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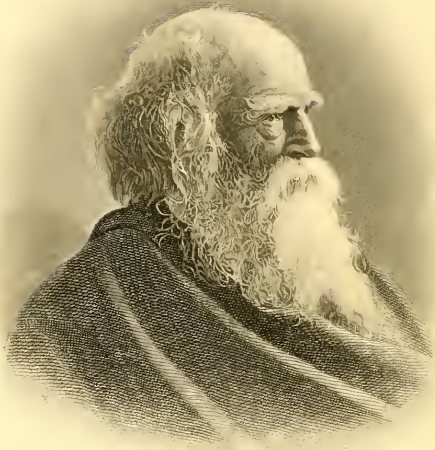
1886

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W. C. Bryant

Yours very truly,  
W. C. Bryant.

Holiday Edition.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY  
OF  
POETRY AND SONG.

BEING

Choice Selections from the Best Poets,

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, IRISH, AND AMERICAN ;

*INCLUDING TRANSLATIONS FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN LANGUAGES.*

EDITED BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

With an Introductory Treatise by the Editor

ON THE

"POETS AND POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE."

REVISED, AND ENLARGED.

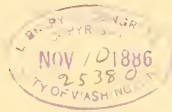
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NEW YORK:  
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## PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

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THE marked success of "A Library of Poetry and Song," as first issued in the year 1870, showed that the work supplied a real need of the public, whose confidence in Mr. Bryant, as its editor, has been borne out by the work itself.

Shortly before his death, observing with gratification the great popularity attained by his book and the growing demand for it, Mr. Bryant desired to thoroughly revise the work and make it still more worthy of the public esteem and his own fame. And, although its popular acceptability seemed no whit diminished in its original form, the publishers thought it worthy of a thorough revision, enlargement, and improvement. Accordingly, with Mr. Bryant's active co-operation, the work was subjected to an entire reconstruction, both as to matter and form; the labor having been finished just before Mr. Bryant's death in 1878, and being, as has been stated, the latest of his completed literary tasks. About one fifth of the material of the former volume was eliminated, and twice as much new matter added; great pains having been taken to insure the correctness of the text, with a view to making it a standard for reference, as well as to give an ample provision for general or special reading.

The name "Library," which has been given it, indicates the principle upon which the book has been made, namely: that it might serve as a book of reference; as a comprehensive exhibit of the history, growth, and condition of poetical literature; and, more especially, as a companion, at the will of its possessor, for the varying moods of the mind.

Necessarily limited in extent, it yet contains one quarter more matter than any similar publication, presenting nearly two thousand selections, from more than five hundred authors; and it may be claimed that of the poetical writers whose works have caused their names to be held in general esteem or affection, none are unrepresented; while scores of the productions of unknown authors, verses of merit though not of fame, found in old books or caught out of the passing current of literature, have been here presented side by side with those more notable. And the chief object of the collection — to present

an array of good poetry so widely representative and so varied in its tone as to offer an answering chord to every mood and phase of human feeling—has been carefully kept in view, both in the selection and the arrangement of its contents. So that, in all senses, the realization of its significant title has been an objective point.

In pursuance of this plan, the highest standard of literary criticism has not been made the only test of worth for selection, since many poems have been included, which, though less perfect than others in form, have, by some power of touching the heart, gained and maintained a sure place in the popular esteem.

The enlargement and reconstruction of this work entailed upon Mr. Bryant much labor, in conscientious and thorough revision of all the material,—cancelling, inserting, suggesting, even copying out with his own hand many poems not readily attainable except from his private library,—in short, giving the work not only the sanction of his widely honored name, but also the genuine influence of his fine poetic sense, his unquestioned taste, his broad and scholarly acquaintance with literature. To assist him, especially in the principal gathering and classification of the material, the Publishers, with his concurrence, obtained the services of Mr. Edward H. Knight, of Washington, D. C., of whose good taste, wide reading, and peculiar talent for systematization they had availed themselves in the first preparation of the original work. This edition also had the advantage of the critical discrimination of Professor Robert R. Raymond, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who made it his care to revise all the copy before sending it to the printers, to correct erroneous readings perpetuated from careless editions of various authors, and to add the numberless touches of the literary artist.

The Publishers desire to return their thanks for the courtesy freely extended to them, by which many copyrighted American poems have been allowed to appear in this collection. In regard to a large number of them, permission has been accorded by the authors themselves; other poems having been gathered as waifs and strays, have been necessarily used without special authority, and where due credit is not given, or where the authorship may have been erroneously ascribed, future editions will afford opportunity for the correction, which will be gladly made. Particular acknowledgments are offered to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for extracts from the works of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and from the poems of William Cullen Bryant; to Messrs. Harper and Brothers for poems of Charles G. Halpine and Will Carleton; to Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. for quotations from the writings of T. Buchanan Read; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for extracts from Dr. J. G. Holland's poems; and more especially to the house of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.,—whose good taste and intelligent enterprise have given them an unequalled list of American

poetical writers, comprising many of the most eminent poets of the land, — for their courtesy in the liberal extracts granted from the writings of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Florence Percy, John Godfrey Saxe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bayard Taylor, Bret Harte, John Townsend Trowbridge, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whittier, and others.

In addition to the above acknowledgments, readers will see in the "Index of Authors" references enabling them to find the publishers of the entire works of any American writer to whom their attention has been called by any fragment or poem printed in this volume. This "Library" contains specimens of many styles, and it is believed that, so far from preventing the purchase of special authors, it serves to draw attention to their merits; and the courtesy of their publishers in granting the use of some of their poems, here will find ample and practical recognition.



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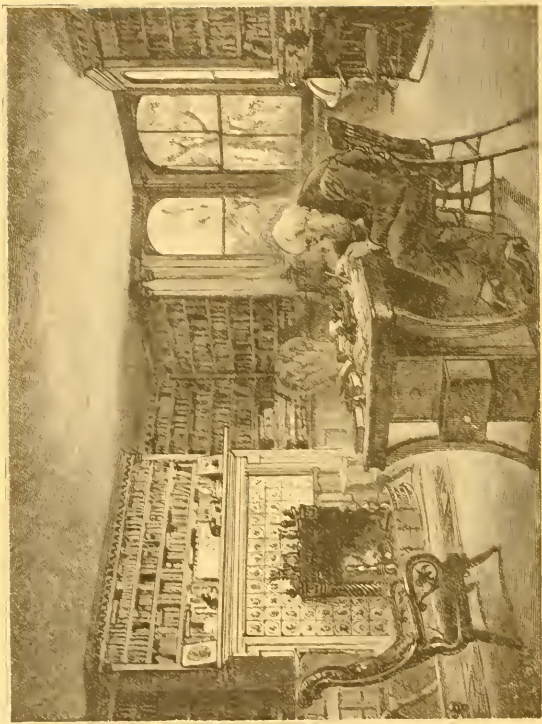
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MR. BRYANT'S LIBRARY AT CEDARHURST.

*Dem not the staning of a cleatless lay  
The postures of a rowy summer noof.*

## THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

[EXTRACT FROM MR. BRYANT'S PREFACE TO "A NEW LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG."]'

THE present enlarged edition of the "Library of Poetry and Song" has been projected with a view of making the collection more perfect, both in the choice of poems and the variety of sources from which they are derived. Within a very few years past several names of eminence have been added to the list of poets in our language, and every reader would expect to find samples of their verse in an anthology like this, to say nothing of the air of freshness which these would give.

That the demand for compilations of this character is genuine and very general is sufficiently demonstrated by the appearance, since the first edition of this was published, of Emerson's "Parnassus" and Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries." These, however, do not seem to have supplanted Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," which still retains its popularity. It often happens that the same household contains several of these publications. . . .

The first edition has proved, commercially speaking, one of the most successful publications of the day; and if the compilation in its present shape should meet with the same favor, the Publishers, it seems to me, can ask no more.

When I saw that Mr. Emerson had omitted to include any of his own poems in the collection entitled "Parnassus," I doubted, for a while, whether I ought not to have practiced the same reserve. Yet when I considered that

the omission on his part was so far a defect, and that there is not a reader of his volume who would not have been better pleased to possess several of his poems along with the others. I became better satisfied with what I had done, and allowed such of my poems as I had included to remain. In one respect, at least, the present compilation will have the advantage over Mr. Emerson's, namely, that it contains several of the poems with which he has enriched our literature.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

NEW YORK, JULY, 1876.



## The Poet.

Thou who wouldst wear the name  
Of Poet midst thy brethren of mankind,  
And clothe, in words of flame,  
Thoughts that shall live within the general mind,  
Deem not the framing of a deathless lay  
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy Powers,  
And wear them on the vest that thou dost wear;  
And, in thy lonely hours,  
At silent morning or at wakeful eve,  
While the water current tingles through thy veins,  
Set forth the burning words in fluent strains.

No smooth array of phrase,  
Artfully sought and ordered thought it be,  
Which the cold rhymers lay  
Upon the page with languid industry,  
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,  
Or fell, with sudden tears, the eyes that read.

The secret wouldst thou know  
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will,  
Let thine eyes be flow'ring  
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill;  
Seize the great thought ere yet its power be past,  
And bind in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then, should thy verse appear  
Hurling and harsh and all unaptly wrought,  
Touch the crude line with fear,  
Save in the moment of impassioned thought,  
Then summon back the original glow and mood  
The strain with capture the & with fire was penned.

Yet let no empty gust  
Of passion find an utterance in thy lay;  
Abate that whirls the dust  
Along the howling street and dies away;  
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,  
Like currents journeying through the windless deep.

Seek'st thou in living lays  
To dim the beauty of the earth and sky?  
Before thine inner gaze  
Let all that beauty in clear vision lie;  
Look on it with exceeding love and write  
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

Of terrors wouldst thou cling?  
Or telt of battles, make thyself a part  
Of the great tumult, cling  
To the tossed wreck with terror in thy heart,  
To scale, with the assaulting host, the rampart's height,  
And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shalt thou pursue a lay  
Which haply may endure from age to age;  
And they who read shall say:  
"What witchery hangs upon this poet's page!"  
"What art is his the written spells to find  
That sway, from mood to mood, the willing mind."

William Cullen Bryant



## INTRODUCTION:

### POETS AND POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

---

I SUPPOSE it is not necessary to give a reason for adding another to the collections of this nature, already in print. They abound in every language, for the simple reason that there is a demand for them. German literature, prolific as it is in verse, has many of them, and some of them compiled by distinguished authors. The parlor table and the winter fireside require a book which, when one is in the humor for reading poetry and knows not what author to take up, will supply exactly what he wants.

I have known persons who frankly said that they took no pleasure in reading poetry, and perhaps the number of those who make this admission would be greater were it not for the fear of appearing singular. But to the great mass of mankind poetry is really a delight and a refreshment. To many, perhaps to most, it is not requisite that it should be of the highest degree of merit. Nor, although it be true that the poems which are most famous and most highly prized are works of considerable length, can it be said that the pleasure they give is in any degree proportionate to the extent of their plan. It seems to me that it is only poems of a moderate length, or else portions of the greater works to which I refer, that produce the effect upon the mind and heart which make the charm of this kind of writing. The proper office of poetry, in filling the mind with delightful images and awakening the gentler emotions, is not accomplished on a first and rapid perusal, but requires that the words should be dwelt upon until they become in a certain sense our own, and are adopted as the utterance of our own minds. A collection such as this is intended to be furnishes for this purpose portions of the best English verse suited to any of the varying moods of its readers.

Such a work also, if sufficiently extensive, gives the reader an opportunity of comparing the poetic literature of one period with that of another; of noting the fluctuations of taste, and how the poetic forms which are in fashion during one age are laid aside in the next; of observing the changes which take place in our language, and the sentiments which at different periods challenge the public approbation. Specimens of the poetry of different centuries presented in this way show how the great stream of human thought in its poetic form eddies now to the right and now to the left, wearing away its banks first on one side and then on the other. Some author of more than common faculties and more than common boldness catches the public attention, and immediately he has a crowd of followers who form their taste on his and seek to divide with him the praise. Thus Cowley, with his undeniable

genius, was the head of a numerous class who made poetry consist in far-fetched conceits, ideas oddly brought together, and quaint turns of thought. Pope, following close upon Dryden, and learning much from him, was the founder of a school of longer duration, which found its models in Boileau and other poets of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, — a school in which the wit predominated over the poetry, — a school marked by striking oppositions of thought, frequent happinesses of expression, and a carefully balanced modulation, — numbers pleasing at first, but in the end fatiguing. As this school degenerated the wit almost disappeared, but there was no new infusion of poetry in its place. When Scott gave the public the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and other poems, which certainly, considered as mere narratives, are the best we have, carrying the reader forward without weariness and with an interest which the author never allows to subside, a crowd of imitators pressed after him, the greater part of whom are no longer read. Wordsworth had, and still has, his school; the stamp of his example is visible on the writings of all the poets of the present day. Even Byron showed himself, in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, to be one of his disciples, though he fiercely resented being called so. The same poet did not disdain to learn of Scott in composing his narrative poems, such as the *Bride of Abydos* and the *Giaour*, though he could never tell a story in verse without occasional tediousness. In our day the style of writing adopted by eminent living poets is often seen reflected in the verses of their younger contemporaries, — sometimes with an effect like that of a face beheld in a tarnished mirror. Thus it is that poets are formed by their influence on one another; the greatest of them are more or less indebted for what they are to their predecessors and their contemporaries.

While speaking of these changes in the public taste, I am tempted to caution the reader against the mistake often made of estimating the merit of one poet by the too easy process of comparing him with another. The varieties of poetic excellence are as great as the varieties of beauty in flowers or in the female face. There is no poet, indeed no author in any department of literature, who can be taken as a standard in judging of others; the true standard is an ideal one, and even this is not the same in all men's minds. One delights in grace, another in strength; one in a fiery vehemence and enthusiasm on the surface, another in majestic repose and the expression of feeling too deep to be noisy; one loves simple and obvious images strikingly employed, or familiar thoughts placed in a new light, another is satisfied only with novelties of thought and expression, with uncommon illustrations and images far sought. It is certain that each of these modes of treating a subject may have its peculiar merit, and that it is absurd to require of those whose genius inclines them to one that they should adopt its opposite, or to set one down as inferior to another because he is not of the same class. As well, in looking through an astronomer's telescope at that beautiful phenomenon, a double star, in which the twin flames are one of a roseate and the other of a golden tint, might we quarrel with either of them because it is not colored like its fellow. Some of the comparisons made by critics between one poet and another are scarcely less preposterous than would be a comparison between a river and a mountain.

The compiler of this collection has gone as far back as to the author who may

properly be called the father of English poetry, and who wrote while our language was like the lion in Milton's account of the creation, when rising from the earth at the Divine command and

". . . pawing to get free  
His hinder parts,"—

for it was still clogged by the unassimilated portions of the French tongue, to which in part is owed its origin. These were to be thrown aside in after years. The versification had also one characteristic of French verse which was soon after Chaucer's time laid aside, — the mute or final *e* had in his lines the value of a syllable by itself, especially when the next word began with a consonant. But though these peculiarities somewhat embarrass the reader, he still finds in the writings of the old poet a fund of the good old English of the Saxon bedside, which makes them worthy to be studied were it only to strengthen our hold on our language. He delighted in describing natural objects which still retained their Saxon names, and this he did with great beauty and sweetness. In the sentiments also the critics ascribe to him a degree of delicacy which one could scarcely have looked for in the age in which he wrote, though at other times he avails himself of the license then allowed. There is no majesty, no stately march of numbers, in his poetry, still less is there of fire, rapidity, or conciseness; the French and Italian narrative poets from whom he learned his art wrote as if the people of their time had nothing to do but to attend to long stories, and Chaucer, who translated from the French the *Roman of the Rose*, though a greater poet than any of those whom he took for his models, made small improvement upon them in this respect. His *Troilus and Criseyde*, with but little action and incident, is as long as either of the epics of Homer. The *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer's best things, have less of this defect; but even there the narrative is over-minute, and the personages, as Taine, the French critic, remarks, although they talk well, talk too much. The taste for this prolixity in narratives and conversations had a long duration in English poetry, since we find the same tediousness, to call it by its true name, in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucces*, written more than two hundred years later. Yet in the mean time the old popular ballads of England and Scotland had been composed, in which the incidents follow each other in quick succession, and the briefest possible speeches are uttered by the personages. The scholars and court poets doubtless disdained to learn anything of these poets of the people, and the *Davideis* of Cowley, who lived three hundred years after Chaucer, is as remarkable for the sluggish progress of the story and the tediousness of the harangues as for any other characteristics.

Between the time of Chaucer and that of Sidney and Spenser we find little in the poetic literature of our language to detain our attention. That age produced many obscure versifiers, and metrical romances continued to be written after the fashion of the French and Italian poets, whom Chaucer acknowledged as his masters. During this period appeared Skelton, the poet and jester, whose special talent was facility in rhyming, who rhymed as if he could not help it, — as if he had only to put pen to paper, and the words leaped of their own accord into regular measure with an inevitable jingle at the endings. Meantime our language was undergoing a process

which gradually separated the nobler parts from the dross, rejecting the French additions for which there was no occasion, or which could not easily be made to take upon themselves the familiar forms of our tongue. The prosody of English became also fixed in that period; the final *e* which so perplexes the modern reader in Chaucer's verse was no longer permitted to figure as a distinct syllable. The poets, however, still allowed themselves the liberty of sometimes making, after the French manner, two syllables of the terminations *tion* and *ion*, so that *nation* became a word of three syllables and *opinion* a word of four. The Sonnets of Sidney, written on the Italian model, have all the grace and ingenuity of those of Petrarch. In the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser it seems to me that we find the English language, so far as the purposes of poetry require, in a degree of perfection beyond which it has not been since carried, and, I suppose, never will be. A vast assemblage of poetic endowments contributed to the composition of this poem, yet I think it would not be easy to name one of the same length, and the work of a genius equally great, in any language, which more fatigues the reader in a steady perusal from beginning to end. In it we have an invention ever awake, active, and apparently inexhaustible; an affluence of imagery grand, beautiful, or magnificent, as the subject may require; wise observations on human life steeped in a poetic coloring, and not without touches of pathos; a wonderful mastery of versification, and the aptest forms of expression. We read at first with admiration, yet to this ere long succeeds a sense of satiety, and we lay down the book, not unwilling, however, after an interval, to take it up with renewed admiration. I once heard an eminent poet say that he thought the second part of the *Faerie Queene* inferior to the first; yet I am inclined to ascribe the remark rather to a falling off in the attention of the reader than in the merit of the work. A poet, however, would be more likely to persevere to the end than any other reader, since in every stanza he would meet with some lesson in his art.

In that fortunate age of English literature arose a greater than Spenser. Let me only say of Shakespeare, that in his dramas, amid certain faults imputable to the taste of the English public, there is to be found every conceivable kind of poetic excellence. At the same time and immediately after him flourished a group of dramatic poets who drew their inspiration from nature and wrote with manly vigor. One would naturally suppose that their example, along with the more illustrious ones of Spenser and Shakespeare, would influence and form the taste of the succeeding age; but almost before they had ceased to claim the attention of the public, and while the eminent divines, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, and others, wrote nobly in prose with a genuine eloquence and a fervor scarcely less than poetic, appeared the school of writers in verse whom Johnson, by a phrase the propriety of which has been disputed, calls the metaphysical poets, — a class of wits whose whole aim was to extort admiration by ingenious conceits, thoughts of such unexpectedness and singularity that one wondered how they could ever come into the mind of the author. For what they regarded as poetic effect they depended, not upon the sense of beauty or grandeur, not upon depth or earnestness of feeling, but simply upon surprise at quaint and strange resemblances, contrasts, and combinations of ideas. These were delivered for the most part in rugged diction, and in numbers so harsh as to be almost



unmanageable by the reader. Cowley, a man of real genius, and of a more musical versification than his fellows, was the most distinguished example of this school. Milton, born a little before Cowley, and like him an eminent poet in his teens, is almost the only instance of escape from the infection of this vicious style; his genius was of too robust a mold for such petty employments, and he would have made, if he had condescended to them, as ill a figure as his own Samson on the stage of a mountebank. Dryden himself, in some of his earlier poems, appears as a pupil of this school; but he soon outgrew—in great part, at least—the false taste of the time, and set an example of a nobler treatment of poetic subjects.

Yet though the genius of Dryden reacted against this perversion of the art of verse, it had not the power to raise the poetry of our language to the height which it occupied in the Elizabethan age. Within a limited range he was a true poet; his imagination was far from fertile, nor had he much skill in awakening emotion, but he could treat certain subjects magnificently in verse, and often where his imagination fails him he is sustained by the vigor of his understanding and the largeness of his knowledge. He gave an example of versification in the heroic couplet, which has commanded the admiration of succeeding poets down to our time,—a versification manly, majestic, and of varied modulation, of which Pope took only a certain part as the model of his own, and, contracting its range and reducing it to more regular pauses, made it at first appear more musical to the reader, but in the end fatigued him by its monotony. Dryden drew scarcely a single image from his own observation of external nature; and Pope, though less insensible than he to natural beauty, was still merely the poet of the drawing-room. Yet he is the author of more happy lines, which have passed into the common speech and are quoted as proverbial sayings, than any author we have save Shakespeare; and, whatever may be said in his dispraise, he is likely to be quoted as long as the English is a living language. The footprints of Pope are not those of a giant, but he has left them scattered all over the field of our literature, although the fashion of writing like him has wholly passed away.

Certain faculties of the poetic mind seem to have slumbered from the time of Milton to that of Thomson, who showed the literary world of Great Britain, to its astonishment, what a profusion of materials for poetry Nature offers to him who directly consults her instead of taking his images at second-hand. Thomson's blank verse, however, is often swollen and bladdery to a painful degree. He seems to have imagined, like many other writers of his time, that blank verse could not support itself without the aid of a stilted phraseology; for that fine poem of his, in the Spenserian stanza, the *Castle of Indolence*, shows that when he wrote in rhyme he did not think it necessary to depart from a natural style.

Wordsworth is generally spoken of as one who gave to our literature that impulse which brought the poets back from the capricious forms of expression in vogue before his time to a certain fearless simplicity; for it must be acknowledged that until he arose there was scarce any English poet who did not seem in some degree to labor under the apprehension of becoming too simple and natural,—to imagine that a certain pomp of words is necessary to elevate the style and make that grand and noble which in

its direct expression would be homely and trivial. Yet the poetry of Wordsworth was but the consummation of a tendency already existing and active. Cowper had already felt it in writing his *Task*, and in his longer rhymed poems had not only attempted a freer versification than that of Pope, but had clothed his thoughts in the manly English of the better age of our poetry. Percy's *Reliques* had accustomed English readers to perceive the extreme beauty of the old ballads in their absolute simplicity, and shown how much superior these were to such productions as Percy's own *Hermit of Warkworth* and Goldsmith's *Elwin and Angelina*, in their feeble elegance. Burns's inimitable Scottish poems — his English verses are tumid and wordy — had taught the same lesson. We may infer that the genius of Wordsworth was in a great degree influenced by these, just as he in his turn contributed to form the taste of those who wrote after him. It was long, however, before he reached the eminence which he now holds in the estimation of the literary world. His *Lyrical Ballads*, published about the close of the last century, were at first little read, and of those who liked them there were few who were not afraid to express their admiration. Yet his fame has slowly climbed from stage to stage until now his influence is perceived in all the English poetry of the day. If this were the place to criticise his poetry, I should say, of his more stately poems in blank verse, that they often lack compression, — that the thought suffers by too great expansion. Wordsworth was unnecessarily afraid of being epigrammatic. He abhorred what is called a point as much as Dennis is said to have abhorred a pun. Yet I must own that even his most diffuse amplifications have in them a certain grandeur that fills the mind.

At a somewhat later period arose the poet Keats, who wrote in a manner which carried the reader back to the time when those charming passages of lyrical enthusiasm were produced which we occasionally find in the plays of Shakespeare, in those of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in Milton's *Comus*. The verses of Keats are occasionally disfigured, especially in his *Endymion*, by a flatness almost childish, but in the finer passages they clothe the thought in the richest imagery and in words each of which is a poem. Lowell has justly called Keats "over-languaged," but there is scarce a word that we should be willing to part with in his *Ode to the Nightingale*, and that on a *Grecian Urn*, and the same thing may be said of the greater part of his *Hyperion*. His poems were ridiculed in the Edinburgh Review, but they survived the ridicule, and now, fifty years after their first publication, the poetry of the present day, by certain resemblances of manner, testifies to the admiration with which he is still read.

The genius of Byron was of a more vigorous mold than that of Keats: but notwithstanding his great popularity and the number of his imitators at one time, he made a less permanent impression on the character of English poetry. His misanthropy and gloom, his scolding vein, and the fierceness of his animosities, after the first glow of admiration was over, had a repellent effect upon readers, and made them turn to more cheerful strains. Moore had in his time many imitators, but all his gayety, his brilliant fancy, his somewhat feminine graces, and the elaborate music of his numbers, have not saved him from the fate of being imitated no more. Coleridge and Southey were of the same school with Wordsworth, and only added to the

effect of his example upon our literature. Coleridge is the author of the two most perfect poetical translations which our language in his day could boast, those of Schiller's *Pevereloni* and *Death of Wallenstein*, in which the English verse falls in no respect short of the original German. Southey divides, with Scott the honor of writing the first long narrative poem, in our language which can be read without occasional weariness.

Of the later poets, educated in part by the generation of authors which produced Wordsworth and Byron and in part by each other, yet possessing their individual peculiarities, I should perhaps speak with more reserve. The number of those who are attempting to win a name in this walk of literature is great, and several of them have already gained, and through many years held, the public favor. To some of them will be assigned an enduring station among the eminent of their class.

There are two tendencies by which the seeker after poetic fame in our day is apt to be misled, through both the example of others and the applause of critics. One of these is the desire to extort admiration by striking novelties of expression, and the other, the ambition to distinguish themselves by subtilities of thought, remote from the common apprehension.

With regard to the first of these I have only to say what has been often and before, that, however favorable may be the idea which this luxuriance of poetic imagery and of epithet at first gives us of the author's talent, our admiration soon exhausts itself. We feel that the thought moves heavily under its load of garments, some of which perhaps strike us as tawdry and others as ill fitting, and we lay down the book to take it up no more.

The other mistake, if I may so call it, deserves more attention, since we find adepts speaking with high praise of passages in the poetry of the day to which the general reader is puzzled to attach a meaning. This is often the case when the words themselves seem simple enough, and keep within the range of the Saxon or household element of our language. The obscurity lies sometimes in the phrase itself, and sometimes in the recondite or remote allusion. I will not say that certain minds are not affected by this, as others are by verses in plainer English. To the few it may be genuine poetry, although it may be a riddle to the mass of readers. I remember reading somewhere of a mathematician who was affected with a sense of sublimity by the happy solution of an algebraical or geometrical problem, and I have been assured by one who devoted himself to the science of mathematics that the phenomenon is no uncommon one. Let us beware, therefore, of assigning too narrow limits to the cause which produce the poetic exaltation of mind. The genius of those who write in this manner may be freely acknowledged, but they do not write for mankind at large.

To me it seems that one of the most important requisites for a great poet is a luminous style. The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man. He who can present them in combinations and lights which at once affect the mind with a deep sense of their truth and beauty is the poet for his own age and the ages that succeed it. It is no disparagement either to his skill or his power that he finds them near at hand; the nearer they lie to the common track of the human intelligence,

the more certain is he of the sympathy of his own generation, and of those which shall come after him. The metaphysician, the subtle thinker, the dealer in abstruse speculations, whatever his skill in versification, misapplies it when he abandons the more convenient form of prose and perplexes himself with the attempt to express his ideas in poetic numbers.

Let me say for the poets of the present day, that in one important respect they have profited by the example of their immediate predecessors; they have learned to go directly to nature for their imagery, instead of taking it from what had once been regarded as the common stock of the guild of poets. I have often had occasion to verify this remark with no less delight than surprise on meeting in recent verse new images in their untarnished luster, like coins fresh from the mint, unworn and unsoiled by passing from pocket to pocket. It is curious, also, to observe how a certain set of hackneyed phrases, which Leigh Hunt, I believe, was the first to ridicule, and which were once used for the convenience of rounding out a line or supplying a rhyme, have disappeared from our poetry, and how our blank verse in the hands of the most popular writers has dropped its stiff Latinisms and all the awkward distortions resorted to by those who thought that by putting a sentence out of its proper shape they were writing like Milton.

I have now brought this brief survey of the progress of our poetry down to the present time, and refer the reader, for samples of it in the different stages of its existence, to those which are set before him in this volume.

Such is the wide range of English verse, and such the abundance of the materials, that a compilation of this kind must be like a bouquet gathered from the fields in June, when hundreds of flowers will be left in unvisited spots, as beautiful as those which have been taken. It may happen, therefore, that many who have learned to delight in some particular poem will turn these pages, as they might those of other collections, without finding their favorite. Nor should it be matter of surprise, considering the multitude of authors from whom the compilation is made, if it be found that some are overlooked, especially the more recent, of equal merit with many whose poems appear in these pages. It may happen, also, that the compiler, in consequence of some particular association, has been sensible of a beauty and a power of awakening emotions and recalling images in certain poems which other readers will fail to perceive. It should be considered, moreover, that in poetry, as in painting, different artists have different modes of presenting their conceptions, each of which may possess its peculiar merit, yet those whose taste is formed by contemplating the productions of one class take little pleasure in any other. Crabb Robinson relates that Wordsworth once admitted to him that he did not much admire contemporary poetry, not because of its want of poetic merit, but because he had been accustomed to poetry of a different sort, and added that but for this he might have read it with pleasure. I quote from memory. It is to be hoped that every reader of this collection, however he may have been trained, will find in the great variety of its contents something conformable to his taste.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These struggling tides of life that seem  
In wayward aimless course to tend  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end

William Cullen Bryant





POEMS OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.



Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,  
O listless woman, weary lover!  
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
I'd give - but who can live youth over?

Edmund Clarence Steadman -

An angel face: - its sunny wealth of hair  
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat  
and dimpled shoulders; round the rosy curve  
Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering ever;  
While in the depths of ardent fire that gleamed  
Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world  
Of eloquent meaning, passionate yet pure -  
Dreamy - subdued - but oh, how beautiful!

Egar A. Co.

The wonders of all-ruling Providence;  
The joys that flow from celestial Mercy flows;  
Essential beauty; perfect excellence,  
Ennobled and refine the native glow  
The poet feels - and thence his best resource  
To paint his feelings with sublimest force.

John Keats



# POEMS OF INFANCY AND YOUTH.

## INFANCY.

### PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king!  
For round thee the purple shadow lies  
Of babyhood's royal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;  
I am thine Esther, to command  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,  
Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,  
Philip, my king!  
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,  
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there  
Sittest love-glorified! — Rule kindly,  
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;  
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my king!  
The spirit that there lies sleeping now  
May rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.  
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,  
Let me behold thee in future years!  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my king; —

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my king!  
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way  
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;  
Rebels within thee and foes without  
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,  
glorious,  
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shont,  
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,  
"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

### CRADLE SONG.

FROM "BITTER-SWEET."

WHAT is the little one thinking about?  
Very wonderful things, no doubt;  
Unwritten history!  
Unfathomed mystery!  
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,  
As if his head were as full of kinks  
And curious riddles as any sphinx!  
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,  
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,  
Our little nephew will lose two years;  
And he'll never know  
Where the summers go;  
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?  
Who can follow the gossamer links  
By which the manikin feels his way  
Out from the shore of the great unknown,  
Blind, and wailing, and alone,  
Into the light of day?  
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,  
Tossing in pitiful agony;  
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,  
Specked with the barks of little souls, —  
Barks that were launched on the other side,  
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!  
What does he think of his mother's eyes?  
What does he think of his mother's hair?  
What of the cradle-roof, that flies  
Forward and backward through the air?  
What does he think of his mother's breast,  
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,  
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,  
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?  
What does he think when her quick embrace  
Presses his hand and buries his face  
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,  
With a tenderness she can never tell,  
Though she murmur the words  
Of all the birds, —  
Words she has learned to murmur well?  
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!  
I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse,  
 Over his brow and over his lips,  
 Out to his little finger-tips!  
 Softly sinking, down he goes!  
 Down he goes! down he goes!  
 See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

◆◆◆  
 THE BABY.

NAKED on parents' knees, a new-born child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled:  
 So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep,  
 Thou then mayst smile while all around thee  
 weep.

From the *Shaker of CALIFORNIA*,  
 by SIR WILLIAM JONES.

◆◆◆  
 BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;  
 Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
 Poppies paleness; round large eyes  
 Ever great with new surprise;  
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;  
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;  
 Happy smiles and wailing cries;  
 Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes;  
 Lights and shadows, swifter born  
 Than on wind-swept autumn corn;  
 Ever some new tiny notion,  
 Making every limb all motion;  
 Catchings up of legs and arms;  
 Throwings back and small alarms;  
 Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;  
 Twining feet whose each toe works;  
 Kickings up and straining risings;  
 Mother's ever new surprisings;  
 Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
 At all things the heavens under;  
 Tiny scorns of smiled reproving  
 That have more of love than lovings;  
 Mischiefs done with such a winning  
 Archness that we prize such sinning;  
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses;  
 Graspings small at all that passes;  
 Pullings off of all that's able  
 To be caught from tray or table;  
 Silences, — small meditations  
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;  
 Breaking into wisest speeches  
 In a tongue that nothing teaches;  
 All the thoughts of whose possessing  
 Must be wooed to light by guessing;  
 Slumbers, — such sweet angel-seemings  
 That we'd ever have such dreamings;

Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
 And we'd always have thee waking;  
 Wealth for which we know no measure;  
 Pleasure high above all pleasure;  
 Gladness brimming over gladness;  
 Joy in care; delight in sadness;  
 Loveliness beyond completeness;  
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness;  
 Beauty all that beauty may be; —  
 That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

◆◆◆  
 CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;  
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.  
 When the nursing-woman brought her  
 To papa, his infant daughter,  
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten!  
 She will shortly be to christen;  
 And papa has made the offer,  
 I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her, —  
 Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa!  
 Ann and Mary, they're too common;  
 Jean's too formal for a woman;  
 Jane's a prettier name beside;  
 But we had a Jane that died.  
 They would say, if 't was Rebecca,  
 That she was a little Quaker.  
 Edith's pretty, but that looks  
 Better in old English books;  
 Ellen's left off long ago;  
 Blanche is out of fashion now.  
 None that I have named as yet  
 Are so good as Margaret.  
 Emily is neat and fine;  
 What do you think of Caroline?  
 How I'm puzzled and perplexed  
 What to choose or think of next!  
 I am in a little fever  
 Lest the name that I should give her  
 Should disgrace her or defame her;  
 I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

◆◆◆  
 THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?  
 Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
 Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?  
 I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?  
*A soft hand stroked it as I went by.*

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?  
*I saw something better than any one knows.*

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?  
*Three angels gave me at once a kiss.*

Where did you get this pearly ear ?  
*God spoke, and it came out to hear.*

Where did you get those arms and hands ?  
*Love made itself into hooks and bands.*

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?  
*From the same box as the cherubs' wings.*

How did they all come to be you ?  
*God thought about me, and so I grew.*

But how did you come to us, you dear ?  
*God thought about you, and so I am here.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

◆  
**LITTLE FEET.**

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle  
 In one caressing hand, —  
 Two tender feet upon the untried border  
 Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms,  
 In April's fragrant days,  
 How can they walk among the briery tangles,  
 Edging the world's rough ways ?

These rose-white feet, along the doubtful future,  
 Must bear a mother's load ;  
 Alas ! since Woman has the heaviest burden,  
 And walks the harder road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them  
 All dainty, smooth, and fair, —  
 Will cull away the brambles, letting only  
 The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded  
 Away from sight of men,  
 And these dear feet are left without her guiding,  
 Who shall direct them then ?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,  
 Poor little untaught feet !  
 Into what dreary mazes will they wander,  
 What dangers will they meet ?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness  
 Of Sorrow's tearful shades ?  
 Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,  
 Whose sunlight never fades ?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,  
 The common world above ?  
 Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,  
 Walk side by side with Love ?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track  
 Unwounded,  
 Which find but pleasant ways :  
 Some hearts there be to which this life is only  
 A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who  
 Wander  
 Without a hope or friend, —  
 Who find their journey full of pains and losses,  
 And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,  
 Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,  
 Before whose unstained feet the world's rude  
 Highway  
 Stretches so fair and wide ?

Ah ! who may read the future ? For our darling  
 We crave all blessings sweet,  
 And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens  
 Will guide the baby's feet.

ANONYMOUS.

◆  
**CRADLE SONG.**

SLEEP, little baby of mine,  
 Night and the darkness are near,  
 But Jesus looks down  
 Through the shadows that frown,  
 And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut, little sleepy blue eyes ;  
 Dear little head, be at rest ;  
 Jesus, like you,  
 Was a baby once, too,  
 And slept on his own mother's breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine,  
 Soft on your pillow so white ;  
 Jesus is here  
 To watch over you, dear,  
 And nothing can harm you to-night.

O, little darling of mine,  
 What can you know of the bliss,  
 The comfort I keep,  
 Awake and asleep,  
 Because I am certain of this ?

ANONYMOUS.

## MY BIRD.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky  
A birdling sought my Indian nest,  
And folded, oh ! so lovingly,  
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,  
In winsome helplessness she lies ;  
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,  
Shut softly o'er her starry eyes.

There's not in lud a lovelier bird ;  
Broad earth owns not a happier nest ;  
O God ! thou hast a fountain stirred,  
Whose waters nevermore shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,  
This seeming visitant from heaven,  
This bird with the immortal wing,  
To me, to me Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,  
The blood its crimson hue, from mine ;  
This life which I have dared invoke,  
Henceforth is parallel with Thine !

A silent awe is in my room,  
I tremble with delicious fear ;  
The future with its light and gloom,  
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise ;  
Hear, O my God ! one earnest prayer ;  
Room for my bird in Paradise,  
And give her angel-plumage there !

EMILY C. THOMSON

## NURSE'S WATCH

[From the "Boy's Horn of Wonders," a German Book of Nursery Rhymes.]

THE moon it shines,  
My darling whines ;  
The clock strikes twelve — God cheer  
The sick, both far and near.

God knoweth all,  
Mousy nibbles in the wall ;  
The clock strikes one — like day,  
Dreams o'er thy pillow play.

The matn-bell  
Wakes the nun in convent cell ;  
The clock strikes two — they go  
To choir in a row

The wind it blows,  
The cock he crows ;  
The clock strikes three : — the waggoner  
In his straw bed begins to stir.

The steed he puts the floor,  
Creaks the stable door ;  
The clock strikes four : — 't is plain,  
The coachman siffs his grain.

The swallow's laugh the still air shakes,  
The sun awakes ;  
The clock strikes five : — the traveller must be  
gone,  
He puts his stockings on.

The hen is clacking,  
The ducks are quacking ;  
The clock strikes six : — awake, arise,  
Thou lazy hag ; come, ope thy eyes.

Quick to the baker's run ;  
The rolls are done ;  
The clock strikes seven : —  
'T is time the milk were in the oven.

Put in some butter, do,  
And some fine sugar too ;  
The clock strikes eight : —  
Now bring my baby's porridge straight.

TRANSLATION OF CHARLES T. BROOKS

## OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

HUSH ! the waves are rolling in,  
White with foam, white with foam ;  
Father toils amid the din,  
But baby sleeps at home.

HUSH ! the winds roar hoarse and deep, —  
On they come, on they come !  
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,  
But baby sleeps at home.

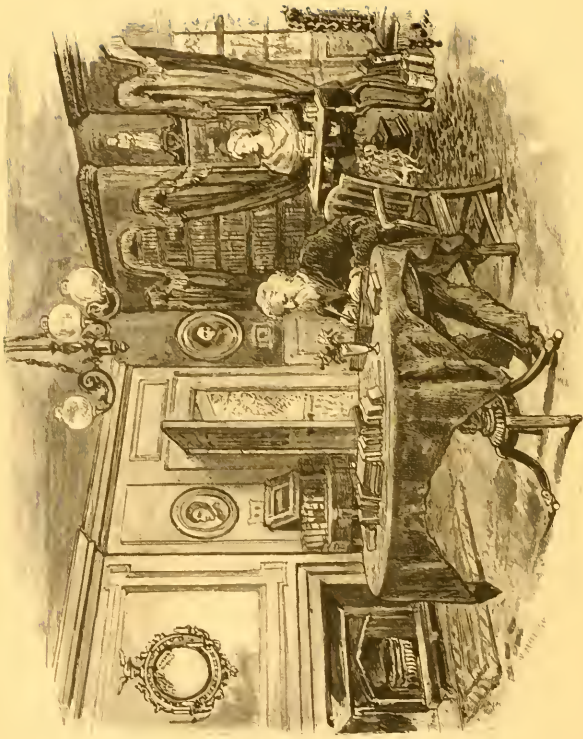
HUSH ! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes  
Where they roam, where they roam ;  
Sister goes to seek the cows,  
But baby sleeps at home.

## THE HOUSEHOLD SOVEREIGN

FROM THE "HANGING OF THE CRANE."

THE picture fades ; as at a village fair  
A showman's views dissolve into the air.  
To reappear transfigured on the screen,  
So in my fancy this : and now once more





LONGFELLOW IN HIS LIBRARY.

*"The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."*

In part transfigured through the open door  
Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated I see the two again,  
But not alone ; they entertain  
A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as is the moon ;  
A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,  
Drums on the table with his spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.  
Are these celestial manners ? these  
The ways that win, the arts that please ?  
Ah, yes ; consider well the guest,  
And whatso'er he does seems best ;  
He ruleth by the right divine  
Of helplessness, so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn,  
As sovereign over thee and thine.  
He speaketh not, and yet there lies  
A conversation in his eyes ;  
The golden silence of the Greek,  
The gravest wisdom of the wise,  
Not spoken in language, but in looks  
More legible than printed books,  
As if he could but would not speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,  
Thy power is put to proof ; for lo !  
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,  
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,  
And pushes back thy chair and thee,  
And so good night to King Canute.

As one who walking in the forest sees  
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,  
Then sees it not for boughs that intervene,  
Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed  
Through drifting clouds, and then again con-  
cealed,  
So I beheld the scene.

There are two guests at table now ;  
The king, deposed, and older grown,  
No longer occupies the throne, —  
The crown is on his sister's brow ;  
A princess from the Fairy Tales ;  
The very pattern girl of girls,  
All covered and enshowered in curls,  
Rose tinted from the Isle of Flowers,  
And sailing with soft silken sails  
From far-off Dreamland into ours.  
Above their bowls with rims of blue  
Four azure eyes of deeper hue  
Are looking, dreamy with delight ;  
Limpid as planets that emerge  
Above the ocean's rounded verge,

Soft shining through the summer night,  
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see  
Beyond the horizon of their bowls ;  
Nor care they for the world that rolls  
With all its freight of troubled souls  
Into the days that are to be.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

— ◆ —  
BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise !  
With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,  
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,  
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the  
skies, —  
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,  
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,  
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,  
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught  
prayer  
You learned above, Baby Louise ?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise !  
Why ! you never raise your beautiful head !  
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red  
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,  
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise ?  
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,  
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,  
And you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,  
Ungrateful Baby Louise !

MARGARET EYTINGE.

— ◆ —  
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

[In Ireland they have a pretty fæn y, that, when a child smiles in  
its sleep, it is "talking with angels."]

A BABY was sleeping ;  
Its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;  
And the tempest was swelling  
Round the fisherman's dwelling ;  
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back  
to me !"

Her beads while she numbered,  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee :  
"O, blest be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with  
thee.

"And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!  
And say thou wouldst rather  
They 'd watch o'er thy father!  
For I know that the angels are whispering to  
thee."

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to  
see;  
And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering  
with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

## SMILING IN HIS SLEEP.

THE baby sleeps and smiles.  
What fairy thought beguiles  
His little brain?  
He sleeps and smiles again,  
Flings his white arms about,  
Half opens his sweet blue eye  
As if he thought to spy,  
By coyly peeping out,  
The funny elf that brought  
That tiny fairy thought  
Unto his infant mind.  
Would I some way could find  
To know just how they seem,  
Those dreams that infants dream.  
I wonder what they are, —  
Those thoughts that seem to wear  
So sweet a guise?  
What picture, tiny, fair,  
What vision, lovely, rare,  
Delights his eyes?  
See! now he smiles once more;  
Perhaps there is before  
His mental sight portrayed  
Some vision blest  
Of that dear land of rest,  
That far-off heaven,  
From whence his new-created soul  
Has lately strayed;  
Or to his ear, perchance, are given  
Those echoes sweet that roll  
From angel harps we may not hear,  
We, who have added year to year,  
And sin to sin.  
As yet his soul is spotless. Why  
Should not angelic harmony  
Reach his unsullied ear?  
Why not within

His infant fancy transient gleams  
Of heaven find their way in dreams?  
And still the baby sleeps,  
And as he sleeps he smiles. Ah, now  
He starts, he wakes, he weeps;  
Earth-shadows cloud his baby-brow.  
His smiles how fleeting; how  
Profuse his tears!  
Dreams he of coming years,  
Checked by shadow and by light,  
Unlike that vision holy, bright, —  
That fairy gleam,  
That infant dream  
That made him sweetly smile?  
Do coming sin and sorrow,  
Phantoms of dark to-morrow,  
Their shadows cast before,  
Clouding all o'er  
His baby-dreams, erewhile  
So beautiful?

HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

## SILENT BABY.

THE baby sits in her cradle,  
Watching the world go round,  
Enwrapped in a mystical silence  
Amid all the tumult of sound.  
She must be akin to the flowers,  
For no one has heard  
A whispered word  
From this silent baby of ours.  
Wondering, she looks at the children,  
As they merrily laughing pass,  
And smiles o'er her face go rippling,  
Like sunshine over the grass  
And into the heart of the flowers;  
But never a word  
Has yet been heard  
From this silent darling of ours.  
Has she a wonderful wisdom,  
Of unspoken knowledge a store,  
Hid away from all envious eyes,  
Like the mysterious lore  
Of the bees and the birds and the flowers?  
Is this why no word  
Has ever been heard  
From this silent baby of ours?  
Ah, baby, from out your blue eyes  
The angel of silence is smiling, —  
Though silvern hereafter your speech,  
Your silence is golden, — beguiling  
All hearts to this darling of ours,  
Who speaks not a word  
Of all she has heard,  
Like the birds, the bees, and the flowers.

ELLEN BARTLETT CURRIER.



RUTH.

WHAT shall be the baby's name ?  
 Shall we catch from sounding fame  
 Some far-echoed word of praise  
 Out of other climes or days ?  
 Put upon her brow new-born  
 Crowns that other brows have worn ?

Shall we take some dearer word,  
 Once within our circle heard,  
 Cherished yet, though spoken less,—  
 Shall we lay its tenderness  
 On the baby's little head,  
 So to call again our dead ?

Shall we choose a name of grace  
 That befits the baby's face,—  
 Something full of childish glee,  
 To be spoken joyously ?  
 Something sweeter, softer yet,  
 That shall say, "Behold our pet !"

Nay ; the history of the great  
 Must not weigh our baby's fate ;  
 Nay ; the dear ones disenthralled  
 Must not be by us recalled ;  
 We shall meet them soon again,—  
 Let us keep their names till then !

Nay ; we do not seek a word  
 For a kitten or a bird ;  
 Not to suit the baby ways,  
 But to wear in after days,—  
 Fit for uses grave and good,  
 Wrapped in future womanhood,—

For the mother's loving tongue  
 While our daughter still is young ;  
 For the manly lips that may  
 Call the maiden heart away ;  
 For the time, yet tenderer,  
 When her children think of her.

Let us choose a Bible name,  
 One that always bides the same,  
 Sacred, sweet, in every land  
 All men's reverence to command ;  
 For our earthly uses given,  
 And yet musical in heaven.

One I know, these names amid,—  
 "Beauty" is its meaning hid ;  
 She who wore it made it good  
 With her gracious womanhood :  
 Name for virtue, love, and truth,  
 Let us call the baby *Ruth*.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know,  
 'T is far too nice and clean.  
 No toys, by careless fingers strewn,  
 Upon the floors are seen.  
 No finger-marks are on the panes,  
 No scratches on the chairs ;  
 No wooden men set up in rows,  
 Or marshaled off in pairs ;  
 No little stockings to be darned.  
 All ragged at the toes ;  
 No pile of mending to be done,  
 Made up of baby-clothes ;  
 No little troubles to be soothed ;  
 No little hands to fold ;  
 No grimy fingers to be washed ;  
 No stories to be told ;  
 No tender kisses to be given ;  
 No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse" ;  
 No merry frolics after tea, —  
 No baby in the house !

CLARA G. DOLLIVER

BABY'S SHOES.

O, THOSE little, those little blue shoes !  
 Those shoes that no little feet use !  
 O, the price were high  
 That those shoes would buy,  
 Those little blue unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet  
 That no more their mother's eyes meet,  
 That, by God's good-will,  
 Years since, grew still,  
 And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,  
 So hushed, how the mother has kept,  
 With a tearful pleasure,  
 That little dear treasure,  
 And over them thought and wept !

For they mind her forevermore  
 Of a patter along the floor ;  
 And blue eyes she sees  
 Look up from her knees  
 With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,  
 There babbles from chair to chair  
 A little sweet face  
 That's a gleam in the place,  
 With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O, wonder not that her heart  
From all else would rather part  
Than those tiny blue shoes  
That no little feet use,  
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM C. BINNETT.

—♦—  
A CRADLE SONG.

Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber!  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;  
When his birthplace was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought him, there they found him,  
With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing:  
Lovely infant, how he smiled!  
When he wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,  
Where the hornèd oxen feed;  
Peace, my darling! here's no danger!  
Here's no ox near thy bed!

—♦—  
May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days;  
Then go dwell forever near him;  
See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire:  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS

THE MOTHER'S STRATAGEM

AN INFANT PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,  
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,  
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!  
O, fly — yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall. —  
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

From the Greek of LEONIDAS of Alexandria,  
By SAMUEL ROGERS

—♦—  
WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,  
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his night-gown,  
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,  
"Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten  
o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' hen?  
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,  
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie  
a cheep;  
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa'  
asleep.

One thing but sleep, ye rogue: — glow'rin' like  
the moon,  
Battlin' in an airm jug wi' an airm spoon,  
Rumblin', tumblin' roon' about, crawin' like a  
cock,  
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin'  
folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel:  
Waumlin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,  
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her  
thrums:  
Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

Weerie is the mither that has a storie wean,  
A wee stumpee stossie, that canna rin his lane,  
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close  
an ee;  
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gie's strength anew  
to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

—♦—  
LITTLE PUSS.

SLEEK coat, eyes of fire,  
Four paws that never tire,  
That's puss.

Ways playful, tail on high,  
Twisting often toward the sky,  
That's puss.

In the larder, stealing meat,  
Patter, patter, little feet,  
That 's puss.

After ball, reel, or string,  
Wild as any living thing,  
That 's puss.

Round and round, after tail,  
Fast as any postal mail,  
That 's puss.

Curled up, like a ball,  
On the door-mat in the hall,  
That 's puss.

Purring loud on missis' lap,  
Having toast, then a nap,  
That 's puss.

Black as night, with talons long,  
Scratching, which is very wrong,  
That 's puss.

From a saucer lapping milk,  
Soft, as soft as washing silk,  
That 's puss.

Rolling on the dewy grass,  
Getting wet, all in a mass,  
That 's puss.

Climbing tree, and catching bird,  
Little twitter nevermore heard,  
That 's puss.

Killing fly, rat, or mouse,  
As it runs about the house,  
That 's puss.

Pet of missis, "Itte mite,"  
Never must be out of sight,  
That 's puss.

ANONYMOUS.

◆  
THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo !  
What a pretty baby-show !  
See the Kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Withered leaves — one — two — and three —  
From the lofty elder-tree !  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,

Eddying round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly : one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or faery hither tending, —  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.  
— But the Kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !  
First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow ;  
There are many now — now one —  
Now they stop, and there are none :  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire !  
With a tiger-leap half-way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again :  
Now she works with three or four,  
Like an Indian conjurer ;  
Quick as he in feats of art,  
Far beyond in joy of heart.  
Were her antics played in th' eye  
Of a thousand standers-by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little Tabby care  
For the plaudits of the crowd !  
Over happy to be proud,  
Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;  
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ;  
Here, for neither Bale nor me,  
Other playmate can I see.  
Of the countless living things,  
That with stir of feet and wings  
(In the sun or under shade,  
Upon bough or grassy blade)  
And with busy revelings,  
Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
Made this orchard's narrow space  
And this vale so blithe a place, —  
Multitudes are swept away  
Nevermore to breathe the day :  
Some are sleeping ; some in bands  
Traveled into distant lands ;  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighborhood ;  
And, among the kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,  
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,  
Who was blest as bird could be,  
Feeding in the apple-tree :

Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
 Turning blossoms inside out ;  
 Hung — head pointing towards the ground —  
 Fluttered, perched, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound ;  
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin ;  
 Prettiest Tumbler ever seen ;  
 Light of heart and light of limb ;  
 What is now become of him ?  
 Lambs, that through the mountains went  
 Frisking, bleating merriment,  
 When the year was in its prime,  
 They are sobered by this time.  
 If you look to vale or hill,  
 If you listen, all is still,  
 Save a little neighboring rill,  
 That from out the rocky ground  
 Strikes a solitary sound.  
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
 And the air is calm in vain :  
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
 Of a sky serene and pure ;  
 Creature none can she decoy  
 Into open sign of joy :  
 Is it that they have a fear  
 Of the dreary season near ?  
 Or that other pleasures be  
 Sweeter e'en than gayety ?  
 Yet, what'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which Nature  
 Furnishes to every creature ;  
 Whatso'er we feel and know  
 Too sedate for outward show, —  
 Such a light of gladness breaks,  
 Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks, —  
 Spreads with such a living grace  
 O'er my little Dora's face ;  
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
 That almost I could repine  
 That your transports are not mine,  
 That I do not wholly fare  
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !  
 And I will have my careless season,  
 Spite of melancholy reason ;  
 Will walk through life in such a way  
 That, when time brings on decay,  
 Now and then I may possess  
 Hours of perfect gladness.  
 — Pleased by any random toy ;  
 By a kitten's busy joy,  
 Or an infant's laughing eye  
 Sharing in the ecstasy :  
 I would fare like that or this,  
 Find my wisdom in my bliss ;  
 Keep the sprightly soul awake ;  
 And have faculties to take,

Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
 Matter for a jocund thought ;  
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
 To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.”

LITTLE Four Years, little Two Years,  
 Merry Christmas ! Happy New-Year's !  
 That is what I wish for you ;  
 Shall I tell you what to do  
 That will make my wish come true ?

Cheerful looks and words are very  
 Sure to make the Christmas merry :  
 Tongues that speak the truth sincere,  
 Hearts that hold each other dear,  
 These will make a happy year.

Four Years is of Two the double, —  
 Should be twice as brave in trouble,  
 Twice as gentle, twice as kind,  
 Always twice as much inclin'd  
 Mother's words to keep in mind ;

So that Two Years, when she 's older,  
 May remember what is told her,  
 Just as Four Years did before, —  
 Only think ! in two years more  
 Little Two Years will be Four !

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

GOLDEN head so lowly bending,  
 Little feet so white and bare,  
 Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,  
 Lispering out her evening prayer.

“Now I lay,” — repeat it, darling —  
 “Lay me,” lisped the tiny lips  
 Of my daughter, kneeling, bending  
 O'er the folded finger-tips.

“Down to sleep,” — “To sleep,” she murmured,  
 And the curly head bent low ;  
 “I pray the Lord,” I gently added,  
 “You can say it all, I know.”

“Pray the Lord,” — the sound came faintly,  
 Fainter still, — “my soul to keep” ;  
 Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
 And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened  
 When I clasped her to my breast,

And the dear voice softly whispered,  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding  
Of the child-heart! Would that I  
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,  
He who hears my feeblest cry.

O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,  
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!  
Children's myriad voices, floating  
Up to Heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,  
I could choose what might be mine,  
It should be that child's petition,  
Rising to the throne divine.

MRS. R. S. HOWLAND.

#### LITTLE PUSS.

A LITTLE golden head close to my knee,  
Sweet eyes of tender, gentianella blue  
Fixed upon mine, a little coaxing voice, —  
Only we two.

"Tell it again!" Insatiate demand!  
And like a toiling spider where I sat,  
I wove and spun the many-colored webs  
Of this and that.

Of Dotty Pringle sweeping out her hall;  
Of Greedy Bear; of Santa Claus the good;  
And how the little children met the Months  
Within the wood.

"Tell it again!" and though the sand-man came,  
Dropping his drowsy grains in each blue eye,  
"Tell it again! O, just once more!" was still  
The sleepy cry.

My spring-time violet! early snatched away  
To fairer gardens all unknown to me, —  
Gardens of whose invisible, guarded gates  
I have no key, —

I weave my fancies now for other ears, —  
Thy sister-blossom's, who beside me sits,  
Rosy, imperative, and quick to mark  
My lagging wits.

But still the stories bear thy name, are thine,  
Part of the sunshine of thy brief, sweet day,  
Though in *her* little warm and living hands  
This book I lay.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

#### LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

GOLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's knee;  
Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she,  
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light,  
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,  
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.  
"What has my darling been doing," he said,  
"Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one.  
"I cannot tell so much things I have done,  
Played with my dolly and feeded my bun.

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,  
And I made out of some water and soap  
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book,  
And Bella and I, we went to look  
For the smooth little stones by the side of the  
brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,  
And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee,  
And I jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,  
Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast;  
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; things that we do  
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view  
That marks all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,  
And we shall be called to account for our day,  
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's lay!

And O, when weary, may we be so blest,  
And sink like the innocent child to our rest,  
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

ANONYMOUS.

#### BENNY.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,  
As he sat upon my knee,  
Holding fast his little stockings,  
Stuffed as full as full could be,  
And attentive, listening to me,  
With a face demure and mild,  
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,  
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"

And from off my lap he slid,  
Digging deep among the goodies  
In his crimson stockings hid,  
While I turned me to my table,  
Where a tempting goblet stood,  
With a dainty drink brimmed over,  
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,  
With his white paw, nothing loth,  
Sat, by way of entertainment,  
Slapping off the shining froth;  
And in not the gentlest humor  
At the loss of such a treat,  
I confess, I rather rudely,  
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!  
Gathering up the precious store  
He had busily been pouring  
In his tiny pinafore,  
With a generous look that shamed me,  
Sprang he from the carpet bright,  
Showing, by his mien indignant,  
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,  
As he held his apron white,  
"You shall have my candy wabbit";  
But the door was fastened tight.  
So he stood, abashed and silent,  
In the center of the floor,  
With defeated look alternate  
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,  
Quickly ran he to the fire,  
And while eagerly his bright eyes  
Watched the flames go high and higher,  
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,  
Like some lordly little elf,  
"Santa Claus, come down de chinney,  
Make my moder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"  
Said I, feeling the reproof;  
And straightway recalled poor Harney,  
Mewing on the gallery roof.  
Soon the anger was forgotten,  
Laughter chased away the frown,  
And they gamboled 'neath the live-oaks  
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber  
Harney purred beneath my chair,  
And my play-worn boy beside me  
Knelt to say his evening prayer:

"God bess fader, God bess moder,  
God bess sister," — then a pause,  
And the sweet young lips devoutly  
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken  
Lie the lashes, long and meek,  
Like caressing, clinging shadows  
On his plump and peachy cheek;  
And I bend above him, weeping  
Thankful tears, O Undeified!  
For a woman's crown of glory,  
For the blessing of a child.

ANNIE C. KETCHUM.

#### TO MY INFANT SON.

Thou happy, happy elf!  
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite,  
With spirits feather light,  
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;  
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the  
stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
In love's dear chain so bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents; — (Drat the boy!  
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth,  
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From every blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny, —  
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)  
Thy father's pride and hope!  
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-  
rope!)  
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's  
mint,  
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!  
(He'll have that ring off with another shove),  
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!  
(Are these torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man !  
 (He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan !)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning  
 life,  
 (He 's got a knife !)  
 Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
 Play on, play on,  
 My elfin John !  
 Toss the light ball, bestride the stick, —  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
 With many a lamb-like frisk !  
 (He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)  
 Thou pretty opening rose !  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your  
 nose !)  
 Balmy and breathing music like the south,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove ;  
 (I 'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write unless he 's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LOST HEIR.

"O where, and O where,  
 Is my bonnie laddie gone?" — OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by  
 That part of Holborn christened High,  
 I heard a loud and sudden cry  
 That chilled my very blood ;  
 And lo ! from out a dirty alley,  
 Where pigs and Irish went to rally,  
 I saw a crazy woman sally,  
 Bedaubed with grease and mud.  
 She turned her East, she turned her West,  
 Staring like Pythoness possessed,  
 With streaming hair and heaving breast,  
 As one stark mad with grief.  
 "O Lord ! O dear, my heart will break, I shall  
 go stick stark staring wild !  
 Has ever a one seen anything about the streets  
 like a crying lost-looking child ?  
 Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to  
 run, if I only knew which way —  
 A Child as is lost about London streets, and espe-  
 cially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle  
 of hay.  
 I am all in a quiver — get out of my sight, do,  
 you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab !  
 You promised to have half an eye to him, you  
 know you did, you dirty deceitful young  
 drab !  
 The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was  
 with my own blessed Motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing  
 at making little dirt-pies.  
 I wonder he left the court, where he was better  
 off than all the other young boys,  
 With two brieks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells,  
 and a dead kitten, by way of toys.  
 When his Father comes home, and he always  
 comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes  
 one,  
 He 'll be rampant, he will, at his child being  
 lost ; and the beef and the inguns not done !  
 La bless you, good folks, mind your own con-  
 sarns, and don't be making a mob in the  
 street ;  
 O Sergeant M'Farlane ! you have not come across  
 my poor little boy, have you, in your heat ?  
 Do, good people, move on ! don't stand staring  
 at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs ;  
 Saints forbid ! but he 's p'raps been inviggled  
 away up a court for the sake of his clothes  
 by the prigs ;  
 He 'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought  
 it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair ;  
 And his trousers considering not very much  
 patched, and red plush, they was once his  
 Father's best pair.  
 His shirt, it 's very lucky I 'd got washing in the  
 tub, or that might have gone with the rest ;  
 But he 'd got on a very good pinafore with only  
 two slits and a burn on the breast.  
 He 'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was  
 sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at  
 the brim ;  
 With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot,  
 and not a fit, and you 'll know by that if  
 it 's him.  
 And then he has got such dear winning ways —  
 but O, I never, never shall see him no more !  
 O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing  
 him back from from death's door !  
 Only the very last month when the windfalls,  
 hang 'em, was at twenty a penny ;  
 And the threepence he 'd got by grottoing was  
 spent in plums, and sixty for a child is  
 too many.  
 And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us  
 all, and, drat him ! made a seize of our hog. —  
 It 's no use to send the Crier to cry him about,  
 he 's such a blunderin' drunken old dog ;  
 The last time he was fetched to find a lost child  
 he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,  
 And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a  
 distracted Mother and Father about Town.  
 Billy — where are you, Billy, I say ? come, Billy,  
 come home, to your best of Mothers !  
 I 'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they  
 drive so, they 'd run over their own Sisters  
 and Brothers.

Or maybe he's stole by some chimbly-sweeping  
wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and  
what not,  
And he poked up behind with a picked pointed  
pole, when the soot has ketched, and the  
chimbly's red-hot.  
O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world  
was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on  
his face ;  
For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't  
soon come back, you'll see me drop stone  
dead on the place.  
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly  
arms, and would n't I hug him and  
kiss him !  
Lawk ! I never knew what a precious he was —  
but a child don't not feel like a child till  
you miss him.  
Why, there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the  
young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as  
sin !  
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his  
hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole  
bone in his skin !

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years  
old,  
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of  
gentle mould.  
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways  
appears,  
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond  
his childish years.  
I cannot say how this may be ; I know his face  
is fair, —  
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and  
serious air ;  
I know his heart is kind and fond ; I know he  
loveth me ;  
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful  
ferveny.  
But that which others most admire, is the thought  
which fills his mind,  
The fool for grave inquiring speech he every-  
where doth find.  
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we  
together walk :  
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as  
children talk.  
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not  
on bat or ball.  
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and  
aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes per-  
plexed  
With thoughts about this world of ours, and  
thoughts about the next.  
He kneels at his dear mother's knee ; she teacheth  
him to pray ;  
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the  
words which he will say.  
O, should my gentle child be spared to man-  
hood's years like me,  
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will  
be ;  
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his  
thoughtful brow,  
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to  
lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of  
three ;  
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little  
features be,  
How silver sweet those tones of his when he  
prattles on my knee ;  
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his  
brother's, keen.  
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his  
bath ever been ;  
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and  
tender feeling ;  
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich  
depths of love revealing.  
When he walks with me, the country folk, who  
pass us in the street,  
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks  
so mild and sweet.  
A playfellow is he to all ; and yet, with cheerful  
tone,  
Will sing his little song of love, when left to  
sport alone.  
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden  
home and hearth,  
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all  
our mirth.  
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his  
heart may prove  
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for  
earthly love ;  
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching  
eyes must dim,  
God comfort us for all the love which we shall  
lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot  
tell,  
For they reckon not by years and months where  
he has gone to dwell.  
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant  
smiles were given ;



And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to  
live in heaven.  
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he  
weareth now,  
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining  
seraph brow.  
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss  
which he doth feel,  
Are numbered with the secret things which God  
will not reveal.  
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he  
is now at rest,  
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's  
loving breast.  
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load  
of flesh,  
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of  
joy forever fresh.  
I know the angels fold him close beneath their  
glittering wings,  
And soothe him with a song that breathes of  
Heaven's divinest things.  
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother  
dear and I)  
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears  
from every eye.  
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can  
never cease ;  
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is  
certain peace.  
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls  
from bliss may sever ;  
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be  
ours forever.  
When we think of what our darling is, and what  
we still must be,  
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and  
this world's misery,  
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and  
feel this grief and pain,  
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have  
him here again.

JOHN MOULTRIE

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;  
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,  
And said, " Dear work, good night, good night !"  
  
Such a number of rooks came over her head,  
Crying " Caw, caw ! " on their way to bed,  
She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
" Little black things, good night, good night !"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the  
road ;  
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
" Good little girl, good night, good night !"

She did not say to the sun, " Good night ! "  
Though she saw him there like a ball of light ;  
For she knew he had God's time to keep  
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head ;  
The violets courtesied, and went to bed ;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day ;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
" Good morning, good morning ! our work is  
begun."

REWARD FOR THE MESSY  
CHILDREN OF THE

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled greensward dancing  
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy,  
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,  
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,  
How they glimmer, how they quiver !  
Sparkling one another after,  
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,  
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,  
Make y our mocks and sly grimaces  
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

THE LITTLE DARLING

UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,  
All in the Mid-summer w other,  
Three little girls with fluttering curls  
Flit to and fro together :  
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
Leaning stealthily over,  
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,  
Of each glad-hearted rover.  
Ah ! sly little Kate, she steals my roses ;  
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,  
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,  
 In the blue midsummer weather,  
 Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,  
 I catch them all together : —  
 Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
 And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
 And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
 And off through the orchard closes ;  
 White Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,  
 They scamper and drop their posies ;  
 But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,  
 And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,  
 And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD

#### THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,  
 My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,  
 My heart received thee with a joy beyond  
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;  
 Nor thought that any love again might be  
 So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,  
 And natural piety that leamed to heaven ;  
 Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
 Yet patient to rebuke when justly given ;  
 Obedient, easy to be reconciled,  
 And meekly cheerful ; such wert thou, my child !

Nor willing to be left — still by my side,  
 Haunting my walks, while summer-day was  
 dying ;

Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide  
 Through the dark room where I was sadly  
 lying :

Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,  
 Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy ! of such as thou are oftenest made  
 Earth's fragile idols ; like a tender flower,  
 No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,  
 And bending weakly to the thunder-shower ;  
 Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to  
 bind,

And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind !

Then thou, my merry love, — bold in thy glee,  
 Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,  
 With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free, —  
 Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glanc-  
 ing,

Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,  
 Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth !

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,  
 Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip re-  
 soundeth ;

Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,  
 And the glad heart from which all grief re-  
 boundeth ;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply  
 Larked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,  
 The cold and stern to joy and fondness warm-  
 ing ;

The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,  
 The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarm-  
 ing !

Again my heart a new affection found,  
 But thought that love with thee had reached its  
 bound.

At length thou camest, — thou, the last and  
 least,  
 Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing  
 brothers,

Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,  
 And thou didst seek to rule and sway the  
 others,

Mingling with every playful infant wile  
 A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And O, most like a regal child wert thou !  
 An eye of resolute and successful scheming !  
 Fair shoulders, curling lips, and dauntless brow,  
 Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dream-  
 ing ;

And proud the lifting of thy stately head,  
 And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both ! yet each succeeding claim  
 I, that all other love had been forswearing,  
 Forthwith admitted, equal and the same ;

Nor injured either by this love's comparing,  
 Nor stole a fraction for the newer call, —  
 But in the mother's heart found room for all !

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

#### THE MOTHER'S HOPE

Is there, when the winds are singing  
 In the happy summer time, —  
 When the raptured air is ringing  
 With Earth's music heavenward springing,  
 Forest chirp, and village chime, —  
 Is there, of the sounds that float  
 Sighingly, a single note  
 Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,  
 As the laughter of a child ?

Listen ! and be now delighted :  
 Morn lath touched her golden strings ;  
 Earth and Sky their vows have plighted ;  
 Life and Light are rennited  
 Amid countless carolings ;  
 Yet, delicious as they are,  
 There 's a sound that 's sweeter far, —  
 One that makes the heart re-joyce  
 More than all, — the human voice !

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,  
 Though it be a stranger's tone, —  
 Than the winds or waters dearer,  
 More enchanting to the hearer,  
 For it answereth to his own.  
 But, of all its witching words,  
 All its myriad magic chords,  
 Those are sweetest, bubbling wild  
 Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,  
 Haunted strains from rivulets,  
 Hum of bees among the flowers,  
 Rustling leaves, and silver showers, —  
 These, ere long, the ear forgets ;  
 But in mine there is a sound  
 Ringing on the whole year round, —  
 Heart-deep laughter that I heard  
 Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah ! 't was heard by ear far purer,  
 Fondlier formed to catch the strain, —  
 Ear of one whose love is snrer, —  
 Hers, the mother, the endurer  
 Of the deepest share of pain ;  
 Hers the deepest bliss to treasure  
 Memories of that cry of pleasure ;  
 Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,  
 Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection  
 Hears with a mysterious sense, —  
 Breathings that evade detection,  
 Whisper faint, and fine inflection,  
 Thrill in her with power intense.  
 Childhood's honeyed words untaught  
 Hiveth she in loving thought,  
 Tones that never thence depart ;  
 For she listens — with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
 There 's no rain left in heaven.  
 I 've said my "seven times" over and over, —  
 Seven times one are seven.

I am old, — so old I can write a letter ;  
 My birthday lessons are done.  
 The lambs play always, — they know no better ;  
 They are only one times one.

O Moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing  
 And shining so round and low.  
 You were bright — ah, bright — but your light  
 is failing ;  
 You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon ! have you done something wrong in  
 heaven,  
 That God has hidden your face !  
 I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
 And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee ! you 're a dusty fellow, —  
 You 've powdered your legs with gold.  
 O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,  
 Give me your money to hold !

O Columbine ! open your folded wrapper,  
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !  
 O Cuckoopint ! toll me the purple clapper  
 That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest, with the young ones in  
 it —  
 I will not steal them away :  
 I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet !  
 I am seven times one to-day.

J. IAN INGELOW.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

HEIGH-HO ! daisies and buttercups,  
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall !  
 When the wind wakes how they rock in the  
 grasses,  
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and  
 small !  
 Here 's two bonny boys, and here 's mother's own  
 lasses,  
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups !  
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain :  
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,  
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them  
 full fain ;  
 Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house  
 be but narrow," —  
 Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups,  
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they  
bow ;  
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,  
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.  
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daugh-  
ters,  
Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups,  
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall —  
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,  
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and  
thrall !

Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its  
measure,  
God that is over us all !

JEAN INGELOW.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ; —  
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ?"  
"How many ? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they ? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid ;  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen."  
The little maid replied :  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit ;  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain ;  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven ?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply :  
"O Master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead !  
Their spirits are in heaven !" —  
'T was throwing words away ; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,  
My little patient boy ;  
And balmy rest about thee  
Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down, and think  
Of all thy winning ways ;  
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness ;  
Thy thanks to all that aid ;  
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
Of fancied faults afraid ;

The little trembling hand  
That wipes thy quiet tears, —  
These, these are things that may demand  
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,  
I will not think of now ;  
And calmly, midst my dear ones,  
Have wasted with dry brow ;  
But when thy fingers press

And pat my stooping head,  
I cannot bear the gentleness, —  
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,  
When life and hope were new ;  
Kind playmate of thy brother,

Thy sister, father too ;  
My light, where'er I go ;  
My bird, when prison-bound ;

My hand-in-hand companion — No,  
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed" —  
"His voice" — "his face" — "is gone,"

To feel impatient-hearted,  
Yet feel we must bear on, —  
Ah, I could not endure

To whisper of such woe,  
Unless I felt this sleep insure  
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping !  
This silence too the while, —

Its very hush and creeping  
Seem whispering us a smile ;  
Something divine and dim

Seems going by one's ear,  
Like parting wings of cherubim,  
Who say, "We've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

THE PET NAME.

"The name  
Which from their lips seemed a caress."  
MISS MITFORD'S *Dramatic Scenes*.

I HAVE a name, a little name,  
Uncadenced for the ear,  
Unhonored by ancestral claim,  
Unsanctified by prayer and psalm  
The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove  
For gay romance, belong.  
It never dedicate did move  
As "Sacharissa," unto love, —  
"Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read  
Upon the leaves of none,  
And afterward, when I am dead,  
Will ne'er be graved for sight or read,  
Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call,  
Perhaps your smile may win.  
Nay, do not smile ! mine eyelids fall  
Over mine eyes, and feel withal  
The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows  
Where summer meadows bloom,  
But gathereth the winter snows,  
And changeth to the hue of those,  
If lasting till they come ?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,  
But time enrusteth round  
With sad associate thoughts the same ?  
And so to me my very name  
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me  
When we were children-twin, —  
When names acquired baptismally  
Were hard to utter, as to see  
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one  
Of chestnuts from the hill,  
And through the wood our laugh did run  
As part thereof. The mirth being done,  
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile ! I hear in it  
What none of you can hear, —  
The talk upon the willow-seat,  
The bird and wind that did repeat  
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,  
My sisters' woodland glee, —  
My father's praise I did not miss,  
When, stooping down, he cared to kiss  
The poet at his knee, —

And voices which, to name me, ave  
Their tenderest tones were keeping, —  
To some I nevermore can say  
An answer, till God wipes away  
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears ;  
 No murmurs cross my mind.  
 Now God be thanked for these thick tears,  
 Which show, of those departed years,  
 Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought  
 With love which softens yet.  
 Now God be thanked for every thought  
 Which is so tender it has caught  
 Earth's gnerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove,  
 Affections purely given ;  
 And e'en that mortal grief shall prove  
 The immortality of love,  
 And heighten it with Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### OLD-SCHOOL PUNISHMENT.

OLD Master Brown brought his ferule down,  
 And his face looked angry and red.  
 "Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,  
 Along with the girls," he said.  
 Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,  
 With his head down on his breast,  
 Took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet  
 That he loved, of all, the best.  
 And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there,  
 But the rogue only made believe ;  
 For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls,  
 And oggled them over his sleeve.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
 Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,  
 Was humming with its wonted noise  
 Of threescore mingled girls and boys ;  
 Some few upon their tasks intent,  
 But more on furtive mischief bent.  
 The while the master's downward look  
 Was fastened on a copy-book ;  
 When suddenly, behind his back,  
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !  
 As 't were a battery of bliss  
 Let off in one tremendous kiss !  
 "What 's that ?" the startled master cries ;  
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,  
 "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe, —  
 I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe !"  
 With frown to make a statue thrill.  
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will !"  
 Like wretch o'taken in his track,

With stolen chattels on his back,  
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
 And to the awful presence came, —  
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
 The butt of all good-natured fun.  
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
 The threatener faltered, — "I 'm amazed  
 That you, my biggest pupil, should  
 Be guilty of an act so rude !  
 Before the whole set school to boot, —  
 What evil genius put you to 't ?"  
 "T was she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,  
 "I did not mean to be so bad ;  
 But when Susannah shook her curls,  
 And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,  
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
 I could n't stand it, sir, at all,  
 But up and kissed her on the spot !  
 I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,  
 But, somehow, from her looks — boo-hoo —  
 I thought she kind o' wished me to !"

WILLIAM FILL PALMER.

#### THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
 And thy merry whistled tunes,  
 With thy red lip, redder still  
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
 With the sunshine on thy face,  
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
 From my heart I give thee joy, —  
 I was once a barefoot boy !  
 Prince thou art, — the grown-up man  
 Only is republican.  
 Let the million-dollared ride !  
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
 Thou hast more than he can buy  
 In the reach of ear and eye, —  
 Outward sunshine, inward joy ;  
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,  
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
 Knowledge never learned of schools,  
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
 Flight of fowl and habitude  
 Of the tenants of the wood ;  
 How the tortoise bears his shell,  
 How the wood-henck digs his cell,  
 And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
 How the robin feeds her young,  
 How the oriole's nest is hung :

Where the whitest lilies blow,  
 Where the freshest berries grow,  
 Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;  
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
 Mason of his walls of clay,  
 And the architectural plans  
 Of gray hornet artisans ! —  
 For, eschewing books and tasks,  
 Nature answers all he asks ;  
 Hand in hand with her he walks,  
 Face to face with her he talks,  
 Part and parcel of her joy, —  
 Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,  
 Crowding years in one brief moon,  
 When all things I heard or saw,  
 Me, their master, waited for.  
 I was rich in flowers and trees,  
 Humming-birds and honey-bees ;  
 For my sport the squirrel played,  
 Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
 For my taste the blackberry cone  
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;  
 Laughed the brook for my delight  
 Through the day and through the night,  
 Whispering at the garden wall,  
 Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
 Apples of Hesperides !  
 Still, as my horizon grew,  
 Larger grew my riches too ;  
 All the world I saw or knew  
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,  
 Like my bowl of milk and bread, —  
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
 On the door-stone, gray and rude !  
 O'er me, like a regal tent,  
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;  
 While for music came the play  
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;  
 And, to light the noisy choir,  
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
 I was monarch : pomp and joy  
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerly, then, my little man,  
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !  
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,

Every morn' shall find thee through  
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
 Every evening from thy feet  
 Shall the cool wind kiss the dew.  
 All too soon these feet must hide  
 In the prison cells of pride,  
 Lose the freedom of the sod,  
 Like a colt's for work he shod,  
 Made to tread the mills of toil,  
 Up and down in ceaseless moil :  
 Happy if their track be found  
 Never on forbidden ground ;  
 Happy if they sink not in  
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITLER.

BOYHOOD.

All, then how sweetly closed those crowded days !  
 The minutes parting one by one like rays  
 That fade upon a summer's eve.  
 But O, what charm or magic numbers  
 Can give me back the gentle slumbers  
 Those weary, happy days did leave !  
 When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,  
 And with her blessing took her nightly kiss ;  
 What-*er* Time destroys, he cannot this ; —  
 E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

W. A. JENKIN ALLESTON.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden  
 Grew, smiling up to God,  
 A bonnier flower than ever  
 Suckt the green warmth of the sod ;  
 O beautiful unfathomably  
 Its little life unfurled ;  
 And crown of all things was our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom  
 Our bud of beauty grew ;  
 It fed on smiles for sunshine,  
 On tears for daintier dew ;  
 Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
 Our leaves of love were curled  
 So close and close about our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance  
 Our house of life she filled ;  
 Revealed each hour some fairy tower  
 Where winged hopes might build !

We saw — though none like us might see —  
Such precious promise pearl'd  
Upon the petals of our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo  
Of angel-light increased,  
Like the mystery of moonlight  
That folds some fairy feast.  
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently  
Our darling bud up-curl'd,  
And dropt i' the grave — God's lap — our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,  
Our life was but in spring,  
When down the solemn midnight  
We heard the spirits sing,  
"Another bud of infancy  
With holy dews imperal'd!"  
And in their hands they bore our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing  
Could leave a loss so large;  
Her little light such shadow fling  
From dawn to sunset's marge,  
In other springs our life may be  
In banner'd bloom unfurled,  
But never, never match our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

GIRALD MASSEY.

#### PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth best of all;  
Not for its guard'd oaks olden,  
Dark with the mistletoe;  
Not for the violets golden  
That sprinkle the vale below;  
Not for the milk-white lilies  
That lean from the fragrant ledge,  
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge;  
Not for the vines on the upland,  
Where the bright red berries rest,  
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,  
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
With eyes that were dark and deep;  
In the lap of that old dim forest  
He lieth in peace asleep;  
Light as the down of the thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,

We roved there the beautiful summers,  
The summers of long ago;  
But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
And, one of the autumn evenings,  
I made for my little brother  
A bed of the yellow leaves.  
Sweetly his pale arms folded  
My neck in a meek embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face;  
And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARV.

#### HARRY ASHLAND, ONE OF MY LOVERS.

I HAVE a lover, a little lover, he rolls on the  
grass and plays in the clover;  
He builds block-houses and digs clay wells, and  
makes sand-pies in his hat.  
On Sundays he swings in the little porch, or has  
a clean collar and goes to church,  
And asks me to marry him, when he grows up,  
and live in a house "like that."  
He wears a great apron like a sack, — it's hard  
they don't put him in trowsers and jackets;  
But his soul is far above buttons, and his hopes  
for the future o'ershoot them,  
For Harry, like larger lovers, will court, without  
any visible means of support,  
And ask you to give him your heart and hand,  
when he does n't know where to put them.

All day he's tumbling, and leaping, and jump-  
ing, running and calling, hammering and  
thumping,  
Playing "ho-peep" with the blue-eyed babe, or  
chasing the cows in the lane;  
But at twilight around my chair he lingers,  
clasping my hand in his dimpled fingers,  
And I wonder if love so pure and fresh I shall  
ever inspire again!  
The men that kneel and declaim their passion,  
the men that "annex" you in stately fash-  
ion, —  
There is not so much of truth and warmth in all  
the hearts of a score, —  
And I look in the honest eyes of this baby, and  
wonder what would have happened, maybe,  
if Heaven had not made me be twenty now,  
while Harry is only four.



I have a little rival named Ada, she clings to a  
 promise that Harry made her,  
 "To build her a house all full of doors," and live  
 with her there some day ;  
 But Ada is growing lank and thin, — they say  
 she will have a peaked chin,  
 And I think had nearly outgrown her "first  
 love" before I came in the way.  
 She wears short skirts, and a pink-trimmed  
 Shaker, the nicest aprons her mother can  
 make her,  
 And a Sunday hat with feathers ; but it does n't  
 matter how she is dressed,  
 For Harry — sweetest of earthy lispers — has  
 said in my ear, in lowliest whispers,  
 With his dear short arms around my neck, that  
 he "likes the *gown-up* bonnets best."

He says he shall learn to be a lawyer, but his  
 private preference is a sawyer,  
 And counselors, not less than carpenters, live  
 by "sawdust" and by *boxes*.  
 It's easier to saw a plank in two than to bore a  
 judicial blockhead through,  
 And if panels of jurors fail to yield, he can  
 always panel doors.  
 It's a question of enterprise *versus* wood, and if  
 his hammer and will be good,  
 If his energetic little brown hand be as steady  
 and busy then,  
 Though chisel or pen be the weapon he's need-  
 ing, whether his business is planing or plead-  
 ing,  
 Harry will cut his way through the ranks, and  
 stand at the head of you men!

I say to him sometimes, "My dearest Harry, we  
 have n't money enough to marry";  
 He has sixty cents in his little tin "bank," and  
 a keepsake in his drawer ;  
 But he always promises, "I'll get plenty — I'll  
 find where they make it, when I'm twenty ;  
 I'll go down town where the other men do, and  
 bring it out of the store."  
 And then he describes such wonderful dresses,  
 and gives me such gallant hugs and caresses,  
 With items of courtship from Mother Goose, silk  
 cushions and rings of gold,  
 And I think what a fond true breast to dream on,  
 what a dear, brave heart for a woman to  
 lean on,  
 What a king and kingdom are saving up for  
 some baby a twelve-month old!

Twenty years hence, when I am forty, and Harry  
 a young man, gay and naughty,  
 Flirting and dancing, and shooting guns, driv-  
 ing fast horses and cracking whips,

The handsomest fellow' — Heaven bless him!  
 setting the girls all wild to possess him, —  
 With his dark mustache and hazel eyes, and  
 cigars in those pretty lips!  
 O, do you think he will *quite* forget me, — do you  
 believe he will ever regret me?  
 Will he wish the twenty years back again, or  
 deem this an idle myth,  
 While I shall sometimes push up my glasses,  
 and sigh as my baby-lover passes,  
 And wonder if Heaven sets this world right, as  
 I look at Mr. Smith!

A. G. W. M. S.

## THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

[Thou gives the following narrative as the origin of "The Mitherless Bairn": "When I was train as a scunner, I was a lang run' the house to my gear, when I heard the greetin' I soon A laive was thocht a bairn, when the oot side a big woman, followin' 'Ye hoozie, w' ye h'ik a mitherless bairn — I thocht up the bair and wrote the sang afore sleepin'"]

When a'ither bairnies are hushed to their hame  
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
 Wha stands last and lanely, an' naeboddy carin'!  
 'T is the pair doited loonie, — the mitherless  
 bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed ;  
 Name covers his cauld back, or haps his bare  
 head ;  
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,  
 An' lithless the hair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover  
 there,  
 O' hands that wot kindly to kame his dark hair ;  
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,  
 That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

You sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed  
 Now rests in the mools where her mammie is  
 bid ;  
 The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,  
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that pass'd in you hour o' his birth,  
 Still watches his wearisome wandering on earth ;  
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn  
 Wha couthie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O, speak him na harshly, — he trembles the  
 while,

He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile ;  
 In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall  
 learn

That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

W. L. M. T. G. G.

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it  
with sighs.

'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;  
Would you know the spell!—a mother sat there!  
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear;  
And gentle words that mother would give  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
She told me that shame would never betide,  
With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide:  
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;  
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,  
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,—  
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!  
And I learned how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'T is past, 't is past! but I gaze on it now,  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:  
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,  
And memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my  
childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-  
wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which  
stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the  
well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;  
For often, at noon, when returned from the  
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were  
glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the  
well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to re-  
ceive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to  
leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the  
well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,—  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!



THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

*"In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with list'ning ear;  
I sat and watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;  
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,  
And turned from her Bible to bless her child."*



I remember, I remember  
 The fir-trees dark and high,  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky.  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 't is little joy  
 To know I 'm farther off from heaven  
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!  
 Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
 And I'll protect it now  
 'T was my forefather's hand  
 That placed it near his cot;  
 There, woodman, let it stand,  
 Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
 Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,  
 And wouldst thou hew it down?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
 O, spare that age-old oak,  
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
 I sought its grateful shade;  
 In all their gushing joy  
 Her, too my toys played.  
 My mother kissed me here,  
 My father pressed my hand—  
 Forgive this foolish tear,  
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart, string round thee long,  
 Close as thy bark old friend;  
 Here shall the wild bit long,  
 And still thy branches bend.  
 Old tree! the storm-still leave  
 And, woodman, leave the spot;  
 While I've a hand to wave,  
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

GEORGE F. MORRIS.

## YOUTH.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone  
Mid the beeches of a meadow,  
By a stream-side, on the grass,  
And the trees are showering down  
Doubles of their leaves in shadow  
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow.  
Now she holds them nakedly  
In her hands all sleek and dripping,  
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,  
And the smile she softly uses  
Fills the silence like a speech,  
While she thinks what shall be done, —  
And the sweetest pleasure chooses  
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile  
Chooses . . . "I will have a lover,  
Riding on a steed of steeds!  
He shall love me without guile,  
And to *him* I will discover  
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,  
And the lover shall be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath.  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod  
All in silver, housed in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind;  
And the hoofs along the sod  
Shall flash onward and keep measure,  
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize  
All the glory that he rides in,  
When he gazes in my face.  
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes  
Build the shrine my soul abides in,  
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay, then — he shall kneel low,  
With the red-roan steed anear him,

Which shall seem to understand —  
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!  
For the world must love and fear him  
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,  
I shall feel my own lips tremble  
With a *yes* I must not say;  
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'  
I will utter, and dissemble; —  
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills  
To the wide world past the river,  
There to put away all wrong;  
To make straight distorted wills,  
And to empty the broad quiver  
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page  
Swim the stream and climb the mountain  
And kneel down beside my feet; —  
'Lo, my master sends this gage,  
Lady, for thy pity's counting!  
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send  
A white rosebud for a guerdon, —  
And the second time, a glove;  
But the third time, I may bend  
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,  
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run, —  
Then my lover will ride faster,  
Till he kneeleth at my knee:  
'I am a Duke's eldest son!  
Thousand serfs do call me master, —  
But, O Love, I love but *thee*!'

"He will kiss me on the mouth  
Then, and lead me as a lover  
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;  
And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
Unto *him* I will discover  
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,  
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,  
And went homeward, round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily.  
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,  
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads, —  
Past the boughs she stoops — and stops.  
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
Sooth I know not! but I know  
She could never show him — never,  
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### LITTLE BELL.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray,  
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What 's your name?" quoth he, —  
"What 's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,  
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold." —  
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,  
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks. —  
"Bonny bird," quoth she,  
"Sing me your best song before I go."  
"Here 's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird, —  
Full of quips and wiles,  
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,  
All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour  
His full heart freely o'er and o'er  
"Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,  
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,  
And from out the tree  
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;  
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear, —  
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern, —  
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;  
Bring me nuts," quoth she.

Up away the frisky squirrel hies, —  
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes, —  
And adown the tree  
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,  
In the little lap dropped one by one.  
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!  
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade, —  
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you 're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!"  
Down came squirrel eager for his fare,  
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share, —  
Ah the merry three!  
And the while these frolic playmates twain  
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,  
Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seems to grow and grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow  
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;  
Very calm and clear  
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,  
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene  
Paused awhile to hear.  
"What good child is this," the angel said,  
"That with happy heart beside her bed  
Prays so lovingly!"  
Low and soft, O, very low and soft,  
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,  
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair  
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;  
Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,  
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,  
Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

### A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

"T WAS the night before Christmas, when all  
through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with  
care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their  
heads;  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's  
nap, —

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted, and called them  
by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and  
Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the  
sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas  
too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and  
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how  
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the  
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of  
jelly.

He was chubby and plump, — a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a  
jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE

#### THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,  
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;  
So through the valley and over the height  
In silence I'll take my way.  
I will not go like that blustering train,  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,  
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its  
crest,  
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he  
dressed

With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread  
A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear  
That he hung on its margin, far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane like a fairy crept:  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,  
By the light of the moon was seen  
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and  
trees,

There were bevy of birds and swarms of bees,  
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers,  
and these

All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —  
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare, —  
"Now, just to set them a thinking,  
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;  
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,  
And the glass of water they've left for me  
Shall '*teck!*' to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH F. GOULD.

#### A PORTRAIT.

"One name is Elizabeth." — BEN JUNSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her,  
Ten times have the lilies blown  
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,  
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty  
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,  
Which a trail of golden hair  
Keeps from fading off to air;



And a forehead fair and saintly,  
Which two blue eyes under-shine,  
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,  
Though too calm, you think, and tender,  
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,  
Frank, obedient, - waiting still  
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things,  
As young birds, or early wheat,  
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings  
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure, -  
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,  
Which come softly, - just as she,  
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,  
In a bower of gentle looks, -  
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,  
As a silver stream may run,  
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile it seems half holy,  
As if drawn from thoughts more far  
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,  
He would sing of her with falls  
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,  
He would paint her unaware  
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,  
He would whisper, "You have done a  
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him  
That same picture) would exclaim,  
"T is my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her  
In the street even, smileth stilly,  
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her  
Soften, sicken every word,  
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to follow  
The hard earth whereon she passes,  
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"  
Ay, and certes, in good sooth,  
We may all be sure he doth.

ELIZABETH BARRITT BOWEN.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall, -  
By three doors left unguarded,  
They enter my castle wall.

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

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

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
 Yes, forever and a day,  
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
 And moulder in dust away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

—◆—  
 THREAD AND SONG.

SWEETER and sweeter,  
 Soft and low,  
 Neat little nymph,  
 Thy numbers flow,  
 Urging thy thimble,  
 Thrift's tidy symbol,  
 Busy and nimble,  
 To and fro ;  
 Prettily plying  
 Thread and song,  
 Keeping them flying  
 Late and long,  
 Though the stitch linger,  
 Kissing thy finger  
 Quick, — as it skips along.

Many an echo,  
 Soft and low,  
 Follows thy flying  
 Fancy so, —  
 Melodies thrilling,  
 Tenderly filling  
 Thine with their trilling,  
 Come and go ;  
 Memory's finger,  
 Quick as thine,  
 Loving to linger  
 On the line,  
 Writes of another,  
 Dearer than brother :

Would that the name were mine !

JOHN WILLIAMSON FAIRBANKS

—◆—  
 SEVEN TIMES TWO.

ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your  
 changes,  
 How many soever they be,  
 And let the brown meadow-lark's notes as her ranges  
 Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling  
 No magical sense conveys,  
 And bells have forgotten their old art of telling  
 The fortune of future days.

“ Turn again, turn again,” once they rang cheerily  
 While a boy listened alone :

Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily  
 All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are  
 over,  
 And mine, they are yet to be ;  
 No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught  
 discover :  
 You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted  
 heather,  
 Preparing her hoods of snow ;  
 She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather :  
 O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go  
 faster,  
 Nor long summer bide so late ;  
 And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,  
 For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,  
 While dear hands are laid on my head ;  
 “ The child is a woman, the book may close over,  
 For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,  
 Not one, as he sits on the tree ;  
 The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring  
 it !  
 Such as I wish it to be.

JEAN INGLOW.

—◆—  
 RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the showery vapors gather over all the  
 starry spheres,  
 And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in  
 rainy tears,  
 'T is a joy to press the pillow of a cottage cham-  
 ber bed,  
 And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the  
 heart,  
 And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being  
 start ;  
 And a thousand recollections weave their bright  
 hues into wool,  
 As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the  
 roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to  
 years ago,  
 To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them  
 till the dawn.

I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain  
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter  
of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and  
waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed cherub brother, — a serene,  
angelic pair, —

Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise  
or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the  
roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes'  
delicious blue.

I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all  
untrue ;

I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love  
again,

And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter  
of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work  
with such a spell,

In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the  
holy passions swell,

As that melody of nature, — that subdued, sub-  
duing strain,

Which is played upon the shingles by the patter  
of the rain.

COATES KINNEY

#### THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower

On earth was never sown :

This child I to myself will take ;

She shall be mine, and I will make

A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse : and with me

The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power

To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn

Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm,  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see

E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form,  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done, —  
How soon my Lucy's race was run !

She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

#### MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outline the sun, —  
Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O thou child of many prayers !  
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares !  
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ; —  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

II. W. LONGFELLOW.

#### CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone  
Prosperes in some happy shade,  
My Castara lives unknown,  
To no ruder eye betrayed ;  
For she 's to herself untrue  
Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts  
Have enriched with borrowed grace.  
Her high birth no pride imparts,  
For she blushes in her place.  
Folly boasts a glorious blood, —  
She is noblest being good.

Cautions, she knew never yet  
What a wanton courtship meant ;  
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,  
In her silence eloquent.  
Of herself survey she takes,  
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will  
Her grave parents' wise commands :

And so innocent, that ill  
She nor acts nor understands.  
Women's feet run still astray  
If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,  
Where oft virtue splits her mast ;  
And retirement thinks the port,  
Where her fame may anchor cast.  
Virtue safely cannot sit  
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best  
Where sin waits not on delight ;  
Without mask, or ball, or feast,  
Sweetly spends a winter's night.  
O'er that darkness whence is thrust  
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,  
While wild passions captive lie ;  
And each article of time,  
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly ;  
All her vows religious be,  
And she vows her love to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

#### THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen  
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,  
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,  
We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries,  
And rattles on the raised latch-pin ;  
"God save you kindly," quick replies  
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,  
A rosy girl with soft black eyes ;  
Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,  
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,  
For, all the way to Glenmalur,  
Her mother had that morning gone,  
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet  
The shame that startled virgins feel,  
Could make the generous girl forget  
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us in a beechen bowl  
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,  
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll  
Of butter, — it gilds all my rhyme !

And, while we ate the grateful food  
 (With weary limbs on bench reclined),  
 Considerate and discreet, she stood  
 Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,  
 From breast to breast spontaneous ran  
 The mutual thought, — we stood and pledged  
 THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,  
 Sweet Mary, — bless those budding charms! —  
 Than your own generous heart. I'm sure,  
 Nor whiter than the breast it warms!"

She turned and gazed, unused to hear  
 Such language in that homely glen;  
 But, Mary, you have naught to fear,  
 Though smiled on by two stranger-men.

Not for a crown would I alarm  
 Your virgin pride by word or sign,  
 Nor need a painful blush disarm  
 My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel  
 The words she spoke were free from guile;  
 She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel,  
 'T is all in vain, — she can't but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears  
 Her modest face, — I see it yet, —  
 And though I lived a hundred years  
 Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,  
 Fills all her downcast eyes with light,  
 The lips reluctantly apart,  
 The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek, —  
 The rosy cheek that won't be still; —  
 O, who could blame what flatterers speak,  
 Did smiles like this reward their skill?

For such another smile, I vow,  
 Though loudly beats the midnight rain,  
 I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,  
 And walk to Lugg-claw again!

SAMUEL FERGUSON

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
 Deeply ripened: — such a blush  
 In the midst of brown was born,  
 Like red peppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, —  
 Which were blackest none could tell;  
 But long lashes veiled a light  
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
 Made her tressy forehead dim; —  
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;  
 Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
 Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove;  
 A maid whom there were none to praise,  
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye!  
 — Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be;  
 But she is in her grave, and O,  
 The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL OF INVERNAID.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
 Twice seven consenting years have shed  
 Their utmost bounty on thy head;  
 And these gray rocks, this household lawn,  
 These trees, — a veil just half withdrawn,  
 This fall of water that doth make  
 A murmur near the silent lake,  
 This little bay, a quiet road  
 That holds in shelter thy abode;  
 In truth together ye do seem  
 Like something fashioned in a dream;  
 Such forms as from their covert peep  
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!

But O fair Creature! in the light  
Of common day so heavenly bright,  
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart:  
God shield thee to thy latest years!  
I neither know thee nor thy peers;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away;  
For never saw I mien or face  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness:  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer;  
A face with gladness overspread,  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;  
And scenuliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech, —  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life!  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful?  
O happy pleasure! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell;  
Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality:  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighborhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see!  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father, — anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place;  
Joy have I had; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:  
Then why should I be loath to stir!  
I feel this place was made for her;

To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part:  
For I, methinks, till I grow old  
As fair before me shall behold  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;  
And thee, the spirit of them all!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### JENNY KISSED ME.

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

LILLIAN HUNT

#### NARCISSA.

"Young, gay, and fortunate!" Each yields a  
theme.  
And, first, thy youth: what says it to gray hairs?  
Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now;  
Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

EDWARD YOUNG.

#### SWEET STREAM, THAT WINDS.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,  
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid, —  
Silent and chaste, she steals along,  
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;  
With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destined course:  
Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;  
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,  
And Heaven reflected in her face.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,  
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,  
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,  
After the revel was done.  
Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,  
Idly they laughed, like other girls,

Who over the fire, when all is still,  
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,  
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,  
Scatter'd about in every place,  
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,  
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,  
For the revel is done, —

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,  
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,  
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,  
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,  
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,  
While the fire is out and the house is still,  
Maud and Madge together, —

Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,  
Curtained away from the chilly night,  
After the revel is done, —

Float along in a splendid dream,  
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,  
While a thousand lusters shimmering stream  
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,  
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,  
Men and women with beautiful faces,  
And eyes of tropical dusk,

And one face shining out like a star,  
One face haunting the dreams of each,  
And one voice, sweeter than others are,  
Breaking into silvery speech, —

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,  
An old, old story over again,  
As down the royal bannered room,  
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,  
While an unseen spirit walks beside,  
And all unheard in the lovers' talk,  
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,  
With never a pang of jealous fear!  
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather  
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,  
Braided brown hair and golden tress,

There'll be only one of you left for the bloom  
Of the bearded lips to press, —

Only one for the bridal pearls,  
The robe of satin and Brussels lace, —  
Only one to blush through her curls  
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,  
For you the revel has just begun;  
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night  
The revel of Life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,  
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,  
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss  
The kisses another hath won!

NORA PERRY

#### NEIGHBOR NELLY.

I'm in love with neighbor Nelly,  
Though I know she's only ten,  
While, alas! I'm eight-and-forty  
And the *marriedest* of men!  
I've a wife who weighs me double,  
I've three daughters all with *beaux*;  
I've a son with noble whiskers,  
Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a square-toes, and a fogey,  
Still I've sunshine in my heart;  
Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles,  
Can appreciate a tart.  
I can love my neighbor Nelly  
Just as though I were a boy;  
I could hand her nuts and apples  
From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller,  
She is vigorous of limb;  
(You should see her play at cricket,  
With her little brother Jim.)  
She has eyes as blue as damsons,  
She has pounds of auburn curls,  
She regrets the game of leap-frog  
Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my neighbor Nelly,  
I invite her in to tea;  
And I let her nurse the baby, —  
All her pretty ways to see.  
Such a darling bud of woman,  
Yet remote from any teens, —  
I have learnt from neighbor Nelly  
What the girl's doll-instinct means.

