

Fur she saäys, sez she, “ I hear  
 Your Jemima's head is queer,  
     And Jemima she hes fits.”  
 And I pulls mysen oop straight,  
 Reight i' front of my oarn grate,  
     Fit to tear her into bits.

“ Marm,” I sez, “ it is a shaäme  
 Fur to naäme the very naäme !  
     Howr Jemima maäy be weeäk,  
 And when silver cooms to taäble,  
 Not honwillin but honhaäble—  
     Unheppen, soä to speeäk.

“ If the gell weänt wesh a plaäte,  
 If she ligs till hoäver laäte,  
     Can’t sarve pigs nor milk a cow—  
 Why, then, marm, I’ve nowt to saäy  
 When you taäke her naäme awaäy  
     By the things you’ve menshuned now.

“ No, marm, noä ! we maäy be poor,  
 And my maister sez, what’s moor,  
     We are poor as rats, and wuss !  
 And he sez theer’s noä disgraäce—  
 He would tell it to your faäce—  
     In bein’ poor like hus.

“ But howr famly nivver hed  
 Fits ! it nivver shall be sed  
     Fits howr gell from sarvice sent.  
 Noä, Jemima in ’er wits  
 Maäy be weeäk—she doänt hev fits !  
     And the squoire’s wife she went.”

## A WOMAN SAVIOUR.

GOD from man's forge sends ministers of flame  
 Who gird the earth, returning whence they came ;  
 In Heaven's great forge, the heart, He mouldeth still  
 The angel spirits sent to do His will.

---

YOU know White Mountains, and the rail  
 That runs by Wakefield, Boston way?  
 A woman saved the home-bound mail  
 The other day.

A woman, not a strong one, mind,  
 Her babe still clinging to her breast  
 But thro' the storm of hail and wind  
 She did her best.

Beyond the curve a whirlwind blast  
 Had rooted up the wall of pine,

She heard the cars come thundering fast  
Along the line.

Death round the curve ! Death round the curve !  
The driver's eyes are blind with sleet,—  
That woman, with a strong man's nerve,  
Leapt to her feet.

Left child and fire, thro' storm and wrack,  
Thro' roar of wind and rattling rain  
She dashed along the deadly track  
To stop the train.

Stood firm, and like an angel's wing  
The white scarf o'er her head she waved !  
Stood firm, and did the only thing  
That could have saved.

For lo ! the engine's eyes have caught  
Sight of the signal in her hands ;  
And at her feet to stillness brought  
The swift train stands.

Harsh voices cried in anger then,  
“Why stop us in our hot career?”

“ I came, because the lives of men  
To God are dear.

“ I came though voices called me back—  
Mine own babe’s voice—I came to say  
The trees are strewn across the track  
And bar your way.

“ I came, mine infant, four weeks old—  
And storms like this can slay a man,  
But pity seemed my babe to fold  
Warm as I ran.

“ I came, for Heaven gave strength and nerve,  
I snatched this scarf from out the room,  
I heard you thundering to the curve,  
I knew your doom.”

Then fell a hush, then rose a prayer,  
Warm-hearted hands her brave hand prest ;  
The saviour woman, silent there,  
Had done her best.

Boston, August 1, 1890.—The Boston bound White Mountain express on the Boston and Maine railroad was 20 minutes late when it passed through North Wakefield, N.H., about 4.45 p.m. yesterday. A storm of wind and rain was raging, but despite the murky atmosphere the heavy train was rushing onward at high speed in the endeavour to make up the lost time. Hardly had it left the North Wakefield station when the engineer saw a woman on the track frantically waving a white cloth. Evidently there was danger ahead. A push at the throttle shut off the motive power, and a quick twist of the air-brake lever was instantly responded to by a slackening of speed. The train stopped with the cowcatcher of the great locomotive almost in front of the woman.

“What’s the matter?”

“The track around the curve is all covered with trees. I came to warn you.”

Just ahead there was a curve, a sharp turn, so sharp that after an obstruction upon it had come into the engineer’s view no human power could have prevented a calamity. The woman was Mrs. Emily Branson. From her house near the track she saw the wind hurl several huge trees across the rails. She was alone with her two little children.

“I hated to leave my children alone in the storm,” said she, “but I knew there was nothing else to be done. So I caught up a towel, the first thing that was handy, and ran up to meet the train. I’m glad I got here in time.”—*New York Tribune*.

## A FARM-YARD SOLILOQUY.

OWR parson 'e called one daäy, he wur straängen fond o'  
the breeäd,

Kep' 'em hissén he did, 'e 'd a deäl o' bairns to feeäd :

"Wants to be kilt," sez he, and 'e dobs his stick at the sty;

"It wudn't be wuss, my friend, if we wur as fit to die."

"Parson," I sez, "you're reight, I nivver larnt nowt at  
school

An' doänt tend reglar in choorch, but I maäs it a gíneral  
rule

Nivver to gev yon critter it swill wi'out scrattin 'is 'eäd,

And thinkin' a deäl o' that vuss about 'Giv us our daäily  
bread.'

"And he oops wi' his eye does the critter, quite knawin' and  
grunts, 'Amen,'

Just like a clerk he does, and I thinks, thinks I, wi' myssen,

Theer's a many as grunts a deäl wi' a deäl better stuff to  
 yeät, [meät.  
 But noän ov 'em does theer duty by dooin' so well by theer

“Fur nivver a daäy sin' I threatened yon critter fur pork in  
 the spring,—

Sow laäid upo' six ov its brothers, the laäzy lumberin'  
 thing,—

Nivver a daäy nor a meäl but God O'mighty he knows  
 It's done it best by it vittel, and still 'e spreeds and graws.