O, to see her with the baby ! —  
 He adores her more than I, —  
 How she choruses his crowing, —  
 How she hushes every cry !  
 How she loves to put his dimples  
 With her light forefinger deep !  
 How she boasts to me in triumph  
 When she 's got him off to sleep !

We must part, my neighbor Nelly,  
 For the summers quickly flee ;  
 And your middle aged admirer  
 Must supplanted quickly be,  
 Yet as jealous as a mother,  
 A distempered, cankered churl,  
 I look vainly for the setting  
 To be worthy such a pearl

ROBERT B. BROUGER

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,  
 Of wild and careless play,  
 And persuade myself that I am not old  
 And my locks are not yet gray ;  
 For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
 And it makes his pulses fly,  
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years ;  
 And they say that I am old,  
 And my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,  
 And my years are wellnigh told ;  
 It is very true ; it is very true ;  
 I am old, and I bide my time ;  
 But my heart will leap at a scene like this,  
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on, I am with you there,  
 In the midst of your merry ring ;  
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
 And the rush of the breathless swing,  
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
 And I whoop the smothered call ;  
 And my feet slip up on the sedy floor,  
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,  
 And I shall be glad to go ;  
 For the world at best is a weary place  
 And my pulse is getting low  
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail  
 In treading its gloomy way .  
 But it wiles my heart from its dreariness,  
 To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WELLS.

## IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,  
 There are balms for all our pain ;  
 But when youth, the dream, departs,  
 It takes something from our hearts,  
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
 Under manhood's sterner reign ;  
 Still we feel that something sweet  
 Followed youth, with flying feet,  
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
 And we sigh for it in vain ;  
 We behold it everywhere,  
 On the earth, and in the air,  
 But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODOLSKY





POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.



Home Sweet Home!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there  
which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home, — sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.

The Stone is lined with auburn slugs,  
One ship's the cue to eye with nigg;  
But God will know which anther slips  
And bid his angels out with 'thee!

[HELEN HUNT JACKSON.]

H. H.

# POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

## BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead, —

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine,  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed, —  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need?

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —  
The Paraclete white-shining through  
His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## AN INVITATION.

NINE years have slipt like hour-glass sand  
From life's still-emptying globe away  
Since last, dear friend, I clasped your hand,  
And stood upon the impoverish'd land,  
Watching the steamer down the bay.

I held the token which you gave,  
While slowly the smoke-pennon curled  
O'er the vague rim 'tween sky and wave,  
And shut the distance like a grave,  
Leaving me in the colder world.

The old worn world of hurry and heat,  
The young, fresh world of thought and scope,  
While you, where beckoning billows fleet  
Climb far sky-beaches still and sweet,  
Sank wavering down the ocean slope.

You sought the new world in the old,  
I found the old world in the new,  
All that our human hearts can hold,  
The inward world of deathless mold,  
The same that Father Adam knew.

He needs no ship to cross the tide,  
Who, in the lives about him, sees  
Fair window-prospects opening wide  
O'er history's fields on every side,  
To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece

Whatever molds of various brain  
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,  
Whatever empires wax and wan

To him that hath not eyes in vain,  
Our village-microcosm can show.

Come back our ancient walks to tread,  
Dear haunts of lost or scattered friends,  
Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,  
Where song and smoke and laughter sped  
The nights to proctor-haunted ends.

Constant are all our former loves,  
Unchanged the icehouse-grilled pond,  
Its hemlock glooms, its shadowy coves,  
Where floats the coot and never moves,  
Its slope of long-tamed green beyond.

Our old familiars are not laid,  
Though snapt our wands and sunk our books;  
They beckon, not to be gamsaid,  
Where, round broad meads that mowers wade,  
The Charles his steel-blue sickle crooks.

Where, as the clondbergs eastward blew,  
From glow to gloom the hillsides shift  
Their plumps of orchard trees arow,  
Their lakes of rye that wave and flow,  
Their snowy whiteweed's summer drift.

There have we watched the West unfurl  
A cloud Byzantium newly born,  
With flickering spires and domes of pearl,  
And vapory surfs that crowd and curl  
Into the sunset's Golden Horn.

There, as the flaming occident  
Burned slowly down to ashes gray,  
Night pitched o'erhead her silent tent,  
And glimmering gold from Hesper sprent  
Upon the darkened river lay.

Where a twin sky but just before  
Deepens, and double swallows skimmed,  
And, born a visionary shore,  
Hang vision'd trees, that, more and more,  
Grew dusk as those above were dimmed.

Then eastward saw we slowly grow  
Clear-edged the lines of roof and spire,  
While great elm masses blacken slow,  
And linden-rieks their round heads show  
Against a flush of widening fire.

Doubtful at first and far away,  
The moon-flood creeps more wide and wide,  
Up a ridged beach of clayly gray,  
Curved round the east as round a bay,  
It slows and spreads its gradual tide

Then suddenly, in lurid mood,  
The moon looms large o'er town and field,

As upon Adam, red like blood,  
'Tween him and Eden's happy wood,  
Glared the commissioned angel's shield.

Or let us seek the seaside, there  
To wander idly as we list,  
Whether, on rocky headlands bare,  
Sharp cedar-horns, like breakers, tear  
The trailing fringes of gray mist,

Or whether, under skies full blown,  
The brightening surfs, with foamy din,  
Their breeze-caught forelocks backward blown,  
Against the beach's yellow zone,  
Curl slow, and plunge forever in.

And as we watch those canvas towers  
That lean along the horizon's rim,  
"Sail on," I'll say; "may sunniest hours  
Convey you from this land of ours,  
Since from my side you bear not him!"

For years thrice three, wise Honore said,  
A poem rare let silence bind;  
And love may ripen in the shade,  
Like ours, for nine long seasons laid  
In deepest arches of the mind.

Come back! Not ours the Old World's good,  
The Old World's ill, thank God, not ours;  
But here, far better understood,  
The days enforce our native mood,  
And challenge all our manlier powers.

Kindlier to me the place of birth  
That first my tottering footsteps trod;  
There may be fairer spots of earth,  
But all their glories are not worth  
The virtue of the native sod.

Thence climbs an influence more benign  
Through pulse and nerve, through heart and  
brain;  
Sacred to me those fibers fine  
That first clasped earth. O, ne'er be mine  
The alien sun and alien rain!

These nourish not like homelier glows  
Or waterings of familiar skies,  
And nature fairer blooms bestows  
On the heaped hush of wintry snows,  
In pastures dear to childhood's eyes.

Then where Italian earth receives  
The partial sunshine's ampler boons,  
Where vines carve friezes 'neath the eaves,  
And, in dark firmaments of leaves,  
The orange lifts its golden moons.

## DREAMS AND REALITIES.

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good  
 And perfect flower of womanhood !  
 Thou royal rose of June !  
 Why didst thou droop before thy time ?  
 Why wither in the first sweet prime ?  
 Why didst thou die so soon ?

For, looking backward through my tears  
 On thee, and on my wasted years,  
 I cannot choose but say,  
 If thou hadst lived to be my guide,  
 Or thou hadst lived and I had died,  
 'T were better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head ! —  
 Bright sunbeam for one moment shed  
 Upon life's lonely way,  
 Why didst thou vanish from our sight ?  
 Could they not spare my little light  
 From heaven's unclouded day ?

O friend so true, O friend so good ! —  
 Thou one dream of my maidenhood,  
 That gave youth all its charms, —  
 What had I done, or what hadst thou,  
 That, through this lonesome world till now,  
 We walk with empty arms ?

And yet this poor soul had been fed  
 With all it loved and coveted ;  
 Had life been always fair,  
 Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,  
 That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,  
 Forever tremble there ?

If still they kept their earthly place,  
 The friends I held in my embrace,  
 And gave to death, alas !  
 Could I have learned that clear, calm faith  
 That looks beyond the bonds of death,  
 And almost longs to pass ?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see  
 Are shadows of the things to be ;  
 That what we plan we build ;  
 That every hope that hath been crossed,  
 And every dream we thought was lost,  
 In heaven shall be fulfilled ;

That even the children of the brain  
 Have not been born and died in vain,  
 Though here unclothed and dumb ;  
 But on some brighter, better shore  
 They live, embodied evermore,  
 And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,  
 Caught up between the earth and skies,  
 Then shall we hear our Lord  
 Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,  
 Henceforth, according to thy faith,  
 Shall be thy faith's reward.

PHIBBE CARY

## THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I SAT an hour to-day, John,  
 Beside the old brook-stream, —  
 Where we were school-boys in old time,  
 When manhood was a dream ;  
 The brook is choked with fallen leaves,  
 The pond is dried away,  
 I scarce believe that you would know  
 The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John, —  
 Beneath our locust-trees,  
 The wild rose by the window's side  
 No more waves in the breeze :  
 The scattered stones look desolat  
 The soil they rested on  
 Has been plowed up by stranger hands,  
 Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut-tree is dead, John, —  
 And what is sadder now,  
 The grapevine of that same old swing  
 Hangs on the withered bough.  
 I read our names upon the bark,  
 And found the pebbles rare  
 Laid up beneath the hollow side,  
 As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John, —  
 I looked for our old spring,  
 That bubbled down the alder-path  
 Three paces from the swing :  
 The rushes grow upon the brink,  
 The pool is black and bare,  
 And not a foot for many a day,  
 It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,  
 That wandered up the hill, —  
 'T is darker than it used to be,  
 And seems so lone and still ;  
 The birds yet sing upon the boughs  
 Where once the sweet grapes hung,  
 But not a voice of human kind  
 Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,  
 That lies as in old time,

The same half-panel in the path  
 We used so oft to climb, —  
 And thought how, o'er the bars of life,  
 Our playmates had passed on,  
 And left me counting on the spot  
 The faces that were gone.

ANONYMOUS

## BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I  
 Will steal an hour from days gone by, —  
 The shining days when life was new,  
 And all was bright as morning dew, —  
 The lusty days of long ago,  
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,  
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail ;  
 And mine as brief appendix wear  
 As Tam O'Shaunter's luckless mare ;  
 To-day, old friend, remember still  
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,  
 And grand you look in people's eyes,  
 With H O N. and L L D.  
 In big brave letters, fair to see, —  
 Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !  
 How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe ;  
 You've taught your name to half the globe ;  
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;  
 You've made the dead past live again :  
 The world may call you what it will,  
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,  
 " See those old buffers, bent and gray ;  
 They talk like fellows in their teens !  
 Mad, poor old boys ! That 's what it means," —  
 And shake their heads ; they little know  
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe !

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
 While Joe sits smiling at his side ;  
 How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,  
 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame ?  
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;  
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust :

A few swift years, and who can show  
 Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,  
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
 While gaping thousands come and go, —  
 How vain it seems, this empty show !  
 Till all at once his pulses thrill,  
 " T is poor old Joe's " God bless you, Bill ! "

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
 The names that pleased our mortal ears, —  
 In some sweet hill of harp and song,  
 For earth-born spirits none too long, —  
 Just whispering of the world below,  
 Where this was Bill, and that was Joe ?

No matter ; while our home is here  
 No sounding name is half so dear ;  
 When fades at length our lingering day,  
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?  
 Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE DEAD FRIEND.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

THE path by which we twain did go,  
 Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
 Through four sweet years arose and fell,  
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walked began  
 To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
 As we descended following Hope,  
 There sat the Shadow feared of man ;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
 And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
 And wrapped thee formless in the fold,  
 And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

When each by turns was guide to each,  
 And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
 And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought  
 Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech ;

And all we met was fair and good,  
 And all was good that Time could bring,  
 And all the secret of the Spring  
 Moved in the chambers of the blood ;

I know that this was Life. — the track  
 Whereon with equal feet we fared ;  
 And then, as now, the day prepared  
 The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move  
As light as carrier-birds in air ;  
I loved the weight I had to bear  
Because it needed help of Love :

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
When mighty Love would cleave in twain  
The haling of a single pain,  
And part it, giving half to him.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,  
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,  
To wander on a darkened earth,  
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,  
O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
O sacred essence, other form,  
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !

Yet none could better know than I,  
How much of net at human hands  
The sense of human will demands  
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,  
I felt and feel, though left alone,  
His being working in mine own,  
The footsteps of his life in mine.

My pulses therefore beat again  
For other friends that once I met :  
Nor can it suit me to forget  
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love : I count it crime  
To mourn for any overmuch ;  
I, the divided half of such  
A friendship as had mastered Time ;

Which masters Time, indeed, and is  
Eternal, separate from fears :  
The all-assuming months and years  
Can take no part away from this.

O days and hours, your work is this,  
To hold me from my proper place,  
A little while from his embrace,  
For fuller gain of after bliss :

That out of distance might ensue  
Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;  
And unto meeting when we meet,  
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
And dream my dream, and hold it true ;  
For though my lips may breathe adieu,  
I cannot think the thing farewell.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and work through a few words and looks, to know each other, to lay to rest together that long and weary journey, and then only, meeting, year after year, and knowing each other, and know nothing of each other."—WALTON AND IRVING.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,  
When calm had stilled the tide ;  
A few bright days, of summer gleam,  
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave  
Rose mingling thence in mirth ;  
And sweetly floated o'er the wave  
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Arabian main  
Cloudless and lovely slept ;  
While dancing step and festive strain  
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes  
With kindly meaning shone ;  
O, brief and passing sympathies,  
Like leaves together blown !

A little while such joy was cast  
Over the deep's repose,  
Till the loud singing winds at last  
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way  
The parting vessels bore ;  
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
To meet—O never more !

Never to blend in victory's cheer,  
To aid in hours of woe ;  
And thus bright spirits mingle here,  
Such ties are formed below.

FELICIA HEMANS.

## JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,  
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,—  
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;  
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,  
Ordained that no man living, from that day,  
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.  
All Araby and Persia held their breath :

All but the brave Mondeer ; he, proud to show  
How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
And facing death for very scorn and grief  
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square  
Where once had stood a happy house, and there  
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar  
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried ; the man  
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began  
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords,"  
cried he,

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me ;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless house-  
hold fears ;

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;  
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar ?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now digned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great.  
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will ;  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still ;  
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit !"  
"Gifts !" cried the friend ; he took and hold-  
ing it,

High toward the heavens, as though to meet his  
star,

Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar !"  
LEIGH HUNT.

#### WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together  
In sunshine and in shade,  
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree  
In infancy we played.  
But coldness dwells within thy heart,  
A cloud is on thy brow ;  
We have been friends together,  
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;  
We have laughed at little jests ;  
For the fount of hope was gushing  
Warm and joyous in our breasts.  
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
And sullen glooms thy brow ;  
We have been gay together,  
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together ;  
We have wept with bitter tears

O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered  
The hopes of early years,  
The voices which were silent then  
Would bid thee clear thy brow ;  
We have been sad together,  
Shall a light word part us now ?

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

#### KINDRED HEARTS.

O, ASK not, hope thou not, too much  
Of sympathy below ;  
Beware the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow ;  
Few — and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet —  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky  
Where the rich sunset burns ;  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring, —  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times, —  
A sorrowful delight ! —  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night ;  
The wind that, with so many a tone,  
Some chord within can thrill, —  
These may have language all thine own,  
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this the true  
And steadfast love of years ;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears !  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watched through sickness by thy bed,  
Call *his* a kindred heart !

But for those bonds all perfect made,  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade  
With the same breeze that bend,  
For that full bliss of thought allied,  
Never to mortals given,  
O, lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto heaven !

FELICIA HEMANS.



## THE VALE OF AVOCA.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters  
meet ;  
O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my  
heart !

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;  
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, —  
O, no ! it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom,  
were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment  
more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature im-  
prove,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we  
love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love  
best :  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world  
should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in  
peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

## THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men ;  
With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech.  
With others I may guide the ear of talk ;  
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,  
And choose my newest garment from the shelf ;  
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart  
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,  
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme ;  
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,  
Who hast the harmonies of every time ?

O friend beloved ! I sit apart and dumb, —  
Some-times in sorrow, oft in joy divine ;  
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart  
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with  
thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,  
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,

Where simple rustics spread their festive fare —  
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, when'er thou com'st to me,  
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,  
My thoughts are weak and trivial, match'd with  
thine :

But the poor mansion offers thee the best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

## THE QUARREL OF FRIENDS.

FROM "CHRISTABEL."

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth :  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline !  
Each spoke words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother ;  
They parted, — ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining.  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs ;  
The world uncertain comes and goes,  
The lover rooted stays,  
I fancied he was fled,  
And, after many a year,  
Glowed unexhausted kindness,  
Like daily sunrise there.  
My careful heart was free again :  
O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the rose is red :  
All things through thee take nobler form,  
And look beyond the earth :  
The mill-round of our fate appears  
A sun-path in thy worth.  
Me too thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair ;  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## FRIENDSHIP

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

HOR. O, my dear lord

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter :  
For what advancement may I hope from thee  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor  
be flattered ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath sealed thee for herself : for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man that Fortune's bullets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and blessed are  
those

Whose blood and judgment are so well mingled,  
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that  
man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.

SHAKESPEARE

## MARTIAL FRIENDSHIP.

FROM "CÆSAR'S WIFE."

[ADDRESSING THE A. B. C. AND G. A. JES. MARCIUS CECILIANUS.]

ALF. O Marvins, Marcins !  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,  
and say,

" 'T is true, " I'd not believe them more than thee,  
All-noble Marvins. Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where-against  
My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And sward the moon with splinters ! Here I clip

The axil of my sword ; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,

As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,

I loved the maid I married ; never man  
Sighed truer breath ; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell  
thee,

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me,  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, tusting each other's throat,  
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy  
Marvins,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come ! go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands,  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepared against your territories,  
Though not for Rome itself.

A thousand welcomes !  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;  
Yet, Marvins, that was much.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

By stores of dry and learn'd lore we gain,  
We keep them in the memory of the brain ;  
Names, things, and facts, — whate'er we know —  
edge call,

There is the common ledger for them all ;  
And images on this cold surface traced  
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.  
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,  
On which our friendship and our love to write ;  
That these may never from the soul depart,  
We trust them to the memory of the heart.  
There is no dimming, no effacement there ;  
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear ;  
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,  
Nor lose their luster till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT  
THOUGHT.

SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before ;  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE

## EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,  
 When pains and pleasures lightly came and went ;  
 The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent  
 In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways ;  
 The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze  
 Of life to noble ends, — whereon intent,  
 Asking to know for what man here is sent,  
 The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze, —  
 The firm resolve to seek the chosen end  
 Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature, —  
 Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend  
 With strength no selfish purpose can secure :  
 My happy lot is this, that all attend  
 That friendship which first came, and which shall  
 last endure.

AGREED DE VERS.

## A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura, en-  
 charmed,  
 "I'll build in this garden ; the thought is  
 divine."  
 So the temple was built, and she now only wanted  
 An image of Friendship, to place on the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before her  
 An image, the fairest his art could invent ;  
 But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer  
 Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining  
 An image whose looks are so joyless and dim ;  
 But you little god upon roses reclining,  
 We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of  
 him."

So the bargain was struck ; with the little god  
 laden,  
 She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.  
 "Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the  
 first maiden  
 Who came but for Friendship, and took away  
 Love !"

THOMAS MOORE.

## PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to  
 be a maid,  
 For we quite agreed in doubting whether matri-  
 mony paid ;

Besides, we had our higher loves, — fair women  
 ruled my heart,  
 And she said her young affection were all wound  
 up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that  
 friendship cannot live  
 'Twixt man and woman, unless each has some-  
 thing more to give :  
 We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er  
 were man and man ;  
 I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash, — vows, I trust,  
 tears, and sigh ;  
 High friendship, such as ours, might well such  
 childish arts despise ;  
 We *loved* each other, that was all, quite all there  
 was to say,  
 So we just shook hands upon it, in a business  
 sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together  
 hoped and feared,  
 With common purpose sought the goal that young  
 Ambition reared ;  
 We dreamed together of the days, the disem-  
 bled days to come,  
 We were strictly confidential, and we called each  
 other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the  
 hills,  
 Seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruffled  
 miller,  
 And rustic bridges, and the like, that picture-  
 make a prize  
 To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and  
 summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silence,  
 We floated down the river, or strolled beneath  
 the trees,  
 And talked, in long gradation from the poets to  
 the weather,  
 While the western skies and my cigar burned  
 slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-  
 tale glance or sigh,  
 Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly  
 sympathy.  
 We talked of love as coolly as we talked of  
 nebule,  
 And thought no more of being *one* than we did  
 of being *three*.

" Well, good by, chum !<sup>16</sup> I took her hand, for  
 the time had come to go.  
 My going meant our parting, when to meet, we  
 did not know.  
 I had lingered long, and said farewell with a  
 very heavy heart.  
 For although we were but *friends*, 't is hard for  
 honest friends to part.  
 " Good by, old fellow ! don't forget your friends  
 beyond the sea,  
 And some day, when you 've lots of time, drop a  
 line or two to me."

The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob,  
 just behind,

Welled upward with a story of quite a different  
 kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine, — great  
 liquid eyes of blue,

Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet  
 cups of dew ;

One long, long glance, and then I did, what I  
 never did before —

Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm  
 sure the *kiss* meant more.

WILLIAM B. FERRIS.

# POEMS OF LOVE.

## COMPLIMENT AND ADMIRATION.

### WHEN IN THE CHRONICLE OF WASTED TIME.

SONNET

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have expressed  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;  
For we, which now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

SHAKESPEARE.

### O MISTRESS MINE.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear! your true-love's coming  
That can sing both high and low;  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting!  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,—  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty,—  
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKESPEARE.

### OLIVIA.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."

VIOLA. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and  
white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,  
If you will lead these grapes to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

SHAKESPEARE.

### PORTIA'S PICTURE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

FAIR Portia's counterfeit? What thou hast  
Hath come so near creation's work,  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion?—Here are severed lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bait  
Should sunder such sweet friends:—Here in her  
hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,  
How could he see to do them?—having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnished.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,  
The shooting-stars attend thee;  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-wispe mislight thee,  
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee:  
But on thy way,  
Not making stay,  
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;  
What though the moon does slumber?  
The stars of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me;  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silvery feet,  
My soule I'll pour into thee!

ROBERT HERRICK.

## THE FORWARD VIOLET THUS DID I CHIDE.

SONNET.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells,

If not from my love's breath ' the purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And Iuds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair :  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath :  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

SHAKESPEARE

## GOOD AND FAIR.

How near to good is what is fair !  
Which we no sooner see,  
But with the eyes and outward air  
Our senses taken be,  
We wish to see it still, and prove  
What ways we may deserve :  
We court, we praise, we more than love,  
We are not grieved to serve.

BEN JONSON.

## SAMELA

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,  
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,  
Goes fair Samela ;  
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,  
When washed by Arcthusa faint they lie,  
Is fair Samela ;  
As fair Aurora in her morning gray,  
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,  
Is Samela ;  
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,  
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,  
Shines fair Samela ;  
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,  
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory  
Of fair Samela ;  
Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams,  
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony ;  
Thus fair Samela  
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,

And Juno in the show of majesty,  
For she's Samuela :  
Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,  
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,  
Yield to Samela.

ROBERT GREENE.

## THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

FROM "AN HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSICK." 1650.

THERE is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies blow ;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;  
There cherries grow that none may buy,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.  
Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled with snow ;  
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that approach with eye or hand  
These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALLISON

## THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,  
Placed in thy bosom bare,  
'T will blush to find itself less white,  
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,  
A kiss it thou mayest deign,  
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,  
And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS

## MY SWEET SWEETING.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

AH, my sweet sweetening :  
My little pretty sweetening.  
My sweetening will I love wherever I go :  
She is so proper and pure,  
Full, steadfast, stable, and demure,  
There is none such, you may be sure,  
As my sweet sweetening.

In all this world, as thinketh me,  
Is none so pleasant to my e'e,  
That I am glad so oft to see,  
As my sweet sweeting.  
When I behold my sweeting sweet,  
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,  
They seem to me there is none so mete  
As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I,  
And love my pretty pygsnye,  
For none I find so womanly  
As my sweet sweeting.

ANONYMOUS.

## A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw, —  
So pure, so perfect, as the frame  
Of all the universe were lame  
To that one figure, could I draw,  
Or give least line of it a law :  
A skein of silk without a knot !  
A fair march made without a halt !  
A curious form without a fault !  
A printed book without a blot !  
All beauty ! — and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

## GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;  
My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
Than doth the sun the candle-light,  
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair ;  
For what she saith, ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealed were :  
And virtues hath she many mo'  
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mold,  
The like to whom she could not paint :  
With wringing hands, how she did cry,  
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her heart ;  
And this was chiefly all her pain ;  
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,  
To be the chiefest work she wrought,  
In faith, methink, some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.

LORD SURREY.

## PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

PHILLIS is my only joy ;  
Faithless as the wind or seas ;  
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy  
Yet she never fails to please  
If with a frown  
I am cast down,  
Phillis, smiling  
And beguiling,  
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find  
Nothing can her fancy fix ;  
Yet the moment she is kind  
I forgive her all her tricks :  
Which though I see,  
I can't get free ;  
She deceiving,  
I believing,

What need lovers wish for more ?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

## YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You' meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light, —  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chancers of the wood,  
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passions understood  
By your weak accents, — what 's your praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own, —  
What are you when the rose is blown ?

So when my mistress shall be seen  
In form and beauty of her mind :  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen, —  
Tell me, if she were not designed  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

## GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired ;  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee ;  
 How small a part of time they share,  
 That are so wondrous, sweet, and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

STANZA ADDED BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE

Yet, though thou fade,  
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;  
 And teach the maid,  
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.

## MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE.

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,  
 It doth so well become her :  
 For every season she hath dressings fit,  
 For Winter, Spring, and Summer.  
 No beauty she doth miss  
 When all her robes are on :  
 But beauty's self she is  
 When all her robes are gone.

ANONYMOUS.

## BELINDA

FROM THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

ON her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.  
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :  
 Favors to none, to all she smiles extends :  
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide ;  
 If to her share some female errors fall,  
 Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## MOODS.

OUT upon it. I have loved  
 Three whole days together ;  
 And am like to love three more,  
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,  
 Ere he shall discover  
 In the whole wide world again  
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise  
 Is due at all to me :  
 Love with me had made no stays,  
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
 And that very face,  
 There had been at least ere this  
 A dozen dozen in her place.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

## "MY LOVE IS ALWAYS NEAR."

My only love is always near, —  
 In country or in town  
 I see her twinkling feet, I hear  
 The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young,  
 Her locks are tied in laeste,  
 And one is o'er her shoulder flung,  
 And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads ;  
 And down this world-worn track  
 She leads me on ; but while she leads  
 She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,  
 To wite me more and more ;  
 That wooing voice ! Ah me, it seems  
 Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,  
 And youth beguiled the chase, —  
 I follow, follow still ; but I  
 Shall never see her face.

FREDERICK LOCKER



## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
Yet round about the spot  
Oftimes I hover ;  
And near the sacred gate,  
With longing eyes I wait,  
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
Above the city's rout  
And noise and humming ;  
They've hushed the minster bell ;  
The organ 'gins to swell ;  
She's coming, coming !

My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast,  
And hastening hither,  
With modest eyes downcast ;  
She comes, — she's here, — she's past !  
May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
Meekly and duly ;  
I will not enter there,  
To sully your pure prayer  
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits, who wait,  
And see, through heaven's gate,  
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;

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

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON

## THE MILKING-MAID.

THE year stood at its equinox,  
And bliff the North was blowing ;  
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,  
Green hardy things were growing ;  
I met a maid with shining locks  
Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,  
Her bare arm showed its dimple,  
Her apron spread without a speck,  
Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,  
And sang a country ditty, —

An innocent fond lovers' tale,  
That was nor wise nor witty,  
Pathetically rustical,  
Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,  
As true as church-bell ringers,  
Unless she tapped time with her feet,  
Or squeezed it with her fingers ;  
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet  
As many a practiced singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,  
Stood silent for a minute,  
To eye the pail, and creamy white  
The frothing milk within it, —

To eye the comely milking-maid,  
Herself so fresh and creamy.  
"Good day to you!" at last I said ;  
She turned her head to see me.  
"Good day!" she said, with lifted head ;  
Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked  
The grave cow heavy-laden ;  
I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,  
But not a sweeter maiden ;

But not a sweeter, fresher maid  
Than this in homely cotton,  
Whose pleasant face and silky braid  
I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I  
Count with a sober sorrow ;  
Seven springs have come and passed me by,  
And spring sets in to-morrow.

I've half a mind to shake myself  
Free, just for once, from London,  
To set my work upon the shelf,  
And leave it done or undone ;

To run down by the early train,  
Whirl down with shriek and whistle,  
And feel the bluff North blow again,  
And mark the sprouting thistle  
Set up on waste patch of the lane  
Its green and tender bristle ;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,  
Crisp primrose-leaves and others,  
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,  
And butt their patient mothers.

Alas! one point in all my plan  
My serious thoughts demur to :

Seven years have passed for maid and man,  
Seven years have passed for her too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,  
Not rosy or too rosy ;  
Perhaps in farm-house of her own  
Some husband keeps her cosy,  
Where I should show a face unknown, —  
Good by, my wayside posy !

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSETTI.

#### A VIOLET IN HER HAIR.

A VIOLET in her lovely hair,  
A rose upon her bosom fair !  
But O, her eyes  
A lovelier violet disclose,  
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose  
That's 'neath the skies.

A lute beneath her graceful hand  
Breathes music forth at her command ;  
But still her tongue  
Far richer music calls to birth  
Than all the minstrel power on earth  
Can give to song.

And thus she moves in tender light,  
The purest ray, where all is bright,  
Serene, and sweet ;  
And sheds a graceful influence round,  
That hallows e'en the very ground  
Beneath her feet !

CHARLES SWAIN

#### THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

Lo, when the Lord made north and south,  
And sun and moon ordained, he,  
Forth bringing each by word of mouth  
In order of its dignity,  
Did man from the crude clay express  
By sequence, and, all else decreed,  
He formed the woman ; nor might less  
Than Sabbath such a work succeed.

And still with favor singled out,  
Marred less than man by mortal fall,  
Her disposition is devout,  
Her countenance angelical.  
No faithless thought her instinct shrouds,  
But fancy checkers settled sense,  
Like alteration of the clouds  
On noonday's azure permanence.  
Pure courtesy, composure, ease,  
Declare affections nobly fixed,

And impulse sprung from due degree,  
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed.  
Her modesty, her chieftest grace,  
The cestus clasping Venus' side,  
Is potent to deject the face  
Of him who would affront its pride.  
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,  
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose  
Under the protest of a cheek  
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.  
In mind and manners how discreet !  
How artless in her very art !  
How candid in discourse ! how sweet  
The concord of her lips and heart !  
How (not to call true instinct's bent  
And woman's very nature harm),  
How amiable and innocent  
Her pleasure in her power to charm !

How humbly careful to attract,  
Though crowned with all the soul's desires,  
Connubial aptitude exact,  
Diversity that never tires !

WENTRY FAIRMOSE

SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,  
Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;  
Nor be you proud that you can see  
All hearts your captives, yours yet free.  
Be you not proud of that rich hair,  
Which wantons with the lovesick air ;  
Whenas that ruby which you wear,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
Will last to be a precious stone  
When all your world of beauty's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK

LOVE.

IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY BEAUTEOUS THING.

If it be true that any beauteous thing  
Raises the pure and just desire of man  
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,  
Such I believe my love ; for as in her  
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,  
I view the gentle work of her Creator,  
I have no care for any other thing,  
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvelous,  
Since the effect is not of my own power,  
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,  
Enamored through the eyes,  
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,  
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,  
As to its end, and honors in admiring ;  
For who adores the Maker needs must love his  
work.

From the *Devotion of MARY HALL, A.D. 1633.*  
By J. P. TAYLOR.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,  
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires ;  
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.  
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,  
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve ;  
For O, how good, how beautiful, must be  
The God that made so good a thing as thee,  
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove !

Forgive me if I cannot turn away  
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,  
For they are guiding stars, benignly given  
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;  
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,  
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

From the *Devotion of MARY HALL, A.D. 1633.*  
By J. P. TAYLOR.

LOVE SCORNS DEGREES.

FROM THE *DEVOTION OF MARY HALL.*

LOVE scorns degrees ; the low he lifteth high,  
The high he draweth down to that fair plain  
Whereon, in his divine equality,  
Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain ;  
'Gainst such sweet leveling Custom cries again,  
But o'er it her harshest utterance one bland sigh,  
Breathed passion-wise, doth mount victorious  
still,

For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

PAUL P. HAYNE

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

On a hill there grows a flower,  
Fair befall the dainty sweet !  
By that flower there is a bower  
Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,  
Fring'd all about with gold,  
Where doth sit the fairest fair  
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,  
She that is the shepherd's joy,  
She that Venus did despate,  
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not that face admire ?  
Who would not this saint adore ?  
Who would not this sight desire,  
Though he thought to see no more ?

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,  
Look upon thy love sick swain !  
By thy comfort have been seen  
Dead men brought to life again.

NEEDHAM BRETTON.

#### LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing ;  
A plant that most with cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.

Why so ?  
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
Heigh ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,  
A tempest everlasting ;  
And Joye hath made it of a kind,  
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so ?  
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
Heigh ho !

SAMUEL DANIEL

#### AH ! WHAT IS LOVE ?

Ah ! what is love — It is a pretty thing,  
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,  
And sweeter too ;  
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,  
And cares can make the sweetest face to frown ;  
Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are fold'd — he comes home at night  
As merry as a king in his delight,  
And merrier too ;  
For kings bethink them what the state require,  
Where shepherds, careless, eard by the fire ;  
Ah then, ah then,

If country love such sweet desires gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat  
His cream and curd as doth the king his meat,  
And blither too ;  
For kings have often fears when they sup,  
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup ;  
Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound  
As doth the king upon his beds of down,  
More sounder too ;  
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,  
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill ;  
Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe  
As doth the king at every tide or syth,  
And blither too ;  
For kings have wars and broil, to take in hand,  
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land ;  
Ah then, ah then,  
If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

ROBERT GREENE

#### TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

When Delia on the plain appears,  
Awed by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move ; —  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When'er she speaks, my ravished ear  
No other voice than hers can hear ;  
No other wit but hers approve ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleased before,  
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ; —  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for every swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ; —  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.



HEIGH HO

*"Love is a knot full of pores,  
All remedies refusing  
A plant that most with cutting grows  
Most barren with best using"*



## GO, HAPPY ROSE!

Go, happy Rose! and, interwove  
With other flowers, bind my love!  
Tell her, too, she must not be  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft hath fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have hands  
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;  
Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have myrtle rods at will,  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take then my blessing thus, and go,  
And tell her this, — but do not so!  
Lest a handsome anger fly,  
Like a lightning from her eye,  
And burn thee up, as well as I.

ROBERT DERRICK

## LOVE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

TELL me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourish'd?  
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.  
Ding, dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE

THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY FOR  
LIBERTY.

If chance assigned  
Were to my mind,  
By every kind  
Of destiny;  
Yet would I crave  
Naught else to have  
But dearest life and liberty.

Then were I sure  
I might endure  
The displeasure  
Of cruelty;  
Where now I plain  
Alas! in vain,  
Lacking my life for liberty.

For without th' one,  
Th' other is gone,  
And there can none  
It remedy;  
If th' one be past,  
Th' other doth waste,  
And all for lack of liberty.

And so I drive,  
As yet alive,  
Although I strive  
With misery;  
Drawing my breath,  
Looking for death,  
And loss of life for liberty.

But thou that still  
Mayst at thy will  
Turn all this ill  
Adversity;  
For the repair  
Of my welfare,  
Grant me but life and liberty.

And if not so,  
Then let all go  
To wretched woe,  
And let me die;  
For th' one or th' other,  
There is none other;  
My death, or life with liberty.

SIR THOMAS WYATT

## HOPE.

My banks they are furnished with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
My grottos are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with sheep:  
I seldom have met with a loss,  
Such health do my fountains bestow;  
My fountains all bordered with moss,  
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;  
Not a beach's more beautiful green,  
But a sweetbrier entwines it around.  
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,  
More charms than my cattle unfold;  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire  
To the bower I have labored to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire  
But I hasted and planted it there.

O how sudden the jessamine strove  
With the lilac, to render it gay !  
Already it calls for my love  
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,  
What strains of wild melody flow !  
How the nightingales warble their loves,  
From thickets of roses that blow !  
And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
For a concert so soft and so clear,  
As she may not be foud to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeon breed ;  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say 't was a barbarous deed,  
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,  
Who could rob a poor bird of his young ;  
And I loved her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
How that pity was due to a dove ;  
That it ever attended the bold,  
And she called it the sister of Love,  
But her words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and, whatever she say,  
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
Unmoved when her Carydon sighs ?  
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain  
These plains and this valley despise ?  
Dear regions of silence and shade !  
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !  
Where I could have pleasingly strayed,  
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray ?  
And where are her grots and her bowers ?  
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?  
The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
And the face of the valleys as fine ;  
The swains may in manners compare,  
But their love is not equal to mine.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

#### MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given ;  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven ;  
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his

His heart in me keeps him and me in one ;  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses  
guides ;  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;  
I cherish his because in me it hides ;  
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

#### I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING.

I saw two clouds at morning,  
Tinged by the rising sun,  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one ;  
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,  
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents  
Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
And join their course, with silent force,  
In peace each other greeting ;  
Calm was their course through banks of green,  
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
'Till life's last pulse shall beat ;  
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
Fleut on, in joy, to meet  
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,  
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD

#### THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray  
Walked forth to tell his beads ;  
And he met with a lady fair  
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar ;  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at you holy shrine  
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love  
From many another one ?"  
"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view ;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,  
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone !  
Lady, he 's dead and gone !  
And at his head a green grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone



" Within these holy cloisters long  
He languished, and he died,  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

" Here bore him barefaced on his bier  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedewed his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

" And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?  
And art thou dead and gone?  
And didst thou die for love of me?  
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

" O weep not, lady, weep not so;  
Some ghostly comfort seek;  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
Nor tears below thy cheek."

" O do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth  
That e'er won lady's love.

" And now, alas! for thy sad loss  
I'll evermore weep and sigh,  
For thee I only wish'd to live,  
For thee I wish to die."

" Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain;  
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow again.

" Our joys as winged dreams do fly;  
Why then should sorrow last?  
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,  
Grieve not for what is past."

" O say not so, thou holy friar;  
I pray thee, say not so;  
For since my true-love died for me,  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

" And will he never come again?  
Will he ne'er come again?  
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
Forever to remain.

" His cheek was redder than the rose;  
The comeliest youth was he!  
But he is dead and laid in his grave:  
Alas, and woe is me!"

" Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never.

" Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy;  
For young men ever were hekle bound,  
Since summer trees were leafy."

" Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not so;  
My love he had the truest heart,  
O, he was ever true!

" And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
And didst thou die for me?  
Then farewell leave me, for yet more  
A pilgrim I will be.

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

" Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile  
Beneath this cloister wall  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall.

" O stay me not, thou holy friar,  
O stay me not I pray;  
No drizzly rain that fall on me  
Can wash my love away."

" Yet stay, fair lady, wait again,  
And dry those pearly tears!  
For see, beneath this gown of grey  
Thy own true-love appears!

" Here forced by grief and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought,  
And here, amid these lonely walls,  
To end my days I thought.

" But haply, for my year of grace  
I was not yet pass'd away,  
Might I still hope to see thy love,  
No longer would I stay."

" Now farewell greet me, but come ye  
Once more to my heart!  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We nevermore will part.

Adapted by Thomas Hood

#### ON LOVE.

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below,  
Which by experience doth not folly prove,  
But among all the follies that I know,  
The sweetest folly in the world is love:

But not that passion which, with fools' consent,

Above the reason bears imperious sway,

Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,

As if a man were born to fast and pray.

No, that is not the humor I approve,

As either yielding pleasure or promotion ;

I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love.

Although I do not like it in devotion ;

For it has no coherence with my creed,

To think that lovers die as they pretend ;

If all that say they dy had dy'd indeed,

Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

Besides, we need not love but if we please,

No destiny can force men's disposition ;

And how can any die of that disease

Whereof himself may be his own physician ?

But some seem so distracted of their wits,

That I would think it but a venial sin

To take some of those innocents that sits

In Bedlam out, and put some lovers in.

Yet some men, rather than incur the slander

Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove,

But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,

I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.

Methinks a wise man's actions should be such

As always yield to reason's best advice ;

Now for to love too little or too much

Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.

Yet have I been a lover by report,

Yea I have dy'd for love, as others do ;

But, praised be God, it was in such a sort,

That I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I lived, thus have I lov'd till now,

And find no reason to repent me yet ;

And whosoever otherways will do,

His courage is as little as his wit.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

#### THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I, the other day,

Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea :

The setting sun adorned the coast,

His beams entire his fierceness lost :

And on the surface of the deep

The winds lay only not asleep :

The nymphs did, like the scene, appear

Serenely pleasant, calmly fair ;

Soft felt her words as flew the air.

With secret joy I heard her say

That she would never miss one day

A walk so fine, a sight so gay ;

But O, the change ! The winds grow high,

Impending tempests charge the sky,

The lightning flies, the thunder roars,

The big waves lash the frightened shores.

Struck with the horror of the sight,

She turns her head and wings her flight ;

And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again

Approach the shore or view the main.

"Once more at least look back," said I,

"Thyself in that large glass descry :

When thou art in good-humor drest,

When gentle reason rules thy breast,

The sun upon the calmest sea

Appears not half so bright as thee :

'T is then that with delight I rove

Upon the boundless depth of love :

I bless my chain, I hand my oar,

Nor think on all I left on shore.

"But when vain doubt and groundless fear

Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;

When the big lip and watery eye

Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;

'T is then thou art yon angry main

Deformed by winds and dashed by rain ;

And the poor sailor that must try

Its fury labors less than I.

Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,

While love and fate still drive me back :

Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,

I chide thee first, and then obey :

Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,

I with thee, or without thee, die."

MATTHEW PRIOR.

#### "SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE?"

FROM "BRIANNA'S FAREWELL."

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?

Hearken then awhile to me ;

And if such a woman move,

As I now shall versify,

Be assured, 't is she or none

That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right

As she scorns the help of art,

In as many virtues dight

As e'er yet embraced a heart.

So much good so truly tride,

Some for lesse were defide.

Wit she hath without desire

To make knowne how much she hath ;

And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath.

Full of pity as may be,

Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,

And her vertues grace her birth ;

Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth :  
 Likelihood enough to prove,  
 Onely worth could kindle love.

Such she is : and if you know  
 Such a one as I have sung ;  
 Be she brown or faire, or so  
 That she be but somewhile young,  
 Be assured 't is she or none  
 That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
 For my pleasing eye or face,  
 Nor for any outward part,  
 No, nor for my constant heart ;  
 For those may fail or turn to ill,  
 So thou and I shall sever ;  
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
 And love me still, but know not why.  
 So hast thou the same reason still  
 To dote upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combined,  
 Kindle never-dying fires : —  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ORIGINALLY PRINTED IN 1569.

LOVE me little, love me long !  
 Is the burden of my song :  
 Love that is too hot and strong  
 Burneth soon to waste.  
 Still I would not have thee cold, —  
 Not too backward, nor too bold ;  
 Love that lasteth till 't is old  
 Fadeth not in haste.  
 Love me little, love me long !  
 Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,  
 'T will not prove as true a touch ;  
 Love me little more than such, —  
 For I fear the end.  
 I'm with little well content,  
 And a little from thee sent  
 Is enough, with true intent  
 To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live  
 I to thee my love will give,  
 Never dreaming to deceive  
 While that life endures ;  
 Nay and after death, in sooth,  
 I to thee will keep my truth,  
 As now when in my May of youth :  
 This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
 And it will through life perséver ;  
 Give me that with true endeavor, —  
 I will it restore.  
 A suit of durance let it be,  
 For all weathers, — that for me, —  
 For the land or for the sea :  
 Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
 Autumn's tempests on it beat ;  
 It can never know defeat,  
 Never can rebel :  
 Such the love that I would gain,  
 Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
 Thou must give, or woo in vain :  
 So to thee — farewell !

ANONYMOUS.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE FOR THAT FAIR.

I do not love thee for that fair  
 Rich fan of thy most curious hair,  
 Though the wivs thereof be drawn  
 Finer than the threads of lawn,  
 And are softer than the leaves  
 On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers  
 Growing on thy cheeks — love's bowers —  
 Though such cunning them hath spread,  
 None can paint them white and red.  
 Love's golden arrows thence are shot,  
 Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft  
 Red coral lips I've kissed so oft ;  
 Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard  
 To speech whence music still is heard.

Though from those lips a kiss being taken  
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,  
For that richest, for that rarest  
Silver pillar, which stands under  
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;  
Though that neck be whiter far  
Than towers of polished ivory are.

THOMAS CAREW.

— ◆ —  
A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone ;  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon ;  
To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair that, like the air,  
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
Like those of morning birds,  
And something more than melody  
Dwells ever in her words ;  
The coinage of her heart are they,  
And from her lips each flows  
As one may see the burdened bee  
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
The measures of her hours ;  
Her feelings have the fragraney,  
The freshness of young flowers ;  
And lovely passions, changing oft,  
So fill her, she appears  
The image of themselves by turns, —  
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
A picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain ;  
But memory, such as mine of her,  
So very much endears.  
When death is nigh my latest sigh  
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon.  
Her health ! and would on earth there stood  
Some more of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY.

FAIRER THAN THEE.

FAIRER than thee, beloved,  
Fairer than thee ! —  
There is one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Not the glad sun, beloved,  
Bright though it beams ;  
Not the green earth, beloved,  
Silver with streams ;

Not the gay birds, beloved,  
Happy and free :  
Yet there 's one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Not the clear day, beloved,  
Glowing with light ;  
Not (fairer still, beloved)  
Star-crown'd night.

Truth in her might, beloved,  
Grand in her sway ;  
Truth with her eyes, beloved,  
Clearer than day ;

Holy and pure, beloved,  
Spotless and free,  
Is the one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Guard well thy soul, beloved ;  
Truth, dwelling there,  
Shall shadow forth, beloved,  
Her image rare.

Then shall I deem, beloved,  
That thou art she ;  
And there 'll be naught, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

ANONYMOUS.

— ◆ —  
THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,  
Conduct, and equipage ;  
Noble by heritage ;  
Generous and free ;

Brave, not romantic ;  
Learned, not pedantic ;  
Frolic, not frantic, —  
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,  
Meanness disdaining,  
Still entertaining,  
Engaging and new ;

Neat, but not finical ;  
Sage, but not cynical ;  
Never tyrannical,  
But ever true.

HENRY FIELDING.

## THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

It is not Beauty I demand,

A crystal brow, the moon's despair,  
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,  
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair :

Tell me not of your starry eyes,  
Your lips that seem on roses fed,  
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,  
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed, —

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,  
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,  
A breath that softer music speaks  
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers ; —

These are but gauds : nay, what are lips ?  
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,  
Whose brink when your adventurer slips  
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft  
That wave hot youth to fields of blood ?  
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,  
Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn ;  
Breath can poison that erst perfumed ;  
There 's many a white hand holds an urn,  
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows, there 's naught within ;  
They are but empty cells for pride ;  
He who the Siren's hair would win  
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,  
A tender heart, a loyal mind,  
Which with temptation I would trust,  
Yet never linked with error find, —

One in whose gentle bosom I  
Could pour my secret heart of woes,  
Like the care-burdened honey-fly  
That hides his murmurs in the rose, —

My earthly Comforter ! whose love  
So indefeasible might be  
That, when my spirit wanned above,  
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE students were traveling over the Rhine ;  
They stopped when they came to the landlady's  
sign :

" Good landlady, have you good beer and wine ?  
And where is that dear little daughter of thine ? "

" My beer and wine are fresh and clear ;  
My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier ! "  
And when to the chamber they made their way,  
There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near, and the veil gently raised,  
And on her pale face he mournfully gazed.  
" Ah ! wert thou but living yet, " he said,  
" I 'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid ! "

The second he slowly put back the shroud,  
And turned him away and wept aloud :  
" Ah ! that thou liest in the cold death-bier !  
Alas ! I have loved thee for many a year ! "

The third he once more uplifted the veil,  
And kissed her upon her mouth so pale :  
" Thee loved I always ; I love still but thee ;  
And thee will I love through eternity ! "

From the German of UHLAND,  
By J. S. DWIGHT.

## " THREE LOVES. "

THERE were three maidens who loved a king ;  
They sat together beside the sea ;  
One cried, " I love him, and I would die,  
If but for one day he might love me ! "

The second whispered, " And I would die  
To gladden his life, or make him great. "  
The third one spoke not, but gaz'd afar  
With dreamy eyes that were sad as Fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,  
The second his life with fond love best ;  
And yet the woman who never spoke  
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## TO A GENTILWOMAN

THAT SAID : ALL MEN BE FALSE, THEY THINK NOT WHAT  
THEY SAY.

SOME women fayne that Paris was  
The falsest lover that could bee :  
Who for his [life] did nothing passe,  
As all the world might playnly see :  
But ventred life and limmes and all,  
To keepe his freend from Greekish thrall :  
With many a boyle hee dearly bought,  
His [Hellen] whom hee long had sought.

For first [Dame Venus] granted him,  
 A gallant gifte of Beauties fleece :  
 Which boldly for to seeke to win,  
 By surging Seas hee sayld to Greece :  
 And when he was arriv'd thure,  
 By earnest sute to win his Deare  
 No greater paynes might man endure,  
 Than Paris did for Hellen sure.

Besides all this when they were well,  
 Both hee and shee arry'd at Troy ;  
 Kinge Menelaus wrath did swell,  
 And swore, by sword, to rid their ioye :  
 And so hee did for ten yeres' space,  
 Hee lay before the Trojan face ;  
 With all the hoste that he could make,  
 To bee reveng'd for Hellens sake.

Loe ? thus much did poore Paris bide,  
 Who is accounted most untrue :  
 All men bee false it hath bin sayd,  
 They think not what they speake, (say you)  
 Yes Paris spoke, and sped with speede,  
 As all the heavenly Gods decreed  
 And proud himselfe a louer iust  
 Till stately Troy was turned to dust.

I doo not reade of any man,  
 That so much was unfaithfull found.  
 You did us wrong, 't accuse us than,  
 And say our friendship is not sound :

If any fault bee found at all,  
 To womens lot it needes must fall :  
 If Hellen had not bin so light  
 Sir Paris had not died in light.

The falsest men I can excuse  
 That ever you in stories reade :  
 Therefore all men for to accuse,  
 Methinks it was not well decreede :

It is a signe you have not tride  
 What stedfastnesse in men doth bide :  
 But when your time shal try them true,  
 This judgment then you must renue.

I know not every mans devise  
 But commonly they stedfast are :  
 Though you doo make them of no price,  
 They breake their voves but very rare :

They will performe their promiss well,  
 And specially where lone doth dwell :  
 Where friendship doth not iustly frame,  
 Then men (forsooth) must beare the blame.

O. R.  
 From "A gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions."  
 Printed in London, 1578.

#### NOT OURS THE VOWS —

Not ours the voves of such as plight  
 Their troth in sunmy weather,  
 While leaves are green, and skies are bright,  
 To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread  
 The thorny path of sorrow,  
 With clouds above, and cause to dread  
 Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,  
 Have drawn our spirits nearer ;  
 And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,  
 Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,  
 With mirth and joy may perish ;  
 That to which darker hours gave birth  
 Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,  
 And through death's shadowy portal ;  
 Made by adversity sublime,  
 By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON

#### A "MERCENARY" MARRIAGE.

SHE moves as light across the grass  
 As moves my shadow large and tall ;  
 And like my shadow, close yet free,  
 The thought of her eye follows me,  
 My little maid of Moreton Hall.

No matter how or where we loved,  
 Or when we 'll wed, or what befall ;  
 I only feel she 's mine at last,  
 I only know I 'll hold her fast,  
 Though to dust crumbles Moreton Hall.

Her pedigree — good sooth, 't is long !  
 Her grim sires stare from every wall ;  
 And centuries of ancestral grace  
 Revive in her sweet girlish face,  
 As meek she glides through Moreton Hall.

Whilst I have — nothing ; save, perhaps,  
 Some worthless heaps of idle gold  
 And a true heart, — the which her eye  
 Through glittering dross spied, womanly ;  
 Therefore they say *her* heart was sold !

I laugh ; she laughs ; the hills and vales  
 Laugh as we ride 'neath chestnuts tall,  
 Or start the deer that silent graze,  
 And look up, large-eyed, with soft gaze,  
 At the fair maid of Moreton Hall ;

We let the neighbors talk their fill,  
 For life is sweet, and love is strong,  
 And two, close knit in marriage ties,  
 The whole world's shams may well despise, —  
 Its folly, madness, shame, and wrong.

We are not proud, with a fool's pride,  
Nor cowards, — to be held in thrall  
By pelf or lineage, rank or lands :  
One honest heart, two honest hands,  
Are worth far more than Moreton Hall.

Therefore we laugh to scorn — we two —  
The bars that weaker souls appall :  
I take her hand, and hold it fast,  
Knowing she 'll love me to the last,  
My dearest maid of Moreton Hall.

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

## SONG.

SHALL I love you like the wind, love,  
That is so fierce and strong,  
That sweeps all barriers from its path  
And reck's not right or wrong ?  
The passion of the wind, love,  
Can never last for long.

Shall I love you like the fire, love,  
With furious heat and noise,  
To waken in you all love's fears  
And little of love's joys ?  
The passion of the fire, love,  
Whate'er it finds, destroys.

I will love you like the stars, love,  
Set in the heavenly blue,  
That only shine the brighter  
After weeping tears of dew ;  
Above the wind and fire, love,  
They love the ages through.

And when this life is o'er, love,  
With all its joys and jars,  
We 'll leave behind the wind and fire  
To wage their boisterous wars, —  
Then we shall only be, love,  
The nearer to the stars !

R. W. RAYMOND.

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee,  
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret :  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet ?

Or is thy faith as clear and free  
As that which I can pledge to thee ?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouched, unshared by mine ?  
If so, at any pain or cost,  
O, tell me before all is lost !

Look deeper still : if thou canst feel,  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow,  
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfill ?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still ?  
Speak now, lest at some future day  
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit, change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange ?  
It may not be thy fault alone,  
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim,  
That fate, and that to-day's mistake, —  
Not thou, — had been to blame ?  
Some soothe their conscience thus ; but thou  
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*, — I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late ;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So comfort thee, my fate :  
Whatever on my heart may fall,  
Remember, I *would* risk it all !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes," I answered you last night ;  
"No," this morning, sir, I say,  
Colors seen by candle-light  
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,  
Lamps above, and laughs below,  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,  
Vow, whatever light may shine,  
No man on your face shall see  
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both ;  
Time to dance is not to woo ;  
Wooing light makes fickle troth ;  
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high,  
Bravely, as for life and death,  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies,  
Guard her, by your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true, as wives of yore ;  
And her *yes*, once said to you,  
SHALL be Yes forevermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### LOVE'S SILENCE.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to everie one,  
Nor do not use set colors for to wear,  
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd haire,  
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane. —  
The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane  
Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,  
"What, he?" say they of me ; "now I dare  
swear

He cannot love : No, no ! let him alone."  
And think so still, — if Stella know my minde.

Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art ;  
But you, faire maids, at length this true shall  
finde, —  
That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.  
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers  
prove :  
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

#### THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you 're doing  
In my check's pale hue ?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,  
Still our days are disunited ;  
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,  
Now half quenched appears,  
Damped and wavering and benighted  
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charus you call your dearest blessing,  
Lips that thrill at your earesing,  
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,  
Soon you 'll make them grow  
Dim, and worthless your possessing,  
Not with age, but woe !

THOMAS CAMPBELL

#### GIVE ME MORE LOVE OR MORE DISDAIN

Give me more love or more disdain ;  
The torrid or the frozen zone  
Brings equal ease unto my pain ;  
The temperate affords me none ;  
Either extreme, of love or hate,  
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,  
Like Danaë in a golden shower,  
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove  
Disdain, that torrent will devour  
My vulture hopes ; and he 's possessed  
Of heaven that 's but from hell released ;  
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;  
Give me more love or more disdain.

THOMAS CAREW.

#### LOVE DISSEMBLED.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"

THINK not I love him, though I ask for him ;  
'T is but a peevish boy : — yet he talks well ; —  
But what care I for words ? — yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
But, sure, he 's proud ; and yet his pride becomes  
him :  
He 'll make a proper man : The best thing in him  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he 's tall ;  
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little ripier and more lusty red  
Than that mixed in his cheek ; 't was just the  
difference  
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked  
him  
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet



I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;  
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me:  
I marvel, why I answered not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

SHAKESPEARE.

## MILLAIS'S "HUGUENOTS."

TO H., PLAYING ONE OF MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

Your fav'rite picture rises up before me,  
Whene'er you play that tune;  
I see two figures standing in a garden,  
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's, with pleading face turned upwards,  
Wild with great alarm;  
Trembling with haste she binds her brodered  
kerchief  
About the other's arm,

Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity,  
Whose eyes look into hers  
With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it,  
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,  
With summer flowers ablow?  
What gives the woman's voice its passionate  
pleading?  
What makes the man's so low?

"See, love!" she murmurs; "you shall wear  
my kerchief,  
It is the badge, I know;  
And it will bear you safely through the conflict,  
If — if, indeed, you go!

"You will not wear it? Will not wear my ker-  
chief?  
Nay! Do not tell me why,  
I will not listen! If you go without it,  
You will go hence to die.

"Hush! Do not answer! It is death, I tell you!  
Indeed, I speak the truth.  
You, standing there, so warm with life and vigor,  
So bright with health and youth;

"You would go hence, out of the glowing sunshine,  
Out of the garden's bloom,  
Out of the living, thinking, feeling present,  
Into the unknown gloom!"

Then he makes answer, "Hush! O, hush, my  
darling!  
Life is so sweet to me,

So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,  
If such a thing might be!

"If such a thing might be! — but not through  
falsehood,  
I could not come to you;  
I dare not stand herein your pure, sweet presence,  
Knowing myself untrue."

"It is no sin!" the wild voice interrupts him,  
"This is no open strife.  
Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare,  
In which to spend your life!

"Oh! for my sake — though but for my sake,  
wear it!  
Think what my life would be  
If you, who gave it first true worth and meaning,  
Were taken now from me.

"Think of the long, long days, so slowly passing!  
Think of the endless years!  
I am so young! Must I live out my lifetime  
With neither hopes nor fears?"

He speaks again, in mournful tones and tender,  
But with unswerving faith:  
"Should not love make us braver, ay, and  
stronger,  
Either for life or death?

"And life is hardest! O my love! my treasure!  
If I could bear your part  
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it  
With an unshrinking heart.

"Child! child! I little dreamt in that bright  
summer,  
When first your love I sought,  
Of all the future store of woe and anguish  
Which I, unknowing, wrought.

"But you'll forgive me? Yes, you will forgive  
me,  
I know, when I am dead!  
I would have loved you, — but words have scant  
meaning:  
God loved you more instead!"

Then there is silence in the sunny garden,  
Until, with faltering tone,  
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to him,  
"Forgive me — go — my own!"

So human love, and death by faith unshaken,  
Mingle their glorious psalm,  
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading  
Is hushed in deepest calm.

ANONYMOUS

## WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

WILL affection still infold me  
 When the day of life declines,  
 When old age with ruthless rigor  
 Plows my face in furrowed lines ;  
 When the eye forgets its seeing,  
 And the hand forgets its skill,  
 And the very words prove rebel  
 To the mind's once kingly will ;

When the deaf ear, strained to listen,  
 Scarcely hears the opening word,  
 And the unfathomed depths of feeling  
 Are by no swift current stirred ;  
 When fond memory, like a limner,  
 Many a line perspective casts,  
 Spreading out our bygone pleasures  
 On the canvas of the Past ;

When the leaping blood grows sluggish,  
 And the fire of youth has fled ;  
 When the friends who now surround us  
 Half are numbered with the dead ;  
 When the years appear to shorten,  
 Scarcely leaving us a trace ;  
 When old Time with bold approaches  
 Marks his dial on my face ;

When our present hopes, all gathered,  
 Lie like dead flowers on our track ;  
 When the whole of our existence  
 Is one fearful looking back ;  
 When each wasted hour of talent,  
 Hardly measured now at all,  
 Sends its witness back to haunt us,  
 Like the writing on the wall ;

When the ready tongue is palsied,  
 And the form is bowed with care ;  
 When our only hope is Heaven,  
 And our only help is prayer ;  
 When our idols, broken round us,  
 Fall amid the ranks of men ;  
 Until Death uplifts the curtain, —  
 Will thy love endure till then ?

ANONYMOUS.

## A PASTORAL.

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd maiden ;  
 Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers ;  
 I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,  
 And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses  
 Wild summer roses of faint perfume,  
 The while I sued her, kept hushed, and hearkened  
 Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger,  
 She said, " We linger, we must not stay ;  
 My flock 's in danger, my sheep will wander ;  
 Behold them yonder, how far they stray ! "

I answered, bolder, " Nay, let me hear you,  
 And still be near you, and still adore !  
 No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling, —  
 Ah ! stay, my darling, a moment more ! "

She whispered, sighing, " There will be sorrow  
 Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day ;  
 My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded, —  
 I shall be scolded and sent away ! "

Said I, replying, " If they do miss you,  
 They ought to kiss you when you get home ;  
 And well rewarded by friend and neighbor  
 Should be the labor from which you come. "

" They might remember, " she answered, meekly,  
 " That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild ;  
 But if they love me, it 's none so fervent —  
 I am a servant, and not a child. "

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,  
 And love did win me to swift reply :  
 " Ah ! do but prove me, and none shall bind you,  
 Nor fray, nor find you, until I die ! "

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,  
 As if debating in dreams divine ;  
 But I did drive them, — I told her plainly,  
 She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley  
 Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes ;  
 And homeward drove them, we two together,  
 Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty such grace did lend her,  
 My Doris tender, my Doris true,  
 That I, her warder, did always bless her,  
 And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling  
 With love excelling and undefiled ;  
 And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,  
 No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR J. MUNDY.

## FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

EARLY on a sunny morning, while the lark was  
 singing sweet,  
 Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sounds of  
 lightly tripping feet.

'T was a lowly cottage maiden going — why, let  
 young hearts tell —  
 With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water  
 from the well.  
 Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the  
 quiet lane,  
 And the breezes of the morning moved them to  
 and fro again.  
 O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the  
 maiden of the farm,  
 With a charmed heart within her, thinking of  
 no ill nor harm.  
 Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nod-  
 ding leaves in vain  
 Sought to press their bright'ning image on her  
 ever-busy brain.  
 Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim,  
 half-waking dream ;  
 And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest  
 summer gleam.  
 At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of  
 water bright,  
 Singing, soft, its hallelujah to the gracious morn-  
 ing light.  
 Fern-leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where  
 its silvery droplets fell,  
 And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted  
 foxglove bell.  
 Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the  
 pitcher in the tide, —  
 Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its  
 glazed side ;  
 But before her arm could place it on her shiny,  
 wavy hair,  
 By her side a youth was standing ! — Love re-  
 joiced to see the pair !  
 Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morn-  
 ing breeze,  
 Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath  
 the ancient trees ;  
 But the holy, blessed secrets it becomes me not  
 to tell :  
 Life had met another meaning, fetching water  
 from the well !  
 Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the bur-  
 den-pitcher bore ;  
 She, with dewy eyes down-looking, grew more  
 beauteous than before !  
 When they neared the silent homestead, up he  
 raised the pitcher light ;  
 Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of  
 wavelets bright :  
 Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of  
 him she'd bear,  
 Calling every burden blessed, if his love but  
 lighted there.  
 Then, still waving benedictions, farther, farther  
 off he drew,

While his shadow seemed a glory that across the  
 pathway grew.  
 Now about her household duties silently the  
 maiden went,  
 And an ever-radiant halo o'er her daily life was  
 blent.  
 Little knew the aged matron as her feet like music  
 fell,  
 What abundant treasure found she, fetching water  
 from the well !

ANONYMOUS.

## OTHELLO'S DEFENSE.

OTHELLO. I'll present  
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
 And she in mine.  
 Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
 Still questioned me the story of my life,  
 From year to year ; — the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have passed.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it :  
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
 breach ;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
 And portance in my travel's history :  
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads  
 touch heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak, — such was the process ;  
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;  
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently : I did consent ;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
 She swore, — in faith 't was strange, 't was pass-  
 ing strange ;  
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :  
 She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished  
 That Heaven had made her such a man : she  
 thanked me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used:  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

SHAKESPEARE

## FOLLOW A SHADOW, IT STILL FLIES YOU.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue;  
So court a mistress, she denies you;  
Let her alone, she will court you.  
Say, are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even, shades are longest;  
At noon they are or short or none;  
So men at weakest they are strongest,  
But grant us perfect, they're not known.  
Say, are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men?

BEN JONSON.

## THE PURITAN LOVERS.

Drawn out, like lingering bees, to share  
The last, sweet summer weather,  
Beneath the reddening maples walked  
Two Puritans together, —

A youth and maiden, heeding not  
The woods which round them brightened,  
Just conscious of each other's thoughts,  
Half happy and half frightened.

Grave were their brows, and few their words,  
And course their garb and simple;  
The maiden's very cheek seemed shy  
To own its worldly dimple.

For stern the time; they dwelt with Care,  
And Fear was oft a comer;  
A sober April ushered in  
The Pilgrim's toilsome summer.

And stern their creed; they carried here  
Mere desert-land sojourners;  
They must not dream of mirth or rest,  
God's humble lesson-learners.

The temple's sacred perfume round  
Their week-day robes was clinging;  
Their mirth was but the golden bells  
On priestly garments ringing.

But as to-day they softly talked,  
That serious youth and maiden,  
Their plainest words strange beauty wore,  
Like weeds with dewdrops laden.

The saddest theme had something sweet,  
The gravest, something tender,  
While with slow steps they wandered on,  
Mid summer's fading splendor.

He said, "Next week the church will hold  
A day of prayer and fasting";  
And then he stopped, and bent to pick  
A white life-everlasting, —

A silvery bloom, with fadeless leaves;  
He gave it to her, sighing;  
A mute confession was his glance,  
Her blush, a mute replying.

"Mehetabel!" (at last he spoke),  
"My fairest one and dearest!"  
One thought is ever to my heart  
The sweetest and the nearest.

"You read my soul; you know my wish;  
O, grant me its fulfilling!"  
She answered low, "If Heaven smiles,  
And if my father's willing!"

No idle passion swayed her heart,  
This quaint New England beauty!  
Faith was the guardian of her life, —  
Obedience was a duty.

Too truthful for reserve, she stood,  
Her brown eyes earthward casting,  
And held with trembling hand the while  
Her white life-everlasting.

Her sober answer pleased the youth, —  
Frank, clear, and gravely cheerful;  
He left her at her father's door,  
Too happy to be fearful.

She looked on high, with earnest plea,  
And Heaven seemed bright above her;  
And when she shyly spoke his name,  
Her father praised her lover.

And when, that night, she sought her couch  
With head-board high and olden,  
Her prayer was praise, her pillow down,  
And all her dreams were golden.

And still upon her throbbing heart,  
In bloom and breath undying,  
A few life-everlasting flowers,  
Her lover's gift, were lying.

O Venus' myrtles, fresh and green !  
 O Cupid's blushing roses !  
 Not on your classic flowers alone  
 The sacred light reposes ;

Though gentler cure may shield your buds  
 From north-winds rude and blasting,  
 As dear to Love, those few, pale flowers  
 Of white life-everlasting.

ANNIE D. GREEN (MARIAN DOUGLAS).

WERE I AS BASE AS IS THE LOWLY PLAIN.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,  
 And you, my love, as high as heaven above,  
 Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain  
 Ascend to heaven, in honor of my love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,  
 And you, my love, as humble and as low  
 As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
 Whereso'er you were, with you my love should  
 go.

Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,  
 My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
 And look upon you with ten thousand eyes  
 Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were  
 done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,  
 Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

AIL, HOW SWEET !

Ail, how sweet it is to love !  
 Ah, how gay is young desire !  
 And what pleasing pains we prove  
 When we first approach love's fire !  
 Pains of love are sweeter far  
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown  
 Do but gently heave the heart :  
 E'en the tears they shed alone  
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.  
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,  
 Treat them like a parting friend ;  
 Nor the golden gifts refuse  
 Which in youth sincere they send ;  
 For each year their price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,  
 Swells in every youthful vein ;  
 But each tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again.  
 If a flow in age appear,  
 'T is but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRE OF LOVE.

FROM THE "L'AMANT M'ÉCARTÉ," 1752.

THE fire of love in youthful blood,  
 Like what is kindled in brushwood,  
 But for a moment burns ;  
 Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise ;  
 It crackles, and to vapor turns,  
 And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins,  
 It slowly burns, then long remains,  
 And with a silent heat,  
 Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long ;  
 And though the flame be not so great,  
 Yet is the heat as strong.

EARL OF DORSET.

CHILD AND MAIDEN.

Ah, Chloris ! could I now but sit  
 As unconcerned as when  
 Your infant beauty could beget  
 No happiness or pain !  
 When I the dawn used to admire,  
 And praised the coming day,  
 I little thought the rising fire  
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
 Like metal in a mine ;  
 Age from no face takes more away  
 Than youth concealed in thine.  
 But as your charms insensibly  
 To their perfection prest,  
 So love as unperceived did fly,  
 And centered in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
 While Cupid at my heart  
 Still, as his mother favored you,  
 Threw a new flaming dart.  
 Each gloried in their wanton part :  
 To make a lover, he  
 Employed the utmost of his art ;  
 To make a beauty, she.

SIR CHARLES SPIDLEY.

## ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer :  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there  
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair.  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

EDMUND WALLER.

## WHY, LOVELY CHARMER ?

FROM "THE HIVE."

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why  
So very kind, and yet so shy ?  
Why does that cold, forbidding air  
Give damps of sorrow and despair ?  
Or why that smile my soul subdue,  
And kindle up my flames anew ?

In vain you strive with all your art,  
By turns to fire and freeze my heart ;  
When I behold a face so fair,  
So sweet a look, so soft an air,  
My ravished soul is charmed all o'er,  
I cannot love thee less or more.

ANONYMOUS.

## I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine ;  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie ;  
To find it were in vain ;  
For thou 'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together ?  
O Love ! where is thy sympathy  
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out ;  
For when I think I 'm best resolved  
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woo ;  
I will no longer pine ;  
For I 'll believe I have her heart  
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

## IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,  
Right soon I 'll mount my steed,  
And strong his arm and fast his seat  
That bears fine me the need.  
I 'll wear thy colors in my cap,  
Thy picture at my heart,  
And he that lends not to thine eye  
Shall rue it to his smart !  
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;  
O, tell me how to woo thee !  
For thy dear sake me care I 'll take,  
Though ne'er another throw me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,  
I 'll dight me in array ;  
I 'll tend thy chamber door all night,  
And squire thee all the day.  
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
These sounds I 'll strive to catch ;  
Thy voice I 'll steal to woo thyself,  
That voice that none can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
I never broke a vow ;  
Nae maiden hys her skait to me ;  
I never loved but you.  
For you alone I ride the ring,  
For you I wear the blue ;  
For you alone I strive to sing,  
O, tell me how to woo !

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;  
O, tell me how to woo thee !  
For thy dear sake nae care I 'll take,  
Though ne'er another throw me.

GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

## TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When drowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,



TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

*If doughty deed, my lady please  
Right soon I'll mount my steed,  
And strong his arm and fast his seat  
That bears from me the weed.'*





Our careless heads with roses crowned,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
 When healths and draughts go free,  
 Fishes that tinkle in the deep  
 Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd, I  
 With shriller throat shall sing  
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty  
 And glories of my King ;  
 When I shall voice aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,  
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,  
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage ;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for an hermitage :  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free,  
 Angels alone, that soar above,  
 Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE

## WELCOME, WELCOME DO I SING.

*Welcome, welcome, do I sing,  
 Far more welcome than the spring;  
 He that parteth from you never  
 Shall enjoy a spring forever.*

Love, that to the voice is near,  
 Breaking from your ivory pale,  
 Need not walk abroad to hear  
 The delightful nightingale.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.*

Love, that still looks on your eyes,  
 Though the winter have begun  
 To benumb our arteries,  
 Shall not want the summer's sun.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.*

Love, that still may see your cheeks,  
 Where all rareness still reposes,  
 Is a fool if e'er he seeks  
 Other lilies, other roses.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.*

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,  
 And perceives your breath in kissing,  
 All the odors of the fields  
 Never, never shall be missing.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

## RIVALRY IN LOVE.

Of all the torments, all the cares,  
 With which our lives are curst ;  
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
 Sure rivals are the worst !  
 By partners in each other kind,  
 Afflictions easier grow ;  
 In love alone we hate to find  
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
 Are lab'ring in my breast,  
 I beg not you would favor me,  
 Would you but slight the rest !  
 How great soe'er your rigors are,  
 With them alone I'll cope ;  
 I can endure my own despair,  
 But not another's hope.

WILLIAM WALSH.

## VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me  
 From all thy sweet memorials free,  
 And here my simple song might tell  
 The feelings thou must guess so well.  
 But could I thus, within thy mind,  
 One little vacant corner find,  
 Where no impression yet is seen,  
 Where no memorial yet has been,  
 O, it should be my sweetest care  
 To write my name forever there !

THOMAS MOORE.

## HER LIKENESS.

A GIRL who has so many willful ways  
 She would have caused Job's patience to for-  
 sake him,  
 Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,  
 Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,  
 A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,  
 And very far from angel yet, I trow.  
 Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human ;  
 Yet she's more lovable as simple woman  
 Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I wish that she may safely keep  
 This womanhede, and change not, only grow ;  
 From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,  
 And in perennial blessedness still reap,  
 On every hand, of that which she doth sow.

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

## A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SLEEP on ! and dream of Heaven awhile !  
 Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,  
 And move, and breathe delicious sighs.

Ah ! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks  
 And mantle o'er her neck of snow ;  
 Ah ! now she murmurs, now she speaks,  
 What most I wish, and fear, to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !  
 Her fair hands folded on her breast ; —  
 And now, how like a saint she sleeps !  
 A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! Above control,  
 Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee ;  
 And may the secret of thy soul  
 Remain within its sanctuary !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
 As many maidens be ;  
 Her loveliness I never knew  
 Until she smiled on me :  
 O, then I saw her eye was bright, —  
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold ;  
 To mine they ne'er reply ;  
 And yet I cease not to behold  
 The love-light in her eye :  
 Her very frowns are better far  
 Than smiles of other maidens are !

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE 's the garden she walked across,  
 Arm in my arm, such a short while since :  
 Hark ! now I push its wicket, the moss  
 Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince.  
 She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,  
 As fast with that murmur the wicket swung :  
 For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,  
 To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk  
 She went while her robe's edge brushed the box :  
 And here she paused in her gracious talk  
 To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.  
 Roses, ranged in valiant row,  
 I will never think that she passed you by !

She loves you, noble roses, I know ;  
 But yonder see where the rock-plants lie !

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip, —  
 Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;  
 Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
 Its soft meandering Spanish name.  
 What a name ! was it love or praise ?  
 Speech half asleep, or song half awake !  
 I must learn Spanish one of these days,  
 Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
 I may bring her one of these days,  
 To fix you fast with as fine a spell, —  
 Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.  
 But do not detain me now, for she lingers  
 There, like sunshine over the ground ;  
 And ever I see her soft white fingers  
 Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard ! look that you grow not, —  
 Stay as you are, and be loved forever !  
 Bad, if I kiss you, 't is that you blow not, —  
 Mind ! the shut pink mouth opens never !  
 For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
 Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
 Till round they turn, and down they nestle :  
 Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;  
 Whither I follow her, beauties flee.  
 Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
 June 's twice June since she breathed it with me ?  
 Come, bud ! show me the least of her traces.  
 Treasure my lady's lightest footfall :  
 Ah ! you may flout and turn up your faces, —  
 Roses, you are not so fair after all !

ROBERT BROWNING.

## WHY ?

WHY came the rose ? Because the sun in shining,  
 Found in the mould some atoms rare and fine :  
 And stooping, drew and warmed them into grow-  
 ing, —  
 Dust, with the spirit's mystic countersign.

What made the perfume ? All his wondrous kisses  
 Fell on the sweet red mouth, till, lost to sight,  
 The love became too exquisite, and vanished  
 Into a viewless rapture of the night.

Why did the rose die ! Ah, why ask the question ?  
 There is a time to love, — a time to give ;  
 She stepped gladly, folding close the secret  
 Wherein is garnered what it is to live.

MARY LOUISE RITTER

## CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up ! for shame ! the blooming morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair  
Fresh-quilted colors through the air ;  
Get up, sweet slugabed, and see  
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,  
Above an hour sines, yet you are not drest, —

Nay, not so much as out of bed,  
When all the birds have matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns : 't is sin,  
Nay, profanation, to keep in,

Whenas a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and  
green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For jewels for your gown or hair ;  
Fear not, the leaves will strew  
Gems in abundance upon you ;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some Orient pearls unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night ;  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in  
praying :

Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ! and, coming, mark  
How each field turns a street, each street a park,  
Made green and trimmed with trees ; see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough  
Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this  
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white thorn neatly interwove,  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see 't ?  
Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obey  
The proclamation made for May,

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

There 's not a budding boy or girl this day  
But is got up and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white thorn laden, home ;  
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream  
Before that we have left to dream ;

And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted  
troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth ;

Many a green gown has been given ;  
Many a kiss, both odd and even ;  
Many a glance, too, has been sent  
From out the eye, love's firmament ;

Many a jest told of the keys' betraying  
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not  
a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die,  
Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun ;

And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,

So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight,  
Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then, while time eves, and we are but decaying,  
Come, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,

Blown fields or flow'ry bowes,  
Green pleasure or gray grief ;

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are

That get sweet rain at noon ;  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,  
And I, your love, were death,  
We 'd shine and snow together  
Ere March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling

And hours of fruitful breath ;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We 'd play for lives and seasons,  
With loving looks and treasons,

And tears of night and morrow,  
And laughs of maid and boy ;  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours,  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady,  
And night were bright like day ;  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying-feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein ;  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

#### THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
While lanchy I stray in the calm summer-gloamin',  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom,  
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie,—  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;  
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the  
e'ning !—

Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen :  
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !  
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain ;  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie :  
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

#### THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass  
More bright than May-day morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass,—  
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
Has won my right good-will ;  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
And waiton through the grove,  
O, whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be  
Who calls this nymph his own !  
O, may her choice be fixed on me !  
Mine's fixed on her alone.

JAMES UPTON.

#### MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be !  
It is the wished, the trysted hour !  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor :  
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faith is loving thee ?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown ;  
A thought mgentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE POSIE.

O, LOVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,

O, luve will venture in where wisdom aunce has been !  
But I will down yon river rove among the woods  
sae green :

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms  
without a peer :

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps  
in view,

For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' ;  
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging  
blue :

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there :  
The daisy's for simplicity and unadorned air :

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray.  
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day :  
But the songster's nest within the lush I winna  
take away :

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star  
is near,  
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een  
sae clear ;

The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to  
wear :

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,  
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by  
a' above

That to my latest draught o' life the band shall  
ne'er remove :

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

ROBERT BURNS.

## MARY LEE.

I HAVE traced the valleys fair  
In May morning's dewy air,  
My bonny Mary Lee !

Wilt thou deign the wreath to wear,  
Gathered all for thee ?

They are not flowers of Pride,  
For they graced the dingle-side ;  
Yet they grew in Heaven's smile,  
My gentle Mary Lee !  
Can they fear thy frowns the while  
Though offered by me ?

Here's the lily of the vale,  
That perfumed the morning gale,  
My fairy Mary Lee !

All so spotless and so pale,  
Like thine own purity.  
And might I make it known,  
'T is an emblem of my own  
Love, — if I dare so name  
My esteem for thee.

Sursly flowers can bear no blame,  
My bonny Mary Lee.

Here's the violet's modest blue,  
That 'neath hawthorns hides from view,  
My gentle Mary Lee,

Would show whose heart is true,  
While it thinks of thee.

While they choose each lowly spot,  
The sun disdains them not ;  
I'm as lowly too, indeed,

My charming Mary Lee ;  
So I've brought the flowers to plead,  
And win a smile from thee.

Here's a wild rose just in bud ;  
Spring's beauty in its hood,  
My bonny Mary Lee !

'T is the first in all the wood  
I could find for thee

Though a blush is scarcely seen,  
Yet it hides its worth within,  
Like my love ; for I've no power,

My angel Mary Lee,  
To speak unless the flower

Can make excuse for me.

Though they deck no princely halls,  
In bouquets for glittering balls,  
My gentle Mary Lee,

Richer hues than painted walls  
Will make them dear to thee ;

For the blue and laughing sky  
Spreads a grander canopy

Than all wealth's golden skill,  
My charming Mary Lee !

Love would make them dearer still,  
That offers them to thee.

My wreath'd flowers are few,  
Yet no fairer drink the dew,  
My bonny Mary Lee !

They may seem as trifles too, —  
 Not, I hope, to thee ;  
 Some may boast a richer prize  
 Under pride and wealth's disguise ;  
 None a fonder offering bore  
 Than this of mine to thee ;  
 And can true love wish for more ?  
 Surely not, Mary Lee !

JOHN CLARE.

◆◆◆

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,  
 I wandered by the mill ;  
 I could not hear the brook flow, —  
 The noisy wheel was still ;  
 There was no burr of grasshopper,  
 No chirp of any bird,  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree ;  
 I watched the long, long shade,  
 And, as it grew still longer,  
 I did not feel afraid ;  
 For I listened for a footfall,  
 I listened for a word, —  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —  
 The night came on alone, —  
 The little stars sat one by one,  
 Each on his golden throne ;  
 The evening wind passed by my cheek,  
 The leaves above were stirred, —  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
 When something stood behind ;  
 A hand was on my shoulder, —  
 I knew its touch was kind :  
 It drew me nearer, — nearer, —  
 We did not speak one word,  
 For the beating of our own hearts  
 Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.  
 (LORD HOUGHTON.)

◆◆◆

ECHOES.

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
 To Music at night  
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
 And far away o'er lawns and lakes  
 Goes answering light !

Yet Love hath echoes truer far  
 And far more sweet  
 Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,  
 Of horn or lute or soft guitar  
 The songs repeat.

'T is when the sigh — in youth sincere  
 And only then,  
 The sigh that's breathed for one to hear —  
 Is by that one, that only Dear  
 Breathed back again.

THOMAS MOORE.

◆◆◆

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

(AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "I'LL  
 NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.")

THE FIRST PART.

My dear and only love, I pray,  
 That little world, — of THEE, —  
 Be governed by no other sway  
 Than purest Monarchie.  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 And have a Synod in thine heart,  
 I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone ;  
 My thoughts shall evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne :  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small  
 That puts it not unto the touch,  
 To win or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,  
 And always give the law,  
 And have each *subject at my will*,  
 And all to stand in awe ;  
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find  
 Thou kick or vex me sore,  
 As that thou set me up a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the Empire of thine heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to vie with me,  
 Or if *Committees* thou erect,  
 And go on such a score,  
 I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,  
 And constant of thy word,  
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen  
 And famous by my sword ;

I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never heard before,  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

## THE SECOND PART.

My dear and only love, take heed  
How thou thyself dispose;  
Let not all longing lovers feed  
Upon such looks as those;  
I'll marble wall thee round about,  
Myself shall be the door,  
And if thy heart chance to slide out,  
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,  
Make any breach at all,  
Nor smoothness of their language plot  
Which way to scale the wall;  
Nor balls of wildfire love consume  
The shrine which I adore,  
For if such smoke about thee fume,  
I'll never love thee more.

I know thy virtues be too strong  
To suffer by surprise;  
If that thou slight their love too long,  
Their siege at last will rise,  
And leave thee conqueror, in that health  
And state thou wast before;  
But if thou turn a Commonwealth,  
I'll never love thee more.

And if by fraud, or by consent,  
Thy heart to ruin come,  
I'll sound no trumpet as I wout,  
Nor march by tuck of drum,  
But hold my arms, like Achaus, up,  
Thy falsehood to deplore,  
And bitterly will sigh and weep,  
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did  
When he set Rome on fire;  
Not only all relief forbid,  
But to a hill retire,  
And scorn to shed a tear to save  
Thy spirit grown so poor,  
But laugh and smile thee to thy grave,  
And never love thee more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,  
But in far different case,  
For mine was true; so was not thine,  
But looked like Janus' face;

For as the waves with every wind,  
So sails thou every shore  
And leaves my constant heart behind,  
How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fix'd,  
For constancy most strange;  
And there shall with the moon be mix'd,  
Delighting eye in change;  
Thy beauty shined at first so bright!  
And woe is me therefore,  
That ever I found thy love so light  
That I could love no more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,  
Lest that thy name should die,  
A monument of marble stone  
The truth shall testify;  
That every pilgrim passing by,  
May pity and deplore,  
And, sighing, read the reason why  
I cannot love thee more.

The golden laws of love shall be  
Upon these pillars hung;  
A single heart; a simple eye;  
A true and constant tongue;  
Let no man for more love pretend  
Than he has hearts in store;  
True love begun will never end;  
Love one and love no more.

And when all gallants ride about  
These monuments to view,  
Whereon is written, in and out,  
Thou traitorous and untrue;  
Then, in a passion, they shall pause,  
And thus say, sighing sore,  
Alas! he had too just a cause  
Never to love thee more.

And when that traving goddess Fame  
From east to west shall lee,  
She shall record it to thy shame  
How thou hast lovèd me;  
And how in odds our love was such  
As few have been before;  
Thou lovedst too many, and I too much;  
So I can love no more.

The misty mount, the smoking lake,  
The rock's resounding echo,  
The whistling winds, the woods that shake,  
Shall all, with me, sing hey ho!  
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,  
Tears dropping from each oar,  
Shall *tune* with me their *turtle notes*, —  
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,  
Her fellow's death regret,  
And daily mourns for her adieu,  
And ne'er renews her mate ;  
So, though my faith was ever fast,  
Which grieves me wondrous sore,  
Yet I shall live in love so chaste  
That I shall love no more.

JAMES GRAYSON, MAJ. GEN. OF MONTROSE.

ROSALINE

LIKE to the cleat in highest sphere,  
Where all imperial glory shines,  
Of selfsame color is her hair,  
Whether unfolded, or in twines.  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !  
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
Rescubbling heaven by every wink ;  
The gods do fear whenas they look,  
And I do tremble when I think  
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
That beautifies Aurora's face,  
Or like the silver crimson shroud  
That Phoebus smiling looks doth grace.  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !  
Her lips are like two budded roses  
Whom tanks of lilies neighbor nigh,  
Within which bounds she hidn' encloses  
Apt to outdo a deity  
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower  
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glances every hour  
From her divine and sacred eyes,  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !

Her paps are centres of delight,  
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly flame,  
Where Nature moulds the dew of light  
To feel perfection with the same  
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With emerald pearl, with ruby red,  
With marble white, with sapphire blue,  
Her body every way is fed,  
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !  
Nature herself her shape admires ;  
The gods are wounded in her sight,  
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires  
And at her eyes his brand doth light  
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan  
The absence of fair Rosaline.

Since for a fair there's fairer none,  
Nor for her virtues so divine  
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !  
Heigh ho, my heart 'd would God that she were  
mine !

THOMAS LODGE.

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE

AWAKE ! — the starry midnight hour  
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight ;  
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,  
And the doves he hushed in deep delight  
Awake ! awake !  
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake

Awake ! — soft dews will soon arise  
From daisy mead and thorny brake  
Then, sweet, uncloud those east'rn eyes,  
And like the tender morning break !  
Awake ! awake !  
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! — within the musk-rose bower  
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee.  
Ah, come ! and show the starry hour  
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me !  
Awake ! awake !  
Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! — ne'er heed though listening night  
Steal music from thy silver voice ;  
I'm loud thy beauty, rare and bright,  
And bid the world and me rejoice !  
Awake ! awake !  
She comes at last, for Love's sweet sake

BARRY CORNWALL

LOVE AND TIME.

Two pilgrims from the distant plain  
Come quickly o'er the mossy ground.  
One is a boy, with locks of gold  
Thick curling round his face so fair ;  
The other pilgrim, stern and old,  
Has snowy beard and silver hair

The youth with many a merry trick  
Goes singing on his careless way,  
His old companion walks as quick,  
But speaks no word by night or day  
Where'er the old man treads, the grass  
Fast fadeeth with a certain down,  
But where the beauteous boy doth pass  
Unnumbered flowers are seen to bloom.

And thus before the sage, the boy  
Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,



And proudly bears a pretty boy,  
A crystal glass with diamond sands,  
A smile over any brow would pass  
To see him frolic in the sun,  
To see him shake the crystal glass,  
And make the sands more quickly run.

And now they leap the streamlet o'er,  
A silver thread so white and thin,  
And now they reach the open door,  
And now they lightly enter in  
"God save all here,"—that kind wish flies  
Still sweeter from his lips so sweet,  
"God save you kindly,"—such ones,  
"Sit down, my child, and rest and eat."

"Thanks, gentle North, fair and good,  
We'll rest awhile our weary feet,  
But though this old man needeth food,  
There's nothing here that he can eat.  
His taste is strange, he eateth none,  
Beneath some ruined cloister's cope,  
On some tottering turret's stone,  
While I can only live on—Hope!

'A week ago, ere you were wed, —  
It was the very night before,  
Upon so many—oh! I feel  
While passing by your mother's door,  
It was that dear, delicious hour  
When Owen here the message brought,  
And found you in the woodbine bower, —  
Since then, indeed, I've needed naught."

A blush steals over Norah's face,  
A smile comes over Owen's brow,  
A tranquil joy illumines the place,  
As if the moon were shining now,  
The boy beholds the pleasing pair,  
The sweet confusion he has done,  
And shakes the crystal glass again,  
And makes the sand more quickly run.

"Dear Norah, we are pilgrims, bound  
Upon an endless path sublime,  
We pace the green earth round and round,  
And mortals call us Love and Time;  
He seeks the many, I the few  
I dwell with peasants, he with kings,  
We seldom meet, but when we do,  
I take his glass, and he my wings

"And thus together on we go,  
Where'er I chance or wish to lead,  
And Time, whose lonely steps are slow,  
Now sweeps along with lightning speed  
Now on our bright predestined way  
We must to other regions pass,

But take the gift, and night and day  
Look well upon our troubled glass

"Dew-spark or snow the bright sands fall  
Is hid from beauty's eye alone  
If you can see them move at all,  
Be sure your heart has older grown  
The coldness makes the glass grow dry,  
The very hand the freezing brow  
But warm the heart and bright the thought,  
And then they'll pass, you know not how

she took the glass when Love's warm hands  
—A bright impetuous eager quest,  
She looks, but cannot see the sand,  
Although she feels the grain falling fast,  
But cold hours came, and then, alas!  
She saw them falling frozen through  
Till Love's warm light fell and was gone,  
And hid the look which made her gaze

#### QUEENEVRE TO LANGLIFF

WOMAN'S GAZING, THAT WITH A KING  
I once gazed on, has been my constant thing  
Ere I met you, the Pleasure-Isle's queen,  
Whose baby hand would be a hand with thee,  
And each smooth hand to me an enemy  
But I've learned the due courtesy to be  
I'm a young, but I would possess a yard,  
I'm a young, but I'd rather be a word  
Tight as a cord, or the tightest, passed around  
The heart, and trying, when with a word  
Fostered with words, I would not sleep that hand  
Contentment? By Words, I'm a hand, I would  
I'm a young, but I would possess a word,  
My wings I would be, the dove I am,  
All eyes are looking from the mountain's crest,  
That look, be it my power, or that of thee,  
But when a woman looks, the dove, the night,  
I'm a young, but I would possess a word,  
A young, smooth, not hand, that lip and knee  
Poor little queen, why need that be? I've  
Kept out of the smile and voice so bright and sweet,  
Is not a king, and passion melting heart,  
Wipe all the flakes that stain thy white feet  
Upon my crown. — *Brown it, ye snows, and meet!*

ROBERT BROWN

#### FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME

BY ROBERT BROWN

"FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME,  
Our Arab tents are made for thee,  
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt  
Of tents with love or thrones without."

" Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in a wilderness.

" Our sands are bare, but down their slope  
The silvery-footed antelope  
As gracefully and gayly springs  
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

" Then come, — thy Arab maid will be  
The loved and lone acacia-tree,  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With their light sound thy loneliness.

" O, there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

" As if the very lips and eyes  
Predestined to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before as then !

" So came thy every glance and tone,  
When first on me they breathed and shone ;  
New, as if brought from other spheres,  
Yet welcome as if loved for years !

" Then fly with me, if thou hast known  
No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

" Come, if the love thou hast for me  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, —  
Fresh as the fountain underground,  
When first 't is by the lapwing found.

" But if for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshiped image from its base,  
To give to me the ruined place,

" Then, fare thee well ! — I 'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake  
When thawing suns begin to shine  
Than trust to love so false as thine !"

There was a pathos in this lay,  
That even without enchantment's art  
Would instantly have found its way  
Deep into Selim's burning heart ;  
But breathing, as it did, a tone  
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;  
With every chord fresh from the touch  
Of music's spirit, 't was too much !

Starting, he dashed away the cup, —  
Which, all the time of this sweet air,  
His hand had held, untasted, up,  
As if 't were fixed by magic there, —  
And naming her, so long unnamed,  
So long unseen, wildly exclaimed,  
" O Nourmahal ! O Nourmahal !  
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
I could forget — forgive thee all,  
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off, — the charm is wrought, —  
And Selim to his heart has caught,  
In blushes more than ever bright,  
His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light !  
And well do vanished frowns enhance  
The charm of every brightened glance ;  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile ;  
And, happier now for all her sighs,  
As on his arm her head reposes,  
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,  
" Remember, love, the Feast of Roses !"

THOMAS MOORE.

◆ ◆ ◆  
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown !  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone ;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,  
On a bed of daffodil sky, —  
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,  
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon ;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirred  
To the dancers dancing in tune, —  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, " There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone ?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day ;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,  
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clashed in the hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That, whenever a March-wind sighs,  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet,  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither! the dances are done;  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate!  
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## KATIE.

It may be through some foreign grace,  
And unfamiliar charm of face;  
It may be that across the foam  
Which bore her from her childhood's home,  
By some strange spell, my Katie brought,  
Along with English creeds and thought,  
Entangled in her golden hair, —  
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!  
I cannot tell — but here to-day,  
A thousand billowy leagues away  
From that green isle whose twilight skies  
No darker are than Katie's eyes,  
She seems to me, go where she will,  
An English girl in England still.

I meet her on the dusty street,  
And daisies spring about her feet;  
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,  
An English cowslip lifts its head;  
And, as to do her grace, rise up  
The primrose and the buttercup.  
I roam with her through fields of cane,  
And seem to stroll an English lane,  
Which, white with blossoms of the May,  
Spreads its green carpet in her way.  
As fancy wills, the path beneath  
Is golden gorse, or purple heath;  
And now we hear in woodlands dim  
Their unarticulated hymn,  
Now walk through rippling waves of wheat  
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,  
Or see before us from the lawn  
The lark go up to greet the dawn.  
All birds that love the English sky  
Throng round my path when she is by;  
The blackbird from a neighboring thorn  
With music brims the cup of morn,  
And in a thick, melodious rain  
The mavis pours her mellow strain.  
But only when my Katie's voice  
Makes all the listening woods rejoice  
I hear — with checks that flush and pale  
The passion of the nightingale.  
Aron the pictures round her change,  
And through an ancient town we range  
Whereto the shadowy memory clings  
Of one of England's Saxon kings,  
And which, to shrine his fading fame,  
Still keeps his ashes and his name.  
Quaint houses rise on either hand;  
But still the airs are fresh and bland,  
As if their gentle wings caressed  
Some new-born village of the West.  
A moment by the Norman tower  
We pause; it is the Sabbath hour!  
And o'er the city sinks and swells

The chime of old St. Mary's bells,  
Which still resound in Katie's ears  
As sweet as when in distant years  
She heard them peal with joyful din  
A merry English Christmas in.  
We pass the Abbey's ruined arch,  
And staterier grows my Katie's march,  
As round her, wearied with the taint  
Of Transatlantic pine and paint,  
She sees a thousand tokens cast  
Of England's venerable past.  
Our reverent footsteps hasty claims  
The younger chapel of St. James,  
Which, though, as English records run,  
Not old, had seen full many a sun,  
Ere to the cold December gale  
The thoughtful Pilgrim spread his sail.  
There Katie in her childish days  
Spelt out her prayers and lisped her praise,  
And doubtless, as her beauty grew,  
Did much as other maidens do, —  
Across the pews and down the aisle  
Sent many a bean-bewildering smile,  
And to subserve her spirit's need  
Learned other things beside the creed.  
There, too, to-day her knee she bows,  
And by her one whose darker brows  
Betray the Southern heart that burns  
Beside her, and which only turns  
Its thoughts to Heaven in one request,  
Not all unworthy to be blest,  
But rising from an earthlier pain  
Than might beseech a Christian fane.  
Ah ! can the guileless maiden share  
The wish that lifts that passionate prayer ?  
Is all at peace that breast within ?  
Good angels ! warn her of the sin !  
Alas ! what boots it ! who can save  
A willing victim of the wave !  
Who cleanse a soul that loves its guilt ?  
Or gather wine when wine is spilt ?

We quit the holy house and gain  
The open air : then, happy twain,  
Adown familiar streets we go,  
And now and then she turns to show,  
With fears that all is changing fast,  
Some spot that 's sacred to her past.  
Here, by this way, through shadows cool,  
A little maid, she tripped to school ;  
And there, each morning used to stop  
Before a wonder of a shop  
Where, built of apples and of pears,  
Rose pyramids of golden spheres ;  
While dangling in her dazzled sight,  
Ripe cherries cast a crimson light  
And made her think of elfin lamps,  
And feast and sport in fairy camps.

Whereat upon her royal throne  
(Most richly carved in cherry-stone)  
Titania ruled, in queenly state,  
The boisterous revels of the fête !  
'T was yonder, with their "horrid" noise,  
Dismissed from books, she met the boys,  
Who, with a barbarous scorn of girls,  
Glanced lightly at her sunny curls,  
And laughed and leaped as reckless by  
As though no pretty face were nigh.  
But here the maiden grows demure,  
Indeed, she 's not so very sure  
That in a year, or haply twain,  
Who looked e'er failed to look again ;  
And, sooth to say, I little doubt  
(Some azure day the truth will out !)  
That certain baits in certain eyes  
Caught many an unsuspecting prize ;  
And somewhere underneath these eaves  
A budding flirt put forth its leaves !

Has not the sky a deeper blue,  
Have not the trees a greener hue,  
And bend they not with lordlier grace  
And noble shapes above the place  
Whereon, one cloudless winter morn,  
My Katie to this life was born ?  
Ah, folly ! long hath fled the hour  
When love to sight gave keener power,  
And lovers looked for special moons  
In brighter flowers and larger moons.  
But waver the foliage as it may,  
And let the sky be ashen gray,  
Thus much at least a manly youth  
May hold — and yet not blush — as truth :  
If near that blessed spot of earth  
Which saw the cherished maiden's birth  
No softer dews than usual rise,  
And life there keeps its wonted guise,  
Yet not the less that spot may seem  
As lovely as a poet's dream :  
And should a fervid faith incline  
To make thereof a sainted shrine,  
Who may deny that round us throng  
A hundred earthly creeds as wrong,  
But meaner far, which yet unblamed  
Stalk by us and are not ashamed ?  
So, therefore, Katie, as our stroll  
Ends at this portal, while you roll  
Those lustrous eyes to catch each ray  
That may recall some vanished day,  
I — let them jeer and laugh who will —  
Stoop down and kiss the sacred sill !  
So strongly sometimes on the sense  
These fancies hold their influence,  
That in long well-known streets I stray  
Like one who fears to lose his way,  
The stranger I, the native she,

Myself, not Kate, had crossed the sea ;  
 And changing place, and mixing times,  
 I walk in unfamiliar climes.  
 These houses, free to every breeze  
 That blows from warm Floridian seas,  
 Assume a massive English air,  
 And close around an English square ;  
 While, if I issue from the town,  
 An English hill looks greenly down,  
 Or round me rolls an English park,  
 And in the Broad I hear the lark.  
 Thus when, where woodland violets hide,  
 I rove with Katie at my side,  
 It scarce would seem amiss to say :  
 " Katie ! my home lies far away,  
 Beyond the pathless waste of brine,  
 In a young land of palm and pine.  
 There by the tropic heats the soul  
 Is touched as if with living coal,  
 And glows with such a fire as none  
 Can feel beneath a Northern sun,  
 Unless — my Katie's heart attest ' —  
 'T is kindled in an English breast.  
 Such is the land in which I live,  
 And, Katie ! such the soul I give.  
 Come, ere another morning beam,  
 We'll cleave the sea with wings of steam :  
 And soon, despite of storm or calm,  
 Beneath my native groves of palm,  
 Kind friends shall greet, with joy and pride,  
 The Southron and his English bride "

HENRY TIMROD

## KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,  
 Red lips shutting over pearls,  
 Bare feet, white and wet with dew,  
 Two eyes black, and two eyes blue ;  
 Little girl and boy were they,  
 Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,  
 Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
 Flashed its silver, and thick ranks  
 Of willow fringed its mossy banks ;  
 Half in thought, and half in play,  
 Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red ;  
 He was taller, — near a head ;  
 She, with arms like wreaths of snow,  
 Swung a basket to and fro  
 As she loitered, half in play,  
 Chattering to Willie Grey.

" Pretty Katie," Willie said, —  
 And there came a dash of red

Through the brownness of his cheek.  
 " Boys are strong and girls are weak,  
 And I'll carry, so I will,  
 Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,  
 " You shall carry only half " ;  
 And then, tossing back her curls,  
 " Boys are weak as well as girls."  
 Do you think that Katie guessed  
 Half the wisdom she expressed ?

Men are only boys grown tall ;  
 Hearts don't change much, after all ;  
 And when, long years from that day,  
 Katie Lee and Willie Grey  
 Stood again beside the brook,  
 Bending like a shepherd's crook, —

Is it strange that Willie said,  
 While again a dash of red  
 Crossed the brownness of his cheek,  
 " I am strong and you are weak ;  
 Life is but a shippery steep,  
 Hung with shadows cold and deep "

" Will you trust me, Katie dear, —  
 Walk beside me without fear ?  
 May I carry, if I will,  
 All your burdens up the hill " ?  
 And she answered, with a laugh,  
 " No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,  
 Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
 Washing with its silver sounds  
 Late and early at the sands,  
 Is a cottage, where to-day  
 Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo !  
 Swings a basket to and fro —  
 Vastly different from the one  
 That she swung in years ago —  
 This is long and deep and wide,  
 And has — *rockers at the side.*

ANONYMOUS.

## ENCHANTMENTS.

ALL in the May-time's merriest weather  
 Rode two travelers, bride and groom ;  
 Breast and breast went their mules together,  
 Fetlock deep through the daisy bloom.  
 Roses peeped at them out of the hedges,  
 White flowers leaned to them down from the  
 thorn,  
 And up from the furrows with sunlit edges  
 Crowded with children that sowed in the corn.

Cheek o'er cheek, and with red so tender  
 Rippling bright through the gypsy brow,  
 Just to see how a lady's splendor  
 Shone the heads of the daffodils down.  
 Ah, but the wonder grows and lingers,  
 Ah, but their fields look low and lorn,  
 Just to think how her jeweled fingers  
 Shamed the seeds of their yellow corn !

O, it was sweet, so sweet to be idle !  
 Each little sower with fate fell wroth ;  
 O, but to ride with a spangled bridle !  
 O for a saddle with scarlet cloth !  
 Waving corn — each stalk in tassel ;  
 Home, with its thatch and its turf-lit room —  
 What was this by the side of a castle ?  
 What was that to a tossing plume ?

Winds through the violets' misty covering  
 Now kissed the white ones and now the blue,  
 Sang the redbreast over them hovering  
 All as the world were but just made new.  
 And on and on through the golden weather,  
 Fear at the faintest and hope at the best,  
 Went the true lovers riding together,  
 Out of the East-land and into the West.

Father and mother in tears abiding,  
 Bridemaids all with their favors dressed,  
 Back and backward the daisies sliding,  
 Dove-throat, Black-foot, breast and breast.  
 Yet hath the bridenaid joy of her pining,  
 And grief sits light on the mother's brow ;  
 Under her cloud is a silver lining, —  
 The lowly child is a lady now.

But for the sowers, the eyes beld shady  
 Either the sun-brown arm or hand ;  
 Darkly they follow the lord and lady  
 With jealous hatred of house and land.  
 Fine — it was all so fine to be idle :  
 Dull and weary the work-day doom ;  
 O, but to ride with a spangled bridle !  
 O for a cap with a tossing plume !

Nearer the castle, the bells fell ringing,  
 And strong men and maidens to work and wait,  
 Cried, "God's grace on the bride's home-bringing,"  
 And master, mistress, rode through the gate.  
 Five select ladies — maids of the chamber —  
 One sewed her silken seams, one kept herrings,  
 One for the pearl combs, one for the amber,  
 And one for her green fan of peacock wings.

And sweetly and long they abode in their castle,  
 And daughters and sons to their love were born ;  
 But doves at the dew-fall homeward nestle,  
 To lodge in the rafters they left at morn ;

And memory, holding true and tender,  
 As pleasures faded and years increased,  
 Oft bore the lady from all her splendor  
 Out of the West-land into the East ;

And far from the couch where sleep so slowly  
 Came to her eyes through the purples grand,  
 Left her to lodge in the bed so lowly,  
 Smoothed by the mother's dear, dear hand.  
 But after all the ado to assemble  
 The sunrise pictures to brighten the set,  
 One there was thrilled her heart to a tremble,  
 Half made of envy and half of regret.

Ah, was it this that in playful sporting,  
 And not as lamenting her maiden years,  
 Often she brought from the time of the courting,  
 When hopes are the sweeter for little fears,  
 That one day of the days so pleasant,  
 When, while she nused of her lord, as it fell,  
 Rode from the castle the groom with his present,  
 Dear little Dove-throat, beloved so well ?

Or altar, in splendor of lilies and laces,  
 Long-tressed bridemaids, or priest close shorn !  
 Or ride through the daisies, or green field spaces,  
 Gay with children that sowed in the corn ?  
 Ye who have left the noontide behind you,  
 And whom dull shadows begin to oppress,  
 Say, ere the night-time falleth to blind you,  
 Which was the picture — pray, do you guess ?

All in the castle was sweet with contentment,  
 For Fortune, in granting all favors but one,  
 Threw over the distance a cruel enchantment  
 That darkened the love-light and darkened the  
 sun.  
 Of alms and of pleasures the life-long bestowers,  
 The lord and the lady had just one lament :  
 O for the lives of the brown little sowers !  
 And O for their artless and homely content !

ALICE CARY.

#### THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning ;  
 Come when you're looked for, or come without  
 warning ;  
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore  
 you !  
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than  
 ever,  
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't  
 sever !"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose  
 them,  
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my  
 bosom ;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire  
 you ;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire  
 you.

Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-  
 vexed farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor ;  
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above  
 me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to  
 love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the  
 eyrie ;

We'll tread round the rath on the track of the  
 fairy ;

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the  
 river,

Till you ask of your darling what gift you can  
 give her.

Oh ! she'll whisper you, — " Love, as un-  
 changeably beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunefully  
 streaming ;

Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
 Come when you're looked for, or come without  
 warning ;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore  
 you !

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
 And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't  
 sever !"

THOMAS DAVIS.

#### CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CHORUS.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie roives,  
 My bonnie dearie.*

Hark the mavis' evening sang  
 Sounding Cluden's woods amang ;  
 Then a-faulding let us gang,  
 My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the, etc.*

We'll gae down by Cluden side,  
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
 To the moon sae clearly.

*Ca' the, etc.*

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,  
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
 Fairies dance sae cheerie.

*Ca' the, etc.*

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear :  
 Thou'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,  
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
 My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the, etc.*

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
 Thou hast stown my very heart ;  
 I can die — but canna part,  
 My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the, etc.*

While waters wimple to the sea ;  
 While day binks in the lift sae hie ;  
 Till clay-cauld death shall bin my e'e,  
 Ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the, etc.*

ROBERT BURNS

#### CHARLIE MACHREE.

A BALLAD

COME over, come over  
 The river to me,  
 If ye are my laddie,  
 Bold Charlie machree.

Here's Mary McPherson  
 And Susy O'Linn,  
 Who say ye're faint-hearted,  
 And darena plunge in.

But the dark rolling water,  
 Though deep as the sea,  
 I know willna scare ye,  
 Nor keep ye frae me ;

For stout is yer back,  
 And strong is yer arm,  
 And the heart in yer bosom  
 Is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over  
 The river to me,  
 If ye are my laddie,  
 Bold Charlie machree !

I see him, I see him !  
He 's plunged in the tide,  
His strong arms are dashing  
The big waves aside.

O, the dark rolling water  
Shoots swift as the sea,  
But blithe is the glance  
Of his bonny blue e'e ;

And his cheeks are like roses,  
Twa buds on a bough ;  
Who says ye 're faint-hearted,  
My brave Charlie, now ?

Ho, ho, foaming river,  
Ye may roar as ye go,  
But ye canna bear Charlie  
To the dark loch below !

Come over, come over  
The river to me,  
My true-hearted laddie,  
*My* Charlie machree !

He 's sinking, he 's sinking,  
O, what shall I do !  
Strike out, Charlie, boldly,  
'Ten strokes and ye 're thro'.

He 's sinking, O Heaven !  
Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear ;  
I 've a kiss for ye, Charlie,  
As soon as ye 're here !

He rises, I see him, —  
Five strokes, Charlie, mair, —  
He 's shaking the wet  
From his bonny brown hair ;

He conquers the current,  
He gains on the sea, —  
Ho, where is the swimmer  
Like Charlie machree ?

Come over the river,  
But once come to me,  
And I 'll love ye forever,  
Dear Charlie machree !

He 's sinking, he 's gone, —  
O God ! it is I,  
It is I, who have killed him —  
Help, help ! — he must die !

Help, help ! — ah, he rises, —  
Strike out and ye 're free !  
Ho, bravely done, Charlie,  
Once more now, for me !

Now cling to the rock,  
Now gie us yer hand, —  
Ye 're safe, dearest Charlie,  
Ye 're safe on the land !

Come rest in my bosom,  
If *there* ye can sleep ;  
I emna speak to ye,  
I only can weep.

Ye 've crossed the wild river,  
Ye 've risked all for me,  
And I 'll part frae ye never,  
Dear Charlie machree !

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT 's this dull town to me ?  
Robin 's not near, —  
He whom I wished to see,  
Wished for to hear ;  
Where 's all the joy and mirth  
Made life a heaven on earth,  
O, they 're all fled with thee,  
Robin Adair !

What made the assembly shine ?  
Robin Adair ;  
What made the ball so fine ?  
Robin was there ;  
What, when the play was o'er,  
What made my heart so sore ?  
O, it was parting with  
Robin Adair !

But now thou art far from me,  
Robin Adair ;  
But now I never see  
Robin Adair ;  
Yet him I loved so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell ;  
O, I can ne'er forget  
Robin Adair !

Welcome on shore again,  
Robin Adair !  
Welcome once more again,  
Robin Adair !  
I feel thy trembling hand ;  
Tears in thy eyelids stand,  
To greet thy native land,  
Robin Adair.

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,  
Robin Adair ;  
Still I prayed for thee, love,  
Robin Adair ;



When thou wert far at sea,  
Many made love to me,  
But still I thought on thee,  
Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,  
Robin Adair ;  
Never to part again,  
Robin Adair ;  
And if thou still art true,  
I will be constant too,  
And will wed none but you,  
Robin Adair !

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

## THE BIRTH OF PORTRAITURE.

AS once a Grecian maiden wove  
Her garland mid the summer bowers,  
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,  
To watch her while she wreathed the flowers.  
The youth was skilled in painting's art,  
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,  
Nor knew what magic hues the heart  
Can shed o'er Nature's charm, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
All that 's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,  
And sketched the rays that lit the brook ;  
But what were these, or what were those,  
To woman's blush, to woman's look ?  
"O, if such magic power there be,  
This, this," he cried, "is all my prayer.  
To paint that living light I see,  
And fix the soul that sparkles there !"

His prayer as soon as breathed was heard ;  
His pallet touched by Love grew warm,  
And painting saw her thus transferred  
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.  
Still, as from tint to tint he stole,  
The fair design shone out the more,  
And there was now a life, a soul,  
Where only colors glowed before.

Then first carnation learned to speak,  
And lilies into life were brought ;  
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,  
Young roses kindled into thought :  
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes  
Upon the locks of beauty threw ;  
And violets transformed to eyes,  
Inshrined a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
All that 's bright and fair below ;  
Song was cold and painting dumb,  
Till song and painting learned from him.  
THOMAS MOORE.

## O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME ?

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lonely cot and russet gown ?  
No longer drest in silken sheen,  
No longer decked with jewels rare,  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou 'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wint'ry wind ?  
O, can that soft and gentle mien  
Extreme of hardship learn to bear ?  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen with me to go,  
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe ?  
Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?  
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,  
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?  
THOMAS PERCY.

## WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,  
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;

Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see,  
And come as ye were na' comin' to me,  
And come, etc.

O whistle, etc.

At kirk, or at market, where'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie ;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
Yet look, etc.

O whistle, etc.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;  
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
For fear, etc.

O whistle, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

And we will sit upon th' rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning ;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

#### THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, —  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

#### MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast,

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,  
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And close'd his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,  
"Ah, that I were free again!"

"Free as when I rode that day  
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall ;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : " It might have been ! "

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### QUAKERDOM.

THE FORMAL CALL.

THROUGH her forced, abnormal quiet  
Flashed the soul of frolic riot,  
And a most malicious laughter lighted up her  
downcast eyes ;

All in vain I tried each topic,  
Ranged from polar climes to tropic, —  
Every commonplace I started met with yes-or-no  
replies.

For her mother — stiff and stately,  
As if starched and ironed lately —  
Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded thus in cur-  
ving palms ;  
There she sat on guard before us,  
And in words precise, decorous,  
And most calm, reviewed the weather, and recited  
several psalms.

How without abruptly ending  
This my visit, and offending  
Wealthy neighbors, was the problem which em-  
ployed my mental care ;  
When the butler, bowing lowly,  
Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,  
" Madam, please, the gardener wants you, " —  
Heaven, I thought, has heard my prayer.

" Pardon me ! " she grandly uttered ;  
Bowling low, I gladly muttered,  
" Surely, madam ! " and, relieved, I turned to  
scan the daughter's face :  
Ha ! what pent-up mirth outflashes  
From beneath those penciled lashes !  
How the drill of Quaker custom yields to Na-  
ture's brilliant grace !

Brightly springs the prisoned fountain  
From the side of Delphi's mountain,

When the stone that weighed upon its buoyant  
life is thrust aside ;  
So the long-enforced stagnation  
Of the maiden's conversation  
Now imparted fivefold brilliance to its ever-  
varying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,  
Witty, winning, from beginning  
Unto end I listened, merely flinging in a casual  
word ;  
Eloquent, and yet how simple !  
Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,  
Tongue and lip together made a music seen as  
well as heard.

When the noonday woods are ringing,  
All the birds of summer singing,  
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we know a  
serpent nigh :  
So upon the door a rattle  
Stopped our animated tattle,  
And the stately mother found us prim enough to  
suit her eye.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

### THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
Those evenings in the bleak December,  
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,  
When you and I played chess together,  
Checkmated by each other's eyes ?

Ah ! still I see your soft white hand  
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight ;  
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand ;  
The double Castles guard the wings ;  
The Bishop, bent on distant things,  
Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch ; our glances meet,  
And falter ; falls your golden hair  
Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet  
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen  
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,  
And cheeks me unaware.

Ah me ! the little battle's done :  
Dispersed is all its chivalry.  
Full many a move since then have we  
Mid life's perplexing checkers made,  
And many a game with fortune played ;  
What is it we have won ?  
This, this at least, — if this alone :





SUMMER DAYS.

*"In summer, when the days were long,  
We walked together in the wood:  
Our heart was light, our step was strong;  
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood  
In summer, when the days are long."*

That never, never, nevermore,  
 As in those old still nights of yore,  
 (Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)  
 Can you and I shut out the skies,  
 Shut out the world and wintry weather,  
 And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,  
 Play chess, as then we played together.

ROBERT BULWER-LYTON.

◆◆◆  
 DINNA ASK ME

O, DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye ;  
 Troth, I daurna tell !  
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye, —  
 Ask it o' yoursel'.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,  
 For weel ye ken me true ;  
 O, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,  
 And bonnier lassies see,  
 O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
 Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass  
 That ye 'd lo'e mair than me ;  
 And O, I 'm sure my heart wad brak,  
 Gin ye 'd prove fause to me !

DUNLOP

◆◆◆  
 SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 We walked together in the wood :  
 Our heart was light, our step was strong ;  
 Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came ;  
 We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns ;  
 We walked mid poppies red as flame,  
 Or sat upon the yellow downs ;  
 And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook ;  
 And still her voice flowed forth in song,  
 Or else she read some graceful book,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,  
 With shadows lessening in the noon ;  
 And in the sunlight and the breeze,  
 We feasted, many a gorgeous June,  
 While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,  
 We feasted, with no grace but song ;  
 We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,  
 For loving seemed like breathing then ;  
 We found a heaven in every spot ;  
 Saw angels, too, in all good men ;  
 And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,  
 Alone I wander, muse alone,  
 I see her not ; but that old song  
 Under the fragrant wind is blown,  
 In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood :  
 But one fair spirit hears my sighs ;  
 And half I see, so glad and good,  
 The honest daylight of her eyes,  
 That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,  
 I love her as we loved of old.  
 My heart is light, my step is strong ;  
 For love brings back those hours of gold,  
 In summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS

◆◆◆  
 GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay  
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene  
 Had blended with the lights of eve ;  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
 My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight ;  
 She stood and listened to my lay,  
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
 My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !  
 She loves me best, when'er I sing  
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story, —  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love  
Interpreted his own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;  
And how she tended him in vain;  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave,  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest-leaves  
A dying man he lay;

— His dying words — but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, — she stepped aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept, —  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace;  
And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 't was a bashful art  
That I might rather feel than see  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beautiful Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

— — —  
WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Come, all ye jolly shepherds,  
That whistle through the glen!  
I'll tell ye o' a secret  
That courtiers dinna ken:  
What is the greatest bliss  
That the tongue o' man can name?  
'T is to woo a bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.  
*When the kye come hame,  
When the kye come hame, —  
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,  
When the kye come hame.*

'T is not beneath the burgonet,  
Nor yet beneath the crown;  
'T is not on couch o' velvet,  
Nor yet in bed o' down:  
'T is beneath the spreading birk,  
In the glen without the name,



Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,  
For the mate he lo'es to see,  
And on the tapmost bough  
O, a happy bird is he !  
There he pours his melting ditty,  
And love is a' the theme ;  
And he 'll woo his bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,  
And the daisy turns a pea,  
And the bonnie lucken gowan  
Has fauldit up his ee,  
Then the lavrock, frae the blue lift,  
Drops down and thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,  
That lingers on the hill :  
His yowes are in the fauld,  
And his lambs are lying still ;  
Yet he downa gang to bed,  
For his heart is in a flame,  
To meet his bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.

When the little wee bit heart  
Rises high in the breast,  
And the little wee bit starn  
Rises red in the east,  
O, there 's a joy sae dear  
That the heart can hardly frame !  
Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.

Then since al Nature joins  
In this love without alloy,  
O, wha wad prove a traitor  
To Nature's dearest joy ?  
Or wha wad choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils an' its fame,  
And miss his bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame ?

JAMES HOGG.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING  
OR, TEN YEARS AFTER.

The country ways are full of mire,  
The boughs toss in the fading light,  
The winds blow ont the sunset's fire,  
And sudden droppeth down the night.  
I sit in this familiar room,  
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort ;

My sole companion in the gloom  
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,  
'Mong errors over which it grieves,  
I sit at this dark hour alone,  
Like Autumn mid his withered leaves.  
This is a night of wild farewells  
To all the past ; the good, the fair ;  
To-morrow, and my wedding bells  
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher, tempest-tost,  
Who sees throughout the weltering night,  
Afar on some low-lying coast,  
The streaming of a rainy light,  
I saw this hour, — and now 't is come ;  
The rooms are lit, the feast is set ;  
Within the twilight I am dumb,  
My heart filled with a vain regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,  
Where'er she treads the pansy blows ;  
Nor call her eyes twin stars, her smile  
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.  
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,  
Talk of my raptures. O, how sore  
The fond romance of twenty-two  
Is parodied ere thirty-four.

To-night I shake hands with the past, —  
Familiar years, adieu, adieu !  
An unknown door is open east,  
An empty future wide and new  
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,  
Void, desolate, without a charm,  
Will Love's smile chase your lonely glooms,  
And drape your walls, and make them warm !

The man who knew, while he was young,  
Some soft and soul-subduing air,  
Melts when again he hears it sung,  
Although 't is only half so fair.  
So I love thee, and love is sweet  
(My Florence, 't is the cruel truth)  
Because it can to age repeat  
That long-lost passion of my youth.

O, often did my spirit melt,  
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes !  
Fair trees, in which the sunshine dwelt,  
I've kissed you many a million times !  
And now 't is done, — my passionate tears,  
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,  
And all the sweetness of my years,  
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes ;  
Smile, villagers, at every door ;

Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes,  
 Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er ;  
 And youthful maidens, white and sweet,  
 Scatter your blossoms far and wide ;  
 And with a bridal chorus greet  
 This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom !" there is sin  
 At bottom of my thankless mood :  
 What if desert alone could win  
 For me life's chiefest grace and good ?  
 Love gives itself ; and if not given,  
 No genius, beauty, state or wit,  
 No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,  
 Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,  
 My heart will its old memories keep ;  
 Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,  
 Filled with the music of the deep.  
 And you may watch, on nights of rain,  
 A shadow on my brow encroach ;  
 Be startled by my sudden pain,  
 And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wives  
 Will call a sigh from far-off years ;  
 It may be that your happiest smiles  
 Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears ;  
 It may be that my sleeping breath  
 Will shake, with painful visions wrung ;  
 And, in the awful trance of death,  
 A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,  
 Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,  
 Ye terrors of a lonely mood,  
 What do ye here on a wedding-morn ?  
 For, as the dawning sweet and fast  
 Through all the heaven spreads and flows,  
 Within life's discord, rude and vast,  
 Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lightened is the weary curse,  
 And clearer is the weary road ;  
 The very worm the sea-weeds nurse  
 Is cared for by the Eternal God.  
 My love, pale blossom of the snow,  
 Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers.—  
 O may it drink the sun, and blow,  
 Followed by all the year of flowers !

Black Bayard from the stable bring ;  
 The rain is o'er, the wind is down,  
 Round stirring farms the birds will sing,  
 The dawn stand in the sleeping town,  
 Within an hour. This is her gate,  
 Her sodden roses droop in night,

And, emblem of my happy fate,  
 In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold  
 Through the damp east for many a mile ;  
 When half my tale of life is told,  
 Grim-featured Time begins to smile.  
 Last star of night that lingerest yet  
 In that long rift of rainy gray,  
 Gather thy wasted splendors, set,  
 And die into my wedding day.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

#### ATALANTA VICTORIOUS.

FROM "ATALANTA'S RACE," IN "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

AND there two runners did the sign abide  
 Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and fair,  
 Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often tried  
 In places where no man his strength may spare ;  
 Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair  
 A golden circlet of renown he wore,  
 And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend ?  
 A maid stood by him like Diana clad  
 When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,  
 Too fair for one to look on and be glad,  
 Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,  
 If he must still behold her from afar ;  
 Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget ;  
 Of all tormenting lines her face was clear ;  
 Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set  
 Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near ;  
 But her foe trembled as a man in fear,  
 Nor from her loveliness one moment turned  
 His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang,  
 Just as the setting sun made eventide.  
 Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,  
 And swiftly were they running side by side ;  
 But silent did the thronging folk abide  
 Until the turning-post was reached at last,  
 And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,  
 When half-way to the starting-point they were,  
 A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man  
 Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near  
 Unto the very end of all his fear ;  
 And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,  
 And bliss unhopd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard  
 Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound  
 Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeared  
 His flushed and eager face he turned around,  
 And even then he felt her past him bound  
 Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there  
 Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she, breathing like a little child  
 Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,  
 For no victorious joy her red lips smiked,  
 Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep ;  
 No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,  
 Though some divine thought softened all her face  
 As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,  
 One moment gazed upon her piteously,  
 Then with a groan his lingering feet did force  
 To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see ;  
 And, changed like one who knows his time must be  
 But short and bitter, without any word  
 He knelt before the bearer of the sword ;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,  
 Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place  
 Was silence now, and midst of it the maid  
 Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,  
 And he to hers upturned his sad white face ;  
 Nor did his eyes behold another sight  
 Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

#### ATALANTA CONQUERED.

FROM "ATALANTA'S RACE," IN "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,  
 Again are all folk round the running place,  
 Nor other seems the dismal pageantry  
 Than heretofore, but that another face  
 Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,  
 For now, beheld of all, Milanion  
 Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds the  
 maid ?

Does she indeed see in his glittering eye  
 More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,  
 Some happy hope of help and victory ?  
 The others seemed to say, " We come to die,  
 Look down upon us for a little while,  
 That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this  
 He cast on her ? why were his lips so red ?  
 Why was his face so flushed with happiness ?  
 So looks not one who deems himself but dead.  
 E'en if to death he bows a willing head ;

So rather looks a god well pleased to find  
 Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,  
 And even as she casts adown her eyes  
 Redden to note his eager glance of praise,  
 And wish that she were clad in other guise ?  
 Why must the memory to her heart arise  
 Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,  
 Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word ?

What makes these longings, vague, without a  
 name,  
 And this vain pity never felt before,  
 This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,  
 This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,  
 These doubts that grow each minute more and  
 more ?

Why does she tremble as the time grows near,  
 And weak defeat and woful victory fear ?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,  
 Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out,  
 And forth they sprang ; and she must play her  
 part ;  
 Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,  
 Though slackening once, she turned her head  
 about,  
 But then she cried aloud and faster fled  
 Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,  
 And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew  
 And past the maid rolled on along the sand ;  
 Then trembling she her feet together drew,  
 And in her heart a strong desire there grew  
 To have the toy ; some god she thought had given  
 That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,  
 And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.  
 But when she turned again, the great-limbed man  
 Now well ahead she failed not to behold,  
 And mindful of her glory waxing cold,  
 Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,  
 Though with one hand she touched the golden  
 fruit.

Note, too, the bow that she was wont to bear  
 She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,  
 And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair  
 Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes  
 Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries  
 She sprang to head the strong Milanion,  
 Who now the turning-post had wellnigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,  
 White fingers underneath his own were laid,

And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit,  
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,  
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid  
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no  
    stay  
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,  
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,  
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound  
To keep the double prize, and strenuously  
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she  
To win the day, though now but scanty space  
Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet,  
Quickly she gained upon him, till at last  
He turned about her eager eyes to meet,  
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.  
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast  
After the prize that should her bliss fulfill,  
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win  
Once more, an unblest woful victory  
And yet — and yet — why does her breath begin  
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?  
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh  
The goal is? why do her gray eyes grow dim?  
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find  
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,  
A strong man's arms about her body twined.  
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,  
So wrapped she is in new, unbroken bliss:  
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,  
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

WILLIAM MORRIS

### THE SIESTA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Vientecico murmurador  
Que lo gozas y andas todo," etc.

AIRS, that wander and murmur round,  
    Bearing delight where'er ye blow!  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
    While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,  
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.  
Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast  
The pain she has waked may slumber no more.  
Breathing soft from the blue profound,  
    Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
    While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs! that over the bending boughs,  
    And under the shade of pendent leaves,  
Murmur soft, like my timid vows  
    Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves, —  
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,  
    Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
    While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### ACBAR AND NOURMAHAL.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

O, BEST of delights, as it everywhere is,  
To be near the loved *one*, — what a rapture is his  
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may  
    glide  
O'er the Lake of Cashmere with that *one* by his side!  
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think, think what a heaven she must make of  
    Cashmere!

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,  
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war  
He flew to that valley, forgetting them all  
With the Light of the Harem, his young Nour-  
    mahal.

When free and uncrowned as the conqueror roved  
By the banks of that lake, with his only beloved,  
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch  
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not  
    match.

And preferred in his heart the least ringlet that  
    curled  
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There's a beauty forever unchangingly bright,  
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer day's light,  
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.  
This *was* not the beauty — O, nothing like this,  
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss,  
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies  
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the  
    eyes;

Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his  
    dreams!

When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,  
That charm of all others, was born with her face;  
And when angry, — for even in the tranquildest  
    climes

Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes, —  
The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken  
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when  
    shaken.

If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye  
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,  
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings  
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings !  
 Then her mirth — O, 't was sportive as ever  
 took wing  
 From the heart with a burst like the wild-bird  
 in spring, —  
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.  
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;  
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,  
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over, —  
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
 When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun.  
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave  
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave ;  
 And though bright was his Harem, — a living  
 parterre  
 Of the flowers of this planet, — though treasures  
 were there,  
 For which Solomon's self might have given all  
 the store  
 That the navy from Ophir e'er winged to his shore,  
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,  
 And the Light of his Harem was young Nourmahal !

THOMAS MOORE.

### PYGMALION AND THE IMAGE.

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

A Man of Cyprus, a Sculptor named Pygmalion, made an Image of a Woman, fairer than any that had yet been seen, and in the end came to love his own handwork as though it had been alive ; wherefore, praying to Venus for help, he obtained his end, for she made the image alive indeed, and a Woman, and Pygmalion wedded her.

At Amathus, that from the southern side  
 Of Cyprus looks across the Syrian sea,  
 There did in ancient time a man abide  
 Known to the island-dwellers, for that he  
 Had wrought most godlike work in imagery,  
 And day by day still greater honor won, —  
 Which man our old books call Pygmalion.

The lessening marble that he worked upon  
 A woman's form now imaged doubtfully ;  
 And in such guise the work had he begun,  
 Because when he the untouched block did see  
 In wandering veins that form there seemed to be,

Whereon he cried out in a careless mood,  
 " O lady Venus, make this presage good !

" And then this block of stone shall be thy maid,  
 And, not without rich golden ornament,  
 Shall bide within thy quivering myrtle-shade." So spoke he, but the goddess, well content,  
 Unto his hand such godlike mastery sent,  
 That like the first artificer he wrought,  
 Who made the gift that woe to all men brought.

And yet, but such as he was wont to do,  
 At first indeed that work divine he deemed,  
 And as the white chips from the chisel flew  
 Of other matters languidly he dreamed,  
 For easy to his hand that labor seemed.  
 And he was stirred with many a troubling thought,  
 And many a doubt perplexed him as he wrought.

And yet, again, at last there came a day  
 When smoother and more shapely grew the stone,  
 And he, grown eager, put all thought away  
 But that which touched his craftsmanship alone,  
 And he would gaze at what his hands had done,  
 Until his heart with boundless joy would swell  
 That all was wrought so wonderfully well.

Yet long it was ere he was satisfied,  
 And with his pride that by his mastery  
 This thing was done, whose equal far and wide  
 In no town of the world a man could see,  
 Came burning longing that the work should be  
 E'en better still, and to his heart there came  
 A strange and strong desire he could not name.

The night seemed long, and long the twilight  
 seemed,  
 A vain thing seemed his flowery garden fair ;  
 Though through the night still of his work he  
 dreamed,  
 And though his smooth-stemmed trees so nigh it  
 were,  
 That thence he could behold the marble hair,  
 Naught was enough, until with steel in hand  
 He came before the wondrous stone to stand.

Blinded with tears, his chisel up he caught,  
 And, drawing near, and sighing, tenderly  
 Upon the marvel of the face he wrought,  
 E'en as he used to pass the long days by ;  
 But his sighs changed to sobbing presently,  
 And on the floor the useless steel he flung,  
 And, weeping loud, about the image clung.

" Alas ! " he cried, " why have I made thee then,  
 That thus thou mockest me ? I know indeed  
 That many such as thou are loved of men,  
 Whose passionate eyes poor wretches still will lead  
 Into their net, and smile to see them bleed ;

But these the Gods made, and this hand made thee  
Who wilt not speak one little word to me."

Then from the image did he draw aback  
To gaze on it through tears ; and you had said,  
Regarding it, that little did it lack  
To be a living and most lovely maid ;  
Naked it was, its unbound locks were laid  
Over the lovely shoulders ; with one hand  
Reached out, as to a lover, did it stand.

The other held a fair rose over-blown ;  
No smile was on the parted lips, the eyes  
Seemed as if even now great love had shown  
Unto them something of its sweet surprise,  
Yet saddened them with half-seen mysteries,  
And still midst passion maiden-like she seemed,  
As though of love unchanged for aye she dreamed.

Reproachfully beholding all her grace,  
Pygmalion stood, until he grew dry-eyed,  
And then at last he turned away his face  
As if from her cold eyes his grief to hide ;  
And thus a weary while did he abide,  
With nothing in his heart but vain desire,  
The ever-burning, unconsuming fire.

No word indeed the moveless image said,  
But with the sweet grave eyes his hands had  
wrought  
Still gazed down on his bowed imploring head ;  
Yet his own words some solace to him brought,  
Gilding the net wherein his soul was caught  
With something like to hope, and all that day  
Some tender words he ever found to say ;

And still he felt as something heard him speak ;  
Sometimes he praised her beauty, and sometimes  
Reproached her in a feeble voice and weak,  
And at the last drew forth a book of rhymes,  
Wherein were writ the tales of many climes,  
And read aloud the sweetness hid therein  
Of lovers' sorrows and their tangled sin.

And when the sun went down, the frankincense  
Again upon the altar-flame he cast  
That through the open window floating thence  
O'er the fresh odors of the garden passed ;  
And so another day was gone at last,  
And he no more his lovelorn watch could keep,  
But now for utter weariness must sleep.

But the next morn, e'en while the incense-smoke  
At snoring curled round about her head,  
Sweet sound of songs the wonted quiet broke  
Down in the street, and he, by something led,  
He knew not what, must leave his prayer unsaid,  
And through the freshness of the morn must see  
The folk who went with that sweet minstrelsy ;

Damsels and youths in wonderful attire,  
And in their midst upon a car of gold  
An image of the Mother of Desire,  
Wrought by his hands in days that seemed grown  
old,  
Though those sweet limbs a garment did enfold,  
Colored like flame, enwrought with precious  
things,  
Most fit to be the prize of striving kings.

Then he remembered that the manner was  
That fair-clad prieststhe lovely Queen should take  
Thrice in the year, and through the city pass,  
And with sweet songs the dreaming folk awake ;  
And through the clouds a light there seemed to  
break  
When he remembered all the tales well told  
About her glorious kindly deeds of old.

So his unfinished prayer he finished not,  
But, kneeling, once more kissed the marble feet,  
And, while his heart with many thoughts waxed  
hot,  
He clad himself with fresh attire and meet  
For that bright service, and with blossoms sweet  
Entwined with tenderleaves he crowned his head,  
And followed after as the goddess led.

So there he stood, that help from her to gain,  
Bewildered by that twilight midst of day ;  
Downcast with listening to the joyous strain  
He had no part in, hopeless with delay  
Of all the fair things he had meant to say ;  
Yet, as the incense on the flame he cast,  
From stammering lips and pale these words there  
passed, —

"O thou forgotten help, dost thou yet know  
What thing it is I need, when even I,  
Bent down before thee in this shame and woe,  
Can frame no set of words to tell thee why  
I needs must pray, O help me or I die !  
Or slay me, and in slaying take from me  
Even a dead man's feeble memory.

Yet soon, indeed, before his door he stood,  
And, as a man awaking from a dream,  
Seemed waked from his old folly ; naught seemed  
good  
In all the things that he before had deemed  
At least worth life, and on his heart there streamed  
Cold light of day, — he found himself alone,  
Reft of desire, all love and madness gone.

Thus to his chamber at the last he came,  
And, pushing through the still half-opened door,  
He stood within ; but there, for very shame  
Of all the things that he had done before,  
Still kept his eyes bent down upon the floor,

Thinking of all that he had done and said  
Since he had wrought that luckless marble maid.

Yet soft his thoughts were, and the very place  
Seemed perfumed with some nameless heavenly air.  
So gaining courage, did he raise his face  
Unto the work his hands had made so fair,  
And cried aloud to see the niche all bare  
Of that sweet form, while through his heart again  
There shot a pang of his old yearning pain.

Yet while he stood, and knew not what to do  
With yearning, a strange thrill of hope there came,  
A shaft of new desire now pierced him through,  
And therewithal a soft voice called his name,  
And when he turned, with eager eyes aflame,  
He saw betwixt him and the setting sun  
The lively image of his loved one.

He trembled at the sight, for though her eyes,  
Her very lips, were such as he had made,  
And though her tresses fell but in such guise  
As he had wrought them, now was she arrayed  
In that fair garment that the priests had laid  
Upon the goddess on that very morn,  
Dyed like the setting sun upon the corn.

Speechless he stood, but she now drew anear,  
Simple and sweet as she was wont to be,  
And once again her silver voice rang clear,  
Filling his soul with great felicity,  
And thus she spoke, "Wilt thou not come to me,  
O dear companion of my new-found life,  
For I am called thy lover and thy wife?"

She reached her hand to him, and with kind  
eyes  
Gazed into his; but he the fingers caught  
And drew her to him, and midst ecstasies  
Passing all words, yea, wellnigh passing thought,  
Felt that sweet breath that he so long had sought,  
Felt the warm life within her heaving breast  
As in his arms his living love he pressed.

But as his cheek touched hers he heard her say,  
"Wilt thou not speak, O love? why dost thou  
weep?  
Art thou then sorry for this long-wished day,  
Or dost thou think perchance thou wilt not keep  
This that thou holdest, but in dreamy sleep?  
Nay, let us do the bidding of the Queen,  
And hand in hand walk through thy garden  
green;

"Then shalt thou tell me, still beholding me,  
Full many things whereof I wish to know,  
And as we walk from whispering tree to tree  
Still more familiar to thee shall I grow,  
And such things shalt thou say unto me now

As when thou deemest thou wast quite alone,  
A madman kneeling to a thing of stone."

But at that word a smile lit up his eyes  
And therewithal he spake some loving word,  
And she at first looked up in grave surprise  
When his deep voice and musical she heard,  
And clung to him as somewhat grown afraid;  
Then cried aloud and said, "O mighty one!  
What joy with thee to look upon the sun!"

Then into that fair garden did they pass,  
And all the story of his love he told,  
And as the twin went o'er the dewy grass,  
Beneath the risen moon could he behold  
The bright tears trickling down, than, waxen  
bold,  
He stopped and said, "Ah, love, what meaneth  
this?  
Seest thou how tears still follow earthly bliss?"

Then both her white arms round his neck she  
threw,  
And sobbing said, "O love, what hurteth me?  
When first the sweetness of my life I knew,  
Not this I felt, but when I first saw thee  
A little pain and great felicity  
Rose up within me, and thy talk e'en now  
Made pain and pleasure ever greater grow."

"O sweet," he said, "this thing is even love,  
Whereof I told thee; that all wise men fear,  
But yet escape not; nay, to gods above,  
Unless the old tales lie, it draweth near.  
But let my happy ears, I pray thee, hear  
Thy story too, and how thy blessed birth  
Has made a heaven of this once lonely earth."

"My sweet," she said, "yet I am not wise,  
Or stored with words, aright thee to tell,  
But listen: when I opened first mine eye  
I stood within the niche thou knowest well,  
And from mine hand a heavy thing there fell  
Carved like these flowers, nor could I see things  
clear,  
And but a strange confused noise could hear.

"At last mine eyes could see a woman fair,  
But awful as this round white-moon o'erhead,  
So that I trembled when I saw her there,  
For with my life was born some touch of dread,  
And therewithal I heard her voice that said,  
'Come down, and learn to love and be alive,  
For thee, a well-prized gift, to-day I give.'

"Then on the floor I stepped, rejoicing much,  
Not knowing why, not knowing aught at all,  
Till she reached out her hand my breast to touch,  
And when her fingers thereupon did fall,

Thought came unto my life, and therewithal  
I knew her for a goddess, and began  
To murmur in some tongue unknown to man.

“And then indeed not in this guise was I.  
No sandals had I, and no saffron gown,  
But naked as thou knowest utterly,  
Even as my limbs beneath thine hand had grown,  
And this fair perfumed robe then fell adown  
Over the goddess' feet and swept the ground,  
And round her loins a glittering belt was bound.

“But when the stammering of my tongue she  
heard

Upon my trembling lips her hand she laid,  
And spoke again, ‘Nay, say not any word,  
All that thine heart would say I know unsaid,  
Who even now thine heart and voice have made;  
But listen rather, for thou knowest now  
What these words mean, and still wilt wiser grow.

“Thy body, lifeless till I gave it life,  
A certain man, my servant, well hath wrought,  
I give thee to him as his love and wife,  
With all thy dowry of desire and thought,  
Since this his yearning heart hath ever sought;  
Now from my temple is he on the way,  
Deeming to find thee e'en as yesterday;

“Bide thou his coming by the bed-head there,  
And when thou seest him set his eyes upon  
Thine empty niche, and hear'st him cry for care,  
Then call him by his name, Pygmalion,  
And certainly thy lover hast thou won;  
But when he stands before thee silently,  
Say all these words that I shall teach to thee.’

“With that she said what first I told thee, love,  
And then went on, ‘Moreover thou shalt say  
That I, the daughter of almighty Jove,  
Have wrought for him this long-desired day;  
In sign whereof, these things that pass away,  
Wherein mine image men have well arrayed,  
I give thee for thy wedding gear, O maid.’

“Therewith her raiment she put off from her,  
And laid bare all her perfect loveliness,  
And, smiling on me, came yet more anear,  
And on my mortal lips her lips did press,  
And said, ‘Now herewith shalt thou love no less  
Than Psyche loved my son in days of old;  
Farewell, of thee shall many a tale be told.’

“And even with that last word was she gone,  
How, I know not, and I my limbs arrayed  
In her fair gifts, and waited thee alone—  
Ah, love, indeed the word is true she said,  
For now I love thee so, I grow afraid

(Of what the gods upon our heads may send—  
I love thee so, I think upon the end.”

What words he said? How can I tell again  
What words they said beneath the glimmering  
light,

Some tongue they used unknown to loveless men  
As each to each they told their great delight,  
Until for stillness of the growing night  
Their soft sweet murmuring words seemed grow-  
ing loud,

And dim the moon grew, hid by fleecy cloud.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

#### MEETING.

THE gray sea, and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves, that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears:  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.

#### A MAIDEN WITH A MILKING-PAIL.

##### I.

WHAT change has made the pastures sweet,  
And reached the daisies at my feet,

And cloud that wears a golden hem?  
This lovely world, the hills, the sward,—  
They all look fresh, as if our Lord  
But yesterday had finished them.

And here's the field with light aglow:  
How fresh its boundary lime-trees show!  
And how its wet leaves trembling shine!  
Between their trunks come through to me  
The morning sparkles of the sea,  
Below the level browzing line.

I see the pool, more clear by half  
Than pools where other waters laugh  
Up at the breasts of coot and rail.  
There, as she passed it on her way,  
I saw reflected yesterday

A maiden with a milking-pail.



There neither slowly nor in haste, —  
 One hand upon her slender waist,  
 The other lifted to her pail, —  
 She, rosy in the morning light,  
 Among the water-daisies white,  
 Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod  
 The lucky buttercups did nod :  
 I leaned upon the gate to see.  
 The sweet thing looked, but did not speak ;  
 A dimple came in either cheek,  
 And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,  
 And she came up like coming fate,  
 I saw my picture in her eyes, —  
 Clear dancing eyes, more black than does 't  
 Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows  
 Among white-headed majesties !

I said, " A tale was made of old  
 That I would fain to thee unfold :  
 Ah ! let me, — let me tell the tale."  
 But high she held her comely head :  
 " I cannot heed it now," she said,  
 " For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. — What good to make ado ?  
 I held the gate, and she came through,  
 And took her homeward path anon.  
 From the clear pool her face had fled ;  
 It rested on my heart instead,  
 Reflected when the mail was gone.

With happy youth, and work content,  
 So sweet and stately, on she went,  
 Right careless of the untold tale.  
 Each step she took I loved her more,  
 And followed to her dairy door  
 The maiden with the milking-pail.

## II.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,  
 How fine, how blest a thing is work !  
 For work does good when reasons fail, —  
 Good ; yet the ax at every stroke  
 The echo of a name awoke,  
 Her name is Mary Martindale.

I'm glad that echo was not heard  
 Aright by other men. — A bird  
 Knows doubtless what his own notes tell ;  
 And I know not, — but I can say  
 I felt as shamefaced all that day  
 As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow  
 I went — I could not choose but go  
 To that same dairy on the hill ;  
 And while sweet Mary moved about  
 Within, I came to her without,  
 And leaned upon the window-sill.

The garden border where I stood  
 Was sweet with pinks and south-wood.  
 I spoke, — her answer seemed to fail.  
 I smelt the pinks, — I could not see ;  
 The dusk came down and sheltered me ;  
 And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell ?  
 I begged a kiss, — I pleaded well :  
 The rosebud lips did long to give ;  
 But yet, I think — I think 't is true —  
 That, leaned at last into the dew,  
 One little instant they were mine !

O life ! how dear thou hast become !  
 She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb !  
 But evening counsels best prevail.  
 Fair shine the blue that o'er her head,  
 Green be the pasture where she treads,  
 The maiden with the milking-pail.

J. A. S. 1848.

## THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Turn, turn, for my cheeks they burn,  
 Turn by the dale, my Harry !  
 Fill pail, fill pail,  
 He has turned by the dale,  
 And there by the stile waits Harry.  
 Fill, fill,  
 Fill pail, fill,  
 For there by the stile waits Harry !  
 The world may go round, the world may stand still,  
 But I can milk and marry,  
 Fill pail,  
 I can milk and marry.

Whough, whough !  
 O, if we two  
 Stood down there now by the water,  
 I know who 'd carry me over the ford  
 As brave as a soldier, as proud as a lord,  
 Though I don't live over the water.  
 Whough, whough ! he's whistling through,  
 He's whistling " The Farmer's Daughter."  
 Give down, give down,  
 My crumpled brown !  
 He shall not take the road to the town,  
 For I 'll meet him beyond the water.  
 Give down, give down,  
 My crumpled brown !

And send me to my Harry.  
The folk o' towns  
May have silken gowns,  
But I can milk and marry,  
Fillpail,  
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh ! he has whistled through,  
He has whistled through the water.  
Fill, fill, with a will, a will,  
For he's whistled through the water,  
And he's whistling down  
The way to the town,  
And it's not "The Farmer's Daughter !"  
Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer,  
The sun sets over the water,  
Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer,  
I'm too late for my Harry !  
And, O, if he goes a-soldiering,  
The cows they may low, the bells they may ring,  
But I'll neither milk nor marry,  
Fillpail.  
Neither milk nor marry.

My brow beats on thy flank, Fillpail,  
Give down, good wench, give down !  
I know the primrose bank, Fillpail,  
Between him and the town.  
Give down, good wench, give down, Fillpail,  
And he shall not reach the town !  
Strain, strain ! he's whistling again,  
He's nearer by half a mile.  
More, more ! O, never before  
Were you such a weary while !  
Fill, fill ! he's crossed the hill,  
I can see him down by the stile,  
He's passed the hay, he's coming this way,  
He's coming to me, my Harry !  
Give silken gowns to the folks o' towns,  
He's coming to me, my Harry !  
There's not so grand a dame in the land,  
That she walks to-night with Harry !  
Come late, come soon, come sun, come moon,  
O, I can milk and marry,  
Fillpail,  
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh ! he has whistled through,  
My Harry ! my lad ! my lover !  
Set the sun and fall the dew,  
Heigh-ho, merry world, what's to do  
That you're smiling over and over ?  
Up on the hill and down in the dale,  
And along the tree-tops over the vale  
Shining over and over,  
Low in the grass and high on the bough,  
Shining over and over,  
O world, have you ever a lover ?  
You were so dull and cold just now,

O world, have you ever a lover ?  
I could not see a leaf on the tree,  
And now I could count them, one, two, three,  
Count them over and over,  
Leaf from leaf like lips apart,  
Like lips apart for a lover.  
And the hillside beats with my beating heart,  
And the apple-tree blushes all over,  
And the May bough touched me and made me  
start,  
And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull ! and the pail is full,  
And milking's done and over.  
Who would not sit here under the tree ?  
What a fair fair thing's a green field to see !  
Brim, brim, to the rim, ah me !  
I have set my pail on the daisies !  
It seems so light, — can the sun be set !  
The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet.  
I could cry to have hurt the daisies !  
Harry is near, Harry is near,  
My heart's as sick as if he were here,  
My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,  
He has n't uttered a word as yet,  
But the air's astir with his praises.  
My Harry !  
The air's astir with your praises.

He has sealed the rock by the pixy's stone,  
He's among the kingcups — he picks me one,  
I love the grass that I tread upon  
When I go to my Harry !  
He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the  
knowe,  
There's never a faster foot I trow,  
But still he seems to tarry.  
O Harry ! O Harry ! my love, my pride,  
My heart is leaping, my arms are wide !  
Roll up, roll up, you dull hillside,  
Roll up, and bring my Harry !  
They may talk of glory over the sea,  
But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me,  
My love, my lad, my Harry !  
Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow,  
What cares Dolly, whether or no,  
While I can milk and marry ?  
Right or wrong, and wrong or right,  
Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,  
But I'll bring my pail home every night  
To love, and home, and Harry !  
We'll drink our can, we'll eat our eake,  
There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the  
bake,  
The world may sleep, the world may wake,  
But I shall milk and marry,  
And marry,  
I shall milk and marry.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN.\*

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,  
Half hid in lilacs down the lane ;  
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,  
A wistful look she backward cast,  
And said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

With hand on latch, a vision white  
Lingered reluctant, and again,  
Half doubting if she did aright,  
Soft as the dews that fell that night,  
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair ;  
I linger in delicious pain ;  
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air  
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,  
Thinks she, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'T is thirteen years : once more I press  
The turf that silences the lane ;  
I hear the rustle of her dress,  
I smell the lilacs, and — ah yes,  
I hear "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !  
The English words had seemed too fain,  
But these — they drew us heart to heart,  
Yet held us tenderly apart ;  
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.

I GREW assured, before I asked,  
That she 'd be mine without reserve,  
And in her unclaimed graces basket  
At leisure, till the time should serve, —  
With just enough of dread to thrill  
The hope, and make it trebly dear :  
Thus loath to speak the word, to kill  
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning late,  
Her laughing sisters lagged behind ;  
And ere we reached her father's gate,  
We paused with one presentient mind :  
And, in the dim and perfumed mist  
Their coming stayed, who, blithe and free,  
And very women, loved to assist  
A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died, my trembling word ;  
To faint and frail cathedral chimes  
Spoke time in music, and we heard  
The chafers rustling in the limes.

\* Till we meet again ; like *au revoir* in French.

Her dress, that touched me where I stood ;  
The warmth of her confided arm ;  
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood ;  
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;

Her look, her love, her form, her touch !  
The least seemed most by blissful turn, —  
Blissful but that it pleased too much,  
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.  
It was as if a harp with wires  
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;  
And O, sweet meeting of desires !  
She, answering, owned that she loved too.

COUNTRY FAIRING.

## ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

FROM THE SPANISH

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into  
the well,  
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."  
'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Abu-  
harez' daughter, —

"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the  
cold blue water.

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his  
far-well,

And what to say when he comes back, alas! I can-  
not tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls  
in silver set,

That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should  
him forget,

That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile  
on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those  
ear-rings pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped  
them in the well,

O, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they  
should have been,

Not of pearl and silver, but of gold and glittering  
sheen,

Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,  
Changing to the changing light, with radiance  
insincere ;

That changeful mind unchanging gems are not  
befitting well, —

Thus will he think, — and what to say, alas! I can-  
not tell.

"He'll think when I to market went I loitered by  
the way ;

He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads  
might say ;

He'll think some other lover's hand, among my  
tresses noosed,  
From the ears where he had placed them my rings  
of pearl unloosed ;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this  
marble well,

My pearls fell in,— and what to say, alas! I can-  
not tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same.  
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of  
his flame,—

But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had  
broken,

And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for  
his token

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O, luckless, luckless  
well!"

For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will  
believe

That I've thought of him at morning, and  
thought of him at eve :

That missing on my lover, when down the sun was  
gone,

His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain  
all alone,

And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my  
hand they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie  
in the well."

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

"O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH."

FROM "THE PRINCESS"

"O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and  
light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!"

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with  
love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green"

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown,  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made,

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her  
mine,

And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"ASK ME NO MORE."

FROM "THE PRINCESS"

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take  
the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;

But, O too fond ! when have I answered thee ?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more — what answer should I give  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;

Ask me no more

Ask me no more — thy fate and mine are sealed

I strove against the stream, and all in vain ;

Let the great river take me to the main

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;

Ask me no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ARTHUR AND ETHELDA.

ARTHUR. . . . . Appeared

The princess with that merry child Prince Guy

He loves me well, and made her stop and sit,

And sat upon her knee, and it so chanced

That in his various chatter he denied

That I could hold his hand within my own

So closely as to hide it : this being tried

Was proved against him ; he insisted then

I could not by his royal sister's hand

Do likewise. Starting at the random word,

And dumb with trepidation, there I stood

Some seconds as bewitched ; then I looked up,

And in her face beheld an orient flush

Of half-bewildered pleasure : from which trance

She with an instant ease resumed herself,

And frankly, with a pleasant laugh, held out

Her arrowy hand.

I thought it trembled as it lay in mine,

But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,

And said that she felt nothing.

SIDROE. And what felt it then?

ATHULP. A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous  
long tumbling,

As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom.

I said I was ashamed. — Sidroe, you smile,

If at my folly, well! — But if you smile,

Suspicious of a taint upon my heart,

Wide is your error, and you never loved.

HENRY TAYLOR

SEVEN TIMES THREE.

1877

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover.

Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate.

"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my own  
lover —

Hush, nightingale, hush! — O sweet nightingale,  
wait

Till I listen and hear

If a step draweth near,

For my love he is late."

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and  
nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree.

The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes nearer,

To what art thou listening, and I what dost thou  
hear?"

Let the star-clusters glow,

Let the sweet water flow,

And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims  
over

From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;  
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway dis-  
cover

To him that comes darning along the rough  
steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,

For the time runs to waste,

And my love lieth deep."

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,  
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-  
night."

By the sycamore passed he, and through the white  
clover;

Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took  
flight;

But I'll love him more, more

Than e'er wife loved before,

Be the days dark or bright.

JEAN INGELW

FATIMA AND RADUAN

1877

Translated from the Arabic

Translated from the Persian

"FALSE diamond set in soft hand heart in  
his agnity breast!"

By softer, warmer bosom the tiger's coat does rest.

Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as  
the wind,

And the restless ever-dancing flame is not more  
hard to find.

If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few  
would be

To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown  
to me.

Oh! I told him thus sharply, — but he would not  
know.

That she who chides her lover stung was I, and so  
he goes.

"Thou hast called me off the flower of all Gra-  
nadat maid,

Thou hast said that by the side of me the first and  
fairest fates.

And they thought thy heart was mine, but it  
seemed to every one

That what thou didst to win my love, for love of  
me was done.

As if thou didst know this, as if thou didst know  
They would regret as another mark to which thou  
arties go."

But thou'g'st little heed, — for I speak to thee  
who know.

That she who chides her lover forgives him, and  
he goes.

"It wearies me, mine energy, that I must weep  
and bear

What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills thy  
own with care.

Thou art beagued with those that hate me, and  
ah! thou knowst I feel

That cruel words as surely kill as sharpest blades  
of steel.

T was the doubt that thou wert false that wrong  
my heart with pain."

But, now I know thy perfidy, I shall bewail again.  
I would proclaim thee as thou art — but every  
maiden knows

That she who chides her lover forgives him, and  
he goes."

Thus Fatima complained to the valiant Raduan.

Where underneath the myrtles Allah's heres' fairs  
tains rest.

The Moor was wily, moved, and his own case he knew.

He took her white hand in his own, and pleaded  
that his cause:

"O lady, dry those star-like eyes, — their dim-  
ness does me wrong;  
If my heart be made of flint, at least 't will keep  
thy image long;  
Thou hast uttered cruel words, — but I grieve the  
less for those,  
Since she who chides her lover forgives him ere  
he goes."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYAN

#### THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;  
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;  
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,  
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knit-  
ting, —

"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."

"'T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass  
flapping."

"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"'T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer  
wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,

Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's  
stirring;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,

Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden sing-  
ing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window,  
I wonder!"

"'T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush  
under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your  
stool on,

And singing all wrong that old song of 'The  
Coolun'!"

There's a form at the casement, — the form of  
her true-love, —

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting  
for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step  
lightly,

We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shin-  
ing brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,

Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's  
stirring;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,

Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden sing-  
ing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fin-  
gers,

Steals up from her seat, — longs to go, and yet  
lingers:

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-  
mother,

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with  
the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;

Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;

Noiseless and light to the lattice above her

The maid steps, — then leaps to the arms of her  
lover.

Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel  
swings;

Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings;

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and  
moving,

Through the grove the young lovers by moon-  
light are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

#### A SPINSTER'S STINT.

SIX skeins and three, six skeins and three!

Good mother, so you stinted me,

And here they be, — ay, six and three!

Stop, busy wheel! stop, noisy wheel!

Long shadows down my chamber steal,

And warn me to make haste and reel.

'T is done, — the spinning work complete;

O heart of mine, what makes you beat

So fast and sweet, so fast and sweet?

I must have wheat and pinks, to stick

My hat from brim to ribbon, thick, —

Slow hands of mine, be quick, be quick!

One, two, three stars along the skies

Begin to wink their golden eyes, —

I'll leave my thread all knots and ties.

O moon, so red! O moon, so red!

Sweetheart of night, go straight to bed;

Love's light will answer in your stead.

A-tiptoe, beckoning me, he stands, —

Stop trembling, little foolish hands,

And stop the bands, and stop the bands!

ALICE CARY

#### SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY'S courting somebody

Somewhere or other to-night;

Somebody's whispering to somebody,

Somebody's listening to somebody,

Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,  
Running so still and slow,  
Talking so soft and low,  
She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,  
Edged by the foaming roar,  
Words never used before  
Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple-tree  
Deep though the shadow be,  
Plain enough they can see,  
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,  
Though she is out so late,  
All know she's at the gate,  
Talking with somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door,  
Two shadows on the floor,  
Moonlight, reveal no more,  
Susy and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,  
Float with the ebbing tide,  
"Thus, dearest, may we glide  
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody  
Makes love to somebody  
To-night.

ANONYMOUS

## THE MISTRESS.

If he's capricious, she'll be so ;  
But, if his duties constant are,  
She lets her loving favor glow  
As steady as a tropic star.  
Appears there naught for which to weep,  
She'll weep for naught for his dear sake ;  
She clasps her sister in her sleep ;  
Her love in dreams is most awake.  
Her soul, that once with pleasure shook  
Did any eyes her beauty own,  
Now wonders how they dare to look  
On what belongs to him alone.  
The indignity of taking gifts  
Exhilarates her loving breast ;  
A rapture of submission lifts  
Her life into celestial rest.  
There's nothing left of what she was, —  
Back to the babe the woman dies ;  
And all the wisdom that she has  
Is to love him for being wise.  
She's confident because she fears ;  
And, though discreet when he's away,  
If none but her dear despot hears,  
She'll prattle like a child at play.

Perchance, when of her praise is said)

He tells the news, — a battle won —  
On either side ten thousand dead, —  
Describing how the whole was done ;  
She thinks, " He's looking on my face !  
I am his joy ; what'er I do,  
He sees such time-contenting grace  
In that, he'd have me always so !"  
And, evermore, for either's sake,  
To the sweet folly of the dove  
She joins the cunning of the snake,  
To rivet and exalt his love.

Her me-lo of candor is leav'd ;  
And what she thinks from what she'll say  
(Although I'll never call her cheat)  
Lies far as Seot and I from Cathay.  
Without his knowledge he was won,  
Against his nature kept de vout ;  
She'll never tell him how 't was done,  
And he will never find it out.  
If, sudden, he suspects her wiles,  
And hears her forging chain and trap,  
And looks, — she sits in simple smiles,  
Her two hands lying in her lap !  
Her secret (privilege of the Bard,  
Whose fancy is of either sex)  
Is mine ; but let the darkness guard  
Mysteries that light would more perplex.

CAVENTRY LAMERE.

## BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing ! cannie wee thing !  
Lovely wee thing ! wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.  
Wishtfully I look, and languish,  
In that bonnie face o' thine ;  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.  
Wit and grace, and love and beauty,  
In ae constellation shine ;  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine !  
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.

ROBERT BURNS.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING  
YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE ME, if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arm,  
Like fairy-gifts fading away,

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear!

O, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets  
The same look which she turned when he rose!

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

YEAR after year unto her feet,  
She lying on her couch alone,  
Across the purple coverlet,  
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown;  
On either side her trauced form  
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;  
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,  
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid  
Unto her limbs itself doth mould,  
Languidly ever; and amid  
Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,  
Gloweth forth each softly shadowed arm,  
With bracelets of the diamond bright.  
Her constant beauty doth inform  
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart.  
The fragrant tresses are not stirred  
That lie upon her charmed heart.  
She sleeps; on either hand upswells  
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE REVIVAL OF THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY."

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.  
There rose a noise of striking clocks;  
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;  
A fuller light illumined all;  
A breeze through all the garden swept;  
A sudden hubbub shook the hall;  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,  
The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled;  
The maid and page renewed their strife;  
The palace banged, and buzzed, and clucked;  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,  
And in his chair himself appeared,  
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke:  
"By holy rood, a royal beard!  
How say you? we have slept, my lords;  
My beard has grown into my lap."  
The barons swore, with many words,  
"T was but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still  
My joints are something stiff or so.  
My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
I mentioned half an hour ago?"  
The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
In courteous words returned reply;  
But dallied with his golden chain,  
And, smiling, put the question by.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY" DEPARTS WITH HER LOVER.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

AND on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold;  
And far across the hills they went  
In that new world which is the old.  
Across the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day,  
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,  
O love, for such another kiss!"  
"O, wake forever, love," she hears,  
"O love, 't was such as this and this."  
And o'er them many a sliding star,  
And many a merry wind was borne,  
And, streamed through many a golden bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"  
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"  
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"  
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"  
And o'er them many a flowing range  
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;  
And, rapt through many a rosy change,  
The twilight died into the dark.



"A hundred summers! can it be?  
And whither goest thou, tell me where!"  
"O, seek my father's court with me,  
For there are greater wonders there."  
And o'er the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
Beyond the night, across the day,  
Through all the world she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

## I.

ST. AGNES' EVE, — ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limped trembling through the frozen  
grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer old,  
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,  
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer  
he saith.

## II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;  
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;  
The sculptured dead, on each side seemed to freeze,  
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oat'ries,  
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails  
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

## III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue  
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;  
But no, — already had his death-bell rung;  
The joys of all his life were said and sung;  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to  
grieve.

## IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft:  
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,  
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;  
The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;  
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise  
on their breasts.

## V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
Numerous as shadows haunting fairyly  
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs  
gay  
Of old romance. These let us wish away;  
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,  
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,  
As she had heard old dames full many times de-  
clare.

## VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they de-  
sire.

## VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;  
The music, yearning like a god in pain,  
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,  
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
Pass by, — she heeded not at all; in vain  
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
And back retired, not cooled by high disdain,  
But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere;  
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the  
year.

## VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,  
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;  
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs  
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort  
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;  
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,  
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amorn  
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

## IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,  
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and im-  
plores  
All saints to give him sight of Madeline;  
But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;  
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss, — in sooth  
such things have been.

## X.

He ventures in ; let no buzzed whisper tell ;  
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
 Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel ;  
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,  
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
 Against his lineage ; not one breast affords  
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

## XI.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came,  
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,  
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland.  
 He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,  
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,  
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro ! hie thee from this  
 place ;  
 They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty  
 race !

## XII.

"Get hence ! get hence ! there's dwarfish Hilde-  
 brand ;  
 He had a fever late, and in the fit  
 He cursed thee and thine, both house and land ;  
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
 More tame for his gray hairs — alas me ! flit !  
 Flit like a ghost away !" — "Ah, gossip dear,  
 We're safe enough ; here in this arm-chair sit,  
 And tell me how" — "Good saints, not here, not  
 here ;  
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy  
 bier."

## XIII.

He followed through a lowly arch'd way,  
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume ;  
 And as she muttered "Well-a — well-a-day !"  
 He found him in a little moonlight room,  
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he ;  
 "O, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

## XIV.

"St. Agnes ! Ah ! it is St. Agnes' Eve, —  
 Yet men will murder upon holy days ;  
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
 And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,  
 To venture so. It fills me with amaze  
 To see thee, Porphyro ! — St. Agnes' Eve !  
 God's help ! my lady fair the conjurer plays  
 This very night ; good angels her deceive !  
 But let me laugh awhile, I've nickle time to  
 grieve."

## XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
 Like puzzled urelin on an aged crook  
 Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,  
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.  
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
 His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook  
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

## XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
 Made purple riot ; then doth he propose  
 A stratagem that makes the beldame start :  
 "A cruel man and impious thou art !  
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream  
 Alone with her good angels, far apart  
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go ! I deem  
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst  
 seem."

## XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear !"  
 Quoth Porphyro ; "O, may I ne'er find grace  
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face :  
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears ;  
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,  
 And beard them, though they be more fanged  
 than wolves and bears."

## XVIII.

"Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?  
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,  
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;  
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,  
 Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she  
 bring  
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro ;  
 So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
 That Angela gives promise she will do  
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

## XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
 Him in a closet, of such privacy  
 That he might see her beauty unespied,  
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride ;  
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,  
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
 Never on such a night have lovers met,  
 Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous  
 debt.

## XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame ;  
 "All eates and dainties shall be stor'd there  
 Quickly on this feast-night ; by the tambour  
 frame

Her own lute thou wilt see ; no time to spare,  
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
 Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in  
 prayer  
 The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,  
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

## XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.  
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed :  
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear  
 To follow her ; with aged eyes aghast  
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and  
 chaste :  
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.  
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her  
 brain.

## XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,  
 Oh! Angela was feeling for the stair,  
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware ;  
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led  
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed !  
 She comes, she comes again, like a ring-dove  
 frayed and fled.

## XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;  
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died ;  
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin  
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide ;  
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !  
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side :  
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her  
 dell.

## XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
 All garlanded with carven imageries  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings ;  
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,

And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of  
 queens and kings.

## XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;  
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint ;  
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,  
 Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint :  
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal  
 taint.

## XXVI.

Anon his heart revives ; her vespers done,  
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;  
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees ;  
 Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is  
 fled.

## XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,  
 Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed  
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;  
 Flown like a thought, until the morrow-dry ;  
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain :  
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynim pray ;  
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

## XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,  
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced  
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;  
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,  
 And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,  
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,  
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how  
 fast she stept.

## XXIX.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon  
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
 A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon  
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet :—  
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !  
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,

Affray his ears, though but in dying tone : —  
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

## XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered ;  
While he from forth the closet brought a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;  
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon ;  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred  
From Fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

## XXXI.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
Of wreathèd silver. Sumptuous they stand  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —  
“ And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !  
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite ;  
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

## XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
By the dusk curtains ; — 't was a midnight charm  
Impossible to melt as icèd stream :  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies ;  
It seemed he never, never could redeem  
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;  
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofèd fantasies.

## XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute. —  
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,  
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
In Provence called “ La belle dame sans mercy ” ;  
Close to her ear touching the melody : —  
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan ;  
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly  
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone ;  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured  
stone.

## XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.  
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled  
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep ;  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;  
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep.  
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

## XXXV.

“ Ah, Porphyro ! ” said she, “ but even now  
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
Made tunable with every sweetest vow ;  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear ;  
How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and  
drear !  
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !  
O, leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go.”

## XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star  
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —  
Solation sweet ; meantime the frost-wind blows  
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath  
set.

## XXXVII.

“ T is dark ; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet ;  
“ This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline ! ”  
“ T is dark ; the icèd gusts still rave and beat :  
“ No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !  
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —  
Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?  
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ; —  
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unpruned wing.”

## XXXVIII.

“ My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !  
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?  
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil  
dyed ?  
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
After so many hours of toil and quest,  
A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.  
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,  
Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well  
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

## XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall !  
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,  
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
With a huge empty flagon by his side ;  
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns ;  
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide ;  
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;  
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

## XLII.

And they are gone ! ay, ages long ago  
 These lovers fled away into the storm.  
 That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,  
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
 Of witch, and demon, and large collin-worm,  
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;  
 The beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
 For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

## THE LITTLE MILLINER.

My girl hath violet eyes and yellow hair,  
 A soft hand, like a lady's, small and fair,  
 A sweet face pouting in a white straw bonnet,  
 A tiny foot, and little boot upon it ;  
 And all her finery to charm beholders  
 Is the gray shawl drawn tight around her shoulders,  
 The plain stuff-gown and collar white as snow,  
 And sweet red petticoat that peeps below.  
 But gladly in the busy town goes she,  
 Summer and winter, fearing nobody ;  
 She pats the pavement with her fairy feet,  
 With fearless eyes she charms the crowded street :  
 And in her pocket lie, in lieu of gold,  
 A lucky sixpence and a thimble old.

We lodged in the same house a year ago  
 She on the topmost floor, I just below, —  
 She, a poor milliner, content and wise,  
 I, a poor city clerk, with hopes to rise ;  
 And, long ere we were friends, I learnt to love  
 The little angel on the floor above.  
 For, every morn, ere from my bed I stirred,  
 Her chamber door would open, and I heard, —  
 And listened, blushing, to her coming down,  
 And palpitated with her rustling gown,  
 And tingled while her foot went downward slow,  
 Creaked like a cricket, passed, and died below ;  
 Then, peeping from the window, pleased and sly,  
 I saw the pretty shining face go by,  
 Healthy and rosy, fresh from slumber sweet, —  
 A sunbeam in the quiet morning street.

And every night, when in from work she tript,  
 Red to the ears, I from my chamber slipt,  
 That I might hear upon the narrow stair  
 Her low "Good evening," as she passed me there.  
 And when her door was closed, below sat I,  
 And hearkened stilly as she stirred on high, —  
 Watched the red firelight shadows in the room,  
 Fashioned her face before me in the gloom,  
 And heard her close the window, lock the door,  
 Moving about more lightly than before,

And thought, "She is undressing now!" and O,  
 My cheeks were hot, my heart was in a glow !  
 And I made pictures of her, — standing bright  
 Before the looking-glass in bed-gown white,  
 Unbinding in a knot her yellow hair,  
 Then kneeling timidly to say a prayer ;  
 Till, last, the floor creaked softly overhead,  
 'Neath bare feet tripping to the little bed, —  
 And all was hushed. Yet still I hearkened on,  
 Till the faint sounds about the streets were gone ;  
 And saw her slumbering with lips apart,  
 One little hand upon her little heart,  
 The other pillowing a face that smiled  
 In slumber like the slumber of a child,  
 The bright hair shining round the small white ear,  
 The soft breath stealing visible and clear,  
 And mixing with the moon's, whose frosty gleam  
 Made round her rest a vaporous light of dream.

How free she wandered in the wicked place,  
 Protected only by her gentle face !  
 She saw bad things, — how could she choose but  
 see ? —

She heard of wantonness and misery ;  
 The city closed around her night and day,  
 But lightly, happily, she went her way.  
 Nothing of evil that she saw or heard  
 Could touch a heart so innocently stirred  
 By simple hopes that cheered it through the storm,  
 And little flutterings that kept it warm.  
 No power had she to reason out her needs,  
 To give the whence and wherefore of her deeds ;  
 But she was good and pure amid the strife,  
 By virtue of the joy that was her life.  
 Here, where a thousand spirits daily fall,  
 Where heart and soul and senses turn to gall,  
 She floated, pure as innocent could be,  
 Like a small sea-bird on a stormy sea,  
 Which breasts the billows, wafted to and fro,  
 Fearless, uninjured, while the strong winds blow,  
 While the clouds gather, and the waters roar,  
 And mighty ships are broken on the shore.

'T was when the spring was coming, when the  
 snow  
 Had melted, and fresh winds began to blow,  
 And girls were selling violets in the town,  
 That suddenly a fever struck me down.  
 The world was changed, the sense of life was pained,  
 And nothing but a shadow-land remained ;  
 Death came in a dark mist and looked at me,  
 I felt his breathing, though I could not see,  
 But heavily I lay and did not stir,  
 And had strange images and dreams of her.  
 Then came a vacancy : with feeble breath,  
 I shivered under the cold touch of Death,  
 And swooned among strange visions of the dead,  
 When a voice called from heaven, and he fled :

And suddenly I wakened, as it seemed,  
From a deep sleep wherein I had not dreamed.

And it was night, and I could see and hear,  
And I was in the room I held so dear,  
And unaware, stretched out upon my bed,  
I hearkened for a footstep overhead.

But all was hushed. I looked around the room,  
And slowly made out shapes amid the gloom.  
The wall was reddened by a rosy light,  
A faint fire flickered, and I knew 't was night,  
Because below there was a sound of feet  
Flying away along the quiet street, —  
When, turning my pale face and sighing low,  
I saw a vision in the quiet glow :  
A little figure, in a cotton gown,  
Looking upon the fire and stooping down,  
Her side to me, her face illumed, she eyed  
Two chestnuts burning slowly, side by side, —  
Her lips apart, her clear eyes strained to see,  
Her little hands clasped tight around her knee,  
The firelight gleaming on her golden head,  
And tinting her white neck to rosy red,  
Her features bright, and beautiful, and pure,  
With childish fear and yearning half demure.  
O sweet, sweet dream ! I thought, and strained  
mine eyes,  
Fearing to break the spell with words and sighs.

Softly she stooped, her dear face sweetly fair,  
And sweeter since a light like love was there,  
Brightening, watching, more and more elate,  
As the nuts glowed together in the grate,  
Crackling with little jets of fiery light,  
Till side by side they turned to ashes white, —  
Then up she leapt, her face cast off its fear  
For rapture that itself was radiance clear,  
And would have clapped her little hands in glee,  
But, pausing, bit her lips and peeped at me,  
And met the face that yearned on her so whitely,  
And gave a cry and trembled, blushing brightly,  
While, raised on elbow, as she turned to flee,  
"Polly," I cried, — and grew as red as she !

It was no dream ! for soon my thoughts were  
clear,  
And she could tell me all, and I could hear  
How in my sickness friendless I had lain ;  
How the bad people pitied not my pain ;  
How, in despite of what bad people said,  
She left her labors, stopped beside my bed,  
And nursed me, thinking sadly I would die ;  
How, in the end, the danger passed me by :  
How she had sought to steal away before  
The sickness passed, and I was strong once more.  
By fits she told the story in mine ear,  
And troubled all the telling with a fear

Lest by my cold man's heart she should be chid,  
Lest I should think her bold in what she did ;  
But, lying on my bed, I dared to say,  
How I had watched and loved her many a day ;  
How dear she was to me, and dearer still  
For that strange kindness done while I was ill ;  
And how I could but think that Heaven above  
Had done it all to bind our lives in love.  
And Polly cried, turning her face away,  
And seemed afraid, and answered "yea" nor  
"nay" ;  
Then stealing close, with little pants and sighs,  
Looked on my pale thin face and earnest eyes,  
And seemed in act to fling her arms about  
My neck, then, blushing, paused, in fluttering  
doubt.  
Last, sprang upon my heart, sighing and sob-  
bing, —  
That I might feel how gladly hers was throbbing !

Ah ! ne'er shall I forget until I die  
How happily the dreamy days went by,  
While I grew well, and lay with soft heart-beats,  
Hear'ning the pleasant murmur from the streets,  
And Polly by me like a sunny beam,  
And life all changed, and love a drowsy dream !  
'T was happiness enough to lie and see  
The little golden head bent droopingly  
Over its sewing, while the still time flew,  
And my fond eyes were dim with happy dew !  
And then, when I was nearly well and strong,  
And she went back to labor all day long,  
How sweet to lie alone with half-shut eyes,  
And hear the distant murmurs and the cries,  
And think how pure she was from pain and sin, —  
And how the summer days were coming in !  
Then, as the sunset faded from the room,  
To listen for her footstep in the gloom,  
To pant as it came stealing up the stair,  
To feel my whole life brighten unaware  
When the soft tap came to the door, and when  
The door was opened for her smile again !  
Best, the long evenings ! — when, till late at night,  
She sat beside me in the quiet light,  
And happy things were said and kisses won,  
And serious gladness found its vent in fun.  
Sometimes I would draw close her shining head,  
And pour her bright hair out upon the bed,  
And she would laugh, and blush, and try to scold,  
While "Here," I cried, "I count my wealth in  
gold !"

Once, like a little sinner for transgression,  
She blushed upon my breast, and made confession :  
How, when that night I woke and looked around,  
I found her busy with a charm profound, —  
One chestnut was herself, my girl confessed,  
The other was the person she loved best,

And if they burned together side by side,  
He loved her, and she would become his bride ;  
And burn indeed they did, to her delight, —  
And had the pretty charm not proven right ?  
Thus much, and more, with timorous joy, she  
said,  
While her confessor, too, grew rosy red,  
And close together pressed two blissful faces,  
As I absolved the sinner, with embraces.

And here is winter come again, winds blow,  
The houses and the streets are white with snow ;  
And in the long and pleasant eventide,  
Why, what is Polly making at my side ?  
What but a silk gown, beautiful and grand,  
We bought together lately in the Strand ?  
What but a dress to go to church in soon,  
And wear right queenly 'neath a honey-moon !  
And who shall match her with her new straw  
bonnet,  
Her tiny foot and little boot upon it,  
Embroidered petticoat and silk gown new,  
And shawl she wears as few fine ladies do ?  
And she will keep, to charm away all ill,  
The lucky sixpence in her pocket still ;  
And we will turn, come fair or cloudy weather,  
To ashes, like the chestnuts, close together !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM'S SONG.

FROM "THE BED-ROOM OF REALITY."

LIKE a tree beside the river  
Of her life that runs from me,  
Do I lean me, murmuring ever  
In my love's idolatry.  
Lo, I reach out hands of blessing ;  
Lo, I stretch out hands of prayer ;  
And, with passionate caressing,  
Pour my life upon the air,  
In my ears the siren river  
Sings, and smiles up in my face ;  
But forever, and forever,  
Runs from my embrace.

Spring by spring, the branches duly  
Clothe themselves in tender flower ;  
And for her sweet sake as truly  
All their fruit and fragrance shower.  
But the stream, with endless laughter,  
Runs in merry beauty by,  
And it leaves me yearning after,  
Lorn to droop and lone to die.  
In my ears the siren river  
Sings, and smiles up in my face ;  
But forever, and forever,  
Runs from my embrace.

I stand mazed in the moonlight,  
O'er its happy face to dream ;  
I am parched in the moonlight  
By that cool and brimming stream,  
I am dying by the river  
Of her life that runs from me,  
And it sparkles by me ever,  
With its cool felicity.  
In my ears the siren river  
Sings, and smiles up in my face ;  
But forever, and forever,  
Runs from my embrace.

JERARD MURPHY.

ONCE.

THE June rose covered the hedges with blazes,  
And wooed with their perfume the murmuring  
bee ;  
And white were the cups of the odorous lilies,  
When fate stole the joy of existence from me —  
With hands closely clasped, and with lips pressed  
together,  
One instant we stood, while the heart in my  
breast  
Leapt eager and wild, as the callow birds flutter  
When the wing of the mother sweeps over the  
nest.

One star is the type of the glory of heaven ;  
A shell from the beach whispers still of the  
sea ;  
To a rose all the sweetness of summer is given ;  
A kiss tells what living and loving might be.

MARY LOVELL FETHER.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles at her ear.  
For, hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girle  
About her dainty dainty waist,  
And her heart would beat again to me  
In sorrow and in rest ;  
And I should know if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the neck-lace,  
And all day long to fall and rise  
Upon her baby bosom  
With her laughter or her sigh ;  
And I would lie so light, so light,  
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was this deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast :  
For while I gazed, in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed: the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame :  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled ;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled :  
My feeble pulse forgot to play —  
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

From the Greek of SAPPHO,  
by AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

## THOSE EYES.

Ah ! do not wanton with those eyes,  
Lest I be sick with seeing ;  
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
Lest shame destroy their being.

Ah ! be not angry with those fires,  
For then their threats will kill me ;  
Nor look too kind on my desires,  
For then my hopes will spill me.

Ah ! do not steep them in thy tears,  
For so will sorrow slay me ;  
Nor spread them as distraught with fears, —  
Mine own enough betray me.

BEN JONSON.

## JANE.

SHE came along the little lane,  
Where all the bushes dripped with rain,  
And robins sung and sung again,

As if with sudden, sheer delight,  
For such a world so fresh and bright,  
To swing and sing in day and night.

But, coming down the little lane,  
She did not heed the robin's strain,  
Nor feel the sunshine after rain.

A little face with two brown eyes,  
A little form of slender size,  
A little head not very wise ;

A little heart to match the head,  
A foolish little heart, that bled  
At every foolish word was said.

So, coming down the little lane, —  
I see her now, my little Jane, —  
Her foolish heart with foolish pain

Was aching, aching in her breast,  
And all her pretty golden crest  
Was drooping as if sore opprest.

And something, too, of anger's trace  
Was on the flushed and frowning face,  
And in the footsteps' quickened pace.

So swift she stepped, so low she leant,  
Her pretty head on thought intent,  
She scarcely saw the way she went,

Nor saw the long, slim shadow fall  
Across the little, low stone-wall,  
As some one rose up slim and tall, —

Rose up, and came to meet her there ;  
A youth, with something in his air  
That, at a glance, revealed his share

In all this foolish, girlish pain,  
This grief and anger and disdain,  
That rent the heart of little Jane.

With hastier steps than hers he came,  
And in a moment called her name ;  
And in a moment, red as flame

She blushed, and blushed, and in her eyes  
A sudden, soft, and shy surprise  
Did suddenly and softly rise.

"What, you?" she cried : "I thought — they  
said —"

Then stopped, and blushed a deeper red,  
And lifted up her drooping head,

Shook back her lovely falling hair,  
And arched her neck, and strove to wear  
A nonchalant and scornful air.

A moment thus they held apart,  
With lovers' love and lovers' art ;  
Then swift he caught her to his heart.

What pleasure then was born of pain,  
What sunshine after cloud and rain,  
As they forgave and kissed again !

'T was April then ; he talked of May,  
And planned therein a wedding-day :  
She blushed, but scarcely said him nay.



What pleasure now is mixed with pain,  
As, looking down the little lane,  
A graybeard grown, I see again,

Through twenty Aprils' rain and mist,  
The little sweetheart that I kissed,  
The little bride my folly missed!

NORA FERRY.

### PAN IN LOVE.

NAY! if you will not sit upon my knee,  
Lie on that bank, and listen while I play  
A sylvan song upon these reedy pipes.  
In the full moonrise as I lay last night  
Under the alders on Peneus' banks,  
Dabbling my hoofs in the cool stream that welled  
Wine-dark with gleamy ripples round their roots,  
I made the song the while I shaped the pipes.  
'T is all of you and love, as you shall hear.  
The drooping lilies, as I sang it, heaved  
Upon their broad green leaves, and underneath,  
Swift silvery fishes, poised on quivering fins,  
Hung motionless to listen; in the grass  
The crickets ceased to shrill their tiny bells;  
And even the nightingale, that all the eve,  
Hid in the grove's deep green, had throbb'd and  
thrilled,

Paused in his strain of love to list to mine.  
Bacchus is handsome, but such songs as this  
He cannot shape, and better loves the clash  
Of brazen cymbals than my reedy pipes.  
Fair as he is without, he's coarse within, —  
Gross in his nature, loving noise and wine,  
And, tipsy, half the time goes reeling round  
Leaning on old Silenus' shoulders fat.  
But I have scores of songs that no one knows,  
Not even Apollo, no, nor Mercury, —  
Their strings can never sing like my sweet pipes, —  
Some, that will make fierce tigers rub their fur  
Against the oak trunks for delight, or stretch  
Their plump sides for my pillow on the sward.  
Some, that will make the satyrs' clattering hoofs  
Leap when they hear, and from their noonday  
dreams

Start up to stamp a wild and frolic dance  
In the green shadows. Ay! and better songs,  
Made for the delicate nice ears of nymphs,  
Which while I sing my pipes shall imitate  
The droning bass of honey-seeking bees,  
The tinkling tenor of clear pebbly streams,  
The breezy alto of the alder's sighs,  
And all the airy sounds that lull the grove  
When noon falls fast asleep among the hills.  
Nor only these, — for I can pipe to you  
Songs that will make the slippery vipers pause,  
And stay the stags to gaze with their great eyes:

Such songs — and you shall hear them if you  
will —

That Bacchus' self would give his hide to bear.  
If you 'll but love me every day, I 'll bring  
The coyest flowers, such as you never saw,  
To deck you with. I know their secret nooks, —  
They cannot hide themselves away from Pan.  
And you shall have rare garlands; and your bed  
Of fragrant mosses shall be sprinkled o'er  
With violets like your eyes, — just for a kiss.  
Love me, and you shall do whate'er you like,  
And shall be tended wheresoe'er you go,  
And not a beast shall hurt you, — not a toad  
But at your bidding give his jewel up.  
The speckled shining snakes shall never sting,  
But twist like bracelets round your rosy arms,  
And keep your bosom cool in the hot noon.  
You shall have berries ripe of every kind,  
And luscious peaches, and wild nectarines,  
And sun-flecked apricots, and honeyed dates,  
And wine from bee-stung grapes, drunk with the  
sun

(Such wine as Bacchus never tasted yet).  
And not a poisonous plant shall have the power  
To tetter your white flesh, if you 'll love Pan.  
And then I 'll tell you tales that no one knows;  
Of what the pines talk in the summer nights,  
When far above you hear them murmuring,  
As they sway whispering to the lifting breeze;  
And what the storm shrieks to the struggling oaks  
As it flies through them hurrying to the sea  
From mountain crags and cliffs. Or, when  
you're sad,

I 'll tell you tales that solemn cypresses  
Have whispered to me. There 's not anything  
Hid in the woods and dales and dark ravines,  
Shadowed in dripping caves, or by the shore,  
Slipping from sight, but I can tell to you.  
Plump, dull-eared Bacchus, thinking of himself,  
Never can catch a syllable of this:  
But with my shaggy ear against the grass  
I hear the secrets hidden underground,  
And know how in the inner forge of Earth,  
The pulse-like hammers of creation beat.  
Old Pan is ugly, rough, and rude to see,  
But no one knows such secrets as old Pan.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

### COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home  
is still here;  
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'er-  
cast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same  
Through joy and through torment, through glory  
and shame!

I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of  
bliss,

And thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to  
pursue,

And shield thee, and save thee, —or perish there  
too!

THOMAS MOORE.

#### BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee,  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry:

I love thee, I love but thee!  
With a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!*

Look from thy window, and see  
My passion and my pain!  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!*

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!*

BAYARD TAYLOR.

#### WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

"When your beauty appears,  
In its graces and airs,  
All bright as an angel new dropt from the skies,  
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,  
So strangely you dazzle my eyes!

"But when without art  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every  
vein,  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants  
at your heart,  
Then I know that you're woman again."

"There's a passion and pride  
In our sex," she replied;  
"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do, —  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman for you."

THOMAS PARNELL.

#### KISS ME SOFTLY.

*De nobis Nona. — CAIULLUS.*

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

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

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

JOHN GODFREY Saxe.

#### THE FIRST KISS

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

Yet remember, midst your wooing,  
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;  
Other smiles may make you fickle,  
Tears for other charms may trickle.



THE FIRST KISS.

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



Love he comes, and Love he carries,  
Just as fate or fancy carries, —  
Longest stays when sorest chidden,  
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
Bind its odor to the lily,  
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver, —  
Then bind Love to last forever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;  
Love's wing moults when caged and captured, —  
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,  
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing ?  
No ! nor fettered Love from dying  
In the knot there 's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

#### SLY THOUGHTS.

" I SAW him kiss your cheek ! " — " 'T is true. "  
" O Modesty ! " — " 'T was strictly kept :  
He thought me asleep ; at least, I knew  
He thought I thought he thought I slept. "

COVENTRY PATMORE.

#### THE KISS.

1. AMONG thy fancies tell me this :  
What is the thing we call a kiss ! —
2. I shall resolve ye what it is :

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

*Chor.* And makes more soft the bridal bed.

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

*Chor.* And stills the bride too when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,  
It frisks and flies, — now here, now there ;  
'T is now far off, and then 't is near ;

*Chor.* And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue ? — 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say ? — 2. Do you but this :  
Part your joined lips, — then speaks your  
kiss ;

*Chor.* And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body ? — 2. Ay, and wings,  
With a thousand rare encolorings ;  
And as it flies it gently sings ;
- Chor.* Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

So you call that a kiss, when, in token of parting,  
Your lips touched my own with such tremu-  
lous fear ;  
When haste took for wages the most of the  
honey  
And whispered that danger and peril were near.

So you call that a kiss ! Let me paint for a  
minute,  
The home of my fancy, my castle of rest,  
Where — all the bright dreams of my life stored  
within it —  
I linger for hours with the friends I love best.

The lamps shed a light like the soft glow of  
moonbeams,  
The air breathes warm odors of spice and of  
balm,  
Not a sound breaks the hush, and the spirit, in  
rapture,  
Folds round it the mantle of heavenly calm.

You are there in the stillness and some one  
beside you,  
We 'll say, for the dream's sake, the one you  
love best,  
She is kneeling beside you, your arms are around  
her,  
Her head on your shoulder is pillowed in rest.

You smooth the soft tresses away from her fore-  
head,  
Her breath, sweet as summer, floats over your  
cheek.  
You tighten your clasp as you murmur, " My  
darling,  
I am weary and faint for the kisses I seek. "

She turns her face toward you, her large eyes up-  
lifted,  
Dilated, and dark, with a passionate fire ;  
And her rich, dewy lips, in their innocent fond-  
ness,  
Fill up in full measure your cup of desire.

O moment ecstatic — renewed and repeated !  
Alas ! weary world, with your burden of care,  
Your raptures are coldness, your kisses are fail-  
ures,  
When matched with the ones of my castle  
in air.

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

## THE PLAIDIE.

Uron ane stormy Sunday,  
 Coming adoon the lane,  
 Were a score of bonnie lassies —  
 And the sweetest I maintain  
 Was Caddie,  
 That I took uncaith my plaidie,  
 To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed  
 For the kiss that I had ta'en ;  
 I wad na hae thought the lassie  
 Wad sae of a kiss complain :  
 " Now, laddie !  
 I winna stay under your plaidie,  
 If I gang hame in the rain ! "

But, on an after Sunday,  
 When cloud there was not ane,  
 This selfsame winsome lassie  
 (We chanced to meet in the lane)  
 Said, " Laddie,  
 Why dinna ye wear your plaidie ?  
 Wha kens but it may rain ? "

CHARLES SIBLEY.

## KISSING'S NO SIN.

SOME say that kissing 's a sin ;  
 But I think it 's nane ava,  
 For kissing has wonn'd in this warld  
 Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu'  
 Lawyers wadna allow it ;  
 If it wasna holy,  
 Ministers wadna do it.

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

ANONYMOUS.

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
 And the rivers with the ocean ;  
 The winds of heaven mix forever,  
 With a sweet emotion ;  
 Nothing in the world is single ;  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one another's being mingle : —  
 Why not I with thine ?

See ! the mountains kiss high heaven,  
 And the waves clap one another ;

No sister flower would be forgiven  
 If it disclaimed its brother ;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea : —  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin' through the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
 Need a body cry ?  
 Every lassie has her laddie, —  
 Ne'er a ane hae I ;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
*Among the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e myself ;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.*

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a body greet a body,  
 Need a body frown ?  
 Every lassie has her laddie, —  
 Ne'er a ane hae I ;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
 When comin' through the rye.  
*Among the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e myself ;  
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.*

Adapted by BURNS.

## KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping  
 With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,  
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it  
 tumbled,  
 And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

" O, what shall I do now ? — 't was looking at you  
 now !  
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I 'll ne'er meet again !  
 'T was the pride of my dairy : O Barney M'Cleary !  
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine. "

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain.  
 A kiss then I gave her ; and ere I did leave her,  
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'T was hay-making season — I can't tell the reason —

Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain;  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANONYMOUS.

◆◆◆

THE MOTH'S KISS, FIRST.

FROM "IN A GONDOLA."

The Moth's kiss, first !  
Kiss me as if you made believe  
You were not sure, this eve,  
How my face, your flower, had pursed  
Its petals up ; so, here and there  
You brush it, till I grow aware  
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now !  
Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noonday,  
A bud that dared not disallow  
The claim, so all is rendered up,  
And passively its shattered cup  
Over your head to sleep I bow.

ROBERT BROWNING.

◆◆◆

THE LUTE-PLAYER.

FROM "HASSAN BEN KHALED."

" ' MUSIC ! ' they shouted, echoing my demand,  
And answered with a beckon of his hand  
The gracious host, whereat a maiden, fair  
As the last star that leaves the morning air,  
Came down the leafy paths. Her veil revealed  
The beauty of her face, which, half concealed  
Behind its thin blue folds, showed like the moon  
Behind a cloud that will forsake it soon.  
Her hair was braided darkness, but the glance  
Of lightning eyes shot from her countenance,  
And showed her neck, that like an ivory tower  
Rose o'er the twin domes of her marble breast.  
Were all the beauty of this age compressed  
Into one form, she would transcend its power.  
Her step was lighter than the young gazelle's  
And as she walked, her anklet's golden bells  
Tinkled with pleasure, but were quickly mute  
With jealousy, as from a case she drew  
With snowy hands the pieces of her lute,  
And took her seat before me. As it grew  
To perfect shape, her lovely arms she bent  
Around the neck of the sweet instrument,  
Till from her soft caresses it awoke  
To consciousness, and thus its rapture spoke:  
' I was a tree within an Indian vale,  
When first I heard the love-sick nightingale  
Declare his passion ; every leaf was stirred

With the melodious sorrow of the bird,  
And when he ceased, the song remained with me.  
Men came anon, and felled the harmless tree,  
But from the memory of the songs I heard,  
The spoiler saved me from the destiny  
Whereby my brethren perished. O'er the sea  
I came, and from its loud, tumultuous moan  
I caught a soft and solemn undertone ;  
And when I grew beneath the maker's hand  
To what thou seest, he sang (the while he planned)  
The mirthful measures of a careless heart,  
And of my soul his songs became a part.  
Now they have laid my head upon a breast  
Whiter than marble, I am wholly blest.  
The fair hands smite me, and my strings complain

With such melodious cries, they smite again,  
Until, with passion and with sorrow swayed,  
My torment moves the bosom of the maid,  
Who hears it speak her own. I am the voice  
Whereby the lovers languish or rejoice ;  
And they caress me, knowing that my strain  
Alone can speak the language of their pain.'

" Here ceased the fingers of the maid to stray  
Over the strings ; the sweet song died away  
In mellow, drowsy murmurs, and the lute  
Leaned on her fairest bosom, and was mute.  
Better than wine that music was to me ;  
Not the lute only felt her hands, but she  
Played on my heart-strings, till the sounds became

incarnate in the pulses of my frame.  
Speech left my tongue, and in my tears alone  
Found utterance. With stretched arms I implored

Continuance, whereat her fingers poured  
A tenderer music, answering the tone  
Her parted lips released, the while her throat  
Throbbled, as a heavenly bird were fluttering  
there,

And gave her voice the wonder of his note.  
' His brow,' she sang, ' is white beneath his  
hair ;

The fertile beard is soft upon his chin,  
Shading the mouth that nestles warm within,  
As a rose nestles in its leaves ; I see  
His eyes, but cannot tell what hue they be,  
For the sharp eyelash, like a saber, speaks  
The martial law of Passion ; in his cheeks  
The quick blood mounts, and then as quickly  
goes,

Leaving a tint like marble when a rose  
Is held beside it ; — bid him veil his eyes,  
Lest all my soul should unto mine arise,  
And he behold it ! ' As she sang, her glance  
Dwelt on my face ; her beauty, like a lance,  
Transfixed my heart. I melted into sighs,

Slain by the arrows of her beautiful eyes.  
 'Why is her bosom made,' I cried, 'a snare?  
 Why does a single ringlet of her hair  
 Hold my heart captive?' 'Would you know?'  
 she said;  
 'It is that you are mad with love, and chains  
 Were made for madmen.' Then she raised her  
 head  
 With answering love, that led to other strains,  
 Until the lute, which shared with her the smart,  
 Rocked as in storm upon her beating heart.  
 Thus to its wires she made impassioned cries:  
 'I swear it by the brightness of his eyes;  
 I swear it by the darkness of his hair;  
 By the warm bloom his limbs and bosom wear;  
 By the fresh pearls his rosy lips enclose;  
 By the calm majesty of his repose;  
 By smiles I coveted, and frowns I feared,  
 And by the shooting myrtles of his beard, —  
 I swear it, that from him the morning drew  
 His freshness, and the moon her silvery hue,  
 The sun his brightness, and the stars their fire,  
 And musk and camphor all their odorous breath:  
 And if he answer not my love's desire,  
 Day will be night to me, and Life be Death!'"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## SUB SILENTIO.

HUSH! the night is calm and quiet  
 And the crescent moon hangs low;  
 Silence deep and wide hath power,  
 And the south wind wanders slow —  
 Through a casement where the curtain  
 Faintly rustles to and fro.

Like a spirit softly sighing  
 Flits it all the chamber round,  
 Where the dim lamp fading, dying,  
 Just dispels the gloom profound;  
 Hangs above two happy dreamers,  
 By love's perfect promise crowned.

Even through the gates of slumber  
 To the shadowy land of rest  
 He still clasps his long-sought treasure  
 Closely, closely to his breast,  
 With the ardor of a passion  
 Long denied and long repressed.

With his lips still warm with kisses  
 Close and clinging as his own,  
 Sighing still in happy dreaming  
 For the joy his heart hath known —  
 Sweetly, peacefully, he slumbers,  
 In the arms about him thrown.

And she gazes at him, thinking —  
 Not of all her dreary years —

Only of this isle of glory,  
 Reached with many doubts and fears,  
 Over love's frail bridge of rainbows  
 Fading in a mist of tears.

Then she nestles still more closely  
 To the heart so kind and dear,  
 Whispering, "Love me, love me, darling,  
 All my hope and rest is here,  
 And without thee, earth is nothing  
 But a desert cold and drear.

"O, that every night my slumbers  
 Might be so supremely blest,  
 Bounded by thy dear embraces,  
 Kissed from passion into rest;  
 I would ask no better heaven  
 Sheltered thus and thus caressed."

Fan them gently, odorous south wind,  
 And begone on pinions fleet!  
 Nothing in thy nightly journey  
 Shall thy wandering vision greet,  
 Half as perfect in fulfillment,  
 Satisfying and complete.

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

## CLEOPATRA.

HERE, Charnian, take my bracelets;  
 They bar with a purple stain  
 My arms; turn over my pillows, —  
 They are hot where I have lain:  
 Open the lattice wider,  
 A gauze o'er my bosom throw,  
 And let me inhale the odors  
 That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony  
 And in his arms I lay;  
 Ah me! the vision has vanished, —  
 The music has died away.  
 The flame and the perfume have perished —  
 As this spiced aromatic pastille  
 That wound the blue smoke of its odor,  
 Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,  
 They cool me after my sleep,  
 And with sandal odors fan me  
 Till into my veins they creep;  
 Reach down the lute, and play me  
 A melancholy tune,  
 To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,  
 And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,  
 Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,



Through slender papyri, that cover  
The wary crocodile.  
The lotus lolls on the water,  
And opens its heart of gold,  
And over its broad leaf pavement  
Never a ripple is rolled.

The twilight breeze is too lazy  
Those leathery palms to wave,  
And you little cloud is as motionless  
As a stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature  
Oppresses my heart and brain!  
O, for a storm and thunder,  
For lightning and wild fierce rain!  
Fling down that lute — I hate it!  
Take rather his buckler and sword,  
And crash them and clash them together  
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty —  
My cockatoo, creamy white,  
With roses under his feathers —  
That flashes across the light.  
Look! listen! as backward and forward  
To his hoop of gold he clings,  
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,  
And shrieks as he madly swings!

O cockatoo, shriek for Antony!  
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"  
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"  
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There — leave me, and take from my chamber  
That stupid little gazelle,  
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,  
And its silly tinkling bell!  
Take him — my nerves he vexes —  
The thing without blood or brain,  
Or, by the body of Isis,  
I'll snap his neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape  
Mistily stretching away,  
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors  
O'er the mountains quivering play  
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset  
Pours from the west its fire,  
And melted, as in a crucible,  
Their earthly forms expire;

And the bald blear skull of the desert  
With glowing mountains is crowned,  
That, burning like molten jewels,  
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,  
Eons of thought away,  
And through the jungle of memory  
Loosen my fancy to play;  
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,  
Ribbed with yellow and black,  
Supple and cushion-footed,  
I wandered where never the track  
Of a human creature had rustled  
The silence of mighty woods,  
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,  
I knew but the law of my moods.  
The elephant, trumpeting, started  
When he heard my footstep near,  
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly  
In a yellow cloud of fear.  
I sucked in the noontide splendor  
Quivering along the glade,  
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,  
Basked in the tamarisk shade,  
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,  
As the shadows of night came on  
To brood in the trees' thick branches,  
And the shadow of sleep was gone;  
Then I roused and roared in answer,  
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet  
My curving claws, and stretched me  
And wandered my mate to greet.  
We toyed in the amber moonlight,  
Upon the warm flat sand,  
And struck at each other our massive arms —  
How powerful he was and grand!  
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely  
As he crouched and gazed at me,  
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,  
Twitched curving nervously;  
Then like a storm he seized me,  
With a wild, triumphant cry,  
And we met as two clouds in heaven  
When the thunders before them fly;  
We grappled and struggled together,  
For his love, like his rage, was rude;  
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck  
At times, in our play, drew blood.  
Often another suitor —  
For I was flexile and fair —  
Fought for me in the moonlight,  
While I lay crouching there,  
Till his blood was drained by the desert;  
And, ruffled with triumph and power,  
He licked me and lay beside me  
To breathe him a vast half-hour;  
Then down to the fountain we loitered,  
Where the antelopes came to drink, —  
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,  
Ere they had time to shrink.  
We drank their blood and crushed them,  
And tore them limb from limb,

And the hungriest lion doubted  
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for !  
Not this weak human life,  
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,  
Its poor and petty strife !  
Come to my arms, my hero,  
The shadows of twilight grow,  
And the tiger's ancient fierceness  
In my veins begins to flow.  
Come not cringing to sue me !  
Take me with triumph and power,  
As a warrior storms a fortress !  
I will not shrink or cower.  
Come as you came in the desert,  
Ere we were women and men,  
When the tiger passions were in us,  
And love as you loved me then !