“Nivver looked back it hesn't i' feeädin' from fust to last—  
 ‘Man's life,’ so it sez i' the Psalms, ‘is nobbut a shadder  
 that's past,’

Daävid nivver sed nowt o' the pigs, they wur cloave-footed  
 things—but it's queer,

Pigs to coom oop like a flower, o'moast, and die i' a year.

“Yees, and theer quoite content is pigs, content to die,  
 It's nobbut an owry world and narrer an all, is the sty ;  
 And gentlemen quoite is pigs, they'll lig i' the straw till  
 they're fed,  
 And they weänt coom clatterin' in like the bairns to clan  
 their bread.



“ Parson, I’ve offens thowt it wur all along o’ the swine,  
That young man coomed to hissén as hed been so gentle-  
man-fine :

Doesn’t thou think when they gethered the hacorns theer i’  
the yard,

He knawed that they nivver complained thoff the husks  
wur terrible hard?

“ When you wur a preeäching in choorch tother daäy o’  
the Prodigal son, [un ;

I wur back here siver i’ thowt whoäle toime along o’ this  
Thinks I, ’twur the pigs as turned ’im, they gev ’im the  
ring that was gilt,

And took off his clatty owd yanks<sup>1</sup>—I wur glad ’twas a caulf  
as they kilt.

“ Kilt ! why I’m happen a sinner and rough and tough i’  
the heart, [market cart,

And I leaves the owd mare to hersen now and then i’ the  
But theer’s one thing I nivver could doä sin’ I hed taäils  
to my cwoät,

I nivver could coax it, and feed it, and then laäy knife to  
it throät.

<sup>1</sup> Leather leggings used by farm servants.

“ To my waäy o’ thinkin’ it’s moast loike killin’ a bairn o’  
your oän—

Pigs cries like a woman can cry, and groäns like a man  
can groän ;

Not that they knaws afoorhand, Him as maäde ’em ’ull  
seeä to that,

Cudn’t doä noäways else, sin’ they work so well to git fat.

“ I doänt so much mind when they’re deäd, I can scraäpe  
and scald wi’ the best ;

Husk ’em, and wesh ’em, and hing ’em, and git ’em reight  
famously drest—

Deäd ! we mun all on us die, so I sooän gits reconciled,  
Besides, I’m a bit pork-proud, when I’ve browt it oop fro’  
a child.

“ But as sewer as the daäy o’ condemnation gits round  
agaän—

Yon’s under sentence o’ death come Monday next to be  
slaän :—

I’m hoff to the field or market when he’s gotten the last on  
’is meeäls,

And missus she superintens—for women thinks nowt o’  
their squeeäls.

“But I maäs it a law, poor thing, to soften it hoff at the  
hend,  
Scrats his 'eäd a bit longer, and talks to 'im saäme as a  
friend;  
And the last few meeäls ov his life I reckon it's Christian  
kind  
To stir him in extra stuff and sugar 'is swill to 'is mind.

“Fwoäks may talk as they like, but I've fun that theer's  
pigs and pigs,  
I've larnt a deeäl fro' that un as theer i' the crew-yard ligs,  
'Doä your best by your master's meeät,' I 'ears him  
saäy,  
'Noä world's too small fur content, git ready ageän the  
daäy.'”

## THE BRAVE PIT LADS OF PENICUICK.

WE can march to death or glory  
 When the sun is shining over,  
 And the daylight shall discover  
 All our deeds' heroic story.

But with spade and plain pickaxes  
 At the cannon's mouth to labour—  
 Neighbour hardly seen of neighbour  
 For the gloom—our courage taxes.

Penicuick !<sup>1</sup> now praise the mother  
 Of the lads who proved the proudest,  
 When earth's cannon roared its loudest  
 And the pit was filled with smother.

<sup>1</sup> Penicuick = Hill of the Cuckoo, pronounced Penicook.

Who knew now was time or never—  
Who flew back through fume and stifle  
Deeming risk of life a trifle,  
Daring death to crown endeavour.

---

Boys to whistle, laugh, and sing,  
Bare-legged laddies like the rest,  
Boys to dance a Highland fling,  
Boys to find the falcon's nest.

Boys impatient of their books—  
So the Dominie would say—  
Merry-hearted as the brooks,  
When the cuckoo calls in May.

But we loved them up above  
And we loved them down beneath,  
Such brave lads the "corves" to shove—  
Never tired nor out of breath.

If a brattice-cloth went wrong,  
If a pit prop wanted bringing,  
Robbie sure would come along,  
Set all right, and go off singing.

If a trolley rail had "scattered,"  
 Or a waggon wouldn't run—  
 Tam was there, and nothing mattered,  
 All was whistle, all was fun.

And, when air was well nigh spent,  
 And we gasped our blows between,  
 Through the gloom young Mitchell went,  
 Glad as up on Shottstown green.

In your heart such laddies grow  
 If you have a heart to love,  
 Ah! we loved them here below—  
 Now we love them up above.

I but heard the muffled thunder,  
 And the fiery blast flew by,—  
 God save all the poor men under  
 There in that far gallery!

Then towards me, bruised and bleeding,  
 From bewildering darkness ran  
 Two brave boys, of nothing heeding—  
 "Help our comrades all you can!"

Help whom? Death, no longer lurking,  
Reigns; again earth's guns will roar—  
Flame will flash from work to working,  
After it the reek will pour.

Stand still, laddies! who draw breath  
Know their doom, and they who fell  
In that sulphur-wind of Death  
Know not—all with them is well.

“Nay!” they cried, “though death we meet;  
Comrades sealed to certain doom  
Shall—if we but keep our feet—  
Hear our voices through the gloom.

“Hear us bid them up and follow,  
Break their dark imprisonment!”  
So into Death's dreadful hollow,  
Back the gallant laddies went.

---

After the first terrific explosion in the Penicuick Pit, when volumes of smoke were pouring down the shaft, and the cry, “The pit's afire,” had struck terror into the stoutest heart, three pit lads—Robert Tolmie, Thomas Foster, and Mitchell Hamilton—refused to avail themselves of the comparative safety that their nearness to the upcast shaft gave them, and against the advice of the older men, insisted on running back into the workings with the hope of warning comrades in a further part of the pit. They perished on their brave errand.

## A HERO'S CROWN.

BASIL ! that name demands a kingly deed,  
 And thou hast set a crown on it, to shine  
 As bright as the Equator's burning line ;  
 For while the stars in heaven alone could plead,  
 The stars that bend o'er all—though the sharks' greed  
 Made terror of the deep, thou didst divine  
 A drowner asked for life, yea, even for thine,  
 And in the darkness, springing to his need,  
 Thou didst forget thy happy English home—  
 Thy mother's yearning and thy father's face,  
 Didst only see the fierce wave break to flame  
 About a dying man of unknown race,  
 And thou didst gather diamonds of the foam  
 To sparkle ever round a hero's name.

---

BASIL THOMSON, son of the Archbishop of York, has just received the Humane Society's Medal for an act of gallantry off the coast of



New Guinea. Two men quarrelled in a boat that was coming off to his ship, and the cry of "Man overboard!" was heard. Thomson could only make out by the sparkling of the phosphorescence on the water where the drowning man was, but, regardless of the fact that it was dark, and that the water was infested with sharks, he knew his duty and did it. He dashed in to succour the poor fellow, and was able to support him till the boat could come to the rescue.  
--*September, 1890.*

## CATHERINE WATSON.

CATHERINE WATSON bravely run  
To the rescue ! long as sun  
Floods the Firth with gold, your name  
Shall be golden as your fame ;  
Never boy in yonder bay  
But shall feel above his play  
Towering up the granite cross  
Mindful of our love and loss ;  
Never fisherman shall ride  
Homewards on the swelling tide  
But shall dream beside his boat  
That he sees your body float,  
With those hands that stretched to save  
Drifting helpless on the wave ;  
And when tempests cease to roar  
They who gather by the shore,

That wild ocean-forest thing  
Whose strong roots do clutch and cling  
Round the stones, shall haply find  
Branches of the weed that twined  
Round your hair in Berwick Bay,  
Lest the tides should steal away  
All that we, who loved you dear,  
Held in veneration here.

Catherine Watson! you but saw  
Boys who played beneath the "Law"  
Strip and run to meet the tide,  
Then you heard how voices cried,  
And with not a look behind,  
With your loose hair on the wind  
Of your speed, you raced across  
Sand and shallow to our loss,  
Entered boldly to the wave  
That roared at you, calm and brave,  
Strong to die or strong to save.

Catherine Watson! though no more  
You are seen upon the shore,

Never more with brush in hand  
At our fisher huts you stand,  
Smiling on our children's faces,  
Catching all their pretty graces  
With your pencil, laughing free,  
Dandling babes upon your knee,  
Talking to our wives at home  
Of the boats that sure will come  
Round by Fidra laden well,—  
Still we fishers feel your spell,  
And at times we hear your brave  
Voice sound cheerly o'er the wave,  
Saying that you still can love  
Berwick Law, and Berwick Cove,—  
Still for children in the Bay  
Glad would give your life away.

---

On the shore of East Bay, North Berwick, stands a very beautiful granite cross of Celtic design. At its base are engraved the words: "Erected by public subscription to the memory of Catherine Watson of Glasgow, aged 19, who was drowned in the East Bay, 27th July, 1889, while rescuing a drowning boy. The child was saved—the brave girl was taken."

A fisherman standing near gave me the following account of this heroic attempt at rescue:—

“Well you see, sir, she was just a hot favourite with us all; came down year after year; a grand swimmer, and such a painter! would come and stand by hours watching our bairnies and would paint the boys and girls, and call in and chat at the doors, and take the babies into her arms, and talk on about the boats and nets just as if she was one of us. Well, she had just been in the water herself and had gone up to the house, Forth Lodge, I think they call it, that faces right on to the beach; and she looked out of the room where she was dressing and saw the boys run out to the tide for a bathe, and heard a cry, and knew they had got out of their depth. So she just dashed out of the house and away across the sand and into the sea as bold as a lion. There was a great sea running and the boy told us he heard her say, “Now put your hand on my shoulder and all will be right,” and then she sank like a stone. A boat came up and saved the boys and not a body knew she had gone under; forgot all about her in the rescue of the lads. Eh man! but it was a sair pity for we loved her all of us.

“And then we could not find the poor body; dragged and dragged and dragged, and at last one Monday morning very early, when the boats were just going out, I said I felt sure she would be found somewhere at the point there, and they said the tide would have carried her up the Firth; and I remember well the boat rounded the rocks, and I heard them sing out and knew they had found her, and they brought her in. Eh man! I was just beside myself—and there in her hair, long grand hair, was one of those great sea-weeds strong as iron with a big stone at its root; and I cut the stem and let the stone fall on the beach, for I was sair put out of the way. I would have gi’en a hundred pounds to have kept the stone; for you ken it was the stone that kept her in the bay. Eh! she was a hot favourite, as brave a leddy as ever drew breath.” And the rough man’s eyes filled with tears.

## A GALLANT QUARRYMAN.

FORTH from the quarry drag the largest stone,  
 And bid the sculptor grave his name, his deed,  
 So that each village babe may grow to read—  
 Each grandsire tell—each father show his son,  
 And let these simple words be writ thereon—

“A stone fell rail-wards, and he knew the need,  
 He recked not of the engine’s roaring speed,  
 But for a hundred lives he gave his one.

“Honour the man whom love and labour brought  
 To live so well he could so nobly die!  
 In the hard school of ‘drill and hammer’ taught,  
 He helped his brothers’ hand continually,  
 When duty called he dashed aside the thought  
 Of self—left pick, left barrow, leapt to die.”