WILLIAM W. STORY.

#### SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,  
I may deign thee no reply,  
Turn not then away, and sigh, —  
Smile, and never heed me !  
If our love, indeed, be such  
As must thrill at every touch,  
Why should others learn as much ? —  
Smile, and never heed me !

Even if, with maiden pride,  
I should bid thee quit my side,  
Take this lesson for thy guide, —  
Smile, and never heed me !  
But when stars and twilight meet,  
And the dew is falling sweet,  
And thou hear'st my coming feet, —  
Then thou—then—mayst heed me !

CHARLES SWAIN.

#### I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me — who knows how ? —  
To thy chamber-window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream, —  
The champak odors fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;

The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must die on thine,  
O, beloved as thou art !

O, lift me from the grass !  
I die, I faint, I fall !  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
My heart beats loud and fast :  
Oh ! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore,  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
Without the sense of that which I forebore, . . .  
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
With pulses that beat double. What I do  
And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

THE face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, O still, beside me, as they stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole  
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole  
God gave for baptism I am fain to drink,  
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.  
The names of country, heaven, are changed away  
For where thou art or shall be, there or here ;  
And this, this lute and song, loved yesterday  
(The singing angels know) are only dear,  
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

INDEED, this very love which is my boast,  
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,  
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow  
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,  
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,  
I should not love withal, unless that thou  
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,  
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were  
crossed,

And love called love. And thus, I cannot  
speak  
Of love even, as a good thing of my own.  
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and  
weak,  
And placed it by thee on a golden throne, —  
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek !)  
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,  
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way  
Of speaking gently, — for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."  
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may  
Be changed, or change for thee, — and love so  
wrought

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, —  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully  
I ring out to the full brown length and say,  
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's gleo.  
Nor plant I fit from rose or myrtle tree,  
As girls do, any more. It only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of  
tears,

Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-  
shears

Would take this first, but Love is justified, —  
Take it thou, finding pure, from all those years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

THE soul's Rialto hath its merchandise ;  
I barter curl for curl upon that mart,  
And from my poet's forehead to my heart  
Receive this lock which outweighs argosies, —  
As purely black, as erst, to Pindar's eyes.  
The dim purpleal tresses gloomed athwart  
The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart,  
Thy bay-crown's shade, Belovèd, I surmise,  
Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black !  
Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,  
I tie the shadow safe from gliding back,  
And lay the gift where nothing hindereth,  
Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack  
No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the word re-  
peated  
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost  
treat it,

Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,  
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.  
Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain  
Cry : "Speak once more — thou lovest !" Who  
can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll, —  
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the  
year ?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me, — toll  
The silver iterance ! — only minding, dear,  
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

Is it indeed so ? If I lay here dead,  
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine ?  
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,  
Because of grave-damps falling round my head ?  
I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read  
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine —  
But . . . so much to thee ? Can I pour thy wine  
While my hands tremble ! Then my soul, instead  
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.  
Then, love me, Love ! look on me . . . breathe on  
me !

As brighter ladies do not count it strange,  
For love, to give up acres and degree,  
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
Mynear sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee !

MY letters ! all dead paper, mute and white ! —  
And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string  
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.  
This said, he wished to have me in his sight  
Once, as a friend : this fixed a day in spring  
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,  
Yet I wept for it ! this . . . the paper's light . . .  
Said, *Dear, I love thee* ; and I sank and quailed  
As if God's future thundered on my past.  
This said, *I am thine*, — and so its ink has paled  
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.  
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed,  
If what this said, I dared repeat at last !

I THINK of thee ! my thoughts do twine and bud  
About thee, as wild vines about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's naught to see  
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.  
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee

Who art dearer, better ! Rather instantly  
Renew thy presence. As a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee  
Drop heavily down, burst, shattered, every-  
where !

Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee, — I am too near thee.

THE first time that the sun rose on thine oath  
To love me, I looked forward to the moon  
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon  
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.  
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly  
loathe ;

And, looking on myself, I seemed not one  
For such man's love ! — more like an out of tune  
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth  
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste  
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.  
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed  
A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may float  
Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced, —  
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write ;  
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,  
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its " O list !"  
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,  
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond need !  
That was the chrism of love, which love's own  
crown,

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state : since when, indeed,  
I have been proud, and said, " My love, my own !"

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life ! — and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT, BROWNING.

#### MY LITTLE SAINT.

I CARE NOT, though it be  
By the preciser sort thought popery ;  
We poets can a license show  
For everything we do.  
Hear, then, my little saint ! I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,  
Amidst its various joys, can leisure find  
To attend to anything so low  
As what I say or do,  
Regard, and be — what thou wast ever — kind.

Let not the blest above  
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove :  
Fain would I thy sweet image see,  
And sit and talk with thee ;  
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah ! what delight 't would be,  
Wouldst thou sometimes by stealth converse with  
me !  
How should I thy sweet commune prize,  
And other joys despise !  
Come, then ! I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain  
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;  
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know  
Of thy escape below :  
Before thou 'rt missed, thou shouldst return again.

Sure, heaven must needs thy love,  
As well as other qualities, improve :  
Come, then ! and recreate my sight  
With rays of thy pure light ;  
'T will cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if Fate 's so severe  
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere  
(And by thy absence I shall know  
Whether thy state be so),  
Live happy, and be mindful of me there.

JOHN NORRIS.

#### WAITING FOR THE GRAPES.

THAT I love thee, charming maid, I a thousand  
times have said,  
And a thousand times more I have sworn it,  
But 't is easy to be seen in the coldness of your  
mien  
That you doubt my affection — or scorn it.  
Ah me !

Not a single grain of sense is in the whole of  
these pretenses  
For rejecting your lover's petitions ;

Had I windows in my bosom, O, how gladly, I'd  
expose 'em!

To undo your fantastic suspicions.

Ah me!

You repeat I've known you long, and you hint  
I do you wrong,

In beginning so late to pursue ye;  
But 't is folly to look glum because people did  
not come

Up the stairs of your nursery to woo ye.

Ah me!

In a grapery one walks without looking at the  
stalks,

While the bunches are green that they 're bear-  
ing:

All the pretty little leaves that are dangling at the  
eaves

Scarce attract e'en a moment of staring.

Ah me!

But when time has swelled the grapes to a richer  
style of shapes,

And the sun has lent warmth to their blushes,  
Then to cheer us and to gladden, to enchant us  
and to madden,

Is the ripe ruddy glory that rushes.

Ah me!

O, 't is then that mortals pant while they gaze on  
Bacchus' plant, —

O, 't is then, — will my simile serve ye?

Should a damsel fair repine, though neglected like  
a vine?

Both erelong shall turn heads topsy-turvy.

Ah me!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

#### BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye  
May in triumph let fly

All its darts without caring who feels 'em;

But the soft eye of blue,

Though it scatter wounds too,

Is much better pleased when it heals 'em!

Dear Fanny!

The black eye may say,

"Come and worship my ray;

By adoring, perhaps you may move me!"

But the blue eye, half hid,

Says, from under its lid,

"I love, and am yours, if you love me!"

Dear Fanny!

Then tell me, O why,  
In that lovely blue eye,  
Not a charm of its tint I discover;  
Or why should you wear  
The only blue pair  
That ever said "No" to a lover?  
Dear Fanny!

THOMAS MOORE.

#### ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,  
the dove,

The linnet, and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"

In the winter they 're silent, the wind is so strong;  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud  
song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm  
weather,

And singing and loving,—all come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,

The green fields below him, the blue sky above,

That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,

"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

#### THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,

She tied her raven ringlets in.

But not alone in the silken snare

Did she catch her lovely floating hair,

For, tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,

Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;

And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,

All over the happy peach-colored face.

Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,

Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom

Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,

All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl

That ever imprison'd a romping curl,

Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,

Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,

Madder, merrier, chiller still,

The western wind blew down, and played

The wildest tricks with the little maid,

As, tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
To play such tricks with her floating hair ?  
To gladly, gleefully, do your best  
To blow her against the young man's breast,  
Where he has gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin ?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought,  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What terrible danger you 'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin,

NORA PEKRY.

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### A GOLDEN GIRL

Lucy is a golden girl ;  
But a man, a *man*, should woo her !  
They who seek her shrink aback,  
When they should, like storms, pursue her.

All her smiles are hid in light ;  
All her hair is lost in splendor ;  
But she hath the eyes of Night  
And a heart that 's over-tender.

Yet the foolish suitors fly  
(Is 't excess of dread or duty ?)  
From the starlight of her eye,  
Leaving to neglect her beauty !

Men by fifty seasons taught  
Leave her to a young beginner,  
Who, without a second thought,  
Whispers, woos, and straight must win her.

Lucy is a golden girl !  
Toast her in a goblet brimming !  
May the man that wins her wear  
On his heart the Rose of Women !

BARRY CORNWALL.

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### PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In the merry month of May,  
In a morn by break of day,  
With a troop of damsels playing  
Forth I rode, forsooth, a-maying,  
When anon by a woodside,  
Where as May was in his pride,  
I espied, all alone,  
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot !  
He would love and she would not :

She said, " Never man was true " ;  
He says, " None was false to you."  
He said he had loved her long :  
She says, " Love should have no wrong,"

Corydon he would kiss her then.  
She says, " Maids must kiss no men  
Till they do for good and all."  
Then she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness, truth  
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth, —  
Such as silly shepherds use  
When they will not love abuse, —  
Love, which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;  
And Phillida, with garlands gay,  
Was made the lady of the May,

NICHOLAS BRETON

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### THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possessed,  
If I remember well, my breast,  
Margarita first of all ;  
But when awhile the wanton maid  
With my restless heart had played,  
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
To the beauteous Catharine.  
Beauteous Catharine gave place  
(Though loath and angry she to part  
With the possession of my heart)  
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,  
Had she not evil counsels ta'en ;  
Fundamental laws she broke,  
And still new favorites she chose,  
Till up in arms my passions rose,  
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began ;  
Alternately they swayed ;  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous laws impose ;  
A mighty tyrant she !  
Long, alas ! should I have been  
Under that iron-sceptered queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
 'T was then a golden time with me ;  
 But soon those pleasures fled ;  
 For the gracious princess died  
 In her youth and beauty's pride,  
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,  
 Judith held the sovereign power :  
 Wondrous beautiful her face !  
 But so weak and small her wit,  
 That she to govern was unfit,  
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
 Armed with a resistless flame,  
 And the artillery of her eye,  
 Whilst she proudly marched about,  
 Greater conquests to find out,  
 She beat out Susan, by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed  
 Black-eyed Bess, her vierroy-maid,  
 To whom ensued a vacancy :  
 Thousand worse passions then possessed  
 The interregnum of my breast ;  
 Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,  
 And a third Mary next began ;  
 Then Joan and Jane, and Andria ;  
 And then a pretty Thomasine,  
 And then another Catharine,  
 And then a long *et cetera*.

But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with me.  
 An higher and a nobler strain  
 My present emperess does claim,  
 Heleonora, first of the name ;  
 Whom God grant long to reign !

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### GREEN GROW THE RASHES O !

GREEN grow the rashes O,  
 Green grow the rashes O ;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend  
 Are spent among the lasses O.

There's naught but care on ev'ry han',  
 In every hour that passes O ;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 't were na for the lasses O ?

The warly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them O ;

An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.

Give me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie O,  
 An' warly eares an' warly men  
 May all gae tapsalteerie O.

For you sae donee, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're naught but senseless asses O !  
 The wisest man the warl e'er saw  
 He dearly lóed the lasses O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely deary  
 Her noblest work he lasses O,  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then he made the lasses O.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### TO CHLOE.

AN APOLOGY FOR GAZING INTO THE CHIMNEY.

CHLOE, we must not always be in heaven  
 Forever toying, ogling, kissing, billing ;  
 The joys for which I thousands would have given,  
 Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,  
 And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves ;  
 Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose ;  
 Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the boys :  
 Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,  
 That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,  
 Much like economy in worldly matter ;  
 We should be prudent, never live too fast ;  
 Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts — 't is a shame —  
 Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,  
 Till penny stars them in the face ;  
 And when they find an empty purse,  
 Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,  
 And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace !  
 Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,  
 Sunk to an humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose  
 Smell twenty time — and then, my dear, thy nose  
 Will tell thee (not so much for scent at thir't)  
 The twentieth drank less flavor than the first.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows ;  
 Yet often should the little god retire —  
 Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,  
 That keeps alive the sacred fire.

DR. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

## AN INVECTIVE AGAINST LOVE

All is not gold that shinneth bright in show,  
 Not every flower good, as faire to sight,  
 The deepest streames abound doe valuent flow,  
 And strongest poisons oft the taste delight  
 The pleasant hate doth hide the harmful  
 hookes,  
 And false deceit can lend a friendly looke

Love is the gold whose outward liew doth please,  
 Whose first beginninge goodly promise make  
 Of pleasures faire, and fresh as Summer's grasse,  
 Which neither sunne can parch nor wind can  
 shake.

But when the mould should in the fire be  
 tri'de,

The gold is gone, the drosse doth still abide

Beautie, the flowresse fresh, so faire, so gay,  
 So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and fast,  
 As seemes it should endure by right for aye,  
 And never be with any storme defast.

But when the faithful southerne wind doth  
 blow,

Gone is the glory which it erst did show.

Love is the straine, whose waues so valently flow  
 As might intice men's minds to wade therein.

Love is the poison mixt with sugar so,

As mixt by outward sweetnesse liking wim,

But as the deepe overflowing stops thy breath  
 So poyson once receiv'd brings certaine death

Love is the baite, whose taste the fish deceives,  
 And makes them swallow down the hooking hookes.

Love is the face whose fardnesse in moment wanes,  
 And makes thee trust a false and fained looke.

But as the hookes the foolish fish doth kill,  
 So flatterring lookes the lover's life doth spill

XXCVI

## A DOPPEL

FROM THE HEROISMS OF LAWENS ARES.

FAIR would I love, but that I fear  
 I sickly should the willow weare,  
 I'm would I marry, but men say  
 When love is tied he will away,  
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do  
 To cure these fears, when'er I see t

The fair one she's a mark to all,  
 The brown each one doth lovely call,  
 The black's a pearl in (in each) eyes,  
 The rest will weep at any price,  
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do  
 To cure these fears, when'er I see t

PS. K. HUGHES.

## WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

Whoe'er she be,  
 That not impossible She  
 That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she be,  
 Locked up from mortal eye  
 In shady leaves of destiny;

Till that ripe birth  
 Of studied Fate stand forth,  
 And teach her fair steps to our earth,

Till that divine  
 Idea take a shine  
 Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my Wishes,  
 Bespeak her to my blisses,  
 And be ye called, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty  
 That owes not all its duty  
 To gaudy trim, or glistering shoe tie.

Something more than  
 Fafeta or tissue can,  
 Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best  
 By its own beauty drest,  
 And can alone command the rest;

A face made up  
 Out of no other shop  
 Than what Nature's white hand sets ope

Sydenham showers  
 Of sweet discours, whose powers  
 Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight  
 Can make day's foot-head bright  
 Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,  
 Open suns, shady bowers,  
 'Tis all, nothing within that lowers.

Days that need borrow  
 No part of their good morrow  
 From a fore-spend night of sorrow

Days that, in spite  
 Of darkness, by the light  
 Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Life that days send  
 A challenge to his end,  
 And, when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend"



I wish her more  
Of worth may leave her poor  
Of wishes, and I wish — no more.

Now, if Time knows  
That Her whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be  
What these lines wish to see,  
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here  
Lo! I unlothe and clear  
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is  
Shall be my flying wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,  
My fancies, fly before ye;  
Be ye my fictions, — but her stay  
EDWARD CRANFORD

#### AMY'S CRUELTY

FAB: Amy of the terraced house,  
Await me to discover  
Why you who would not hurt a mouse  
Can torture so your lover.

You give your coffee to the cat,  
You strike the dog for running,  
And all your face grows kinder at  
The little brown bee's humming.

But when he haunts your door, — the town  
Masks coming and masks going  
You seem to have rubbed your eyelids down  
To that long piece of sewing!

You never give a look, not you,  
Nor drop him a "Good morning,"  
To keep his long day warm and blue,  
So fretted by your sewing.

She shook her head: "The mouse and bee  
For crumb or flower will linger;  
The dog is happy at my knee,  
The cat paws at my finger."

"But he — to him, the least thing given  
Means great things at a distance,  
He wants my world, my sun, my heaven,  
Soul, body, whole existence.

"Try at one given word to please,  
But I need simple pleasures,  
My mother's first smile when she was young  
I still have smiled at I pass'd by."

"I only know my mother's love,  
Which gives all and asks nothing,  
And that now being out of the groove  
Too much the way of casting."

"I don't he give me all in change,  
I feel at all things of him,  
The risks, torments and savings  
I tremble, dread, — deny him."

"He's sweetest friend, or hardest foe,  
Best angel, or worst devil,  
I either hate or — love him so,  
I can't be merely cruel."

"You trust a woman who puts forth  
Her blossoms thick as summer's?  
You think she dreams what love-seeds in  
Who casts it to new owners?"

"Such love's a castlip-bud to fling,  
A moment's pretty picture  
I give — all me, if anything  
The first time and the last time."

"Dear neighbor of the terraced house,  
A man should murmur next,  
Though treated worse every day and more,  
Till doted on forever."

EDWARD CRANFORD

#### THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION

"SHALL I, casting it to pass,  
Be become a woman's love?  
Or make paltry the best with care  
To some noble young man?  
Be kinder than Mother  
On the flower's needs to Mary,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

"Shall my foolish heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
On a well-housed nature  
Jangled with a fairer's fire?  
Be she kinder, kinder than  
The turtle dove or plover,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?"

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love ?  
Or, her well-deservings known,  
Make me quite forget mine own ?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may merit name of best,  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die ?  
Those that bear a noble mind  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
That without them dare to woo ;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair ;  
If she love me, this believe, —  
I will die ere she shall grieve.  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go ;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be ?

GEORGE WITHER.

#### ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet ;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet ;  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast,  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest :  
Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
With pretty dight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee,  
The livelong night ;  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;  
He music plays, if I but sing ;  
He lends me every lovely thing,  
Yet cruel, he my heart doth sting :  
Whist ! wanton, still you !

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you, when you long to play,  
For your offense ;  
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast it for your sin,

I'll count your power not worth a pin ;  
Alas ! what hereby shall I win  
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod ?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god ;  
Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be ;  
Lark in mine eyes, I like of thee,  
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,  
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE.

#### CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses, — Cupid paid ;  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows, —  
Loses them too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;  
With these the crystal on his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin, —  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes ;  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love ! hath she done this to thee ?  
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

JOHN LYLY.

#### DEATH AND CUPID.

AH ! who but oft hath marvel'd why  
The gods, who rule above,  
Should e'er permit the young to die,  
The old to fall in love ?

Ah ! why should hapless human kind  
Be punished out of season ? —  
Pray listen, and perhaps you'll find  
My rhyme may give the reason.

Death, strolling out one summer's day,  
Met Cupid, with his sparrows ;  
And, bantering in a merry way,  
Proposed a change of arrows.

" Agreed ! " quoth Cupid. " I foresee  
The queerest game of errors ;  
For you the King of Hearts will be,  
And I'll be King of Terrors ! "

And so 't was done ; — alas, the day  
That multiplied their arts ! —

Each from the other bore away  
A portion of his darts.

And that explains the reason why,  
Despite the gods above,  
The young are often doomed to die,  
The old to fall in love!

JOHN GODFREY SAGE

◆◆◆  
LET NOT WOMAN EVER COMPLAIN

LET not woman e'er complain  
Of inconstancy in love ;  
Let not woman e'er complain  
Fickle man is apt to rove ;  
Look abroad through Nature's range,  
Nature's mighty law is change ;  
Ladies, would it not be strange—  
Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;  
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow ;  
Sun and moon but set to rise,  
Round and round the seasons go.  
Why then ask of silly man,  
To oppose great Nature's plan ?  
We'll be constant while we can,  
You can be no more, you know.

ROBERT BURNS

◆◆◆  
LOVE-LETTERS MADE OF FLOWERS.

AN exquisite invention this,  
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,  
This art of writing *billet-doux*  
In buds, and odors, and bright hues !  
In saying all one feels and thinks  
In clever daffodils and pinks ;  
In puns of tulips ; and in phrases,  
Charming for their truth, of daisies ;  
Uttering, as well as silence may,  
The sweetest words the sweetest way.  
How fit too for the lady's bosom !  
The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.  
What delight in some sweet spot  
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,  
At once to cultivate one's flowers  
And one's epistolary powers !  
Growing one's own choice words and fancies  
In orange tulcs, and beds of pansies ;  
One's sighs, and passionate declarations,  
In odorous rhetoric of carnations ;  
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach,  
Taking due care one's flowers of speech  
To guard from blight as well as bathos,  
And watering every day one's pathos !  
A letter comes, just gathered. We  
Dote on its tender brilliancy,

Inhale its delicate expressions  
Of balm and pea, and its confessions  
Made with a sweet *a maiden's blush*  
As ever morn bedewed on bush  
(It is in reply to one of ours,  
Made of the most convincing flowers.)

Then, after we have kissed its wit,  
And heart, in water putting it  
(To keep its remarks fresh), go round  
Our little eloquent plot of ground,  
And with enchanted hands compose  
Our answer, all of lily and rose,  
Of tuberose and of violet,  
And *little darling* (trigonometric),  
Of *look at me and call me to you*  
(Words that, while they greet, go through *you*),  
Of *thoughts, of flames, tempt me not,*  
*Bedecked*, in short, the whole fleet lot  
Of vouchers for a life-long kiss,  
And literally, breathing bliss!

LESLIE HARRIS

◆◆◆  
THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

EVERY wedding, say, the proverb,  
Makes another, soon or late ;  
Never yet was any marriage  
Entered in the book of fate,  
But the name *care* also written  
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning  
When my friend, with fondest look,  
By the solemn rite's permission,  
To him self his mistress took,  
And the destinies recorded  
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,  
Still the ground the lovers eyed,  
And the parent and the kin men  
Aimed their glances at the bride ;  
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins  
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her ;  
One was dark, and one was fair ;  
But nor fair nor dark the other,  
Save her Arab eyes and hair,  
Neither dark nor fair lead her,  
Yet he was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen should I own it ?  
Yes, to thee, and only thee—  
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden  
Who was fairest of the three,  
That he thought : " How blest the bridal  
Where the bride were such as she ! "

Then I mused upon the adage,  
Till my wisdom was perplexed,  
And I wondered, as the churchman  
Dwelt upon his holy text,  
Which of all who heard his lesson  
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion  
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?  
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;  
Or, who knows?—it may be mine;  
What if 't were—forgive the fancy—  
What if 't were—both mine and thine?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

#### MY EYES! HOW I LOVE YOU.

My eyes! how I love you,  
You sweet little dove you!  
There's no one above you,  
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is,  
Like a sylph's or a fairy's;  
And your neck, I declare, is  
Exquisitely pretty!

Quite Grecian your nose is,  
And your cheeks are like roses,  
So delicious—O Moses!  
Surpassingly sweet!

Not the beauty of tulips,  
Nor the taste of mint-juleps,  
Can compare with your two lips,  
Most beautiful Kate!

Not the black eyes of Juno,  
Nor Minerva's of blue, no,  
Nor Venus's, you know,  
Can equal your own!

O, how my heart prances,  
And frolics and dances,  
When its radiant glances  
Upon me are thrown!

And now, dearest Kitty,  
It's not very pretty,  
Indeed it's a pity,  
To keep me in sorrow!

So, if you'll but chime in,  
We'll have done with our rhymin',  
Swap Cupid for Hymen,  
And be married to-morrow.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweet-  
heart, who stood,  
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's  
decline,  
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of  
wood?  
I wish that that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it?—tell me,"  
she said,  
While an arch smile played over her beautiful  
face.  
"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my  
fair maid  
Would fly to my side, and would here take her  
place."

"Is that all you wish it for?—That may be yours  
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried:  
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures";  
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and  
the charm  
Would work so, that not even Modesty's check  
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm":  
She smiled,—and she laid her fine arm round  
his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music  
divine  
Would bring me the third time an exquisite  
bliss:  
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one  
of mine,  
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me  
a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—  
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle  
you'd make!  
For only consider, how silly 't would be,  
To sit there and whistle for—what you might  
take."

ROBERT STORY

#### WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

WHEN the Sultan Shah-Zaman  
Goes to the city Ispahan,  
Even before he gets so far  
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,  
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,  
The Pet of the Harem, *Rose in Bloom*,  
Orders a feast in his favorite room,—

Glittering squares of colored ice,  
Sweetened with syrup, tintured with spice ;  
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates ;  
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,  
Limes, and citrons, and apricots ;  
And wines that are known to Eastern princes.  
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots  
Of spiced meats, and costliest fish,  
And all that the curious palate could wish,  
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors.

Scattered over mosaic floors  
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets ;  
And a musical fountain throws its jets  
Of a hundred colors into the air.  
The dark Sultana loosens her hair,  
And stains with the henna plant the tips  
Of her pearly nails, and bites her lips  
Till they bloom again ; but alas, *that* rose  
Not for the Sultan buds and blows !

*Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman  
When he goes to the city Ispahan.*

Then at a wave of her sunny hand,  
The dancing girls of Samarcand  
Float in like mists from Fairy-land !  
And to the low voluptuous swoons  
Of music, rise and fall the moons  
Of their full brown bosoms. Orient blood  
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes ;  
And there in this Eastern paradise,  
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,  
And Khoten musk, and aloes, and myrrh,  
Sits *Rose in Bloom* on a silk divan,  
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan ;  
And her Arab lover sits with her.

*That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman  
Goes to the city Ispahan.*

Now, when I see an extra light  
Flaming, flickering on the night,  
From my neighbor's casement opposite,  
I know as well as I know to pray,  
I know as well as a tongue can say,

*That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman  
Has gone to the city Ispahan.*

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

#### CUPID SWALLOWED.

T' OTHER day, as I was twining  
Roses for a crown to dine in,  
What, of all things, midst the heap,  
Should I light on, fast asleep,  
But the little desperate elf,  
The tiny traitor, — Love himself !  
By the wings I pinched him up  
Like a bee, and in a cup

Of my wine I plunged and sank him —  
And what d' ye think I did ? — I drank him !  
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he !  
There he lives with tenfold glee ;  
And now, this moment, with his wings  
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT

#### THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,  
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
How sweet to rove  
Through *Morna's* grove,  
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love !  
Then awake ! — the heavens look bright, my dear !  
'T is never too late for delight, my dear !  
And the best of all ways  
To lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
And I, whose star,  
More glorious far,  
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.  
Then awake ! — till rise of sun, my dear,  
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
Or, in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light.

He might happen to take thee for one, my dear !

THOMAS MOORE

#### AH, SWEET KITTY NEIL !

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil ! rise up from your wheel,  
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;  
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree ;  
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.  
The sun is gone down ; but the full harvest moon  
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;  
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things  
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,  
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,  
glancing ;  
'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,  
So she could n't but choose to — go off to the dancing.  
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,  
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;

And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty  
Neil, —  
Somehow, when he asked, she no'er thought of  
refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,  
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in  
motion ;

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the  
ground,

The maids move around just like swans on the  
ocean.

Checks bright as the rose, — feet light as the doe's,  
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing ;  
Search the world all around from the sky to the  
ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish lass  
dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes  
of deep blue,

Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so  
milkily,

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded  
form,

Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb  
wildly ?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,  
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet  
love ;

The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,  
" Dance light, for my heart it lies under your  
feet, love ! "

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

#### DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO WOO.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

On hlythe Yule night when we were fou —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Looked asklent and unco skeigh,

Grat poor Duncan stand abeigh —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't ! "

Duncan fleeced and Duncan prayed —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Duncan sighed baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spak o' lowpua o'er a linn —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Time and chance are but a tide —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Slighted love is sair to bide —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie dee ?

She may gae to — France for me !

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

How it comes let doctors tell —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Meg grew sick as he grew heal —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Something in her bosom wrings, —

For relief a sigh she brings ;

And O, her een they speak sic things !

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Duncan was a lad o' grace —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Maggie's was a piteous case —

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

Duncan could na be her death ;

Swelling pity smooered his wrath.

Now they're crouse and canty laith,

Ha, ha ! the wooing o't !

ROBERT BURNS.

#### RORY O'MORE ;

OR, GOOD OMFENS.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn ;

He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn ;

He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,

And he thought the best way to do that was to  
tease.

" Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;

" With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what  
I'm about ;

Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak  
inside out."

" Och ! jewel," says Rory, " that saune is the way

You've thrated my heart for this many a day ;

And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?

For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

" Indeed, then," says Kathleen, " don't think of  
the like,

For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike ;

The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be  
bound" —

" Faith ! " says Rory, " I'd rather love you than  
the ground."

" Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go :

Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you  
so ! "

" Och ! " says Rory, " that same I'm delighted  
to hear,

For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.

Och ! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,  
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie !  
 And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?  
 Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough ;  
 Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff ;  
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,  
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."  
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,  
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck ;  
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,  
 And he kissed her sweet lips — Don't you think he was right ?  
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more, —  
 That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."  
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,  
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

## THE CATALOGUE.

O, THAT 's what you mean now, a bit of a song,  
 Arrah, faith, then here goes, you sha'n't bother me long ;

I require no teasing, no praying, nor stuff,  
 By my soul, if you wish it, I'm ready enough  
 To give you no end ; you shall have a beginning,

And, troth, though the music is not over fine,  
 'T is a bit of a thing that a body might sing  
 Just to set us a-going and season the wine.

O, I once was a lover, like some of you here,  
 And could feed a whole night on a sigh or a tear,  
 No sunshine I knew but from Kitty's black eye,  
 And the world was a desert when she was n't by ;  
 But the devil knows how, I got fond of Miss Betty,

And Kitty slipt out of this bosom of mine.  
 'T is a bit of a thing that a body might sing  
 Just to set us a-going and season the wine.

Now Betty had eyes soft and blue as the sky,  
 And the lily was black when her bosom was nigh ;  
 O, I vowed and I swore if she'd not a kind eye

I'd give up the whole world and in banishment die ;

But Naney came by, a round plump little creature,

And fixed in my heart quite another design.  
 'T is a bit of a thing that a body might sing  
 Just to set us a-going and season the wine.

Little Nancee, like a Hebe, was buxom and gay,  
 Had a bloom like the rose and was fresher than May ;

O, I felt if she frowned I would die by a rope,  
 And my bosom would burst if she slighted my hope ;

But the slim, taper, elegant Fanny looked at me,  
 And, troth, I no longer for Nancy could pine.  
 'T is a bit of a thing that a body might sing  
 Just to set us a-going and season the wine.

Now Fanny's light frame was so slender and fine  
 That she skimmed in the air like a shadow divine.  
 Her motion bewitched, and to my loving eye  
 'T was an angel soft gliding 'twixt earth and the sky.

'T was all mighty well till I saw her fat sister,  
 And *that* gave a turn I could never define  
 'T is a bit of a thing that a body might sing  
 Just to set us a-going and season the wine.

O, so I go on, ever constantly blest,  
 For I find I've a great stock of love in my breast ;  
 And it never grows less, for whenever I try  
 To get *one* in my heart, I get *two* in my eye.

To all kinds of beauty I bow with devotion,  
 And all kinds of liquor by turns I make mine ;  
 So I'll finish the thing that another may sing,  
 Just to keep us a-going and season the wine.

CAPT MORRIS.

## THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho ! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,  
 That never has known the barber's shear,  
 All your wish is woman to win ;  
 This is the way that boys begin, —  
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains ;  
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer,  
 Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,  
 Under Bonnybell's window-panes, —  
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass ;  
 Grizzling hair the brain doth clear ;  
 Then you know a boy is an ass,  
 Then you know the worth of a lass, —  
 Once you have come to forty year.

• A boon companion of George, Prince Regent

Pledge me round ; I bid ye declare,  
 All good fellows whose beards are gray, —  
 Did not the fairest of the fair  
 Common grow and wearisome ere  
 Ever a month was past away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
 May pray and whisper and we not list,  
 Or look away and never be missed, —  
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead ! God rest her bier, —  
 How I loved her twenty years syne !  
 Marian's married ; but I sit here,  
 Alone and merry at forty year,  
 Dipping my nose in the Gineon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,  
 'T was on a market-day :  
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat  
 Upon a truss of hay ;  
 But when that hay was blooming grass,  
 And decked with flowers of spring,  
 No flower was there that could compare  
 With the blooming girl I sing.  
 As she sat in the low-backed car,  
 The man at the turnpike bar  
 Never asked for the toll,  
 But just rubbed his ould poll,  
 And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
 The proud and mighty Mars  
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes  
 Of death in warlike cars ;  
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
 Has darts in her bright eye,  
 That knock men down in the market-town,  
 As right and left they fly ;  
 While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 Than battle more dangerous far, —  
 For the doctor's art  
 Cannot cure the heart  
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her ear, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
 By far outnumber these ;  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
 Just like a turtle-dove,  
 Well worth the eage, I do engage,  
 Of the blooming god of Love !

While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 The lovers come, near and far,  
 And envy the chicken  
 That Peggy is pickin',  
 As she sits in her low-backed car.

I 'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four, and gold *galore*,  
 And a lady for my bride ;  
 For the lady would sit forinst me,  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me,  
 With my arm around her waist,  
 While we drove in the low-backed car,  
 To be married by Father Mahar ;  
 O, my heart would beat high  
 At her glance and her sigh, —  
 Though it beat in a low-backed car !

SAMUEL LOVER.

#### SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,  
 There's none like pretty Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 There's ne'er a lady in the land  
 That's half so sweet as Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;  
 Her mother she sells laces long  
 To such as please to buy 'em ;  
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally !  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,  
 I love her so sincerely ;  
 My master comes like any Turk,  
 And bangs me most severely.  
 But let him bang his bellyful, —  
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;  
 For she's the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that 's in the week  
 I dearly love but one day,  
 And that's the day that comes betwixt  
 A Saturday and Monday ;  
 For then I'm drest all in my best  
 To walk abroad with Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.



My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamèd  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is namèd :  
I leave the church in sermon-time,  
And slink away to Sally, —  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
O, then I shall have money !  
I 'll hoard it up, and, box and all,  
I 'll give it to my honey ;  
And would it were ten thousand pound !  
I 'd give it all to Sally ;  
For she 's the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And but for she I 'd better be  
A slave, and row a galley ;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
O, then I 'll marry Sally !  
O, then we 'll wed, and then we 'll bed, —  
But not in our alley !

HENRY CAREY.

## LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it 's you I love the  
best !

If fifty girls were round you, I 'd hardly see the  
rest ;

Be what it may the time of day, the place be  
where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before  
me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that 's flowing on  
a rock,

How clear they are ! how dark they are ! and  
they give me many a shock ;

Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with  
a shower,

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has  
me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows  
lifted up,

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like  
a china cup ;

Her hair 's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and  
so fine, —

It 's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered  
in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded  
all before ;

No pretty girl for miles around was missing from  
the floor ;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and O, but she  
was gay ;

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my  
heart away !

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were  
so complete,

The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her  
feet ;

The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her  
so much praised,

But blessed himself he was n't deaf, when once  
her voice she raised.

And evermore I 'm whistling or liltin' what you  
sung ;

Your smile is always in my heart, your name upon  
my tongue ;

But you 've as many sweethearts as you 'd count  
on both your hands,

And for myself there 's not a thumb or little  
finger stands.

O, you 're the flower of womankind, in country  
or in town ;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I 'm cast down.  
If some great lord should come this way and see

your beauty bright,  
And you to be his lady, I 'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in lofty palace hall,  
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet cur-

tains fall ;

O, might we live together in a cottage mean and  
small,

With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the  
only wall !

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty 's my dis-

tress ;

It 's far too glorious to be mine, but I 'll never  
wish it less ;

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am  
poor and low,

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you  
may go !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I 'd been away from her three years, — about that,  
And I returned to find my Mary true ;

And though I 'd question her, I did not doubt that  
It was unnecessary so to do.

"T was by the chimney-corner we were sitting :  
 "Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"  
 "Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,  
 "I don't think I've unfaithful been to you :  
 But for the three years past I'll tell you what  
 I've done ; then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left my grief was uncontrollable ;  
 Alone I mourned my miserable lot ;  
 And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,  
 Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot.  
 To flirt with him amused me while 't was new :  
 I don't count that unfaithfulness — do you ?

"The next — O! let me see — was Frankie Phipps :  
 I met him at my uncle's, Christmas-tide,  
 And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,  
 He gave me his first kiss —" And here she sighed.  
 "We stayed six weeks at uncle's — how time flew!  
 I don't count that unfaithfulness — do you ?

"Lord Cecil Fossmore — only twenty-one —  
 Lent me his horse. O, how we rode and raced !  
 We scorned the downs — we rode to hounds  
 such fun !

And often was his arm about my waist, —  
 That was to lift me up and down. But who  
 Would call just that unfaithfulness? Would you ?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!  
 We met, — 't was at a picnic. O, such weather!  
 He gave me, look, the first of these two rings  
 When we were lost in Chieftlen woods together.  
 Ah, what a happy time we spent, — we two !  
 I don't count that unfaithfulness to you.

"I've yet another ring from him; d'ye see  
 The plain gold circlet that is shining here!"  
 I took her hand: "O Mary! can it be  
 That you —" Quoth she, "that I am Mrs. Vere.  
 I don't call that unfaithfulness — do you?"  
 "No," I replied, "for I am married too."

ANONYMOUS.

— ◆ —

### WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow machree, it's no wonder you frown, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree ;  
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black  
 gown, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree.  
 How altered your air,  
 With that close cap you wear, —  
 'T is destroying your hair,  
 Which should be flowing free :  
 Be no longer a churl  
 Of its black silken curl, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree !

Widow machree, now the summer is come, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree,  
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look  
 glum ?

Oeh hone! widow machree !  
 See the birds go in pairs,  
 And the rabbits and hares ;  
 Why, even the bears  
 Now in couples agree ;  
 And the mute little fish,  
 Though they can't spake, they wish, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree !

Widow machree, and when winter comes in, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree,  
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
 Oeh hone! widow machree !  
 Sure the shovel and tongs  
 To each other belongs,  
 And the kettle sings songs  
 Full of family glee ;  
 While alone with your cup  
 Like a hermit you sup,  
 Oeh hone! widow machree !

And how do you know, with the comforts I've  
 towld, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree, —  
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the  
 cowl'd ?

Oeh hone! widow machree !  
 With such sins on your head,  
 Sure your peace would be fled ;  
 Could you sleep in your bed  
 Without thinking to see  
 Some ghost or some sprite,  
 That would wake you each night,  
 Crying "Oeh hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree, —  
 And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,  
 Oeh hone! widow machree !

You'd have me to desire  
 Then to stir up the fire ;  
 And sure hope is no liar  
 In whispering to me  
 That the ghosts would depart  
 When you'd me near your heart, —  
 Oeh hone! widow machree !

SAMUEL LOVER

— ◆ —

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The laird o' Cockpen he's prond and he's great,  
 His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state ;  
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
 But favor wi' woin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dike-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Lish's nae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rode cannily —  
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:  
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:  
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her nutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bow'd fir' low,  
And what was his errand he soon let her know;  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na";  
And wi' a laigh curtesy she turn'd awa'.

Dumbfoundered he was — nae sigh did he gie;  
He mounted his mare — he rode cannily;  
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
"Oh! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green.

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen —  
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIEN

#### UNSATISFACTORY.

"HAVE other lovers — say, my love —  
Loved thus before to-day?"  
"They may have, yes, they may, my love;  
Not long ago they may."

"But, though they worshiped thee, my love,  
Thy maiden heart was free!"

"Don't ask too much of me, my love;  
Don't ask too much of me."

"Yet, now 't is you and I, my love,  
Love's wings no more will fly!"

"If love could never die, my love,  
Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,  
And Love and I must go!"

"Indeed, I do not know, my love,  
My life, I do not know."

"You will, you *must* be true, my love,  
Not look and love anew!"

"I'll see what I can do, my love,  
I'll see what I can do."

ANONYMOUS

#### COOKING AND COURTING.

I FROM TOM TO NED

DEAR Ned, no doubt you'll be surpris'd,  
When you receive and read this letter.  
I've railed against the marriage state;  
But then, you see, I knew no better.  
I've met a lovely girl out here;  
Her manner is — well — very winning;  
We're soon to be — well, Ned, my dear,  
I'll tell you all, from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride  
Last Wednesday — it was perfect weather.  
She said she could n't possibly;  
The servants had gone off together  
(Hibernians always rush away,  
At cousins' funerals to be looking);  
Pies must be made, and she must stay,  
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"O, let me help you," then I cried:  
"I'll be a cooker too — how jolly!"  
She laughed, and answered, with a smile,  
"All right! but you'll repent your folly;  
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,  
And good hard work you'll have to grapple;  
So sit down there, and don't you stir,  
But take this knife, and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm, —  
That lovely arm, so plump and pounded;  
Outside, the morning sun shone bright;  
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.  
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,  
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses:  
I passed the most delightful hour  
Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection her sweet eyes  
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle:  
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,  
And then the upper crust did settle.

Her rippling waves of golden hair

In one great coil were tightly twisted ;  
But locks would break it, here and there,  
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I

Fastened it up — her hands were doughy ;  
O, it did take the longest time ! —

Her arm, Ned, was so round and snowy.  
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy ;  
Somehow that made me all the bolder ;

Her arch lips looked so red that I —  
Well — found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month ;

Come and attend the wedding revels.  
I really think that bachelors

Are the most miserable devils !  
You 'd better go for some girl's hand ;

And if you are uncertain whether  
You dare to make a due demand,

Why, just try cooking pies together.

ANONYMOUS.

POSSESSION.

A POET loved a Star,

And to it whispered nightly,

" Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far ?

Or why so coldly shine, who shinest so brightly ?

O Beauty wooed and unpossessed !

O, might I to this beating breast

But clasp thee once, and then die blest ! "

That Star her Poet's love,

So wildly warm, made human ;

And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,

His Star stooped earthward, and became a  
Woman.

" Thou who hast wooed and hast possessed,

My lover, answer : Which was best,

The Star's beam or the Woman's breast ? "

" I miss from heaven," the man replied,

" A light that drew my spirit to it."

And to the man the woman sighed,

" I miss from earth a poet."

OWEN MEREDITH (LORD LYTON).

# POEMS OF HOME.

## MARRIAGE.

### LOVE.

THERE are who say the lover's heart  
Is in the loved one's merged ;  
O, never by love's own warm art  
So cold a plea was urged !  
No !— hearts that love hath crowned or crossed  
Love fondly knits together ;  
But not a thought or hue is lost  
That made a part of either.

It is an ill-told tale that tells  
Of "hearts by love made one" ;  
He grows who near another's dwells  
More conscious of his own ;  
In each spring up new thoughts and powers  
That, mid love's warm, clear weather,  
Together tend like climbing flowers,  
And, turning, grow together.

Such fictions blink love's better part,  
Yield up its half of bliss ;  
The wells are in the neighbor heart,  
When there is thirst in this :  
There findeth love the passion-flowers  
On which it learns to thrive,  
Makes honey in another's bowers,  
But brings it home to live.

Love's life is in its own replies, —  
To each low bent it bends,  
Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,  
And every throb repents.  
Then, since one loving heart still throws  
Two shadows in love's sun,  
How should two loving hearts compose  
And mingle into one ?

THOMAS KIDOLE HERVEY

### THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,  
That thou wad aye be mine !

And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,  
That thou shalt aye be mine !

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,  
And the heart that wad part sic luvy !  
But there's nae hand can loose my band,  
But the finger o' Him abave,  
Though the wee, wee cot man be my bield,  
And my claitthing ne'er sae mean,  
I wad lap me up rich i' the baulks o' luvy,  
Heaven's ainfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,  
Fu' softer than the down ;  
And Luvy wad winnow owre us his kind, kind  
wings,  
And sweetly I'd sleep, and soum'  
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luvy !  
Come here and kneel wi' me !  
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,  
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new  
flowers,  
The wee birds sing kindlie and hie ;  
Our gudeman leans owre his kyle-yard dike,  
And a blythe auld bodie is he.  
The Benk man be ta'en when the cartle comes  
hame,  
Wi' the holy psalmodie ;  
And thou manna speak o' me to thy God,  
And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### UNTIL DEATH.

MAKE me no vows of constancy, dear friend,  
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,  
And love no other till thy days shall end, —  
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so ;  
I would not reach out of my quiet grave

To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go; —  
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene  
In clearer light than gilds those earthly morns,  
Above the jealousies and envies keen  
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,  
If, after death, my soul should linger here;  
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,  
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully  
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe  
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,  
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead  
The praises which remorseful mourners give  
To women's graves, — a tardy recompense, —  
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head  
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;  
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses  
wave,  
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay  
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find  
One who will love and serve thee night and day  
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets  
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,  
Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's self forgets; —  
But while I live, be true!

ANONYMOUS.



## ALICE.

FROM "ALICE AND UNA."

ALICE was a chieftain's daughter,  
And though many suitors sought her,  
She so loved Glengariff's water  
That she let her lovers pine.  
Her eye was beauty's palace,  
And her cheek an ivory chalice,  
Through which the blood of Alice  
Gleamed soft as rosiest wine,  
And her lips like Insmore blossoms which the  
fairies interwine, —  
And her heart a golden mine.

She was gentler and shyer  
Than the light fawn which stood by her,  
And her eyes emit a fire

Soft and tender as her soul;  
Love's dewy light doth drown her,  
And the braided locks that crown her  
Than autumn's trees are browner,  
When the golden shadows roll  
Through the forests in the evening, when cathed-  
ral turrets toll,  
And the purple sun advanceth to its goal.

Her cottage was a dwelling  
All regal homes excelling,  
But, ah! beyond the telling  
Was the beauty round it spread, —  
The wave and sunshine playing,  
Like sisters each arraying,  
Far down the sea-plants swaying  
Upon their coral-bed,  
And languid as the tresses on a sleeping maiden's  
head,  
When the summer breeze is dead.

Need we say that Maurice loved her,  
And that no blush reproved her,  
When her throbbing bosom moved her  
To give the heart she gave?  
That by dawn-light and by twilight,  
And, O blessed moon, by thy light, —  
When the twinkling stars on high light  
The wanderer o'er the wave, —  
His steps unconscious led him where Glengariff's  
waters lave  
Each mossy bank and cave.

The sun his gold is flinging,  
The happy birds are singing,  
And bells are gayly ringing  
Along Glengariff's sea;  
And crowds in many a galley  
To the happy marriage rally  
Of the maiden of the valley  
And the youth of Céim-an-eich;  
Old eyes with joy are weeping, as all ask on  
bended knee,  
A blessing, gentle Alice, upon thee.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.



## NUPTIALS OF ADAM AND EVE.

MINE eyes he closed, but open left the cell  
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which  
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took  
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the  
wound,

But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed :  
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands ;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed  
now

Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained  
And in her looks, which from that time infused  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspired  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeared, and left me dark ; I waked  
To find her, or forever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :  
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned  
With what all earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :  
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud :  
"This turn hath made amends ; thou hast  
fulfilled

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor envious. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
Before me ; Woman is her name, of man  
Extracted ; for this cause he shall forgo  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one  
soul."

She heard me thus, and though divinely  
brought,

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
The more desirable ; or, to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned :  
I followed her ; she what was honor knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approved  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven,  
And happy constellations on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

MILTON.

## MY COTTAGE.

HERE have I found at last a home of peace  
To hide me from the world ; far from its noise,  
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from  
earth,  
And linked to human beings by the bond  
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim  
Than perishable joy, and through the calm  
That sleeps amid the mountain solitude,  
Can hear the billows of eternity,  
And hear delighted. . . .

There are thought-  
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds  
Amid the harp's loose-strings, till airs from Heaven  
On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,  
Awake the sleeping melody ! Such thoughts,  
My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.  
And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul  
With a dear home-toned whisper, - if thy face  
E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light  
From our own cottage-hearth, - O Mary ! then  
My overpowered spirit shall recline  
Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,  
Thou sinless seraph, almost worthy thee !

JOHN WILSON

## TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

O, FORMED by Nature, and refined by Art,  
With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart !  
By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free  
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me,  
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,  
A hidden beauty and a country wife !  
O, listen while thy summers are my theme !  
Ah ! soothe thy partner in his waking dream !  
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,  
Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy  
train,  
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens ar-  
ranged,  
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,  
Fancy has figured out our calm retreat ;  
Already round the visionary seat  
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,  
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.  
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly peopled green,  
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen,  
Where sons, contented with their native ground,  
Ne'er traveled farther than ten furlongs round,  
And the tanned peasant and his ruddy bride  
Were born together, and together died,  
Where early larks best tell the morning light,  
And only Philomel disturbs the night  
Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,  
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes ;

All savage where th' embroidered gardens end,  
The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend ;  
And O, if Heaven th' ambitious thought ap-  
prove,

A rill shall warble 'cross the gloomy grove, —  
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds conveyed,  
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the  
glade.

What cheering scents these bordering banks  
exhale !

How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !  
That thrush how shrill ! his note so clear, so high,  
He drowns each feathered minstrel of the sky.

Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn  
The deep-mouthed beagle and the sprightly horn,  
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,  
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.  
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,  
The downy peach or flavored nectarine ;  
Or rob the beehive of its golden hoard,

And bear the unbought luxuriance to thy board.  
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,  
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers.  
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,  
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.  
O, when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,  
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest :  
Then watch thee, charmed, while sleep locks every  
sense,

And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence.  
Thus reigned our fathers o'er the rural fold,  
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old ;  
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,  
And specious joys are bought with real woe.

THOMAS TICKELL.

— — —  
THE EPITHALAMION.

WAKE now, my love, awake ; for it is time ;  
The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed,  
All ready to her silver coach to climb ;  
And Phoebus 'gins to show his glorious head.  
Hark ! now the cheerful birds do chant their lays,  
And carol of Love's praise.  
The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;  
The thrush replies ; the warbler descant plays ;  
The ouzel shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft ;  
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,  
To this day's merriment.

Ah ! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,  
When meeter were that you should now awake,  
T' await the coming of your joyous make,  
And hearken to the birds' love-learn'd song,  
The dewy leaves among !

For they of joy and pleasure to you sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their echo  
ring.

\* Mate.

My love is now awake out of her dream,  
And her fair eyes like stars that dimm'd were  
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly  
beams

More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.  
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,  
Help quickly her to dight ;

But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,  
In Joye's sweet paradise, of Day and Night ;  
Which do the seasons of the year allot,  
And all, that ever in this world is fair,  
Do make and still repair ;

And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,  
The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,  
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride :  
And, as ye her array, still throw between  
Some graces to be seen ;  
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,  
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your  
echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :  
Let all the virgins therefore well await ;  
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,  
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.  
Set all your things in seemly good array,  
Fit for so joyful day, —

The joyfulst day that ever sun did see.  
Fair Sun ! show forth thy favorable ray,  
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,  
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,  
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phoebus ! father of the Muse !  
If ever I did honor thee aright,  
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,  
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,  
But let this day, let this one day be mine :  
Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,  
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo  
ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,  
Like Phoebe, from her chamber of the east,  
Avising forth to run her mighty race,  
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.  
So well it her beseeues, that ye would ween  
Some angel she had been.

Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,  
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,  
Do like a golden mantle her attire :  
And, being crown'd with a garland green,  
Seem like some maiden queen.

Her modest eyes, abashed to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affix'd are :  
Xe dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,



So far from being proud  
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo  
ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see  
So fair a creature in your town before ?  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store ;  
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,  
Her forehead ivory white,  
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath  
rudded,  
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,  
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled.

Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your echo  
ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,  
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,  
And stand astonish'd like to those which red  
Medusa's mazed head.  
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,  
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,  
Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty ;  
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,  
And giveth laws alone,  
The which the base affections do obey,  
And yield their services unto her will ;  
No thought of things uncomely ever may  
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.  
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,  
And unrevealed pleasures,  
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,  
That all the woods should answer, and your echo  
ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,  
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,  
For to receive this saint with honor due,  
That cometh in to you.  
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,  
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view :  
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,  
When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces :  
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endless matrimony make ;  
And let the roaring organs loudly play

The praise of the Lord in lively notes :  
The whiles, with hollow throats,  
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their echo  
ring.

Behold, while she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And bleaseth her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,  
And the pure snow with goodly vernal stain,  
Like crimson dyed in grain ;  
That even the angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remain,  
Forget their service and about her fly,  
Of peeping in her face, that seems more fair,  
The more they on it stare.  
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are govern'd with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not a look to glance awry,  
Which may let in a little thought unbound.  
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band ?  
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluia sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo  
ring.

EDMUND SPENSER.

#### LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It 's we two, it 's we two for aye,  
All the world, and we two, and Heaven be our stay !  
Like a laverock in the lift, sing O bonny bride !  
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his  
side.

What 's the world, my lass, my love ! — what can  
it do ?

I am thine, and thou art mine ; life is sweet and  
new.

If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by  
For we two have gotten leave, and once more will  
try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride !  
It 's we two, it 's we two, happy side by side  
Take a kiss from me, thy man ; now the song  
begins :  
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart  
wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will  
shine,  
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I 'll dry thine.  
It 's we two, it 's we two, while the world 's away,  
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

J. ASH FUGLETON.

## MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.\*

In a valley far away  
 With my Maire bhan astór,  
 Short would be the summer-day,  
 Ever loving more and more ;  
 Winter days would all grow long,  
 With the light her heart would pour,  
 With her kisses and her song,  
 And her loving mait go leór.  
 Fond is Maire bhan astór,  
 Fair is Maire bhan astór,  
 Sweet as ripple on the shore,  
 Sings my Maire bhan astór.

O, her sire is very proud,  
 And her mother cold as stone ;  
 But her brother bravely vowed  
 She should be my bride alone ;  
 For he knew I loved her well,  
 And he knew she loved me too,  
 So he sought their pride to quell,  
 But 't was all in vain to sue.  
 True is Maire bhan astor,  
 Tried is Maire bhan astór,  
 Had I wings I 'd never soar  
 From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil  
 Surely reaps the crop it sows,  
 Glorious woods and teeming soil,  
 Where the broad Missonri flows ;  
 Through the trees the smoke shall rise,  
 From our hearth with mait go leór,  
 There shall shine the happy eyes  
 Of my Maire bhan astór.

Mild is Maire bhan astór,  
 Mine is Maire bhan astór,  
 Saints will watch about the door  
 Of my Maire bhan astór.

THOMAS DAVIS.

## THE BRIDE.

FROM "A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING."

THE maid, and thereby hangs a tale,  
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale  
 Could ever yet produce :  
 No grape that 's kindly ripe could be  
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
 Would not stay on which they did bring, —  
 It was too wide a peck :

\* Fair Mary, my treasure.

And, to say truth, — for out it must, —  
 It looked like the great collar — just —  
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
 Like little mice, stole in and out,  
 As if they feared the light ;  
 But O, she dances such a way !  
 No sun upon an Easter-day  
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
 No daisy makes comparison ;  
 Who sees them is undone ;  
 For streaks of red were mingled there,  
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,  
 The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,  
 Compared to that was next her chin.  
 Some bee had stung it newly ;  
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
 I durst no more upon them gaze,  
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,  
 Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
 That they might passage get ;  
 But she so handled still the matter,  
 They came as good as ours, or better,  
 And are not spent a whit.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

## HEBREW WEDDING.

To the sound of timbrels sweet  
 Moving slow our solemn feet,  
 We have borne thee on the road  
 To the virgin's blest abode ;  
 With thy yellow torches gleaming,  
 And thy scarlet mantle streaming,  
 And the canopy above  
 Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,  
 And the mirth and wine have ceased  
 And now we set thee down before  
 The jealously unclosing door.  
 The favored youth admits  
 Where the veiled virgin sits  
 In the bliss of maiden fear,  
 Waiting our soft tread to hear,  
 And the music's brisker din  
 At the bridegroom's entering in,  
 Entering in, a welcome guest,  
 To the chamber of his rest.

## CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,  
Bride of David's kingly line ;  
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,  
And thy shrouded eye resembleth  
Violets, when the dews of eve  
A moist and tremulous glitter leave !

On the bashful sealed lid,  
Close within the bride-veil hid,  
Motionless thou sit'st and mute ;  
Save that at the soft salute  
Of each entering maiden friend,  
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !  
The door unfolds, — 't is he ! 't is he !  
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,  
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.  
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,  
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

## MARRIAGE.

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

THEN before All they stand, — the holy vow  
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,  
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,  
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,  
His house she enters, — there to be a light,  
Shining within, when all without is night ;  
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,  
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,  
Back from a world we love, alas ! too long,  
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,  
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.  
How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind  
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;  
Still subject, — ever on the watch to borrow  
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow !  
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,  
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly —  
pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## SEVEN TIMES SIX.

LIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To watch, and then to lose :  
To see my bright ones disappear,  
Drawn up like morning dews ; —  
To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To watch, and then to lose :

This have I done when God drew near  
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
And with thy lord depart  
In tears that he, as soon as shed,  
Will let no longer smart. —  
To hear, to heed, to wed,  
This while thou didst I smiled,  
For now it was not God who said,  
" Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind,  
To God I gave with tears ;  
But when a man like grace would find,  
My soul put by her fears.  
O fond, O fool, and blind,  
God guards in happier spheres  
That man will guard where he did bind  
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose,  
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,  
Thy face no more she views ;  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth in naught accuse ;  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love — and then to lose.

JUAN INES DE LA CRUZ.

## THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

O, THE banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,  
And love in a cottage for Mary and me !  
There 's not in the land a lovelier tide,  
And I'm sure that there 's no one so fair as my bride.  
She 's modest and meek,  
There 's a down on her cheek,  
And her skin is as sleek  
As a butterfly's wing ;  
Then her step would scarce show  
On the fresh-fallen snow,  
And her whisper is low,  
But as clear as the spring.  
O, the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,  
And love in a cottage for Mary and me !  
I know not how love is happy elsewhere,  
I know not how any but lovers are there.

O, so green is the grass, so clear is the stream,  
So mild is the mist and so rich is the beam,  
That beauty should never to other lands roam,  
But make on the banks of our river its home !  
When, dripping with dew,  
The roses peep through,  
'T is to look in at you

They are growing so fast ;  
While the scent of the flowers  
Must be hoarded for hours,  
'T is poured in such showers  
When my Mary goes past.

O, the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,  
And love in a cottage for Mary and me !  
O, Mary for me, Mary for me,  
And 't is little I 'd sigh for the banks of the Lee !

THOMAS DAVIS.

## HOME.

## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
I never lo'ed a dearer,  
And neist my heart I 'll wear her,  
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
The warstle and the care o't ;  
Wi' her I 'll blythely bear it,  
And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

## SONNETS.

MY Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die :  
Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,  
Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle kiss,  
While Time and Peace with hands unloek'd fly,—  
Yet care I not where in Eternity  
We live and love, well knowing that there is  
No backward step for those who feel the bliss  
Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high :  
Love hath so purified my being's core,  
Meseems I scarcely should be startled, even,  
To find, some morn, that thou hadst gone before :  
Since, with thy love, this knowledge too was  
given,  
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and  
more,  
That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

I CANNOT think that thou shouldst pass away,  
Whose life to mine is an eternal law,

A piece of nature that can have no flaw,  
A new and certain sunrise every day ;  
But, if thou art to be another ray  
About the Sun of Life, and art to live  
Free from all of thee that was fugitive,  
The debt of Love I will more fully pay,  
Not downcast with the thought of thee so high,  
But rather raised to be a nobler man,  
And more divine in my humanity,  
As knowing that the waiting eyes which scan  
My life are lighted by a purer being,  
And ask meek, calm-browed deeds, with it agree-  
ing.

I RITORATE our love at full, but I did err :  
Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes : I could not  
see

That sorrow in our happy world must be  
Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter.  
But, as a mother feels her child first stir  
Under her heart, so felt I instantly  
Deep in my soul another bond to thee  
Thrill with that life we saw depart from her ;  
O mother of our angel child ! twice dear !  
Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wis,  
Her tender radiance shall unfold us here,  
Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,  
Threads the void glooms of space without a fear.  
To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.

T. W. S. RUSSELL (1838-1881)

## ADAM TO EVE.

O FAIRER of creation, last and best  
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote !  
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidden ! Some cursèd fraud

Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruined, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die.  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me to thy flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,  
Certain to undergo like doom; if death  
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The hand of nature draw me to my own,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,  
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

## LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

"But why do you go?" said the lady, while both  
Ate under the yew,  
And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the  
kraken beneath the sea-blue.

"Because I fear you," he answered; — "because  
you are far too fair,  
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your  
gold-colored hair."

"O that," she said, "is no reason! Such knots  
are quickly undone,  
And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but  
too much sun."

"Yet farewell you," he answered; — "the sun-  
stroke's fatal at times;  
I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gal-  
lop rings still from the drums."

"O that," he said, "is no reason. You would  
a rose through a fence;  
If two should smell it, what mystery who get in  
bles, and where's the perfume?"

"But I," he replied, "have promised another  
when love was free,  
To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves  
me."

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's  
always free, I am told.  
Will you vow to be safe from the headache on  
Tuesday, and think it will hold?"

"But you," he replied, "have promised another,  
a young little child, who was born  
In your lap to be pure, so I leave you the  
angels would make me afraid."

"O, that," she said, "is no reason. The angels  
keep out of the way;  
And Don, the child, observes nothing so long,  
you should please me and stay."

At which he rose up in his anger, — "Why, now,  
you no longer are fair!  
Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but hateful and  
hateful, I swear."

At which she laughed out in her scorn, — "These  
men! O, these men overcome,  
Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly  
put on by a vice."

Her eyes blazed upon him — "And what? You  
bring us your views so near  
That we smell them? You think in our presence  
a thought's worth I detest to hear."

"What reason had you, said your husband,  
To peel to your soul from my life,  
To find me too fair, a woman? — Why, no, I am  
pure, and a wife."

"I the day started too far up above you? It hurt  
you not. Dare you not yet  
I brushed you near, close than the year, now,  
when Walter had set me ashore?"

"If a man finds a woman too fair, he soon is  
simpler adapted too much  
To use and laugh and fast. The praise too, as  
I thank you forward?"

"Too fair? — not unless you miss it and want  
it, once new skills.  
You attain to it, it might have been old and common  
too fair, but too late."

"A moment, — I pay your attention. I was  
a poor ward in my time;  
I met a letter, though a simple matter, and set  
it down better unread."

"Forgive, sir, pale to impudence, one has  
I saw you ring  
You kissed my own when I dropped it. No must  
ter! I've broken the thing."

"You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved  
at my side now and then  
In the sense, — I view I have heard, which is  
common to beasts and some men."

"Love's a virtue for heroes! — as white as the snow on high hills,  
And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfills.

"I love my Walter profoundly, — you, Maude, though you faltered a week,  
For the sake of . . . what was it? an eyebrow? or, less still, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all's said, you're too noble to stoop to the frivolous cant  
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle, betray, and supplant,

"I determined to prove to yourself that, whatever you might dream or avow  
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me than you have now.

"There! Look me full in the face! — in the face. Understand, if you can,  
That the eyes of such women as I am are clean as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for fear we should cost you a scar, —  
You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for the women we are.

"You wronged me: but then I considered . . . there's Walter! And so at the end,  
I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me, in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then. Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!  
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me to ask him to dine."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### CONNUBIAL LIFE.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings  
blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul:  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing  
will,

With boundless confidence: for naught but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,  
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.  
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
O, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden rear  
Surprises often, while you look around,  
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
All various Nature pressing on the heart;  
An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.

These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;  
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;  
When, after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamored more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

JAMES THOMSON.

### POSSESSION.

"It was our wedding-day  
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.  
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,  
I know not: I have ceased to question Time.  
I only know that once there pealed a chime  
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,  
And all stood back, and none my right denied.  
And forth we walked: the world was free and wide  
Before us. Since that day  
I count my life: the Past is washed away.

It was no dream, that vow:  
It was the voice that woke me from a dream, —  
A happy dream, I think: but I am waking now,  
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme  
That turns the mist of former tears to gold.  
Within these arms I hold  
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:  
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again:

Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more de-  
part, —  
Thy nest is buildd in my heart !

I was the crescent ; thou  
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,  
Held in its bosom : in one glory now  
Our lives united shine, and many a year —  
Not the sweet moon of bridal only — we  
One luster, ever at the full, shall be :  
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,  
One life developed, one completed soul !  
For I in thee, and thou in me,  
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew his chosen time.  
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,  
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,  
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.  
Secure, O Love ! secure  
Thy blessing is : I have thee day and night :  
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light :  
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

#### THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
The blissful day we twa did meet ;  
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,  
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
And crosses o'er the sultry line, —  
Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,  
Heaven gave me more ; it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
Or nature aught of pleasure give, —  
While joys above my mind can move,  
For thee and thee alone I live ;  
When that grim foe of life below  
Comes in between to makē us part,  
The iron hand that breaks our band,  
It breaks my bliss, — it breaks my heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, MY love 's like the steadfast sun,  
Or streams that deepen as they run ;  
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
Nor moments between sighs and tears,  
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,  
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows  
To sober joys and soften woes,  
Can make my heart or fancy flee,  
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
In maiden bloom and matron wit ;  
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;  
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon  
Set on the sea an hour too soon :  
Or lingered mid the falling dew,  
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
Five sons, and ae fair daughter sweet,  
And time, and care, and birthtime woes  
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,  
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong  
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.  
When words descend like dews, unsought,  
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,  
And fancy in her heaven flies free,  
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,  
To silver, than some give to gold,  
'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
How we should deck our humble bower :  
'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,  
The golden fruit of fortune's tree ;  
And sweeter still to choose and twine  
A garland for that brow of thine, —  
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
While rivets flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,  
Grave moments of sedater thought,  
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
One gleam of her inconstant light ;  
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
Shines like a rainbow through the shower.  
O, then I see, while seated nigh,  
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,  
And proud resolve, and purpose meek,  
Speak of thee more than words can speak.  
I think this wedded wife of mine,  
The best of all that 's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

#### AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

SHE stood in the harvest-field at noon,  
And sang aloud for the joy of living.  
She said : " 'T is the sun that I drink like wine,  
To my heart this gladness giving."

Rank upon rank the wheat fell slain ;  
The reapers ceased. " 'T is sure the splendor  
Of sloping sunset light that thrills  
My breast with a bliss so tender."

Up and up the blazing hills  
 Climbed the night from the misty meadows.  
 "Can they be stars, or living eyes  
 That bend on me from the shadows?"

"Greeting!" "And may you speak, indeed?"  
 All in the dark her sense grew clearer;  
 She knew that she had, for company,  
 All day an angel near her.

"May you tell us of the life divine,  
 To us unknown, to angels given?"  
 "Count me your earthly joys, and I  
 May teach you those of heaven."

"They say the pleasures of earth are vain;  
 Delusions all, to lure from duty;  
 But while God hangs his bow in the rain,  
 Can I help my joy in beauty?"

"And while he quickens the air with song,  
 My breaths with scent, my fruits with flavor,  
 Will he, dear angel, count as sin  
 My life in sound and savor?"

"See, at our feet the glow-worm shines,  
 Lo! in the east a star arises;  
 And thought may climb from worm to world  
 Forever through fresh surprises:"

"And thought is joy. . . . And, hark! in the  
 vale  
 Music, and merry steps pursuing;  
 They leap in the dance, — a soul in my blood  
 Cries out, Awake, be doing!"

"Action is joy; or power at play,  
 Or power at work in world or empires:  
 Action is life; part from the deed,  
 More from the doing rises."

"And are these all?" She flushed in the dark.  
 "These are not all. I have a lover;  
 At sound of his voice, at touch of his hand,  
 The cup of my life runs over.

"Once, unknowing, we looked and neared,  
 And doubted, and neared, and rested never,  
 Till life seized life, as flame meets flame,  
 To escape no more forever.

"Lover and husband; then was love  
 The wine of my life, all life enhancing;  
 Now 't is my bread, too needful and sweet  
 To be kept for feast-day chancing.

"I have a child." She seemed to change;  
 The deep content of some brooding creature

Looked from her eyes. "O, sweet and strange!  
 Angel, be thou my teacher:"

"When He made us one in a babe,  
 Was it for joy, or sorest proving?  
 For now I fear no heaven could win  
 Our hearts from earthly loving.

"I have a friend. Howso I err,  
 I see her uplifting love bend o'er me;  
 Howso I climb to my best, I know  
 Her foot will be there before me.

"Howso parted, we must be nigh,  
 Held by old years of every weather;  
 The best new love would be less than ours  
 Who have lived our lives together.

"Now, lest forever I fail to see  
 Right skies, through clouds so bright and ten-  
 der,  
 Show me true joy." The angel's smile  
 Lit all the night with splendor.

"Save that to Love and Learn and Do  
 In wondrous measure to us is given;  
 Save that we see the face of God,  
 You have named the joys of heaven."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER

#### WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was pre-  
 sented

(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),  
 At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,  
 And slipped in three blessings, — wife, children,  
 and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,  
 For justice divine could not compass its ends.  
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,  
 For earth becomes heaven with — wife, children,  
 and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,  
 The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;  
 But the heart issues bills which are never protested,  
 When drawn on the firm of — wife, children,  
 and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,  
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;  
 But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow  
 No warmth from the smile of — wife, children,  
 and friends.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.



## THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,  
Have I been thine ?  
How many days, thou dove,  
Hast thou been mine ?  
Time, like the wingéd wind  
When 't bends the flowers,  
Hath left no mark behind,  
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loath,  
On thee he leaves ;  
Some lines of care round both  
Perhaps he weaves ;  
Some fears, — a soft regret  
For joys scarce known ;  
Sweet looks we half forget ; —  
All else is flown !

Ah ! — With what thankless heart  
I mourn and sing !  
Look, where our children start,  
Like sudden spring !  
With tongues all sweet and low  
Like pleasant rhyme,  
They tell how much I owe  
To thee and time !

BARRY CORNWALL.

## IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fall  
In green Bengala's palm grove,  
Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gayly would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When, on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,  
But miss thy kind, approving eye,  
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still,  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Alnorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates  
Nor mild Malwah detain ;  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,  
Across the dark blue sea ;  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee !

REGINALD HEBER

## TROTH-PLIGHT.

FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF A HUSBAND THIRTY-SEVEN  
YEARS BLIND.

I BROUGHT her home, my bonny bride,  
Just fifty years ago ;  
Her eyes were bright,  
Her step was light,  
Her voice was sweet and low.

In April was our wedding-day —  
The maiden month, you know,  
Of tears and smiles,  
And willful wiles,  
And flowers that spring from snow.

My love cast down her dear, dark eyes,  
As if she fain would hide  
From my fond sight  
Her own delight,  
Half shy, yet happy, bride.

But blushes told the tale, instead,  
As plain as words could speak,  
In dainty red,  
That overspread  
My darling's dainty cheek.

For twice six years and more I watched  
Her fairer grow each day ;  
My babes were blest  
Upon her breast,  
And she was pure as they.

And then an angel touched my eyes,  
 And turned my day to night,  
 That fading charms  
 Or time's alarms  
 Might never vex my sight.

Thus sitting in the dark I see  
 My darling as of yore, —  
 With blushing face  
 And winsome grace,  
 Unchanged, forevermore.

Full fifty years of young and fair !  
 To her I pledge my vow  
 Whose spring-time grace  
 And April face  
 Have lasted until now.  
 LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR !

O, LAY thy hand in mine, dear !  
 We 're growing old ;  
 But Time hath brought no sign, dear,  
 That hearts grow cold.  
 'T is long, long since our new love  
 Made life divine ;  
 But age enricheth true love,  
 Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,  
 And take thy rest ;  
 Mine arms around thee twine, dear,  
 And make thy nest.  
 A many cares are pressing  
 On this dear head ;  
 But Sorrow's hands in blessing  
 Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear !  
 'T will shelter thee.  
 Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,  
 On my young tree :  
 And so, till boughs are leafless,  
 And songbirds flown,  
 We 'll twine, then lay us, griefless,  
 Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah,  
 summers not a few,  
 Since I put it on your finger first, have passed  
 o'er me and you ;

And, love, what changes we have seen, — what  
 cares and pleasures, too, —  
 Since you became my own dear wife, when this  
 old ring was new !

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of  
 my life,  
 When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes"  
 made you my loving wife !  
 Your heart will say the same, I know ; that  
 day's as dear to you, —  
 That day that made me yours, dear wife, when  
 this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet  
 face that day !  
 How fair you were, how dear you were, my  
 tongue could hardly say ;  
 Nor how I doated on you ; O, how proud I was  
 of you !  
 But did I love you more than now, when this  
 old ring was new ?

No — no ! no fairer were you then than at this  
 hour to me ;  
 And, dear as life to me this day, how could you  
 dearer be ?  
 As sweet your face might be that day as now it  
 is, 't is true ;  
 But did I know your heart as well when this old  
 ring was new ?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what  
 grief is there  
 For me you would not bravely face, with me  
 you would not share ?  
 O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting  
 you,  
 Wanting the love that God made mine when  
 this old ring was new !

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife, — young  
 voices that are here ;  
 Young faces round our fire that make their  
 mother's yet more dear ;  
 Young loving hearts your care each day makes  
 yet more like to you,  
 More like the loving heart made mine when this  
 old ring was new.

And, blessed be God ! all he has given are with  
 us yet ; around  
 Our table every precious life lent to us still is  
 found.  
 Though cares we 've known, with hopeful hearts  
 the worst we 've struggled through ;  
 Blessed be his name for all his love since this  
 old ring was new !

The past is dear, its sweetness still our memories treasure yet ;

The griefs we 've borne, together borne, we would not now forget.

Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,

We 'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,

We know his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold.

Your aged eyes will see in mine all they 've still shewn to you,

And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,

May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast ;

O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,

Of those fond eyes, — fond as they were when this old ring was new !

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

#### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw ;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither ;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We 've had wi' ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we 'll go :  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### FILIAL LOVE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD.

THERE is a dungeon in whose dim drear light  
What do I gaze on / Nothing : look again !  
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight, —  
Two insulated phantoms of the brain :  
It is not so ; I see them full and plain, —

An old man and a female young and fair,  
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
The blood is nectar : but what doth she there,  
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare ?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,  
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took  
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,  
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook  
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves —  
What may the fruit be yet ? I know not — Cain  
was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
The milk of his own gift : it is her sire  
To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
Born with her birth. No ! he shall not expire  
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
Of health and holy feeling can provide  
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises  
higher  
Than Egypt's river ; — from that gentle side  
Drink, drink and live, old man ! Heaven's realm  
holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky-way  
Has not thy story's purity ; it is  
A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
Where sparkle distant worlds. — O, holiest  
nurse !  
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss  
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

LORD BYRON

#### ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night !  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep : —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !  
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain, —  
Take them, and give me my childhood again !

I have grown weary of dust and decay, —  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap ; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you !  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed, and faded our faces between,  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain  
Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep ; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;  
No other worship abides and endures, —  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours :  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.  
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep ; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;  
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more  
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep ; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last listened your lullaby song :  
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep ; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN  
(FLORENCE PERCY).

### TO AUGUSTA.

HIS SISTER, AUGUSTA LEIGH.

My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.  
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine :  
Go where I will, to me thou art the same, —  
A loved regret which I would not resign.  
There yet are two things in my destiny, —  
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing, — had I still the last,  
It were the haven of my happiness ;  
But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
And mine is not the wish to make them less.

A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past  
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress ;  
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, —  
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
In other elements, and on the rocks  
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,  
I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,  
The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to screen  
My errors with defensive paradox ;  
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.  
My whole life was a contest, since the day  
That gave me being gave me that which marred  
The gift, — a fate, or will, that walked astray :  
And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay :  
But now I fain would for a time survive,  
If but to see what next can well arrive.

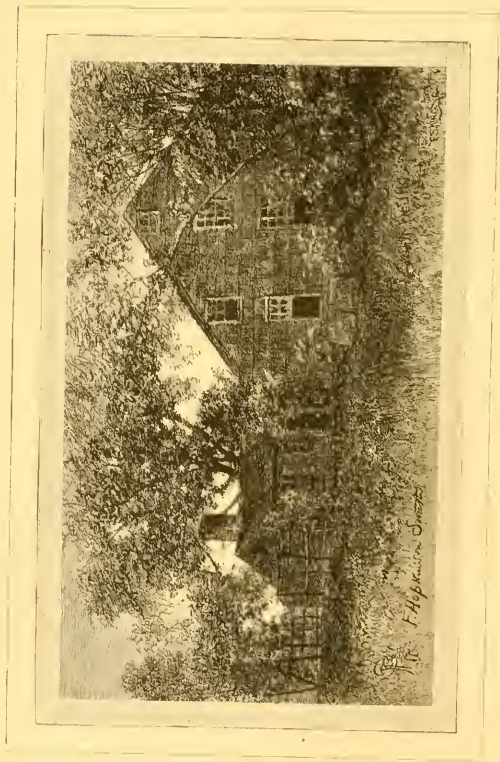
Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;  
And when I look on this, the petty spray  
Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled  
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away :  
Something — I know not what — does still up-  
hold  
A spirit of slight patience ; — not in vain,  
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me, — or perhaps of cold despair,  
Brought on when ills habitually recur, —  
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
(For even to this may change of soul refer,  
And with light armor we may learn to bear,)  
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not  
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
In happy childhood ; trees, and flowers, and  
brooks,  
Which do remember me of where I dwelt  
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,  
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
My heart with recognition of their looks ;  
And even at moments I could think I see  
Some living thing to love, — but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
A fund for contemplation : — to admire  
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;  
But something worthier do such scenes inspire.  
Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
For much I view which I could most desire,





BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

*Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
Home! Home! Staveet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home.*

And, above all, a lake I can behold  
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

O that thou wert but with me ! — but I grow  
The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise in this but one regret ;  
There may be others which I less may show ;  
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,  
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.  
Leman's is fair ? but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore ;  
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,  
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;  
Though, like all things which I have loved, they  
are  
Resigned forever, or divided far.

The world is all before me ; I but ask  
Of Nature that with which she will comply, —  
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask,  
And never gaze on it with apathy.  
She was my early friend, and now shall be  
My sister, — till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one ;  
And that I would not ; for at length I see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.  
The earliest, — even the only paths for me, —  
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,  
I had been better than I now can be ;  
The passions which have torn me would have  
slept :  
I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do ?  
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame ;  
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,  
And mademe all which they can make, — a name.  
Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over ; I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may  
From me demand but little of my care ;  
I have outlived myself by many a day ;  
Having survived so many things that were ;  
My years have been no slumber, but the prey  
Of ceaseless vigils ; for I had the share  
Of life which might have filled a century,  
Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come,  
I am content ; and for the past I feel  
Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum  
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,  
And for the present, I would not benumb  
My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal  
That with all this I still can look around,  
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
I know myself secure, as thou in mine :  
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —  
Beings who ne'er each other can resign ;  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its slow decline  
We are intwined, — let death enslow or fast,  
The tie which bound the first endures the last !

LORD BYRON.

◆◆◆  
HOME.

CLING to thy home ! if there the meanest shed  
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,  
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,  
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board, —  
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scattered grow  
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,  
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide  
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

From the Greek of I. B. SHAW,  
by ROBERT BLAND.

◆◆◆  
HOME, SWEET HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF "CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN."

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home !  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with  
elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain :  
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !  
The birds singing gayly that came at my call ;  
Give me them, — and the peace of mind rendered  
than all !

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home !

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

◆◆◆  
A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willow brook that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

◆◆◆

THE QUIET LIFE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years slide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease  
Together mixed ; sweet recreation,  
And innocence, which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;  
Thus unlamented let me die ;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

◆◆◆

A SONG FOR THE HEARTH AND HOME.

DARK is the night, and fitful and drearily  
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea :  
Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,  
Wife at my side and my baby on knee.  
King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king !

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,  
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,  
Forces the shadow behind us, and places  
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.

King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king !

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,  
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the  
soul,

Telling of trust and content the sweet story,  
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.

King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king !

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,  
Served with a service no conquest could bring ;  
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,  
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing.

King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.

WILLIAM RANKIN DURVEA.

◆◆◆

BY THE FIRESIDE.

WHAT is it fades and flickers in the fire,  
Mutters and sighs, and yields reluctant breath,  
As if in the red embers some desire,  
Some word prophetic burned, defying death ?

Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine,  
Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom :  
A human, household warmth, their death-fires  
shine ;  
Yet fragrant with high memories they come,

Bringing the mountain-winds that in their boughs  
Sang of the torrent, and the plashy edge  
Of storm-swept lakes ; and echoes that arouse  
The eagles from a splintered eyrie ledge ;

And breath of violets sweet about their roots ;  
And earthy odors of the moss and fern ;  
And hum of rivulets ; smell of ripening fruits ;  
And green leaves that to gold and crimson turn.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark !  
What rare Octobers drop with every coal !  
Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark,  
Are hid spring's budding hope, and summer's  
soul.

Pictures far lovelier smoulder in the fire,  
Visions of friends who walked among these trees,  
Whose presence, like the free air, could inspire  
A winged life and boundless sympathies.

Eyes with a glow like that in the brown beech,  
When sunset through its autumn beauty shines ;  
Or the blue gentian's look of silent speech,  
To heaven appealing as earth's light declines :



Voices and steps forever fled away  
 From the familiar glens, the haunted hills, —  
 Most pitiful and strange it is to stay  
 Without you in a world your lost love fills.

Do you forget us, — under Eden trees,  
 Or in full sunshine on the hills of God, —  
 Who miss you from the shadow and the breeze,  
 And tints and perfumes of the woodland sod?

Dear for your sake the fireside where we sit  
 Watching these sad, bright pictures come and  
 go ;

That waning years are with your memory lit,  
 Is the one lonely comfort that we know.

Is it all memory? Lo, these forest-boughs  
 Burst on the hearth into fresh leaf and bloom ;  
 Wait a vague, far-off sweetness through the house,  
 And give close walls the hillside's breathing-  
 room.

A second life, more spiritual than the first,  
 They find, — a life won only out of death.  
 O sainted souls, within you still is nursed  
 For us a flame not fed by mortal breath!

Unseen, ye bring to us, who love and wait,  
 Wafts from the heavenly hills, immortal air ;  
 No flood can quench your hearts' warmth, or  
 abate ;

Ye are our gladness, here and everywhere.

LUCY LARCOM.

#### A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM "THIRD PART OF HENRY VI."

KING HENRY. O God! methinks, it were a  
 happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain ;  
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run ;  
 How many make the hour full complete ;  
 How many hours bring about the day ;  
 How many days will finish up the year ;  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the times, —  
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
 So many hours must I take my rest ;  
 So many hours must I contemplate ;  
 So many hours must I sport myself ;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will vean ;  
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;  
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
 Passed over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

SHAKESPEARE.

#### THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
 The happy life be these, I find, —  
 The riches left, not got with pain ;  
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;  
 No charge of rule, nor governance ;  
 Without disease, the healthful life ;  
 The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;  
 True wisdom joined with simpleness ;  
 The night discharged of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppress ;

The faithful wife, without debate ;  
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;  
 Contented with thine own estate,  
 Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

LORD SURREY

#### THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
 In folly's maze advance ;  
 Though singularity and pride  
 Be called our choice, we'll step aside,  
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
 To our own family and fire,  
 Where love our hours employs ;  
 No noisy neighbor enters here,  
 No intermeddling stranger near,  
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
 Within our breast this jewel lies,  
 And they are fools who roam ;  
 The world hath nothing to bestow, —  
 From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
 And that dear hut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;  
 But then how little do we need,  
 For nature's calls are few ;  
 In this the art of living lies,  
 To want no more than may suffice,  
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our power ;  
 For, if our stock be very small,  
 'T is prudence to enjoy it all,  
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,  
 Patient when favors are denied,  
 And pleased with favors given, —  
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
 This is that incense of the heart,  
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

#### AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O good painter, tell me true,  
 Has your hand the cunning to draw  
 Shapes of things that you never saw ?  
 Ay ? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown, —  
 The picture must not be over-bright, —  
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light  
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Always and always, night and morn,  
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn  
 Lying between them, not quite sere,  
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
 When the wind can hardly find breathing-room  
 Under their tassels, — cattle near,  
 Biting shorter the short green grass,  
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,  
 With bluebirds twittering all around, —  
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound !)

These, and the house where I was born,  
 Low and little, and black and old,  
 With children, many as it can hold,  
 All at the windows, open wide, —  
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,  
 And fair young faces all ablush :

Perhaps you may have seen, some day,  
 Roses crowding the selfsame way,  
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done  
 With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,  
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;  
 O, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,  
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,  
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face,  
 That are beaming on me all the while ! —  
 I need not speak these foolish words :  
 Yet one word tells you all I would say, —

She is my mother : you will agree  
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urehins at her knee  
 You must paint, sir : one like me, —  
 The other with a clearer brow,  
 And the light of his adventurous eyes  
 Flashing with boldest enterprise :  
 At ten years old he went to sea, —  
 God knoweth if he be living now, —  
 He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*, —  
 Nobody ever crossed her track  
 To bring us news, and she never came back.  
 Ah, 't is twenty long years and more  
 Since that old ship went out of the bay  
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck ;  
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,  
 And his face was toward me all the way.

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,  
 The time we stood at our mother's knee :  
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,  
 Carried sunshine into the sea !

Out in the fields one summer night  
 We were together, half afraid  
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade  
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —  
 Loitering till after the low little light  
 Of the candle shone through the open door,  
 And over the haystack's pointed top,  
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,  
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star,  
 That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,  
 Had often and often watched to see  
 Propped and held in its place in the skies  
 By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,  
 Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew, —  
 Dead at the top, — just one branch full  
 Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,  
 From which it tenderly shook the dew  
 Over our heads, when we came to play  
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day : —  
 Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore  
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs, —  
 The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,  
 Not so big as a straw of wheat :  
 The berries we gave her she would n't eat,  
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,  
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.  
 Do you think, sir, if you try,  
 You can paint the look of a lie ?  
 If you can, pray have the grace  
 To put it solely in the face  
 Of the urehin that is likest me :  
 I think 't was solely mine, indeed :

But that 's no matter, — paint it so ;

The eyes of our mother — take good heed —  
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,  
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,  
But straight through our faces down to our lies,  
And O, with such injured, reproachful surprise !

I felt my heart bleed where that glance went,  
as though

A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,

That you on the canvas are to repeat  
Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —  
Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree, —  
The mother, — the lads, with their bird, at her  
knee :

But, O, that look of reproachful woe !  
High as the heavens your name I 'll shout,  
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.

#### A WINTER'S EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

O THOU of home the guardian Lar,  
And when our earth hath wandered far  
Into the cold, and deep snow covers  
The walks of our New England lovers,  
Their sweet secluded evening-star !  
'T was with thy rays the English Muse  
Ripened her mild domestic hues ;  
'T was by thy flicker that she conned  
The fireside wisdom that emings  
With light from heaven familiar things ;  
By thee she found the homely faith  
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay' th,  
When Death, extinguishing his torch,  
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch ;  
The love that wanders not beyond  
His earliest nest, but sits and sings  
While children smooth his patient wings.  
Therefore with thee I love to read  
Our brave old poets : at thy touch how stirs  
Life in the withered words ! how swift recede  
Time's shadows ! and how glows again  
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,  
As when upon the anvils of the brain  
It glittering lay, cyclopedically wrought  
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's  
thought !

Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,  
The aspirations unattained,  
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,  
They bent and strained  
And broke, beneath the sombre weight  
Of any airiest mortal word.

As who would say, " 'T is those, I ween,  
Whom lifelong armor-clafe makes lean  
That win the laurel " ;

While the gay snow-storm, held aloof,  
To softest outline rounds the roof,  
Or the rude North with baffled strain  
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane !  
Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne  
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems  
Gifted upon her natal morn  
By him with fire, by her with dreams,  
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse  
Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,  
We worship, unforlaid of thee ;  
And, as her incense floats and curls  
In airy spires and wayward whirls,  
Or poises on its tremulous stalk  
A flower of frailest revelry,  
So winds and loiters, idly free,  
The current of unguided talk,  
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught  
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.  
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,  
A sweetly unobtrusive third ;  
For thou hast magic beyond wine,  
To unlock natures each to each ;  
The unspoken thought thou canst divine ;  
Thou fillest the pauses of the speech  
With whispers that to dream-land reach,  
And frozen fancy-springs unchain  
In Arctic outskirts of the brain.  
Sun of all inmost confidences !  
To thy rays doth the heart unclose  
Its formal calyx of pretenses,  
That close against rude day's offenses,  
And open its shy midnight rose.

JAMES RUSSELL WELLS.

#### HOME.

FROM "THE TRAVELER"

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?  
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease :  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
His first, best country ever is at home.  
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;  
As different good, by art or nature given,  
To different nations makes their blessing even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land;  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light.  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childish tale is told;  
Or lips move tunelessly along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet-fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves;  
And fearless there the lowly sheep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!  
Long, long in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall!  
And green forever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

## LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought, with a nervous dread,  
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
"There 's the meals to get for the men in the field,  
And the children to nx away  
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and  
churned;  
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was wet as it could be;  
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides  
A loaf of cake for tea.  
And the day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbb'd wearily as she said,  
"If *maidens* but knew what *good wives* know,  
They would not be in haste to *wee!*"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"  
Called the farmer from the well;  
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,  
And his eyes half-bashfully tell:  
"It was this," he said, and coming near  
He smiled, and stooping down,  
Kissed her cheek — "'t was this, that you were  
the best  
And the *dearest* wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,  
In a smiling, absent way,  
Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She 'd not sung for many a day.  
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes  
Were white as the foam of the sea;  
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,  
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,  
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!  
He would n't, I know, if he 'd only had  
As happy a home as we."  
The night came down, and the good wife smiled  
To herself, as she softly said:  
"'T is so sweet to labor for those we love, —  
It 's *not* strange that *maids will wee!*"

ANONYMOUS.

## THE TWO ANCHORS.

It was a gallant sailor man,  
Had just come from sea,  
And, as I passed him in the town,  
He sang "Ahoy!" to me.  
I stopped, and saw I knew the man, —  
Had known him from a boy;  
And so I answered, sailor-like,  
"Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"  
I made a song for him one day, —  
His ship was then in sight, —  
"The little anchor on the left,  
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip.  
"So you are back again!"  
They say you have been pirating  
Upon the Spanish Main;

Or was it some rich Indianman  
 You robbed of all her pearls ?  
 Of course you have been breaking hearts  
 Of poor Kanaka girls !"  
 "Wherever I have been," he said,  
 "I kept my ship in sight, —  
 'The little anchor on the left,  
 The great one on the right.'"

"I heard last night that you were in :  
 I walked the wharves to-day,  
 But saw no ship that looked like yours.  
 Where does the good ship lay ?  
 I want to go on board of her."  
 "And so you shall," said he ;  
 "But there are many things to do  
 When one comes home from sea.  
 You know the song you made for me ?  
 I sing it morn and night, —  
 'The little anchor on the left,  
 The great one on the right.'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"  
 "Come home with me," he said.  
 "Go on, go on : I follow you."  
 I followed where he led.  
 He had a pleasant little house :  
 The door was open wide,  
 And at the door the dearest face, —  
 A dearer one inside.  
 He hugged his wife and child ; he sang, —  
 His spirits were so light,  
 "The little anchor on the left,  
 The great one on the right."

'T was supper-time, and we sat down, —  
 The sailor's wife and child,  
 And he and I : he looked at them,  
 And looked at me, and smiled.  
 "I think of this when I am tossed  
 Upon the stormy foam,  
 And, though a thousand leagues away,  
 Am anchored here at home."  
 Then, giving each a kiss, he said,  
 "I see, in dreams at night,  
 This little anchor on my left,  
 This great one on my right."

R. H. STODDARD.

#### THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
 And the school for the day is dismissed,  
 The little ones gather around me,  
 To bid me good night and be kissed ;  
 Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
 My neck in their tender embrace !

Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
 Of my childhood, too lovely to last ;  
 Of joy that my heart will remember  
 When it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
 A partner of sorrow and sin,  
 When the glory of God was about me,  
 And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,  
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
 When I think of the paths steep and stony,  
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;  
 Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,  
 Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild ;  
 Oh ! there's nothing on earth half so holy  
 As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households ;  
 They are angels of God in disguise ;  
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
 His glory still gleams in their eyes ;  
 Those truants from home and from heaven, —  
 They have made me more manly and mild ;  
 And I know now how Jesus could liken  
 The kingdom of God to a child !

I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
 All radiant, as others have done,  
 But that life may have just enough shadow  
 To temper the glare of the sun :  
 I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
 But my prayer would hound back to myself ;  
 Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
 But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
 I have banished the rule and the rod ;  
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
 They have taught me the goodness of God,  
 My heart is the dungeon of darkness,  
 Where I shut them for breaking a rule ;  
 My frown is sufficient correction ;  
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,  
 To traverse its threshold no more :  
 Ah ! how shall I sigh for the dear ones  
 That meet me each morn at the door !  
 I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,  
 And the gush of their innocent glee,  
 The group on its green, and the flowers  
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,  
 Their song in the school and the street ;  
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
 And the tread of their delicate feet.  
 When the lessons of life are all ended,  
 And death says, "The school is dismissed!"  
 May the little ones gather around me,  
 To bid me good night and be kissed!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

◆◆◆  
 FAITH AND HOPE.

O, DON'T be sorrowful, darling !  
 Now, don't be sorrowful, pray ;  
 For, taking the year together, my dear,  
 There is n't more night than day.  
 It 's rainy weather, my loved one ;  
 Time's wheels they heavily run ;  
 But taking the year together, my dear,  
 There is n't more cloud than sun.

We 're old folks now, companion, —  
 Our heads they are growing gray ;  
 But taking the year all round, my dear,  
 You always will find the May.  
 We 've had our May, my darling,  
 And our roses, long ago ;  
 And the time of the year is come, my dear,  
 For the long dark nights, and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,  
 Of night as well as of day ;  
 And we feel and know that we can go  
 Wherever he leads the way.  
 Ay, God of night, my darling !  
 Of the night of death so grim ;  
 And the gate that from life leads out, good wife,  
 Is the gate that leads to Him.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

◆◆◆  
 THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here,  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is filled ; we 're all at home !  
 To-night let no cold stranger come.  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we 're found.  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot ;  
 For once be every care forgot ;  
 Let gentle peace assert her power, .  
 And kind affection rule the hour.

We 're all — all here.

We 're not all here !  
 Some are away, — the dead ones dear,

Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guileless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Looked in, and thinned our little band ;  
 Some like a night-flash passed away,  
 And some sank lingering day by day ;  
 The quiet graveyard, — some lie there, —  
 And cruel ocean has his share.

We 're not all here.

We are all here !

Even they, — the dead, — though dead, so dear, —  
 Fond memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How lifelike, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remembered face appears !  
 We see them, as in times long past ;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast ;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold ;  
 They 're round us, as they were of old.

We are all here.

We are all here,  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear.  
 This may not long of us be said ;  
 Soon must we join the gathered dead,  
 And by the hearth we now sit round  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 O, then, that wisdom may we know,  
 Which yields a life of peace below ;  
 So, in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat in words of bliss,

We 're all — all here !

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

◆◆◆  
 A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time !  
 Let us glide adown thy stream  
 Gently, — as we sometimes glide  
 Through a quiet dream !  
 Humble voyagers are we,  
 Husband, wife, and children three, —  
 (Oue is lost, — an angel, fled  
 To the azure overhead !)

Touch us gently, Time !  
 We 're not proud nor soaring wings ;  
 Our ambition, our content,  
 Lies in simple things.  
 Humble voyagers are we,  
 O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,  
 Seeking only some calm clime ; —  
 Touch us gently, gentle Time !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
 (BARRY CORNWALL)

# POEMS OF PARTING AND ABSENCE.

## PARTING.

### GOOD BYE.

"FAREWELL! farewell!" is often heard  
From the lips of those who part :  
'T is a whispered tone, — 't is a gentle word,  
But it springs not from the heart.  
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,  
To be sung 'neath a summer sky ;  
But give to me the lips that say  
The honest words, "Good bye!"

"Adieu ! adieu !" may greet the ear,  
In the guise of courtly speech :  
But when we leave the kind and dear,  
'T is not what the soul would teach.  
When'er we grasp the hands of those  
We would have forever nigh,  
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows  
In the warm, frank words, "Good bye."

The mother, sending forth her child  
To meet with cares and strife,  
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears  
For the loved one's future life.  
No cold "adieu," no "farewell," lives  
Within her choking sigh,  
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,  
"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,  
When the glance has lost its beam ;  
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,  
And the world a passing dream :  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart *must* understand,  
A long, a last Good bye.

ANONYMOUS

### AS SHIPS BECALMED.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day,  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied ;  
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so — but why the tale reveal  
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered ;  
Ah ! neither blame, for neither willed  
Or wist what first with dawn appear'd.

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! — in light, in darkness too !  
Through winds and tides one compass guides :  
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !  
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, —  
One purpose hold where'er they fare ;  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

### AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever !  
Ae fareweel, alas, forever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee ;  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy —  
Naething could resist my Nancy :

But to see her was to love her,  
 Love but her, and love forever.  
 Had we never loved sœ kindly,  
 Had we never loved sœ blindly,  
 Never met — or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !  
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
 Ae fareweel, alas, forever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee ;  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

◆◆◆  
 THE VOW.

In holy night we made the vow ;  
 And the same lamp which long before  
 Had seen our early passion grow  
 Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever ;  
 And have I ever dail to never ?  
 Did she not own a rival near  
 Should shake her faith, or steal her love ?

Yet now she says those words were air,  
 Those vows were written all in water,  
 And by the lamp that saw her swear  
 Has yielded to the first that sought her.

From the Greek of MELEAGER,  
 by JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE

◆◆◆  
 THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left  
 Shall never part from mine,  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
 An equal love may see :  
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
 In gazing when alone ;  
 Nor one memorial for a breast  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale  
 My pen were doubly weak ;  
 O, what can idle words avail,  
 Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
 That heart, no longer free,  
 Must bear the love it cannot show,  
 And silent, ache for thee.

LORD BYRON.

◆◆◆  
 MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

*Ζῶη μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.\**

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
 Give, O, give me back my heart !  
 Or, since that has left my breast,  
 Keep it now, and take the rest !  
 Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζῶη μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
 Wooed by each Ægean wind ;  
 By those lids whose jetty fringe  
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
 By those wild eyes like the rose,  
*Ζῶη μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste ;  
 By that zone-encircled waist ;  
 By all the token-flowers that tell  
 What words can never speak so well ;  
 By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζῶη μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens ! I am gone.  
 Think of me, sweet ! when alone.  
 Though I fly to Istanbul,  
 Athens holds my heart and soul :  
 Can I cease to love thee ? No !

*Ζῶη μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

LORD BYRON.

◆◆◆  
 THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED

SONG OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER, SUMMONED FROM THE  
 SIDE OF HIS BRIDE BY THE "FIERY CROSS" OF ROD-  
 ERICK DHU.

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtain for my head,  
 My lullaby the warder's tread,  
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary ;  
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !  
 It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,  
 And all it promised me, Mary.

\* *Zōi mou, sus agapo*, — My life, I love thee.



No fond regret must Norman know ;  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught ;  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
And if returned from conquered foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
To my young bride and me, Mary !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase, —  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, should adore ;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

## ADIEU, ADIEU ! OUR DREAM OF LOVE —

ADIEU, adieu ! our dream of love  
Was far too sweet to linger long ;  
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,  
But here they mock the fond and young.

We met in hope, we part in tears !  
Yet O, 't is sadly sweet to know  
That life, in all its future years,  
Can reach us with no heavier blow ?

The hour is come, the spell is past ;  
Far, far from thee, my only love,  
Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's last,  
My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu ! O, dull and dread  
Sinks on the ear that parting knell !  
Hope and the dreams of love lie dead, —  
To them and thee, farewell, farewell !