---

JOHN CHIDDY, a quarryman at Hanham, near Bristol, saw that a block of stone had fallen upon the rails, heard the roar of the

“Flying Dutchman,” and knew that unless that stone was removed the express would be wrecked. He leapt down the bank, seized the stone, flung it clear of the line, but was caught by the engine and killed instantaneously, April 2, 1878.

## THE FOX AND HOUND.

" I HEARS the wheals o' the market cart coom lumberin'  
     round,  
 They'll stop this side o' the corner, fur twenty thousand  
     pound,  
 Fur nivver a herse but 'e knaws he may baäte at the Fox  
     and Hound :  
 Fox's earth ! but it's men, not dogs, as follers him into  
     the ground.

"Theer's a shackulty noise in carts when carts is droonk—  
     tha can tell.  
 Yeës, yeës, they've chaänged the sign, it 'ed used to be  
     called the Bell ;  
 Corps-bell, I reckon's reight naäme, but the Spotted Dog  
     hings as well—  
 For wheerivver the liquor is laäid fur a scent, it 'ull hunt a  
     man to hell.



“Now, giv’ it a naäme!<sup>1</sup> I beg! Two fourpennies, cold  
wi’out?” [o’ stout?

“Cold wi’in, tha should saäy.” “Noa, thankee!” “A pint  
Giv’ it a naäme, luvvy, doä.” “Much luvv in the cup, noä  
doubt!

Yon man was mad wi’ his missus this morn, and still  
she’s hall of a pout.

“Giv’ it a naäme! Ay, do; it’s just what it wants is a  
naäme!

A pot of poison! a pint of murder! a gill of flaäme!  
It’s my opinion if fwoaks ud nobbut christen it saäme  
As they doä theer bairns i’ the choorch once an’ all, theer  
'ud be a deäl less o’ the gaäme.

“I was oop at the Sessions to-year mysen along o’ the  
swill,

Fur Bogg had been to the Stattis<sup>2</sup> and gotten a solid fill;  
An’ Bogg, he scrawmed my faäce, and treated me shaäme-  
ful ill,

But he hired a barrister chap—one o’ them as can foorce  
ya to saäy what he will.

<sup>1</sup> A common form of invitation to drink.

<sup>2</sup> The Statute, or Hiring-Fair.

And the monkey theer wi' his powdery heäd, he maäde  
me a hass :

Didn't I take a pint mysen? and droonk? Bogg had  
nobbut a glass.

A glass! well he might be fresh—fresheesh if it came to  
that pass,

But droonk!—the jury men knew a man droonk was in  
quoise a different class.'

“So I paäid ; but they classed him wrong, and for want of  
a naäme an' all.

Pshaw! 'fresheesh!' 'took a glass!' 'looked in at the  
Golden Ball!'

Give it a naäme, I beg! Let the Fieënd wi' ovr land i' thrall  
Be naämed Fieënd clear to 'is faäce—we are men—and the  
droonkard a droonkard call!”

## DEAD MAN'S POOL.

Do you know the pool in the Dead Man's field  
At the top of the hill right over the wood?  
It was there that I who had sinned was healed--  
The Lord is good.

I am only a simple labouring man,  
I was wild in my day, I wasted my youth,  
But a preacher came in a caravan,  
He spoke God's truth.

And I turned to the Lord as a friend to a friend ;  
It is forty years since I made my vow,  
He has followed me on to the daylight's end,  
He is with me now.

Our minister says, I need have no shame  
Of telling how spirit can body renew,

How the soul is more than this mortal frame  
Of flesh and thew.

I took to ditching—was never a shirk—  
But the cold got into my marrow bones,  
The pains grew bad, then I went to the work  
Of breaking stones.

I hammered away and the square heap grew,  
But hope grew less, and at every stroke  
A piece right out of my body flew—  
My heart was broke.

But I limped to my task and struggled on,  
And then, for I felt I was not worth pay,  
I left the job, my strength it was done ;  
She toiled away.

Slaved for us both, but the bread grew hard,  
On Sunday never a butter pat,  
And butter is any day better than lard !  
She was fond of the cat,—

But we parted with her, for milk was dear,  
And the dog I had loved as a child of my own,

He lies at the root of the rose tree there,  
For 'no meat ! no bone !'

Then the Hall folks went, I was growing weak,  
We heard the bell at the Union chime,  
I saw the tear on my old wife's cheek,  
It was workhouse time.

And the doctor came and he shook his head,  
He brought another who thumped and stared,  
And all the words that that other said  
Were—"Be prepared."

I laughed in his face ! Prepared to die ?  
For forty years I have lived and striven  
To meet my God continually  
On earth, in heaven.

And I think that as surely here on earth  
As up in heaven He sends His grace  
To the souls who are ready through pain or mirth  
To see His face.

But, however, I lay in pain on my bed,  
And my wife she moaned in her sleep all night,

And the Bible bits came into my head  
As clear as light.

I remembered how Jesus cured the blind,  
And healed the halt and maimed with a word ;  
Then somehow the woman came to mind  
Who besought the Lord

And took the place of a dog beneath  
The table, and asked for a crumb as dole,  
And heard the blessing, "Great is thy faith,  
Thy child is whole."

Then I minded the great man there with his Lord—  
In the Book of Kings, it is plain to be seen—  
He was angry, but went to the Jordan's ford,  
Washed and was clean ;

Dipped seven times, he did, in the flood  
And his flesh came soft as the flesh of a child,  
And I thought of the pool on the hill o'er the wood  
And I fairly smiled.

Then a voice said, "Great is thy faith and go,  
Wash seven times in the Dead Man's pool !"

Another, the Devil's voice, cried, "No!  
Lie still, poor fool!"

And never a word to my wife I said,  
But at dawn when the valley was wrapped in grey  
I crept on my knees to the door from my bed  
And crawled away.

Crawled and prayed to God in my pain,  
Grant me the pool on the moor to win!  
And a voice said mocking, "Thy faith is vain,  
Great was thy sin."

And the way was long and the hill was steep,  
And the sin of my youth was a heavy weight,  
And home that day I was forced to creep  
Disconsolate.

A friend came to me, the carpenter's son,  
He brought me crutches—I spoke no word,  
But I felt the good deed that the lad had done  
Was meant by the Lord.

And up next morn and away to the spring,  
In the power of prayer, I stumbled slow,

How the lark in the heaven for joy did sing !  
How the sun did glow !

I reached the pool, though the hill was hard  
I felt God's presence was at my side,  
I cast myself on the silent sward  
And prayed and cried :

“ Oh, Lord of pity for men who are poor,  
And men who in pain for their bread must strive,  
Bless Thou this Dead Man's pool on the moor  
To make alive.”

Knelt on my handkerchief there on the soil—  
Knelt and prayed till I felt the beads  
Drop from my brow, for prayer is toil  
When a man's soul needs.

But the pool on the moor had little of grace,  
The wild birds verily passed it by,  
It lay as white as a dead man's face  
Beneath the sky.

No lilies bloomed and no marish-bean  
Stood out in its feathery loveliness,



No cinque-foils glittered, nor sparkled green  
The water-cress.

But I bethought me of him who was loth  
To change his Damascus rivers clear  
For the Jordan's yellow tide, and wroth  
Still turned to hear.

And well I knew it was God, my Guide,  
Who led me on to that lonely pool,  
Though the Voice in muffled mockery cried,  
"Believe not, Fool!"

Then I doffed my clothes and I said the grace,  
"Father and Son and the Holy Ghost";  
I minded the man in the leper's case,  
Lord of the host.

He dipped seven times and I too dipped seven;  
He in the valley, I on the hill—  
And I felt new wonderful strength was given  
By God's good will.

He dipped seven times in the Jordan's flood  
And his flesh like a child's flesh came again,

And there in the pool on the hill o'er the wood  
I left my pain.

And the sun shone fairer, the flowers more sweet,  
New melody thrilled in the blue above,  
For I stood once more like a man on my feet  
To labour and love.

I sang as the lark sang, joy had come,  
And health and hope, each step that I trod  
On earth seemed heaven, and heaven seemed home.  
I praised my God.

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Ah, still the two Voices are in debate  
By the live man's spring and the dead's man's pool—  
One cries, "Be whole, for thy faith is great!"  
The other, "Believe not, Fool!"

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I am indebted to Miss F. P. Cobbe for the story of Thomas Odell's faith and healing, and have by her kind leave extracted from a proof of her article on Faith-healing and Fear Killing, which ap-

peared in the *Contemporary Review* of 1887, the account she had intended to give of it, but withdrew from publication on hearing that Odell was still at that time alive. "I recorded," she wrote, "my interview with the man the next day, and shall here print my memorandum as it stands, merely omitting names and places. The simple-hearted faith of the good fellow as he told me his story was to me exceedingly touching.

"When we reached the village Thomas O. was absent. On our return down the road we saw him striding over a low hedge and walking firmly across the field to meet us. On my expressing respectful curiosity about his case, he invited us into his cottage: a small one, but very tidy. He sat down with us at a little table and told his story.

"'You know, sir,' O. began, turning to the rector, 'how dreadful ill I was, and how you found me the last time you called, lying in great pain on a mat before the fire.' This the rector had already told me. 'Well, ma'am, the doctors they gave me up. Dr. S. of this parish, and Dr. G. of B. who was called in, said there was no hope for me, and I must prepare myself. Well, I could have laughed at them, for I've been trying to prepare myself nigh these forty years; and I don't fear to go whenever God calls me. But I was thinking of all this one night, a fortnight ago—a Thursday night; and I went over in my mind all the miracles that Christ did when He was on earth: how He cured the blind man; and how, when the woman came to Him about her daughter, He said: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to dogs." And she said: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." And Christ said to her: "O woman! great is thy faith." And I thought what wonderful things faith could do, and then I thought of Naaman, and how he was cured by dipping seven times in Jordan."

“‘Ay,’ I interrupted, ‘I have dipped seven times in Jordan too.’

“‘Lord bless you, ma’am, did you? Well, I couldn’t, you see, because I don’t know where Jordan is; but I do know where the spring is in Dead Man’s field. You know, sir, where it is—on the top of the hill over the wood.’ (It is a remarkable-looking pool on the summit of a hill, which I had noticed by chance the previous day in my walk. It has never hitherto been supposed to have any healing quality.) ‘And so a Voice said to me, “Go and wash in that spring, and you will be cured.” And I thought and thought about it all night. And then another Voice said, “Don’t go; the cold water will do you harm.” And I knew very well whose voice that was. It was the voice of the Devil. He wanted to stop me going. And so I was determined to try to get up the hill. And I tried hard the first day, but I had to turn back: I couldn’t get on, I was so bad. And the next day was the same. Oh! I was terrible weak and bad. And the next day my neighbour here’—(the carpenter, I think he said)—‘came in the evening, and brought with him a pair of crutches which he said he had made for me, thinking they would help me to go about the village. And I knew the Lord had put it into his head to make the crutches, to help me to get to the spring; and I was thankful.

“‘Well, next mornin’ I says to my missis: “What sort of day is it?” And she says, “It is a very fine day.” And I took my crutches and set off, but I didn’t tell her, nor nobody, where I was going. It was terrible hard work to walk all the way, and I often thought I should never get there; but at last I did get up to the side of the spring. And then I took out my handkerchief, and I knelt down upon it, and prayed God to bless the water to me and cure me of my disease, if it was His will. And I washed myself seven times, and I said, “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,” and then I knelt down again and thanked God.