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came aboard ;  
" O, where shall I my true-love find ?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true  
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard  
Rocked with the billow to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard  
He sighed, and cast his eyes below ;  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast  
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest : —  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

" O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain ;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;  
We only part to meet again.  
Change as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

" Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :  
They 'll tell thee sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find :  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

" If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white.  
Thus every beauteous object that I view  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

" Though battle call me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
William shall to his dear return.  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;  
No longer must she stay aboard ;  
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;  
" Adieu ! " she cries ; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

## HERO TO LEANDER.

O, do not yet, my love,  
 The night is dark and vast ;  
 The white moon is hid in her heaven above,  
 And the waves climb high and fast.  
 O, kiss me, kiss me, once again,  
 Lest thy kiss should be the last.  
 O kiss me ere we part ;  
 Grow closer to my heart ;  
 My heart is warmer surely than the besom of the  
 main.  
 O joy ! O bliss of blisses !  
 My heart of hearts art thou.  
 Come, bathe me with thy kisses,  
 My eyelids and my brow,  
 Hark ! how the wild rain hisses,  
 And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,  
 So gladly doth it stir ;  
 Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.  
 I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh ;  
 Thy locks are dripping balm ;  
 Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,  
 I'll stay thee with my kisses,  
 To night the roaring brine  
 Will rend thy golden tresses ;  
 The ocean with the morrow light  
 Will be both blue and calm ;  
 And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as  
 soft as mine.

No Western odors wander  
 On the black and moaning sea,  
 And when thou art dead, Leander,  
 My soul must follow thee !  
 O, go not yet, my love,  
 Thy voice is sweet and low ;  
 The deep salt wave breaks in above  
 Those marble steps below.  
 The turret-stairs are wet  
 That lead into the sea.  
 Leander ! go not yet !  
 The pleasant stars have set ;  
 O, go not, go not yet,  
 Or I will follow thee,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE PARTING LOVERS

SHE says, "The cock crows, — hark !"   
 He says, "No ! still 't is dark."  
 She says, "The dawn grows bright,"   
 He says, "O no, my light"  
 She says, "Stand up and say,  
 'Tets not the heaven gray !"

He says, "The morning star  
 Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says, "Then quick depart :  
 Alas ! you now must start ;

"But give the cock a blow  
 Who did begin our woe !"

From the Chinese, by WILLIAM R. ALGER

## THE PARTING OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

JULIET. Wilt thou be gone ! it is not yet near  
 day :  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
 Nightly she sings on you pomegranate-tree ;  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
 ROMEO. It was the lark, the herald of the  
 morn,  
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east ;  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  
 JULIET. You light it not daylight, I know  
 it, I :  
 It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearing,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua ;  
 Therefore stay yet, — thou need'st not to be gone.  
 ROMEO. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
 death ;  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I'll say, you gray is not the morning's eye,  
 'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
 I have more care to stay than will to go ;  
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so. —  
 How is 't, my soul : let 's talk, it is not day.  
 JULIET. It is, it is ; hie hence, be gone, away !  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us :  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change  
 eyes ;  
 O, now I would they had changed voices too !  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence, with hunts-up to the day.  
 O, now be gone : more light and light it grows.  
 ROMEO. More light and light, — more dark  
 and dark our woes.  
 JULIET. Thou, window, let day in, and let  
 life out.

ROMEO. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll  
descend. (*Descends.*)

JULIET. Art thou gone so? my love's my  
lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day if the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET. O, think't that thou wilt ever meet  
again?

ROMEO. I doubt it not; and all these woes  
shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come

(*SHAKE SPEAKS*)

— • —  
DIVIDED

I.

An empty sky, a world of heather,  
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom,  
We two among them wading together,  
Shaking out honey, treasuring perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,  
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,  
Crowds of larks at their mating hang over,  
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flueth the rise with her purple fever,  
Gloweth the cleft with her gold a ring,  
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waves,  
Lightly settle, and deeply wing.

We two walk till the purple deth,  
And short dry grass under foot is brown;  
But one little streak at a distance lieth  
Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped into it,  
And God he knoweth how blithe we were!  
Never a voice to bid us eschew it -  
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,  
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen -  
Dew over drop there filtered and shined  
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,  
Light was our talk as of fairy bells -  
Fairy wedding-bells faintly ring to us,  
Down in their fortunate parallel.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,  
We lapped the grass as that youngling spring,  
Sweet back its rushes, smoothed its lover,  
And said, "Let us follow it westerling."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows;  
Circling above us, the black rooks fly,  
Forward, backward - by their dark shadow  
Lit on the blossoming tapestry.

Fit on the beck - for her long grass parteth,  
A hair from a maid - caught eye blown back  
And lo, the sun like a horse dashed  
His blustering smile on her westerward track!

sing on! we sang in the glorious weather,  
Till one steps over the tiny strand,  
So narrow, in sooth, that still together  
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the banks meetsever,  
On either margin, our song all done,  
We move apart, while she singeth over,  
Taking the course of the steeping sun.

He prays, "Come over" - I may not follow  
I cry, "Return" - but he cannot come  
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow  
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh - a sigh for answer  
A little taking of our hand there,  
The creaking beck-stones on our dancer,  
Keeping sweet time to throstle's sing.

A little pain when the beck grows wider  
"Come to me now, for her wavelet is well  
"I may not cross" - and the voice beside her  
Faintly reacheth, though hoarse and well.

No backward path - ah! no returning  
No second crossing that rippled flow  
"Come to me now, for the beck is burning  
"Come ere it darkens" - "Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outstretched,  
The beck grows wider and our feet red sleep -  
Passionate words as of one beseeching,  
The loud beck drowns them - we walk and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendour dropping  
A toud queen with her state oppressed,  
Low by rushes and sword grass steeping,  
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness ;  
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears ;  
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,  
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places,  
On either marge of the moonlit flood,  
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,  
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

## VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,  
A little piping of leaf-bid birds ;  
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,  
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curls.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered ;  
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined ;  
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,  
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,  
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide ;  
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,  
The beck, a river — with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,  
On she goes under fruit-laden trees ;  
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,  
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river ;  
Up comes the lily and dries her bell ;  
But two are walking apart forever,  
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

## VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding ;  
The river hasteth, her banks recede ;  
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding  
Bear down the lily, and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing —  
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air) —  
And level sands for banks endowing  
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart ! as white sails shiver,  
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch  
wide,  
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,  
That moving speck on the far-off side !

Farther, farther — I see it — know it —  
My eyes brim over, it melts away :  
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,  
As I walk desolate day by day.

## VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly, —  
A knowledge greater than grief ean dim —  
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly —  
Vea, better — e'en better than I love him ;

And as I walk by the vast calm river,  
The awful river so dread to see,  
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever  
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGLOW

## PARTING LOVERS.

SIENNA, 1860.

I LOVE thee, love thee, Giulio !  
Some call me cold, and some demure,  
And if thou hast ever guessed that so  
I love thee — well, — the proof was poor,  
And no one could be sure.

Before thy song (with shifted rhymes  
To suit my name) did I undo  
The persian ! If it moved sometimes,  
Thou hast not seen a hand push through  
A foolish flower or two.

My mother listening to my sleep  
Heard nothing but a sigh at night, —  
The short sigh rippling on the deep,  
When hearts run out of breath and sight  
Of men, to God's clear light.

When others named thee, — thought thy brows  
Were straight, thy smile was tender, — "Hero  
He comes between the vineyard-rows !" —  
I said not "Ay," — nor waited, dear,  
To feel thee step too near.

I left such things to bolder girls,  
Olivia or Clotilda. Nay,  
When that Clotilda through her curls  
Held both thine eyes in hers one day,  
I marveled, let me say.

I could not try the woman's trick :  
Between us straightway fell the blush  
Which kept me separate, blind, and sick.  
A wind came with thee in a flush,  
As blown through Horeb's bush.

But now that Italy invokes  
Her young men to go forth and chase  
The foe or perish, — nothing chekes  
My voice, or drives me from the place :  
I look thee in the face.

I love thee ! it is understood,  
 Confest : I do not shrink or start.  
 No blushes : all my body's blood  
 Has gone to gadden this poor heart,  
 That, loving, we may part.

Our Italy invokes the youth  
 To die if need be. Still there's room,  
 Though earth is strained with dead, in truth :  
 Since twice the lilies were in bloom  
 They have not grudged a tomb.

And many a plighted maid and wife  
 And mother, who can say since then  
 " My country," cannot say through life  
 " My son," " my spouse," " my flower of  
 men,"  
 And not weep dumb again.

Heroic males the country bears,  
 But daughters give up more than sons.  
 Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares  
 You flash your souls out with the guns,  
 And take your heaven at once !

But *we*, — we empty heart and home  
 Of life's life, love ! We bear to think  
 You're gone, — to feel you may not come, —  
 To hear the door-latch stir and clink  
 Yet no more you, — nor sink.

Dear God ! when Italy is one  
 And perfected from bound to bound, —  
 Suppose (for my share) earth's undone  
 By one grave in 't ! as one small wound  
 May kill a man, 't is found !

What then ? If love's delight must end,  
 At least we'll clear its truth from flaws.  
 I love thee, love thee, sweetest friend !  
 Now take my sweetest without pause,  
 To help the nation's cause.

And thus, of noble Italy  
 We'll both be worthy. Let her show  
 The future how we made her free,  
 Not sparing life, nor Giulio,  
 Nor this — this heart-break ! Go !  
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

#### AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still looked back  
 To that dear isle 't was leaving.

So loath we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us ;  
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanished years  
 We talk with joyous seeming,  
 With smiles that might as well be tears,  
 So faint, so sad their beaming :  
 While memory brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 O, sweet 's the cup that circles then  
 To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet  
 Some isle or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
 And naught but love is wanting :  
 We think how great had been our bliss  
 If Heaven had but assigned us  
 To live and die in scenes like this,  
 With some we've left behind us !

As travelers oft look back at eve  
 When eastward darkly going,  
 To gaze upon that light they leave  
 Still faint behind them glowing, —  
 So, when the close of pleasure's day  
 To gloom hath near consigned us,  
 We turn to catch one fading ray  
 Of joy that 's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE

#### LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber ! and far-well, my Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I had many a day been !  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more !  
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on war,  
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my  
 mind ;  
 Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore,  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained ;  
 By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained ;  
 And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse ;  
 Since honor commands me, how can I refuse ?  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And without thy favor I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
You sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land — Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

LORD BYRON.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

NEGRO SONG.

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky homo;  
'T is summer, tho darkies are gay;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the  
bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy, all bright;  
By'n-by hard times comes a knockin' at the  
door, —  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more  
to-day!  
We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky  
home,  
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin-door;  
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come, when the darkies have to part,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!  
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have to  
bend,

Wherever the darky may go;  
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,  
In the field where the sugar-cane grow;  
A few more days to tote the weary load,  
No matter, it will never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!  
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS SOLD  
INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE

GONE, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the fever demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly snubbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air, —  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hill and waters, —  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear can hear them;  
Never, when the carting lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
O, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again,  
There no brother's voice shall greet them, —  
There no father's welcome meet them.  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,

From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play, —  
From the cool spring where they drank, —  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank, —  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there, —  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone, —  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.  
O that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetter galls no more!  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth, —  
By the bruised reed He spareth, —  
O, may He to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love!  
Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE.

SINCE there's no help, — come, let us kisse and parte!

Now, I have done, — you get no more of me;  
And I am glad, — yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.  
Shake hands forever! — cancel all our vows;  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not scene in either of our brows,  
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now — at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath —  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless  
lies;  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now! if thou wouldst — when all have given  
him over —

From death to life thou might'st him yet re-  
cover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

#### FAREWELL! THOU ART TOO DEAR.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is sworning.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter;  
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### AN EARNEST SUIT

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO BREAK HIM

AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay! for shame!  
To save thee from the blame  
Of all my grief and grame.  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
That hath loved thee so long,  
In wealth and woe among?  
And is thy heart so strong  
As for to leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
That hath given thee my heart,  
Never for to depart,  
Neither for pain nor smart?  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
And have no more pity  
Of him that loveth thee?  
Alas! thy cruelty!  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

## WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,  
 On the banks of that lonely river ;  
 Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite.  
 We met — and we parted forever !  
 The night-bird sung, and the stars above  
 Told many a touching story  
 Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,  
 Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence, — our cheeks were wet  
 With the tears that were past controlling ;  
 We vowed we would never, no, never forget,  
 And those vows at the time were consoling ;  
 But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine  
 Are as cold as that lonely river ;  
 And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,  
 Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,  
 And my heart grows full of weeping ;  
 Each star is to me a sealed book,  
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.  
 We parted in silence, — we parted in tears,  
 On the banks of that lonely river :  
 But the odor and bloom of those bygone years  
 Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

## PEACE! WHAT CAN TEARS AVAIL?

PEACE! what can tears avail?  
 She lies all dumb and pale,  
 And from her eye  
 The spirit of lovely life is fading, —  
 And she must die !  
 Why looks the lover wroth, — the friend upbraiding ?  
 Reply, reply !

Hath she not dwelt too long  
 Midst pain, and grief, and wrong ?  
 Then why not die ?  
 Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,  
 And hopeless lie ?  
 Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow !  
 Reply, reply !

Death ! Take her to thine arms,  
 In all her stainless charms !  
 And with her fly  
 To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,  
 The angels lie !  
 Wilt bear her there, O death ! in all her whiteness ?  
 Reply, reply !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

## THE DYING GERTRUDE TO WALDEGRAVE.

FROM "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

CLASP me a little longer on the brink  
 Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;  
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat, — O,  
 think,  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship just.  
 O, by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in  
 dust !

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
 Of peace, imagining her lot was cast  
 In heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love.  
 And must this parting be our very last ?  
 No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is  
 past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this  
 earth, —  
 And thee, more loved than aught beneath the  
 sun,  
 If I had lived to smile but on the birth  
 Of one dear pledge ; — but shall there then be  
 none,  
 In future time, — no gentle little one,  
 To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?  
 Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,  
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,  
 Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE MOURNER.

Yes ! there are real mourners, — I have seen  
 A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;  
 Attention (through the day) her duties claimed,  
 And to be useful as resigned she aimed ;  
 Neatly she drest, nor vainly seemed t' expect  
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;  
 But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,  
 She sought her place to meditate and weep ;  
 Then to her mind was all the past displayed,  
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid :  
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,  
 Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth ;  
 In every place she wandered, where they 'd been,  
 And sadly-sacred held the parting scene.  
 Where last for sea he took his leave ; that place  
 With double interest would she nightly trace !



Happy he sailed, and great the care she took  
 That he should softly sleep and smartly look ;  
 White was his better linen, and his check  
 Was made more trim than any on the deck ;  
 And every comfort men at sea can know  
 Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow :  
 For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told,  
 How he should guard against the climate's cold ;  
 Yet saw not danger ; dangers he 'd withstood,  
 Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.

His messmates smiled at flushings on his cheek,  
 And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak ;  
 For now he found the danger, felt the pain,  
 With grievous symptoms he could not explain.  
 He called his friend, and preface with a sigh  
 A lover's message, "Thomas, I must die ;  
 Would I could see my Sally, and could rest  
 My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,  
 And gazing go ! — if not, this trifle take,  
 And say, till death I wore it for her sake :  
 Yes ! I must die — blow on, sweet breeze, blow on !  
 Give me one look before my life be gone !  
 O, give me that, and let me not despair !  
 One last fond look ! — and now repeat the  
 prayer."

He had his wish, had more : I will not paint  
 The lovers' meeting ; she beheld him faint,  
 With tender fears, she took a nearer view,  
 Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;  
 He tried to smile ; and, half succeeding, said,  
 "Yes ! I must die" — and hope forever fled.  
 Still, long she nursed him ; tender thoughts  
 meantime  
 Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.  
 To her he came to die, and every day  
 She took some portion of the dread away ;  
 With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,  
 Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching  
 head ;  
 She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,  
 Apart she sighed ; alone, she shed the tear ;  
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave  
 Fresh light, and girt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot  
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot.  
 A sudden brightness in his look appeared,  
 A sudden vigor in his voice was heard : —  
 She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,  
 And led him forth, and placed him in his chair.  
 Lively he seemed, and spake of all he knew,  
 The friendly many, and the favorite few ;  
 . . . . . but then his hand she prest,  
 And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest."  
 "I go," he said ; but as he spoke, she found  
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the  
 sound ;

Then gazed affrighted ; but she caught a last,  
 A dying look of love, and all was past !

She placed a decent stone his grave above,  
 Neatly engraved, — an offering of her love.  
 For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,  
 Awake alike to duty and the dead.  
 She would have grieved, had friends presumed to  
 spare

The least assistance, — 't was her proper care.  
 Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,  
 Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit ;  
 But if observer pass, will take her round,  
 And careless seem, for that she would not be found ;  
 Then go again, and thus her hours employ,  
 While vision please her, and while woes destroy.

GEORGE LESLIE.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER —

FAREWELL! — but whenever you welcome the  
 hour  
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your  
 bower,  
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it  
 too,  
 And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.  
 His griefs may return — not a hope may remain  
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of  
 pain —  
 But he never can forget the short vision that threw  
 Its enchantment around him while lingering with  
 you !

And still on that evening when Pleasure fills up  
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each  
 cup,  
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
 My soul, happy friends' will be with you that  
 night ;  
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your  
 wiles,  
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your  
 smiles ! —  
 Too blest if it tell me that, mid the gay cheer,  
 Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were  
 here !"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot  
 destroy ;  
 Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and  
 care,  
 And bring back the feature which joy used to  
 wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !  
 Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-  
 tilled —

You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you  
 will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MUMFORD.

## ABSENCE.

## TO HER ABSENT SAILOR.

FROM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH."

HER window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day  
In prayer she kneels :  
"Dear Lord !" she saith, "to many a home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come ;  
I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,  
Before me glide ;  
They come, they go, but evermore,  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore  
The waves divide.

"O thou ! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on yon gray waste, and say  
Where lingers he.  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech  
Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale !  
Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear, —  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail !

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out  
The fears that haunt me round about ;  
O God ! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread ;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death !"

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees,  
It might have been the sound of seas  
That rose and fell ;

But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seemed to hear :  
"I wait to meet thee : be of cheer,  
For all is well !"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## TO LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be  
Away from thee ;  
Or that, when I am gone,  
You or I were alone ;  
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
To swell my sail,  
Or pay a tear to 'savage  
The foaming blue-god's rage ;  
For, whether he will let me pass  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,  
Our faith and truth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls :  
Above the highest sphere we meet,  
Unseen, unknown ; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i' th' skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits unconfined  
In heaven, — their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west ;  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And monie a hill 's between ;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair ;

I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air ;  
 There 's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green, —  
 There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me of my Jean.

O, blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft  
 Among the leafy trees ;  
 Wi' gentle gale, fra muir and dale  
 Bring hame the laden bees :  
 And bring the lassie back to me  
 That 's aye sae neat and clean ;  
 Ae look at her wad banish care,  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

— ◆ —  
 LOVE'S MEMORY.

FROM "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

I AM undone : there is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
 That I should love a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me :  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion  
 Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him ev'ry hour ; to sit and draw  
 His arch'd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table, — heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favor :  
 But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE

— ◆ —  
 O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY ?

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley  
 As she gaed o'er the border ?  
 She 's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her forever ;  
 For nature made her what she is,  
 And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects we, before thee ;  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;  
 He 'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say " I canna wrang thee ! "

The powers aboon will tent thee ;  
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;  
 Thou 'rt like thyself sae lovely  
 That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caelonee !  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There 's nae again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS

— ◆ —  
 JEANIE MORRISON.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,  
 Through mony a weary way ;  
 But never, never can forget  
 The luv o' life's young day !  
 The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en  
 May weel be black gin Yule ;  
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
 Where first fond luv grous eule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 The thochts o' bygone years  
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
 And blind my een wi' tears :  
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
 And sair and sick I pine,  
 As memory idly summons up  
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
 'T was then we twa did part ;  
 Sweet time — sad time ! twa bairns at seule,  
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !  
 'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
 To leir ilk ither lear ;  
 And tones and looks and smiles were shed,  
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, a'ben yet,  
 When sitting on that bink,  
 Cheek touchin' cheek, bod back-I in loof,  
 What our wee heads could think.  
 When baith bent down ower ae bruid page,  
 Wi' ae huik on our knee,  
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
 My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
 Whenc'er the seule-weans, laughin', said  
 We cleecked tegither hame ?  
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,  
 (The seule then skail't at noon.)  
 When we ran aff to specl the braes, —  
 The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about, —

My heart flows like a sea,  
As aye by aye the thochts rush back  
O' scule-time, and o' thee.  
O mornin' life ! O mornin' luvè !  
O lightsome days and lang,  
When hinnied hopes around our hearts  
Like simmer blossoms sprang !

O, mind ye, luvè, how aft we left  
The deavin' dinsome toun,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its waters eroun !  
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,  
The burn sang to the trees, —  
And we, with nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies ;  
And on the knowe abune the burn  
For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trickled down your cheek  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
Had ony power to speak !  
That was a time, a blessed time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled — unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee  
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
As ye hae been to me.  
O, tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine !  
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne !

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
I've borne a weary lot ;  
But in my wanderings, far or near,  
Ye never were forgot.  
The fount that first burst frae this heart  
Still travels on its way ;  
And channels deeper, as it rins,  
The luvè o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sindered young  
I've never seen your face nor heard  
The music o' your tongue ;

But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I dee,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' bygone days and me !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

— — —  
"SHE TOUCHES A SAD STRING OF SOFT  
RECALL."

RETURN, return ! all night my lamp is burning ;  
All night, like it, my wide eyes watch and  
burn ;

Like it, I fade and pale, when day returning  
Bears witness that the absent can return,  
Return, return.

Like it, I lessen with a lengthening sadness ;  
Like it, I burn to waste and waste to burn ;  
Like it, I spend the golden oil of gladness  
To feed the sorrow signal for return,  
Return, return.

Like it, like it, whene'er the east wind-sings,  
I bend and shake ; like it, I quake and yearn,  
When Hope's late butterflies, with whispering  
wings,

Fly in out of the dark, to fall and burn —  
Burn in the watchfire of return,  
Return, return.

Like it, the very flame whereby I pine  
Consumes me to its nature. While I mourn,  
My soul becomes a better soul than mine,  
And from its brightening beacon I discern  
My starry love go forth from me, and shine  
Across the seas a path for thy return,  
Return, return.

Return, return ! all night I see it burn,  
All night it prays like me, and lifts a twin  
Of palmèd praying hands that meet and yearn —  
Yearn to the impleaded skies for thy return.  
Day, like a golden fetter, locks them in,  
And wans the light that withers, though it burn  
As warmly still for thy return ;  
Still through the splendid load uplifts the thin  
Pale, paler, palest patience that can learn  
Naught but that votive sign for thy return,  
That single suppliant sign for thy return,  
Return, return.

Return, return ! lest haply, love, or e'er  
Thou touch the lamp the light have ceased to  
burn,  
And thou, who through the window didst discern  
The wonted flame, shalt reach the topmost stair  
To find no wide eyes watching there,  
No withered welcome waiting thy return !

A passing ghost, a smoke-wreath in the air,  
The flameless ashes, and the soulless urn,  
Warm with the vanished fire that lived to burn—  
Burn out its lingering life for thy return,  
Its last of lingering life for thy return,  
Its last of lingering life to light thy late return,  
Return, return.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

## LOVE.

FROM "THE TRIUMPH OF TIME."

THERE lived a singer in France of old  
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.  
In a land of sand and ruin and gold  
There shone one woman, and none but she.  
And finding life for her love's sake fail,  
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,  
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,  
And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace:  
For she bowed down to him weeping, and said,  
"Live"; and her tears were shed on his face  
Or ever the life in his face was shed.  
The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung  
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung  
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space;  
And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.  
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.  
Be well content as the years wear through;  
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures;  
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,  
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,  
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,  
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest, and be glad of the gods; but I.  
How shall I praise them, or how take rest?  
There is not room under all the sky  
For me that know not of worst or best,  
Dream or desire of the days before,  
Sweet things or bitterness, any more.  
Love will not come to me now though I die,  
As love came close to you, breast to breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses;  
I shall loathe the sweet tunes, where a note grown  
strong  
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,  
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.  
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes  
fire,  
Face to face with its own desire;  
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;  
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,  
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that  
shine,  
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,  
The music burning at heart like wine,  
An armed archangel whose hands raise up  
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup,  
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder,—  
These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard  
Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife:  
Love that sings and hurls wings as a bird,  
Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.  
Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep  
Than overwatching of eyes that weep.  
Now time has done with his one sweet word,  
The wine and heaven of lovely life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,  
Fill the days of my daily breath  
With fugitive things not good to treasure,  
Do as the world doth, say as it saith;  
But if we had loved each other—O sweet,  
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,  
The heart of my heart, beating harder with  
pleasure  
To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given  
All that life gives and the years let go,  
The wine and money, the balm and heaven,  
The dreams reared high and the hopes brought  
low,  
Come life, come death, not a word be said;  
Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?  
I shall never tell you on earth; and in heaven,  
If I cry to you then, will you hear or know?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

## DAY, IN MELTING PURPLE DYING

DAY, in melting purple dying;  
Blossoms, all around me sighing;  
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;  
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;  
Ye but waken my distress;  
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou to whom I love to hearken,  
Come, ere night around me darken;  
Though thy softness but deceive me,  
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;  
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure,  
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure,  
 Let the shining one be darkling,  
 Bring no gem in luster-sparkling,  
 Gifts and gold are naught to me,  
 I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high wrought feeling,  
 Ecstasy but in revealing,  
 Faint to thee the deep sensation,  
 Rapture in participation;  
 Yet but torture, if comprost  
 In a lone, unfringed breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!  
 Let these eyes again caress thee,  
 Once, in caution, I could fly thee,  
 Now, I nothing could deny thee  
 In a look if death there be,  
 Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA BROOKS

#### THE ABSENT SOLDIER SON.

FROM THE KOWAN

LORD, I am weeping. As thou wilt, O Lord,  
 Do with him as thou wilt, but O my God,  
 Let him come back to die! Let not the fowls  
 Of the air defile the body of my child,  
 My own fair child, that when he was a babe,  
 I lift up in my arms and gave to thee!  
 Let not his garment, Lord, be vilely parted,  
 Nor the fine linen which these hands have spun  
 Fall to the stranger's lot! Shall the wild bird,  
 That would have pulvered of the ox, this year  
 Dislamb the pens and stalls? Shall her blind  
 young,

That on the flock and moult of British beasts  
 Had been too happy, sleep in cloth of gold  
 Whereof each thread is to this beating heart  
 As a peculiar darling? Lo, the flies  
 Hum o'er him! Lay a feather from the crow  
 Fills in his parted lips! Lay his dead eyes  
 See not the raven! Lay the worm, the worm  
 Creeps from his festering course! My God! my  
 God!

O Lord, thou doest well. I am content  
 If thou have need of him, he shall not stay  
 But as one callth to a servant, saying  
 "At such a time be with me," so, O Lord,  
 Call him to thee! O, bid him not in haste  
 Straight whence he standeth. Let him lay aside  
 The soldier's tools of labor. Let him wash  
 His hands of blood. Let him array himself  
 Meet for his Lord, pure from the sweat and fume  
 Of corporal travail! O Lord, if he must die,  
 Let him die here. O, take him where thou gavest!

And even as once I held him in my womb  
 Fill all things were fulfilled, and he came forth,  
 So, O Lord, let me hold him in my grave  
 Fill the time come, and thou, who settest when  
 The hands shall carve, ordain a better birth;  
 And as I looked and saw my son, and wept  
 For joy, I look again and see my son,  
 And weep again for joy of him and thee!

SUSAN DOWELL

#### HOMESICK.

Come to me, O my Mother! come to me,  
 Thine own son slowly dying far away!  
 Through the most ways of the wide ocean, blown  
 By great invisible winds, come stately ships  
 To this calm bay for quiet anchorage;  
 They come, they rest awhile, they go away,  
 But, O my Mother, never comest thou!  
 The snow is round thy dwelling, the white snow,  
 That cold soft revelation pure as light,  
 And the pine spire is mystically fringed,  
 Laced with mercurial silver. Here, ah me!  
 The winter is deepset, underborn,  
 A leper with no power but his disease,  
 Why am I from thee, Mother, far from thee!  
 Far from the frost enchantment, and the woods  
 Jeweled from bough to bough! O home, my  
 home!  
 O river in the valley of my home,  
 With many winding motion intricate,  
 Fwisting thy deathless music underneath  
 The polished ice work, must I nevermore  
 Behold thee with familiar eyes, and watch  
 Thy beauty changing with the changeful day,  
 Thy beauty constant to the constant change!

DIVA S. SARA

#### THE RUSTIC LADY'S LAMENT IN THE TOWN.

O, woe that my time were ower but,  
 Wit' this wintry sleet and snow,  
 That I might see our house again,  
 'T' the Bonnie birken shaw!  
 For this is no my an life,  
 And I peak and pine away  
 Wit' the thochts o' hame and the young flowers,  
 In the glad green month of May.

I used to wauk in the morning  
 Wit' the loud sang o' the lark,  
 And the whistling o' the plowman lads,  
 As they gied to their work,  
 I used to wear the bit young lads  
 Frae the tod and the tearing stream,  
 But the world is changed, and a' thing new  
 To me seems like a dream.

There are busy roads around here  
On Aka lang d'at street  
Yet, though we meet *gangs* and *gangs*,  
I ken na one I meet  
And I think o' kind *and* *kind* faces,  
And o' little an' cheer' days,  
When I wandered out o' our ain folk,  
On *oars* the summer seas.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking  
I think o' my brother *wee*,  
And on my sister *grieving*,  
When I can ha'e haue awa,  
And O, *now* my mother *sob*at,  
As she shook me by the hand,  
When I left the door o' our ain house,  
To come to this stranger land.

There's nae haime like our ain haime  
O, I wad, that I were thair  
There's nae bar — like our ain haime  
To be me, o' *my* *wee* *wee* *wee*  
And O that I were back again,  
To our farm and fields an' green  
And heard the tongue o' my ain language,  
And were wha' I ha'e been.

*— ARMINA —*

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands,  
Let it drop — that "soler" *toy*,  
Look where father's pocket stands,  
Father, this here *cosed* his *bow*,  
But a month since, — father kind,  
Who this night *was*, *in* *my* *mind*  
Mother's son, my *willie* dear,  
Cry out loud that He *will* *hear*  
Who's God o' Aikens — say  
"God keep father's side this day  
By the Alma River."

Ack to me, *now* I've never had  
Either Russ, or Frank, or Toss,  
Eggs o' nation's, *trough* *and* *now*,  
Chance *peevish* *now* o' a *sheep* *wee*  
Are fling i' the *wind* *and* *now*;  
On my height, *be* *now* *now*  
Willie, all to *be* *now* *now*  
In that *post* *and* *now* *now*  
When he *was* *in* *the* *now* *now*  
*sides* — God take the child's *post* *and* *now* *now*  
Near the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells  
Ringin' in the *town* *to-day*,  
That's for victory — No line, *swells*  
For the many *sweep* *and* *now* *now*

Handrests *abandon* — Let *us* *now*,  
We who need *us* — let *us* *now*,  
Kiss on *our* *in* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
Tad the *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
Tad the *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
Who *tray* *was* *(not* *now* *now)* *and* *now*  
By the Alma River.

Come, *now* — If *by* *us* *now* *now*  
Post the *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
Bat *us* *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
*now* *now* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
For *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
On *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
Dug *us* *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
Where *us* *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
Where *us* *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
Fighting — fighting *us* *now* *now*  
By the Alma River.

Willie — Willie, go to sleep,  
God's *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
He will *take* *us* *and* *now* *now*  
Fighting *us* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
*now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
Then *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
That *us* *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
He *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
*now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
O God — *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
By the Alma River.

*— ARMINA —*

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

O now, *now* — He *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
He *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
O *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
Gently *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*

*now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
*now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
*now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
*now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*

Laugh and *now* — He *now* *and* *now* *now* *now*  
All *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
When *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
And *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*

How *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
*now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
As *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
How *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*  
All *now* *and* *now* *now* *now* *now*

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth  
me

Gazeth through tears that make its splendour dull;  
For O, I sometimes fear when thou art with me,  
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwell-  
ing.

Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!  
Haste, as a skill, through tempests wide and  
swelling,

Flies to its haven of securest rest!

ANONYMOUS.

ABSENCE.

What shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,  
Weary with longing—Shall I flee away  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time  
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,  
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back more  
near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;  
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their min-  
utes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time; and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doleful time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine

FRANCIS ASSH KEMPLE

MY PLAYMATE.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
The orchard birds sang clear;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home,  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine;  
What more could ask the bashful boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May;  
The constant yeats told o'er  
Their seasons with us sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round  
Of uneventful years;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring,  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands  
She smooths her silken gown,—  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Folly mill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems,—  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;  
Does she remember mine?



And what to her is now the song  
Who feel her father's kin ?

What care she that the ood — wind  
For other eyes than ours,  
That other hands with nuts and shells  
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violet blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with hush and breeze  
A sweeter memory flow ;  
And there in spring the vernal ring  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea,  
The meaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee !

JOHN G. WHITTIER

#### ON A PICTURE.

WHEN summer o'er her native hills  
A veil of beauty spread,  
She sat and watched her gentle flocks  
And twined her flaxen thread.

The mountain daisies kissed her feet ;  
The mossy spring greenest there ;  
The breath of summer fanned her cheek  
And tossed her wavy hair.

The heather and the yellow gorse  
Bloomed over hill and wold,  
And clothed them in a royal robe  
Of purple and of gold.

There rose the skylark's gushing song,  
There hummed the laboring bee ;  
And merrily the mountain stream  
Ran singing to the sea.

But while she missed from those sweet sounds  
The voice she sighed to hear,  
The song of bee and bird and stream  
Was discord to her ear.

Nor could the bright green world around  
A joy to her impart,  
For still she missed the eyes that made  
The summer of her heart.

ANDREW L. LEITCH (MRS. BATES)

#### THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Are ye sure ye are the new man's true ?  
And are ye sure he's a wale ?  
Is this a time to think o' wark ?  
Ye've yedle, ye've yedle, ye've yedle  
Is this the time to spin a thread,  
When Colin's at the door ?  
Reach down my cleek, I'll tell the news,  
And see him come to see —  
For there's a nae look about the house,  
There's nae look about the house,  
There's nae look about the house,  
When our gude man's awa' !

And go to me my bigonny,  
My bonny heart's gude son,  
For I mean tell the lasses wale  
That Colin's in the toon,  
My Tarkie's clippers merrily merrily,  
My stockings peckly clean,  
It's a to please my ain gude man,  
For he's a' seen lang awa' !

Rise, lass, and mak a clean breast,  
Pat on the milkie pot,  
Gie little Kate her cotton green,  
And Jack his sander coat,  
And mak their a' comfitable and hale,  
Their hose a' white as snow,  
It's a to please my ain gude man,  
For he's a' seen lang awa' !

There's a' twa fat hearties at the bank,  
They've fed the mouth and nose,  
Milk hods and throw their rams and stots,  
That Colin's awa' may see,  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar flka thing look hale,  
For wha can tell how Colin's awa' ?  
When he was far awa' !

See true his heart, see smooth his gress,  
His breath like caller aw ;  
His very foot has merric in it,  
As he comes up the stair, —  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet !

The cauld blast o' the winter wind,  
That thirled through my heart,  
They're a' blown by, I hae him by,  
Till death we'll never part,  
But what pats pating in my head ?  
It may be far awa' ;  
The present moment is our ain,  
The next we never saw.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave ;  
 And gin I live to keep him sae  
 I'm blest aboon the lave ;  
 And will I see his face again ?  
 And will I hear him speak ?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a' ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

WILLIAM J. MICKLE

## ABSENCE.

WHEN I think on the happy days  
 I spent wi' you, my dearie ;  
 And now what lands between us lie,  
 How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary !  
 It was na sae ye glinted by  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE TERRACE AT BERNE.

TEX years ! — and to my waking eye  
 Once more the roofs of Berne appear ;  
 The rocky banks, the terrace high,  
 The stream, — and do I linger here !

The clouds are on the Oberland,  
 The Jungfrau snows look faint and far ;  
 But bright are those green fields at hand,  
 And through those fields comes down the Aar.

And from the blue twin lakes it comes,  
 Flows by the town, the churchyard fair,  
 And 'neath the garden-walk it hums,  
 The house, — and is my Marguerite there !

Ah, shall I see thee, while a flush  
 Of startled pleasure floods thy brow,  
 Quick through the oleanders brush,  
 And clap thy hands, and cry, 'T is thou !'

Or hast thou long since wandered back,  
 Daughter of France ! to France, thy home ;  
 And flitted down the flowery track  
 Where feet like thine too lightly come !

Doth riotous laughter now replace  
 Thy smile, and rouge, with stony glare,  
 Thy cheek's soft hue, and fluttering lace  
 The kerchief that enwound thy hair !

Or is it over ! — art thou dead ? —  
 Dead ! — and no warning shiver ran  
 Across my heart, to say thy thread  
 Of life was cut, and closed thy span !

Could from earth's ways that figure slight  
 Be lost, and I not feel 't was so !  
 Of that fresh voice the gay delight  
 Fail from earth's air, and I not know !

Or shall I find thee still, but changed,  
 But not the Marguerite of thy prime !  
 With all thy being rearranged,  
 Passed through the crucible of time ;

With spirit vanished, beauty waned,  
 And hardly yet a glance, a tone,  
 A gesture, — anything, — retained  
 Of all that was my Marguerite's own !

I will not know ! — for wherefore try,  
 To things by mortal course that live,  
 A shadowy durability  
 For which they were not meant, to give !

Like driftwood spurs which meet and pass  
 I'pon the boundless ocean-plain,  
 So on the sea of life, alas !  
 Man nears man, meets, and leaves again.

I knew it when my life was young,  
 I feel it still, now youth is o'er !  
 The mists are on the mountain hung,  
 And Marguerite I shall see no more.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

LIKE a foundling in slumber, the summer-day  
 lay

On the crimsoning threshold of even,  
 And I thought that the glow through the azure-  
 arched way

Was a glimpse of the coming of Heaven.  
 There together we sat by the beautiful stream ;  
 We had nothing to do but to love and to dream,  
 In the days that have gone on before.

These are not the same days, though they bear  
 the same name,  
 With the ones I shall welcome no more.

But it may be that angels are calling them o'er,  
 For a Sabbath and summer forever,  
 When the years shall forget the Decembers they  
 wore,

And the shroud shall be woven, no never !  
 In a twilight like that, Jennie June for a bride,

O, what more of the world could one wish for  
beside,

As we gazed on the river unrolled,  
Till we heard, or we fancied, its musical tide,  
When it flowed through the gateway of gold!

"Jennie June," then I said, "let us linger no  
more

On the banks of the beautiful river;  
Let the boat be unmoored, and be muffled the  
oar,

And we'll steal into heaven together.  
If the angel on duty our coming describes,  
You have nothing to do but throw off the dis-  
guise

That you wore while you wandered with me,  
And the sentry shall say, 'Welcome back to the  
skies,

We long have been waiting for thee.'"

Oh! how sweetly she spoke, ere she uttered a  
word,

With that blush, partly hers, partly even's,  
And a tone, like the dream of a song we once  
heard,

As she whispered, "*This* way is not heaven's;  
For the River that runs by the realm of the blest  
Has no song on its ripple, no star on its breast;  
Oh! *that* river is nothing like this,  
For it glides on in shadow beyond the world's  
west,

Till it breaks into beauty and bliss."

I am lingering yet, but I linger alone,  
On the banks of the beautiful river;  
'T is the twin of that day, but the wave where it  
shone

Bears the willow-tree's shadow forever.

BENJAMIN L. TAYLOR

#### ABSENT.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of Youth in everything,  
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them when they  
grew:

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### THE EMIGRANT'S WISH.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,  
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,  
Where the simple are weal, and the gentle are leal.  
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.  
We've been wi' the gay, and the gude where  
we've come,  
We're courtly wi' many, we're couthy wi' some;  
But something 's still wantin' we never can find  
Sin' the day that we left our auld neebors behind.

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk,  
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,  
Where daffin and glee wi' the friendly and free  
Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.  
Though *Spring* had its moils, and *Summer* its  
toils,  
And *Autumn* craved pith ere we gathered its  
spoils,

Yet *Winter* repaid a' the toil that we took,  
When ilk ane crawled crouse by his ain ingle nook.

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk,  
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,  
Where maidens and men in hall and in glen  
Still welcome us aye as their ain folk.  
They told us in gowpens we'd gather the gear,  
Sae sure as we cam' to the rich Maillins here,  
But what are the Maillins, or what are they worth,  
If they be not enjoyed in the hand o' our birth!

Then I wish we were hame to our ain folk,  
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,  
But deep are the howes and high are the knowes,  
That keep us awa' frae our ain folk.  
The seat by the door where our auld faithers sat,  
To tell a' the news, their views, and a' that,  
While down by the kailyard the bairns rowed  
clear,

'T was mair to my liking than aught that is here.

Then I wish we were hame to our ain folk,  
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,  
Where the wild thistles wave o'er th' abode o' the  
brave,  
And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk,  
But happy, gey lucky, we'll trudge on our way,  
Till our arm waxes weak and our hafts grow  
gray;  
And, tho' in this world our ain still we miss,  
We'll meet them at last in a world o' bliss.

And *then* we'll be hame to our ain folk,  
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,  
Where far 'yont the moon in the heavens is seen,  
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.

W. W. W.

## COME TO ME, DEAREST.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,  
Daytime and night-time, I'm thinking about  
thee ;

Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold  
thee ;

I would come the waking which ceases to fold thee,  
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,  
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten ;  
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,  
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,  
Feeling of spring and its joyous renewing ;  
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,  
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.  
O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,  
Shine out on my soul, till it burgeon and blossom ;  
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,  
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even ;  
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven ;  
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,  
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each  
other ;

Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,  
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple ; —  
O, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming  
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was glad-  
dened ;

Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened  
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,  
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love ;  
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,  
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing ;  
I would not die without you at my side, love,  
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,  
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;  
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I  
speak, love,

With a song on your lip and a smile on your  
cheek, love,

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary, —  
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary, —  
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,  
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee !

JOSEPH BRENNAN.



POEMS OF SORROW AND ADVERSITY.



hull fingers weary & brown  
Red eyelids - heavy & red.

A woman dute in unwomanly ways  
Plying her needle & thread -

Stitch, stitch, stitch, stitch  
In poverty, hunger, & dirt,  
Can't sell with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
How's that it's time could wash the Rich!

She says this day of the Shirt!

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

'Twas Ever thus! - Such hours that came,

Still unremitting, brought

Some newer form of grief or shame,

Some newer cause for thought.

W. Gilmore Simonds.

# POEMS OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND ESTRANGEMENT.

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care ?  
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons through the flowering thorn ;  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
And my fause luvie stole my rose,  
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye's  
come hame,  
And a' the weary world to rest are gane ;  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
Unkent by my gudeman wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and socht me for his  
bride ;  
But, saving a crown piece, he had naething be-  
side.  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to  
sea ;  
And the crown and the pound they were baith  
for me !

He hadna been gane awa a twelvemonth and a  
day,  
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was  
stoun awa ;

My mither she fell sick, my young Jamie was at  
sea, —  
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My father cou'dna wark, — my mither cou'dna  
spin, —  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna  
win ;  
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears  
in his ee,  
Said, "Jenny, O, for their sakes, will ye no  
marry me !"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back ;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a  
wreck ;  
His ship was a wreck ! Why didna Jamie die ?  
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae 's me ?

My father urged me sair, — my mither didna  
speak,  
But she looked in my face till my heart was like  
to break ;  
They gied him my hand, my heart was in the  
sea ;  
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,  
When, mournfully as I sat on the stane at my  
door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'dna think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry  
thee !"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',  
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa',  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die ;  
For though my heart is broken, I'm but young,  
wae 's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin ;  
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
But I 'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

LADY AGNE BARNARD.

## THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

For aught that ever I could read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth :  
 But, either it was different in blood,  
 Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;  
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;  
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
 Making it momentary as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold !  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.

## BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

[Missolonghi, January 23, 1824. On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year.]

"T is time this heart should be unmoved,  
 Since others it has ceased to move ;  
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
 Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,  
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,  
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,  
 Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys  
 Is like to some volcanic isle,  
 No torch is kindled at its blaze,  
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
 The exalted portion of the pain  
 And power of love, I cannot share,  
 But wear the chain.

But 't is not here, — it is not here,  
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,  
 Where glory seals the hero's bier,  
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
 Glory and Greece about us see ;  
 The Spartan borne upon his shield  
 Was not more free.

Awake ! not Greece, — she is awake !  
 Awake, my spirit ! think through whom  
 My life-blood tastes its parent lake,  
 And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,  
 Unworthy manhood ! unto thee,  
 Indifferent should the smile or frown  
 Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, — why live !  
 The laud of honorable death  
 Is here, — up to the field, and give  
 Away thy breath !

Seek out — less often sought than found —  
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;  
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
 And take thy rest !

LORD BYRON.

## CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY AND DEFENSE.

PAULINE, by pride  
 Angels have fallen ere thy time ; by pride,  
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mold, —  
 The evil spirit of a bitter love  
 And a revengeful heart had power upon thee.  
 From my first years my soul was filled with thee ;  
 I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy  
 Tended, unmarked by thee, — a spirit of bloom,  
 And joy and freshness, as spring itself  
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape !  
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man  
 Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy ;  
 And from that hour I grew — what to the last  
 I shall be — thine adorer ! Well, this love,  
 Vain, frantic, — guilty, if thou wilt, became  
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope ;  
 I thought of tales that by the winter hearth  
 Old gossips tell, — how maidens sprung from  
 kings  
 Have stooped from their high sphere ; how Love,  
 like Death,  
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook  
 Beside the scepter. Thus I made my home  
 In the soft palace of a fairy Future !  
 My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,  
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise  
 Out of the prison of my mean estate ;  
 And, with such jewels as the exploring mind  
 Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my  
 ransom  
 From those twin jailers of the daring heart,  
 Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,  
 Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,  
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils  
 By which man masters men ! For thee, I grew  
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages !  
 For thee, I sought to borrow from each Grace  
 And every Muse such attributes as lend  
 Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,



And passion taught me poesy, — of thee,  
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life  
 Of beauty! — Art became the shadow  
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!  
 Men called me vain, — some, mad, — I heeded  
 not;  
 But still toiled on, hoped on, — for it was sweet,  
 If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee!

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour  
 The thoughts that burst their channels into song,  
 And sent them to thee, — such a tribute, lady,  
 As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.  
 The name — appended by the burning heart  
 That longed to show its idol what bright things  
 It had created — yea, the enthusiast's name,  
 That should have been thy triumph, was thy  
 scorn!

That very hour — when passion, turned to wrath,  
 Resembled hatred most; when thy disdain  
 Made my whole soul a chaos — in that hour  
 The tempters found me a revengeful tool  
 For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the  
 worm, —

It turned, and stung thee!

EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON)

#### LEFT BEHIND.

It was the autumn of the year;  
 The strawberry leaves were red and sear;  
 October's airs were fresh and chill,  
 When, pausing on the windy hill,  
 The hill that overlooks the sea,  
 You talked confidently to me, —  
 Me whom your keen, artistic sight  
 Has not yet learned to read aright,  
 Since I have veiled my heart from you,  
 And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past;  
 The tardy honors won at last,  
 The trials borne, the conquests gained,  
 The longed-for boon of Fame attained;  
 I knew that every victory  
 But lifted you away from me,  
 That every step of high enprise  
 But left me lowlier in your eyes;  
 I watched the distance as it grew,  
 And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace  
 Of anguish sweep across my face;  
 You did not hear my proud heart beat,  
 Heavy and slow, beneath your feet:  
 You thought of triumph still unwon,  
 Of glorious deeds as yet undone;

And I, the while you talked to me,  
 I watched the gulf float lonesomely,  
 Till lost amid the hungry blue,  
 And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate;  
 The wise world smiles, and calls you great.  
 The golden fruitage of success  
 Drops at your feet in plenteousness.  
 And you have blessings manifold  
 Renew and power and friend and gold,  
 They build a wall between us twain,  
 Which may not be thrown down again,  
 Alas! for I, the long years through,  
 Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,  
 Have kept the promise of your youth;  
 And while you won the crown, which now  
 Breaks into bloom upon your brow,  
 My soul cried strongly out to you  
 Across the ocean's yearning blue,  
 While, unremembered and afar,  
 I watched you, as I watched her  
 Through darkness struggling into view,  
 And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream in all these years  
 Of patient faith and silent tears,  
 That Love's strong hand would put aside  
 The barriers of pride and pride,  
 Would reach the pathless darkness through,  
 And draw me softly up to you;  
 But that is past. If you should stray  
 Beside my grave, some future day,  
 Per chance the violets o'er my dust  
 Will half betray their buried trust,  
 And say, their blue eyes full of dew,  
 "She loved you better than you knew."

L. MABELLE AGERS ALLEN (FLORENCE PERCY)

#### LINDA TO HAFED.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORKSPEERS"

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,  
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
 So long had they in silence stood,  
 Looking upon that moonlight flood, —  
 "How sweetly does the moonbeam smile  
 To-night upon yon leafy isle!  
 Oft in my fancy's wanderings,  
 I've wished that little isle had wings,  
 And we, within its fairy bowers,  
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
 And we might live, love, die alone."

Far from the cruel and the cold,  
 Where the bright eyes of angels only  
 Should come around us, to behold  
 A paradise so pure and lonely '  
 Would this be world enough for thee ?"  
 Playful she turned, that he might see  
 The passing smile her cheek put on,  
 But when she marked how mournfully  
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;  
 And, bursting into heartfelt tears,  
 " Yes, yes," she cried, " my hourly fears,  
 My dreams, have led all too right,  
 We part — forever part — to night '  
 I knew, I knew it — I not last,  
 'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past '  
 O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;  
 I never loved a tree or flower  
 But 't was the first to fade away  
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 But when it came to know me well,  
 And love me, it was sure to die '  
 Now, too, the joy most like daytime  
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,  
 O misery ' must I lose thee too '  
 THOMAS MONCK

## BERTHA IN THE LANE.

Put the broderie-frame away,  
 For my sewing is all done '  
 The last thread is used to-day,  
 And I need not join it on.  
 Though the clock stands at the noon,  
 I am weary ' I have sewn,  
 Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,  
 And stand near me, dearest-sweet '  
 Do not shrink nor be afraid,  
 Blushing with a sudden heat '  
 No one standeth in the street '  
 By God's love I go to rest,  
 Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down ' drop it in  
 These two hands, that I may hold  
 Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,  
 Stroking back the curls of gold  
 'T is a fair, fair face, in sooth, —  
 Larger eyes and redder mouth  
 Than mine were in my first youth !

Thou art younger by seven years —  
 Ah ! so bashful at my gaze

That the lashes, hung with tears,  
 Grow too heavy to upraise ;  
 I would wound thee by no touch  
 Which thy shyness feels as such,  
 Dost thou mind me, dear, so much !

Have I not been nigh a mother  
 To thy sweetness, — tell me, dear !  
 Have we not loved one another  
 Tenderly, from year to year,  
 Since our dying mother mudd  
 Said, with accents unfiled,  
 " Child, be mother to this child ! "

Mother, mother, up in heaven,  
 Stand up on the jasper sea,  
 And be witness I have given  
 All the gifts required of me ;  
 Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,  
 Love that left me with a wound,  
 Life itself, that turneth round !

Mother, mother, thou art kind,  
 Thou art standing in the room,  
 In a molten glory shrouded,  
 That rays off into the gloom '  
 But thy smile is bright and bleak,  
 Like cold waves, — I cannot speak,  
 I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof  
 One hour longer from my soul,  
 For I still am thinking of  
 Earth's warm-beating joy and dole !  
 On my finger is a ring  
 Which I still see glittering,  
 When the night hides everything.

Little sister, thou art pale !  
 Ah, I have a wandering brain ;  
 But I lose that fever-bale,  
 And my thoughts grow calm again.  
 Lean down closer, closer still '  
 I have words thine ear to fill,  
 And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,  
 Thee and Robert, through the trees,  
 When we all went gathering  
 Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.  
 Do not start so ! think instead  
 How the sunshine overhead  
 Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day !  
 Hills and vales did openly  
 Seem to heave and throb away,  
 At the sight of the great sky ;

And the sloughs on it stood  
In the glory's golden flood,  
Audibly did bad, — and bad ?

Through the winding lodge-rows green,  
How we wandered, I and you, —  
With the bowery tops that in,  
And the gates that showed the view ;  
How we talked there ! thrushes set  
Sang our praises out, or in.  
Bleatings took them from the cleft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,  
Left us never even more,  
And the winding road being long,  
I walked out of sight, before,  
And so, wrapt in my raptur'd look,  
I passed (past the wadye pool)  
On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech,  
Which leans over to the lane,  
And the far sound of your speech  
Did not promise any pain.  
And I wished you, like the tree,  
With a smile stooped tenderly  
O'er the May flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word  
As the speaker drew nigher,  
Sweet, forgive me that I heard  
What you wished me not to hear.  
Do not weep so, do not sigh —  
O, I heard thee, Bertha, make  
Good thee wiser for my sake.

Yes, and in you, let him stand,  
In thy thoughts, as thou art by,  
Could he keep it, if my hand  
He has crossed with many a sigh,  
That was wrong perhaps, but that  
Such things be — and with you,  
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he saw  
He would have cut me nearer,  
Thou wert absent, — I was gone,  
To our kin, he thought to mean,  
When he saw thee, who art here,  
Pain compass, and torment,  
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,  
Thou art I, dear, I am right ?  
Thy brown eyes have seen the birds  
Flying straightway to the light ;  
Mine are other, — Here, — look out —  
Up the street, — I run without,  
How the poplar wings about.

As that ever, — I cannot see,  
When I passed from a house,  
And the birds, — or the poplar,  
That he saw, — I could not  
Ere he saw me, — or the birds,  
Which were flying to the light,  
Which were flying to the light,  
The poplar wings about.

I did stand, — I did stand,  
In the sloughs of a house,  
When I saw you, — I did stand,  
There was light, — I did stand,  
And the birds, — I did stand,  
And the birds, — I did stand,  
Sighed to know, what I saw.

And I walked, — I did stand,  
From a pool, — I did stand,  
And I passed, — I did stand,  
As I did stand, — I did stand,  
Of better, — I did stand,  
Sigh, — I did stand, — I did stand.

And I passed, — I did stand,  
When I passed, — I did stand,  
And I passed, — I did stand,  
Do not weep so, do not sigh,  
And the sloughs, — I did stand,  
What you wished me not to hear,  
Sweet, forgive me that I heard.

Do not weep so, do not sigh,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
And the sloughs, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
Pain compass, and torment.

That I did stand, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand.

When I passed, — I did stand,  
Thou art I, dear, I am right,  
We are all of us, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand,  
Thou art I, dear, I am right,  
And the sloughs, — I did stand,  
I did stand, — I did stand.

I sat pale as a rose-tree's root,  
Close beside a rose-tree's root.

Whosoe'er would reach the rose,  
Treads the crocus under foot,  
I, like May blossom on thorn tree,  
Thou, like merry summer bee,  
Fit that I be plucked for thee.

Yet who plucks me? — no one mourns,  
I have lived my season out,  
And now die of my own thorns,  
Which I could not live without.  
Sweet, be merry! — How the light  
Comes and goes! — If it be night,  
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?  
Look out quickly! — Yea, or nay?  
Some one might be waiting for  
Some last word that I might say.  
Nay! — So best! — So angels would  
Stand off clear from deathly road,  
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet, —  
When I wear the shroud I made,  
Let the folds be straight and neat,  
And the rosemary be spread,  
That if any friend should come,  
(To see *thee*, sweet!) all the room  
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep  
On my hand this little ring,  
Which at nights, when others sleep,  
I can still see glittering.  
Let me wear it out of sight,  
In the grave, — where it will light  
All the dark up, day and night.

Oh that grave drop not a tear!  
Else, though fathom deep the place,  
Through the woolen shroud I wear  
I shall feel it on my face.  
Rather smile there, blessed one,  
Thinking of me in the sun,  
Or forget me, smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer — so!  
Kiss me close upon the eyes,  
That the earthly light may go  
Sweetly as it used to rise,  
When I watched the morning gray  
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way  
He was sure to come that day.

So — no more vain words be said!  
The hosannas nearer roll!  
Mother, smile now on thy dead, —  
I am death-strong in my soul!

Mystic Dove alit on cross,  
Gude the poor bird of the snows  
Through the snow wind above loss!

Jesus, victim, comprehending  
Love's divine self-abnegation,  
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,  
And absorb the poor libation!  
Wind my thread of life up higher,  
I'p through angels' hands of fire!  
I aspire while I expire!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### UNREQUITTED LOVE.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

VIOLETTA. Ay, but I know.

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIOLETTA. Too well what love women to men  
may owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIOLETTA. A blank, my lord. She never told  
her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek, she pined in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping  
Carefully over the creaking boards,  
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-grooping  
Among its dusty and cobwebbed boards;  
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid  
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,  
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid  
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,  
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;  
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,  
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.  
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom  
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and rool,  
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,  
Stands the old-fashioned spinning wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,  
A part of her girlhood's little world ;  
Her mother is there by the window spinning  
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirred  
With many a click on her little stool  
She sits, a child, by the open door,  
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool  
Of sunshine spiced on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning side by side,  
To her wakening sense the most sweet warning  
Of daylight come is the cheerful ring  
To the hum of the wheel in the morning  
Beside the gentle, red-headed boy,  
On his way to school, peep out at the gate,  
In neat white pinafore, pleased and gay,  
She reaches a hand to him and his mate.

And under the elms, a prattling pair,  
Together they go, through gammer and gloom  
It all comes back to her, dreaming there  
In the low-rattled garret room.

The hum of the wheel, and the sunny weather,  
The heart's first to side, and love's beginning  
Are all in her memory linked together,  
And now it is she herself thus re-spinning

With the bloom of youth on cheek and hair,  
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,  
Twisting the thread from the spindle-top,  
Stretching it out and winding it in,  
To and fro, with a lathesome tread,  
Singing she goes, and her heart's full,  
And many a long-drawn golden thread  
Of fancy is spun with the shining wheel.

Her father sits in his favorite place,  
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side  
Through curling clouds the kindly fire  
Glow's upon her with love and pride,  
Lulled by the wheel, in the old scotch-ear  
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,  
With beautiful drooping head, and hair  
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the braid,  
They have followed her sisters from the door:  
Now they are old, and she is their child,  
It all comes back on her heart, once more,  
In the autumn dusk the heart glows brightly,  
The wren is set by the shadowy wall,—  
A hand at the latch, — 'tis lifted lightly,  
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed : the old man steps  
The pitcher, and brings his nose a drink :  
Benjie backs in the blaze, and sips,  
And tells his story, and points his stick :

O, sweet memories, the story, the song,  
They fill the heart with a golden glow,  
But sweeter the still, soft music that  
When water is a-come by Benjie's nose.

But once with angry words she part  
O, then the weary, weary days  
Ever with restlessness and care,  
Pining for that, the better days,  
For up the road, and out the gate,  
The search for a husband in the street,  
A moment of the gait to carry the pack,  
And pass by Benjie, who comes round

How good ! O Benjie, you shall find me  
For though I travel, I will never  
Forget the wayside, the water-side,  
In love and love's long company  
I travel with a contented heart,  
To drive away the evil days of care,  
Blessing the young that I see pass,  
Of a deeper grief, in the road's loneliness.

Practical and patient and good,  
A word of aid for the puzzled,  
His waving arms to guide,  
In the great, great city,  
One year, she stands by the window-pane,  
A rather a beauty, — the best of her kind,  
Your face may not be so good as mine,  
'Tis Benjie, standing a corner, that says

Now father and mother have had their say,  
And I will be a good wife, and a good mother,  
And a good one, — my own good heart,  
Wakes up the long, long day,  
Tears that to a heart, — my Benjie,  
Are a good thing, — a good thing, — the best of  
Are the pleasure of good, — my own Benjie,  
That make her to be in the best of her kind.

Bright young Benjie, — my Benjie,  
Sought by many a good girl,  
Life, — a good heart, — a good heart,  
That in that morning, — the best of her kind,  
Old Benjie, — the best of her kind,  
Groping under the best of her kind,  
Are the best of her kind,  
That set on a world of water, — the best of her kind.

Yet fairer in the best of her kind,  
Is better at her than the best of her kind,  
And father and love in a good heart,  
Are gentle and patient, — the best of her kind,  
And in that morning, — the best of her kind,  
T, — the best of her kind, — the best of her kind,  
A, — the best of her kind, — the best of her kind,  
And in that morning, — the best of her kind,

And in that morning, — the best of her kind.

## MAKE BELIEVE.

Kiss me, though you make believe ;  
Kiss me, though I almost know  
You are kissing to deceive :

Let the tide one moment flow  
Backward ere it rise and break,  
Only for poor pity's sake !

Give me of your flowers one leaf,  
Give me of your smiles one smile,  
Backward roll this tide of grief  
Just a moment, though, the while,  
I should feel and almost know  
You are trifling with my woe.

Whisper to me sweet and low ;  
Tell me how you sit and weave  
Dreams about me, though I know  
It is only make believe !  
Just a moment, though 't is plain  
You are jesting with my pain.

ALICE CARV.

## AN EXPERIENCE AND A MORAL.

I LENT my love a book one day ;  
She brought it back : I laid it by :  
'T was little either had to say,  
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things, —  
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune,  
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings  
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do ?  
What peril tempt ! what hardship bear !  
But with her — ah ! she never knew  
My heart, and what was hidden there !

And she, with me, so cold and coy,  
Seemed a little maid bereft of sense ;  
But in the crowd, all life and joy,  
And full of blushing impudence.

She married, — well, — a woman needs  
A mate, her life and love to share, —  
And little cares sprang up like weeds  
And played around her elbow-chair.

And years rolled by, — but I, content,  
Trimmed my own lamp, and kept it bright,  
Till age's touch my hair besprent  
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book  
Which she perused in days gone by :  
And as I read, such passion shook  
My soul, — I needs must curse or cry.

For, here and there, her love was writ,  
In old, half-faded pencil-signs,  
As if she yielded — bit by bit —  
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah, silvered fool, too late you look !  
I know it ; let me here record  
This maxim : *Lend no girl a book  
Unless you read it afterward !*

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

## A RELIC.

ONLY a woman's right-hand glove,  
Five and three quarters, Courvoisier's make, —  
For all common purposes useless enough,  
Yet dearer for her sweet sake.

Dearer to me for her who filled  
Its empty place with a warm white hand, —  
The hand I held ere her voice was stilled  
In the sleep of the silent land.

Only a glove ! yet speaking to me  
Of the dear dead days now vanished and fled,  
And the face that I never again shall see  
Till the grave give back its dead.

An empty glove ! yet to me how full  
Of the fragrance of days that come no more,  
Of memories that make us, and thoughts that  
rule  
Man's life in its inmost core !

The tone of her voice, the poise of her head, —  
All, all come back at the will's behest ;  
The music she loved, the books that she read, —  
Nay, the colors that suited her best.

And O, that night by the wild sea-shore,  
With its tears, and kisses, and vows of love,  
When, as pledge of the parting promise we swore,  
Each gave a glove for a glove !

You laugh ' but remember though only a glove,  
Which to you may no deeper meaning express,  
To me it is changed by the light of that love  
To the one sweet thing I possess.

Our souls draw their nurture from many a ground,  
And faiths that are different in their roots,  
Where the will is right, and the heart is sound,  
Are much the same in their fruits.

Men get at the truth by different roads,  
And must live the part of it each one sees :  
You gather your guides out of orthodox codes,  
I mine out of trifles like these.

A trifle, no doubt, but, in its nature,  
So bathed in the light of a love gone by,  
It has entered the region and takes its place  
With the things that cannot die.

This trifle to me is of heavenly birth :  
No chance, as I take it, but purposely given  
To help me to sit somewhat looser to earth,  
And closer a little to heaven.

For it seems to bring me so near, O, so near,  
To the face of an angel watching above, —  
That face of all others I hold so dear,  
With its yearning eyes of love ?

J. L. S.

## INTROSPECTION

HAVE you sent her back her letters ? have you  
given her back her ring ?  
Have you tried to forget the haunting songs that  
you loved to hear her sing ?  
Have you cursed the day you met her first, thank-  
God that you were free,  
And said, in your inmost heart, as you thought,  
'She never was dear to me' ?  
You have cast her off, your pride is touched, your  
fancy that all is done ;  
That for you the world is bright again, and brave joy  
shines the sun ?  
You have washed your hands of passion : you  
have whistled her down the wind.  
O Tom, old friend, this goes before, the sharpest  
comes behind !  
Yes, the sharpest is yet to come, for love's fruit  
that never opens :  
Its roots are deep in the earth itself, its branches  
wide as the skies :  
And whenever once it has taken hold, it flourishes  
evermore,  
Bearing a fruit that is fair to behold, but bitter  
at core.

You will learn this, Tom, hereafter : when larger  
line comes, and you  
Have time for introspection, you will find my  
words are true :  
You will sit and gaze in your fire alone, and for ev-  
ing that you cannot see  
Her face, with its classic oval, her ringlets flat-  
tering free,  
Her soft blue eyes wide opened, her sweet red  
lips apart,  
As she used to look, in the golden days when  
you fancied she had a heart  
Whatever you do, wherever you turn, you will  
see that glorious face  
Coming with shadowy beauty, to haunt old time  
and space ;

Those songs you wrote for her, and gave to sing  
themselves into her ears,  
Till your life seems set to them, their thoughts and  
thoughts to their refrain,  
Their old, old burden of joy and grief, — to come  
when you have forgotten  
I tell you, Tom, it is not thrown off as well as  
you think, this morn.

But the worst, perhaps the worst of all, will be  
when the day has flown,  
When darkness layers reflection, and your mem-  
ories leave you alone,  
You will try to sleep, but the memories of  
yester-  
yester, years,  
Will come with a storm of woe from the  
with a storm of tears.  
Each look, each word, each playful tone, each  
word, each smile,  
The golden gleam of her ringlets, the softness of  
her hair,  
The delicate touch of her fingers, — all that  
weakened your heart, the day,  
The flowers she gave you, the light of her  
— I think on these things  
All these will come, and you cannot  
— I  
— I  
And then you will hear vague echoes of  
the  
Vague echoes rising and falling of  
—  
Like these things that were sung by the  
sweet with a steady spell

In dreams, her heart will ever give you  
— you will see  
Fringing the path of what might have been,  
—  
And as she comes to meet you, in the  
—  
You will stand your ground, and  
—  
But the haunting song will follow you, and  
—  
You will want to find your sleep, you  
—  
Will the fountain of changing  
—  
Will the fountain of changing  
—  
O Tom, you will find love — the  
—  
Do you think your life's company spirit  
—  
No ! if you ever have truly loved, you will  
—  
To the churchyard nearby, Mission  
—  
you lie with below.

How is it, I wonder, hereafter? Faith teaches  
us little, here,

Of the ones we have loved and lost on earth, —  
do you think they will still be dear?

Shall we live the lives we might have lead? —  
will those who are several now

Remember the pledge of a lower sphere, and renew  
the broken vow?

It almost drives me wild to think of the gifts  
we throw away,

Untinking whether or no we lose Life's honey  
and wine for aye?

But then, again, 't is a mighty joy — greater than  
I can tell

To trust that the parted may some time meet, —  
that all may again be well.

However it be, I hold, that all the evil we know  
on earth

Finds in this violence done to Love its true and  
legitimate birth;

And the agonies we suffer, when the heart is left  
alone,

For every sin of Humanity should fully and well  
atone.

I see that you marvel greatly, Tom, to hear such  
words from me,

But, if you knew my inmost heart, 't would be no  
mystery.

Experience is bitter, but its teachings we retain:  
It has taught me this, — who once has loved,  
loves never on earth again!

And I too have my closet, with a ghastly form  
inside,

The skeleton of a perished love, killed by a cruel  
pride:

I sit by the fire at evening — as you will some  
time sit,

And watch, in the roseate half-light, the ghosts of  
happiness flit:

I too awaken at midnight, and stretch my arms  
to enfold

A vague and shadowy image, with tresses of brown  
and gold:

Experience is bitter indeed, — I have learned at  
a heavy cost

The secret of Love's persistency: I too have loved  
and lost!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet  
't is early morn, —

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound  
upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the  
curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over  
Locksley Hall:

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the  
sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cata-  
racts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I  
went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the  
west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through  
the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver  
braid.

Here about the bench I wandered, nourishing a  
youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long  
result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful  
land reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the promise  
that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye  
could see, —

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the  
robin's breast;

In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself  
another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-  
nished dove;

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns  
to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should  
be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute  
observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak  
the truth to me;

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being  
sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color  
and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the north-  
ern night.



- And she turned, — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs ;  
 All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes, —
- Saying, " I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong " ;  
 Saying, " Dost thou love me, cousin ? " weeping, " I have loved thee long."
- Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands ;  
 Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
- Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;  
 Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.
- Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,  
 And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.
- Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,  
 And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.
- O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !  
 O, the dreary, dreary moorland ! O, the barren, barren shore !
- Falsè than all fathoms, falsè than all songs have sung,  
 Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !
- Is it well to wish thee happy ? — having known me — to decline  
 On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine !
- Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
 What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.
- As the husband is, the wife is ; thou art mated with a clown,  
 And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.
- He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,  
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.
- What is this ? his eyes are heavy, — think not they are glazed with wine.  
 Go to him ; it is thy duty, — kiss him ; take his hand in thine.
- It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought, —  
 Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.
- He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand, —  
 Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand !
- Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,  
 Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.
- Cursèd be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !  
 Cursèd be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !
- Cursèd be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule !  
 Cursèd be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool !
- Well — 't is well that I should bluster ! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved,  
 Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.
- Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit ?  
 I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.
- Never ! though my mortal summers to such length of years should come  
 As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.
- Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?  
 Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind ?
- I remember one that perished ; sweetly did she speak and move ;  
 Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.
- Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?  
 No, — she never loved me truly ; love is love for evermore.

- Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth  
the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering  
happier things.
- Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy  
heart be put to proof,  
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain  
is on the roof.
- Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art  
staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the  
shadows rise and fall.
- Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to  
his drunken sleep,  
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears  
that thou wilt weep.
- Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered  
by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing  
of thine ears;
- And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kind-  
ness on thy pain.  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to  
thy rest again.
- Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender  
voice will cry;  
'T is a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy  
trouble dry.
- Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival  
brings thee rest, —  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the  
mother's breast.
- O, the child too clothes the father with a dear-  
ness not his due.  
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy  
of the two.
- O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty  
part,  
With a little horde of maxims preaching down a  
daughter's heart.
- "They were dangerous guides the feelings — she  
herself was not exempt —  
Truly, she herself had suffered —" Perish in  
thy self-contempt!
- Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore  
should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by  
despair.
- What is that which I should turn to, lighting  
upon days like these?  
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but  
to golden keys.
- Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the mar-  
kets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which  
I should do?
- I had been content to perish, falling on the foe-  
man's ground,  
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the  
winds are laid with sound.
- But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt  
that honor feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each  
other's heels.
- Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that  
earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-  
drous mother-age!
- Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt  
before the strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the  
tumult of my life;
- Yearning for the large excitement that the com-  
ing years would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his  
father's field,
- And at night along the dusky highway near and  
nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like  
a dreary dawn;
- And his spirit leaps within him to be gone be-  
fore him then.  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the  
througs of men;
- Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reap-  
ing something new:  
That which they have done but earnest of the  
things that they shall do:
- For I dipt into the future, far as human eye  
could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be;
- Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of  
magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down  
with costly bales;

- Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there  
 rained a ghastly dew  
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the  
 central blue ;
- Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-  
 wind rushing warm,  
 With the standards of the peoples plunging  
 through the thunder-storm ;
- Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the  
 battle-flags were furled  
 In the parliament of man, the federation of the  
 world.
- There the common sense of most shall hold a  
 fretful realm in awe,  
 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in uni-  
 versal law.
- So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through  
 me left me dry,  
 Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with  
 the jaundiced eye ;
- Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are  
 out of joint.  
 Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on  
 from point to point :
- Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creep-  
 ing nigher,  
 Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly  
 dying fire.
- Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing  
 purpose runs,  
 And the thoughts of men are widened with the  
 process of the suns.
- What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his  
 youthful joys,  
 Through the deep heart of existence beat forever  
 like a boy's ?
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers ; and I  
 linger on the shore,  
 And the individual withers, and the world is more  
 and more.
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he  
 bears a laden breast,  
 Full of sad experience moving toward the still-  
 ness of his rest.
- Hark ! my merry comrades call me, sounding on  
 the bugle horn, —  
 They to whom my foolish passion were a target  
 for their scorn ;
- Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a  
 mouldered string ?  
 I am shamed through all my nature to have loved  
 so slight a thing.
- Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's  
 pleasure, woman's pain —  
 Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a  
 shallower brain ;
- Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,  
 matched with mine,  
 Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water  
 unto wine —
- Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah  
 for some retreat  
 Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life  
 began to beat ;
- Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father,  
 evil-starred ;  
 I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's  
 ward.
- Or to burst all links of habit, — there to wander  
 far away,  
 On from island unto island at the gateways of the  
 day, —
- Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and  
 happy skies,  
 Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,  
 knots of Paradise.
- Never comes the trader, never floats an European  
 flag, —  
 Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the  
 trailer from the crag, —
- Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the  
 heavy-fruited tree, —  
 Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres  
 of sea.
- There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than  
 in this march of mind —  
 In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts  
 that shake mankind.
- There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have  
 scope and breathing-space ;  
 I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my  
 dusky race.
- Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and  
 they shall run,  
 Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their  
 lances in the sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-  
bows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable  
books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I know my  
words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the  
Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our  
glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast  
with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage, — what to me were  
sun or elime !  
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of  
time, —

I, that rather held it better men should perish  
one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's  
moon in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, for-  
ward let us range ;  
Let the great world spin forever down the ring-  
ing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into  
the younger day :  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of  
Cathay.

Mother-age (for mine I knew not), help me as  
when life begun, —  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the light-  
nings, weigh the sun, —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath  
not set ;  
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my  
fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to  
Locksley Hall !  
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the  
roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over  
heath andholt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a  
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or  
fire or snow ;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and  
I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## ONLY A WOMAN.

" She loves with love that cannot tire ;  
And if, ah, woe ! she loves alone,  
Through passionate duty love flames higher,  
As grass grows taller round a stone "

COVENTRY PATMORE.

So, the truth 's out. I 'll grasp it like a snake, —  
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break  
Awhile, if only for the children's sake.

For his, too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed ;  
None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,  
Except — one trifle scarcely worth being named —

The heart. That 's gone. The corrupt dead  
might be  
As easily raised up, breathing, fair to see,  
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,  
Or courted him as silly maidens court,  
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him, — any woman would :  
But shut my love up till he came and sued,  
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest ! —  
So happy that I was his first and best,  
As he mine, — when he took me to his breast.

Ah me ! if only then he had been true !  
If, for one little year, a month or two,  
He had given me love for love, as was my due !

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done,  
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne —  
Poor substitute — because the queen was gone !

O, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss  
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,  
He had kissed another woman even as this, —

It were less bitter ! Sometimes I could weep  
To be thus cheated, like a child asleep, —  
Were not my anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground ;  
Mocked with a heart just eought at the rebound, —  
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder, — colder still,  
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,  
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All, — anything but him. It was to be  
The full draught others drink up carelessly  
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again, — he gives me all I claimed,  
I and my children never shall be shamed :  
He is a just man, — he will live unblamed.

Only — O God, O God, to cry for bread,  
And get a stone ! Daily to lay my head  
Upon a bosom where the old love 's dead !

Dead ? — Fool ! It never lived. It only stirred  
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard :  
So let me bury it without a word.

He 'll keep that other woman from my sight.  
I know not if her face be foul or bright ;  
I only know that it was his delight —

As his was mine ; I only know he stands  
Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands,  
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.  
He need not. When the ship 's gone down, I trow,  
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends :  
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of  
friends  
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows, — none heeds. I have a little pride ;  
Enough to stand up, wifelike, by his side,  
With the same smile as when I was his bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms ;  
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms ;  
Their kiss — ah ! unlike his — all pain disarms.

And haply as the solemn years go by,  
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,  
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

◆  
HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,  
Wheel me into the shadow,  
There must be leaves on the woodbine,  
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow /

Wheel me down to the meadow,  
Down to the little river,  
In sun or in shadow  
I shall not dazzle or shiver,  
I shall be happy anywhere,  
Every breath of the morning air  
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,  
By the mount or under the hill,

Or down by the little river :  
Stay as long as you please,  
Give me only a bud from the trees,  
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,  
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,  
I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,  
Wheel, wheel through the shadow ;  
There must be odors round the pine,  
There must be balm of breathing kine,  
Somewhere down in the meadow.  
Must I choose ? Then anchor me there  
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where  
The larch is snooding her flowery hair  
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thickest hazels of the brake  
Perchance some nightingale doth shake  
His feathers, and the air is full of song ;  
In those old days when I was young and strong,  
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,  
Beside the nursery.  
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,  
And find him singing on the selfsame bough  
(I know it even now)  
Where, since the flit of bat,  
In ceaseless voice he sat,  
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,  
Beneath the vernal moon ;  
And while I listed long,  
Day rose, and still he sang,  
And all his staunchless song,  
As something falling unaware,  
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,  
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang, —  
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

My soul lies out like a basking hound, —  
A hound that dreams and dozes ;  
Along my life my length I lay,  
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,  
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,  
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,  
And like one who dreams and dozes  
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,  
Two worlds are whispering over me,  
And there blows a wind of roses  
From the backward shore to the shore before,  
From the shore before to the backward shore,  
And like two clouds that meet and pour  
Each through each, till core in core  
A single self reposes,  
The nevermore with the evermore  
Above me mingles and closes ;  
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,  
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,

And when, awakened by some sweet sound,  
A dreamy eye uncloses,  
I see a blooming world around,  
And I lie amid primroses, —  
Years of sweet primroses,  
Springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,  
To feel I may dream and to know you deem  
My work is done forever,  
And the palpitating fever,  
That gains and loses, loses and gains,  
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a  
thousand pains,

Cooled at once by that blood-let  
Upon the parapet ;  
And all the tedious taskèd toil of the difficult long  
endeavor

Solved and quit by no more fire  
Than these limbs of mine,  
Spanned and measured once for all  
By that right-hand I lost,  
Bought up at so light a cost  
As one bloody fall  
On the soldier's bed,  
And three days on the ruined wall  
Among the thirstless dead.

O, to think my name is erost  
From duty's muster-roll ;  
That I may slumber though the clarion call,  
And live the joy of an embodied soul  
Free as a liberated ghost,  
O, to feel a life of deed  
Was emptied out to feed  
That fire of pain that burned so brief awhile, —  
That fire from which I come, as the dead come  
Forth from the irreparable tomb,  
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile  
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear  
Through years of segregated care,  
And takes the total load  
Upon his shoulders broad,  
And steps from earth to God.

And she,  
Perhaps, O even she  
May look as she looked when I knew her  
In those old days of childish sooth,  
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.  
I will not seek nor sue her,  
For I'm neither fonder nor truer  
Than when she slighted my lovelorn youth,  
My giftless, graceless, guileless truth,  
And I only lived to rue her,  
But I'll never love another,

And, in spite of her lovers and lauds,  
She shall love me yet, my brother !

As a child that holds by his mother,  
While his mother speaks his praises,  
Holds with eager hands,  
And ruddy and silent stands  
In the ruddy and silent daisies,  
And hears her bless her boy,  
And lifts a wondering joy,  
So I'll not seek nor sue her,  
But I'll leave my glory to woo her,  
And I'll stand like a child beside,  
And from behind the purple pride  
I'll lift my eyes unto her,  
And I shall not be denied,  
And you will love her, brother dear,  
And perhaps next year you'll bring me here  
All through the balmy April tide,  
And she will trip like spring by my side,  
And be all the birds to my ear,  
And here all three we'll sit in the sun,  
And see the Aprils one by one,  
Primrosed Aprils on and on,  
Till the floating prospect closes  
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,  
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,  
And perhaps too far for mortal eyes,  
New springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs of earth's primroses,  
Springs to be and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

SIXTY DOBELL

PERISHED.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Wave after wave of greenness rolling down  
From mountain top to base, a whispering sea  
Of alluent leaves through which the viewless  
breeze  
Murmurs mysteriously.

And towering up amid the lesser throng,  
A giant oak, so desolately grand,  
Stretches its gray imploring arms to heaven  
In agonized demand.

Smitten by lightning from a summer sky,  
Or bearing in its heart a slow decay,  
What matter, since inexorable fate  
Is pitiless to slay.

Ah, wayward soul, hedged in and clothed about,  
Doth not thy life's lost hope lift up its head,  
And, dwarfing present joys, proclaim aloud, —  
"Look on me, I am dead !"

MAKY LOUIS<sup>8</sup> KITTER.

## DEATH OF THE WHITE FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Fighting men ! they cannot thrive  
Who killed these. — Thou'st ne'er didst, alive,  
Them any harm ; alas ! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wished them ill, —  
Nor do I for all this, nor will ;  
But if my simple prayers may yet  
Preval with Heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears,  
Rather than fail. — But, O my heart !  
It cannot die so. — Heaven's king  
Keeps register of everything ;  
And nothing may we use in vain ;  
Even beasts must be with justice slain, —  
Else men are made their deadlands.  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
From thine and wound me to the heart.  
Yet could they not be clean, — their stain  
I dyed in such a purple grain ;  
There is not such another in  
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet  
I had not found him counterfeiter,  
One morning I remember well,  
Tied in this silver chain and lead,  
Gave it to me ; nay, and I knew  
What he said then, — I'm sure I do.  
Said he, " Look how your huntman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer !"  
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled :  
This waxed tame, while he grew wild ;  
And, quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play  
My solitary time away  
With this ; and, very well content,  
Could so mine idle life have spent.  
For it was full of sport, and light  
Of foot and heart, and did invite  
Me to its game. — It seemed to bless  
Itself in me ; how could I lose  
Than love it ? O, I cannot be  
Unkind to a beast that loveth me !

Had it lived long, I do not know  
Whether it, too, might have done so  
As Sylvio did, — his gifts might be  
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.  
For I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time spy,  
Thy love was far more better than  
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar, first  
I it at mine own fingers nurse ;

And bear (yea, in every day)  
It waxed more whiter and softer than that  
It had so sweet a breath ; and oft  
I blushed to see its foot more soft  
And whiter — shall I say than my hand ?  
Nay, any part of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'T was, on those little silver feet,  
With what a peltit, skipping grace  
It oft would cleave the meadow  
And when it had left me far away  
'T would say, and run again, and say  
For it was nimble much than hands,  
And too so if on the deer white.

I have a garden of my own, —  
But so with grass overgrown,  
And hies, that ever would it grow  
To be a little wilderness,  
And all the springtime of the year  
It may have to be there.

Among the hills of hills I  
Have sought it oft, but never found it,  
Yet ever seek, and it will never rise,  
I find it, although never more eyes,  
For in the place I can not find  
It like a hare of mine kind  
Upon the grassy mountain side,  
Until its eye open, seemed to hide ;  
And then to me 'twould make a trip,  
And just then run on that lip  
Beyond its last thought, and still  
On some tree, shall be still  
And be passing in like to fold  
In white, sleek, of the hill,  
Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lovers of these, runs within.

O, help ! O, help ! I have a heart,  
And be so glad, to see  
So low it creep, the best of me,  
So slowly, deepening me to me,  
So much the wounded heart to  
The holy frankincense doth bear ;  
The brotherless Hellish  
Met in and never bears a trace.

I am a golden pearl will  
Keep these two sweet years, and me  
D. and that overflow with love  
The place in Dugway's eye

Nay, my sweet fawn is a good  
Whether the sun, and the moon,  
In fair heaven to come,  
With milk and honey, and sweetest part  
O, do not run too fast, for I  
Would I could see the green and the  
First, my sweetest, and the best  
Lovers of these, and I will  
Let it be weeping too. — But then  
The singer's song his art may part

For I so truly thee bemoan  
That I shall weep, though I be stone,  
Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
My breast, themselves engraving there.  
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
Of purest alabaster made ;  
For I would have thine image be  
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more  
While I live,  
Need I hope to see his face  
As before.

Once his love grown chill,  
Mine may strive, —  
Bitterly we re-embrace,  
Single still.

Was it something said,  
Something done,  
Vexed him ? was it touch of hand,  
Turn of head ?  
Strange ! that very way  
Love begun.  
I as little understand  
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,  
I recall  
How he looked as if I sang  
— Sweetly too.

If I spoke a word,  
First of all  
Up his cheek the color sprang,  
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,  
At my feet,  
So he breathed the air I breathed,  
Satisfied !

I, too, at love's brim  
Touched the sweet :  
I would die if death bequeathed  
Sweet to him.

“Speak, — I love thee best !”  
He exclaimed.  
“Let thy love my own foretell, —”  
I confessed :  
“Clasp my heart on thine  
Now unblamed,  
Since upon thy soul as well  
Hangeth mine !”

Was it wrong to own,  
Being truth ?  
Why should all the giving prove  
His alone ?  
I had wealth and ease,  
Beauty, youth, —  
Since my lover gave me love,  
I gave these.

That was all I meant,  
— To be just,  
And the passion I had raised  
To content.  
Since he chose to change  
Gold for dust,  
If I gave him what he praised,  
Was it strange ?  
Would he loved me yet,  
On and on,  
While I found some way undreamed,  
— Paid my debt !  
Gave more life and more,  
Till, all gone,  
He should smile, “She never seemed  
Mine before.

“What — she felt the while,  
Must I think ?  
Love 's so different with us men,”  
He should smile.  
“Dying for my sake —  
White and pink !  
Can't we touch these bubbles then  
But they break ?”

Dear, the pang is brief.  
Do thy part,  
Have thy pleasure. How perplex  
Grows belief !  
Well, this cold clay clod  
Was man's heart.  
Crumble it, — and what comes next ?  
Is it God ?

ROBERT BROWNING.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,  
Cheerily the linnets sing ;  
Winds are soft, and skies serene ;  
Time, however, soon shall throw  
Winter's snow  
O'er the buxom breast of Spring !  
Hope, that buds in lover's heart,  
Lives not through the scorn of years ;



Time makes love itself depart ;  
 Time and scorn congeal the mind, —  
 Looks unkind  
 Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time ahal make the bushes green ;  
 Time dissolve the winter snow ;  
 Winds be soft, and skies serene ;  
 Linnets sing their wonted strain :  
 But again  
 Blighted love shall never blow !

From the Portuguese of *LUIS DE CAMOENS*,  
 by *LORD STRANGFORD*.

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

FROM "ZOPHIEL, OR THE BRIDE OF SEVEN"

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul  
 Without its own peculiar mate, to meet  
 Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole  
 Bright plan of bliss most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate  
 To look on happiness : these hurt, impede,  
 And leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,  
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant,  
 and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying  
 From where her native fountains of Antioch beam,  
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,  
 Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,  
 Suffers — recoils — then thirsty and despairing  
 Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest  
 draught !

*MARIA GOWEN BROOKS*  
*(MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE).*

### SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea  
 More than fifty years ago ;  
 None have yet come home to me,  
 But are sailing to and fro.  
 I have seen them in my sleep,  
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,  
 With tattered sails and battered hulls,  
 While around them screamed the gulls,  
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they strayed  
 From me, sailing round the world ;

And I've said, "I'm half afraid  
 That their sails will ne'er be furled."  
 Great the treasures that they hold,  
 Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold ;  
 While the spices that they bear  
 Fill with fragrance all the air,  
 As they sail, as they sail.

Ah ! each sailor in the port  
 Knows that I have ships at sea,  
 Of the waves and winds the sport,  
 And the sailors pity me.  
 Oft they come and with me walk,  
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,  
 Till I put my fears aside,  
 And, contented, watch the tide  
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,  
 Gazing for them down the bay,  
 Days and nights for many years,  
 Till I turned heart-sick away.  
 But the pilots, when they land,  
 Stop and take me by the hand,  
 Saying, "You will live to see  
 Your proud vessels come from sea,  
 One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,  
 Nor let hope or courage fail ;  
 And some day, when skies are fair,  
 Up the bay my ships will sail.  
 I shall buy then all I need, —  
 Prints to look at, books to read,  
 Horses, wines, and works of art,  
 Everything — except a heart  
 That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,  
 Richer, too, than I am now,  
 Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,  
 Or a wrinkle creased my brow,  
 There was one whose heart was mine ;  
 But she's something now divine,  
 And though come my ships from sea,  
 They can bring no heart to me  
 Evermore, evermore.

*ROBERT B. COFFIN*

### ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW.

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again ;  
 "If I might look on her sweet face again  
 And know that she is happy." So the thought  
 Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth  
 At evening when the dull November day  
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
 There he sat down gazing on all below :

There did a thousand memories toll upon him,  
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
 The latest house to landward : but behind,  
 With one small gate that opened on the waste,  
 Flourished a little garden square and walled :  
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
 A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk  
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it :  
 But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole  
 Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence  
 That which he better might have shunned, if  
 griefs  
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board  
 Sparkled and shone : so genial was the hearth ;  
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;  
 And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
 Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand  
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
 To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,  
 Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :  
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
 But turning now and then to speak with him,  
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
 And his own children tall and beautiful,  
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —  
 Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,  
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
 Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared  
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,  
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
 Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,

As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his  
 knees  
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
 His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O, THE days are gone when beauty bright  
 My heart's chain wove !  
 When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
 Was love, still love !  
 New hope may bloom,  
 And days may come,  
 Of milder, calmer beam.  
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
 As love's young dream !  
 O, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
 As love's young dream !

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
 When wild youth's past ;  
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before,  
 To smile at last ;  
 He'll never meet  
 A joy so sweet  
 In all his noon of fame  
 As when first he sung to woman's ear  
 His soul-felt flame,  
 And, at every close, she flushed to hear  
 The one loved name !

O, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,  
 Which first love traced ;  
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
 On memory's waste !  
 'T was odor fled  
 As soon as shed ;  
 'T was morning's winged dream ;  
 'T was a light that ne'er can shine again  
 On life's dull stream !  
 O, 't was light that ne'er can shine again  
 On life's dull stream !

THOMAS MOORE.

#### WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

WHEN the lamp is shattered,  
 The light in the dust lies dead ;  
 When the cloud is scattered,  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute, —  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possest.  
O Love ! who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;  
Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

◆◆◆

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

FROM "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

TAKE, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn ;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears !  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

◆◆◆

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

I LOVED a lass, a fair one,  
As fair as e'er was seen ;  
She was indeed a rare one,  
Another Sheba Queen ;  
But fool as then I was,  
I thought she loved me too,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glisten,  
Each eye was like a star,  
She did surpass her sister  
Which past all others far ;  
She would me honey call,  
She 'd, O, she 'd kiss me too,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time to Medley,  
My love and I would go, —  
The boatmen there stood ready  
My love and I to row ;  
For cream there would we call,  
For cakes, and for prunes too,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting  
My love and I have had ;  
She was my only sweeting,  
She made my heart full glad ;  
The tears stood in her eyes,  
Like to the morning dew,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked,  
As lovers' fashion is,  
Oft as we sweetly talked,  
The sun would steal a kiss ;  
The wind upon her lips  
Likewise most sweetly blew,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,  
Her skin as white as snow,  
When she was blithe and merry,  
She angel-like did show ;  
Her waist exceeding small,  
The fives did fit her shoe,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter,  
She had her heart's desire ;  
I still did scorn to stint her,  
From sugar, sack, or fire ;  
The world went round about,  
No cares we ever knew,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walked home together  
At midnight through the town,  
To keep away the weather,  
O'er her I 'd cast my gown ;

No cold my love should feel,  
 Whate'er the heavens could do,  
 But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,  
 And clip and kiss so fast,  
 Yet she would be unwillling  
 That I should kiss the last ;  
 They 're Judas kisses now,  
 Since that they proved untrue ;  
 For now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

To maiden's vows and swearing,  
 Henceforth no credit give,  
 You may give them the hearing, —  
 But never them believe ;  
 They are as false as fair,  
 Unconstant, frail, untrue ;  
 For mine, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

'T was I that paid for all things,  
 'T was other drank the wine ;  
 I cannot now recall things,  
 Live but a fool to pine ;  
 'T was I that beat the bush,  
 The birds to others flew,  
 For she, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that Dame Nature,  
 For this false lover's sake,  
 Another pleasing creature  
 Like unto her would make ;  
 Let her remember this,  
 To make the other true,  
 For this, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raise me,  
 No want make me despair,  
 No misery amaze me,  
 Nor yet for want I care ;  
 I have lost a world itself,  
 My earthly heaven, adieu !  
 Since she, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

GEORGE WITHER.

#### WHY SO PALE AND WAN ?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?  
 Prythee, why so pale ?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail ?  
 Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?  
 Prythee, why so mute ?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do 't ?  
 Prythee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her ;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her :  
 The devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

#### THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

I WILL go back to the great sweet mother,  
 Mother and lover of men, the sea.  
 I will go down to her, I and none other,  
 Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me ;  
 Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast.  
 O fair white mother, in days long past  
 Born without sister, born without brother,  
 Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,  
 Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
 Thy large embraces are keen like pain !  
 Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
 Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
 Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,  
 Change as the winds change, veer in the tide ;  
 My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,  
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside ;  
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,  
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,  
 As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips  
 With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,  
 Were it once cast off and unwound from me,  
 Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,  
 Alive and aware of thy waves and thee ;  
 Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,  
 Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,  
 A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,  
 A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

#### OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle ;  
 her love she has simply outgrown :  
 One can read the whole matter, translating her  
 heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There  
is much that my heart would say;  
And you know we were children together, have  
quarreled and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture  
to tell you the truth, —  
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might  
in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you  
stood on the selfsame plane,  
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your  
souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom  
of her life's early May;  
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does  
not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either: they  
ever go up or go down;  
And hers has been steadily soaring, — but how  
has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired, —  
grown purer and wiser each year:  
The stars are not farther above you in your lumi-  
nous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses,  
down yonder, five summers ago,  
Has learned that the first of our duties to God  
and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer; but their  
vision is clearer as well:  
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as  
a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with  
God and his angels have talked:  
The white robes she wears are less white than  
the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have  
you, too, aspired and prayed?  
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? Have you  
conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the  
months and the years have rolled on?  
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the  
triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you.  
When to-day in her presence you stood,  
Was the hand that you gave her as white and  
clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back  
on the years that have fled;  
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the  
love of her girlhood is dead!

She cannot look down to her lover: her love like  
her soul, aspires;  
He must stand by her side, or above her, who  
would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship I  
have ventured to tell you the truth,  
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might  
in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DOBK

ALAS! HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE—

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE SOUL."

ALAS! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something light as air, — a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken, —  
O, love that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this has shaken!  
And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin;  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,  
That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,  
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
As in the Fields of Bliss above  
He sits, with flowerets fettered round; —  
Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
Nor ever let him use his wings;  
For even an hour, a minute's flight  
Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
Like that celestial bird, — whose nest  
Is found beneath far Eastern skies, —  
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
Lose all their glory when he flies!

THOMAS MOORE

## AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was, at the opera there ;  
And she looked like a queen in a book that  
night,

With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;  
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,  
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;  
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,  
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,  
" *Non ti scordar di me* " ?

The emperor there, in his box of state,  
Looked grave ; as if he had just then seen  
The red flag wave from the city gate,  
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye :  
You 'd have said that her fancy had gone back  
again,

For one moment, under the old blue sky,  
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat  
Together, my bride betrothed and I ;  
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,  
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad ;—  
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,  
With that regal, indolent air she had ;  
So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,  
Who died the richest and roundest of men,  
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,  
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass ;  
I wish him well for the jointure given  
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love  
As I had not been thinking of aught for years ;  
Till over my eyes there began to move  
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,  
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,  
In that lost land, in that soft climate,  
In the crimson evening weather :

Of that muslin dress (for the eye was hot) ;  
And her warm white neck in its golden chain ;  
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again ;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast ;  
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower !)  
And the one bird singing alone to his nest ;  
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my ring ;  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over ;  
And I thought, " Were she only living still,  
How I could forgive her and love her ! "

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,  
And of how, after all, old things are best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower  
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me cold !  
Like the scent that steals from the crumblingsheet  
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked : she was sitting there,  
In a dim box over the stage ; and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,  
And that jasmine in her breast !

I was here, and she was there ;  
And the glittering horseshoe curved between !—  
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair  
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,  
And over her primrose face the shade,  
(In short, from the future back to the past,)  
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,  
I traversed the passage ; and down at her side  
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be exprest,  
Had brought her back from the grave again,  
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !  
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !  
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,  
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;  
And but for her -- well, we'll let that pass;  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
With her primrose face, for old things are best;  
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above  
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,  
And love must cling where it can, I say;  
For beauty is easy enough to win;  
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,  
There's a moment when all would go smooth  
and even,

If only the dead could find out when  
To come back and be forgiven.

But O, the smell of that jasmine flower!  
And O, that music! and O, the way  
That voice rang out from the doujon tower,  
*Non ti scordar di me,*  
*Non ti scordar di me!*

ROBERT BULWER-LYTON.

### THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams  
Had been of being wise or witty,  
Ere I had done with writing themes,  
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty, —  
Years, years ago, while all my joys  
Were in my fowling-piece and filly, —  
In short, while I was yet a boy,  
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at the county ball:  
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle  
Gave signal sweet in that old hall  
Of hands across and down the middle,  
Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
Of all that sets young heart + romancing:  
She was our queen, our rose, our star;  
And then she danced, — O Heaven! her dancing!

Dark was her hair: her hand was white,  
Her voice was exquisitely tender;  
Her eyes were full of liquid light;  
I never saw a waist so slender;  
Her every look, her every smile,  
Shot right and left a score of arrows;  
I thought 't was Venus from her isle,  
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,  
Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,  
Of dangles or of dancing bears,  
Of battles or the last new bonnets;  
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock  
To me it mattered not a tittle —  
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,  
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,  
I loved her with a love eternal;  
I spoke her praises to the moon,  
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal.  
My mother laughed; I soon found out  
That ancient ladies have no fawning;  
My father frowned; but how should gout  
See any happiness in kneeling!

She was the daughter of a dean,  
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;  
She had one brother just thirteen,  
Whose color was extremely hectic;  
Her grandmother, for many a year,  
Had fed the parish with her bounty;  
Her second-cousin was a peer,  
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cent,  
And mortgages, and great relations,  
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,  
O, what are they to love's sensations!  
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks, —  
Such wealth, such honors Cupid chooses;  
He cares as little for the stocks  
As Baron Rothschild for the mus-s.

She sketched; she valed, the wood, the beach,  
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;  
She botanized; I envied each  
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;  
She warbled Handel; it was grand, —  
She made the Catalina jealous;  
She touched the organ: I could stand  
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album too, at home,  
Well filled with all an album's glories, —  
Paintings of butterflies and Roine,  
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories,  
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter,  
And autographs of Prince Leeloo,  
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshiped, bored;  
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;  
Her poodle-dog was quite adored;  
Her sayings were extremely quoted.

She laughed, — and every heart was glad,  
As if the taxes were abolished ;  
She frowned, — and every look was sad,  
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun,  
I knew that there was nothing in it ;  
I was the first, the only one  
Her heart had thought of for a minute.  
I knew it, for she told me so,  
In phrase which was divinely molded ;  
She wrote a charming hand, — and O,  
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves, —  
A little glow, a little shiver,  
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
And " Fly Not Yet," upon the river ;  
Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted ;  
A miniature, a lock of hair,  
The usual vows, — and then we parted.

We parted : months and years rolled by ;  
We met again four summers after.  
Our parting was all sob and sigh,  
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter !  
For in my heart's most secret cell  
There had been many other lovers ;  
And she was not the ball-room's belle,  
But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers !

WENTWORTH MACKWORTH PRYDE.

#### CHANGES.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.  
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not  
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead,  
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear ;  
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.  
God help us all ! who need, indeed, his care ;  
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now  
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.  
He has his father's eager eyes, I know ;  
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me !)  
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago ;

Who might have been — ah, what I dare not think !  
We are all changed. God judges for us best,  
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,  
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear  
Too cold at times ; and some too gay and light.  
Some griefs grow deep. Some woes are hard to bear.  
Who knows the past ? and who can judge us right !

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,  
And not by what we are — too apt to fall !  
My little child — he sleeps and smiles between  
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know  
all !

ROBERT BULWER LUTTOR.

#### "COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD."

FROM "THE PRINCESS"

COME not, when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,  
To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not  
save.  
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry ;  
But thou, go by !

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime  
I care no longer, being all unblest ;  
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,  
And I desire to rest.  
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie ;  
Go by, go by !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### TRANSIENT BEAUTY.

FROM "THE GIOUR"

As, rising on its purple wing,  
The insect-queen of Eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer,  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye ;  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid ;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play and man's caprice ;  
The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,  
Hath lost its charm by being caught ;  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
Till, charm and hue and beauty gone,  
'T is left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing or bleeding breast,  
Ah ! where shall either victim rest !



Can this with faded passion sour  
From rose to tulip as before ?  
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower ?  
No ; gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every lailing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

LORD BYRON.

## WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief as is the blame ;  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason I should be the same ?  
He that can love unloved again,  
Hath better store of love than brain ;  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,  
If thou hadst still continued mine ;  
Vea, if thou hadst remained thy own,  
I might perchance have yet been thine.  
But thou thy freedom did recall,  
That if thou might elsewhere intrall ;  
And then how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquered thee,  
And changed the object of thy will,  
It had been lethargy in me,  
Not constancy, to love thee still.  
Yea, it had been a sin to go  
And prostitute affection so,  
Since we are taught no prayers to say  
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,  
Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;  
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,  
To see him gain what I have lost ;  
The height of my disdain shall be,  
To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;  
To love thee still, but go no more  
A begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

## THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

WHERE shall the lover rest  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted forever ?