“Well, when I got up I was like another man. The pain was gone, and I felt ever so much stronger. And I first took up my crutches and carried them home ; and from that day to this I have been getting better every day, and have got no pain. And I’m getting fine and strong, and am able to set potatoes and go about a little ; and I hope I may get quite well. Anyway I’m very thankful to the Lord for the relief ; but I’m ready to live or die as He pleases.’”

## NEW FANGLEDY WAÄYS.

*She.*

I HAÄTES the new-fangledy waäys !  
 Ya can hardlins git hoaver the raäil  
 Wi'owt the blessed owd traäin  
 Coomin' bustin' aback o' the cart ;  
 And toimes when it's silin<sup>1</sup> o' raäin,  
 The chap at the gaäte-house saäys,  
 "Tha mun just waäit theer fur the maäil !"  
 I haätes 'em wi' all my 'art.

Theer's not haäfe the corn as wur sown,  
 It's moostard fur moiles i' the fen,  
 Yaller as gowd, but howdaäicious  
 Fur robbin' the naäter o' land.  
 And miller 'es gotten oop town,  
 A steämer and bit o' band,

<sup>1</sup> Pouring down.

Wind's nowt now ; my graacious !  
Where will it stop and when ?

*He.*

Not toaner<sup>1</sup> doänt trubble meä, wife,  
Not steäm i' the raail or the mill,  
But gigs beänt belt so brooäd,  
Doan't run i' the ruts as they shud ;  
One can't wi' a middlinish fill  
Cum cumfrable saäme as one cud,  
Thoff th' erse may quarter the roaäd,  
One's amoäst shaäked owten one's life.

Fwoäks 'es grawed soa deshedly fine,  
Whoy, Squoire's oänsèn i' howr daäys,  
Thoff 'is missus wur maäzin' smart,  
Went hoäm i' a "booby-hutch."<sup>2</sup>  
Now hall the wheeals 'es a line,  
And the dooär 'es a beeäst i' a smutch,<sup>3</sup>  
It's dog-cart not market-cart !  
I haätes the new-fangledy waäys !

<sup>1</sup> The one or the other.

<sup>2</sup> A covered car.

<sup>3</sup> Crest.

*She.*

It's not nobbut gigs 'es gone proud,  
 It's gells is altered an' all,  
 Brooäches atop o' their gowns  
 And bonnets wi' fancicul wings.  
 I'll up'owd it them lassies at Brown's  
 Nivver hentered a milkin' stall,  
 Plaäys the pianner, poor things,  
 And sings like laädies aloud.

And look at the work i' the choorch,  
 It's minister's moäst to blaäme,  
 Sich minchin' and graäcin' ways  
 Wi' petticuts down to 'is toäs.  
 Theer's a halminak putten i' poorch  
 Wi' shillins and pence i' roäs,  
 And sarvice a heäp o' new days—  
 I doan't like noän o' the gaäme.

*He.*

Naäy, naäy, let parson aloän,  
 I nivver wur parson-sweet,  
 But he's puttin' the gleübe rent lower,  
 Wot's sarvice to likes o' hus?



Moäst men hes a fad o' theer oän ;  
     Choorch bells maäs a sight o' fuss  
 And skeers the birds from the tower,  
 Them starnells<sup>1</sup> the plaägue o' the wheat !

Not but wot it wur summat siver,  
 When we went one daäy owt o' seven  
     In a hat and owr Soondaäy cloäs,  
     Them daäys it wur goin' to choorch ;  
 Workadaäys beänt nothink to Heaven,  
     But wife, I contend, them as goäs  
 Toä sarvice a workadaäy niver  
     Shud leäve theer guns i' the porch.

*She.*

Then "braämes,"<sup>2</sup> one hes 'em to buy,  
 And shops 'low nowt fur good luck,  
     And threäd, theer's nobbut no moor  
     Nor haäfe of a skein o' the reëls.  
 Fwoäks dresses and goäs to choorch high,  
     And 'es silver spoons to theer meäls,  
 But they maäs not a mossel o' "pluck"<sup>3</sup>  
     To be gi'en at the Christmas door.

<sup>1</sup> Starlings.

<sup>2</sup> Blackberries.

<sup>3</sup> A kind of rough mince-meat.

And as fur a pig-feäst daäy,  
 Ya can scarce git one fur ya swill,  
 We 'ed used to beä axed fur miles  
 Wi'owt önce naämin' the stuff;  
 And we'd yeät the whoäle pig thruff,  
 Fro' his head to his hocks, as they saäy;  
 Sich drinkin' o' healths, sich smiles,  
 And " Be sewer tha cooms when we kill ! "

*He.*

I doän't soa much moind fur the feäst,  
 We got moor nor wur good fur the gittin',  
 Noä soort o' kind o' use  
 Next daäy, a-feeäld or a-fowd;  
 Fur a belly bangful's the deuce,  
 And' what wi' the hot an' the cowl  
 One got blowed owt like a beäst,  
 And the pig gone cleän at a sittin'.

But samples they beänt the saäme,  
 Things is grawed fra wuss to wuss  
 Sin' toime o' the Roosian war,  
 When the chaps coomed cadgin' around,

When farmers, which wur fur a shaäme,  
 Maäde weight wi' a hiron bar  
 Or a deäd lamb hid i' the truss,  
 And haäy bein' selled by the pound.

*She.*

Ay, and choorchin's different done :  
 When I wur a noorsin', fwoäk  
 As 'ud goä upo' weëk daäy dobbut  
 Got "liberty" hunawares ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But now the parson he nobbut  
 'Lows Sundaäy afoor the prayers,  
 Wi' quolity lookin' hon,  
 And the clerk's paäy put i' a poäke.

And sarvice beä altered quite,  
 Wi' his dancin' hither and thither,  
 And kneelin' fur Litany theer,  
 And the Lessons aback ov a bird !  
 I'm all of a sweät and dither  
 Wi' 'is oops and 'is downs ; and hear?—  
 Hummin' but nivver a word !  
 And boys in theer bedgowns white !

<sup>1</sup> Were churched in private.

*He.*

He maäy minch and graäce as 'e likes,  
 But I howds to a pew wi' a door ;  
     It's sa blaämedly cowl fur one kneäs  
     And neckhole, as things is now ;  
 And as fur the singin'—it's moor  
     Like a fair-daäy branglement row ;  
 One can't git a noäte th' orgin strikes,  
     And the psalm 's like a swarmin' o' beäs.

When I wur a boy the clerk gaäve  
     The noäte wi' 'is pick-poipe plaäin :  
     Eh, dear ! dost 'e moind that daäy  
     When he puffed and the whistle wur stuck ?  
 And " John," sed the parson, quoitte graäve,  
     " Wot's 'oop?" an' we 'eard 'im saäy  
 Loud howt, " It's along o' the raäin,  
     Pick-poipe weant speäk fur the muck!"

*She.*

I'd nivver noä horgin pride,  
 And them monkeys i' white as sings  
     I can't abeer to see 'em,  
     It maäs 'em as peërt as daws ;

And gells brings civigates<sup>1</sup> wi' 'em  
 To staäy to the Supper, tha knaws,  
 And goäs to the raäils alongside  
 O' their missus, the himperent things !

Just look at the maäsk o' holly  
 They weär! The owd choorch beänt dressed  
 I' a weeäk: we did it in one daäy,  
 Stook hivvery pew hend wi' a bough :  
 And tunnops i' harvest, the folly !  
 Fur shaäme ! but it's hall chaänged now,  
 Why fwoäks upo' funeral Sundaäy  
 Stands oop i' the praäyers wi' the rest !

*He.*

Yees, chaänges sewerloy their beä :  
 Tha knaws when a man goäs deäd  
 We puts howr hats o' is coffin  
 I' choorch, to shew ovr respec,  
 But t' parson he shaäkes 'is 'eäd,  
 'E objecs: whoy doant 'e objec  
 To the getherins coomin' soä offin  
 Fur the blackamoors hoaver the seä ?

<sup>1</sup> Certificates.

Parson he meäns noä harm,  
 Thoff he doänt know wots<sup>1</sup> fro' the wheät ;  
 I've nowt ageän my friend,  
 But his sarmon's soa deshedly quick  
 I can nivver git round whoäle farm  
 And back to the threeä-haäcre rick  
 Befoor he's gotten to hend,  
 And weä stannin' oop on howr feeät.

*She.*

Ay, ay ! but ya sooner back  
 Fur the bäacon and taätes, tha knaws,  
 And mebbe the chaänge is best,  
 And mebbe howrsens is to blaäme ;  
 And as long as we're hunder the thack  
 What matters which waäy wind blaws,  
 If nobbut howr moinds is at rest  
 And howr 'arts is still the sääme.

And God O'mighty abuvv  
 Is o'mighty on herth as well,  
 And happen chaänges is fitten  
 Howrsens fur a chaänge o' staäte.

<sup>1</sup> Oats.

Howr John's a-coortin' the gell !

I reckons, like cat like kitten,—

We boäth on us knaw ony-raäte

One thing doänt chaänge, and that's luvv.

## THE ENGINE-DRIVER.

ON THE PENNSYLVANIAN RAILWAY.

IT may seem a simple thing—

Just one eye upon the gauge,

And another on the glancing semaphore—

But the man who wins his wage

By the engine's furnace-door

Needs a heart that ne'er looks back,

As he flies along the track,

With his demon of a fire-drake on the wing.

Leaping gulf and piercing hill,

Into tunnels with a scream,

[eye,

Where the reek it chokes the breath and blinds the

Neath the cloud of his own steam,

Under stars that upward fly

To mingle with the stars

That flash their colours at the cars,

Goes the driver thro' the night-time with a will.



Daring heart at night it needs,  
But by day the heights appal—  
Dizzy height above, below him dreadful hollow.  
You may almost hear Death call,  
You may almost see Death follow,  
As he roars along with thunder,  
And the great piles quiver under,  
While the echo of his coming after speeds.

What a school for heart and head !  
Head and hand and eye as one !  
On the Pennsylvanian road our very cars  
Make us gallants as they run,  
Light the track with hero stars,  
Take our mortal clay and give  
Immortality to live  
When our flesh like ash is scattered cold and dead !

It seems gone a month at most,  
I was engine-mate with Bill—  
He the driver, I the fireman, comrades true,  
Proud of "Rocket" standing still,  
Proud of "Rocket" as she flew.

Talk of sweethearts, men and wives !  
Why, the man who fires or drives  
Loves his engine ! We were making up time lost.

We had had an awkward ride,  
For the cars were full behind,  
Slope against us, rails all slippery with rain ;  
Bill was troubled in his mind,  
Snapped his watch and coiled the chain  
To a knot—"Ten minutes late !"  
As we entered on the straight,  
And I looked at him and set the fire doors wide.

How we hissed along that mile !  
How the wires beside the track  
Dipped and danced, and rushed behind us out of  
sight !  
How the great cars at our back  
Swung to left and swung to right,  
As with thunderclaps we ran  
Under bridge and over span,  
Till my mate's face beamed and broadened to a smile !

Fate was swifter than our pace,  
For I sudden heard a cry,

And the engine shook and shuddered in its gear—  
God have mercy ! on we fly  
To our doom in hot career !  
For a switch set hard aback  
Has turned us from the track,  
And like lightning thro' the siding points we race !