Where, through groves deep and high  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die  
Under the willow.  
Elen Ioro  
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving ;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarcely are loughs waving ;  
There thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted forever,  
Never again to wake  
Never, O never !  
Elen Ioro  
Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her ?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the living,  
Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying ;  
Elen Ioro  
There shall he be lying.

Her wing had the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted ;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
Ere life be parted ;  
Shame and dishonor sit  
By his grave ever ;  
Blessing shall hallow it  
Never, O never !  
Elen Ioro  
Never, O never !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTCH SONG.

BALOW, my babe, ly still and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe ;  
If thou' t be silent, I 'se be glad,  
Thy mairning maks my heart ful sad.  
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy !  
Thy father breides me great annoy.

*Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe*

When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugred word to move,  
His faynings fals, and flattering chere,  
To me that time did not appeire :

But now I see, most ernell hee,  
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,  
And when thou wakest sweetly smile :  
But smile not, as thy father did,  
To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !  
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,  
Thy fateris hart and face to beire.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil und sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

I cannao chuse, but ever will  
Be luvng to thy father stil :  
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,  
My luve with him maun stil abyde :  
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,  
To faynings fals thine hart incline ;  
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,  
And nevir change hir for a new ;  
If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
For women's banning's wonderous sair.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father's gane,  
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;  
My babe and I'll together live,  
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve ;  
My babe and I right saft will ly,  
And quite forget man's cruelty.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth  
That ever kist a woman's mouth !  
I wish all maids be warned by mee,  
Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;  
For if we doe but chance to bow,  
They'll use us than they care not how.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

ANONYMOUS.

#### MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,  
My heart is like to break ;  
I'm wearin' all my feet, Willie,  
I'm dyin' for your sake !

O, lay your check to mine, Willie,  
Your hand on my brierst-bane, —  
O, say ye 'll think on me, Willie,  
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,  
Sair grief maun ha'e its will ;  
But let me rest upon your brierst  
To sab and greet my fill.  
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,  
Let me shed by your hair,  
And look into the face, Willie,  
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
For the last time in my life, —  
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,  
A mither, yet nae wife.  
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,  
And press it mair and mair,  
Or it will burst the silken twine,  
Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,  
When we tgether met, —  
O, wae 's me for the time, Willie,  
That our first tryst was set !  
O, wae 's me for the loanin' green  
Where we were wont to gae, —  
And wae 's me for the destinie  
That gart me luve thee sae !

O, dianna mind my words, Willie,  
I downa seek to blame ;  
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,  
And dree a world's shame !  
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,  
And hailin' ower your chin :  
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
For sorrow, and for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,  
And sick wi' a' I see,  
I canna live as I ha'e lived,  
Or be as I should be.  
But faul't unto your heart, Willie,  
The heart that still is thine,  
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek  
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,  
A sair stoun' through my heart ;  
O, hand me up and let me kiss  
Thy brow ere we twa part.  
Anither, and anither yet ! —  
How fast my life-strings break ! —  
Fareweel ! fareweel ! through you kirk-yard  
Step lightly for my sake !

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,  
That liltis far ower our heid,  
Will sing the morn as merrilie  
Abune the clay-cauld deid ;  
And this green turf we're sittin' on,  
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,  
Will hap the heart that luvit thee  
As waird has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,  
On land where'er ye be ;  
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,  
That ne'er luvit ane but thee !  
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools  
That file my yellow hair,  
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin  
Ye never sall kiss mair !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## MARIANA.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all,  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the peach to the garden-wall.  
The broken sheds looked sad and strange,  
Unlifted was the clinking latch,  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, " My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary ;  
I would that I were dead ! "

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;  
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;  
She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
Either at morn or eventide.  
After the flitting of the bats,  
When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
She drew her casement-curtain by,  
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.  
She only said, " The night is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead ! "

Upon the middle of the night,  
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow ;  
The cock sung out an hour ere light :  
From the dark fen the oxen's low  
Came to her : without hope of change,  
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,  
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn  
About the lonely moated grange.

She only said, " The day is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
And I would that I were dead ! "

About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blackened waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The clustered marish-mosses crept.  
Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
All silver green with gnarled bark,  
For leagues no other tree did dark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.  
She only said, " My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead ! "

And ever when the moon was low,  
And the shrill winds were up and away,  
In the white curtain, to and fro,  
She saw the gusty shadow sway.  
But when the moon was very low,  
And wild winds bound within their cell,  
The shadow of the poplar fell  
Upon her bed, across her brow.  
She only said, " The night is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead ! "

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creaked,  
The blue fly sung i' the pane the mouse  
Behind the moldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about.  
Old faces glimmered through the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.  
She only said, " My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, " I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead ! "

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense : but most she loathed the hour  
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.  
Then, said she, " I am very dreary,  
He will not come," she said ;  
She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,  
O God, that I were dead ! "

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,  
 Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory ;  
 "Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story !

"I loved, — and, blind with passionate love, I  
 fell.

Love brought me down to death, and death to  
 Hell ;

For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,  
 Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be ;  
 But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit ! Let me see my love again  
 And comfort him one hour, and I were fain  
 To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent  
 That wild vow ! Look, the dial-finger 's bent  
 Down to the last hour of thy punishment !"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go !  
 I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.  
 O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe !"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,  
 And upward, joyous, like a rising star,  
 She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,  
 And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,  
 She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea  
 Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,  
 She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me !"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin !  
 I have been fond and foolish. Let me in  
 To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher !  
 To be deceived in your true heart's desire  
 Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire !"

JOHN HAY

## DEATH AND THE YOUTH

"Not yet, the flowers are in my path,  
 The sun is in the sky ;  
 Not yet, my heart is full of hope,  
 I cannot bear to die.

"Not yet, I never knew till now  
 How precious life could be ;  
 My heart is full of love, O Death !  
 I cannot come with thee !"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,  
 Passed in their falsehood by ;  
 Death came again, and then he said,  
 "I 'm ready now to die !"

LETITIA E. LONDON

# POEMS OF SORROW AND DEATH.

## SORROW AND ADVERSITY.

### RETROSPECTION.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under world ;  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge, —  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square :  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

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

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
O well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on,  
To the haven under the hill ;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales !  
The saddest of your tales  
Is not so sad as life ;  
Nor have you e'er began  
A theme so wild as man,  
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf !  
Autumn sears not like grief,  
Nor kills such lovely flowers ;  
More terrible the storm,  
More mournful the deform,  
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush ! hush ! thou trembling lyre,  
Silence, ye vocal choir,  
And thou, mellifluous lute,  
For man soon breathes his last,  
And all his hope is past,  
And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,  
And when the leaves are dying,  
And when the song is o'er,  
O, let us think of those  
Whose lives are lost in woes,  
Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELL.

### HENCE, ALL YE VAIN DELIGHTS.

HENCE, all ye vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly !  
There's naught in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see 't  
But only melancholy,  
O, sweetest melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that 's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound !

Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves !  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed save bats and owls !  
A midnight bell, a parting gleam !  
These are the sounds we feed upon ;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;  
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

DEACON and FLETCHER

### BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude ;

Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;  
Most friendships feigning, most loving mere folly

Then, heigh ho, the holly !

This life is most jolly !

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;  
Most friendships feigning, most loving mere folly

Then, heigh-ho, the holly !

This life is most jolly !

SHAKESPEARE

### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

[Written in the spring of 1796, when suffering from physical depression, the precursor of his death, which happened soon after.]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk

'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,

But being too happy in thine happiness,

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of Summer in full-throated ease

O for a draught of vintage

Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With bended bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stained mouth,

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim ;

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret,

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;

Where palsy shakes a few, lost, gray hairs ;

Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies ;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs ;

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,

Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;

Already with thee ! tender is the night,

And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,

Clustered around by all her starry fays ;

But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs ;

But, in embalméd darkness guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable mouth outdaws

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,

White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine ;

Fast fading violets, covered up in leaves ;

And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dowy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time

I have been half in love with easeful Death,

Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath ;

Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad

In such an ecstasy !

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !

No hungry generations tread thee down ;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :  
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for  
 home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn,  
 The same that oftentimes hath  
 Charmed magic casements opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell,  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !  
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hillside ; and now 't is buried deep  
 In the next valley glades :  
 Was it a vision or a waking dream ?  
 Fled is that music, — do I wake or sleep ?

JOHN KEATS

## ROSALIE.

O, pour upon my soul again  
 That sad, unearthly strain  
 That seems from other worlds to 'plain !  
 Thus falling, falling from afar,  
 As if some melancholy star  
 Had mingled with her light her sighs,  
 And dropped them from the skies.

No, never came from aught below  
 This melody of woe,  
 That makes my heart to overflow,  
 As from a thousand gushing springs  
 Unknown before ; that with it brings  
 This nameless light — if light it be —  
 That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears  
 The hue of other spheres ;  
 And something blent of smiles and tears  
 Comes from the very air I breathe.  
 O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,  
 Can mould a sadness like to this,  
 So like angelic bliss !

So, at that dreamy hour of day,  
 When the last lingering ray  
 Stops on the highest cloud to play,  
 So thought the gentle Rosalie  
 As on her maiden revelry  
 First fell the strain of him who stole  
 In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken ;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken.  
 Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose gauds are dead,  
 And all but he departed.  
 Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE

## THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !  
 How many a tale their music tells  
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
 When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are passed away,  
 And many a heart that then was gay  
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone,  
 That tuneful peal will still ring on ;  
 While other bards shall walk these dells,  
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE

## THE SUN IS WARM, THE SKY IS CLEAR.

LANSAN WRITTEN IN DEER-TON BEAK GABLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent light.

The breath of the moist air is light  
 Around its unexpanded buds,  
 Like many a voice of one delight,  
 The winds', the birds', the ocean floods',  
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
 With given and purple sea-weeds strewn,  
 I see the waves upon the shore  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown  
 I sit upon the sands alone,  
 The lightning of the nocturnal ocean  
 Is dashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its moanful motion,  
 How sweet, did my heart now show in my emotion!

Alas! I have no hope nor health,  
 No peace within nor calm around,  
 Not that content surpassing wealth  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walked with inward glory crowned,  
 Not time, not power, not love, not leisure,  
 O'erthrew I see when these surround  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure,  
 For me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild  
 Even as the winds and waters are,  
 I could be down like a trusty child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
 And I might rest in the water here  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe over my dying brain its last monotony.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

#### MY SHIP

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,  
 As if the daylight's tinnit and dust and din  
 Are fading away in the busy town,  
 I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the dim sea,  
 Kiss'd with sunset, like mellow waxy  
 Where ships, like lilacs, lie tranquilly,  
 Many and fair, — but I see not mine

I question the sailors every night  
 Who over the bulwarks idly lean,  
 Noting the sails as they come in sight,  
 "Have you seen my beautiful ship come in

"Whence does she come? — they ask of me,  
 "Who is her master, and what her name?"  
 And they smile upon me proudly  
 When my answer is ever and ever the same.

O, mine was a vessel of strength and truth,  
 Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,  
 She sailed long since from the port of Youth,  
 Her master was Love, and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beautiful things,  
 She faded in distance and doubt away,  
 With only a tremble of snowy wings  
 She departed, swan like, adown the bay,

Carrying with her a precious thought,  
 All I had gathered by years of pain,  
 A tempting prize to the pirate, Fate,  
 And still I watch for her back again, —

Watch from the earliest morning light  
 Till the pale stars grieve over the dying day,  
 To catch the gleam of her canvas white  
 Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet, — she will never come  
 To gladden my eyes and my spirit more,  
 And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,  
 As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore,

Knowing that tempest and time and storm  
 Have wrecked and shattered my life on your bark,  
 Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,  
 And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up and the tide goes down,  
 And the daylight follows the night's eclipse,  
 And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,  
 I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,  
 For vain and empty it long hath been,  
 I sit on the tough shore's rocky slope,  
 And watch to see if my ship comes in.

THE ARABIAN VOYAGER ALLEN  
 (1810-1857) 1830-31

#### AFAR IN THE DESERT

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side  
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
 And, sick of the present, I cling to the past,  
 When the eye is suffused with tearful tears,  
 From the soul recollections of former years,  
 And shadows of things that have long since fled  
 E'er cross the brain, like the ghosts of the dead,  
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon,  
 Day-dreams, that departed eye-maniac's moon,  
 Attachments by fate or falsehoods left,  
 Companions of early days lost or left,  
 And thy native land, whose magical name  
 Travels to the heart like electric flame.



The *lure of my childhood*, the *haunts of my prime* ;

All the *passions and scenes of that rapturous time* ;  
When the *longings were young*, and the *world was new*,

Like the *fresh bowers of Eden* unfolding to view,  
All, all *now forsaken, forgotten, forgone* !

And I, a *line could remember of none*,  
My *high aims abandoned, my goal wide and done*,

A *weary of all that is under the sun*,  
With the *solitude of heart* which *no stranger may see*,

I fly to the *desert afar from man*.

Afar in the *desert I love to ride*,  
With the *silent Bush* *boy alone by my side* ;  
When the *wild* *haunt* of this *wearisome ride*,  
With its *scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife*

The  *proud man's frown*, and the  *base man's* *lean*,

The *warrior's* *laugh*, and the  *soldier's* *tear*,  
And *malice*, and *meanness*, and *misdeeds* and *folly*,

Dispose me to *moaning* and *dark* *man's* *woe* ;  
When *my bosom* is *full*, and *my thoughts* are *high*,

And *my soul* is *reck* with the  *bondman's* *sigh*,  
Or, then there is *freedom* and *joy*, and *pride*,  
Afar in the *desert alone to ride* !

There is *rapture to wash* on the  *champing* *steed*,  
And to *stand* *away* with the  *eagle's* *speed*,  
With the *death* *bravest* *troop* in *my* *band*,  
The *only* *law* of the  *Desert* *Land* !

Afar in the *desert I love to ride*  
With the *silent Bush* *boy alone by my side*,  
Away, away from the  *dwellings* of *men*,  
By the *wild* *deer's* *haunt*, by the  *buffalo's* *gen*,  
By  *wild* *yx* *remote* where the  *orb* *plays*,  
Where the *gnu*, the  *gazelle*, and the  *hart* *beast* *graze*,

And the  *kudu* and  *eland* *unhunted* *recline*  
By the  *skirts* of  *gray*  *forest*  *stretching* with  *wild*  *vine* ;

Where the  *elephant*  *browse* at  *peace* in his  *wood* ;  
And the  *zebu*  *horse*  *gambols*  *unseared* in the  *flood* ;  
And the  *mighty*  *rhinoceros*  *wallows* at  *rest*  
In the  *fen* where the  *wild*  *ass* is  *drinking* his  *fill*.

Afar in the *desert I love to ride*,  
With the *silent Bush* *boy alone by my side*,  
O'er the  *brown*  *karroo*, where the  *bleating*  *cry*  
Of the  *springbok's*  *lawn*  *sounds*  *plaintively* ;  
And the  *timonax* ( *yagga's*  *shriek*)  *whistle*  *high*  *neigh*  
Is heard by the  *fountain* at  *twilight*  *gray* ;

Where the  *zebu*  *watering*  *trough* I  *trace* ;  
Where the  *herd*  *watering*  *the*  *drought*  *plain* ;  
And the  *best*  *looked*  *after*  *over*  *the*  *world* ;  
A  *noble*  *man* a  *horse*  *man*  *who*  *to*  *his*  *goal* ;  
Hearing  *away* to the  *team* of his  *cart*,  
Where she and her  *mate* have  *sought*  *their*  *rest* ;  
Farred from the  *present*  *pleasures*  *of*  *men* ;  
In the  *pathos*  *depths* of the  *parted*  *stream*.

Afar in the *desert I love to ride*,  
With the *silent Bush* *boy alone by my side* ;  
Away, away from the  *dwellings* of *men*,  
Where the  *wild*  *deer's*  *haunts* and the  *buffalo's*  *gen* ;  
By the  *wild* *yx* *remote* where the  *orb* *plays*,  
Where the *gnu*, the  *gazelle*, and the  *hart* *beast* *graze* ;  
And the  *kudu* and  *eland* *unhunted* *recline* ;  
By the  *skirts* of  *gray*  *forest*  *stretching* with  *wild*  *vine* ;

Where the  *elephant*  *browse* at  *peace* in his  *wood* ;  
And the  *zebu*  *horse*  *gambols*  *unseared* in the  *flood* ;  
And the  *mighty*  *rhinoceros*  *wallows* at  *rest* ;  
In the  *fen* where the  *wild*  *ass* is  *drinking* his  *fill* ;  
Where the  *zebu*  *watering*  *trough* I  *trace* ;  
Where the  *herd*  *watering*  *the*  *drought*  *plain* ;  
And the  *best*  *looked*  *after*  *over*  *the*  *world* ;  
A  *noble*  *man* a  *horse*  *man*  *who*  *to*  *his*  *goal* ;  
Hearing  *away* to the  *team* of his  *cart*,  
Where she and her  *mate* have  *sought*  *their*  *rest* ;  
Farred from the  *present*  *pleasures*  *of*  *men* ;  
In the  *pathos*  *depths* of the  *parted*  *stream*.

Afar in the *desert I love to ride*  
With the *silent Bush* *boy alone by my side*,  
Away, away from the  *dwellings* of *men*,  
By the *wild* *deer's* *haunt*, by the  *buffalo's* *gen*,  
By  *wild* *yx* *remote* where the  *orb* *plays*,  
Where the *gnu*, the  *gazelle*, and the  *hart* *beast* *graze* ;  
And the  *kudu* and  *eland* *unhunted* *recline* ;  
By the  *skirts* of  *gray*  *forest*  *stretching* with  *wild*  *vine* ;

Where the  *elephant*  *browse* at  *peace* in his  *wood* ;  
And the  *zebu*  *horse*  *gambols*  *unseared* in the  *flood* ;  
And the  *mighty*  *rhinoceros*  *wallows* at  *rest*  
In the  *fen* where the  *wild*  *ass* is  *drinking* his  *fill* ;  
Where the  *zebu*  *watering*  *trough* I  *trace* ;  
Where the  *herd*  *watering*  *the*  *drought*  *plain* ;  
And the  *best*  *looked*  *after*  *over*  *the*  *world* ;  
A  *noble*  *man* a  *horse*  *man*  *who*  *to*  *his*  *goal* ;  
Hearing  *away* to the  *team* of his  *cart*,  
Where she and her  *mate* have  *sought*  *their*  *rest* ;  
Farred from the  *present*  *pleasures*  *of*  *men* ;  
In the  *pathos*  *depths* of the  *parted*  *stream*.

## MAJESTY IN MISERY.

GREAT MOUNTAIN of the World, from whose  *Peaks*  
The  *Potency* and  *Power* of  *Kings* ;

Perch'd the  *Poets*  *Woe*  *on*  *falling*  *wings* ;

Thou  *teach*  *me*  *to*  *see*, that  *eye*  *can*  *see* ;  
Thou  *teach*  *me*  *to*  *see*  *in*  *Truth*  *a*  *mirror*  *true* ;  
To  *trace* the  *Treasures* of thy  *bow* and  *mine* ;

Thou  *teach*  *me*,  *O*  *thy*  *Divine*  *Deeds* ;  
Thou  *teach*  *me*  *of*  *Righteous*  *Power*  *thy* ;  
With  *thy*  *own*  *Deeds*  *create*  *me* ;

With it the sacred Scepter, Purple Robe,  
The Holy Uction, and the Royal Globe :  
Yet am I bellied with the life of Job.

The fiercest Furies, that do daily tread  
Upon my Grief, my Gray Dis-crown'd Head,  
Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread.

They raise a War, and Christen it *The Cause*,  
Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,  
Plunder and Murder are the Kingdom's Laws :

Tyranny bears the Title of *Taxation*,  
Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation*,  
Oppression gains the name of *Sequestration*.

My loyal Subjects, who in this bad season  
Attend me (by the law of God and Reason),  
They dare impeach and punish for High Treason.

Next at the Clergy do their Furies frown ;  
Pious Episcopacy must go down ;  
They will destroy the Crosier and the Crown.

Churchmen are chained and Schismatics are  
fre'd,  
Mechanicks preach, and Holy Fathers bleed,  
The Crown is crucified with the Creed.

The Church of England doth all factions foster,  
The pulpit is usurped by each imposter,  
*Extempore* excludes the *Pater Noster*.

The *Presbyter* and *Independent* seed  
Springs with broad blades : to make Religion bleed,  
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner-stone's misplaced by every Pavier ;  
With such a bloody method and behaviour  
Their Ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful Womb  
So many Princes legally have come,  
Is forced in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.

Great Britain's Heir is forc'd into France,  
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :  
Poor child ! He weeps at his Inheritance.

With my own Power my Majesty they wound  
In the King's name the Kinghimself's uncrowned ;  
So doth the Dust destroy the Diamond.

With Propositions daily they enchant  
My People's ears, such as do reason daunt,  
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my Royal Stem,  
To make Me great, t' advance my Diadem,  
If I will first fall down, and worship them.

But, for refusal, they devour my Thrones,  
Distress my Children, and destroy my bones ;  
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My Life they prize at such a slender rate  
That in my absence they draw Bills of hate,  
To prove the King a Traytor to the State.

Felons obtain more priviledge than I :  
They are allowed to answer ere they die ;  
'T is death for me to ask the reason Why.

But, Sacred Saviour, with thy wounds I woo  
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to  
Such as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed  
As to condemn those Edicts he appointed,  
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed ?

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,  
Preserve my Issue, and inspire my Mate :  
Yet, though We perish, bless this Church and  
State.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

#### UNDER THE CROSS.

I CANNOT, cannot say,  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart,  
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood-drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on,  
"Thy will, O God, be done !"

I thought, but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will ;  
And that it would be sweet to say,  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon,  
"Thy will, my God, be done !"

But I was weak and wrong,  
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart ;  
And Pride alone in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say "God's will be done !"

O shadow drear and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride ;  
O flood, that through my bosom rolled  
Its billowy tide ;  
I said, till ye your power made known,  
"God's will, not mine, be done !"

\* Written during his captivity at Carisbrook castle, Anno Dom. 1648.

Now, faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross, heavy and rude,  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed,  
The holy words my pale lips shun,  
"O God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God,  
And touch my will with thy warm breath;  
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
That quickens death;  
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
And say, "Thy will be done!"

WILLIAM CAREY RICHARD.

◆◆◆  
LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow-  
ers.

Things that are made to fade and fall away  
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.  
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.  
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die, —  
May perish from the gay and glad-some earth;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.  
Love not!

Love not! O warning vain! said  
In present hours as in years gone by!  
Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,  
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.  
Love not!

CAROLINE F. NORTON.

◆◆◆  
SAMSON AGONISTES.

—SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,  
Where I a prisoner, chained, scarce freely draw  
The air imprisoned also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught; but here I feel amend,  
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and  
sweet,  
With day-spring born: here leave me to respire.

This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works: unwillingly the rest  
Their superstition yield me; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
Of hornet armed, no sooner found a lone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and prevent  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
Twice by an angel, who at bed to night  
Of both my parents' all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, whose offering burned,  
As in a hery-column, charioting  
His godlike presence, and from one great set  
On bench revealed to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding ordered and provided  
A son of a person equate to God,  
Designed for great exploits, if I must die  
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemy the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in banes fetters under task  
With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious  
strength,

Put to the labor of a beast, delivered  
Lower than bonds-lave! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great deliverance now, and find him  
Kydless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
Humed in bonds under Philistian yoke!

O locust of light, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O, woe that chain,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or despoil, or age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might impart me senses, eyes closed,  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm; the vilest here exceed me:  
They creep, yet see; I, look in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, scorn, and wrong,  
Within door or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, next in my own;  
Scarcely half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day!

MILTON.

◆◆◆  
SELECTIONS FROM "PARADISE LOST."

—EVE'S LAMENT.

O my EXPECTED stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil! thee happy walk and shades,  
Fit haunt of god; where I had hope to spend,

Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

## THE EXILE FROM PARADISE.

ADAM TO MICHAEL.

GENTLY hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us. What besides  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left,  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
Inhospitable appear and desolate,  
Nor knowing us nor known; and if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries.  
But prayer against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth;  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
His blessed countenance, here I could frequent  
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
On this mount he appeared; under this tree  
Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
I heard; here with him at this fountain talked:  
So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
Of luster from the brook, in memory  
Or monument to ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.  
In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled  
To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe

His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deemed  
weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory,  
And to the faithful death the gate of life:  
Taught this by his example, whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

EVE TO ADAM.

WITH sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
This further consolation, yet secure,  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

THE DEPARTURE.

IN either hand the hastening angel caught  
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.  
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate  
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.  
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them  
soon;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and  
slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON

## WOLSEY'S FALL.

FROM "HENRY VIII."

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening — nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

## CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

FROM "HENRY VIII."

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Crom-  
 well ;

And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,  
 Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate  
 thee :

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O  
 Cromwell !

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.  
 Serve the king ; and — pr'ythee, lead me in :  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies !

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE LATE SPRING.

SHE stood alone amidst the April fields, —  
 Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare.  
 "The spring is late," she said, "the faithless  
 spring,  
 That should have come to make the meadows  
 fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees  
 The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro ;  
 For them no green boughs wait, — their memories  
 Of last year's April had deceived them so."

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad  
 spring,

The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees.  
 "Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said ;  
 "I wait my spring-time, and am cold like these.

"To them will come the fullness of their time ;  
 Their spring, though late, will make the mead-  
 ows fair ;  
 Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed ?  
 I am his own, — doth not my Father care !"

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O Life ! O Time !  
 On whose last steps I climb,  
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;  
 When will return the glory of your prime ?  
 No more, — O nevermore !

Out of the day and night  
 A joy has taken flight :  
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hear  
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
 No more, — O nevermore !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## "WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT DIE?"

SPRING it is cheery,  
 Winter is dreary,  
 Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly ;  
 When he's forsaken,  
 Withered and shaken,  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,  
 Maids will not lip him,  
 Maid and Marian pass him by ;  
 Youth it is sunny,  
 Age has no honey, —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

June it was jolly,  
 O for its folly !  
 A dancing leg and a laughing eye !  
 Youth may be silly,  
 Wisdom is chilly, —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Friends they are scanty,  
 Beggars are plenty,  
 If he has followers, I know why ;  
 Gold 's in his clutches  
 (Buying him crutches ')  
 What can an old man do but die ?

THOMAS MOORE

#### WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN ?

When shall we all meet again ?  
 When shall we all meet again ?  
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
 Ere we all shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Fetched beneath a hostile sky,  
 Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls,  
 Still in Fancy's rich domain  
 Oft shall we all meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamps are dead,  
 When in cold oblivion's shade,  
 Beauty, power, and fame are laid ;  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There shall we all meet again.

ANONYMOUS

#### THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,  
 As he passed by the door ;  
 And again  
 The pavement stones resound  
 As he totters o'er the ground  
 With his cane

They say that in his prime,  
 Ere the pruning knife of time  
 Cut him down,  
 Not a better man was found  
 By the eric on his round  
 Through the town

But now he walks the streets,  
 And he looks at all he meets  
 So forlorn,  
 And he shakes his feeble head,  
 That it seems as if he said,  
 " They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
 On the lips that he has pressed

In their bloom ;  
 And the names he loved to hear  
 Have been carved for many a year  
 On the tomb.

My grandmother has said —  
 Poor old lady ! she is dead  
 Long ago —  
 That he had a Roman nose,  
 And his cheek was like a rose  
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
 And it rests upon his chin  
 Like a staff,  
 And a crook is in his back,  
 And a melancholy crack  
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
 For me to sit and grin  
 At him here,  
 But the old three-cornered hat,  
 And the breeches, — and all that,  
 Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
 The last leaf upon the tree  
 In the spring,  
 Let them smile, as I do now,  
 At the old forsaken bough  
 Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

#### THE APPROACH OF AGE.

FROM "TALKS OF THE LAKE"

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,  
 When Time began to play his usual tricks ;  
 The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,  
 Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching  
 white.

The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,  
 And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.  
 I rode or walked as I was wont before,  
 But now the bounding spirit was no more ;  
 A moderate pace would now my body heat,  
 A walk of moderate length distress my feet,  
 I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,  
 But said, " The view is poor, we need not climb,"  
 At a friend's mansion I began to dread  
 The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed ;  
 At home I felt a more decided taste,  
 And must have all things in my order placed.  
 I ceased to hunt ; my horses pleased me less,  
 My dinner more ; I learned to play at chess,  
 I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute

Was disappointed that I did not shoot.  
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,  
And blessed the shower that gave me no choice  
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on  
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone,  
Small dainty actions into habits grew,  
And new dislike to forms and fashions new  
I loved my trees in order to dispose  
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose,  
Told the same story oft, in short, began to prose.

GEORGE CRABE.

OLD

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
Sat a heavy pilgrim, sadly musing,  
Off I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape, like a page perusing,  
Poor, unknown,

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad brimmed hat  
Coat as ancient as the form I was beholding,  
Silver buttons, queue, and crumpled cravat,  
Oaken staff his feeble hand uphold-  
These he sat.

Buckle knee and shoe, and broad brimmed hat

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,  
None to love him for his thin grey hair,  
And the furrow, all so modest, peeding  
Age and care

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there

It was summer, and we went to school,  
Dapper and airy, and little residents  
Taught the motto of the "Dance's" size,  
It gave import still my fancy listens,  
'Here's a fool'

It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,  
Some of us were boys, some of us had hearts,  
I remember well, too well, that day,  
Offentimes the tears unbidden started,  
Would not stir.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell  
O, to me her name was always Heaven!  
She besought him all his grief to tell,  
I was then thirteen, and she eleven,  
Isabel.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel" said he sadly, "I am old  
Earthly hope no longer hath a marrow;

Yet, why I sit here thus I shall be told."  
Then his eye beamed a jewel of sorrow

Thus he rolled  
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more  
On the pleasant scene where I did stand  
In the careless, happy days of youth  
For the garden of my heart was at hand  
To the care

I have tottered here to look once more

"All the pictures new to me I see there"  
I on the grey oak peck passed I remember,  
Is a jewel worth my sorrow's care.

Al! that such a scene from being spoiled  
With a tear.

All the pictures new to me I see there

"Old stone where I had been, it could not be  
There's the very step I so oft trod  
There's the window looking on the stream  
And the notch that I once had made  
For the game  
Old stone where I had been, it could not be

"In the cottage garden I was born  
Very my happy home, that I could be  
There the birds of heaven, sweet and bold  
There the purity with sweet roses  
And the  
In the cottage garden I was born

"These two years and a summer past

There were painted golden the number  
That long ago had been my noble friend

And the screen to see what was  
And the screen to see what was

There the golden screen to see what was

"There the golden screen to see what was  
When my mother and I were together  
Thinking nothing of the night  
Because tonight and what was  
Past the place"

There the golden screen to see what was

"There the rude, three-cornered chestnut  
Beside the pasture where the horses were  
Where, so shy, I used to wait for  
In the crops of corn what was  
Traps and trees"

There the rude, three-cornered chestnut

"There the rude, three-cornered chestnut  
Pond and river still seemed to flow

Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,  
 Where the lily of my heart was blowing, —  
 Mary Jane!  
 There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,  
 Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;  
 But alas! no more the morn shall bring  
 That dear group around my father's table;  
 Taken wing!  
 There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled,  
 You green meadow was our place for playing;  
 That old tree can tell of sweet things said  
 When around it Jane and I were straying;  
 She is dead!  
 I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.

"You white spire, a pencil on the sky,  
 Tracing silently life's changeful story,  
 So familiar to my dim old eye,  
 Points me to seven that are now in glory  
 There on high!  
 You white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Off the aisle of that old church we trod,  
 Guided thither by an angel mother;  
 Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;  
 Sure and sisters, and my little brother,  
 Gone to God!  
 Off the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways;  
 Bless the holy lesson! — but, ah, never  
 Shall I hear again those songs of praise,  
 Those sweet voices silent now forever!  
 Peaceful days!  
 There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand  
 When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,  
 Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,  
 Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;  
 Broken band!  
 There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,  
 And the sacred place where we delighted,  
 Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,  
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
 To the core!  
 I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;  
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,

Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."  
 In his eye another pearl of sorrow,  
 Down it rolled!  
 "Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
 Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;  
 Still I marked him sitting there alone,  
 All the landscape, like a page, perusing;  
 Poor, unknown!  
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOVEY

## THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A widow — she had only one!  
 A puny and deceitful son;  
 But, day and night,  
 Though fretful oft, and weak and small,  
 A loving child, he was her all —  
 The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite — ay, so sustained,  
 She battled onward, nor complained,  
 Though friends were fewer;  
 And while she toiled for daily fare,  
 A little crutch upon the stair  
 Was music to her.

I saw her then, — and now I see  
 That, though resigned and cheerful, she  
 Has sorrowed much;  
 She has, He gave it tenderly,  
 Much faith; and carefully laid by,  
 The little crutch.

FREDERICK LUCKER.

## THE DREAMER.

FROM "POEMS BY A SEAMSTRESS."

Nor in the laughing bowers,  
 Where by green swinging elms a pleasant shade  
 At summer's noon is made,  
 And where swift-footed hours  
 Steal the rich breath of enamored flowers,  
 Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,  
 At sunset, laying o'er the flowing sea;  
 And to pure eyes the faculty is given  
 To trace a smooth ascent from Earth to Heaven!

Not on a couch of ease,  
 With all the appliances of joy at hand,  
 Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command;  
 Vians that might a godlike palate please,  
 And music's soul-creative ecstasies,  
 Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wide estate,  
 Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,



Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,  
Sighs for an immortality on Earth!

But where the incessant din  
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,  
Join their unmingled notes,

While the long summer day is pouring in,  
Till day is gone, and darkness doth begin,  
Dream I, — as in the corner where I lie,  
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky —  
Such is my fate, — and barren though it seem,  
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream!

And yet I dream, —  
Dream what, were men more just, I might have  
been —

How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene,  
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien .  
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene,  
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,  
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen, —  
Such is my dream!

And yet I dream, —  
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eyes,  
Bright with the luster of integrity,  
In unappealing wretchedness, on high,  
And the last rage of Destiny defy,  
Resolved alone to live, — alone to die,  
Nor swell the tide of human misery!

And yet I dream, —  
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall come,  
My last, my first, my only welcome home!  
Rest, unbeheld since Life's beginning stage,  
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage,  
Inalienable, I shall find thee yet,  
And in thy soft embrace the past forget!  
Thus do I dream!

A. D. V. 1865.

## A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

THE ENGLISH GAME LAWS.

THE merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping,  
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,  
Till under their bite and their tread,  
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley  
Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing  
On the side of the white chalk bank,  
Where, under the gloomy fir-woods,  
One spot in the lea throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clove  
Where rabbit or hare never ran,  
For its black sour haulm covered over  
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,  
And the hares, and her husband's blood,  
And the voice of her indignation  
Rose up to the throne of God.

"I am long past wailing and whining,  
I have wept too much in my life  
I've had twenty years of pining  
As an English laborer's wife.

"A laborer in Christian England,  
Where they cant of a Saviour's name  
And yet waste men's lives, like the vermin,  
For a few more brace of game.

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, spruce,  
There's blood on your pointer's feet,  
There's blood on the game you sell, spruce,  
And there's blood on the game you eat.

"You have sold the laboring man, spruce,  
Both body and soul to shame,  
To jay for your seat in the House, spruce,  
And to pay for the feed of your game.

"You made him a poacher yourself, spruce,  
When you'd give neither work nor money,  
And your harcy-ded hares rooked the game,  
At our starving children's feet.

"When, packed in one reeking chamber,  
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay,  
While the man pattered upon their stony side seat,  
And the walls let in the day;

"When we lay in the burning fever,  
On the mud of the cold clay floor,  
Till you parted us all for three months, spruce,  
At the cursed workhouse door.

"We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?  
What self respect could we keep,  
Worse housed than your hogs and your pointers,  
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep."

"Our daughters, with base born babies,  
Have wandered away in their shame,  
If your misses had slept, spruce, where they did,  
Your misses might do the same.

"Can your lady patch her bits that are breaking,  
With handfuls of coals and rice,  
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting  
A little below cost price?"

"You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,  
And take to allotments and schools,  
But you've run up a debt that will never  
Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

"In the season of shame and sadness,  
In the dark and dreary day,  
When scrofula, gout, and madness  
Are eating your race away ;

"When to kennels and liveried varlets  
You have cast your daughters' bread,  
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,  
Your heir at your feet lies dead ;

"When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed  
rector,  
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freeman you fancied your slave."

She looked at the tuft of clover,  
And wept till her heart grew light ;  
And at last, when her passion was over,  
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the uplands still,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

#### LOUIS XV.

THE king with all the kingly train had left his  
Pompadour behind,  
And forth he rode in Senart's wood the royal  
beasts of chase to find.  
That day by chance the monarch mused, and turning  
suddenly away,  
He struck alone into a path that far from crowds  
and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the  
brown untrodden earth ;  
He saw the birds around him flit as if he were of  
peasant birth ;  
He saw the trees that know no king but him that  
bears a woodland ax ;  
He thought not, but he looked about like one  
who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of  
human sound was he,  
For, truth to say, he found himself but melancholy  
company ;

But that which he would ne'er have guessed before  
him now most plainly came ;  
The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of  
modest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the king, "and  
what is that I see thee bear?"  
"I am a laborer in the wood, and 't is a coffin  
for Pierre.  
Close by the royal hunting-lodge you may have  
often seen him toil ;  
But he will never work again, and I for him must  
dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the king, and this he  
thought was but a man,  
Who made at first a moment's pause, and then  
anew his talk began ;  
"I think I do remember now, — he had a dark  
and glancing eye,  
And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous  
strokes the pickax ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have  
killed our good Pierre?"  
"O, nothing more than usual, sir, he died of  
living upon air!  
'T was hunger killed the poor goodman, who long  
on empty hopes relied ;  
He could not pay *Gabelle* and tax, and feed his  
children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on, — "It  
is, you know, a common story,  
Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers,  
mistresses, and glory."  
The king looked hard upon the man, and after-  
wards the coffin eyed,  
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour, how came it  
that the peasants died.

JOHN WILSON  
(CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

#### THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale ;  
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake, —  
'T is want that makes my cheek so pale ;  
Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy ;  
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
And I am now an orphan boy !

Poor, foolish child ! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
'To see the lighted windows flame !

To force me home my mother sought, —  
 She could not bear to hear my joy ;  
 For with my father's life 't was bought, —  
 And made me a poor orphan boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud ;  
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;  
 " *Rejoice ! REJOICE !*" still cried the crowd, —  
 My mother answered with her tears !  
 " O, why do tears steal down your cheek,"  
 Cried I, " while others shout for joy !"  
 She kissed me ; and in accents weak,  
 She called me her poor orphan boy !

" What is an orphan boy ?" I said ;  
 When suddenly she gasped for breath,  
 And her eyes closed ! I shrieked for aid,  
 But ah ! her eyes were closed in death.  
 My hardships since I will not tell ;  
 But now, no more a parent's joy,  
 Ah ! lady, I have learned *too* well  
 What 't is to be an orphan boy !

O, were I by your bounty fed !  
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide ;  
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread, —  
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.  
 Lady, you weep ; what is 't you say ?  
 You 'll give me clothing, food, employ ?  
 Look down, dear parents ! look and see  
 Your happy, happy orphan boy !

AMELIA OPIE.

#### THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain,  
 Just as the setting sun's last ray  
 Tipped with refulgent gold the vane  
 Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,  
 The time till supper to beguile,  
 In moralizing o'er the dead  
 That moldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed  
 Where want and pain and toil did rest ;  
 And many a flattering stone I viewed  
 O'er those who once had wealth possess.

A faded beech its shadow brown  
 Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,  
 On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,  
 Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,  
 Which neither seemed inclined to take,  
 And yet they looked so much a prey  
 To want, it made my heart to ache.

" My little children, let me know  
 Why you in such distress appear,  
 And why you wasteful from you throw  
 That bread which many a one might cheer ?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,  
 Replied, while tears each other chased, —  
 " Lady ! we've not enough to eat,  
 Ah ! if we had, we should not waste.

" But Sister Mary's naughty grown.  
 And will not eat, whate'er I say,  
 Though sure I am the bread's her own,  
 For she has tasted none to-day."

" Indeed," the wan, starved Mary said,  
 " Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more,  
 For yesterday I got some bread,  
 He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,  
 I felt as though deprived of speech ;  
 Silent I sat upon the grave,  
 And clasped the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks of woe too sadly true,  
 With looks that spoke a grateful heart,  
 The shivering boy then nearer drew,  
 And did his simple tale impart :

" Before my father went away,  
 Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,  
 Sister and I did naught but play, —  
 We lived beside you great ash-tree.

" But then poor mother did so cry,  
 And looked so changed, I cannot tell ;  
 She told us that she soon should die,  
 And bade us love each other well.

" She said that when the war was o'er,  
 Perhaps we might our father see ;  
 But if we never saw him more,  
 That God our father then would be !

" She kissed us both, and then she died,  
 And we no more a mother have ;  
 Here many a day we've sat and cried  
 Together at poor mother's grave.

" But when my father came not here,  
 I thought if we could find the sea,  
 We should be sure to meet him there,  
 And once again might happy be.

" We hand in hand went many a mile,  
 And asked our way of all we met ;  
 And some did sigh, and some did smile,  
 And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea and found  
 'T was one great water round us spread,  
 We thought that father must be drowned,  
 And cried, and wished we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,  
 And only longed with her to be ;  
 For Goody, when this bread she gave,  
 Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parent we have here,  
 We'll go and search for God around ;  
 Lady, pray, can you tell us where  
 That God, our Father, may be found ?

"He lives in heaven, our mother said,  
 And Goody says that mother's there ;  
 So, if she knows we want his aid,  
 I think perhaps she'll send him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,  
 And cried, "Come, both, and live with me ;  
 I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,  
 And will a second mother be.

"And God shall be your Father still,  
 'T was he in mercy sent me here,  
 To teach you to obey his will,  
 Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."  
 ANONYMOUS

#### LONDON CHURCHES.

I stood, one Sunday morning,  
 Before a large church door,  
 The congregation gathered  
 And carriages a score, —  
 From one out stepped a lady  
 I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,  
 And held a vinaigrette ;  
 The sign of man's redemption  
 Clear on the book was set, —  
 But above the Cross there glistened  
 A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle  
 The inner door hung wide ;  
 Lightly, as up a ball-room,  
 Her footsteps seemed to glide, —  
 There might be good thoughts in her,  
 For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman  
 Peeped wistfully within,  
 On whose wan face was graven  
 Life's hardest discipline, —  
 The trace of the sad trinity  
 Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded  
 Where she could rest and pray ;  
 With her worn garb contrasted  
 Each side in fair array, —  
 "God's house holds no poor sinners,"  
 She sighed, and crept away.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

#### TWO WOMEN.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,  
 'T was near the twilight-tide,  
 And slowly there a lady fair  
 Was walking in her pride.  
 Alone walked she ; but, viewlessly,  
 Walked spirits at her side.

Pence charmed the street beneath her feet,  
 And Honor charmed the air ;  
 And all astir looked kind on her,  
 And called her good as fair, —  
 For all God ever gave to her  
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
 From lovers warm and true,  
 For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
 And the rich came not to woo, —  
 But honored well are charms to sell  
 If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair, —  
 A slight girl, lily-pale ;  
 And she had unseen company  
 To make the spirit quail, —  
 "Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,  
 And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
 For this world's peace to pray ;  
 For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
 Her woman's heart gave way ! —  
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven  
 By man is cursed away !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow,  
 Filling the sky and the earth below !  
 Over the house-tops, over the street,  
 Over the heads of the people you meet,  
 Dancing,  
 Flirting,  
 Skimming along.

Beautiful snow ! it can do nothing wrong,  
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek ;  
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak ;  
 Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
 Pure as an angel and fickle as love !

O the snow, the beautiful snow !  
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !  
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
 It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,  
 Laughing,  
 Hurrying by,  
 It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye ;  
 And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
 The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along,  
 Hailing each other with humor and song !  
 How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,  
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye !

Ringed,  
 Swinging,  
 Dashing they go  
 Over the crest of the beautiful snow :  
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by ;  
 To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet  
 Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, — but I fell :  
 Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven — to hell :  
 Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street ;  
 Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

Pleading,  
 Cursing,  
 Dreading to die,  
 Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
 Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?  
 And yet I was once like this beautiful snow !

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
 With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow ;  
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace,  
 Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.

Father,  
 Mother,  
 Sisters all,  
 God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.  
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
 Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh ;  
 For of all that is on or about me, I know  
 There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful  
 snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful  
 snow

Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !  
 How strange it would be, when the night comes  
 again,

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate  
 brain !

Fainting,  
 Freezing,  
 Dying alone,  
 Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
 To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
 Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down ;  
 To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow !

JAMES W. WATSON

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drown'd! drown'd!" — HAMELI.

ONE more unfortunate,  
 Weary of breath,  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care !  
 Fashioned so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments  
 Clinging like cements,  
 Whilst the wave constantly  
 Drips from her clothing ;  
 Take her up instantly,  
 Loving, not loathing !

Touch her not scornfully !  
 Think of her mournfully,  
 Gently and humanly,  
 Not of the stains of her ;  
 All that remains of her  
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
 Into her mutiny,  
 Rash and undutiful ;  
 Past all dishonor,  
 Death has left on her  
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, —  
 One of Eve's family, —  
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
 Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb, —  
Her fair auburn tresses, —  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
O, it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed, —  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver ;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river ;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly, —  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran —  
Over the brink of it !  
Picture it think of it,  
Dissolute man !  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care !

Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs, frigidly,  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them ;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly !  
Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest !  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.

#### THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and  
down the street ;  
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is on  
her feet.

The rows of long, dark houses without look cold  
and damp,  
By the straggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker  
of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from  
the north,

But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh  
forth.

Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces  
bright,

And happy hearts are watching out the old year's  
latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell  
all day,

And the thin, tattered mantle the wind blows  
every way,

She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the  
gloom, —

There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight  
in the room ;

And children with grave faces are whispering one another  
 Of presents for the New Year, for father or for mother.  
 But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak ;  
 No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.  
 Her home is cold and desolate ; no smile, no food, no fire,  
 But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.  
 So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,  
 And she curlth up beneath her for warmth her little feet ;  
 And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,  
 And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.  
 She hears the clock strike slowly, up high in a church-tower,  
 With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.  
 She remembered her of stories her mother used to tell,  
 And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell,  
 Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,  
 Who was cradled in a manger when winter was most wild ;  
 Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone ;  
 And she thought the song had told her he was ever with his own,  
 And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones were his,  
 "How good of him to look on me in such a place as this !"  
 Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,  
 For the pressure on her bosom, and the weight upon her brow ;  
 But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,  
 That she might look around her, and see if he was there.  
 The single match was kindled ; and, by the light it threw,  
 It seemed to little Maggie that the wall was rent in two.  
 And she could see the room within, the room all warm and light,  
 With the fire-glow red and blazing, and the tapers burning bright.  
 And kindred there were gathered round the table richly spread,  
 With heaps of goodly viands, red wine, and pleasant bread.  
 She could smell the fragrant odor ; she could hear them talk and play ;  
 Then all was darkness once again — the match had burned away.  
 She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see,  
 Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas-tree.  
 The branches all were laden down with things that children prize ;  
 Bright gifts for boy and maiden they showed before her eyes.  
 And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome shout ;  
 Then darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.  
 Another, yet another, she has tried, — they will not light ;  
 Then all her little store she took, and struck with all her might.  
 And the whole place around her was lighted with the glare ;  
 And lo ! there hung a little Child before her in the air !  
 There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,  
 And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide.  
 And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known  
 Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow, — ay, equal to her own.  
 And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas-tree,  
 Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me ?"  
 The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,  
 And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn :  
 And she folded both her thin white hands and turned from that bright board,  
 And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee, O Lord !"  
 The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies  
 On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.  
 In her scant and tattered garments, with her back against the wall,  
 She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.

They lifted her up fearfully, and shuddered as they said,

"It was a bitter, bitter night ! the child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin ;

Men said, "It was a bitter night ; would no one let her in ?"

And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed : they could not see

How much of happiness there was after that misery.

From the Danish of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread, —  
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !

In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work ! work  
While the cock is crowing aloof !  
And work — work — work  
Till the stars shine through the roof !  
It's, O, to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work !

"Work — work — work  
Till the brain begins to swim !  
Work — work — work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam, —  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream !

"O men with sisters dear !  
O men with mothers and wives !  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives !  
Stitch — stitch — stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt, —  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt !

"But why do I talk of death, —  
That phantom of grisly bone ?  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own, —  
It seems so like my own

Because of the fasts I keep ;  
O God ! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work — work — work !  
My labor never flags ;  
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread — and rags,  
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —  
A table — a broken chair —  
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there !

"Work — work — work  
From weary chime to chime !  
Work — work — work  
As prisoners work for crime !  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band, —  
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work  
In the dull December light !  
And work — work — work  
When the weather is warm and bright !  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the Spring.

"O, but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet, —  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet !  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal !

"O, but for one short hour, —  
A respite, however brief !  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief !  
A little weeping would ease my heart —  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread !"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread, —  
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch —  
Would that its tone could reach the rich ! —  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt !"

THOMAS HOOD.



## GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

GIVE me three grains of corn, mother, —  
 Only three grains of corn ;  
 It will keep the little life I have  
 Till the coming of the morn.  
 I am dying of hunger and cold, mother, —  
 Dying of hunger and cold ;  
 And half the agony of such a death  
 My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother, —  
 A wolf that is fierce for blood ;  
 All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
 Gnawing for lack of food.  
 I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
 And the sight was heaven to see ;  
 I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,  
 But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother, —  
 How could I look to you  
 For bread to give to your starving boy,  
 When you were starving too ?  
 For I read the famine in your cheek,  
 And in your eyes so wild,  
 And I felt it in your bony hand,  
 As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother, —  
 The Queen has lands and gold,  
 While you are forced to your empty breast  
 A skeleton babe to hold, —  
 A babe that is dying of want, mother,  
 As I am dying now,  
 With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
 And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother, —  
 What has poor Ireland done,  
 That the world looks on, and sees us starve,  
 Perishing one by one ?  
 Do the men of England care not, mother, —  
 The great men and the high, —  
 For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
 Whether they live or die ?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,  
 Dying of want and cold,  
 While only across the Channel, mother,  
 Are many that roll in gold ;  
 There are rich and proud men there, mother,  
 With wondrous wealth to view,  
 And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night  
 Would give life to *me* and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,  
 Come nearer to my side,

And hold me fondly, as you held  
 My father when *he* died ;  
 Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,  
 My breath is almost gone ;  
 Mother ! dear mother ! ere I die,  
 Give me three grains of corn.

MISS EDWARDS

## THE IDIOT BOY.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned  
 A thing of idiot mind ;  
 Yet to the poor, unreasoning boy  
 God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,  
 Whom helplessness made dear,  
 And life was everything to him  
 Who knew no hope or fear.

She knew his wants, she understood  
 Each half-articulate call,  
 For he was everything to her,  
 And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,  
 Nor knew a wish beside ;  
 But age at length on Sarah came,  
 And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,  
 He called her o'er and o'er ;  
 They told him she was dead, — the word  
 To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,  
 Whilst he stood wondering by,  
 And when they bore her to the grave  
 He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,  
 And sung the funeral stave,  
 And when the mournful train dispersed  
 He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer  
 Whene'er they saw poor Ned,  
 Now stood and watched him at the grave,  
 And not a word was said.

They came and went and came again,  
 And night at last drew on ;  
 Yet still he lingered at the place  
 Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone  
 He quick removed the clay,

And raised the coffin in his arms  
And bore it quick away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot  
And laid it on the floor,  
And with the eagerness of joy  
He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse  
Upright within her chair,  
And then he heaped the hearth and blew  
The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair,  
It was her wonted place,  
And bright the fire blazed and flashed,  
Reflected from her face.

Then, bending down, he'd feel her hands,  
Anon her face behold ;  
"Why, mother, do you look so pale,  
And why are you so cold?"

And when the neighbors on next morn  
Had forced the cottage door,  
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,  
And Ned's was on the floor.

It had pleased God from this poor boy  
His only friend to call ;  
Yet God was not unkind to him,  
For death restored him all.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## THE MANIAC.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe !  
She is not mad who kneels to thee ;  
For what I'm now too well I know,  
And what I was, and what should be,  
I'll rave no more in proud despair ;  
My language shall be mild, though sad ;  
But yet I firmly, truly swear,  
*I am not mad, I am not mad !*

My tyrant husband forged the tale  
Which chains me in this dismal cell ;  
My fate unknown my friends bewail, —  
O jailer, haste that fate to tell !  
O, haste my father's heart to cheer !  
His heart at once 't will grieve and glad  
To know, though kept a captive here,  
*I am not mad, I am not mad !*

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;  
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;  
His glimmering lamp still, still I see, —  
'T is gone ! and all is gloom again.

Cold, bitter cold ! — No warmth ! no light !  
Life, all thy comforts once I had ;  
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,  
Although not mad ; no, no, — not mad !

'T is sure some dream, some vision vain ;  
What ! I, the child of rank and wealth, —  
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,  
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health !  
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,  
Which nevermore my heart must glad,  
How aches my heart, how burns my head ;  
But 't is not mad ; no, 't is not mad !

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,  
A mother's face, a mother's tongue !  
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,  
Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;  
Nor how with her you sued to stay ;  
Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;  
Nor how — I'll drive such thoughts away !  
They'll *make* me mad, they'll *make* me mad !

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !  
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !  
None ever bore a lovelier child,  
And art thou now forever gone !  
And must I never see thee more,  
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad !  
I will be free ! unbar the door !  
*I am not mad ; I am not mad !*

O, hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?  
His chain some furious madman breaks ;  
He comes, — I see his glaring eyes ;  
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.  
*Hclp ! Hclp !* — He's gone ! — O, fearful woe,  
Such screams to hear, such sights to see !  
My brain, my brain, — I know, I know  
I am not mad, but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon ; — for, lo, you ! while I speak, —  
Mark how you demon's eyeballs glare !  
He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,  
He whirls a serpent high in air.  
Horror ! — the reptile strikes his tooth  
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;  
Ay, laugh, ye fiends ; — I feel the truth ;  
Your task is done, — I'M MAD ! I'M MAD !

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS

## THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, — bow the head, —  
In reverent silence bow, —  
No passing-bell doth toll,  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,  
With lowly reverence bow;  
There 's one in that poor shed —  
One by that paltry bed —  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo! Death doth keep his state.  
Enter, no crowds attend;  
Enter, no guards defend  
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,  
No smiling courtiers tread;  
One silent woman stands,  
Lifting with meager hands  
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —  
An infant wail alone;  
A sob suppressed, — again  
That short deep gasp, and then —  
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!  
Burst are the prison bars, —  
This moment, *there*, so low,  
So agonized, and now, —  
Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!  
There lies the soulless clod;  
The sun eternal breaks,  
The new immortal wakes, —  
Wakes with his God!

CAROLINE ANN BOWLES  
(MRS. SOUTHEY).

#### THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE 's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round  
trot, —

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;  
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;  
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:

*Rattle his bones over the stones!  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;  
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone, —  
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;  
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:

*Rattle his bones over the stones!  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and  
din!

The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they  
spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is  
hurled! —

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach  
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!  
He 's taking a drive in his carriage at last;  
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:

*Rattle his bones over the stones!  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother con-  
veyed,  
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!  
And be joyful to think, when by death you're  
laid low,

You 've a chance to the grave like a gentleman to go!  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,  
To think that a heart in humanity clad  
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,  
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

*Bear soft his bones over the stones!  
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet  
owns!*

THOMAS NOEL.

#### FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty  
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by;  
We dare be poor for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, —  
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, —  
A man 's a man for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that, —  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He 's but a coof for a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that;  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man 's aboon his might,  
 Gude faith, he maunna fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that ;  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It 's coming yet, for a' that, —  
 When man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that !

ROBERT BURNS

—◆—  
 THE BLIND BOY.

O, SAY, what is that thing called light,  
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?  
 What are the blessings of the sight,  
 O, tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
 You say the sun shines bright ;  
 I feel him warm, but how can he  
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make  
 When'er I sleep or play,  
 And could I ever keep awake  
 With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
 You mourn my hapless woe ;  
 But sure with patience I can bear  
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
 My cheer of mind destroy ;  
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
 Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

—◆—  
 DIVERSITIES OF FORTUNE.

FROM "MISS KILMASSE."!

WHAT different dooms our birthdays bring!  
 For instance, one little manikin thing  
 Survives to wear many a wrinkle ;  
 While death forbids another to wake,  
 And a son that it took nine moons to make  
 Expires without even a twinkle !

Into this world we come like ships,  
 Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,  
 For fortune fair or fatal,  
 And one little craft is cast away  
 In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,  
 While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !  
 This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord,  
 And that to be shunned like a leper ;  
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,  
 Another, like Colchester native, born  
 To its vinegar only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof  
 Neither wind nor water proof, —  
 That 's the prose of Love in a cottage, —  
 A puny, naked, shivering wretch,  
 The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,  
 Though Robius himself drew up the sketch,  
 The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,  
 Another comes tenderly ushered in  
 To a prospect all bright and burnished :  
 No tenant he for life's back shuns,  
 He comes to the world as a gentleman comes  
 To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex — the tender — the fair —  
 What wide reverses of fate are there !  
 Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bullbul rave,  
 In a garden of Gul reposes,  
 Poor Peggy hawks nosebags from street to street  
 Till — think of that, who find life so sweet ! —  
 She hates the smell of roses !

THOMAS HOOD

—◆—  
 THE END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done, — the curtain drops,  
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;  
 A moment yet the actor stops,  
 And looks around, to say farewell.  
 It is an irksome word and task,  
 And, when he 's laughed and said his say,  
 He shows, as he removes the mask,  
 A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends, —  
 Let 's close it with a parting rhyme ;  
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
 As fits the merry Christmas time ;  
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts  
 That fate ere long shall bid you play.  
 Good night ! — with honest, gentle hearts  
 A kindly greeting go away !

Good night! — I'd say the joys, the joys,  
 Just hinted in this mimic page,  
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
 Are but repeated in our age ;  
 I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
 Your hopes more vain, than those of men, —  
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
 Not less nor more as men than boys, —  
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
 As erst at twelve in corduroys ;  
 And if, in time of sacred youth,  
 We learned at home to love and pray,  
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
 I'd say how fate may change and shift, —  
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
 The race not always to the swift :  
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
 The great man be a vulgar clown,  
 The knave be lifted over all,  
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
 Blessed be He who took and gave!  
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
 Be weeping at her darling's grave ?  
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,  
 That darkly rules the fate of all,  
 That sends the respite or the blow,  
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit,  
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?  
 His betters, see, below him sit,  
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.

Who stole the nap of David's shield,  
 To spin the rags of Lazarus?  
 Come, brother, in that dark we'll kneel,  
 Confessing Heaven that made it thus.

So each, each all-morn' in life's career,  
 Dear hopes, dear friends, and joys killed,  
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit cheer,  
 And longing passion unfulfill'd,  
 Amen! — whatever fate be sent,  
 Pray to let the heart may kindly grieve,  
 All he get the best of what is sent,  
 And what's left with the winter leave.

Come wear it on your ear, ere you go all,  
 Let young and old keep their part,  
 And bow but to the awful will,  
 And bear it with a bearing great,  
 Who misses, or who wins the prize, —  
 Go, lose or conquer as you can ;  
 But if you lose, or if you rise,  
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, be old or young!  
 (Bear kindly with my humble song.)  
 The sacred chorus first was sung  
 Upon the first of Christmas day,  
 The shepherds heard it cry aloud, —  
 The joyful angels praise it high,  
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth :  
 I lay the weary pen aside,  
 And with you health and love and mirth,  
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
 Be this, good friends, our carol still, —  
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
 To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEA ■ THACKERAY

## BEREAVEMENT AND DEATH.

## RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead Lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead,  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection,  
But gone into that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though un-  
spoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child!

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

## BURIED TO DAY

Buried to-day  
When the soft given buds are bursting out,  
And up on the south wind comes a shout  
Of village boys and girls at play  
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,  
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,  
From eyes that drew half their light from him,  
And put low, low underneath the clay,  
In his spring, — on this spring day.

Passes away  
All the pride of boy life begun,  
All the hope of life yet to run,  
Who dares to question when One saith "Nay"  
Mourn not, — only pray.

Enters to-day  
Another body in churchyard sod,  
Another soul on the life in God  
His Christ was buried — and lives away!  
Trust Him, and go your way

DIXON MILES CRAIK

## GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!  
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!  
The dead, though they depart, return  
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead ;  
The dead live, nevermore to die ;  
And often, when we mourn them fled,  
They never were so high !

And though they lie beneath the waves,  
Or sleep within the churchyard dim,  
O'h ! through how many different graves  
God's children go to him !

Yet every grave gives up its dead  
Ere it is overgrown with grass ;  
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,  
Or need we cry, " Alas ! "

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,  
And like a *grieving mourner* creep,  
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,  
Whose captives have escaped ?

'T is but a mould, and will be mossed  
Whenever the summer grass appears,  
The loved, though wapt, are never lost,  
We only lose — our tears !

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead  
By leaning *backward* where they are ;  
But Memory, with a backward tread,  
Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but *forecast*,  
And we shall find them all *once more* ;  
We look behind us for the Past,  
But lo ! 't is all before !

1866

THE MOURNERS CAME AT BREAK OF DAY

The mourners came at break of day,  
Unto the garden sepulcher,  
With saddened hearts to weep and pray  
For him, the loved one, buried there.  
What recent light dispels the gloom ?  
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasure lost,  
All sepulchred beneath the snow,  
When winter winds and chilling frost  
Have laid her summer pleasure low.  
The spring returns, the flowers bloom,  
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead ;  
E'en while we come to weep and pray,  
The happy spirit hath but fled  
To brighter regions of heavenly day ;  
Immortal hope dispels the gloom,  
An angel sits beside the tomb.

1866

THREE

TO THE MEMOIR OF KING, WHO DIED AT SEA,

*He was an angel, whose bright form  
Shed light upon the world of men,  
Who, in the presence of his God,  
Had found his home and rest.*

In the fair gardens of celestial peace  
Walketh a gardener in robes of gold,  
Fair are the flowers that wreath his deathly face,  
And his mysterious eyes are sweet and bold.

Fair are the silent belongings of his room,  
Falling each softly calmness to the floor,  
And when he wakes, each blossom to be bloom'd  
With living pulse of music around his door.

Ever green leaf thrills to the breeze' faint  
In the mild summer radiance of the sun,  
So fair of stem, or cold, or hot of heat,  
Whate'er the flowers, when their time is run.

And all our pleasure, kindly shown by thee,  
Are memories to those departed long ago,  
And hast thou, leaving none of those that were,  
What has the meaning of thy transient show ?

We call them *dead*, a simple word, which tells  
Of a departed, which is true, though not of death,  
For 'tis of the night, or of the night,  
He holds to those our cherished guests away.

Remember mine, when, sped in those bright fields,  
I shall find his presence, or his added light,  
Doxys, which I shall, I shall find the night,  
At noon the same, as thou hast found, my dear friend.

We call them *dead*, we know, but know they *cannot*  
Be *dead*, but *sleep*, and *rest*, and *wait*, and *rest*,  
Let a *new* day dawn, and we shall see them,  
The angels, *hallelujah*, *hallelujah*, *hallelujah*.

Dear friends, remember, when you have a *new*  
And *rest*, and *rest*, and *rest*, and *rest*, and *rest*,  
Dear friends, remember, when you have a *new*  
And *rest*, and *rest*, and *rest*, and *rest*, and *rest*.

The garden reached, *how* within the home,  
There, in *the* *presence* of *his* *God*,  
That the *dead* *angels* of *his* *God*,  
Could never *waken* *into* *home*, and *wait*.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath, in *his* *home*,  
Not *meat* *that* *is* *to* *be* *laid* *in* *the* *ground*,  
Thou shalt behold her, in *some* *country* *home*,  
Full blossomed in his fields of *ever* *day*.

1866

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door, —  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so weckly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine ;

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyfult school-days ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her, —  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-  
hood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have  
left me,  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

## THE BURIED FLOWER.

IN the silence of my chamber,  
When the night is still and deep,  
And the drowsy heave of ocean  
Mutters in its charmed sleep,

Oft I hear the angel voices  
That have thrilled me long ago, —  
Voices of my lost companions,  
Lying deep beneath the snow.

Where are now the flowers we tended ?  
Withered, broken, branch and stem ;  
Where are now the hopes we cherished ?  
Scattered to the winds with them.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !  
Nursed in hope and reared in love,  
Looking fondly ever upward  
To the clear blue heaven above ;

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,  
Rising lightly from the rain,  
Never folding up your freshness  
Save to give it forth again.

O, 't is sad to lie and reckon  
All the days of faded youth,  
All the vows that we be-lieved in,  
All the words we spoke in truth.







WHITTIER'S HOME AT AMESBURY.

*(Birthplace at Haverhill.)*

"And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
And perch along these wooded swells.  
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells."

Severed, — were it severed only  
By an idle thought of strife,  
Such as time may knit together ;  
Not the broken chord of life !

O, I fling my spirit backward,  
And I pass o'er years of pain ;  
All I loved is rising round me,  
All the lost returns again.

Brighter, fairer far than living,  
With no trace of woe or pain,  
Robed in everlasting beauty,  
Shall I see them once again,

By the light that never fadeth,  
Underneath eternal skies,  
When the dawn of resurrection  
Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOWNE AYTOUN.

#### THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps  
And perishes among the dust we tread !

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;  
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?  
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were  
given ;

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven !

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing  
wind,

In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,  
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,  
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,  
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll :

And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,  
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same !

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —  
The wisdom which is love — till I become  
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

#### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes ;  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance !  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day ;  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, " Be resigned :  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! "

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### FRIENDS DEPARTED.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here !  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear :

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove, —  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory.

Whose light doth trample on my days, —  
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility, —  
High as the arching heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have showed them  
me,  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, — the jewel of the just, —  
Shining nowhere but in the dark !  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may  
know,  
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
Her captive flames must needs burn there,  
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under thee !  
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective still as they pass ;  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

#### THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crew,

The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood ;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, " Father, who makes it snow ?"  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
" The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall !"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

" Shall I have naught that is fair ?" saith he ;  
" Have naught but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

" My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled ;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
When he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the jade mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see :  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet ;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be :  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail ;  
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;

Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar,  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRENTISS.

#### THE TWO WAITINGS.

##### I.

DEAR hearts, you were waiting a year ago  
For the glory to be revealed ;  
You were wondering deeply, with bated breath,  
What treasure the days concealed.

O, would it be this, or would it be that ?  
Would it be girl or boy ?  
Would it look like father or mother most ?  
And what should you do for joy ?

And then, one day, when the time was full,  
And the spring was coming fast,  
The trembling veil of the body was rent,  
And you saw your baby at last.

Was it or not what you had dreamed ?  
It was, and yet it was not ;  
But O, it was better a thousand times  
Than ever you wished or thought.

##### II.

And now, dear hearts, you are waiting again,  
While the spring is coming fast ;  
For the baby that was a future dream  
Is now a dream of the past :

A dream of sunshine, and all that was sweet  
Of all that is pure and bright ;  
Of eyes that were blue as the sky by day,  
And as soft as the stars by night.

You are waiting again for the fellowing of time,  
And the glory to be revealed ;  
You are wondering deeply with bated heart  
What treasure is now concealed.

O, will she be this, or will she be that?  
 And what will there be in her face  
 That will tell you sure that she is your own,  
 When you meet in the heavenly place!

As it was before, it will be again,  
 Fashion your dream as you will;  
 When the veil is rent, and the glory is seen,  
 It will more than your hope fulfill.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

ON AN INFANT'S DEATH.

A little life,  
 Five summer months of gladness  
 Without one cloud of sorrow, sin, or strife,  
 Cut short by sudden gloom and wintry sadness.

A little mound  
 By buttress gray defended,  
 Watered with tears and garlanded all round,  
 By loving hands affectionately tended.

A little cot,  
 Empty, forlorn, forsaken,  
 Silent remembrancer that he is not,—  
 Gone — past our voice to lull, or kiss to waken

A little frock  
 He wore, a hat that shaded  
 His innocent brow, seen with a sudden shock  
 Of grief for that dear form so quickly faded.

A little flower,  
 Because he touched it cherished,  
 Fragile memorial of one happy hour  
 Before the beauty of our blossom perished.

A little hair,  
 Secured with trembling fingers,  
 All that is left us of our infant fair,  
 All we shall see of him while this life lingers.

A little name,  
 In parish records written,  
 A passing sympathy to claim  
 From other fathers for a father smitten.

But a great trust  
 Irradiates our sorrow,  
 That though to-day his name is writ in dust,  
 We shall behold it writ in heaven to-morrow.

And a great peace  
 Our troubled soul possesses,  
 That though to embrace him these poor arms  
 must cease,  
 Our lamb lies folded in the Lord's caresses.

A little pain,  
 To point his life's brief story.  
 A few hours' mortal weariness, to gain  
 Unutterable rest and endless glory.

A little prayer,  
 By lips Divine once spoken,  
 "Thy will be done!" is breathed into the air  
 From hearts submissive, though with accents  
 broken.

A little while,  
 And Time no more shall sever;  
 But we shall see him with his own sweet smile,  
 And clasp our darling in our arms forever!

ANONYMOUS.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still;  
 The angels of the hour fulfill  
 Their tender ministries, and move  
 From couch to couch in cares of love.  
 They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,  
 The happiest smile of Charlie's life,  
 And lay on baby's lips a kiss,  
 Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;  
 And, as they pass, they seem to make  
 A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,  
 And gives it to the night again,  
 Fitted with words of lowly praise,  
 And patience learned of mournful days,  
 And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!  
 Who gave and took away my son,  
 In "the far land" to shine and sing  
 Before the Beautiful, the King,  
 Who every day doth Christmas make,  
 All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;  
 I will anoint me where he lies,  
 And change my raiment, and go in  
 To the Lord's house, and leave my sin  
 Without, and seat me at his board,  
 Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.  
 For wherefore should I fast and weep,  
 And sullen moods of mourning keep?  
 I cannot bring him back, nor he,  
 For any calling, come to me.  
 'The bond the angel Death did sign,  
 God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

## "ONLY A YEAR."

ONE year ago, — a ringing voice,  
A clear blue eye,  
And clustering curls of sunny hair,  
Too fair to die.

Only a year, — no voice, no smile,  
No glance of eye,  
No clustering curls of golden hair,  
Fair but to die!

One year ago, — what loves, what schemes  
Far into life!  
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,  
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,  
The burial-stone  
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,  
Remain alone!

One year, — one year, — one little year,  
And so much gone!  
And yet the even flow of life  
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,  
Above that head;  
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray  
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds  
That sing above  
Tells us how coldly sleeps below  
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?  
What hast thou seen, —  
What visions fair, what glorious life,  
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!  
'Twixt us and thee;  
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,  
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,  
But present still,  
And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,  
Our Saviour dear!  
We lay in silence at thy feet  
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## MY CHILD

I CANNOT make him dead!  
His fair sunny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes, — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call;  
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;  
A satchel'd lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;  
And, as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt;  
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watched over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek him inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes, that — he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy;  
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am in spirit praying  
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

Not there! — Where, then, is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is not there!

He lives! — In all the past  
 He lives; nor, to the last,  
 Of seeing him again will I despair;  
 In dreams I see him now;  
 And, on his angel brow,  
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!  
 Father, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'T will be our heaven to find that — he is there!

JOHN FIERPONT.

—◆—  
 CASA WAPPY.

THE CHILD'S PET NAME, CHOSEN BY HIMSELF.

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
 Our fond, dear boy, —  
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
 Where life is joy?  
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,  
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;  
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,  
 Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,  
 As closed thine eye;  
 Tears of our anguish may not tell  
 When thou didst die;  
 Words may not paint our grief for thee;  
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
 Of our unfathomed agony;  
 Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,  
 To bless us given;  
 Beauty embodied to our sight,  
 A type of heaven!  
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
 Even less thine own self, than a part  
 Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,  
 'T was cloudless joy;  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Beloved boy!  
 This moon beheld thee blithe and gay;  
 That found thee prostrate in decay;  
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
 Earth's undefiled,  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child!

Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;  
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night  
 The chamber fills;  
 We pine for thee when morn's first light  
 Reddens the hills:  
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,  
 All — to the wallflower and wild pea —  
 Are changed; we saw the world through thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam  
 Of casual mirth,  
 It doth not own, what'er may seem,  
 An inward birth;  
 We miss thy small step on the stair;  
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer;  
 All day we miss thee, — everywhere, —  
 Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
 In life's spring-bloom,  
 Down to the appointed house below, —  
 The silent tomb.  
 But now the green leaves of the tree,  
 The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"  
 Return, — but with them bring not thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be — while flowers  
 Revive again —  
 Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
 For aye remain?  
 O, can it be, that o'er the grave  
 The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
 Yet God forget our child to save? —  
 Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so  
 Thus man could die,  
 Life were a mockery, thought were woe,  
 And truth a lie;  
 Heaven were a coinage of the brain;  
 Religion frenzy, virtue vain,  
 And all our hopes to meet again,  
 Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!  
 With beam of love,  
 A star, death's uncongenial wild  
 Smiling above!  
 Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
 That led thee back from man to God,  
 Casa Wappy!



Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,  
 Fond, fairest boy,  
 That heaven is God's, and thou art there,  
 With him in joy ;  
 There past are death and all its woes ;  
 There beauty's stream forever flows ;  
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,  
 Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then, — for a while, farewell, —  
 Pride of my heart !  
 It cannot be that long we dwell,  
 Thus torn apart.  
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;  
 And dark howe'er life's night may be,  
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
 Casa Wappy !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

#### TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plow, boys,  
 You may take the gear to the stead,  
 All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
 Will never get beer and bread.  
 The seed's waste, I know, boys,  
 There's not a blade will grow, boys,  
 'T is cropped out, I trow, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,  
 He's going blind, as I said,  
 My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
 To see him in the shed ;  
 The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
 She's neither here nor there, boys,  
 I doubt she's badly bred ;  
 Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
 There'll be no more corn, boys,  
 Neither white nor red ;  
 There's no sign of grass, boys,  
 You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
 The land's not what it was, boys,  
 And the beasts must be fed :  
 You may turn Peg away, boys,  
 You may pay off old Ned,  
 We've had a dull day, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
 Let me turn my head :  
 She's standing there in the door, boys,  
 Your sister Winifred !  
 Take her away from me, boys,  
 Your sister Winifred !  
 Move me round in my place, boys,  
 Let me turn my head,

Take her away from me, boys,  
 As she lay on her death-bed,  
 The bones of her thin face, boys,  
 As she lay on her death-bed !  
 I don't know how it be, boys,  
 When all's done and said,  
 But I see her looking at me, boys,  
 Wherever I turn my head ;  
 Out of the big oak-tree, boys,  
 Out of the garden-bed,  
 And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
 And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
 But I think it's not in my head,  
 I've kept my precious sight, boys, —  
 The Lord be hallowed !  
 Outside and in  
 The ground is cold to my tread,  
 The hills are wizen and thin,  
 The sky is shriveled and shred,  
 The hedges down by the loam  
 I can count them bone by bone,  
 The leaves are open and spread,  
 But I see the teeth of the land,  
 And hands like a dead man's hand,  
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.

There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
 The rat and the mouse have fed,  
 And the summer's empty and cold ;  
 Over valley and wold  
 Wherever I turn my head  
 There's a mildew and a mold,  
 The sun's going out overhead,  
 And I'm very old,  
 And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys,  
 You're all born and bred,  
 'T is fifty years and more, boys,  
 Since wife and I were wed,  
 And she's gone before, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
 Upon his curly head,  
 She knew she'd never see 't, boys,  
 And she stole off to bed ;  
 I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
 For he'd come home, he said,  
 But it's time I was gone, boys,  
 For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
 Bring out the beer and bread,  
 Make haste and sup, boys,  
 For my eyes are heavy as lead ;

There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
 There's something ill w' the bread,  
 I don't care to sup, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
 I've such a sleepy head,  
 I shall nevermore be stout, boys,  
 You may carry me to bed.  
 What are you about, boys?  
 The prayers are all said,  
 The fire's raked out, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
 You may carry me to the head,  
 The night's dark and deep, boys,  
 Your mother's long in bed,  
 'T is time to go to sleep, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,  
 You may shake my hand instead.  
 All things go amiss, boys,  
 You may lay me where she is, boys,  
 And I'll rest my old head:  
 'T is a poor world, this, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

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THE MERRY LARK.

THE merry, merry lark was up and singing,  
 And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,  
 And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,  
 When my child's laugh rang through me.  
 Now the hare is snared and dead beside the  
 snowyard,  
 And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,  
 And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard  
 Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head  
 The morning-glory bright;  
 Her little face looked out beneath  
 So full of life and light,  
 So lit as with a sunrise,  
 That we could only say,  
 "She is the morning-glory true,  
 And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time  
 We called her by their name,  
 And very fitting did it seem,—  
 For sure as morning came,

Behind her cradle bars she smiled  
 To catch the first faint ray,  
 As from the trellis smiles the flower  
 And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear  
 Their airy cups of blue,  
 As turned her sweet eyes to the light,  
 Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;  
 And not so close their tendrils fine  
 Round their supports are thrown,  
 As those dear arms whose outstretched plea  
 Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,  
 Even as comes the flower,  
 The last and perfect added gift  
 To crown Love's morning hour;  
 And how in her was innaged forth  
 The love we could not say,  
 As on the little dewdrops round  
 Shines back the heart of day.

The morning-glory's blossoming  
 Will soon be coming round,—  
 We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves  
 Upspringing from the ground;  
 The tender things the winter killed  
 Renew again their birth,  
 But the glory of our mourning  
 Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes  
 Stretch over thy green plain!  
 Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,  
 Her spirit to sustain;  
 But up in groves of Paradise  
 Full surely we shall see  
 Our morning-glory beautiful  
 Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

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ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day, when the glow of sunset  
 Fades in the western sky,  
 And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
 Go tripping lightly by,  
 I steal away from my husband,  
 Asleep in his easy-chair,  
 And watch from the open doorway  
 Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead  
 That once was full of life,  
 Ringing with girlish laughter,  
 Echoing boyish strife,

We two are waiting together ;  
And oft, as the shadows come,  
With tremulous voice he calls me,  
"It is night ! are the children home ?"

"Yes, love !" I answer him gently,  
"They're all home long ago" ; —  
And I sing, in my quivering treble,  
A song so soft and low,  
Till the old man drops to slumber,  
With his head upon his hand,  
And I tell to myself the number  
At home in the better land.

At home, where never a sorrow  
Shall dim their eyes with tears !  
Where the smile of God is on them  
Through all the summer years !  
I know, — yet my arms are empty,  
That fondly folded seven,  
And the mother heart within me  
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,  
I only shut my eyes,  
And the children are all about me,  
A vision from the skies :  
The babes whose dimpled fingers  
Lost the way to my breast,  
And the beautiful ones, the angels,  
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,  
I see their radiant brows ;  
My boys that I gave to freedom, —  
The red sword sealed their vows !  
In a tangled Southern forest,  
Twin brothers bold and brave,  
They fell ; and the flag they died for,  
Thank God ! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted  
Away on wings of light,  
And again we two are together,  
All alone in the night.  
They tell me his mind is failing,  
But I smile at idle fears ;  
He is only back with the children,  
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset  
Fades away in the west,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go trooping home to rest,  
My husband calls from his corner,  
"Say, love, have the children come ?"  
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,  
"Yes, dear ! they are all at home."

MRS. M. E. M. SANGSTER

#### THE LOST SISTER.

THEY waked me from my sleep, I knew not why,  
And bade me hasten where a midnight lamp  
Gleamed from an inner chamber. There she lay,  
With brow so pale, who yester-morn breathed forth  
Through joyous smiles her superflux of bliss  
Into the hearts of others. By her side  
Her hoary sire, with speechless sorrow, gazed  
Upon the stricken idol, — all dismayed  
Beneath his God's rebuke. And she who nursed  
That fair young creature at her gentle breast,  
And oft those sunny locks had decked with bud  
Of rose and jasmine, shuddering wiped the dews  
Which death distills.

The sufferer just had given  
Her long farewell, and for the last, *lost* time  
Touched with cold lips his cheek who led so late  
Her footsteps to the altar, and received  
In the deep transport of an ardent heart  
Her vow of love. And she had striven to press  
That golden circlet with her bloodless hand  
Back on his finger, which he kneeling gave  
At the bright bridal morn. So there she lay  
In calm endurance, like the smitten lamb  
Wounded in flowery pastures, from whose breast  
The dreaded bitterness of death had passed.  
— But a faint wail disturbed the silent scene,  
And in its nurse's arms a new-born babe  
Was borne in utter helplessness along,  
Before that dying eye.

Its gathered film  
Kindled one moment with a sudden glow  
Of tearless agony, — and fearful pangs,  
Racking the rigid features, told how strong  
A mother's love doth root itself. One cry  
Of bitter anguish, blent with fervent prayer,  
Went up to Heaven, — and, as its cadence sank,  
Her spirit entered there.

Morn after morn  
Rose and retired ; yet still as in a dream  
I seemed to move. The certainty of loss  
Fell not *at once* upon me. Then I wept  
As weep the sisterless. — For thou wert fled,  
My only, my beloved, my sainted one, —  
Twin of my spirit ! and my numbered days  
Must wear the sable of that midnight hour  
Which rent thee from me.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

#### GO TO THY REST.

Go to thy rest, fair child !  
Go to thy dreamless bed,  
While yet so gentle, undefiled,  
With blessings on thy head.

Fresh roses in thy hand,  
Buds on thy pillow laid,  
Haste from this dark and fearful land,  
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Ere sin has scared the breast,  
Or sorrow waked the tear,  
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,  
In you celestial sphere!

Because thy smile was fair,  
Thy lip and eye so bright,  
Because thy loving cradle-care  
Was such a dear delight,

Shall love, with weak embrace,  
Thy upward wing detain?  
No! gentle angel, seek thy place  
Amid the cherub train.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

— ◆ —  
"THEY ARE DEAR FISH TO ME."

The farmer's wife sat at the door,  
A pleasant sight to see;  
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns  
That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,  
A poor fish-wife came by,  
And, turning from the toilsome road,  
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,  
And spread its sealy store;  
With trembling hands and pleading words  
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,  
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer;  
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways, —  
I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,  
A weary sight to see;  
Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife,  
"They are dear fish to me!

"Our boat was out ae fearfu' night,  
And when the storm blew o'er,  
My husband, and my three brave sons,  
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,  
A childless widow three;  
I maun buy them now to sell again, —  
They are dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door, —  
What was 't upon her cheek?  
What was there rising in her breast,  
That then she scarce could speak!

She thought upon her ain guidman,  
Her lightsome laddies three;  
The woman's words had pierced her heart, —  
"They are dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,  
And pity's gathering tear;  
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,  
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,  
Your weary lot to dree;  
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:  
"They are dear fish to me!"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn  
To pause ere they deny  
The need of honest toil, and think  
How much their gold may buy, —

How much of manhood's wasted strength,  
What woman's misery, —  
What breaking hearts might swell the cry:  
"They are dear fish to me!"

ANONYMOUS.

— ◆ —  
CORONACH.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary;  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are scarest,  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone and forever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN HEAVEN.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

SILENCE filled the courts of heaven,  
Hushed were seraphs' harp and tone,  
When a little new-born cherub  
Knelt before the Eternal Throne;  
While its soft white hands were lifted,  
Clasped as if in earnest prayer,  
And its voice in dove-like murmurs  
Rose like music on the ear.  
Light from the full fount of glory  
On his robe of whiteness glistened,  
And the white-winged seraphs near him  
Bowed their radiant heads and listened.

"Lord, from thy throne of glory here  
My heart turns fondly to another;  
O Lord my God, the Comforter,  
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!  
Many sorrows hast thou sent her,  
Meekly has she drained the cup,  
And the jewels thou hast lent her  
Unrejoicing yielded up.  
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

"Earth is growing lonely round her;  
Friend and lover hast thou taken;  
Let her not, though woes surround her,  
Feel herself by thee forsaken.  
Let her think, when faint and weary,  
We are waiting for her *here*;  
Let each loss that makes earth dreary  
Make the hope of Heaven more dear.  
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

"Thou who once, in nature human,  
Dwelt on earth a little child,  
Pillowed on the breast of woman,  
Blessed Mary undefiled;  
Thou who, from the cross of suffering,  
Marked thy mother's tearful face,  
And bequeathed her to thy loved one,  
Bidding him to fill thy place, —  
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

"Thou who once, from heaven descending,  
Tears and woes and conflicts won;  
Thou who, nature's laws suspending,  
Gav'st the widow back her son;  
Thou who at the grave of Lazarus  
Wept with those who wept their dead;

Thou who once in mortal anguish  
Bowed thine own anointed head, —  
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!"

The dove-like murmurs died away  
Upon the radiant air;  
But still the little suppliant knelt  
With hands still clasped in prayer.  
Still were those mildly pleading eyes  
Turned to the sapphire throne,  
Till golden harp and angel voice  
Rang forth in mingled tone.  
And as the swelling numbers flowed,  
By angel voices given,  
Rich, sweet, and clear, the anthem rolled  
Through all the courts of heaven.  
"He is the widow's God," it said,  
"Who spared not his own Son,"  
The infant cherub bowed its head:  
"Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

THOMAS WETSWOOD.

MOTHER AND POET.\*

TURIN. — AFTER NEWS OF CALATA, &c.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at *me*!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!  
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the  
pain?

Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong a  
you pressed,  
And I proud, by that test.

What art 's for a woman? To hold on her knees  
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her  
throat

Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees  
And broder the long-clothes and neat little coat;  
To dream and to dote.

To teach them. . . It stings there! I made them  
indeed

Speak plain the word "country," I taught  
them, no doubt,

\* This was Laura Savio of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta.

That a country's a thing men should die for at need.

I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed. . . O my beautiful  
eyes! . . .

I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. — But then the sur-  
prise,

When one sits quite alone! — Then one weeps,  
then one kneels!  
— God! how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters mailed  
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how  
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to  
be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Aneona was free!"

And some one came out of the cheers in the street  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.

— My Guido was dead! — I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; — friends soothed me: my grief looked  
sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us  
strained

To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder, more  
strong,

Writ now but in one hand: "I was not to faint.  
One loved me for two — would be with me ere long:

And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,  
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls — was  
imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could  
bear,

And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: —  
"Shot,

Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his" "their" mother;  
not "mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!  
You think Guido forgot!

Are souls so straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,  
They drop earth's afflictions, conceive not of woe?  
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
Through that Love and Sorrow which recon-  
ciled so

The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst  
through the dark

To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,  
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,  
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes  
turned away,  
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that 's out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always  
keep one.

'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.  
And when Italy 's made, for what end is it done  
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta 's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her  
sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men,  
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort  
Have cut the game short, —

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
When your flag takes all heaven for its white,  
green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,  
(And I have my dead,) —

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your  
bells low,

And burn your lights faintly! — *My* country  
is *there*,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,  
My Italy 's there, with my brave civic pair,  
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in  
strength,

And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at  
length

Into such wail as this! — and we sit on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea!

Both! both my boys! — If in keeping the feast  
You want a great song for your Italy free,

Let none look at *me*!

## THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress  
Of soft unbraided hair,  
The all that's left of loveliness  
That once was thought so fair ;  
And yet, though time hath dimmed its sheen,  
Though all beside hath fled,  
I hold it here, a link between  
My spirit and the dead.

Yes! from this shining ringlet still  
A mournful memory springs,  
That melts my heart, and sheds a thrill  
Through all its trembling strings.  
I think of her, the loved, the wept,  
Upon whose forehead fair  
For eighteen year, like sunshine, slept  
This golden curl of hair.

O sunny tress! the joyous brow  
Where thou didst lightly wave,  
With all thy sister tresses now  
Lies cold within the grave ;  
That cheek is of its bloom bereft ;  
That eye no more is gay ;  
Of all her beauties thou art left,  
A solitary ray.

AMELIA B. WELBY

## EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her look-shelf, this her bed ;  
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
Beginning to die too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think ;  
The shutters are shut, — no light may pass  
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, —  
It was not her time to love ; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares ;  
And now was quiet, now asir,  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?  
What ! your soul was pure and true ;  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew ;  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
Each was naught to each, must I be told ?  
We were fellow-mortals, — naught beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above  
Is great to grant as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love ;  
I claim you still, for my own love — make !  
Delayed, it may be, for more live yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few ;  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall see  
In the lower earth, — in the year-long trial  
That body and soul so pure and gay ?  
Why your hair was under I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own communion told,  
And what you would do with me, in time,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much — more than,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the agon of various men,  
Rancked the ages, spoiled the clime ;  
Yet one thing — one — in my soul's full scope,  
Either I had had or still had need me,  
And I want and had you, Evelyn Hope !  
What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while ;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold,  
There was place and to spare for the frank young  
Smile,  
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young  
gold.

So, hush ! I will give you this leaf to keep,  
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.  
There, that is our secret ! go to sleep,  
You will wake, and remember, and understand,  
ROBERT BRIDGES.

## ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden lived, whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee ;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea ;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee, —  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
So that her high-born kinsman came,  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulcher,  
In his kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me.  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we ;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,  
In her sepulcher there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

## FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,  
Florence Vane ;  
My life's bright dream and early  
Hath come again ;  
I renew in my fond vision  
My heart's dear pain,  
My hopes and thy derision,  
Florence Vane !

The ruin, lone and hoary,  
The ruin old,  
Where thou didst hark my story,  
At even told, —  
That spot, the hues elysian  
Of sky and plain,  
I treasure in my vision,  
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
In their prime ;  
Thy voice excelled the closes  
Of sweetest rhyme ;

Thy heart was as a river  
Without a main,  
Would I had loved thee never,  
Florence Vane !

But fairest, coldest wonder !  
Thy glorious clay  
Lieth the green sod under ;  
Alas the day !  
And it boots not to remember  
Thy disdain,  
To quicken love's pale ember,  
Florence Vane !

The lilies of the valley  
By young graves weep,  
The daisies love to dally  
Where maidens sleep :  
May their bloom, in beauty rying,  
Never wane  
Where thine earthly part is lying,  
Florence Vane !

PHILIP P. COOKE.

## FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

[\*A lady of the name of Helen Irving or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnell, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighborhood. The name of the favored sutor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition, although it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favored by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirkconnell, a romantic spot surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and leveled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid" — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

I WISH I were where Helen lies ;  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
O that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirkconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succor me !

O, think na but my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair !  
I laid her down wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down to the water-side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirkconnell lea, —



I lighted down, my sword did draw,  
I hack'd him in pieces sma,  
I hack'd him in pieces sma,  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !  
I'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart forevermair  
Until the day I dee !

O that I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, "Haste, and come to me !"

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !  
If I were with thee I were blest,  
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green ;  
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;  
Night and day on me she cries,  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me !

ANONYMOUS.

#### HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie !  
There simmer first unfould her robes,  
And there the langest tarry ;  
For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom !  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender ;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursel's asunder ;  
But, O, fell death's untimely frost,  
That nip't my flower sae early !  
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kissed sae fondly !  
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly !  
And moldering now in silent dust  
That heart that lov'd me dearly !  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLN-SHIRE.

THE old mayor climb'd the bellry tower,  
The ringers rang by two, by three ;  
" Pull ! if ye never pull'd before ;  
" Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.  
" Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !  
P'ly all your changes, all your swells !  
Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby!*"

Men say it was a " stolen tyde," —  
The Lord that sent it, he knows all,  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall ;  
And there was naught of strange, beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied,  
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and span within the loore ;  
My thread brake off, I rais'd myne eyes :  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She mov'd where Lindis wandereth, —  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

" Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
" Cusha ! Cusha !" all along ;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
Faintly came her milking-song.

" Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,  
" For the dews will soome be falling ;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow !  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !  
Come uppe, White-foot ! come uppe, Light-foot !  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow !  
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow ;  
From the clovers lift your head !  
Come uppe, White-foot ! come uppe, Light-foot !  
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long — ay, long ago —  
 When I beguine to think howe long,  
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;  
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
 That ring the tune of *Enderby*.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
 Sawe where, full fyve good miles away,  
 The steeple towered from out the greene,  
 And lo ! the great bell farre and wide  
 Was heard in all the country side  
 That Saturday at eventide,

The swammels, where their sedges are,  
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath ;  
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,  
 And my some's wife, Elizabeth ;  
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,  
 Came downe that kyndly message free,  
*The Brides of Maris Enderby*.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
 And all along where Lindis flows  
 To where the goodly vessels lie,  
 And where the lordly steeple shows,  
 They sayde, " And why should this thing be,  
 What danger lowers by land or sea ?  
 They ring the tune of *Enderby*."

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
 Of pyrate galleys, warping downe, —  
 For shippes ashore beyond the scope,  
 They have not spared to wake the towne ;  
 But while the west bin red to see,  
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
 Why ring *The Brides of Enderby* ?

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne  
 Came riding downe with might and main ;  
 He raised a shout as he drew on,  
 Till all the welkin rang again ;  
 " Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"  
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my some's wife, Elizabeth.)

" The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe !  
 The rising tide comes on apace ;  
 And boats a-drift in yonder towne  
 Go sailing uppe the market-place !"  
 He shook as one that looks on death :  
 " God save you, mother !" straight he sayth ;  
 " Where is my wife, Elizabeth !"

" Good sonne, where Lindis winds away  
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;

And ere yon bells begame to play,  
 Afar I heard her milking-song."  
 He looked across the grassy sea,  
 To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby* !  
 They rang *The Brides of Enderby*,

With that he cried and beat his breast ;  
 For lo ! along the river's bed  
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
 It swept with thunderous noises loud,  
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
 Or like a demon in a shroud

And rearing laudis, backward pressed,  
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;  
 Then madly at the eygre's breast  
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again,  
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout,  
 Then beaten foam flew round about,  
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,  
 The heart had hardly time to beat  
 Before a shallow seething waye  
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet :  
 The feet had hardly time to flee  
 Before it brake against the knee, —  
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sate that night ;  
 The noise of bells went sweeping by ;  
 I marked the lofty beaoun light  
 Stream from the church tower, red and high, —  
 A lurid mark, and dread to see ;  
 And awsome bells they were to mee,  
 That in the dark rang *Enderby*.

They rang the sailor lads to guide,  
 From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed ;  
 And I, my sonne was at my side,  
 And yet the ruddy beaoun glowed ;  
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
 " O, come in life, or come in death !  
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth !"

And didst thou visit him no more ?  
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare !  
 The waters laid thee at his doore  
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear ;  
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place,

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea, —  
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !  
 To manye more than myne and mee ;

But each will mourn his own (she saith)  
And sweeter women ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore,  
"Cu ha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling;  
I shall never hear her song,  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
Where the water, winding down,  
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver,  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,  
To the sandy, lonesome shore;  
I shall never hear her calling,  
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow!  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!  
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow!  
Come uppe, Lightfoot! rise and follow;  
Lightfoot! Whitefoot!  
From your clovers lift the head;  
Come uppe, Jetty! follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed!"

JEAN INGLOW

#### TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Composed by Burns, in September, 1796, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget, —  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his parting shade —  
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene;  
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the peal of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

JOHN BURNS

#### O, SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM!

O, SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom!  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb!  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,  
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom;  
And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
And lingering paine and lightly tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress;  
Will this unteach us to complain?  
Or make one mourner weep the less?  
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

JOHN BURNS

#### THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I cherished him while he spoke; yet could he speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him; I now would give  
My love, could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and when he found  
'T was vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death!  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,  
And this lone bosom burns

With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
 And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years  
 Wept he as bitter tears !  
 " Merciful God ! " such was his latest prayer,  
 " These may she never share ! "  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
 Than daisies in the mold.  
 Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,  
 And O, pray, too, for me !

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

—◆—  
 THY BRAES WERE BONNY.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,  
 When first on them I met my lover ;  
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,  
 When now thy waves his body cover.

Forever now, O Yarrow stream !  
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;  
 For never on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,  
 To bear me to his father's bowers ;  
 He promised me a little page,  
 To 'squire me to his father's towers ;  
 He promised me a wedding-ring, —  
 The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;  
 Now he is wedded to his grave,  
 Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met ;  
 My passion I as freely told him :  
 Clasped in his arms, I little thought  
 That I should nevermore behold him !  
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;  
 It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;  
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked  
 With all the longing of a mother ;  
 His little sister walked  
 The greenwood path to meet her brother.  
 They sought him east, they sought him west,  
 They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
 They only saw the cloud of night,  
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

No longer from thy window look,  
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !  
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;  
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother !

No longer seek him east or west,  
 And search no more the forest thorough ;  
 For, wandering in the night so dark,  
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
 No other youth shall be my marrow ;  
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

—◆—  
 MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climbed the highest hill  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tower and tree,  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,  
 When, soft and slow, a voice was heard  
 Say, " Mary, weep no more for me ! "

She from her pillow gently raised  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
 With visage pale, and hollow e'e.  
 " O Mary dear, cold is my clay ;  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea.  
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death ;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me ! "

" Three stormy nights and stormy days  
 We tossed upon the raging main ;  
 And long we strove our bark to save,  
 But all our striving was in vain.  
 Even then, when horror chilled my blood,  
 My heart was filled with love for thee :  
 The storm is past, and I at rest ;  
 So, Mary, weep no more for me ! "

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare :  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
 Where love is free from doubt and care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more ! "  
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,  
 No more of Sandy could she see ;  
 But soft the passing spirit said,  
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me ! "

JOHN LOWE

—◆—  
 TOO LATE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
 In the old likeness that I knew,  
 I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
 I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do ; —

Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not !  
My eyes were blinded, your words were few :  
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas :  
Not half worthy the like of you :  
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows, —  
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew ;  
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DISAH McLOCH CRAIG

FIRST SPRING FLOWERS.

I AM watching for the early buds to wake  
Under the snow :  
From little beds the soft white covering take,  
And, nestling, lo !  
They lie, with pink lips parted, all aglow !

O darlings ! open wide your tender eyes ;  
See ! I am here —  
Have been here, waiting under winter skies  
Till you appear —  
You, just come up from where *he* lies so near.

Tell me, dear flowers, is he gently laid,  
Wrapped round from cold ;  
Has spring about him fair green garments made,  
Fold over fold ;  
Are sweet things growing with him in the  
mold ?

Has he found quiet resting-place at last,  
After the fight ?  
What message did he send me, as you passed  
Him in the night,  
Eagerly pushing upward toward the light ?

I will not pluck you, lest *his* hand should be  
Close clasping you :  
These slender fibers which so cling to me  
Do grasp *him* too —  
What gave these delicate veins their blood-  
red hue ?

One kiss I press, dear little bud, hush shut,  
On your sweet eyes ;  
For when the April rain falls at your foot,  
And April sun yearns downward to your root  
From soft spring skies,  
*He*, too, may reach him, where *he* sleeping lies.

MRS. HOWLAND.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

UNDER the larch, with its tassels wet,  
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,  
In the rosy dawn my love I met.

Under the larch, when the sun was set,  
He came with an April violet :  
Forty years — and I have it yet.

Out of life, with its fond regret,  
What have love and memory yet ?  
Only an April violet.

ANONYMOUS

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,  
Nothing but a rose.  
Any wind might rob of half its savor,  
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers  
With a hand as chill —  
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,  
Stays, and thrills them still !

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,  
Crumpled fold on fold, —  
Once it lay upon her breast, and age  
Cannot make it old !

ANONYMOUS

MINSTREL'S SONG.

O, SING unto my roundelay !  
O, drop the briny tear with me !  
Dance no more at holiday ;  
Like a running river be ;  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death-bed,*  
*All under the willow-tree.*

Black his hair as the winter night,  
White his neck as summer snow,  
Ruddy his face as the morning light ;  
Cold he lies in the grave below :  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note ;  
Quick in dance as thought can be ;  
Deft his labor, edg'd stout ;  
O, he lies by the willow-tree !  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing  
In the briered dell below ;

Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
To the nightmares as they go.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

See! the white moon shines on high;  
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloud.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Here, upon my true-love's grave  
Shall the barren flowers be laid,  
Nor one holy saint to save  
All the coldness of a maid.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

With my hands I'll bind the briers  
Round his holy corse to gree;  
Elfin-fairy, light your fires;  
Here my body still shall be.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
Drain my heart's blood all away;  
Life and all its good I scorn,  
Dance by night, or feast by day.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,  
Bear me to your lethal tide.  
I die! I come! my true-love waits.  
Thus the damsel spake, and diel.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

#### LAMENT FOR BION

O FOREST dells and streams! O Dorian tide!  
Groan with my grief, since lovely Bion died!  
Ye plants and copses, now his loss bewail:  
Flowers, from your tufts a sad perfume exhale:  
Anemones and roses, mournful show  
Your crimson leaves and wear a blush of woe:  
And hyacinth, now more than ever spread  
The woeful "ah," that marks thy petaled head  
With lettered grief: the beauteous minstrel's  
    dead!

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:  
Ye nightingales, whose plaintive warblings flow  
From the thick leaves of some embowering wood,  
Tell the sad loss to Arethusa's flood:  
The shepherd Bion dies: with him is dead  
The life of song: the Doric Muse is fled.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:  
The herds no more that chant melodious know:  
No more beneath the lonely oak he sings,  
But breathes his strains to Lethe's sullen springs:

The mountains now are mute: the heifers pass  
Slow-wandering by, nor browse the tender grass.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:  
For thee, O Bion! in the grave laid low,  
Apollo weeps: dark palls the sylvan's shroud;  
Fauns ask thy wonted song, and wail aloud:  
Each fountain-nymph disconsolate appears,  
And all her waters turn to trickling tears:—  
Mute Echo pines the silent rocks around,  
And mourns those lips that waked their sweetest  
    sound.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:  
But retribution sure will deal the blow:  
I, in this trance of grief, still drop the tear,  
And mourn forever o'er thy livid bier:—  
O that, as Orpheus, in the days of yore,  
Ulysses, or Alcides, passed before,  
I could descend to Pluto's house of night,  
And mark if thou wouldst Pluto's ear delight,  
And listen to the song: O then rehearse  
Some sweet Sicilian strain, bucolic verse,  
To soothe the maid of Enna's vale, who sang  
These Doric songs, while Ætna's upland rang.  
Not unrewarded should thy ditties prove:  
As the sweet harper, Orpheus, erst could move  
Her breast to yield his dear departed wife,  
Treading the backward road from death to life,  
So should he melt to Bion's Dorian strain,  
And send him joyous to his hills again.  
O, could my touch command the stops like thee,  
I too would seek the dead, and sing thee free!

From the Greek of MOSCHUS,  
by CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

#### LYCIDAS.

[In memory of a young clerical friend of the poet's, drowned  
A. D. 1637.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;  
And, with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion due,  
Compels me to disturb your season here:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:

So may some gentle Muse

With lucky notes favor my destined urn ;  
And, as he passes, turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill ;  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove afield, and both together heard  
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering  
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the oaten flute ;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
And old Dametas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the white-thorn blows ;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless  
deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :  
Ay me ! I fondly dream,

Had ye been there : for what could that have done ?  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Illebus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair ?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble minds)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"  
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears :  
" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glittering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed !"

O fountain Arctuse, and thou honored flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds !  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood :

But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea ;  
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?  
And questioned every gust of rugged wings,  
That blows from off each beaked promontory :  
They knew not of his story ;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed :  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Canus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe,  
" Ah ! who hath reft," quoth he, " my dearest  
pledge ?"

Last came, and last did go,  
The pilot of the Galilean lake :  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)  
He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake :  
" How well could I have spared for thee, young  
swain,

Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake,  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !  
Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how  
to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned anight else the least  
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !  
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are  
sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swoll'n with wind and the rank mist they  
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said :  
But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; and return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks  
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks;  
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.  
For, so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;  
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding

seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namaneos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear night of Him that walked the

waves;

Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncooth swain to the oaks and  
rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay:  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

#### SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

[ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, OB. 1833]

##### GRIEF UNSPEAKABLE.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.

##### DEAD, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailed the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er!

So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead  
Through prosperous floods his holy urn!

All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, through early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks!

Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widowed race be run:  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me!



## THE PEACE OF SORROW.

CALM is the morn, without a sound,  
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
 And only through the faded leaf  
 The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold  
 And on these dews that drench the furze,  
 And all the silvery gossamers  
 That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on you great plain  
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
 And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
 To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
 These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
 And in my heart, if calm at all,  
 If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
 And dead calm in that noble breast  
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

IF Sleep and Death be truly one,  
 And every spirit's folded bloom  
 Through all its intervital gloom  
 In some long trance should slumber on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
 Bare of the body, might it last,  
 And silent traces of the past  
 Be all the color of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;  
 So that still garden of the souls  
 In many a figured leaf enrolls  
 The total world since life began ;

And love will last as pure and whole  
 As when he loved me here in Time,  
 And at the spiritual prime  
 Rewaken with the dawning soul.

## PERSONAL RESURRECTION.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,  
 Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
 The skirts of self again, should fall  
 Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet :  
 Eternal form shall still divide  
 The eternal soul from all beside ;  
 And I shall know him when we meet :

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
 Enjoying each the other's good :  
 What vaster dream can hit the mood  
 Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
 Before the spirits fade away,  
 Some landing-place to clasp and say,  
 " Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light."

## SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

Do we indeed desire the dead  
 Should still be near us at our side?  
 Is there no baseness we would hide?  
 No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
 I had such reverence for his blame,  
 See with clear eye some hidden shame,  
 And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :  
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith?  
 There must be wisdom with great Death :  
 The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall :  
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
 With larger other eyes than ours,  
 To make allowance for us all.

## MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,  
 I know that in thy place of rest,  
 By that broad water of the west,  
 There comes a glory on the walls ;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
 As slowly steals a silver flame  
 Along the letters of thy name,  
 And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away ;  
 From off my bed the moonlight dies :  
 And, closing eaves of wearied eyes,  
 I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn  
 A lucid vale from coast to coast,  
 And in the dark church, like a ghost,  
 Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

DEATH IN LIFE'S PRIME.

So many worlds, so much to do,  
 So little done, such things to be,  
 How know I what had need of thee?  
 For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,  
The head hath missed an earthly wreath :  
I curse not nature, no, nor death ;  
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass ; the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds :  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age ? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self-unfolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name.

THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme  
To him who turns a musing eye  
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie  
Foreshortened in the tract of time ?

These mortal lullabies of pain  
May bind a book, may line a box,  
May serve to curl a maiden's locks :  
Or, when a thousand moons shall wane,

A man upon a stall may find,  
And, passing, turn the page that tells  
A grief, then changed to something else,  
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that ? My darkened ways  
Shall ring with music all the same ;  
To breathe my loss is more than fame,  
To utter love more sweet than praise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave  
Since I crossed this restless wave :  
And the evening, fair as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside,  
Sat two comrades old and tried, —  
One with all a father's truth,  
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,  
And his grave in silence sought ;  
But the younger, brighter form  
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, when'er I turn mine eye  
Back upon the days gone by,  
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,  
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,  
But that soul with soul can blend ?  
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;  
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,  
Take, I give it willingly ;  
For invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

From the German of LUDWIG UHLAND,

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

HOME they brought her warrior dead :  
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry ;  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and long,  
Called him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe ;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior slept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face,  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee, —  
Like summer tempest came her tears, —  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

[Early in the eighteenth century, the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Irish Brigade in the service of the King of France. These recruits were popularly known as "Wild Geese." Few returned.]

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough  
Sheelin,  
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,  
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,  
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like gray  
morning,  
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,  
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,  
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

But who down the hillside than red deer runs  
fleeter ?  
And who on the lakeside is hastening to greet her

Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,  
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finæ ?

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of glad-  
ness ;

Ah ! why do they change on a sudden to sadness, —  
He has told his hard fortune, no more can he stay,  
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finæ.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,  
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from  
Ireland ;

He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,  
But the vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finæ.

He fought at Cremona, — she hears of his story ;  
He fought at Cassano, — she's proud of his glory.  
Yet sadly she sings " Shule Aroon " all the day,  
" O, come, come, my darling, come home to Finæ."

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh  
broken-hearted,

Her reel, and her rock, and her flax she has  
parted ;

She sails with the " Wild Geese " to Flanders away,  
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finæ.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging,  
Before him the Sassanach squadrons enlarging,  
Behind him the Cravats their sections display, —  
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finæ.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are  
flying,

Lord Clare and his squadrons, the foe still defying,  
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array ;  
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finæ.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,  
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying ;  
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray,  
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finæ.

THOMAS DAVIS.

### ELEONORA.

ELEGY ON THE COUNTESS OF ARINGDON

No single virtue we could most commend,  
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend ;  
For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
That, as no one prevailed, so all was she.  
The several parts lay hidden in the piece ;  
The occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,  
As the first woman was before her fall :  
Made for the man, of whom she was a part ;  
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.

A second Eve, but by no crime accursed ;  
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first.  
Had she been first, still Paradise had been.  
And death had found no entrance by her in  
So she not only had preserved from ill  
Her sex and ours, but lived their pattern still  
Love and obedience to her lord she bore ;  
She much obeyed him, but she loved him more.  
Not awed to duty by superior sway,  
But taught by his indulgence to obey.  
Thus we love God, as author of our good.

Yet unemployed no minute slipped away ;  
Moments were precious in so short a stay.  
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great  
That some were single acts, though each complete ;  
But every act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look  
For her blest name in fate's eternal book ;  
And, pleased to be outdone, with joy will see  
Numberless virtues, endless charity ;  
But more will wonder at so short an age,  
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page ;  
And with a pious fear begin to doubt  
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.  
But 't was her Saviour's time ; and could there be  
A copy near the original, 't was she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,  
They but perfume the temple, and expire ;  
So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence, —  
A short sweet odor, of a vast expense.  
She vanished, we can scarcely say she died ;  
For but a now did heaven and earth divide ;  
She passed serenely with a single breath ;  
This moment perfect health, the next was death :  
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure ;  
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.  
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue ;  
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new ;  
So close they follow, such wild order keep,  
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep :  
So softly death succeeded life in her ;  
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise  
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice  
As an old friend is beckoned to a feast,  
And treated like a long-familiar guest.  
He took her as he found, but found her so,  
As one in hourly readiness to go :  
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepared ;  
As early notice she from heaven had heard,  
And some descending courier from above  
Had given her timely warning to remove ;  
Or counseled her to dress the nuptial room,  
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.  
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay  
Clothed all in white, the livery of the day.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side  
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
 When first you were my bride ;  
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high ;  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;  
 The day is bright as then ;  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 And the corn is green again ;  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 And your breath, warm on my cheek ;  
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
 You nevermore will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,  
 And the little church stands near, —  
 The church where we were wed, Mary ;  
 I see the spire from here.  
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest, —  
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends ;  
 But, O, they love the better still  
 The few our Father sends !  
 And you were all I had, Mary, —  
 My blessin' and my pride ;  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
 That still kept hoping on,  
 When the trust in God had left my soul,  
 And my arm's young strength was gone ;  
 There was comfort ever on your lip, —  
 And the kind look on your brow, —  
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
 When your heart was fit to break, —  
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,  
 And you hid it for my sake ;  
 I bless you for the pleasant word,  
 When your heart was sad and sore, —  
 O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
 Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
 My Mary — kind and true !  
 But I'll not forget you, darling,  
 In the land I'm goin' to ;

They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sunshines always there, —  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods  
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
 And my heart will travel back again  
 To the place where Mary lies ;  
 And I'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 And the springin' corn and the bright May morn,  
 When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFEKKIN  
 (Formerly the HON. MRS. BLACKWOOD.)

## THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king  
 (Hurry !)  
 That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
 And pined for the comfort his voice would bring ;  
 (O, ride as though you were flying !)  
 Better he loves each golden curl  
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl  
 Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl :  
 And his rose of the isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;  
 (Hurry !)  
 Each one mounting a gallant steed  
 Which he kept for battle and days of need ;  
 (O, ride as though you were flying !)  
 Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;  
 Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;  
 Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst ;  
 But, ride as they would, the king rode first,  
 For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;  
 (Hurry !)  
 They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward  
 gone ;  
 His little fair page now follows alone,  
 For strength and for courage trying !  
 The king looked back at that faithful child ;  
 Wan was the face that answering smiled ;  
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,  
 Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in  
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn ;  
 (Silence !)  
 No answer came ; but faint and forlorn  
 An echo returned on the cold gray morn,  
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing,  
 The castle portal stood grimly wide ;  
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,  
The pale sweet form of the welcome lay,  
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
Stood weary,  
The king returned from her chamber of rest,  
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;  
And, that dumb companion crying,  
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;  
He bowed his head on his charger's neck :  
" O steed, that every nerve didst strain,  
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain  
To the halls where my love lay dying ! "

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

[This ballad relates to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a border free-lower, being *Lord of the gate of his own tower* by James V. in his famous expedition, in 1542, against the marauders of the border. In a deserted burial-place near the ruin of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady is still shown. The following inscription is still legible (though defaced): "HERE LYES PERYS OF COCKBURN AND HIS WYFE MARGORY." *Sir Walter Scott*.]

My love he built me a bonnie bower,  
And clad it a' wi' lily flower ;  
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,  
Than my true-love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,  
He spied his sport, and went away ;  
And brought the king that very night,  
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;  
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear :  
My servants all for life did flee,  
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane ;  
I watched the corpse myself alone ;  
I watched his body night and day ;  
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,  
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;  
I digged a grave, and laid him in,  
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ?  
O, think na ye my heart was wae,  
When I turned about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I 'll love again,  
Since that my lively knight is slain ;  
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair  
I 'll chain my heart forevermair.

ANONYMOUS.

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM "THE PERI-WORTHIER."

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !  
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea ;)  
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water  
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

O, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,  
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,  
And hushed all its music and withered its frame !

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With naught but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,  
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,  
The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses  
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, forget thee,—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,  
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
Enhalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell ! — be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep ;  
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That e'er the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,  
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosier stems at thy head ;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell! — farewell! — until pity's sweet fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,

They 'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,  
They 'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in the wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

### GRIEF.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :  
Thou know'st 't is common, — all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

HAM. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moles, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play ;  
But I have that within, which passeth show ;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

### ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL WIFE.

SLEEP ON, my love, in thy cold bed,  
Never to be disquieted.

My last " Good Night ! " Thou wilt not wake  
Till I thy fate shall overtake :

Till age, or grief, or sickness must

Marry my body to that dust

It so much loves, and fill the room

My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Stay for me there : I will not fail  
To meet thee in that hollow vale ;  
And think not much of my delay,  
I am already on the way ;  
And follow thee with all the speed  
Desire can make or sorrows breed.  
Each minute is a short degree,  
And every hour a step toward thee.

At night, when I betake to rest,  
Next morn I rise nearer my west  
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,  
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

HENRY KING.

### TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die  
On such an eve, when such a sky

O'er-canopies the west ;

To gaze my fill on you calm deep,

And, like an infant, fall asleep

On Earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in you sea  
Of endless blue tranquillity :

These clouds are living things :

I trace their veins of liquid gold,

I see them solemnly unfold

Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey

Us weary children of a day —

Life's tedious nothing o'er —

Where neither passions come, nor woes,

To vex the genius of repose

On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway

With startling dawn and dazzling day ;

But gloriously serene

Are the interminable plains :

One fixed, eternal sunset reigns

O'er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear ;

I know thy greeting is severe

To this poor shell of clay :

Yet come, O Death ! thy freezing kiss

Emanicipates ! thy rest is bliss !

I would I were away !

From the *Geruian* of GLUCK

### INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day ;  
But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
Begin, ye tormentors ! your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low !  
Why so slow ? do you wait till I shrink from the pain ?

No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
And the scalps which we bore from your nation  
away!

Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain;  
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from  
pain;

And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to com-  
plain.

ANNE HOME HUNTER

#### NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and 'I' for is past"  
RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor 's done;

Two pale feet crossed in rest, —  
The race is won;

Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
And all tears cease;

Two lips where grief is mute,  
Anger at peace";

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;  
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address  
Aye for his praise;

Two feet that never rest  
Walking his ways;

Two eyes that look above  
Through all their tears;

Two lips still breathing love,  
Not wrath, nor fears";

So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;  
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

#### FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, APRIL, 1845

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night, —  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill;  
Strong the earthy odor grows, —  
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!  
Strength returns and hope revives;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn, —

O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold,  
I smell the rose above the mold!

THOMAS HOOD

#### REST.

LINES FOUND UNDER THE PILLOW OF A SOLDIER WHO  
DIED IN HOSPITAL AT FORT ROYAL, VA.

I LAY me down to sleep,  
With little care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioning upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now;  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong, — all that is past;  
I am ready not to do,  
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,  
And this is all my part, —  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,  
Though all the blue be dim;  
These stripes as well as stars  
Lead after him.

ANONYMOUS.

#### HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE!

His young bride stood beside his bed,  
Her weeping watch to keep;  
Hush! hush! he stirred not, — was he dead,  
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm, no change was there,  
No sigh had filled his breath;  
O, did he wear that smile so fair  
In slumber or in death?

"Reach down his harp," she wildly cried,  
"And if one spark remain,  
Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's Side';  
He'll kindle at the strain.

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall ;  
It never breathed in vain ;  
He'll waken as its echoes fall,  
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept. "T was sad to hear  
Sweet music floating there ;  
For every note called forth a tear  
Of anguish and despair.

"See ! see !" she cried, "the tune is o'er :  
No opening eye, no breath ;  
Hang up his harp ; he'll wake no more ;  
He sleeps the sleep of death."

ELIZA COOK.

## BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home ! etc.*

Beyond the rising and the setting  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home ! etc.*

Beyond the gathering and the strowing  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home ! etc.*

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home ! etc.*

Beyond the frost chain and the fever  
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the rock waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !*

*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

HORATIUS BONAR

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean ;  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean ;  
Your task's ended noo, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith guid and fair, Jean :  
O, we grudged her right sair  
To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
My soul lings to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
To the land o' the leal !  
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean ;  
We'll meet and aye be fain  
In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAINN.

## SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,  
Gentle death !  
Let her leave thee with no strife,  
Tender, mournful, murmuring life !  
She hath seen her happy day, —  
She hath had her bud and blossom ;  
Now she pales and shrinks away,  
Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here,  
Angels dear !  
Bear her perfect soul above,  
Scraph of the skies, — sweet love !  
Good she was, and fair in youth ;  
And her mind was seen to soar,  
And her heart was wed to truth :  
Take her, then, forevermore, —  
Forever — evermore !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL.)



## ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'T is o'er, — in that long sigh she past —  
Th' enfranchis'd spirit soars at last !

And now I gaze with tearless eye  
On what to view was agony.  
That panting heart is tranquil now,  
And heavenly calm that ruffled brow,  
And those pale lips which feebly strove  
To force one parting smile of love,  
Retain it yet, — soft, placid, mild,  
As when it graced my living child.

O, I have watch'd with fondest care  
To see my opening flow'ret blow,  
And felt the joy which parents share,  
The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,  
And mark'd that tender flower decay ;  
Not torn abruptly from the sight,  
But slowly, sadly, waste away !  
The spoiler came, yet paused, as though  
So meek a victim check'd his arm,  
Half gave and half withheld the blow,  
As forced to strike, yet loath to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom  
The ceaseless canker-worm consume,  
And gaz'd on hopelessly,  
Till the mute suffering pictured there  
Wring from the father's lip a prayer,  
O God ! the prayer his child might die.

Ay, from his lip — the doting heart  
E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict 's past, — 't is o'er ;  
That gentle bosom throbs no more !  
The spirit 's freed, — through realms of light  
Faith's eagle-glance pursues her flight  
To other worlds, to happier skies ;  
Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth,  
No mortal sound, the voice which cries,  
"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth !"

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM  
(THOMAS INGOLDSBY)

## WE WATCHED HER BREATHING.

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,  
So slowly mov'd about,

As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belie'd our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belie'd,  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids clos'd, — she had  
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOPE

## A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day ;  
Yet liv'd she at its close,  
And breath'd the long, long night away  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illum'd the eastern skies,  
She pass'd through glory's morning-gate,  
And walk'd in Paradise !

JAMES ALLEN

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE LATE JAMES M. LADLEY WASHINGTON,  
AT CHICAGO, ILL.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying" — SHAKESPEARE.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,  
Ebb'd the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark, Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast.  
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me !  
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear !  
Hearken to the great heart secrets  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
Bear their eagles high no more,  
And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore ;  
Though no glittering guards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman,  
Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low ;  
'T was no foeman's hand that felled him,  
'T was his own that struck the blow.  
His who, pillow'd on thy bosom,  
Turn'd aside from glory's ray,  
His who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly flung a world away !

Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home,  
Seek her, say the gods have told me,  
Altars, augurs, circling wings,  
That her blood, with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian !  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile !  
Light the path to Stygian horrors  
With the splendors of thy smile ;  
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,  
Let his brow the laurel twine,  
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying ;  
Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry !  
They are coming — quick, my falchion !  
Let me front them ere I die.  
Ah ! no more amid the battle  
Shall my heart exulting swell !  
Isis and O-iris guard thee,  
Cleopatra ! Rome ! — farewell !

WILLIAM H. LITTLE

◆ ◆ ◆  
**LIGHT.**

THE night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one ;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one ;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON

◆ ◆ ◆  
**THRENODY.**

My heart is there,  
Where, on eternal hills, my loved one dwells,  
Among the lilies and the asphodels ;  
Clad in the brightness of the Great White  
Throne,  
Glad in the smile of Him who sits thereon ;  
The glory gilding all his wealth of hair,  
And making his immortal face more fair ;  
There is my treasure, and my heart is there.

My heart is there ;  
With him who made all earthly life so sweet ;  
So fit to live, and yet to die so meek ;  
So meek, so grand, so gentle, and so brave,  
So ready to forgive, so strong to save ;

His fair, pure spirit makes the heavens more  
fair,  
And thither rises all my longing prayer ;  
There is my treasure, and my heart is there.

ANONYMOUS.

◆ ◆ ◆  
**WHEN I AM DEAD.**

TOLL not the bell of death for me  
When I am dead ;  
Strew not the flowery wreath o'er me,  
On my cold bed.

Let friendship's sacred tear  
On my fresh grave appear,  
Gemming with pearls my bier —  
When I am dead.

No dazzling, proud array  
Of pageantry display,  
My fate to spread ;  
Let not the busy crowd be near,  
When I am dead,

Fanning with unfelt sighs my bier,  
Sighs quickly sped.  
Deep let the impression rest  
On some fond female breast ;  
Then were my memory blest,  
When I am dead.

Let not the day be writ ;  
Love will remember it  
Untold, unsaid.

ANONYMOUS.

◆ ◆ ◆  
**THE FEMALE CONVICT.**

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood  
Made her wish only for solitude ;  
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,  
For innermost shame, on another's to look ;  
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear  
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear ! —  
She still was young, and she had been fair ;  
But weather-stains, hunger, toil, and care,  
That frost and fever that wear the heart,  
Had made the colors of youth depart  
From the fallow cheek, save over it came  
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea-foam,  
Far from her country, far from her home ;  
And all she had left for her friends to keep  
Was a name to hide and a memory to weep !  
And her future held forth but the felon's lot, —  
To live forsaken, to die forgot !

She could not weep, and she could not pray,  
But she wasted and withered from day to day,  
Till you might have counted each sunken vein,  
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;  
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye  
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping-place,  
A strange, wild look was upon her face,  
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,  
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,  
And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone, —  
The sound from mine ear hath never gone! —  
"I had last night the loveliest dream:  
My own land shone in the summer beam,  
I saw the fields of the golden grain,  
I heard the reaper's harvest strain;  
There stood on the hills the green pine-tree,  
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.  
A long and a weary way I had come;  
But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet  
home.

I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,  
With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair!  
The Bible lay open upon his knee,  
But he closed the book to welcome me.  
He led me next where my mother lay,  
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,  
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,  
For it echoed one to my young days dear.  
This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled,  
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead!  
— We have not spoken, but still I have hung  
On the Northern accents that dwell on thy tongue.  
To me they are music, to me they recall  
The things long hidden by Memory's pall!  
Take this long curl of yellow hair,  
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,  
My dying prayer, was for him." . . . .

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay;  
They raised it up, and like a dirge  
The heavy gale swept over the surge:  
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave, —  
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

#### SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

HAMLET. To be, or not to be, — that is the question: —

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them? — To die, — to  
sleep; —

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die, — to sleep;  
To sleep! perchance to dream: — ay, there's the  
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurs  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fadels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveler returns, — puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
This conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE

#### THE SECRET OF DEATH.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away  
Kiss her and leave her, — thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet the white silk shoes,  
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands, —  
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

But there was a silence, and nothing there  
But silence, and scents of eglantiers,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room  
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and  
gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, and beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key  
And turned it. Alone again — he and she!

He and she; yet she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet  
cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the name she loved ere-  
while.

He and she; still she did not move  
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips, and breast without  
breath!  
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?"

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;  
What was the secret of dying, dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle deeper to find how deep,  
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll back its record, dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?"

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear!  
I hold the breath of my soul to bear!"

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,  
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!"

"There must be a pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed;

"I would say, though the angel of death had  
laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,  
Which of all death's was the chief surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing,  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said!

Who will believe what he heard her say,  
With a sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear,  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

ANONYMOUS.

#### ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

THERE is the hat  
With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as they  
found it,  
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled —  
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,  
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,  
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,  
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,  
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,  
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,  
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,  
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and  
drabbled —  
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,  
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,  
With the striped border, hung next in order,  
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,  
And — that is all.

Ah, here is a ring  
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;  
There was only this one — name or date? — none?  
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,  
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,  
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,  
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,  
With the blue veil around it, the same as they  
found it,  
Summon up a fair face with just a trace  
Of gold in the hair!

Or does the shawl,  
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,  
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight  
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,  
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,  
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until  
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey  
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,  
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?  
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?  
Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,  
May recognize these when her child's clothes she  
sees;  
Then—will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

#### UNCLE JO.

I HAVE in memory a little story,  
That few indeed would rhyme about but me;  
'T is not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,  
Although a little colored with the three,—  
In very truth, I think, as much, perchance,  
As most tales disembodied from romance.

Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor  
To every one who had hard work to do;  
If he possessed a genius, 't was for labor  
Most people thought, but there were one or two  
Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,  
"Come in again and see us, Uncle Jo!"

The "Uncle" was a courtesy they gave, —  
And felt they could afford to give to him, —  
Just as the master makes of some good slave  
An Aunt Jemima, or an Uncle Jim;  
And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad, —  
Poor fellow, it was all he ever had!

A mile or so away, he had a brother, —  
A rich, proud man that people did n't hire;  
But Jo had neither sister, wife, nor mother,  
And baked his corncake at his cabin fire  
After the day's work, hard for you or me,  
But he was never tired, — how could he be?

They called him dull, but he had eyes of quick-  
ness

For everybody that he could befriend;  
Said one and all, "How kind he is in sickness,"  
But there, of course, his goodness had an end.  
Another praise there was might have been given,  
For one or more days out of every seven —

With his old pickax swung across his shoulder,  
And downcast eyes, and slow and sober tread —  
He sought the place of graves, and each beholder  
Wondered and asked some other who was dead;  
But when he digged all day, nobody thought  
That he had done a whit more than he ought.

At length, one winter when the sunbeams slanted  
Faintly and cold across the churchyard snow,  
The bell tolled out, — alas! a grave was wanted,  
And all looked anxiously for Uncle Jo;  
His spade stood there against his own roof-tree,  
There was his pickax too, but where was he?

They called and called again, but no replying;  
Smooth at the window, and about the door,  
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying, —  
He did not need the daylight any more.  
One shook him roughly, and another said,  
"As true as preaching, Uncle Jo is dead!"

And when they wrapped him in the linen, fairer  
And finer, too, than he had worn till then,  
They found a picture, — haply of the sharer  
Of sunny hope some time, or where or when,  
They did not care to know, but closed his eyes  
And placed it in the coffin where he lies!

None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty  
Of the pure love that reached into the grave,  
Nor how in unobtrusive ways of duty  
He kept, despite the dark; but men less brave  
Have left great names, while not a willow bends  
Above his dust, — poor Jo, he had no friends!

ALICE CARY

#### FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis, —  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last, —  
And the fever called "Living"  
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,  
I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move  
As I lie at full length, —  
But no matter! — I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly  
 Now, in my bed,  
 That any beholder  
 Might fancy me dead, —  
 Might start at beholding me,  
 Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
 The sighing and sobbing,  
 Are quieted now,  
 With that horrible throbbing  
 At heart, — ah, that horrible,  
 Horrible throbbing !

The sickness, the nausea,  
 The pitiless pain,  
 Have ceased, with the fever  
 That maddened my brain, —  
 With the fever called "Living"  
 That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures  
 That torture the worst  
 Has abated, — the terrible  
 Torture of thirst  
 For the naphthaline river  
 Of Passion accurst !  
 I have drunk of a water  
 That quenches all thirst, —

Of a water that flows,  
 With a lullaby sound,  
 From a spring but a very few  
 Feet under ground, —  
 From a cavern not very far  
 Down under ground.

And ah ! let it never  
 Be foolishly said  
 That my room it is gloomy  
 And narrow my bed ;  
 For man never slept  
 In a different bed, —  
 And, to *sleep*, you must slumber  
 In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
 Here blandly reposes,  
 Forgetting, or never  
 Regretting, its roses, —  
 Its old agitations  
 Of myrtles and roses :

For now, while so quietly  
 Lying, it fancies  
 A holier odor  
 About it, of pansies, —

A rosemary odor,  
 Commingled with pansies,  
 With rue and the beautiful  
 Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
 Bathing in many  
 A dream of the truth  
 And the beauty of Annie, —  
 Drowned in a bath  
 Of the tresses of Annie.

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

When the light was extinguished,  
 She covered me warm,  
 And she prayed to the angels  
 To keep me from harm, —  
 To the queen of the angels  
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly  
 Now in my bed,  
 (Knowing her love,)  
 That you fancy me dead ; —  
 And I rest so contentedly  
 Now in my bed,  
 (With her love at my breast,)  
 That you fancy me dead, —  
 That you shudder to look at me,  
 Thinking me dead :

But my heart it is brighter  
 Than all of the many  
 Stars in the sky ;  
 For it sparkles with Annie, —  
 It glows with the light  
 Of the love of my Annie,  
 With the thought of the light  
 Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

#### THE LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

AN ANCIENT FUNERAL CHANT OF THE "NORTH COUNTRY,  
 ENGLAND.

THIS æe nighte, this æe nighte,  
 Every nighte and alle :  
 Fire and fleet and candle-light,  
 And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art paste,  
 Every nighte and alle :

To Whimpy-muir thou comes at laste,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gave either hosen or shoon,  
Every nighte and alle :  
Sit thee down and put them on,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

But if hosen or shoon thou never gave neean,  
Every nighte and alle :  
The whimies shall prick thee to the bare beean,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whimpy-muir when thou may passe,  
Every nighte and alle :  
To Brig o' Dread thou comes at laste,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou art paste,  
Every nighte and alle :  
To Purgatory Fire thou comes at laste,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gave either meat or drinke,  
Every nighte and alle :  
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

But if milke or drinke thou never gave neean,  
Every nighte and alle :  
The fire shall burn thee to the bare beean,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

ANONYMOUS.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THE face which, duly as the sun,  
Rose up for me with life begun,  
To mark all bright hours of the day  
With hourly love, is dimmed away, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run  
Smooth music from the roughest stone,  
And every morning with "Good day"  
Make each day good, is hushed away, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one  
For mine to lean and rest upon,  
The strongest on the longest day  
With steadfast love, is caught away, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

And cold before my summer's done,  
And deaf in Nature's general tune,  
And fallen too low for special fear,  
And here, with hope no longer here, —  
While the tears drop, my days go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,  
"This anguish pierces to the bone";  
And tender friends go sighing round,  
"What love can ever cure this wound!"  
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun  
And makes all night. O dreams begun,  
Not to be ended! Ended bliss,  
And life that will not end in this!  
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:  
As one alone, once not alone,  
I sit and knock at Nature's door,  
Heartbare, heart-hungry, very poor,  
Whose desolate days go on.

I knock and cry, — Undone, undone!  
Is there no help, no comfort, — none?  
No gleanings in the wide wheat-plains  
Where others drive their loaded wains?  
My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,  
Thinks kindly of the bird of June:  
The little red hip on the tree  
Is ripe for such. What is for me,  
Whose days so wintery go on!

No bird am I, to sing in June,  
And dare not ask an equal boon.  
Good nests and berries red are Nature's  
To give away to better creatures, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done, —  
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon,  
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet  
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,  
Till days go out which now go on.

From gracious Nature have I won  
Such liberal bounty I may I run  
So, lizard-like, within her side,  
And there be safe, who now am tried  
By days that painfully go on?

— A Voice reproves me thereupon,  
More sweet than Nature's when the drone  
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep  
Than when the rivers overleap  
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's. Night and noon  
He sits upon the great white throne  
And listens for the creatures' praise.  
What babble we of days and days?  
The Day-spring he, whose days go on.

He reigns above, he reigns alone ;  
Systems burn out and leave his throne :  
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall  
Around him, changeless amid all, —  
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.

He reigns below, he reigns alone,  
And, having life in love foregone  
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,  
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns  
Or rules with him, while days go on !

By anguish which made pale the sun,  
I hear him charge his saints that none  
Among his creatures anywhere  
Blaspheme against him with despair,  
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown !  
No mortal grief deserves that crown.  
O supreme Love, chief Misery,  
The sharp regalia are for THINE,  
Whose days eternally go on !

For us, — whatever's undergone,  
Thou knowest, willest what is done.  
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;  
Only the Good discerns the good,  
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won :  
We will not struggle nor impugn.  
Perhaps the cup was broken here,  
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.  
I praise thee while my days go on.

I praise thee while my days go on ;  
I love thee while my days go on ;  
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I thank thee while my days go on.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

[Addressed to his deceased wife, who died in childhood at the age of twenty-two.]

To make my lady's obsequies  
My love a minster wrought,  
And, in the chantry, service there  
Was sung by doleful thought ;  
The tapers were of burning sighs,  
That light and odor gave ;  
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,  
Enluminèd her grave ;

And round about, in quaintest guise,  
Was carved : " Within this tomb there lies  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb  
Of gold and sapphires blue :  
The gold doth show her blessedness,  
The sapphires mark her true ;  
For blessedness and truth in her  
Were lively portrayed,  
When gracious God with both his hands  
Her goodly substance made.  
He framed her in such wondrous wise,  
She was, to speak without disguise,  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more ! my heart doth faint  
When I the life recall  
Of her who lived so free from taint,  
So virtuous deemed by all, —  
That in herself was so complete  
I think that she was ta'en  
By God to deek his paradise,  
And with his saints to reign ;  
Whom while on earth each one did prize  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries :  
All soon or late in death shall sleep ;  
Nor living wight long time may keep  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

From the French of CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS,  
by HENRY FRANCIS CARY

#### DIREO FOR A YOUNG GIRL

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,  
Dark and drear,  
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,  
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her  
Eyes that weep :  
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,  
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining  
Soft and fair,  
Friends she loved in tears are twining  
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,  
Throned above, —  
Souls like thine with God inherit  
Life and love !

JAMES T. FIELDS.



FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN.

FROM "CYMBELINE."

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and t'een thy wages ;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;  
To thee the reed is as the oak ;  
The scepter, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;  
Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan ;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKESPEARE

DEATH THE LEVELER.

[These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell.]

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armor against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;  
Scepter and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
— They tame but one another still ;  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The gulands wither on your brow, —  
Then boast no more your mighty deed ;  
Upon death's purple altar, now  
See where the victor victim bleeds !  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb, —  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIPLEY

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flight of eagle's air,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood,  
Even such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in, and paid to night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The light is past, — and man forgot !

HENRY KING.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD ?

[The following passage is part of a discourse by Abraham Lincoln. It is a beautiful illustration of the vanity of man, and is well worth a read. "I would give a great deal of money to write it, but have never been able to do so. — He was a tall, sturdy man.]

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid ;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in  
Whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs arrayed ;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The lord'sman who climbed with his goat up the steep,  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,

The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed  
That wither away to let others succeed ;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,  
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,  
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would  
think ;  
From the death we are shrinking from, they too  
would shrink,  
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling ;  
But it speeds from the earth, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold ;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers  
will come ;  
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is  
dumb.

They died, — ay ! they died : and we things that  
are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage  
road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the  
dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, —  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

WILLIAM KNOX.

#### VIRTUE IMMORTAL.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and skie :  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
Thy musick shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT

#### MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had, —  
E'en such is man ; whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done. —  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes, — and man he dies !

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that 's new begun,  
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,  
Or like the pearl'd dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan, —  
E'en such is man ; — who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death. —  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended,  
The hour is short, the span is long,  
The swan 's near death, — man's life is done !

SIMON WASTELL

#### IF THOU WILT EASE THINE HEART.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart, —  
Then sleep, dear, sleep !  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes ;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart, —  
Then die, dear, die !  
'T is deeper, sweeter,

Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
 With folded eye ;  
 And then alone, amid the beaming  
 Of love's stars, thou 't meet her  
 In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BRIDGES.

DEATH.

FROM "L'IL GIOIUR."

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,  
 And marked the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose, that 's there,  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And — but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,  
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;  
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
 The first, last look by death revealed !  
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away ;  
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished  
 earth !

LORD BYRON

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life  
 But open war, or slumbered strife ?  
 Where sickness to his sense presents  
 The combat of the elements ;  
 And never feels a perfect peace,  
 Till Death's cold hand signs his release ?

It is a storm — when the hot blood  
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;  
 And each loud passion of the mind  
 Is like a furious gust of wind,  
 Which beats his bark with many a wave,  
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower — which buds and grows  
 And withers as the leaves disclose ;  
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,  
 Like fits of waking before sleep ;  
 Then shrink' into that fatal mold  
 Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream — whose seeming truth  
 Is moralized in age and youth ;  
 Where all the comforts he can share  
 As wandering as his fancies are ;  
 Till in the mist of dark decay  
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial — which points out  
 The sunset as it moves about ;  
 And shadows out in lines of night  
 The subtle stages of Time's flight,  
 Till all-obscuring earth hath hid  
 The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude —  
 Which doth short joys, long woes, include :  
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,  
 The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;  
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
 And leaves no epilogue but death.

HENRY KING

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

HUSBAND and wife ! no converse now ye hold,  
 As once ye did in your young days of love,  
 On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,  
 Its silent meditations and glad hopes,  
 Its tears, its patience, quiet sympathies ;  
 Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss  
 Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares  
 Call you not now together. Earnest talk  
 On what your children may be moves you not.  
 Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence ;  
 Not like to that in which ye rested once  
 Most happy, — silence eloquent, when heart  
 With heart held speech, and your mysterious  
 frames,  
 Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat  
 Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,  
 Insensible, unheeding, folds you round,  
 And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in ;

Away from all the living, here ye rest,  
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,  
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now ; —  
Dread fellowship ! — together, yet alone.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love !  
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds  
Commingling spirits ? Are thoughts that know  
no bounds,

But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out  
The Eternal Mind, the Father of all thought, —  
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb ! —  
Dwellers in darkness, who the illumine realms  
Of uncreated light have visited, and lived ? —  
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne  
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh  
Lifting that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed  
In glory ? — throne before which even now  
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down  
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed ? —  
Souls that thee know by a mysterious sense,  
Thou awful unscen Presence, — are they quenched ?  
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes  
By that bright day which ends not ; as the sun  
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars !

And do our loves all perish with our frames ?  
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,  
And then soft leaves unfolded in the warmth  
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,  
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers ?  
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give  
speech,

And make it send forth winning harmonies,  
That to the cheek do give its living glow,  
And vision in the eye the soul intense  
With that for which there is no utterance, —  
Are these the body's accidents, no more ?  
To live in it, and when that dies go out  
Like the burnt taper's flame ?

O listen, man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,  
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices  
Hymn it around our souls ; according harps,  
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality ;  
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,  
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O listen, ye, our spirits ! drink it in  
From all the air ! 'T is in the gentle moonlight ;  
Is floating in day's setting glories ; Night,  
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears ; —  
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful  
eve,

All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched

By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb ?  
What holds it ! Dust that cumbered those I  
mourn.

They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,  
And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell  
In love, — their God's and angels' ! Mutual love,  
That bound them here, no longer needs a speech  
For full communion ; nor sensations strong,  
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain  
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.  
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each  
By natures new impart themselves, though silent.  
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love,  
Affections sanctified, and the full glow  
Of being, which expand and gladden one,  
By union all mysterious, thrill and live  
In both immortal frames ; — sensation all,  
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and  
thought !

Ye paired, yet one ! wrapt in a consciousness  
Twofold, yet single, — this is love, this life !  
Why call we, then, the square-built monument,  
The upright column, and the low-laid slab  
Tokens of death, memorials of decay ?  
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,  
And learn thy proper nature ; for thou seest  
In these shaped stones and lettered tables figures  
Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those  
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God  
Brought to the old Judeans, — types are these  
Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,

That at this simple grave on which the dawn  
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath  
No close, thou kindly unto my dark mind  
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away  
From this green hillock, whither I had come  
In sorrow, thou art leading me in joy.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

#### THE ENDS OF LIFE.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,  
A beauty fading like the April flowers,  
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,  
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,  
An honor that more fickle is than wind,  
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,  
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,  
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,  
A vain delight our equals to command,

A style of greatness, in effect a dream,  
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,  
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name, —  
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,  
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

◆◆◆

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one home with glee; —  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight, —  
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forest of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid, —  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one, —  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest,  
Above the noble slain;  
He wrapt his colors round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
She faded midst Italian flowers, —  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth —  
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,  
And naught beyond, O earth!

FELICIA HEMANS.

◆◆◆

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

How calm they sleep beneath the shade  
Who once were weary of the strife,  
And bent, like us, beneath the load  
Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace  
And benediction o'er their sod,  
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul  
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here,  
From all that curses yonder town!  
So deep the peace, I almost long  
To lay me down.

For, O, it will be blest to sleep,  
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,  
Till wakened in immortal strength  
And heavenly light!

CLAMMOND KENNEDY.

◆◆◆

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on  
earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

◆◆◆

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

PLUMED ranks of tall wild-cherry  
And birch surround  
The half-hill, solitary  
Old burying-ground.

All the low wall is crumbled  
And overgrown,  
And in the turf lies tumbled  
Stone upon stone.

Only the school-boy, scrambling  
 After his arrow  
 Or lost ball, — searching, trampling  
 The tufts of yarrow,

Of milkweed and slim mullein, —  
 The place disturbs ;  
 Or bowed wise-woman, culling  
 Her magic herbs.

No more the melancholy  
 Dark trains draw near ;  
 The dead possess it wholly  
 This many a year.

The headstones lean, winds whistle,  
 The long grass waves,  
 Rank grow the dock and thistle  
 Over the graves ;

And all is waste, deserted,  
 And drear, as though  
 Even the ghosts departed  
 Long years ago !

The squirrels start forth and chatter  
 To see me pass ;  
 Grasshoppers leap and patter  
 In the dry grass.

I hear the drowsy drumming  
 Of woodpeckers,  
 And suddenly at my coming  
 The quick grouse whirs.

Untouched through all mutation  
 Of times and skies,  
 A bygone generation  
 Around me lies ;

Of high and low condition,  
 Just and unjust,  
 The patient and physician,  
 All turned to dust.

Suns, snows, drouth, cold, birds, blossoms,  
 Visit the spot ;  
 Rains drench the quiet bosoms  
 Which heed them not.

Under an aged willow,  
 The earth my bed,  
 A mossy mound my pillow,  
 I lean my head.

Babe of this mother, dying  
 A fresh young bride,  
 That old, old man is lying  
 Here by her side !

I muse : above me hovers  
 A haze of dreams :  
 Bright maids and laughing lovers,  
 Life's morning gleams ;

The past with all its passions,  
 Its toils and wiles,  
 Its ancient follies, fashions,  
 And tears and smiles ;

With thirsts and fever-rages,  
 And ceaseless pains,  
 Hoarding as for the ages  
 Its little gains !

Fair lives that bloom and wither,  
 Their summer done ;  
 Loved forms with heart-break hither  
 Borne one by one.

Wife, husband, child, and mother,  
 Now reck no more  
 Which mourned on earth the other,  
 Or went before.

The soul, risen from its embers,  
 In its blest state  
 Perchance not even remembers  
 Its earthly fate ;

Nor heeds, in the duration  
 Of spheres sublime,  
 This pebble of creation,  
 This wave of time.

For a swift moment only  
 Such dreams arise :  
 Then, turning from this lonely,  
 Tossed field, my eyes

Through clumps of whortleberry  
 And brier look down  
 Toward yonder cemetery,  
 And modern town,

Where still men build, and marry,  
 And strive, and mourn,  
 And now the dark pall carry,  
 And now are borne.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-  
 YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

[Hark! how the holy calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
In still small accents whispering from the ground  
The grateful earnest of eternal peace.] \*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering  
heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built  
shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Offt did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy  
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted  
vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless  
breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered  
muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

\* Removed by the author from the original poem

Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:—  
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customary hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
Another came, — nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
borne; —  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, —  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose.)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY

#### INSCRIPTION ON MELROSE ABBEY.

THE earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,  
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;  
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,  
The earth says to the earth — All this is ours.

#### THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language: for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice: — Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements;  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round  
all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that read  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there!  
And millions in those solitudes, since first



The flight of years began, have hid them down  
 In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone !  
 So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw  
 In silence from the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
 His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall  
 come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men —  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —  
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side  
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and  
 soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,  
 There lived a Man ; — and WHO WAS HE ?  
 — Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
 That Man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
 The land in which he died unknown :  
 His name has perished from the earth,  
 This truth survives alone : —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
 Alternate triumphed in his breast :  
 His bliss and woe — a smile, a tear !  
 — Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
 The changing spirit's rise and fall, —  
 We know that these were felt by him,  
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered, — but his pangs are o'er ;  
 Enjoyed, — but his delights are fled ;  
 Had friends, — his friends are now no more ;  
 And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave  
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb :  
 O, she was fair, — but naught could save  
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;  
 Encountered all that troubles thee ;  
 He was — whatever thou hast been ;  
 He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
 That once their shades and glory throw,  
 Have left in yonder silent sky  
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
 Their ruins, since the world began,  
 Of him afford no other trace  
 Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN.

LAMB'S MERRY GOSMERE.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCH- YARD, YORKSHIRE.

" It is good for us to be here : if thou wilt, let us make here  
 three chambers, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for  
 Pharoah." — *Matt. xxii. 4.*

METHINKS it is good to be here ;  
 If thou wilt, let us build — but for whom ?  
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
 But the shadows of eve that encypress the gloom,  
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? O, no !  
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away ;  
 For, see ! they would pin him below,  
 In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,  
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? ah, no ! — she forgets  
 The charms which she wielded before —  
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frisks  
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore  
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it  
 wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride —  
 The trappings which dizen the proud ?  
 Alas ! they are all laid aside ;  
 And here 's neither dress nor adornment allowed,  
 But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the  
 shroud.

To Riches ? alas ! 't is in vain ;  
 Who hid, in their turn have been hid :

The treasures are squandered again ;  
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,  
 But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford, —  
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer !  
 Ah ! here is a plentiful board !  
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,  
 And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?  
 Ah, no ! they have withered and died,  
 Or fled with the spirit above ;  
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,  
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

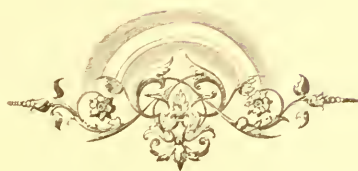
Unto Sorrow ! — The dead cannot grieve ;  
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,

Which compassion itself could relieve !  
 Ah ! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor  
 fear, —  
 Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here !

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?  
 Ah, no ! for his empire is known,  
 And here there are trophies enow !  
 Beneath — the cold dead, and around — the dark  
 stone,  
 Are the signs of a scepter that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,  
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;  
 The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled ;  
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,  
 Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to  
 the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.



POEMS OF RELIGION.



The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And shew'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

'Here on this blessed Thanksgiving night,  
I raise to Thee our grateful voice;  
For what Thou doest, Lord, is right  
And thus believing, we rejoice.'

L. L. Hall and

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart & gather to the eyes  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking on the days that are no more.

Wm. Myerson

# POEMS OF RELIGION.

## THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

[The poem *De Contemptu Mundi* was written in dactylic hexameter Latin verse by Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny who lived in the earlier half of the twelfth century. It contained three thousand lines divided into three books. The poem commences:—

Hora novissima, tempora pessima  
Sunt, vigilemus.  
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter  
Ille supremus.  
Imminet, imminet et mala terminet,  
Æqua coronet,  
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet,  
Æthera donet,  
Auferat aspera duraque pondera  
Mentes onustæ  
Sobria munat, improba punit,  
Utique juste.

Which have been rendered:—

Hours of the latest! times of the basest!  
Our vigil before us!  
Judgment eternal of Being supernal  
Now hanging o'er us!  
Evil to terminate, equity vindicate,  
Cometh the Kingly:  
Righteousness seeing, anxious hearts freeing,  
Crowning each singly,  
Bearing life's weariness, tasting life's bitterness,  
Life as it must be  
Th' righteous retaining, sinners arraigning,  
Judging all justly.

The translation following is of a portion of the poem distinguished by the sub-title "LAUS PATRIE CÆLESTIS."

THE world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late;  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate,—  
The Judge that comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.  
When the just and gentle Monarch  
Shall summon from the tomb,  
Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
For Man, the God, shall doom!

Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead,—  
To the light that hath no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,

The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten  
Shall render up once more  
The kingdom to the FATHER,  
Whose own it was before,  
Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!  
Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion!  
O Paradise of Joy,  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy!  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall;  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise:  
"Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,  
True God and Man," they sing,  
"The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring;

The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of his Court ;  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port !"

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower ;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower !

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile ;  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl thine own ;  
The Lamb is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone.  
The Crown is he to guardon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And he himself the Mansion,  
And he the Architect.

The only art thou needest —  
Thanksgiving for thy lot ;  
The only joy thou seekest —  
The Life where Death is not.  
And all thine endless leisure,  
In sweetest accents, sings  
The ill that was thy merit,  
The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed.  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there !  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare !

And when I fain would sing them,  
My spirit fails and faints ;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Zion,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng ;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the Blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast ;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, paucid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn !  
O sacred, sweet reflection,  
And peace of Seraphim !  
O thirst, forever ardent,  
Yet evermore content !  
O true peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent !  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim ;  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter —  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
The glory of the Elect !  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect !  
Even now by faith I see thee,  
Even here thy walls discern ;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory,  
In me is all my woe ;  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise !  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device !  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart ;  
And none, O peace, O Zion,  
Can sing thee as thou art !

New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite !

Thou City of the Angels !  
Thou City of the Lord !  
Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord !

And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelfefold chorus  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes,  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is Lord in regal state, —  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.  
O fields that know no sorrow !  
O state that fears no strife !  
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !  
O realm and home of Life !

Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore !  
I ask not for my merit,  
I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I ;  
But yet with faith I venture  
And hope upon my way ;  
For those perennial guardians  
I labor night and day.

The best and dearest FATHER,  
Who made me and who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement,  
And from defilement lived,  
When in his strength I struggle,  
For very joy I leap,  
When in my sin I totter,  
I weep, or try to weep :  
Then grace, sweet grace celestial,  
Shall all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Zion !  
O lovelier far than gold,  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold !  
O sweet and blessed Country,  
Shall I ever see thy face ?  
O sweet and blessed Country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace ?  
I have the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless !  
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?  
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

Exult ! O dust and ashes !  
The Lord shall be thy part ;  
His only, his forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !  
Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The Lord shall be thy part ;  
His only, his forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !

Translated from the Latin of BERNARD DE MORLAIX,  
by JOHN MASON NEALE.

## DIES IRÆ.

[A Latin poem by Thomas of Celano (a Neapolitan village), about A. D. 1250. Perhaps no poem has been more frequently translated. A German collector published eighty-seven versions in German. Dr. C. Dies, of Newark, N. J., has made thirty. See also "Seven Great Hymns of the Medieval Church," Randolph & Co., N. Y. The version here given processes the measure of the original.]

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, *die tribulationis et angustie, dies iræ, dominicus de venientia, dies tempestationis et ultionis, dies tribulationis turbans, dies tubæ et clangoris super excelsas montes, et super angulos excelsos* — Sophonias l. 15, 16

THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, a day of trouble and distress, a day of tribulation and devastation, a day of darkness and mourning, a day of sound and dark darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers — Zephaniah l. 15, 16.

I.

DIES iræ, dies illa !  
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,  
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta striete discussurus !

I.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow !  
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,  
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

2.

Ah ! what terror is impending,  
When the Judge is seen descending,  
And each secret veil is rending !

III.  
 Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
 Per sepulera regionum,  
 Coeget omnes ante thronum.

IV.  
 Mors stupebit, et natura,  
 Quum resurget creatura,  
 Judicanti responsura.

V.  
 Liber scriptus proferetur,  
 In quo totum continetur,  
 Unde mundus judicetur.

VI.  
 Index ergo cum sedebit,  
 Quidquid latet, apparebit :  
 Nil inultum remanebit.

VII.  
 Quid sum, miser ! tunc dieturus,  
 Quem patronum rogaturus,  
 Quum vix justus sit securus ?

VIII.  
 Rex tremende majestatis,  
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
 Salva me, fons pietatis !

IX.  
 Recordare, Jesu pie,  
 Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;  
 Ne me perdas illâ die !

X.  
 Quærens me, sedisti lassus,  
 Redemisti, cruce[m] passus :  
 Tantus labor non sit cassus !

XI.  
 Juste Judex ultionis,  
 Donum fac remissionis  
 Ante diem rationis !

XII.  
 Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
 Culpa rubet vultus meus ;  
 Supplicanti parce, Deus !

XIII.  
 Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
 Et latronem exaudisti,  
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

3.  
 To the throne, the trumpet sounding,  
 Through the sepulchers resounding,  
 Summons all, with voice astounding.

4.  
 Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,  
 When, the grave's long slumber breaking,  
 Man to judgment is awaking.

5.  
 On the written Volume's pages,  
 Life is shown in all its stages —  
 Judgment-record of past ages.

6.  
 Sits the Judge, the raised arraiguing,  
 Darkest mysteries explaining,  
 Nothing unavenged remaining.

7.  
 What shall I then say, unfriended,  
 By no advocate attended,  
 When the just are scarce defended ?

8.  
 King of majesty tremendous,  
 By thy saving grace defend us,  
 Fount of pity, safety send us !

9.  
 Holy JESUS, meek, forbearing,  
 For my sins the death-crown wearing,  
 Save me, in that day, despairing !

10.  
 Worn and weary, thou hast sought me ;  
 By thy cross and passion bought me —  
 Spare the hope thy labors brought me !

11.  
 Righteous Judge of retribution,  
 Give, O give me absolution  
 Ere the day of dissolution !

12.  
 As a guilty culprit groaning,  
 Flushed my face, my errors owing,  
 Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

13.  
 Thou to Mary gav'st remission,  
 Heard'st the dying thief's petition,  
 Bad'st me hope in my contrition.



## XIV.

Preces mee non sunt dignæ,  
Sed tu bonus fac benigne  
Ne perenni cremer igne !

## XV.

Inter oves locum presta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra.

## XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acerbis addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis !

## XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis !

## XVIII.

Lacrymosi dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favillâ  
Judicandus homo reus ;  
Huic ergo parce, Deus !

THOMAS À CELANO.

## 14.

In my prayers no grace discerning,  
Yet on me thy favor turning,  
Save my soul from endless burning !

## 15.

Give me, when thy sheep confiding  
Thou art from the goats dividing,  
On thy right a place abiding !

## 16.

When the wicked are confounded,  
And by bitter flames surrounded,  
Be my joyful pardon sounded !

## 17.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,  
Heart as though to ashes turning ;  
Save, O save me from the burning !

## 18.

Day of weeping, when from ashes  
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes, —  
Guilty, trembling with contrition,  
Save him, Father, from perdition !

JOHN A. DIX.

## STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

[A Latin poem, written in the thirteenth century by Jacopone, a Franciscan friar, of Umbria. Of this and the two preceding poems Dr. Neale says: "The *De Contemptu* is the most lovely, the *Dies Irae* the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic, of mediæval poems."]

## I.

STABAT Mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat filius ;  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransiuit gladius.

## II.

O quam tristis et afflicta,  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater unigeniti,  
Quæ morerebat et dolerebat,  
Pia mater, dum videbat  
Nati puerum inclyti !

## III.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,  
Christi matrem si videret  
In tanto supplicio ?  
Quis non posset contristari  
Piam matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum filio ?

## 1.

STOOD the afflicted mother weeping,  
Near the cross her station keeping  
When on hung her Son and Lord ;  
Through whose spirit sympathizing,  
Sorrowing and agonizing,  
Also passed the cruel sword.

## 2.

Oh ! how mournful and distressed  
Was that favored and most blessed  
Mother of the only Son,  
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,  
While perceiving, scarce believing,  
Pains of that Illustrious One !

## 3.

Who the man, who, called a brother,  
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother  
In such deep distress and wild ?  
Who could not sad tribute render  
Witnessing that mother tender  
Agonizing with her child ?

## IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,  
 Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
     Et flagellis sublitum.  
 Vidit suum dulcem natum,  
 Morientem, desolatam.  
     Dum emisit spiritum.

## V.

Eia mater, fons amoris,  
 Me sentire vim doloris  
     Fac, ut tecum lugeam.  
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
 In amando Christum Deum,  
     Ut illi compleaceam.

## VI.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
 Crucifixi fige plagas  
     Cordi meo valide.  
 Tui nati vulnerati,  
 Tam dignati pro me pati,  
     Penas mecum divide.

## VII.

Fac me vere tecum flere,  
 Crucifixo condolere,  
     Donec ego vixero ;  
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
 Et tibi me sociare  
     In planctu desidero.

## VIII.

Virgo virginum præclara,  
 Mihi jam non sis amara ;  
     Fac me tecum plangere ;  
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
 Passionis fac consortem,  
     Et plagas recolare.

## IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
 Cruce hæc inebriari,  
     Et cruore filii ;  
 Inflammatus et accensus,  
 Per te, Virgo, sim defensus  
     In die judicii.

## X.

Fac me cruce custodiri,  
 Morte Christi præmuniri,  
     Confoveri gratia.  
 Quando corpus morietur,  
 Fac ut animæ donetur  
     Paradisi gloria.

## 4.

For his people's sins atoning,  
 Him she saw in torments groaning,  
     Given to the scourger's rod ;  
 Saw her darling offspring dying,  
 Desolate, forsaken, crying,  
     Yield his spirit up to God.

## 5.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,  
 That with thee I tears may shower,  
     Tender mother, fount of love !  
 Make my heart with love unceasing  
 Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing  
     I may be to him above.

## 6.

Holy mother, this be granted,  
 That the slain one's wounds be planted  
     Firmly in my heart to bide.  
 Of him wounded, all astounded —  
 Depths unbounded for me sounded —  
     All the pangs with me divide.

## 7.

Make me weep with thee in union ;  
 With the Crucified, communion  
     In his grief and suffering give ;  
 Near the cross, with tears unailing,  
 I would join thee in thy wailing  
     Here as long as I shall live.

## 8.

Maid of maidens, all excelling !  
 Be not bitter, me repelling ;  
     Make thou me a mourner too ;  
 Make me bear about Christ's dying,  
 Share his passion, shame defying ;  
     All his wounds in me renew.

## 9.

Wound for wound be there created ;  
 With the cross intoxicated  
     For thy Son's dear sake, I pray —  
 May I, fired with pure affection,  
 Virgin, have through thee protection  
     In the solemn Judgment Day.

## 10.

Let me by the cross be warded,  
 By the death of Christ be guarded,  
     Nourished by divine supplies.  
 When the body death hath riven,  
 Grant that to the soul be given  
     Glories bright of Paradise.

## VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

[This hymn was written in the tenth century by Robert II., the gentle son of Hugh Capet. It is often mentioned as second in rank to the *Dies Iræ*.]

|  |  |
|--|--|
| I.   | 1.   |
| VENI, Sancte Spiritus,<br>Et emitte cœlitus<br>Lucis tue radium.             | COME, Holy Ghost ! thou fire divine !<br>From highest heaven on us down shine !<br>Comforter, be thy comfort mine !      |
| II.  | 2.   |
| Veni, pater pauperum,<br>Veni, dator munerum,<br>Veni, lumen cordium.        | Come, Father of the poor, to earth ;<br>Come, with thy gifts of precious worth ;<br>Come, Light of all of mortal birth ! |
| III.   | 3.   |
| Consolator optime,<br>Dulcis hospes animæ,<br>Dulce refrigerium.             | Thou rich in comfort ! Ever blest<br>The heart where thou art constant guest,<br>Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.        |
| IV.  | 4.   |
| In labore requies,<br>In æstu temperies,<br>In fletu solatium.               | Come, thou in whom our toil is sweet,<br>Our shadow in the noon-day heat,<br>Before whom mourning flieth fleet.          |
| V.   | 5.   |
| O lux beatissima !<br>Reple cordis intima,<br>Tuorum fidelium.               | Bright Sun of Grace ! thy sunshine dart<br>On all who cry to thee apart,<br>And fill with gladness every heart.          |
| VI.  | 6.   |
| Sine tuo numine,<br>Nihil est in homine,<br>Nihil est innocuum.              | What'e'r without thy aid is wrought,<br>Or skillful deed, or wisest thought,<br>God counts it vain and merely naught.    |
| VII.   | 7.   |
| Lava quod est sordidum,<br>Riga quod est aridum,<br>Sana quod est saucium.   | O cleanse us that we sin no more,<br>O'er parchèd souls thy waters pour ;<br>Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.        |
| VIII.  | 8.   |
| Flecte quod est rigidum,<br>Fove quod est frigidum,<br>Rege quod est devium. | Thy will be ours in all our ways ;<br>O melt the frozen with thy rays ;<br>Call home the lost in error's maze.           |
| IX.  | 9.   |
| Da tuis fidelibus,<br>In te confidentibus,<br>Sacrum septenarium ;           | And grant us, LORD, who cry to thee,<br>And hold the Faith in unity,<br>Thy precious gifts of charity ;                  |
| X.   | 10.  |
| Da virtutis meritum,<br>Da salutis exitum,<br>Da perenne gaudium !           | That we may live in holiness,<br>And find in death our happiness,<br>And dwell with thee in lasting bliss !              |

## VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

[This hymn, one of the most important in the service of the Latin Church, has been sometimes attributed to the Emperor Charlemagne. The better opinion, however, inclines to Pope Gregory 1., called the Great, as the author, and fixes its origin somewhere in the Sixth Century.]

I.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,  
Mentes tuorum visita,  
Imple superna gratia,  
Quæ tu creasti pectora.

II.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,  
Altissimi donum Dei,  
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,  
Et spiritalis unctio.

III.

Tu septiformis munere,  
Dextre Dei tu digitus  
Tu rite promissum Patris,  
Sermonem ditans guttura.

IV.

Accende lumen sensibus,  
Infunde amorem cordibus,  
Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

V.

Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque dones protinus :  
Ductore sic te prævio  
Vitæ omne noxium.

VI.

Per te sciamus de Patrem,  
Noscamus atque Filium ;  
Te utriusque Spiritum  
Credamus omni tempore.

VII.

Deo Patri sit gloria  
Et Filio qui a mortuis  
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,  
In sæculorum sæcula.

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

1.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every pious mind,  
Come pour thy joys on human kind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete !  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

3.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy !  
Thou strength of his almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command !  
Proceeding Spirit, our defense,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

4.

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;  
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts !  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul ;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay thy hand and hold 'em down.

5.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us on the way.

6.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe ;  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by thee.

7.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

## VEXILLA REGIS.

THE Royal Banners forward go ;  
The cross shines forth in mystic glow ;  
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid ;

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,  
Life's torrent rushing from his side,  
To wash us in that precious flood  
Where mingled water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told  
In true prophetic song of old ;  
Amidst the nations God, saith he,  
Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

O Tree of Beauty ! Tree of Light !  
O Tree with royal purple dight !  
Elect on whose triumphal breast  
Those holy limbs should find their rest ;

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,  
The weight of this world's ransom hung,  
The price of human kind to pay,  
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey !

O Cross, our one reliance, hail !  
This holy Passion-tide, avail  
To give fresh merit to the saint,  
And pardon to the penitent.

To thee, eternal Three in One,  
Let homage meet by all be done ;  
Whom by the Cross thou dost restore,  
Preserve and govern evermore !

From the Latin of VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS,  
by JOHN MASON NEALE.

## LITANY.

SAVIOR, when in dust to thee  
Low we bend the adoring knee ;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, —  
O, by all thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany !

By thy helpless infant years ;  
By thy life of want and tears ;  
By thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness ;  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power, —  
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode ;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within thy fold, —  
From thy seat above thy sky  
Hear our solemn litany !

By thine hour of dire despair ;  
By thine agony of prayer ;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany !

By thy deep expiring groan ;  
By the sad sepulchral stone ;  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God !  
O, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, reascended Lord, —  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany !

SIR ROBERT GRANT

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick at heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomforted,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the leech,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his potion and his pill  
Has or none or little skill,  
Meet for nothing but to kill, —  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth toll,  
And the Furies, in a shoal,  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
And I nod to what is said  
Because my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'd  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damas me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed,  
When to thee I have appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT DERRICK.

—•—  
GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;  
Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Three in one!  
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;  
Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone;  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er! —  
Being whom we call God — and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean deep, — may count  
The sands or the sun's rays, — but God! for thee  
There is no weight nor measure; — none can  
mount

Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try  
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so  
high,

Even like past moments in eternity  
Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,  
First chaos, then existence; — Lord! on thee

Eternity had its foundation; — all  
Sprung forth from thee, of light, joy, harmony,  
Sole origin; — all life, all beauty, thine,  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious,  
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe sur-  
round;  
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from  
thee,

And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,  
Wander unweari'd through the blue abyss;  
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Pyres of crystal light,  
A glorious company of golden streams,  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,  
Suns lighting systems with their joyful beams!  
But thou to these art as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in thee is lost; —  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?  
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered  
host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance weighed  
Against thy greatness, — is a cipher brought  
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!  
Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;  
Yes, — *my* spirit doth thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high  
Even to the throne of thy divinity.

I am, O God! and surely *thou* must be!  
Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!  
Direct my understanding thou to thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;  
Though but an atom midst immensity,  
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand.  
I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!  
The chain of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step is spirit — Deity!

I can command the lightning, and am dust !  
A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !  
Whence came I here, and how ? so marvelously  
Constructed and conceived ? Unknown ! this  
    clod

Lives surely through some higher energy ;  
For from itself alone it could not be !  
Creator, yes ! Thy wisdom and thy word  
Created *me* ! Thou source of life and good !  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !  
Thy light, thy love, in the bright plenitude,  
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere  
Even to its source, — to thee, its author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !  
Though worthless our conception all of thee,  
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And wait its homage to thy Deity.  
God ! thine alone my lonely thought can soar ;  
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good ;  
Mild thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;  
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

FROM THE POEM OF DEEZHAVIN,  
by DR. POWELL.

— • —  
DESIRE.

Thou, who dost dwell alone ;  
Thou, who dost know thine own ;  
Thou, to whom all are known,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
    Save, O, save !

From the world's temptations ;  
From tribulations ;  
From that fierce anguish  
Wherein we languish ;  
From that torpor deep  
Wherein we lie asleep,  
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,  
    Save, O, save !

When the soul, growing clearer,  
Sees God no nearer ;  
When the soul, mounting higher,  
To God comes no nigher ;  
But the arch-fiend Pride  
Mounts at her side,  
Foiling her high emprise,  
Scaling her eagle eyes,  
And, when she fain would soar,  
Makes idols to adore ;  
Changing the pure emotion  
Of her high devotion,

To a skin-deep sense  
Of her own eloquence ;  
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave, —  
    Save, O, save !

From the ingrained fashion  
Of this earthly nature  
That mar thy creature ;  
From grief, that is but passion ;  
From mirth, that is but logging ;  
From tears, that bring no healing ;  
From wild and weak complaining ;  
Thine old strength revealing,  
    Save, O, save !

From doubt, where all is double,  
Where wise men are not sane ;  
Where comfort turns to trouble,  
Where just men suffer wrong ;  
Where sorrow treads on joy,  
Where sweet things come to cloy ;  
Where faiths are built on dust,  
Where love is half not true ;  
Hungry, and barren, and as sharp as the sea ;  
    O, set us free !

O, let the false dream fly  
Where our sick souls do lie,  
Tossing continually,  
O, where thy voice doth come,  
Let all doubts be dumb ;  
Let all words be mild ;  
All strife be reconciled ;  
All pains beguiled.  
Light bring no blindness ;  
Love no unkindness,  
Knowledge no ruin ;  
Fear no undoing,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
    Save, O, save !

NEWSPAPER QUOTED

— • —  
MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

My God, I love thee ! not because  
I hope for heaven thereby ;  
Nor because those who love thee not  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace !  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
Yea, death itself, — and all for one  
That was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love thee well ?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward ;  
But as thyself hast lovèd me,  
O everlasting Lord !

E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing, —  
Solely because thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

From the Latin of ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,  
by EDWARD CASWALL.

#### THE NEW JERUSALEM.

[Founded on a Latin hymn of the eighth century, obscurely traced, as to its original conception, to St. Augustine.]

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee !  
When shall my sorrows have an end, —  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbor of God's saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No dimly cloud o'er shadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darkness night ;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
Thy gates are all of orient pearl, —  
O God ! if I were there !

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
Thy joys when shall I see ? —  
The King sitting upon thy throne,  
And thy felicity ?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with pleasing sound  
The flood of life doth flow ;  
And on the banks, on every side,  
The trees of life do grow.

Those trees each month yield ripened fruit ;  
Forevermore they spring,

And all the nations of the earth  
To thee their honors bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place  
Full sore I long to see ;  
O that my sorrows had an end,  
That I might dwell in thee !

I long to see Jerusalem,  
The comfort of us all ;  
For thou art fair and beautiful, —  
None ill can thee befall.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,  
No glittering star to light ;  
For Christ the King of Righteousness  
Forever shineth bright.

O, passing happy were my state,  
Might I be worthy found  
To wait upon my God and King,  
His praises there to sound !

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !  
Thy joys fain would I see ;  
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
And take me home to thee !

DAVID DICKSON

#### DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS.

DROP, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beauteous feet  
Which brought from heaven  
The news and prince of peace !  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
His mercies to entreat ;  
To cry for vengeance  
Sin doth never cease ;  
In your deep floods  
Drown all my faults and fears ;  
Nor let his eye  
See sin but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

#### DARKNESS IS THINNING.

DARKNESS is thinning ; shadows are retreating ;  
Morning and light are coming in their beauty ;  
Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,  
God the Almighty !

So that our Master, having mercy on us,  
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,  
Granting us, Father, of thy loving-kindness  
Glory hereafter !



This, of his mercy, ever-blessed Godhead,  
 Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us, —  
 Whom through the wide world celebrate forever  
 Blessing and glory!

From the Latin of ST. GREGORY THE GREAT,  
 by J. M. NEALE.

DELIGHT IN GOD.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth, —  
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore good ;  
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;  
 She is my tender nurse, she gives me food :  
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with  
 thee ?  
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air, — her dainty sweets refresh  
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;  
 Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their  
 flesh,  
 And with their polyphonic notes delight me :  
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that she  
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee ?

I love the sea, — she is my fellow-creature,  
 My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;  
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;  
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :  
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,  
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,  
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;  
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,  
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :  
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to  
 thee ?  
 Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to  
 me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;  
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;  
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;  
 Without thy presence, heaven's itself no pleas-  
 ure :  
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,  
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The highest honors that the world can boast  
 Are subjects far too low for my desire ;  
 The brightest beams of glory are, at most,  
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire ;  
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle be  
 But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares ;  
 Wisdom but folly ; joy, disquiet — sadness ;

Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;  
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing  
 madness ;  
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,  
 Nor have their being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I ?  
 Not having thee, what have my labors got ?  
 Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I ?  
 And having thee alone, what have I not ?  
 I wish nor sea nor land ; nor would I be  
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of  
 thee !

FRANCIS QUARLES.

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,  
 Whercin to dwell ;  
 A little house, whose humble roof  
 Is weather-proof,  
 Under the spars of which I lie  
 Both soft and dry ;  
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward,  
 Hast set a guard  
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
 Me while I sleep.  
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
 Both void of state ;  
 And yet the threshold of my door  
 Is worn by the poor,  
 Who hither come, and freely get  
 Good words or meat.  
 Like as my parlor, so my hall,  
 And kitchen small ;  
 A little battery, and therein  
 A little bin,  
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
 Unchipt, unlead.  
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier  
 Make me a fire,  
 Close by whose living coal I sit,  
 And glow like it.  
 Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,  
 The pulse is thine,  
 And all those other bits that be  
 There placed by thee.  
 The worts, the parsley, and the mess  
 Of water-cress,  
 Which of thy kindness thou hast sent :  
 And my content  
 Makes those, and my beloved be,  
 To be more sweet.  
 'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
 With guiltless mirth ;  
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
 Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand  
That sows my land :  
All this, and better, dost thou send  
Me for this end :  
That I should render for my part  
A thankful heart,  
Which, fired with incense, I resign  
As wholly thine :  
But the acceptance — that must be,  
O Lord, by thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

“WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS, NEI-  
THER SHADOW OF TURNING.”

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so  
That, howso'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, 'Thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

## TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? O, rather say,  
One went to brag, the other to pray ;  
One stands up close and treads on high,  
Where the other dares not lend his eye ;  
One nearer to God's altar trod,  
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon ;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;  
My bottle of salvation ;  
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage !  
Blood must be my body's 'balm,  
No other balm will there be given ;  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Traveleth towards the land of Heaven,  
Over the silver mountains  
Where spring the nectar fountains.  
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,  
And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill.  
My soul will be a-dry before,  
But after, it will thirst no more.  
Then by that happy, blissful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,

That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk appareled fresh like me.  
I'll take them first to quench their thirst,  
And taste of nectar's suckets  
At those clear wells where sweetness dwells  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.  
And when our bottles and all we  
Are filled with immortality,  
Then the blest paths we'll travel,  
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel, —  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.  
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl ;  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forged accuser, bought or sold,  
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the King's Attorney ;  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees ;  
And when the grand twelve-million jury  
Of our sins, with direful fury,  
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.  
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeeder !  
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms, —  
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.  
And this is mine eternal plea  
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
That, since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head :  
Then am I, like a palmer, fit  
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.  
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, — to keep  
The harrier lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour,  
Or rag'd to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look, and sour ?

No! 't is a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate, —  
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent ;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin, —  
And that 's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

LONG pored St. Austin o'er the sacred page,  
And doubt and darkness overspread his mind ;  
On God's mysterious being thought the Sage,  
The Triple Person in one Godhead joined.  
The more he thought, the harder did he find  
To solve the various doubts which fast arose ;  
And as a ship, caught by imperious wind,  
Tosses where chance its shattered body throws,  
So tossed his troubled soul and nowhere found  
repose.

Heated and feverish, then he closed his tome,  
And went to wander by the ocean-side,  
Where the cool breeze at evening loved to come,  
Murmuring responsive to the murmuring tide ;  
And as Augustine o'er its margin wide  
Strayed, deeply pondering the puzzling theme,  
A little child before him he espied :  
In earnest labor did the urchin seem,  
Working with heart intent close by the sounding  
stream.

He looked, and saw the child a hole had scooped,  
Shallow and narrow in the shining sand,  
O'er which at work the laboring infant stooped,  
Still pouring water in with busy hand.  
The saint addressed the child in accents bland :  
"Fair boy," quoth he, "I pray what toil is thine ?  
Let me its end and purpose understand."  
The boy replied : "An easy task is mine,  
To sweep into this hole all the wide ocean's brine."

"O foolish boy !" the saint exclaimed, "to hope  
That the broad ocean in that hole should lie !"  
"O foolish saint !" exclaimed the boy : "thy scope  
Is still more hopeless than the toil I ply,  
Who think 'st to comprehend God's nature high  
In the small compass of thine human wit !  
Sooner, Augustine, sooner far, shall I  
Confine the ocean in this tiny pit,  
Than finite minds conceive God's nature infinite !"

ANONYMOUS.

## I WOULD I WERE AN EXCELLENT DIVINE—

I WOULD I were an excellent divine  
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends ;  
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine  
How God doth make his enemies his friends ;  
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer  
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,  
But a religious servant of my God ;  
And know there is none other God but he,  
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod, —  
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,  
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,  
For all estates within the state of grace,  
That careful love might never know despair,  
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface ;  
And this would I both day and night devise  
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life ;  
Persuade the troubled soul to patience ;  
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,  
To child and servant due obedience ;  
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,  
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,  
Confession unto all that are convicted,  
And patience unto all that are displeased,  
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,  
And mercy unto all that have offended,  
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

## DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

"LIVE while you live !" the epicure would say,  
"And seize the pleasures of the present day !"  
"Live while you live !" the sacred Preacher cries,  
"And give to God each moment as it flies !"  
Lord, in my view let both united be,  
I live in pleasure while I live to thee.

PHILIP DODDERS.

## ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair : thyself how wondrous then  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in Heaven,  
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou  
 fall'st

Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fleest,  
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wandering fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light,  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise,  
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON

## PRAISE.

To write a verse or two is all the praise  
 That I can raise;  
 Mould my estate in any wayes,  
 Thou shalt have more—

I go to church, help me to wings, and I  
 Will thather thee,  
 Or, if I mount unto the skie,  
 I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse there is no such thing  
 As Prince or King,  
 His arm is short, yet with a sling  
 He may do more.

A herb distilled, and drunk, may dwell next doore,  
 On the same floore,  
 To a brave soul: Exalt the poore,  
 They can do more.

O, raise me then! poore bees, that work all day,  
 Sting my delay,  
 Who have a work, as well as they,  
 And much, much more.

GEORGE HERBERT

## UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?  
*Yes, to the very end.*  
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
*From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?  
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
*You cannot miss that inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
*Those who have gone before.*  
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
*They will not keep you standing at that door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
*Of labor you shall find the rest.*  
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
*Yea, beds for all who come.*

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

## THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,  
 Lead thou me on!  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
 Lead thou me on!  
 Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
 Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years,  
So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

## THE CHURCH PORCH

THOU whose sweet youth and early hopes advance,  
Thy rite and praise, and mark thee for a trace;  
Hearken unto a Verse, who may chance  
Rhyme thee to good, and make a lad of passion:  
A verse may bid him who a woman likes,  
And turn delight into a wishless.

When thou dost purpose aught (with in thy power),  
Be sure to do it, though it be but small;  
Constancy ends the bonny, and makes a dowry;  
When wanton pleasures seek us to third,  
Who breaks his own bond, looks both for good,  
What nature made a ship, he makes a shell.

By all means use sometimes to be alone,  
Salute thyself: see what the soul doth yearn;  
Dare to look in thy chest: for 'tis there own:  
And tumble up and down what thou find at there.  
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finds,  
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his  
maids.

In clothes, dress, handsomeness doth beareth all  
Wisdom: a trimmer thing than shape or gear:  
Say not then, This with that use will do well;  
But, This with my discret on will be brew:  
Much curiosity is a perpetual weary;  
Nothing, with labor, busy, long a doing.

When once thy foot enters the church, be here  
God is more there than thou: for thou art there  
Only by his permission. Then beware,  
And make thyself all reverence and fear.  
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings: quit  
thy state;  
All equal are within the church's gate.

Preach to sermons, but to prayers most  
Pressing: the end of preaching: O, be drest:  
Stay not for the other part: why thou hast lost  
A joy for it worth words. Thus had doth rest  
Away thy blessings, and extremely float thee,  
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose  
about thee.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge:  
If thou marks him, thou conceivest his intent:  
God earnestly preaching boldly: Do not grieve  
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:  
The worst speak something good: if all want  
— some  
God takes a text, and preacheth: yet some  
— some

## ANCIENT HYMN

AKI thou weary, art thou languid, art thou  
— some  
"Come to me," saith One — and, "coming  
Be at rest!"  
Hush be mark to lead me to him: and he be  
— some  
In his feet are hands are wound-prints,  
And his side,  
Is there is a sign, his search, that his brow  
— some  
Yes — a crown, in very society, —  
But of thorns.  
If I find him, if I know, what his gate and  
— some  
Man's a man, a man's a man,  
— some  
If I see hold, hold, to him, what both heart  
— some  
Sorrow was made, how ended,  
— some  
Jordan passed?  
If I see him to receive me, will he say me  
— some  
Not bid earth, but bid him heaven,  
— some  
Pass away?  
Then sing, follow me, sleeping, struggling, —  
— some  
Come to me?  
Angels, martyrs, prophets, pagans,  
Answer "Yes!"

ANSWER

## TO HEAVEN APPROACHED A SUFFRINT

Thy power, a power, a power,  
From groping to the darkness,  
And, tapping to the end of earth,  
Besought admission at God's gate  
— some  
and God, "If I seek to enter here?"  
— some  
"Tis I, dear Friend, the Saint request  
And trembling much with hope and fear  
— some  
"If it be thou, without a fee."  
— some  
Early to earth the poor Saint turned,  
To bear the scourging of life's rods;  
But was his heart with love yearned  
To mix and lose his love in God's.  
— some  
He roamed alone through weary years,  
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,  
Upheld from faith a pure fire, and  
— some  
Again he rose, and modest kneered.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"  
"It is thyself, beloved Lord,"

Answered the Saint, in doubt no more,  
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

From the Persian of DSCHELLALODIN KUMI,  
by WILLIAM K. ALGER.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death!

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

PRAYER.

O God! though sorrow be my fate,  
And the world's hate  
For my heart's faith pursue me,  
My peace they cannot take away;  
From day to day  
Thou dost anew imbue me;  
Thou art not far; a little while  
Thou hid'st thy face with brighter smile  
Thy father-love to show me.

Lord, not my will, but thine, be done;  
If I sink down  
When men to terrors leave me,  
Thy father-love still warms my breast;  
All's for the best;  
Shall man have power to grieve me,  
When bliss eternal is my goal,  
And thou the keeper of my soul,  
Who never will deceive me?

Thou art my shield, as saith the Word.  
Christ Jesus, Lord,  
Thou standest pitying by me,

And lookest on each grief of mine  
And if 't were thine:

What, then, though foes may try me,  
Though thorns be in my path concealed?  
World, do thy worst! God is my shield!  
And will be ever nigh me.

Translated from MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load:

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright —  
Though strength should falter and though heart  
should bleed —  
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,  
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night;  
Lead me, O Lord — till perfect day shall shine —  
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
The martyrs' ashes, watched,  
Shall gathered be at last;  
And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath;  
And vain is Satan's boast  
Of victory in their death;

Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one availing name.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER,  
by W. J. FOX.

#### THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[The author of this poem, one of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII, was burnt and bath at Southfield in 1549. It was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

LIKE as the armed Knighte,  
Appointed to the field,  
With this world wil I fight,  
And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,  
Which wil not faile at nede;  
My foes therefore amonge,  
Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,  
And fores of Christes waye,  
It wil prevaile at lengthe,  
Though all the devils saye *noye*.

Faith of the fathers olde  
Obtained right witness,  
Which makes me verye bolde  
To fear no worldes distresse.

I now rejoyce in harte,  
And hope bids me do so;  
For Christ wil take my part,  
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,  
To them wilt thou attende;  
Undo, therefore, the locke,  
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have  
Than bees upon my head;  
Let them not me deprave,  
But fight thou in my stede.

On thee my care I cast,  
For all their cruell spight;  
I set not by their hast,  
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list  
My anker to let fall  
For every drishing mist;  
My shippe's substancial.

Not oft I use to wright  
In prose, nor yet in ryme;  
Yet wil I shewe one sight,  
That I sawe in my time:

I sawe a royall throne,  
Where Justice shulde have sitte;  
But in her stede was One  
Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwisness,  
As by the raginge floude;  
Sathan, in his excess,  
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I, Jesus, Lorde,  
When thou shalt judge us all,  
Heard it to be corde  
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,  
For that they doe to me,  
Let them not taste the hire  
Of their iniquitie.

ANNI A KEWE

#### HOW LONG?

My God, it is not fretfulness  
That makes me say, "How long!"  
It is not heaviness of heart  
That hinders me in song;  
'Tis not despair of truth and right,  
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope  
Of glory and of home,  
With such a joy before my eyes,  
Not wish the time we come,—  
Of years the jubilee, of days  
The Sabbath and the sun?

These years, what ages they have begun!  
This life, how long it seems!  
And how can I, in evil days,  
Mid unknown hills and streams,  
But sigh for those of home and heart,  
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart, and hush, my tongue;  
Be calm, my troubled breast;  
Each restless hour is hastening on  
The everlasting rest:  
Thou knowest that the time thy God  
Appoints for thee is best.

Let faith, not fear, nor fretfulness,  
Awake the cry, "How long!"  
Let no faint-heartedness of soul  
Damp thy aspiring song:  
Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs  
Of error and of wrong.

HORATIO BONAR

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more  
 bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he returning chide;  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his  
 state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON.

## SAID I NOT SO?

SAID I not so, — that I would sin no more?  
 Witness, my God, I did:  
 Yet I am run again upon the score:  
 My faults cannot be hid.  
 What shall I do? — Make vows and break them  
 still?  
 'T will be but labor lost;  
 My good cannot prevail against mine ill:  
 The business will be crost.  
 O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength  
 Thy God may give thee at the length.  
 Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,  
 Thy God will pardon all that's past.  
 Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow,  
 thou mayst  
 Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.  
 Thy God hath not denied thee all,  
 Whilst he permits thee but to call.  
 Call to thy God for grace to keep  
 Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.  
 Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:  
 Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.  
 Then once again  
 I vow to mend my ways;  
 Lord, say Amen,  
 And thine be all the praise.

GEORGE HERBERT

## HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEous God! uncircumscrib'd treasure  
 Of an eternal pleasure!  
 Thy throne is seated far  
 Above the highest star,

Where thou prepar'st a glorious place,  
 Within the brightness of thy face,  
 For every spirit  
 To inherit  
 That builds his hopes upon thy merit,  
 And loves thee with a holy charity.  
 What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes  
 Clear as the morning rise,  
 Can speak, or think, or see  
 That bright eternity,  
 Where the great King's transparent throne  
 Is of an entire jasper stone?  
 There the eye  
 O' the chrysolite,  
 And a sky  
 Of diamonds, rubies, chryso-prase, —  
 And above all thy holy face, —  
 Makes an eternal charity.  
 When thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day  
 Remember us, we pray, —  
 That where the beryl lies,  
 And the crystal 'bove the skies,  
 There thou mayest appoint us place  
 Within the brightness of thy face, —  
 And our soul  
 In the scroll  
 Of life and blissfulness enroll,  
 That we may praise thee to eternity. Allelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOR

## "ROCK OF AGES."

"Such hymns are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We carry them with us upon our journey. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plow with sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life food of the sweetest joy."—HENRY WARD BEECHER

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"  
 Thoughtlessly the maiden sang,  
 Fell the words unconsciously  
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue;  
 Sang as little children sing;  
 Sang as sing the birds in June;  
 Fell the words like light leaves down  
 On the current of the tune, —  
 "Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee." —  
 Felt her soul no need to hide, —  
 Sweet the song as song could be,  
 And she had no thought beside;  
 All the words unheedingly  
 Fell from lips untouched by care,  
 Dreaming not that they might be  
 On some other lips a prayer. —  
 "Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee."



"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"

"T was a woman sung them now,  
Pleadingly and prayerfully ;

Every word her heart did know.  
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird  
Beats with weary wing the air,  
Every note with sorrow stirred,

Every syllable a prayer, —  
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—

Lips grown aged sung the hymn  
Trustingly and tenderly,

Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim, —  
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

Trembling though the voice and low,  
Rose the sweet strain peacefully

Like a river in its flow ;

Sung as only they can sing  
Who life's thorny path have passed ;

Sung as only they can sing  
Who behold the promised rest, —

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"

Sung above a coffin lid ;

Underneath, all restfully,  
All life's joys and sorrows hid.

Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul !

Nevermore from wind or tide,

Nevermore from billow's roll,  
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes,  
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,

Could the mute and stiffened lips

Move again in pleading prayer,  
Still, aye still, the words would be, —

"Let me hide myself in Thee."

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER ! thy wonders do not singly stand,  
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;  
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,  
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.  
In finding thee are all things round us found ;  
In losing thee are all things lost beside ;  
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound ;  
And to our eyes the vision is denied.  
We wander in the country far remote,  
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell ;  
Or on the records of past greatness dote,  
And for a buried soul the living sell ;  
While on our path bewildered falls the night  
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

#### HEAVEN.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,  
Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
Where love becomes immortal ;

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal ;  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,  
How bright and fair its flowers ;  
We may not hear the songs that echo there,  
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision,  
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opens the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky  
A fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar  
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !  
Father, all-wise, eternal !  
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine  
Into those pastures vernal !

NANCY A. W. PRIEST

#### "ONLY WAITING."

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."] ]

ONLY waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown ;  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart, once full of day ;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home,  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly  
The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
 Open wide the mystic gates,  
 At whose feet I long have lingered,  
 Weary, poor, and desolate:  
 Even now I hear the footsteps,  
 And their voices far away,  
 If they call me, I am waiting,  
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown,  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown,  
 Then from out the gathered darkness,  
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
 By whose light my soul shall gladly  
 Pread its pathway to the skies.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR

## THE SOUL.

COME, Brother, turn with me from pinning  
 thought  
 And all the inward ills that sin has wrought;  
 Come, soul abroad a love for all who live,  
 And feel the deep content in turn they give.  
 Kind wishes and good deeds, they make not  
 poor;  
 Thy'll home again, full laden, to thy door;  
 The streams of love flow back where they begin,  
 For springs of outward joys lie deep within.  
 Even let them flow, and make the places glad  
 Where dwelleth thy fellow men. Shouldst thou beset,  
 An Earth so barren bare, and hours, once happy, press  
 Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness  
 More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear  
 The music of those waters running near,  
 And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,  
 And thine eye gladden with the playing beam  
 That now upon the water dances, now  
 Leaps up and dances in the hanging bough.  
 Is it not lovely?—Tell me, where doth dwell  
 The power that wrought so beautiful a spell  
 In thine own bosom, Brother?—Then as thine  
 Guard with a reverent fear this power divine  
 And it, falsest, 'tis not the outward state,  
 But temper of the soul by which we rate  
 Sadness or joy, even let thy bosom move  
 With noble thoughts and wake thee into love;  
 And let each feeling in thy breast be given  
 An honest aim, which, smothered by Heaven,  
 And springing into act, new life imparts,  
 Till beats thy frame as with a thousand hearts.  
 Sun clouds the mind's clear vision;  
 Around the self-starved soul has spread a dearth.  
 The earth is full of life, the living land  
 Pouched it with life, and all its forms expand

With principles of being made to suit  
 Man's varied powers and raise him from the brute,  
 And shall the earth of higher ends be full,  
 Earth which thou tread'st, — and thy poor mind  
 be dull

Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep;  
 Thou "living dead man," let thy spirit leap  
 Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow  
 Through thy soul's shut up mansion — Wouldst  
 thou know

Something of what is life, shake off this death;  
 Have thy soul feel the universal breath  
 With which all nature's quick, and learn to be  
 Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see,  
 Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance,  
 Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse;  
 Love, joy, even sorrow, — yield thyself to all;  
 They make thy freedom, giveler, not thy thralldom  
 Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind  
 To dust and sense, and set at large the mind;  
 Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,  
 And be like man at first, a *free soul*.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

## SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

SIT down, sad soul, and count  
 The moments flying;  
 Come, tell the sweet amount  
 That's lost by sighing;  
 How many smiles — a score  
 Then laugh, and count no more,  
 For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,  
 And no more measure  
 The flight of time, nor weep  
 The loss of leisure;  
 But lie, by this lone stream,  
 Lie down with us, and dream  
 Of starry treasure!

We dream, do thou the same;  
 We love, — forever;  
 We laugh, yet few we shame,  
 The gentle never  
 Stay, then, till sorrow dies;  
 Then — hope and happy skies  
 Are thine forever

BARRY CORNWALL

## TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

TELL me, ye winged winds,  
 That round my pathway roar,  
 Do ye not know some spot  
 Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell,  
 Some valley in the west,  
 Where, free from toil and pain,  
 The weary soul may rest?  
 The loud wind dandled to a whisper low,  
 And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou night, deep,  
 Whose billows round me play,  
 Know'st thou some favored spot,  
 Some island far away,  
 Where weary man may find  
 The bliss for which he sighs,  
 Where sorrow ne'er intrudes,  
 And friendship ne'er divides?  
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,  
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,  
 "No."

And thou, serene moon,  
 That, with such lovely face,  
 Dost deal upon the earth,  
 Asleep in night's embrace,  
 Tell me, in all thy round  
 Hast thou not seen some spot  
 Where miserable man  
 May find a happier lot?  
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
 And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,  
 O, tell me, Hope and Faith,  
 Is there no resting place  
 From sorrow, sin, and death?  
 Is there no happy spot  
 Where mortals may be blest,  
 Where grief may find a balm,  
 And waiting a rest?  
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,  
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered,  
 "Yes, in heaven!"

CHARLES MCKEAY

#### NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit grieves  
 Over a wasted life;  
 Sin committed while conscience slept,  
 Promises made, but never kept,  
 Hatred, battle, and strife,  
*Nothing but leaves!*

Nothing but leaves: no garnered sheaves  
 Of life's fair, ripened grain,  
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds—  
 We sow our seeds, — lo! tares and weeds:  
 We reap, with toil and pain,  
*Nothing but leaves!*

Nothing but leaves, faintly weaves  
 Nets to ensnare the soul,  
 As we are sown and sown again,  
 Counting each leaf and leafy bud,  
 We find, well, at last,  
*Nothing but leaves!*

And shall we meet the Master so,  
 Beams our work and leaves?  
 The narrow lanes for perfect fruit  
 We find below him, hounded tight,  
 Waiting the work he breathes  
 "Nothing but leaves!"

W. C. F. WOODMAN

#### THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FAITH of all! in every age,  
 In every clime, abroad,  
 Be not, be not, my God be with me,  
 Jehovah, Jesus, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
 Who all my sense combine,  
 To know but this, that thou art good,  
 And that mine I am thine!

Yet give me, in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from all,  
 And, banishing nature's lust in hate,  
 Let free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 Thou, teach me more than hell to pun,  
 That, more than heaven punge.

What blessing thy free bounty gives,  
 Let me not cast away,  
 For God is good when men deserve,  
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Oh, thine, — thee, Lord alone of men,  
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not thy weak, unknowing hand  
 Prove me thy light to throw,  
 And deal damnation round the land  
 On such I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
 Still in the right to stay,  
 If I am wrong, O, teach my heart  
 To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride  
 And impious discontent  
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see ;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
 O, lead me whereso'er I go,  
 Through this day a life or death !

This day be bread and peace my lot ;  
 All else beneath the sun,  
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all Being raise,  
 All Nature's incense rise !

ALEXANDER POPE

## WRESTLING JACOB

## FIRST PART.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,  
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with thee ;  
 With thee all night I mean to stay,  
 And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am ;  
 My sin and misery declare ;  
 Thyself hast called me by my name ;  
 Look on thy hands, and read it there ;  
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?  
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free ;  
 I never will unloose my hold ;  
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?  
 The secret of thy love unfold ;  
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
 Thy new, unutterable name ?  
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;  
 To know it now resolved I am ;  
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain  
 And murmur to contend so long,  
 I rise superior to my pain ;  
 When I am weak, then am I strong !  
 And when my all of strength shall fail,  
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

## SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,  
 But confident in self-despair ;  
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;  
 Be conquered by my instant prayer ;  
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
 And tell me if thy name be Love.

'T is Love ! 'T is Love ! Thou diedst for me ;  
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;  
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;  
 Pure, universal Love thou art ;  
 To me, to all, thy bowels move ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace  
 Unspokenable I now receive ;  
 Through faith I see thee face to face ;  
 I see thee face to face and live !  
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;  
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
 But stay and love me to the end ;  
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me  
 Hath risen, with healing in his wings ;  
 Withered my nature's strength ; from thee  
 My soul its life and savor brings ;  
 My help is all laid up above ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh  
 I halt till life's short journey end ;  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On thee alone for strength depend ;  
 Nor have I power from thee to move ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey ;  
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome ;  
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
 And, as a bounding hart, thy home ;  
 Through all eternity to prove  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY

**"I WILL THAT MEN PRAY EVERYWHERE."**

To prayer ! to prayer ! — for the morning breaks,  
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes,  
 His light is on all, below and above, —  
 The light of gladness and life and love.  
 O, then on the breath of this early air,  
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ! — for the glorious sun has gone,  
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
 To shade the couch where his children repose.  
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of  
 night.

To prayer ! for the day that God has blest,  
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
 It speaks of creation's early bloom,  
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
 And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
 For her new-born infant beside her lies.  
 O, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows  
 With rapture a mother only knows ; —  
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer :  
 Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling  
 hand.

What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
 As the bride bids parents and home fare-well !  
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
 And pray for his soul, through Him who died.  
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow : —  
 O, what are earth and its pleasures now ?  
 And what shall assuage his dark despair  
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
 And hear the last words the believer saith.  
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends :  
 There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;  
 There is peace in his calm confiding air :  
 For his last thoughts are God's, — his last words,  
 prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier ! —  
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.  
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;  
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave ;

It points to the glory where He shall reign,  
 Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss ! —  
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.  
 The ransomed shout to their glorious King,  
 When no sorrow shades the soul as they sing.  
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise,  
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake ! awake ! and gird up thy strength  
 To join that holy band at length.  
 To Him who unceasing love displays,  
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise  
 To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;  
 For a life of prayer is the life of Heaven.

HENRY WADE, JR.

**A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.**

Ein feste burg ist unser Gott

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never failing ;  
 Our helper he amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.  
 For still our ancient foe  
 Doth seek to work us woe ;  
 His craft and power are great,  
 And, armed with equal hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing ;  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing.  
 Dost ask who that may be ?  
 Christ Jesus, it is he,  
 Lord Sabaoth his name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And he must win the battle.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER,  
 by E. H. F. HENRY.

**IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.**

Urit me Patria decor.

It kindles all my soul,  
 My country's loveliness ! Those starry chimes  
 That watch around the pole,  
 And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires  
 Through golden halls that roll.  
 O chorus of the night ! O planets, sworn  
 The music of the spheres  
 To follow ! Lovely watchers, that think scorn  
 To rest till day appears !  
 Me, for celestial homes of glory born,

Why here, O, why so long,  
Do ye behold an exile from our high  
Here, O ye shining throng,  
With dunes spread the me and where I shall lie  
Here let me drop my chain,  
And dust to dust returning, cast away  
The trammels that remain,  
The rest of me shall spring to endless day!

FROM THE LAMBS OF CASIMIR OF POLAND.

#### JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.

God of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat  
The fiery winds of Desolation flow,  
Father of vengeance! that with purple feet  
Lose a full wine-press tread st. the world below;  
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,  
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,  
Nor whirling Faune walks his blasted way,  
Thou hast marked the guilty land for woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign  
The billows of the proud their rage suppress,  
Father of mercies! at one word of thine  
An Eden blossoms in the waste wilderness,  
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,  
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,  
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,  
And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!  
The chariots of Isd o'er her sunken gate,  
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,  
Even her foes wept to see her fiken state;  
And heaps her ivory palaces became,  
Her princes were the captive's garb of shame,  
Her temple sank amid the smoldering flame,  
For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,  
And the sad City bid her crownless head,  
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam  
In streets where broods the silence of the dead.  
The sun shall shine on Salem's lofty towers,  
On Carad's side our maidens call the flowers  
To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,  
An angel feet the glittering Zion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,  
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves,  
With fetters steps we left our pleasant land,  
Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.  
The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep,  
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,  
In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,  
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;  
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;  
He that went forth a tender prattling boy  
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come;  
And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,  
And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare,  
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,  
Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed  
The irradiate throne.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

#### THE DYING SAVIOUR.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down;  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thy only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest,  
In other days the world  
All feared when thou appear'st;  
What shame on thee is hurled!  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn!

What language shall I borrow,  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end!  
O, make me thine forever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outhve my love to thee.

If I, a wretch, should I have thee,  
O Jesus, leave not me!  
In faith may I receive thee,  
When death shall set me free.  
When strength and comfort languish,  
And I must hence depart,  
Release me then from anguish,  
By thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,  
O, show thy cross to me!  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free.  
These eyes new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing  
Dies safely through thy love.

ALLS. KHARDE.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care on heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures here,  
That may compassion of their misery have?  
There is:—else might more wretched were the  
case

Of men than beasts: but O the exalting grace,  
Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy both embraces,  
That blessed angels he sends to aid his,  
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that sinners want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions leave  
The flitting skies, like flying pairs of swans,  
Against fowle feeders to fly over our part!  
They for us fight, they watch, and dew-dew ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us  
plant:

And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
O, why should heavenly God to men have such  
regard!

—  
LINDA BAKER

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross,  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreamland be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,  
Steps into heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to be kom me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony grief—  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

Or Wonderful Thing  
Cometh to me;  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
I praise Thee,  
Still in my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

—  
LINDA BAKER BAKER

FROM THE RECEIVES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,  
O'ercome by pain, and sorrow, O Father, that I  
I panting on the wings of love and hope,  
Forgive its weakness.

We see thy hand — we read thy will in nature,  
We hear thy voice — we know thy power in  
And that we are away — we feel thy kindness  
Forgive our weakness.

O, how long, O how long, O how long, O how long,  
To wail with thee, the wailing, the wailing,  
By snare of that we are to be released from,  
Men that are weary.

Father and Saviour, plant a tree of life in  
The secret of my heart, and let me know  
In fragrance and abundance, thought and word,  
And song and deed.

—  
LINDA BAKER

NEARER HOME.

ONE, sweetly solemn thought  
Cometh to me over and over;  
I'm nearer my Home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bosom of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea  
Roll dark before my sight  
That brightly the other side  
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink:

If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think, —

Father, perfect my trust !  
Let my spirit feel, in death,  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the Rock of a living faith !