Then my mate set teeth and said,  
“ Will our coupling give or hold ? ”  
And I felt the cars make sudden backward pull ;  
For with spirit lion-bold  
He put steam to fiercest full,  
On the cars set fiercest brake,  
“ Jump,” he cried, “ Jim, for God’s sake ! ”  
So I jumped—but Bill the driver shot ahead—

Never turned nor waved a hand,  
Like an arrow from the bow,  
Straight to death the gallant engine-driver dashed ;  
But the heavy cars stopped slow,  
While the “ Rocket ” leapt and crashed  
Through the siding to its fate,  
Dust to dust—and Bill went straight  
To the glory of the Saviour’s hero-land.

Well and nobly had he driven !  
And I saw him 'neath the pile—  
    Twisted axles, rails like serpents, blood and grime—  
Smiling just as he would smile  
    When his engine made up time,  
    On his face no sign of fear—  
    He had found the road all clear,  
As he raced along the track right into Heaven.

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My thanks are due to my friend Mr. Mather, M.P., for the motive of this ballad. He was visiting the engineering shops of the Pennsylvanian Railroad at Altona, and spoke of the courage and coolness that must be needed by the engine-drivers on that line. One of the Managers assented and said: "We keep a note of all the plucky things done by our servants, and one of the most heroic and one of the most remarkable, as showing how minds trained to face danger and to think of others can resolve in a moment to act for the best, is the following :—

"A driver of an express with heavy cars behind him suddenly found that without any signal he had been turned off the main line into a siding. The one hope of escape for his train was that it should be brought to a standstill before he had gone the full length of the siding, but he saw that there were trucks in the way, and that he could not possibly bring the whole train to a stand in time to prevent collision. His only chance of saving the train was to break the couplings between his engine and the cars. Swift

as thought he resolved, applied the brakes hard all to the cars and simultaneously put on full steam ahead. The sudden strain asunder thus procured snapped the couplings. The cars came to a standstill, while he and his released engine flew forward with double speed to destruction. His stoker who had jumped just at the right moment, was saved to tell the story of his mate's heroic deed."

## AT THE RAM-SHOW DINNER.

## AFTER THE MEMBER'S SPEECH.

“GENTLEMEN all, you hev heard  
 What the Parliament-man hes sed,  
 And I weänt gaäin-saäy but it's trew ;  
 But, gentlemen, doän't be led  
 By the Parliament-man, or my word  
 —If ya taäke my word—you'll rew.

For he sed he 'ed knawed of men  
 Boorn upo tunnops and taätes  
 As 'ed raäised theersens oop fast,  
 As 'ed got to maäke law for the staätes,  
 Chaänged to a wig fro' the pen,  
 Sat on the wool-sack at last.

Tories the boys for my school,  
 Nivver wur sweeät upo' Whigs,

Now moind, it's trewth thoff I tell it,  
    We mun raäise beast, herses and pigs,  
And graw good mutton and wool,  
    Not sit on the wool-sack, but sell it."

## VALEDICTORY.

FATHER, to you who taught me  
    To care for the wold and the fen,  
Father, to you who brought me  
    Love of the Lincoln men,  
These poor songs—in a tongue  
    That is dying, homely and harsh—  
To you who are dead I have sung  
    From the fen and the wold and the marsh.



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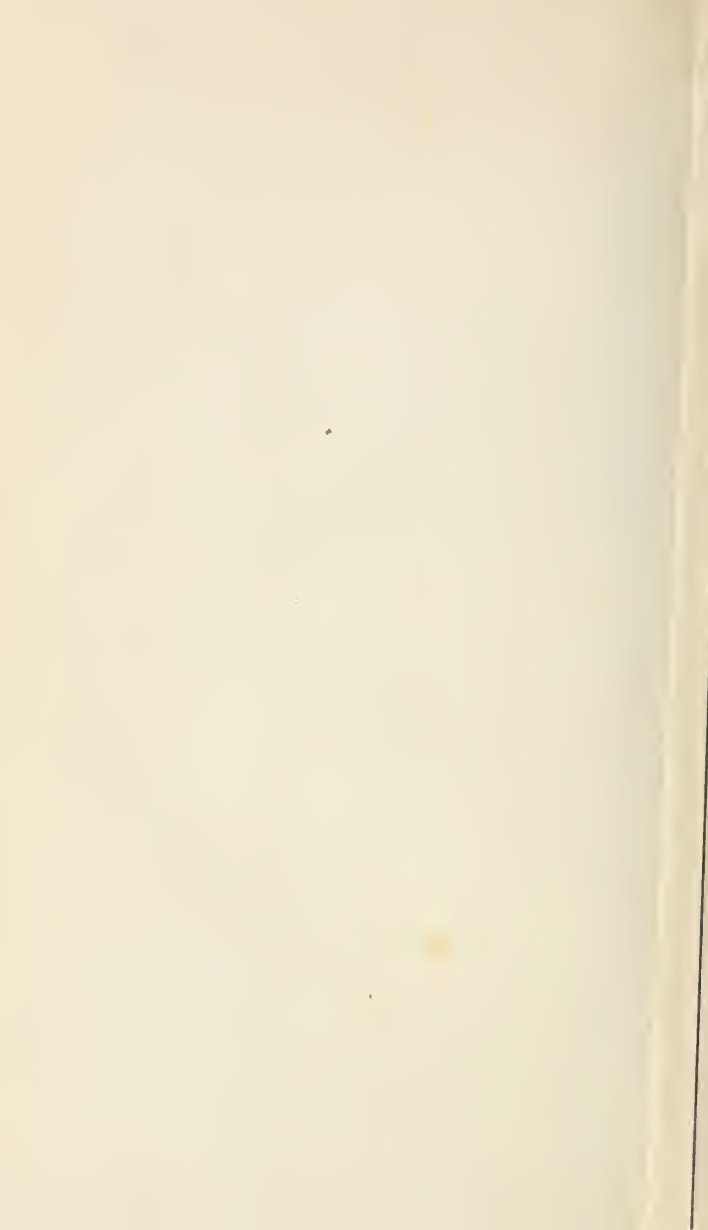
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