PHEBE CARY

◆

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim ;  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
" *The Hand that made us is divine !*"

JOSEPH ADDISON

◆

LORD! WHEN THOSE GLORIOUS LIGHTS I  
SEE —

HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

LORD ! when those glorious lights I see  
With which thou hast adorned the skies,  
Observing how they movèd be,  
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,  
Methinks it is too large a grace,  
But that thy love ordained it so, —  
That creatures in so high a place  
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there  
In size and lustre doth exceed  
The noblest of thy creatures here,  
And of our friendship hath no need.

Yet these upon mankind attend  
For secret aid or public light ;  
And from the world's extremest end  
Repair unto us every night.

O, had that stamp been undefaced  
Which first on us thy hand had set,  
How highly should we have been graced,  
Since we are so much honored yet !  
Good God, for what but for the sake  
Of thy beloved and only Son,  
Who did on him our nature take,  
Were these exceeding favors done ?

As we by him have honored been,  
Let us to him due honors give ;  
Let his uprightness hide our sin,  
And let us worth from him receive.  
Yea, so let us by grace improve  
What thou by nature doth bestow,  
That to thy dwelling-place above  
We may be raised from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

◆

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc !  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines  
How silently ! Around thee and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black, —  
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge ! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity !  
O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in  
prayer  
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my  
thought, —  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy, —  
Into the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing, there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise  
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,



Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !  
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink,  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald, — wake, O, wake, and utter praise !  
Who sank thy snnless pillars deep in earth !  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered and the same forever !  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
And who commanded (and the silence came),  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !  
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living  
flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?  
God ! — let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !  
God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome  
voice !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like  
sounds !

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing  
peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure  
serene,  
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —  
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou  
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me, — Rise, O, ever rise !  
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth !  
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### AMAZING, BEAUTEOUS CHANGE!

AMAZING, beauteous change !  
A world created new !  
My thoughts with transport range,  
The lovely scene to view ;  
In all I trace,  
Saviour divine,  
The work is thine, —  
Be thine the praise !

See crystal fountains play  
Amidst the burning sands ;  
The river's winding way  
Shines through the thirsty lands ;  
New grass is seen,  
And o'er the meads  
Its carpet spreads  
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,  
Intwined with horrid thorn,  
Gay flowers, forever new,  
The painted fields adorn, —  
The blushing rose  
And lily there,  
In union fair,  
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood  
All bare and disarrayed,  
See the wide-branching wood  
Diffuse its grateful shade ;  
Tall cedars nod,  
And oaks and pines,  
And elms and vines  
Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain  
Their savage chase give o'er, —  
No more they rend the slain,  
And thirst for blood no more ;  
But infant hands  
Fierce tigers stroke,  
And lions yoke  
In flowery bands.

O, when, Almighty Lord!  
 Shall these glad scenes arise,  
 To verify thy word,  
 And bless our wondering eyes?  
 That earth may raise,  
 With all its tongues,  
 United songs  
 Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!  
 Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed  
 The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song,  
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
 That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze;  
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum  
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
 Calmness sits throned on you unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas  
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;  
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook  
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;  
 While from you lowly roof, whose circling smoke  
 O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals  
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.  
 With dove-like wings Peace o'er you village  
 broods;  
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the avil's din  
 Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.  
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare  
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on  
 man,  
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,  
 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;  
 And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,  
 His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

JAMES GRAHAME.

THE MEETING.

THE elder folk shook hands at last,  
 Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
 To simple ways like ours unused,  
 Half solemnized and half amused,  
 With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest  
 His sense of glad relief expressed.  
 Outside, the hills lay warm in sun;  
 The cattle in the meadow-ran  
 Stood half-leg deep; a single bird  
 The green repose above us stirred.

"What part or lot have you," he said,  
 "In these dull rites of drowsy-head?  
 Is silence worship? Seek it where  
 It soothes with dreams the summer air;  
 Not in this close and rude-benched hall,  
 But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
 And all the slow, sleep-walking hours  
 Glide soundless over grass and flowers!  
 From time and place and form apart,  
 Its holy ground the human heart,  
 Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
 Walks the free spirit of the Lord!  
 Our common Master did not pen  
 His followers up from other men;  
 His service liberty indeed,  
 He built no church, he framed no creed;  
 But while the saintly Pharisee  
 Made broader his phylactery,  
 As from the synagogue was seen  
 The dusty-sandaled Nazarene  
 Through ripening cornfields lead the way  
 Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
 His sermons were the healthful talk  
 That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
 His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
 Where mingled with his gracious words  
 The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
 And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;  
 "Unmeasured and unlimited,  
 With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
 The mystic Church of God has grown.  
 Invisible and silent stands  
 The temple never made with hands,  
 Unheard the voices still and small  
 Of its unseen confessional.  
 He needs no special place of prayer  
 Whose hearing ear is everywhere;  
 He brings not back the childish days  
 That ringed the earth with stones of praise,  
 Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid  
 The plinths of Phileas' colonnade.  
 Still less he owns the selfish good  
 And sickly growth of solitude,—  
 The worthless grace that, out of sight,  
 Flowers in the desert anchorite;  
 Dissevered from the suffering whole,  
 Love hath no power to save a soul.  
 Not out of Self, the origin  
 And native air and soil of sin,  
 The living waters spring and flow,  
 The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek  
 This quiet shelter twice a week,  
 I better deem its pine-laid floor  
 Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;

But nature is not solitude ;  
 She crowds us with her thronging wood ;  
 Her many hands reach out to us,  
 Her many tongues are garrulous ;  
 Perpetual riddles of surprise  
 She offers to our ears and eyes ;  
 She will not leave our senses still,  
 But drags them captive at her will ;  
 And, making earth too great for heaven,  
 She hides the Giver in the given.

“ And so I find it well to come  
 For deeper rest to this still room,  
 For here the habit of the soul  
 Feels less the outer world's control ;  
 The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
 More earnestly our common needs ;  
 And from the silence multiplied  
 By these still forms on either side,  
 The world that time and sense have known  
 Falls off and leaves us God alone.

“ Yet rarely through the charmed repose  
 Unmixed the stream of motive flows,  
 A flavor of its many springs,  
 The tints of earth and sky it brings ;  
 In the still waters needs must be  
 Some shade of human sympathy ;  
 And here, in its accustomed place,  
 I look on memory's dearest face ;  
 The blind by-sitter guesses not  
 What shadow haunts that vacant spot ;  
 No eyes save mine alone can see  
 The love wherewith it welcomes me !  
 And still, with those alone my kin,  
 In doubt and weakness, want and sin,  
 I bow my head, my heart I bare  
 As when that face was living there,  
 And strive (too oft, alas ! in vain)  
 The peace of simple trust to gain,  
 Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay  
 The idols of my heart away.

“ Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
 Nor less the words of fitness spoken, —  
 Such golden words as hers for whom  
 Our autumn flowers have just made room ;  
 Whose hopeful utterance through and through  
 The freshness of the morning blew ;  
 Who loved not less the earth that light  
 Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
 But saw in all fair forms more fair  
 The Eternal beauty mirrored there.  
 Whose eighty years but added grace  
 And saintlier meaning to her face, —  
 The look of one who bore away  
 Glad tidings from the hills of day,  
 While all our hearts went forth to meet

The coming of her beautiful feet  
 Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread  
 Is in the paths where Jesus led ;  
 Who dreams her childhood's sabbath dream  
 By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,  
 And, of the hymns of hope and faith,  
 Sung by the monks of Nazareth,  
 Hears pious echoes, in the call  
 To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall.  
 Repeating where His works were wrought  
 The lesson that her Master taught,  
 Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,  
 The prophesies of Cuma's cave !

“ I ask no organ's soulless breath  
 To drone the themes of life and death,  
 No altar candle-lit by day,  
 No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-pearl,  
 No cool philosophy to teach  
 Its bland aulacities of speech  
 To doubled-tasked idolaters,  
 Themselves their gods and worshippers,  
 No pulpit hammered by the fist  
 Of loud-asserting dogmatist,  
 Who borrows for the hand of love  
 The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.  
 I know how well the fathers taught,  
 What work the later schoolmen wrought ;  
 I reverence old-time faith and men,  
 But God is near us now as then ;  
 His force of love is still unspent,  
 His hate of sin as imminent ;  
 And still the measure of our needs  
 Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds ;  
 The manna gathered yesterday  
 Already savors of decay ;  
 Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown  
 Question us now from star and stone ;  
 Too little or too much we know,  
 And sight is swift and faith is slow ;  
 The power is lost to self-deceive  
 With shallow forms of make-believe.  
 We walk at high noon, and the bells  
 Call to a thousand oracles,  
 But the sound deafens, and the light  
 Is stronger than our dazzled sight ;  
 The letters of the sacred Book  
 Glimmer and swim beneath our look ;  
 Still struggles in the Age's breast  
 With deepening agony of quest  
 The old entreaty : ‘ Art thou He,  
 Or look we for the Christ to be ? ’

“ God should be most where man is least :  
 So, where is neither church nor priest,  
 And never rag of form or creed  
 To clothe the nakedness of need, —  
 Where farmer-folk in silence meet, —

I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ;  
 I lay the critic's glass aside,  
 I tread upon my lettered pride,  
 And, lowest-seated, testify  
 To the oneness of humanity ;  
 Confess the universal want,  
 And share whatever Heaven may grant.  
 He findeth not who seeks his own,  
 The soul is lost that 's saved alone.  
 Not on one favored forehead fell  
 Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
 But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
 The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;  
 Heart answers heart : in one desire  
 The blending lines of prayer aspire ;  
 ' Where, in my name, meet two or three,  
 Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be !'

" So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
 The feeling which is evidence  
 That very near about us lies  
 The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
 The sphere of the supernal powers  
 Impinges on this world of ours.  
 The low and dark horizon lifts,  
 To light the scenic terror shifts ;  
 The breath of a diviner air  
 Blows down the answer of a prayer : —  
 That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
 A great compassion clasps about,  
 And law and goodness, love and force,  
 Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
 Then duty leaves to love its task,  
 The beggar Self forgets to ask ;  
 With smile of trust and folded hands,  
 The passive soul in waiting stands  
 To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
 The One true Life its own renew.

" So, to the calmly gathered thought  
 The innermost of truth is taught,  
 The mystery dimly understood,  
 That love of God is love of good,  
 And, chiefly, its divinest trace  
 In Him of Nazareth's holy face ;  
 That to be saved is only this, —  
 Salvation from our selfishness,  
 From more than elemental fire,  
 The soul's unsoftened desire,  
 From sin itself, and not the pain  
 That warns us of its chafing chain ;  
 That worship's deeper meaning lies  
 In mercy, and not sacrifice,  
 Not proud humilities of sense  
 And posturing of penitence ;  
 But love's unforced obedience ;  
 That Book and Church and Day are given  
 For man, not God, — for earth, not heaven, —

The blessed means to holiest ends,  
 Not masters, but benignant friends ;  
 That the dear Christ dwells not afar,  
 The king of some remoter star,  
 But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
 The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;  
 Heart answers heart : in one desire  
 The blending lines of prayer aspire ;  
 ' Where, in my name, meet two or three,  
 Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be !'

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### A PRAYER FOR LIFE.

O FATHER, let me not die young !  
 Earth's beauty asks a heart and tongue  
 To give true love and praises to her worth ;  
 Her sins and judgment-sufferings call  
 For fearless martyrs to redeem thy Earth  
 From her disastrous fall.  
 For though her summer hills and vales might  
 seem  
 The fair creation of a poet's dream, —  
 Ay, of the Highest Poet,  
 Whose wordless rhythms are chanted by the  
 gyres  
 Of constellate star-choirs,  
 That with deep melody flow and overflow it, —  
 The sweet Earth, — very sweet, despite  
 The rank grave-smell forever drifting in  
 Among the odors from her censers white  
 Of wave-swung lilies and of wind-swung roses, —  
 The Earth sad-sweet is deeply attaint with  
 sin !  
 The pure air, which encloses  
 Her and her starry kin,  
 Still shudders with the unspent palpitating  
 Of a great Curse, that to its utmost shore  
 Thrills with a deadly shiver  
 Which has not ceased to quiver  
 Down all the ages, nathless the strong beating  
 Of Angel-wings, and the defiant roar  
 Of Earth's Titanic thunders.

Fair and sad,  
 In sin and beauty, our beloved Earth  
 Has need of all her sons to make her glad ;  
 Has need of martyrs to refire the hearth  
 Of her quenched altars, — of heroic men  
 With freedom's sword, or Truth's supernal pen,  
 To shape the worn-out mold of nobleness again.  
 And she has need of Poets who can string  
 Their harps with steel to catch the lightning's  
 fire,  
 And pour her thunders from the clanging wire,  
 To cheer the hero, mingling with his cheer,  
 Arouse the laggard in the battle's rear,

Daunt the stern wicked, and from discord wring  
Prevailing harmony, while the humblest soul  
Who keeps the tune the warder angels sing

In golden choirs above,

And only wears, for crown and aureole,  
The glow-worm light of lowliest human love,  
Shall fill with low, sweet undertones the  
chasms

Of silence, 'twixt the booming thunder-  
spasms.

And Earth has need of Prophets fiery-lipped  
And deep-souled, to announce the glorious  
dooms

Writ on the silent heavens in starry script,  
And flashing fitfully from her shuddering  
tombs, —

Commissioned Angels of the new-born Faith,  
To teach the immortality of Good,  
The soul's God-likeness, Sin's coccal death,  
And Man's indissoluble Brotherhood.

Yet never an age, when God has need of him,  
Shall want its Man, predestined by that need,  
To pour his life in fiery word or deed, —

The strong Archangel of the Elohim!

Earth's hollow want is prophet of his coming:

In the low murmur of her famished cry,

And heavy sobs breathed up despairingly,

Ye hear the near invisible humming

Of his wide wings that fan the lurid sky

Into cool ripples of new life and hope,

While far in its dissolving ether ope

Deep beyond deeps, of sapphire calm, to cheer

With Sabbath gleams the troubled Now and  
Here.

Father! thy will be done!

Holy and righteous One!

Though the reluctant years

May never crown my throbbing brows with  
white,

Nor round my shoulders turn the golden light  
Of my thick locks to wisdom's royal ermine:

Yet by the solitary tears,

Deeper than joy or sorrow, — by the thrill,  
Higher than hope or terror, whose quick germin,

In those hot tears to sudden vigor sprung,  
Sheds, even now, the fruits of graver age, —

By the long wrestle in which inward ill  
Fell like a trampled viper to the ground,

By all that lifts me o'er my outward peers

To that supernal stage

Where soul dissolves the bonds by Nature  
bound, —

Fall when I may, by pale disease unstrung,  
Or by the hand of fratricidal rage,

I cannot now die young!

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

#### WHEN.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,  
That the next sun  
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow  
For any one,  
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,  
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,  
But just go on,  
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter  
Aught that is gone;  
But rise and move and love and smile and pray  
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,  
Say in that ear  
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping  
How should I fear?  
And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,  
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,  
My soul would lie  
All the night long; and when the morning splendor  
Flushed o'er the sky,  
I think that I could smile — could calmly say,  
"It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder  
Held out a scroll,  
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder  
Beheld unroll  
To a long century's end its mystic clue,  
What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,  
Other than this;  
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,  
Nor fear to miss  
The road, although so very long it be,  
While led by thee?

Step after step, feeling thee close beside me,  
Although unseem,  
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the  
tempest hide thee,  
Or heavens serene,  
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,  
Thy love decay.

I may not know: my God, no hand revealed  
Thy counsel wise.  
Along the path a deepening shadow stealthed,  
No voice replies  
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;  
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing  
 Thy will always,  
 Through a long century's ripening fruition  
 Or a short day's ;  
 Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait  
 If thou come late.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A BALLAD.

THERE'S a legend that 's told of a gypsy who dwelt  
 In the lands where the pyramids be ;  
 And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt  
 With devices right wondrous to see ;  
 And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child  
 On his mother's immaculate breast ;  
 When he fled from his foes, — when to Egypt exiled,  
 He went down with St. Joseph the best.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,  
 And the future was given to her gaze ;  
 For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
 On her threshold kept vigil always.  
 She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen  
 In the haunts of the dissolute crowd ;  
 But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs,  
 I ween,  
 Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,  
 With a maid on a mule by that road ;  
 And a child on her bosom reclined, and the way  
 Led them straight to the gypsy's abode ;  
 And they seemed to have traveled a wearisome  
 path,  
 From thence many, many a league,  
 From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,  
 Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed  
 That the pilgrims would rest them awhile ;  
 And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,  
 Who had come many, many a mile,  
 And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,  
 And she begged the old man would repose ;  
 " Here the stranger," she said, " ever finds free  
 access,  
 And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday  
 she led  
 To a seat in her grotto so cool ;  
 Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, and  
 a shed,  
 With a manger, was found for the mule ;

With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly  
 culled,  
 All the toil of the day she beguiled ;  
 And with song in a language mysterious she lulled  
 On her bosom the waytaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand  
 Took the infant's diminutive palm,  
 O, 't was fearful to see how the features she scanned  
 Of the babe in his slumbers so calm !  
 Well she noted each mark and each furrow that  
 crossed  
 O'er the tracings of destiny's line ;  
 " WHENCE CAME YE ?" she cried, in astonish-  
 ment lost,  
 " FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE !"

" From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,  
 " Where we dwell in the land of the Jew,  
 We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed  
 In the gore of the children he slew ;  
 We were told to remain till an angel's command  
 Should appoint us the hour to return ;  
 But till then we inhabit the foreigners' land,  
 And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

" Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,  
 " And ye make of my dwelling your home ;  
 Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy  
 (Blessed hope of the Gentiles !) would come."  
 And she kissed both the feet of the infant and knelt,  
 And adored him at once ; then a smile  
 Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
 With her host on the banks of the Nile.

FRANCIS MADRYN (FATHER PROUD).

### BURIAL OF MOSES.

" And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against  
 Beth peor : no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." —  
 Deut. xxxiv.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In a vale in the land of Moab,  
 There lies a lonely grave ;  
 But no man built that sepulcher,  
 And no man saw it e'er ;  
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
 That ever passed on earth ;  
 Yet no man heard the trampling,  
 Or saw the train go forth ;  
 Noiselessly as the daylight  
 Comes when the night is done,  
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
 Grows into the great sun ;

Noislessly as the spring-tide  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Unfold their thousand leaves :  
So without sound of music  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height  
Out of his rocky eyry  
Looked on the wondrous sight ;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallowed spot ;  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades of the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car :  
They show the banners taken ;  
They tell his battles won ;  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marbles drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword ;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word ;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—  
The hillside for a pall !  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall !  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in his grave !—

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again — O wondrous thought ! —  
Before the judgment-day,

And stand, with glory wreathed around,  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With the incarnate Son of God,

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !  
O dark Beth-peor's hill !  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still :  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell,  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

CUTHBERT ALEXANDER

### THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

GEORGE III. AND A DYING WOMAN IN A FOREST.

ON STRETCHED beneath the leafy shade  
Of Windor forest's deepest glade,  
A dying woman lay :  
Three little children round her stood,  
And there went up from the greenwood  
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,  
"O mother, mother! do not die,  
And leave us all alone."  
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,  
But the faint accents died away  
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggled hard with death,  
And fast and strong she drew her breath,  
And up she raised her head ;  
And, peering through the deep wood maze  
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,  
"Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting bonds between,  
A little maid's light form was seen,  
All breathless with her speed ;  
And, following close, a man came on  
(A portly man to look upon),  
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,  
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,  
And kissed her clay-cold cheek,  
"I have not idled in the town,  
But long went wandering up and down,  
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there, —  
I think they mocked me everywhere ;  
And when I found his home,

And begged him on my bended knee  
To bring his book and come with me,  
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,  
And could not go in peace away  
Without the minister;  
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,  
But O, my heart was fit to break, —  
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,  
I ran back, fast as fast could be,  
To come again to you;  
And here — close by — this squire I met,  
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;  
And when I told him true, —

"I will go with you, child," he said,  
'God sends me to this dying bed,' —  
Mother, he's here, hard-by."  
While thus the little maiden spoke,  
The man, his back against an oak,  
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,  
With quivering flank and trembling knee,  
Pressed close his bonny bay;  
A statelier man, a statelier steed,  
Never on greensward paced, I reld,  
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,  
The man, his back against an oak,  
Looked on with glistening eye  
And folded arms, and in his look  
Something that, like a sermon-book,  
Preached, — "All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face  
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,  
He stepped to where she lay;  
And, kneeling down, bent over her,  
Saying, "I am a minister,  
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,  
(God's words were printed on his soul!)  
Into the dying car  
He breathed, as 't were an angel's strain,  
The things that unto life pertain,  
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,  
In Christ renewed, regenerate, —  
Of God's most blest decree,  
That not a single soul should die  
Who turns repentant, with the cry  
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,  
Endured but for a little while  
In patience, faith, and love, —  
Sure, in God's own good time, to be  
Exchanged for an eternity  
Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,  
He raised his hands and eyes to pray  
That peaceful it might pass;  
And then — the orphans' sobs alone  
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,  
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes  
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,  
Who reined their coursers back,  
Just as they found the long astray,  
Who, in the heat of chase that day,  
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,  
And lighted down, as if agreed,  
In silence at his side;  
And there, uncovered all, they stood, —  
It was a wholesome sight and good  
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land  
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band;  
And, central in the ring,  
By that dead pauper on the ground,  
Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT and CAROLINE SOUTHEY

#### THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

He was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery,  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks;  
Call fire, and sword, and desolation  
A godly, thorough Reformation,  
Which always must be carried on  
And still be doing, never done;  
As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss;



More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;  
 That with more care keep holiday  
 The wrong than others the right way ;  
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
 By damning those they have no mind to ;  
 Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshiped God for spite ;  
 The selfsame thing they will abhor  
 One way, and long another for.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

## THE FAITHFUL ANGEL.

FROM "PARADISE LOST."

THE seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
 Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sus-  
 tained  
 Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turned  
 On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.

MILTON.

## THE REAPER'S DREAM.

THE road was lone ; the grass was dank  
 With night-dews on the briery bank  
 Whereon a weary reaper sank.  
 His garb was old ; his visage tanned ;  
 The rusty sickle in his hand  
 Could find no work in all the land.

He saw the evening's chilly star  
 Above his native vale afar ;  
 A moment on the horizon's bar  
 It hung, then sank, as with a sigh ;  
 And there the crescent moon went by,  
 An empty sickle down the sky.

To soothe his pain, Sleep's tender palm  
 Laid on his brow its touch of balm ;  
 His brain received the slumberous calm ;  
 And soon that angel without name,  
 Her robe a dream, her face the same,  
 The giver of sweet visions came.

She touched his eyes ; no longer sealed,  
 They saw a troop of reapers wield  
 Their swift blades in a ripened field.

At each thrust of their snowy sleeves  
 A thrill ran through the future sheaves  
 Rustling like rain on forest leaves.

They were not brawny men who bowed,  
 With harvest-voices rough and loud,  
 But spirits, moving as a cloud.  
 Like little lightnings in their hold,  
 The silver sickles manifold  
 Slid musically through the gold.

O, bid the morning stars combine  
 To match the chorus clear and fine,  
 That rippled lightly down the line, —  
 A cadence of celestial rhyme,  
 The language of that cloudless clime,  
 To which their shining hands kept time !

Behind them lay the gleaming rows,  
 Like those long clouds the sunset shows  
 On amber meadows of repose ;  
 But, like a wind, the binders bright  
 Soon followed in their nirthful might,  
 And swept them into sheaves of light.

Doubling the splendor of the plain,  
 There rolled the great celestial wain,  
 To gather in the fallen grain.  
 Its frame was built of golden bars ;  
 Its glowing wheels were lit with stars ;  
 The royal Harvest's ear of cars.

The snowy yoke that drew the load,  
 On gleaming hoofs of silver trod ;  
 And music was its only god.  
 To no command of word or beck  
 It moved, and felt no other check  
 Than one white arm laid on the neck, —

The neck, whose light was overwound  
 With bells of lilies, ringing round  
 Their odors till the air was drowned :  
 The starry foreheads meckly borne,  
 With garlands looped from horn to horn,  
 Shone like the many-colored morn.

The field was cleared. Home went the bands,  
 Like children, linking happy hands,  
 While singing through their father's hands ;  
 Or, arms about each other thrown,  
 With amber tresses backward blown,  
 They moved as they were music's own.

The vision brightening more and more,  
 He saw the garner's glowing door,  
 And sheaves, like sunshine, strew the floor, —  
 The floor was jasper, — golden flails,  
 Swift-sailing as a whirlwind sails,  
 Throbb'd mellow music down the vales.

He saw the mansion, — all repose, —  
Great corridors and porticoes,  
Propped with the columns, shining rows ;  
And these — for beauty was the rule —  
The polished pavements, hard and cool,  
Redoubled, like a crystal pool.

And there the odorous feast was spread ;  
The fruity fragrance, widely shed,  
Seemed to the floating music wed.  
Seven angels, like the Pleiad seven,  
Their lips to silver clarions given,  
Blew welcome round the walls of heaven.

In skyey garments, silky thin,  
The glad retainers floated in  
A thousand forms, and yet no din :  
And from the visage of the Lord,  
Like splendor from the Orient poured,  
A smile illumined all the board.

Far flew the music's circling sound ;  
Then floated back, with soft rebound,  
To join, not mar, the converse round, —  
Sweet notes, that, melting, still increased,  
Such as ne'er cheered the bridal feast  
Of king in the enchanted East.

Did any great door ope or close,  
It seemed the birth-time of repose,  
The faint sound died where it arose ;  
And they who passed from door to door,  
Their soft feet on the polished floor  
Met their soft shadows, — nothing more.

Then once again the groups were drawn  
Through corridors, or down the lawn,  
Which bloomed in beauty like a dawn :  
Where countless fountains leapt alway,  
Veiling their silver heights in spray,  
The choral people held their way.

There, midst the brightest, brightly shone  
Dear forms he loved in years ago, —  
The earliest loved, — the earliest flown.  
He heard a mother's sainted tongue,  
A sister's voice, who vanished young,  
While one still dearer sweetly sung !

No further might the scene unfold ;  
The gazer's voice could not withhold ;  
The very rapture made him bold :  
He cried aloud, with clasped hands,  
" O happy fields ! O happy bands,  
Who reap the never-failing lands !

" O master of these broad estates,  
Behold, before your very gates  
A worn and wanting laborer waits !

Let me but toil amid your grain,  
Or be a gleaner on the plain,  
So I may leave these fields of pain !

" A gleaner, I will follow far,  
With never look or word to mar,  
Behind the Harvest's yellow ear ;  
All day my hand shall constant be,  
And every happy eye shall see  
The precious burden borne to thee ! "

At morn some reapers neared the place,  
Strong men, whose feet recoiled apace ;  
Then, gathering round the upturned face,  
They saw the lines of pain and care,  
Yet read in the expression there  
The look as of an answered prayer.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

#### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

" Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their honest joys and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur rear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short but simple annals of the poor." — GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend,  
No mercenary bard his homage pays :  
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end ;  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.  
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless wain ;  
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;  
Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier  
there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;  
The shortening winter-day is near a close ;  
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,  
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose ;  
The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes, —  
This night his weekly moil is at an end, —  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-  
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher  
through  
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,  
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's  
smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,  
At service out among the farmers roun' ;  
Some ea' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin'  
A cannie errand to a neighbor town ;  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bra' new gown,  
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,  
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers ;  
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;  
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;  
Anticipation forward points the view :  
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,  
Garsauld claes lookamaist as weel's the new ;  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
The younkers a' are warned to obey ;  
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,  
And ne'er, throughout o' sight, to jauk or play ;  
"An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway !  
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore his counsel and assisting might ;  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord  
aright !"

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door.  
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neighbor lad cam o'er the moor,  
To do some errands and convoy her hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;  
Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his  
name,  
While Jenny haflins is afraid to speak ;  
Weel-pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worth-  
less rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;  
A strappin' youth ; he taks the mother's e'e ;  
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;  
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave ;  
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae  
grave ;  
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like  
the lave.

O happy love ! whets love like this is found !  
O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !  
I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare :—  
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the even-  
ing gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
Curse on his perjured arts ! dissemblingsmooth !  
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,  
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distrae-  
tion wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food ;  
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood ;  
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,  
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ea's it guid ;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the  
bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride ;  
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare :  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
And "Let us worship God !" hesays with solemn  
air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;  
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures  
rise,  
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name ;  
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—  
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny,  
 Or how the royal bard did gloaming lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme, —  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;  
 How his first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by  
 Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear ;  
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal  
 sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
 The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the  
 soul ;  
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :  
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
 That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide :  
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine pre-  
 side.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur  
 springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad ;  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God !"

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind :  
 What is a lordling's pomp ? — a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is  
 sent,  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet  
 content !  
 And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved  
 isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide,  
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted  
 heart ;  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
 O, never, never Scotia's realm desert :  
 But still the patriot and the patriot bard  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud, —  
 A world we do not see ;  
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
 May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek ;  
 Amid our worldly cares  
 Its gentle voices whisper love,  
 And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
 And palpitates the veil between  
 With breathings almost heard.

The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —  
 They have no power to break ;  
 For mortal words are not for them  
 To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,  
 So near to press they seem, —  
 They seem to lull us to our rest,  
 And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring  
 'T is easy now to see  
 How lovely and how sweet a pass  
 The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,  
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
 And gently dream in loving arms  
 To swoon to that — from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
 Scarce asking where we are,  
 To feel all evil sink away,  
 All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,  
 Press nearer to our side,  
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
 With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
 A dried and vanished stream;  
 Your joy be the reality,  
 Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

#### THE LOVE OF GOD.

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass  
 away,  
 Except the love of God, which shall live and last  
 for aye.  
 The forms of men shall be as they had never been;  
 The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender  
 green;  
 The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant  
 song,  
 And the nightingale shall cease to chant the even-  
 ing long,  
 The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,  
 And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the  
 hills.  
 The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,  
 The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of  
 the rocks,  
 And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden  
 dust shall lie;  
 And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty  
 whale, shall die.  
 And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be  
 no more,  
 And they shall bow to death, who ruled from  
 shore to shore;  
 And the great globe itself, so the holy writings tell,  
 With the rolling firmament, where the starry  
 armies dwell,

Shall melt with fervent heat — they shall all pass  
 away,  
 Except the love of God, which shall live and last  
 for aye.

From the *Provençal* of BERNARD RASCAS,  
 by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

#### THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;  
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:  
 To make the music and the beauty, needs  
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;  
 Let not the music that is in us die!  
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
 Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!  
 Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;  
 Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
 Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR

#### ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,  
 My weary spirit seeks repose in thine!  
 Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep  
 This little life of mine!

With loving kindness curtain thou my bed,  
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;  
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head:  
 So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,  
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake!  
*All's well*, whichever side the grave for me  
 The morning light may break.

HARRIET M. EWEN KIMEALL

#### CANA.

DEAR Friend! whose presence in the house,  
 Whose gracious word benign,  
 Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,  
 Change water into wine;

Come, visit us! and when dull work  
 Grows weary, line on line,  
 Revive our souls, and let us see  
 Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,  
 Earth's hopes grow half divine,  
 When Jesus visits us, to make  
 Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,  
The homely household shine,  
Grow bright with angel visits, when  
The Lord pours out the wine

For when self-seeking turns to love,  
Not known to mine nor thine,  
The miracle again is wrought,  
And water turned to wine

JAMES FREDERICK CLARKE

### QUIET FROM GOD

Quiet from God! It cometh not to still  
The vast and high aspirations of the soul,  
The deep emotions which the spirit fill,  
And speed its purpose onward to the goal,  
It dims not youth's bright eye,  
Bends not joy's lofty brow,  
No griefless ecstacy  
Need in its presence bow

It comes not in a sullen form, to place  
Life's greatest good in an inglorious rest,  
Through a dull, beaten track its way to trace,  
And to lethargic slumber lull the breast,  
A lion may be its sphere,  
Mountain paths, boundless fields,  
Over billows its career  
This is the power it yields

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart,  
To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel,  
To bear about forever in the heart  
The gladness which his spirit doth reveal;  
Not to deem evil gone  
From every earthly scene;  
To see the storm come on,  
But feel his shield between.

It giveth not a strength to human kind,  
To leave all suffering powerless at its feet,  
But keeps within the temple of the mind  
A golden altar, and a mercy seat,  
A spiritual ark,  
Beating the peace of God  
Above the waters dark,  
And over the desert's sod

How beautiful within our souls to keep  
This treasure, this All-Merciful hath given;  
To feel, when we awake, and when we sleep,  
Its incense round us, like a breeze from heaven!  
Quiet at heart? and home,  
Where the heart's joys begin,  
Quiet where'er we roam,  
Quiet around, within

Who shall make them know the evil minds  
Which like a shadow over creation lower,  
The spirit peace hath so attained, finds  
Their feelings that may own the Calmer's power;  
What may she not confer,  
Even where she must condemn?  
They take not peace from her,  
She may speak peace to them!

ANONYMOUS.

### THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O thou, great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
Sut to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,

Why look to thee? thy truth is still the Light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way  
The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!  
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,  
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given

THEODORE PARKER.

### THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN

'Twas an angel spirit need repose  
In the full sunlight of the sky,  
And e'en the veil of slumber close  
A cherub's bright and blazing eye!

Hath seraphim a weary bow,  
A fainting heart, an aching breast?  
No, for too high their pulses flow  
To languish with inglorious rest.

O, not the death-like calm of sleep  
Could hush the everlasting song,  
No fairy dream or slumber deep  
Entrance the apt and holy throng.

Yet not the lightest tone was heard  
From angel voice or angel hand,  
And not one plumed pinion stirred  
Among the pure and blissful band

For there was silence in the sky,  
A joy not angel tongues could tell,  
As from its mystic fount on high  
The peace of God in stillness fell.

O, what a release I see below  
 The burden of a crimson despair  
 The peace of pain, the calm of awe ; —  
 It is the rest of rapture there.

And to the wayworn pilgrim here,  
 More kindred seems that perfect peace,  
 Than the full chants of joy to hear  
 Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,  
 Tired with the path too slowly trod,  
 May such a scene welcome me  
 Into the palace of my God.

ANONYMOUS

#### FOREVER WITH THE LORD

FOREVER with the Lord ' —  
 Amen ' so let it be ' —  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 And immortality.

Here in the body part,  
 Absent from him I roam,  
 Yet nightly path my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on High,  
 Home of my soul, how near,  
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above !

Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies :  
 Like Noah's dove, I lit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

Above the clouds depart,  
 The winds and waters cease :  
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
 Expands the bow of peace !

Beneath its glowing arch,  
 Along the hollowed ground,  
 I see cherubic armies march,  
 A canopy of fire : round.

I hear at morn and even,  
 At noon and midnight hour,  
 The choral harmonies of heaven  
 Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he  
 Remembered on high,  
 The Lord, is never far from me,  
 Though I perceive Him not

In darkness, as in light,  
 Hidden nigh from view,  
 I sleep, I wake, as in His sight,  
 Who looks on mine as I sleep.

All that I am, have I seen,  
 All that I yet may be,  
 He sees at once as he hath seen,  
 And shall forever see.

" Forever with the Lord " —  
 Father of all the ages,  
 The eternal of this temporal world  
 (Truly living faith)

— " when my time is come " —  
 Still near the Father's throne,  
 By whom I shall come, I shall go,  
 And life eternal give.

[From the Book of Job]

#### THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL

Silent, sleep, to rest, —  
 Of soul and body, —  
 Ye shall not dream, that rest springs  
 From the cessation of pain.

There you will be true enough  
 To feel your humanness,  
 Ye shall not cease to be men,  
 The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilt, thoughts,  
 Let flies of vengeance die,  
 At a purged heart, may I behold  
 A God of purity !

AN A. L. LAFORCE

#### SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought for God round about, O that my God !  
 'Tis thus we seek.

I said unto the east, " Speak, art thou he ? "  
 She answered me,

" I am not. — I inquired of creatures all,  
 In general,  
 Confined therein. They with one voice proclaimed  
 That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below  
 My God to know.

I asked the reptiles and whatever is  
 In the abyss, —

Even from the shrimp to the leviathan  
 Inquiry ran ;  
 But in those deserts which no line can sound,  
 The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were he ; but lo !  
 It told me " No."  
 I from the towering eagle to the wren  
 Demanded then  
 If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such ;  
 But they all, much  
 Offended with my question, in full choir,  
 Answered, " To find thy God thou must look  
 higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and stars ; but  
 they  
 Said, " We obey  
 The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or ear  
 Could see or hear, —  
 What in the world I might descry or know  
 Above, below ;  
 With an unanimous voice, all these things said,  
 " We are not God, but we by him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass  
 If that God was ;  
 Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,  
 As stupefied, —  
 " I am not he, O man ! for know that I  
 By him on high  
 Was fashioned first of nothing ; thus instated  
 And swayed by him by whom I was created."

I sought the court ; but smooth-tongued flattery  
 there  
 Deceived each ear ;  
 In the thronged city there was selling, buying,  
 Swearing, and lying ;  
 'T the country, craft in simpleness arrayed,  
 And then I said, —  
 " Vain is my search, although my pains be great ;  
 Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I then  
 Even thus began :  
 " O man, what art thou ?" What more could I  
 say  
 Than dust and clay, —  
 Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,  
 That cannot last ;  
 Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,  
 Formed from that earth to which I must return !

I asked myself what this great God might be  
 That fashioned me.  
 I answered : The all-potent, sole, immense,  
 Surpassing sense ;

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,  
 Lord over all ;  
 The only terrible, strong, just, and true,  
 Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for he doth give  
 To all that live  
 Both breath and being ; he is the Creator  
 Both of the water,  
 Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist  
 He hath the list, —  
 Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,  
 He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their  
 names.

And now, my God, by thine illumining grace,  
 Thy glorious face  
 (So far forth as it may discovered be)  
 Methinks I see ;  
 And though invisible and infinite,  
 To human sight  
 Thou, in thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest,  
 In which, to our weak sense, thou comest nearest.

O, make us apt to seek and quick to find,  
 Thou, God, most kind !  
 Give us love, hope, and faith, in thee to trust,  
 Thou, God, most just !  
 Remit all our offenses, we entreat,  
 Most good ! most great !  
 Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest  
 May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the  
 blest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

#### HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing  
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;  
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
 Sings in the shade when all things rest :  
 In lark and nightingale we see,  
 What honor hath Humility.

When Mary chose the better part,  
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;  
 And Lydia's gently opened heart  
 Was made for God's own temple meet.  
 Fairest and best adorned is she  
 Whose clothing is Humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,  
 In deepest adoration bends ;  
 The weight of glory bears him down  
 The most when most his soul ascends.  
 Nearest the throne itself must be  
 The footstool of Humility.

ANONYMOUS.



## EDWIN AND PAULINUS :

THE CONVERSION OF NORTHUMBRIA.

THE black-haired gaunt Paulinus  
By ruddy Edwin stood :—  
“Bow down, O king of Deira,  
Before the blessed Rood !  
Cast out thy heathen idols,  
And worship Christ our Lord.”  
— But Edwin looked and pondered,  
And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus  
To ruddy Edwin spake :  
“God offers life immortal  
For his dear Son's own sake !  
Wilt thou not hear his message,  
Who bears the keys and sword ?”  
— But Edwin looked and pondered,  
And answered not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior  
Was fivescore winters old ;  
Whose beard from chin to girdle  
Like one long snow-wreath rolled :—  
“At Yule-time in our chamber  
We sit in warmth and light,  
While cold and howling round us  
Lies the black land of Night.

“Athwart the room a sparrow  
Darts from the open door :  
Within the happy hearth-light  
One red flash, — and no more !  
We see it come from darkness,  
And into darkness go :—  
So is our life, King Edwin !  
Alas, that it is so !

“But if this pale Paulinus  
Have somewhat more to tell :  
Some news of Whence and Whither,  
And where the soul will dwell ;—  
If on that outer darkness  
The sun of Hope may shine ;—  
He makes life worth the living !  
I take his God for mine !”

So spake the wise old warrior ;  
And all about him cried,  
“Paulinus' God hath conquered !  
And he shall be our guide :—  
For he makes life worth living  
Who brings this message plain,  
When our brief days are over,  
That we shall live again.”

ANONYMOUS.

## THE LOVE OF GOD SUPREME.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,  
And fain I would ; but though my will  
Be fixt, yet wide my passions rove.  
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

“T is mercy all that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee.  
Yet while I seek but find thee not  
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.  
Oh ! when shall all my wand'rings end,  
And all my steps to-thee-ward tend ?

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with thee my heart to share ?  
Ah ! tear it thence and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has found repose in thee.

Oh ! hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live.  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive.  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,  
To save me from low-thoughted care ;  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there.  
Make me thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

Ah ! no ; ne'er will I backward turn :  
Thine wholly, thine alone I am.  
Thrice happy he who views with scorn  
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.  
Oh ! help, that I may never move  
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call.  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
“I am thy Love, thy God, thy All.”  
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love is all my choice.

JOHN WESLEY.

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun  
Flit o'er the summer grass,  
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,  
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,  
Come pressing swiftly on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed  
A luster pure and sweet,  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father, may that holy star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar  
To fill the world with light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, IT is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God ;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost ;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease ;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God ! O, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell

That God is on the field when he  
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God ;  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin !

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

## A DYING HYMN.

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,  
Recedes and fades away ;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills ;  
Ye gates of death, give way !

My soul is full of whispered song, —  
My blindness is my sight ;  
The shadows that I feared so long  
Are full of life and light.

The while my pulses fainter beat,  
My faith doth so abound ;  
I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives  
Low as the grave to go :  
I know that my Redeemer lives, —  
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see  
Where dwells my Lord and King !  
O grave, where is thy victory ?  
O death, where is thy sting ?

ALICE CARY.

## HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they who are homesick, for they shall come at last  
to their Father's house." — HEINRICH STILLING.

NOT as you meant, O learned man, and good !  
Do I accept thy words of truth and rest ;  
God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,  
And gives me what I need, not what he could,  
Nor always as I would !  
I shall go to the Father's house, and see  
Him and the Elder Brother face to face, —  
What day or hour I know not. Let me be  
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,  
Not as a homesick child who all day long  
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,  
 And leaves us our appointed work to do,  
 Can we to him or to ourselves be true  
 In mourning his departure day by day,  
 And so our work delay ?

Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make  
 The absence brief by doing well our task, —  
 Not for ourselves, but for the dear One's sake.  
 And at his coming only of him ask

Approval of the work, which most was done,  
 Not for ourselves, but our Beloved One.

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and grand ;  
 In it how many, many mansions are !

And far beyond the light of sun or star,  
 Four little ones of mine through that fair land  
 Are walking hand in hand !

Think you I love not, or that I forget  
 These of my loins ? Still this world is fair,  
 And I am singing while my eyes are wet  
 With weeping in this balmy summer air :  
 Yet I'm not homesick, and the children *here*  
 Have need of me, and so my way is clear.

I would be joyful as my days go by,  
 Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore  
 Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore,  
 And I who wait his coming, shall not I  
 On his sure word rely ?

And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,  
 Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,  
 Or at my waking I would only weep,  
 Let me remember these are things to be,  
 To work his blessed will until he come  
 To take my hand, and lead me safely home.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

#### WHY THUS LONGING ?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing  
 For the far off, unattained, and dim,  
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,  
 Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
 All thy restless yearnings it would still,  
 Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching  
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,  
 If no silken chord of love hath bound thee  
 To some little world through weal and woe ;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,  
 No fond voices answer to thine own,  
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten  
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that gain the world's applauses,  
 Not by works that win thee world-renown,  
 Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,  
 Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
 Every day a rich reward will give ;  
 Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,  
 And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning  
 When all nature hails the Lord of light,  
 And his smile, nor low nor lofty scorning,  
 Gladdens hall and hovel, vale and height ?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,  
 Proud proprietors in pomp may shine,  
 But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
 Thou art wealthier, — all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,  
 Sighing that they are not thine alone,  
 Not those fair fields, but thys ! If thou lovest,  
 And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

#### THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,  
 A soundless, shoreless sea !  
 Wherein at last our souls must fall,  
 O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,  
 One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
 The other leads us, safe and slow,  
 O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,  
 And wander wide and long,  
 Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,  
 O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
 The toilworn frame and mind,  
 Alike confess thy sweet control,  
 O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,  
 Our wayward steps to win ;  
 We know thee by a dearer name,  
 O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by thy breath,  
 Our souls are strong and free  
 To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
 O Love of God, to thee !

ELIZA SCUDDER

## MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoever estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of lowly love to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied ;  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at thy side,  
Content to fill a little space,  
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to thee ;  
And careful, less to serve thee much  
Than to please thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,  
Which call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer ;  
But a lowly heart that leans on thee  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy love appoints,  
There are no bonds for me ;  
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"  
That makes thy children "free" ;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING

## THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm  
That beat against my breast,  
Rage on,— thou mayst destroy this form,  
And lay it low at rest ;  
But still the spirit that now brooks  
Thy tempest, raging high,  
Undaunted on its fury looks,  
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meager train,  
Come on,— your threats I brave ;  
My last poor life-drop you may drain,  
And crush me to the grave ;  
Yet still the spirit that endures  
Shall mock your force the while,  
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,  
Pass on,— I heed you not ;  
Ye may pursue me till my form  
And being are forgot ;  
Yet still the spirit, which you see  
Undaunted by your wiles,  
Draws from its own nobility  
Its highborn smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,  
Strike deep,— my heart shall bear ;  
Thou canst but add one bitter woe  
To those already there ;  
Yet still the spirit that sustains  
This last severe distress  
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,  
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,  
Aim sure,— O, why delay ?  
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,  
A weak, reluctant prey ;  
For still the spirit, firm and free,  
I'ruffled by this last dismay,  
Wrapt in its own eternity,  
Shall pass away.

LAVINIA STODDARD.

## I SAW THEE.

"When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

I SAW thee when, as twilight fell,  
And evening lit her fairest star,  
Thy footsteps sought you quiet dell,  
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stoodst alone,  
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung,

Thy still retreat to all unknown,  
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound  
Of bleating flock or woodland bird,  
Kneeling, as if on holy ground,  
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm uplifted eyes,  
And marked the heaving of thy breast,  
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs  
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face  
Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,  
As if, within, celestial grace  
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw — what thou didst not — above  
Thy lowly head an open heaven ;  
And tokens of thy Father's love  
With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot  
With firm and peaceful soul depart ;  
I, Jesus, saw thee, — doubt it not, —  
And read the secrets of thy heart !

RAY PALMER

## FROM "SAINT PAUL"

CHRIST ! I am Christ's ! and let the name suffice  
you,

Ay, for me too he greatly hath sufficed ;  
Lo, with no winning words I would entice you,  
Paul has no honor and no friend but Christ

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,  
Yes, without stay of father or of son,  
Lone on the land and homeless on the water,  
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me  
Waketh him workers for the great employ,  
O, not in solitude, if souls that hear me  
Catch from my joyance the surprise of joy.

Hearts I have won of sister or of brother,  
Quick on the earth or hidden in the soul.  
Lo, every heart awaiteth me, another  
Friend in the blameless family of God.

What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning,  
Lovers, and ladies whom their song enralls ?  
Faint to the flame which in my breast is burning,  
Less than the love with which I ache for souls.

Then with a ripple and a radiance through me  
Rise and be manifest, O Morning Star !  
Flow on my soul, thou Spirit, and renew me,  
Fill with thyself, and let the rest be far.

Safe to the hidden house of thine abiding  
Carry the weak knees and the heart that faint ;  
Shield from the scorn and cover from the chiding ;  
Give the world joy, but patience to the saints.

Saints, did I say ? with your remembered faces,  
Dear men and women, whom I sought and slew !  
Ah, when we mingle in the heavenly places,  
How will I weep to Stephen and to you !

O for the strain that rang to our reviling  
Still, when the bruised limbs sank upon the sod ;  
O for the eyes that looked their last in smiling,  
Last on this world here, but their first on God !

O, could I tell, ye surely would believe it !  
O, could I only say what I have seen !  
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,  
How, till He bringeth you where I have been ?

Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail or falter ;  
Nay, but I ask it, nay, but I desire ;  
Lay on my lips thine embers of the altar,  
Soul with the sting and furnish with the fire :

Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining,  
O, let my sound be stormy in their ears !  
Throat that would shout but cannot stay for  
straining,  
Eyes that would weep but cannot wait for tears.

Quick in a moment, infinite forever,  
Send an arousal better than I pray ;  
Give me a grace upon the faint endeavor,  
Souls for my hire and Pentecost to-day !

Hark what a sound, and too divine for hearing,  
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air !  
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing ?  
Is it the music of his people's prayer ?

Surely he cometh, and a thousand voices  
Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb ;  
Surely he cometh, and the earth rejoices,  
Glad in his coming who hath sworn, I come

This hath he done, and shall we not adore him ?  
This shall he do, and can we still despair ?  
Come, let us quickly fling ourselves before him,  
Cast at his feet the burden of our care,

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,  
Glad and regretful, confident and calm ;  
Then through all life and what is after living  
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and  
through sinning,

He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed :  
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,  
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

#### THE CHRISTIAN CALLING.

Thy night is dark ; behold, the shade was deeper  
In the old garden of Gethsemane,  
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper :  
" 'T wouldst thou not watch one hour alone with me ! "

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials !  
And so impatient of thy little cross,  
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,  
To count all earthly things a gainful loss ?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,  
And if thy Christian warfare never cease ;  
The gaining of the quiet habitation  
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely  
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone :  
Watch thou in patience through the dark hour  
only,  
This one dark hour, — before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,  
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,  
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,  
But thou, O Christian ! must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,  
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone ;  
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,  
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images forever thronging  
From out the foregone life thou liv'st no more ;  
Faint-hearted mariner ! still art thou longing  
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription,  
" Behold, we count them happy which endure " ?  
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,  
Repass the stormy water to secure ?

Poor, wandering soul ! I know that thou art seeking  
Some easier way, as all have sought before,  
To silence the reproachful inward speaking, —  
Some landward path unto an island shore.

O, that thy faithless soul, one great hour only,  
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life ;

Dispised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,  
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,  
Thy weary soul can find its only peace ;  
Seeking no aid from any human creature, —  
Looking to God alone for his release.

And he will come in his own time and power  
To set his earnest-hearted children free :  
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,  
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE SOUL'S CRY.

" I cry unto Thee daily." — PS. lxxxvi. 3.

O, EVER from the deeps  
Within my soul, oft as I muse alone,  
Comes forth a voice that pleads in tender tone ;  
As when one long unblest  
Sighs ever after rest ;  
Or as the wind perpetual murmuring keeps.

I hear it when the day  
Fades o'er the hills, or 'cross the shimmering sea ;  
In the soft twilight, as is wont to be,  
Without my wish or will,  
While all is hushed and still,  
Like a sad, plaintive cry heard far away.

Not even the noisy crowd,  
That like some mighty torrent rushing down  
Sweeps clanking on, this cry of want can drown ;  
But ever in my heart  
Afresh the echoes start ;  
I hear them still amidst the tumult loud.

Each waking morn anew  
The sense of many a need returns again ;  
I feel myself a child, helpless as when  
I watched my mother's eye,  
As the slow hours went by,  
And from her glance my being took its hue.

I cannot shape my way  
Where nameless perils ever may betide,  
O'er slippery steeps whereon my feet may slide ;  
Some mighty hand I crave,  
To hold and help and save,  
And guide me ever when my steps would stray.

There is but One, I know,  
That all my hourly, endless wants can meet ;  
Can shield from harm, recall my wandering feet ;  
My God, thy hand can lead  
And day by day can lead  
Where the sweet streams of peace and safety flow.

RAY PALMER



POEMS OF NATURE.



## The Prairie States.

A newer Garden of Creation  
— no primal solitude —  
Dense, joyous, modern, populous  
millions cities and farms,  
With iron interlaced, composite,

By all the world contributed —  
Freedom's and Law's and Christ's Society,  
The crown and teeming Paradise, so  
far, of Time's accumulations,  
To justify the Past

Walter Whitman



# POEMS OF NATURE.

## WORLDLINESS.

THE World is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;  
Little we see in nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not. — Great God ! I 'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creel outworn, —  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,  
Because my feet find measure with its call ;  
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,  
For I am known to them, both great and small.  
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows  
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given ;  
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows  
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven ;  
For he who with his Maker walks aright,  
Shall be their lord as Adam was before :  
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,  
Each object wear the dress that then it wore ;  
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,  
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JONES VERY.

## TINTERN ABBEY.

I HAVE learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and, in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I  
still

A lover of the meadows, and the woods,  
And mountains, and of all that we behold  
From this green earth : of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create  
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of my purest thoughts.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## CORRESPONDENCES.

HEXAMETERS AND PENTAMETERS.

ALL things in nature are beautiful types to the  
soul that reads them ;  
Nothing exists upon earth but for unspeakable  
ends ;  
Every object that speaks to the senses was meant  
for the spirit ;  
Nature is but a scroll ; God's handwriting  
thereon.  
Ages ago, when man was pure, ere the flood over-  
whelmed him,  
While in the image of God every soul yet lived,  
Everything stood as a letter or word of a language  
familiar,  
Telling of truths which now only the angels  
can read.  
Lost to man was the key of those sacred hiero-  
glyphics,  
Stolen away by sin, till Heaven restored it ;  
Now with infinite pains we here and there spell  
out a letter,  
Here and there will the sense feebly shine  
through the dark.

When we perceive the light that breaks through  
 the visible symbol,  
 What exultation is ours! We the discovery  
 have made,  
 Yet is the meaning the same as when Adam lived  
 sinless in Eden,  
 Only long hidden it slept, and now again is  
 revealed.  
 Man unconsciously uses figures of speech every  
 moment,  
 Little dreaming the cause why to such terms  
 he is prone,  
 Little dreaming that everything here has its own  
 correspondence  
 Folded within its form, as in the body the soul.  
 Gleams of the mystery fall on us still, though  
 much is forgotten,  
 And through our commonest speech illumine  
 the path of our thoughts.  
 Thus doth the lordly sun shine forth a type of  
 God-head ;  
 Wisdom and love the beams that stream on a  
 darkened world.  
 Thus do the sparkling waters flow, giving joy to  
 the desert,  
 And the fountain of life opens itself to the  
 thirst.  
 Thus doth the word of God distill like the rain  
 and the dew-drops ;  
 Thus doth the warm wind breathe like to the  
 spirit of God ;  
 And the green grass and the flowers are signs of  
 the regeneration.

O thou Spirit of Truth, visit our minds once  
 more ;  
 Give us to read in letters of light the language  
 celestial,  
 Written all over the earth, written all over the  
 the sky, —  
 Thus may we bring our hearts once more to know  
 our Creator,  
 Seeing in all things around, types of the Infi-  
 nite Mind.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

## NATURE'S CHAIN.

FROM "THE ESSAY ON MAN."

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love  
 Combining all below and all above,  
 See plastic nature working to this end,  
 The single atoms each to other tend,  
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place,  
 Formed and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.  
 See matter next, with various life endued,

Press to one center still, the general good.  
 See dying vegetables life sustain,  
 See life dissolving vegetate again :  
 All forms that perish other forms supply  
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die) ;  
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
 Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;  
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul  
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;  
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;  
 All served, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;  
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.  
 Has God, thou fool ! worked solely for thy good,  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
 For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn.  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?  
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride  
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?  
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :  
 The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,  
 Lives on the labors of this lord of all.  
 Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;  
 The fur that warms a monarch warms a bear.  
 While man exclaims, "See all things for my use !"  
 "See man for mine !" replies a pampered goose :  
 And just as short of reason he must fall  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.  
 Grant that the powerful still the weak control ;  
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :  
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,  
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.  
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?  
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?  
 Or hears the hawk when Philonela sings ?  
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,  
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;  
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,  
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :  
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy  
 The extensive blessing of his luxury.  
 That very life his learned hunger craves,  
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;  
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,  
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;  
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,  
 Than favored man by touch ethereal slain.  
 The creature had his feast of life before ;  
 Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er !

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE IDLER.

WHEN days are long and skies are bright,  
 When woods are green and fields are breezy,  
 I take my fill of air and light,  
 And take — yes, take things rather easy.

You men of figures sneer, I know, —  
 Call me an idle, dreamy fellow ;  
 But my chief business here below  
 Is, like the apple, to grow mellow.

I coax the fish in cove or creek ;  
 My light skiff rocks on rocking billow ;  
 Or, weary, in some shade I seek  
 A mossy hummock for my pillow.

There, stretched upon the checkered grass,  
 Above the bare, brown margin growing,  
 I watch the still, soft shadows pass,  
 Lulled by the hum of warm airs blowing.

On bending spray of tallest tree  
 The brown thrush balanced takes his station,  
 And now in jest, now soberly,  
 Holds forth, half song and half oration.

The red-capped workman on a limb,  
 Up, down, in circles briskly hopping,  
 Nods to the helpmeet calling him,  
 With knowing air his sage head drooping.

At times, by plashy shore, the still  
 White-belted watchman springs his rattle,  
 While faintly from the distant hill  
 Come tinkling bells and low of cattle.

The waves in long procession tread  
 Upon the beach in solemn motion,  
 Fringed with white breakers ; overhead,  
 Cloud-islands dot the upper ocean.

I know you solid men will sneer ;  
 Call me a thriftless, idle fellow ;  
 But, as I said, my business here  
 Is, like the apples, to grow mellow.

And since the summer will not stay,  
 And since the winter follows fleetly,  
 To fitly use the passing day  
 Requires my time and thought completely.

But, if of life I get the best,  
 The use of wealth without its fetters,  
 Am I more idle than the rest,  
 Or wiser than the money-getters ?

H. E. WARNER.

## CREATION.

FROM "PARADISE LOST"

THE earth was formed, but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature involved,  
 Appeared not ; over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flowed, not idle ; but, with warm  
 Prolific humor softening all her globe,  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Satiated with genial moisture : when God said,  
 " Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear."  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
 Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky :  
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters : thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uprolled,  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry :  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste : each flight the great command im-  
 pressed

On the swift floods ; as armies at the call  
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to their standard ; so the watery throng,  
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
 Soft ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill ;  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore ;  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land, Earth ; and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters, he called Seas ;  
 And saw that it was good : and said, " Let the  
 earth

Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth."  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure  
 clad

Her universal face with pleasant green ;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered  
 Opening their various colors, and made gay  
 Her bosom, smelling sweet : and, these scarce  
 blown,  
 Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth  
 crept

The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed

Their blossoms : with high woods the fields were crowned,

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side ;  
With borders long the rivers : that earth now  
Seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rained  
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
None was ; but from the earth a dewy mist  
Went up, and watered all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field ; which, ere it was in the earth,  
God made, and every herb, before it grew  
On the green stem : God saw that it was good :  
So even and morn recorded the third day.

Again the Almighty spake, " Let there be lights  
High in the expanse of heaven, to divide  
The day from night ; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of heaven,  
To give light on the earth " ; and it was so.  
And God made two great lights, great for their  
use

To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night, altern ; and made the stars,  
And set them in the firmament of heaven  
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day,  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that it was good :  
For of celestial bodies first the sun  
A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,  
Though of ethereal mold ; then formed the moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
And sowed with stars the heaven, thick as a field :  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed  
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light ; firm to retain  
Her gathered beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns drew light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns :  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, joined to run  
His longitude through heaven's high road : the  
gray

Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,  
Shedding sweet influence : less bright the moon,  
But opposite in leveled west was set,  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him ; for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps

Till night ; then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her rign  
With thousand lesser lights individual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared  
Spangling the hemisphere : then first adorned  
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth  
day.

And God said, " Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul :  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Displayed on the open firmament of heaven."  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds ;  
And every bird of wing after his kind ;  
And saw that it was good, and blessed them,  
saying,

" Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;  
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth."  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and  
bay

With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea : part single, or with mate,  
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through  
groves

Of coral stray ; or sporting with quick glance,  
Shew to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ;  
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment : or under rocks their food  
In jointed armor watch : on smooth the seal  
And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk,  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land ; and at his gills  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that  
soon

Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed  
Their callow young ; but feathered soon and fledged  
They summed their pens ; and, soaring the air  
sublime,

With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build ;  
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their airy caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air

Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes ;

From branch to branch the smaller birds with songs

Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings Till even ; nor then the solemn nightingale

Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays ; Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed

Their downy breast ; the swan with arched neck, Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows

Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower

The mid aerial sky : others on ground Walked firm ; the crested cock whose clarion

sounds The silent hours, and the other whose gay train Adorns him, colored with the florid hue

Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,

Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose With evening harps and matin ; when God said,

“ Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind, Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the

earth, Each in their kind.” The earth obeyed, and straight

Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,

Limbed and full grown : out of the ground up rose,

As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;

Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked : The cattle in the fields and meadows green ;

Those rare and solitary, these in flocks Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.

The grassy clods now calved ; now half appeared The tawny lion, pawing to get free

His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds, And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,

The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw

In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground Bore up his branching head : scarce from his

mold Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved

His vastness : bleeced the flocks and bleating rose, As plants : ambiguous between sea and land

The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, Insect or worm : those waved their limber fans

For wings, and smallest lineaments exact In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,

With spots of gold and purple, azure and green ; These as a line their long dimension drew,

Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all

Minims of nature ; some of serpent-kind, Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved

Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept The parsimonious emmet, provident

Of future ; in small room large heart enclosed ; Pattern of just equality perhaps

Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes Of commonalty : swarming next appeared

The female bee, that feeds her husband drone Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells

With honey stored : the rest are numberless, And thou their natures knowest, and gavest

them names, Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown

The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes

And hairy mane terrific, though to thee Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

MILTON.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown,

Of thee, from the hill-top looking down ; The heifer that lows in the upland farm,

Far-beard, lows not thine ear to charm ; The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,

Deems not that great Napoleon Stops his horse, and lists with delight,

Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ; Nor knowest thou what argument

Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent. All are needed by each one ;

Nothing is fair or good alone. I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,

Singing at dawn on the alder bough ; I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;

He sings the song, but it pleases not now, For I did not bring home the river and sky ; —

He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye. The delicate shells lay on the shore ;

The bubbles of the latest wave Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;

And the bellowing of the savage sea Greeted their safe escape to me.

I wiped away the weeds and foam, I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;

But the poor, unsightly, noisome things Had left their beauty on the shore,

With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. The lover watched his graceful maid,

As mid the virgin train she strayed, Nor knew her beauty's best attire

Was woven still by the snow-white choir. At last she came to his hermitage,

Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ; — The gay enchantment was undone,

A gentle wife, but fairy none.  
 Then I said, "I covet truth ;  
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;  
 I leave it behind with the games of youth." —  
 As I spoke, beneath my feet  
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
 flung over the club-moss burs ;  
 I inhaled the violet's breath ;  
 Around me stood the oaks and firs ;  
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;  
 Over me soared the eternal sky,  
 Full of light and of deity ;  
 Again I saw, again I heard,  
 The rolling river, the morning bird ; —  
 Beauty through my senses stole ;  
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

## RETIREMENT.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,  
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;  
 And while, to shade my lowly cave,  
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave,  
 And while the maple dish is mine, —  
 The beechen cup, unstained with wine, —  
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,  
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,  
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;  
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
 The wren has wove her mossy nest :  
 From busy scenes and brighter skies,  
 To lurk with innocence, she flies,  
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,  
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,  
 And every opening primrose count,  
 That trimly paints my blooming mount ;  
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,  
 That grace my gloomy solitude,  
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray  
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,  
 I ope my brass-embossed book,  
 Portrayed with many a holy deed  
 Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed ;  
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,  
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,  
 And, at the close, the gleams behold  
 Of parting wings, bedropt with gold. •

While such pure joys my bliss create,  
 Who but would smile at guilty state ?  
 Who but would wish his holy lot  
 In calm oblivion's humble grot ?  
 Who but would cast his pomp away,  
 To take my staff, and amice gray ;  
 And to the world's tumultuous stage  
 Prefer the worldless hermitage ?

THOMAS WARTON.

## COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

COME to these scenes of peace,  
 Where, to rivers murmuring,  
 The sweet birds all the summer sing,  
 Where cares and toil and sadness cease !  
 Stranger, does thy heart deplore  
 Friends whom thou wilt see no more ?  
 Does thy wounded spirit prove  
 Pangs of hopeless, severed love ?  
 Thee the stream that gushes clear,  
 Thee the birds that carol near  
 Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie  
 And dream of their wild lullaby ;  
 Come to bless these scenes of peace,  
 Where cares and toil and sadness cease.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

## SEE, O SEE!

SEE, O see !  
 How every tree,  
 Every bower,  
 Every flower,  
 A new life gives to others' joys ;  
 While that I  
 Grief-stricken lie,  
 Nor can meet  
 With any sweet  
 But what faster mine destroys.  
 What are all the senses' pleasures  
 When the mind has lost all measures ?

Hear, O hear !  
 How sweet and clear  
 The nightingale  
 And water's fall  
 In concert join for others' ear ;  
 While to me,  
 For harmony,  
 Every air  
 Echoes despair,  
 And every drop provokes a tear.  
 What are all the senses' pleasures  
 When the soul has lost all measures ?

JOHN DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL.

## ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

O UNSEEN Spirit! now a calm divine  
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing earth and air!  
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,  
And thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky  
Stands clear and strong, with darkened rocks  
and dells,  
And cloudless brightness opens wide and high  
A home aerial, where thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,  
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,  
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,  
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play  
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life;  
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,  
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.

JOHN STERLING.

## INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

FROM "PARADISE LOST"

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first born!  
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd! since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!  
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou  
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget

Those other two equal'd with me in fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophetic I:  
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; and the wretched Ired  
Sings darkling, and in shadows covert of  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thy year the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rise,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark,  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the look of knowledge far  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of nature's works, to me expunged and race,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and dispurse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

## FROM THE "HYMN TO LIGHT."

SAY, from what golden quivers of the sky  
Do all thy winged arrows fly?  
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine;  
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word  
Divine.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and  
gay,  
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;  
And all the year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal  
spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above  
The Sun's gilt tent forever move,  
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,  
Theshining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble glow-worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild  
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,  
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;  
Ashamed, and fearful to appear,  
They screen their horrid shapes with the black  
hemisphere.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said  
To shake his wings, and rouse his head:

And cloudy Care has often took  
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy waked head  
Out of the morning's purple bed,  
Thy quire of birds about thee play,  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,  
Is but thy several liveries ;  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;  
The virgin lilies, in their white,  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands  
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands ;  
On the fair tulip thou dost dote ;  
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colored coat.

Through the soft ways of Heaven, and air, and sea,  
Which open all their pores to thee,  
Like a clear river thou dost glide,  
And with thy living stream through the close  
channels slide.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,  
In th' empyrean Heaven does stay,  
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,  
From thence took first their rise, thither at last  
must flow.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! 't is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UP! QUIT THY BOWER!

Up! quit thy bower! late wears the hour,  
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower;  
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,  
And the wild kid sports merrily.  
The sun is bright, the sky is clear;  
Wake, lady, wake! and hasten here.

Up, maiden fair! and bind thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air!  
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream  
Is dancing in the sunny beam.  
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay;  
Leave thy soft couch and haste away!

Up! Time will tell the morning bell  
Its service-sound has chimed well;  
The aged crane keeps house alone,  
The reapers to the fields are gone.  
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay;  
Lo! while thou sleep'st they haste away!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to partlet perched on high,  
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)  
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
Shadows, nursed by night, retire:  
And the peeping sunbeam now,  
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at night;  
And the lark, to meet the morn,  
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,  
See the chattering swallow spring:  
Darting through the one-arched bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top  
Gently greets the morning gale:  
Killings now begin to crop  
Daisies, on the dewy dale.



From the balmy sweets, unclayed  
 (Restless till her task be done),  
 Now the busy bee's employed  
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,  
 Where the limpid stream distills,  
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
 When 't is sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promised corn  
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
 Anxious;— whilst the huntsman's horn,  
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,  
 On the white emblossomed spray!  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

#### THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

To claim the Arctic came the sun  
 With banners of the burning zone.  
 Unrolled upon their airy spurs,  
 They froze beneath the light of stars;  
 And there they float, those streamers old,  
 Those Northern Lights, forever cold!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

#### DAWN.

THE night was dark, though sometimes a faint  
 star

A little while a little space made bright.  
 The night was long and like an iron bar  
 Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea  
 Slowly, within the East, there grew a light  
 Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be  
 The herald of a greater. The pale white  
 Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height  
 Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew  
 Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew  
 Straight toward the utmost boundary of the East,  
 Where slowly the rose gathered and increased.  
 It was as on the opening of a door  
 By one that in his hand a lamp doth hold,  
 Whose flame is hidden by the garment's fold,—  
 The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean turned  
 Dark and more dark against the brightening sky,—  
 Sharper against the sky the long sea line.  
 The hollows of the breakers on the shore  
 Were green like leaves whereon no sun doth shine,  
 Though white the outer branches of the tree.

From rose to red the level heaven burned;  
 Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,  
 A blade of gold flashed on the horizon's rim.

RICHARD W. GILDER.

#### PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,  
 With night we banish sorrow;  
 Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,  
 To give my love good morrow.  
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow:  
 Bird, pruney thy wing; nightingale, sing,  
 To give my love good morrow.  
 To give my love good morrow,  
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,  
 Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
 And from each hill let music shrill  
 Give my fair love good morrow.  
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,  
 You petty elves, amongst yourselves,  
 Sing my fair love good morrow.  
 To give my love good morrow,  
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

#### MORNING.

FROM "THE MINSTREL."

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain-  
 side;  
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage eurs at early pilgrim bark;  
 Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid  
 sings;  
 The whistling plowman stalks afield; and,  
 hark!  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon  
 rings;  
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished  
 springs;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

JAMES BEATTIE.

## THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still !  
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;  
A graver murmur gurgles from the fill ;  
And echo answers softer from the hill ;  
And sweeter sings the linnet from the thorn :  
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !  
The rooks float silent by in airy drove ;  
The sun a placid yellow luster throws ;  
The gales that lately sighed along the grove  
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;  
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move, —  
So smiled the day when the first morn arose !

JOHN LEYDEN.

## RÈVE DU MIDI.

When o'er the mountain steep  
The hazy noontide creeps,  
And the shrill cricket sleeps  
Under the grass ;  
When soft the shadows lie,  
And clouds sail o'er the sky,  
And the idle winds go by,  
With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass, —

Then, when the silent stream  
Lapses as in a dream,  
And the water-lilies gleam  
Up to the sun ;  
When the hot and burdened day  
Rests on its downward way,  
When the moth forgets to play,  
And the plodding ant may dream her work is  
done, —

Then, from the noise of war  
And the din of earth afar,  
Like some forgotten star  
Dropt from the sky, —  
The sounds of love and fear,  
All voices sad and clear,  
Banished to silence drear, —  
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale  
Breathes its mysterious tale,  
Till the rose's lips grow pale  
With her sighs ;  
And o'er my thoughts are cast  
Tints of the vanished past,  
Glories that faded fast,  
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,  
Where its sweet treasure swings,  
The honey-lover clings  
To the red flowers, —  
So, lost in vivid light,  
So, rapt from day and night,  
I linger in delight,  
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## A SUMMER NOON.

Who has not dreamed a world of bliss  
On a bright sunny noon like this,  
Conched by his native brook's green maze,  
With comrade of his boyish days,  
While all around them seemed to be  
Just as in joyous infancy ?  
Who has not loved at such an hour,  
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,  
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,  
Its wild and sunny solitude ?  
While o'er the waste of purple ling  
You mark a sultry glimmering ;  
Silence herself there seems to sleep,  
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep,  
Where slowly stray those lonely sheep  
Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom,  
And gleaming of the scattered broom.  
Love you not, then, to list and hear  
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,  
Pouring an orange-scented tide  
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide ?  
To hear the buzzard's whimpering shrill,  
Hovering above you high and still ?  
The twittering of the bird that dwells  
Among the heath's delicious bells ?  
While round your bed, o'er fern and blade,  
Insects in green and gold arrayed,  
The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed ;  
And sweeter sound their humming wings  
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

## NOONTIDE.

BENEATH a shivering canopy reclined,  
Of aspen-leaves that wave without a wind,  
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir  
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir ;  
Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,  
When peers in scattered tufts the yellow bloom ;  
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'errun,  
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,  
And pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly shrill,  
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill :

Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie  
Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye,  
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,  
Unseen thy form, and undisturbed thy rest,  
Oft have I listening mused the sultry day,  
And wondered what thy chirping song might say,  
When naught was heard along the blossomed lea,  
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

JOHN LEYDEN.

## THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dauce aboon the burn ;  
The dews begin to fa' ;  
The pairtricks down the rushy holm  
Set up their e'ening ca'.  
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang  
Rings through the briery shaw,  
While, flitting gay, the swallows play  
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky  
The mavis mends her lay ;  
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains  
To charm the lingering day ;  
While weary yeldrins seem to wail  
Their little nestlings torn,  
The merry wren, frae den to den,  
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
The foxglove shuts its bell ;  
The honeysuckle and the birk  
Spread fragrance through the dell.  
Let others crowd the giddy court  
Of mirth and revelry,  
The simple joys that nature yields  
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

## THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice : thou  
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day !  
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;  
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,  
Roughening their crests, and scattering high  
their spray,  
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone, — a thousand bosoms round  
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight ;  
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
Levelier, at coming of the wind of night ;

And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,  
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.  
Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth, —  
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest ;  
Curl the still waters, bright with stars ; and rouse  
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,  
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast.  
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the  
grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway  
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone,  
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,  
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,  
May think of gentle souls that passed away,  
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,  
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,  
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
His temples, while his breathing grows more  
deep ;  
And they who stand about the sick man's bed  
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
And softly part his curtains to allow  
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go, — but the circle of eternal change,  
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,  
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,  
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more.  
Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,  
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore ;  
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary laborer free !  
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,  
That send'st it from above,  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,  
Whilst far-off loving herds are heard,  
And songs, when toil is done,

From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
Parted lovers on thee muse ;  
Their remembrance in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks,  
When the long day was nearly done ;  
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,  
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,  
And o'er the bay in streaming locks  
Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the west the golden bars  
Still to a deeper glory grew ;  
Above our heads the faint, few stars  
Looked out from the unfathomed blue ;  
And the fair city's clamorous jars  
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

O sunset sky ! O purple tide !  
O friends to friends that closer pressed !  
Those glories have in darkness died,  
And ye have left my longing breast.  
I could not keep you by my side,  
Nor fix that radiance in the west.

WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

SUNSET

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps  
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,  
And thou hast lingered there  
Until the sun's broad orb  
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,  
Thou must have marked the lines  
Of purple gold that motionless  
Hung o'er the sinking sphere :  
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,  
Edged with intolerable radiance,  
Towering like rocks of jet  
Crowned with a diamond wreath.  
And yet there is a moment,  
When the sun's highest point  
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,  
When those far clouds of feathery gold,  
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam  
Like islands on a dark-blue sea ;  
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,  
And furled its wearied wing  
Within the Fairy's fan.

Yet not the golden islands  
Gleaming in you flood of light,  
Nor the feathery curtains  
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,  
Nor the burnished ocean's waves  
Paving that gorgeous dome,  
So fair, so wonderful a sight  
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.  
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall !  
Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread  
Its floors of flashing light,  
Its vast and azure dome,  
Its fertile golden islands  
Floating on a silver sea ;  
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted  
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,  
And pearly battlements around  
Looked o'er the immense of heaven.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

Low burns the summer afternoon ;  
A mellow luster lights the scene ;  
And from its smiling beauty soon  
The purpling shade will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze ;  
The cedars long, black pictures show ;  
And broadly slopes one path of rays  
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out — the cat intent,  
Like carving, on some gnawing rat —  
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,  
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle, dart  
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse ;  
At either side the stooping cart,  
Pitchfork and plow cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-floors  
Shows his round shape ; faint color coats  
The manger, where the farmer pours,  
With rustling rush, the glancing outs.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed ;  
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks ;  
In mottled gloss the straw is spread ;  
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west  
With gorgeous tints around it drawn ;  
A beacon on the mountain's breast,  
A crescent, shred, a star — and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night :  
A gauzy mist slow settles round ;  
Eve shows her hues in every sight,  
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,  
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight ;  
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,  
Come grazing through the pasture-gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits :  
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing ;  
One rears and fans, then, settling, sits ;  
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,  
The ragged patriarch at the head ;  
Then, screaming, flutter off awhile,  
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticleer shows haughtiest air ;  
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend ;  
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where  
His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground ;  
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,  
Wheels his head-drooping frame around  
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plow,  
Rest by the pear-tree's crooked trunk ;  
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,  
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank  
Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar ;  
One smooths, with lapping tongue, her flank ;  
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark  
Glimmers across the pillared scene,  
With the grouped geese, — a pallid mark, —  
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot  
With fickle light that gleams and dies ;  
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,  
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows  
The deepening air and darkening ground ;  
By its rich scent I trace the rose,  
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars ;  
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone ;  
And now the heavens are set with stars,  
And night and quiet reign alone.

ALFRED B. STREET.

## EVENING.

FROM "DON JUAN."

Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee !

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour,  
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower  
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with  
prayer.

Ave Maria ! 't is the hour of prayer !  
Ave Maria ! 't is the hour of love !  
Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !  
Ave Maria ! O that face so fair !  
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty  
dove, —  
What though 't is but a pictured image ? —  
strike, —  
That painting is no idol, — 't is too like.

Sweet hour of twilight ! in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er  
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,  
Evergreen forest ; which Boccaccio's lore  
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,  
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
Were the sole echoes, save my steel's and mine,  
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along ;  
The speeter huntsman of Onesti's line,  
His bell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,  
Which learned from this example not to fly  
From a true lover, — shadowed my mind's eye.

O Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things, —  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer ;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the  
heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart,  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,

As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay :  
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns !  
 Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

LOD BYRON.

—◆—  
 ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales, —

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired  
 Sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With braid ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,  
 With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern  
 wing ;

Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;  
 Now teach me, maid composed,  
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening  
 vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;  
 As, musing slow, I hail  
 Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,  
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows  
 with sedge,

And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;  
 Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
 Whose walls more awful nod  
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill, blustering winds, or driving rain,  
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
 That from the mountain's side  
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;  
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
 Thy dewy fingers draw  
 The gradual, dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he  
 wout,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !  
 While Summer loves to sport  
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;  
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
 Alfrights thy shrinking train,  
 And rudely rends thy robes, —

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
 Thy gentlest influence own,  
 And love thy favorite name !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

—◆—  
 SUNSET.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night :  
 Sunset divides the sky with her ; a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountains ; heaven is free  
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,  
 Where the day joins the past eternity ;  
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
 Floats through the azure air, an island of the  
 blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigus  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhetian hill,  
 As day and night contending were until  
 Nature reclaimed her order : gently flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill  
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed  
 within it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from  
 afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse :  
 And now they change : a paler shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
 With a new color as it gasps away,  
 The last still loveliest, till 't is gone — and all is  
 gray.

LOD BYRON

## EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
Were shunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung.  
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, the  
hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, in lines  
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labor, to reform  
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.  
These blossoms also, and these dropping gums,  
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorned :  
" My author and disposer, what thou bid'st  
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains :  
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time ;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charms of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Glistening with dew ; nor fragrant after showers,  
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
On to their blissful bower.

MILTON

## TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of Night !  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
Which make thee terrible and dear,  
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star inwrought ;  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,  
Kiss her until she be wearied out ;  
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand,  
Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee ;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to her rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee !

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
" Wouldst thou me ?"  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
" Shall I nestle near thy side ?  
Wouldst thou me ?" And I replied,  
" No, not thee !"

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon,  
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, beloved Night, —  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon !

PERRY BY THE SHILLEY.

## NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?

Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,  
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

◆  
**NIGHT.**

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

'T is night, when Meditation bids us feel  
We once have loved, though love is at an end :  
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
When Youth itself survives young Love and joy ?  
Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
Death hath but little left him to destroy !  
Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be  
a boy ?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,  
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.  
None are so desolate but something dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;  
A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To nightly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion  
dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean, —  
This is not solitude ; 't is but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her  
stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men  
To hear to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;  
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress !  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,

If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;  
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

LORD BYRON.

◆  
**NIGHT.**

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon  
vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur  
rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
So stainless that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castle steep,  
Whose banner haugeth o'er the timeworn tower  
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace — all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day  
In southern climes o'er ocean's waveless field  
Sinks sweetly smiling : not the faintest breath  
Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve  
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day ;  
And vesper's image on the western main  
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes :  
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,  
Rolls o'er the blackened waters ; the deep roar  
Of distant thunder mutters awfully ;  
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom  
That shrouds the boiling surge ; the pitiless fiend,  
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey :  
The torn deep yawns, — the vessel finds a grave  
Beneath its jagged gulf.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

◆  
**NIGHT.**

NIGHT is the time for rest :  
How sweet, when labors close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose,  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed !



Night is the time for dreams :  
 The gay romance of life,  
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
 Mix in fantastic strife ;  
 Ah ! visions, less beguiling far  
 Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil :  
 To plow the classic field,  
 Intent to find the buried spoil  
 Its wealthy furrows yield ;  
 Till all is ours that sages taught,  
 That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep :  
 To wet with unseen tears  
 Those graves of Memory, where sleep  
 The joys of other years ;  
 Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,  
 But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch :  
 O'er ocean's dark expanse,  
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch  
 The full moon's earliest glance,  
 That brings into the homesick mind  
 All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care :  
 Brooding on hours misspent,  
 To see the specter of Despair  
 Come to our lonely tent ;  
 Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,  
 Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think :  
 When, from the eye, the soul  
 Takes flight ; and on the utmost brink  
 Of yonder starry pole  
 Discerns beyond the abyss of night  
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :  
 Our Saviour oft withdrew  
 To desert mountains far away ;  
 So will his follower do, —  
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
 And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death :  
 When all around is peace,  
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
 From sin and suffering cease,  
 Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
 To parting friends ; — such death be mine.

JAMES MONTEGOMERY

#### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἄσπασσι, τριλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
 Sweep through her marble halls !  
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
 From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
 Stoop o'er me from above ;  
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
 The manifold, soft chimes,  
 That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
 My spirit drank repose :  
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —  
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear  
 What man has borne before !  
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer  
 Descend with broad-winged flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,  
 The best-beloved Night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

#### HYMN.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields : the softening air is balm ;  
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
 And every sense and every heart is joy.  
 Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;  
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.  
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
 In winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms  
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,  
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing  
 Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,  
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.  
 Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,

Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;  
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;  
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming,  
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness  
breathes :

O, talk of him in solitary glooms ;  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to  
Heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you  
rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound his stupendous praise, — whose greater  
voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and  
flowers,

In mingled clouds to him, — whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil  
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him ;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day ! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam his praise.  
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world ;  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,

Ye valleys, raise ; for the great Shepherd reigns,  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night his  
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardor rise to heaven.  
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a faun in every sacred grove,  
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,  
Or winter rises in the blackening east, —  
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song, — where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles, — 't is naught to me :  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full ;  
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in him, in light ineffable !  
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

#### THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING is yeomen in,  
Dappled lark singe ;  
Snowe melteth,  
Rannell pelteth,  
Smelleth winde of newe buddinge.

Summer is yeomen in,  
Loude singe cucku ;

Groweth seede,  
Bloweth meale,  
And springeth the weede newe.

Autumne is ycomen in,  
Ceres filleth horne ;  
Reaper swinketh,  
Farmer drinketh,  
Creaketh waine with newe corne.

Winter is ycomen in  
With stormy sadde cheere ;  
In the paddocke,  
Whistle ruddock,  
Brichte sparke in the dead yeare.

ANONYMOUS.

## EPIGRÆA ASLEEP.

ARBUTUS lies beneath the snows,  
While Winter waits her brief repose,  
And says, "No fairer flower grows!"

Of sunny April days she dreams,  
Of robins' notes and murmuring streams,  
And smiling in her sleep she seems.

She thinks her rosy buds expand  
Beneath the touch of childhood's hand,  
And beauty breathes throughout the land.

The arching elders bending o'er  
The silent river's sandy shore,  
Their golden tresses trim once more.

The pussy-willows in their play  
Their varnished caps have flung away,  
And hung their furs on every spray.

The toads their cheery music chant,  
The squirrel seeks his summer haunt,  
And life revives in every plant.

"I must awake! I hear the bee!  
The butterfly I long to see!  
The buds are bursting on the tree!"

Ah! blossom, thou art dreaming, dear,  
The wild winds howl about thee here,  
—The dirges of the dying year!

Thy gentle eyes with tears are wet;  
In sweeter sleep these pains forget;  
Thy merry morning comes not yet!

WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY

## MARCH.

SLAYER of winter, art thou here again?  
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh!  
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,  
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.  
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry  
Make April ready for the throstle's song,  
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I die ere June,  
Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,  
Striving to swell the burden of the tune  
That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,  
Unmindful of the past or coming days;  
Who sing, "O joy! a new year is begun!  
What happiness to look upon the sun!"

O, what begetteth all this storm of bliss,  
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,  
Even from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,  
Bids us, "Rejoice! lest pleasureless ye die.  
Within a little time must ye go by.  
Stretch forth your open hands, and, while ye live,  
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give!"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## SPRING.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

DIP down upon the northern shore,  
O sweet new-year, delaying long:  
Thou doest expectant Nature wrong;  
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
That longs to burst a frozen bud,  
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow;  
Now bourgeois every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ash roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drowned in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY !

DIE down, O dismal day, and let me live ;  
And come, blue deeps, magnificently strewn  
With colored clouds, — large, light, and fugitive, —  
By npper winds through pompous motions blown.  
Now it is death in life, — a vapor dense  
Creeps round my window, till I cannot see  
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens  
Shagging the mountain-tops. O God ! make free  
This barren shackled earth, so deadly cold, —  
Breathe gently forth thy spring, till winter flies  
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,  
While she performs her custom'd charities ;  
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare, —  
O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air !

DAVID GRAY.

#### SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May, —  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May, —  
Longing to escape from study  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May, —  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,

Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,  
All the winter lay.  
Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May, —  
Throbbing for the seaside billows,  
Or the water-woeing willows ;  
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
Glide the streams away.  
Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May :  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings, —  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away ;  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May !

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

#### WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thraecian ships and the foreign faces ;  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of  
quivers,  
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamor of waters, and with might ;  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet !  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees and cling ?  
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring  
to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !  
For the stars and the winds are nuto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins ;

The days dividing lover and lover,  
 The light that loses, the night that wins ;  
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
 And in green underwood and cover  
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
 Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,  
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;  
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
 The Maenad and the Bassarid ;  
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,  
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
 And screech from seeing and leave in sight  
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
 Over her eyebrows shading her eyes ;  
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;  
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

#### THE WINTER BEING OVER.

THE winter being over,  
 In order comes the spring,  
 Which doth green herbs discover,  
 And cause the birds to sing.  
 The night also expired,  
 Then comes the morning bright,  
 Which is so much desired  
 By all that love the light.  
 This may learn  
 Them that mourn  
 To put their grief to flight :  
 The spring succeedeth winter,  
 And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth  
 Affliction or distress  
 Which every member paineth,  
 And findeth no release, —  
 Let such therefore despair not,  
 But on firm hope depend,

Whose griefs immortal are not,  
 And therefore must have end.  
 They that faint  
 With complaint  
 Therefore are to blame ;  
 They add to their afflictions,  
 And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience  
 Awhile possess the mind,  
 By inward consolations  
 They might refreshing find,  
 To sweeten all their crosses  
 That little time they 'dure ;  
 So might they gain by losses,  
 And sharp would sweet procure.  
 But if the mind  
 Be inclined  
 To unquietness,  
 That only may be called  
 The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,  
 Detesting all delight,  
 His wits by sottish folly  
 Are rinated quite.  
 Sad discontent and murmurs  
 To him are incident ;  
 Were he possessed of honors,  
 He could not be content.  
 Sparks of joy  
 Fly away ;  
 Floods of care arise ;  
 And all delightful motion  
 In the conception dies.

But those that are contented  
 However things do fall,  
 Much anguish is prevented,  
 And they soon freed from all.  
 They finish all their labors  
 With much felicity ;  
 Their joy in trouble savors  
 Of perfect piety.  
 Cheerfulness  
 Doth express  
 A settled pious mind,  
 Which is not prone to grudging,  
 From murmuring refined.

ANNE COLLINS

#### SPRING.

WRITTEN WHILE A PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

THE Time hath laid his mantle by  
 Of wind and rain and icy chill,  
 And dons a rich embroidery  
 Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.

No beast or bird in earth or sky,  
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,  
For Time hath laid his mantle by  
Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill,  
Bespangled o'er with livery gay  
Of silver droplets, wind their way.  
All in their new apparel vie,  
For Time hath laid his mantle by.

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

## RETURN OF SPRING.

GOD shield ye, heralds of the spring !  
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,  
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,  
Turtles, and every wilder bird,  
That make your hundred chirpings heard  
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,  
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,  
And he whom erst the gore  
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,  
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,  
I welcome ye once more !

God shield ye, bright embroidered train  
Of butterflies, that on the plain  
Of each sweet herblet sip ;  
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go  
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow  
To kiss them with your lip !

A hundred thousand times I call  
A hearty welcome on ye all !  
This season how I love —  
This merry din on every shore —  
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar  
Forbade my steps to rove.

From the French of PIERRE RONSARD.

## MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun ;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest ;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising ;  
There are forty feeding like one ?

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,

And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill ;  
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon !  
There 's joy on the mountains ;  
There 's life in the fountains ;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing ;  
The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## SONG OF SPRING.

LAUD the first spring daisies ;  
Chant aloud their praises ;  
Send the children up  
To the high hill's top ;  
Tax not the strength of their young hands  
To increase your lands.  
Gather the primroses,  
Make handfuls into posies ;  
Take them to the little girls who are at work in  
mills ;  
Pluck the violets blue, —  
Ah, pluck not a few !  
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven  
the violet instills ?

Give the children holidays,  
(And let these be jolly days.)  
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous  
spring ;  
Better men, hereafter,  
Shall we have, for laughter  
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.  
Send the children up  
To the high hill's top,  
Or deep into the wood's recesses,  
To woo spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,  
In this splendid weather,  
Worship God (for he is God of birds as well as  
men) ;  
And each feathered neighbor  
Enters on his labor, —  
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet, and the  
wren.  
As the year advances,  
Trees their naked branches  
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green ap-  
parel.  
Insect and wild beast  
Keep no Lent, but feast ;  
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy 's  
increased,  
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud  
carol.

Ah, come and woo the spring ;  
 List to the birds that sing ;  
 Pluck the primroses ; pluck the violets ;  
 Pluck the daisies,  
 Sing their praises ;  
 Friendship with the flowers some noble thought  
 begets.

Come forth and gather these sweet elves  
 (More witching are they than the fays of old),  
 Come forth and gather them yourselves ;  
 Learn of these gentle flowers whose worth is more  
 than gold.

Come, come into the wood ;  
 Pierce into the bowers  
 Of these gentle flowers,  
 Which not in solitude  
 Dwell, but with each other keep society ;  
 And with a simple piety,  
 Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good.  
 Or, upon summer earth,  
 To die, in virgin worth ;  
 Or to be strewn before the bride,  
 And the bridegroom by her side.

Come forth on Sundays ;  
 Come forth on Mondays ;  
 Come forth on any day ;  
 Children, come forth to play : —  
 Worship the God of Nature in your childhood ;  
 Worship him at your tasks with best endeavor ;  
 Worship him in your sports ; worship him ever ;  
 Worship him in the wildwood ;  
 Worship him amidst the flowers ;  
 In the greenwood bowers ;  
 Pluck the buttercups, and raise  
 Your voices in his praise !

EDWARD YOUL.

◆  
 SPRING.

AGAIN the violet of our early days  
 Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,  
 And kindles into fragrance at his blaze ;  
 The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,  
 Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.  
 Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom !  
 Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn !  
 Wake, buried lily ! spirit, quit thy tomb !  
 And thou shade-loving hyacinth, be born !  
 Then, haste, sweet rose ! sweet woodbine, hymn  
 the morn,  
 Whose dewdrops shall illumine with pearly light  
 Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands  
 From sea to sea, while daisies infinite  
 Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,  
 O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

## SWEETLY BREATHING, VERNAL AIR.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,  
 That with kind warmth doth repair  
 Winter's ruins : from whose breast  
 All the gums and spice of the East  
 Borrow their perfumes ; whose eye  
 Gilds the morn, and clears the sky :  
 Whose disheveled tresses shed  
 Pearls upon the violet bed ;  
 On whose brow, with calm smiles drest  
 The halcyon sits and builds her nest ;  
 Beauty, youth, and endless spring  
 Dwell upon thy rosy wing !

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws  
 Down whole forests when he blows,  
 With a pregnant, flowery bath,  
 Canst refresh the teeming earth.  
 If he nip the early bud,  
 If he blast what's fair or good,  
 If he scatter our choice flowers,  
 If he shake our halls or bowers,  
 If his rude-breath threaten us,  
 Thou canst stroke great Æolus,  
 And from him the grace obtain,  
 To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CARLEW

◆  
 SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers  
 And wake the purple year !  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of spring :  
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
 A broader, browner shade,  
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
 O'er-canopies the glade,  
 Beside some water's rushy brink  
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)  
 How vain the ardor of the crowd,  
 How low, how little are the proud,  
 How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of care :  
 The panting herds repose :  
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows !

The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honeyed spring  
And float amid the liquid noon :  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gayly gilded trim  
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of man ;  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.  
Alike the busy and the gay  
But flutter through life's little day,  
In Fortune's varying colors drest :  
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance  
Or chilled by age, their airy dance  
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
The sportive kind reply :  
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?  
A solitary fly !  
Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
No painted plumage to display ;  
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone, —  
We frolic while 't is May.

THOMAS GRAY.

#### SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant  
king ;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !  
Spring ! the sweet spring !

THOMAS NASH.

#### SPRING.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring  
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,  
While virgin graces, warm with May,  
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.  
The murmuring billows of the deep  
Have languished into silent sleep ;

And mark ! the flitting sea-birds have  
Their plumes in the reflecting wave ;  
While cranes from hoary winter fly  
To flutter in a kinder sky.  
Now the genial star of day  
Dissolves the murky clouds away,  
And cultured field and winding stream  
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells  
With leafy buds and flowery bells ;  
Gemming shoots the olive twine ;  
Clusters bright festoon the vine ;  
All along the branches creeping,  
Through the velvet foliage peeping,  
Little infant fruits we see  
Nursing into luxury.

From the Greek of ANACREON,  
by THOMAS MOORE.

#### MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
Hail, bounteous May ! that doth inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire ;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON

#### TO AURELIA.

SEE, the flowery spring is blown,  
Let us leave the smoky town ;  
From the mall, and from the ring,  
Every one has taken wing ;  
Chloe, Strephon, Corydon,  
To the meadows all are gone.  
What is left you worth your stay !  
Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come, Aurelia, come and see  
What a lodge I've dressed for thee ;  
But the seat you cannot see,  
'T is so hid with jessamy,  
With the vine that o'er the walls,  
And in every window crawls ;  
Let us there be blithe and gay !  
Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come with all thy sweetest wiles,  
With thy graces and thy smiles ;  
Come, and we will merry be,  
Who shall be so blest as we ?



We will frolic all the day,  
Haste, Aurelia, while we may :  
Ay ! and should not life be gay ?  
Yes, Aurelia, — come away.

JOHN DYER.

## MAY.

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty,  
Month when pleasure is a duty ;  
Month of maids that milk the kine,  
Bosom rich, and health divine ;  
Month of bees and month of flowers,  
Month of blossom-laden bowers :  
Month of little hands with daisies,  
Lovers' love, and poets' praises ;  
O thou merry month complete,  
May, the very name is sweet !  
May was MAID in olden times,  
And is still in Scottish rhymes  
May 's the month that 's laughing now.  
I no sooner write the word,  
Than it seems as though it heard,  
And looks up and laughs at me,  
Like a sweet face, rosilily, —  
Flushing from the paper's white ;  
Like a bride that knows her power,  
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong  
Come to keep the winter long  
And deny us thy sweet looks,  
I can love thee, sweet, in books,  
Love thee in the poets' pages,  
Where they keep thee green for ages ;  
Love and read thee as a lover  
Reads his lady's letters over,  
Breathing blessings on the art  
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever :  
May will part from Spencer never ;  
May 's in Milton, May 's in Prior,  
May 's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer ;  
May 's in all the Italian books ;  
She has old and modern nooks,  
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves  
In happy places they call shelves,  
And will rise and dress your rooms  
With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,  
May 's at home and with me still ;  
But come rather, thou good weather,  
And find us in the fields together.

LEIGH HUNT.

## MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale ;  
The winds that fan the flowers,  
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
Tell of serener hours,  
Of hours that glide unfelt away  
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls  
From his blue throne of air,  
And where his whispering voice in music falls,  
Beauty is budding there ;  
The bright ones of the valley break  
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
And the wide forest weaves,  
To welcome back its playful mates again,  
A canopy of leaves ;  
And from its darkening shadow floats  
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May ;  
The tresses of the woods  
With the light dallying of the west-wind play ;  
And the full-brimming floods,  
As gladly to their goal they run,  
Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GALT. PERCIVAL.

## THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of  
beauty, song, and flowers ;  
They come! the glad some months that bring  
thick leafiness to bowers.

Up, up, my heart ! and walk abroad ; fling care  
and care aside :

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful  
waters glide ;

Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal  
tree,

Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt  
tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to  
the hand ;

And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is  
sweet and bland ;

The daisy and the buttercup are nodding cour-  
teously ;

It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless  
and welcome thee ;

And mark how with thine own thin locks  
they now are silvery gray

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whisper-  
ing, " Be gay !"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of  
 yon sky  
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it  
 melody ;  
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all  
 gleaming like red gold ;  
 And hark ! with shrill pipe musical, their merry  
 course they hold.  
 God bless them all, those little ones, who, far  
 above this earth,  
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a  
 nobler mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upheught a sound, — from  
 yonder wood it came !  
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his  
 own glad name ; —  
 Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird, that, apart from  
 all his kind,  
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft  
 western wind ;  
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! he sings again, — his notes are  
 void of art ;  
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep  
 founts of the heart.

Good Lord ! it is a gracious boon for thought-  
 crazed wight like me,  
 To smell again these summer flowers beneath this  
 summer tree !  
 To suck once more in every breath their little  
 souls away,  
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's  
 bright summer day,  
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reck-  
 less, truant boy  
 Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a  
 mighty heart of joy !

I'm sadder now, — I have had cause ; but O,  
 I'm proud to think  
 That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet  
 delight to drink ; —  
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the  
 calm, unclouded sky,  
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the  
 days gone by.  
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round  
 me dark and cold,  
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, — a heart  
 that hath waxed old !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

— ◆ —  
**JUNE.**

FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

EARTH gets its price for what Earth gives us ;  
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,

The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
 We bargain for the graves we lie in ;  
 At the Devil's booth are all things sold,  
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;  
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
 Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking ;  
 'T is heaven alone that is given away,  
 'T is only God may be had for the asking ;  
 There is no price set on the lavish summer,  
 And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?  
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :  
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;  
 Every clod feels a stir of might,  
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers  
 And, grasping blindly above it for light,  
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;  
 The flush of life may well be seen  
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;  
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
 And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean  
 To be some happy creature's palace :  
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
 A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
 And lets his illumined being o'errun  
 With the deluge of summer it receives ;  
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and  
 sings ;  
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —  
 In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best !

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
 And whatever of life hath ebb'd away  
 Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,  
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay :  
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
 We are happy now because God so wills it ;  
 No matter how barren the past may have been,  
 'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green :  
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;  
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
 That skies are clear and grass is growing ;  
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
 That dandelions are blossoming near,  
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are  
 flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,  
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;  
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
 For other couriers we should not lack ;  
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing !  
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;  
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;  
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —

'T is the natural way of living ;  
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,  
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,  
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

#### THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,  
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.

Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie  
Languidly under the bright blue sky.  
See, how slowly the streamlet glides ;  
Look, how the violet roguishly hides ;  
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,  
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.  
Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,  
And the flies go about him one by one ;  
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,  
Without ever thinking of washing her face.  
There lies a bird to a neighboring tree,  
But very lazily fieth he,  
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,  
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear  
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near,  
And the soft west-wind is so light in its play,  
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, O, I wish I was yonder cloud,  
That sails about with its misty shroud ;  
Books and work I no more should see,  
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

#### IN SUMMER TIME.

O LINDEN-TREES ! whose branches high  
Shut out the noontide's sultry sky,  
Throwing a shadow cool and dim  
Along the meadow's grassy rim,

How sweet in dreamy rest to lie,  
Unheeding how the moments fly :  
While woodland odors, faint and rare,  
Of fern and wild rose scent the air, —  
And hear the light winds play around  
From leaf to leaf with rustling sound, —  
And trill of bird, and insect's hum,  
And all the lulling tones that come  
In summer time.

O Linden-trees ! so mossy-old,  
What pleasant memories you hold  
Of early childhood, and its days  
Of frolic, sport, and guileless ways :  
A time of joyance, bright and fair,  
Beneath a mother's tender care.  
And ever on, till manhood brought  
Maturer aims and deeper thought, —  
And Love arose, and life became  
All radiant with his quenchless flame,  
As here, within your shelter wide,  
We met and lingered side by side,  
In summer time.

O Linden-trees ! as now once more  
I live those happy moments o'er,  
And, stretched at ease upon the grass,  
See picture after picture pass,  
Another, brighter vision stays  
My backward thoughts and fills my gaze ;  
For look ! where down you shaded walk  
A merry troop, in cheerful talk,  
And gleeful laugh, and shout and song,  
Maid and the children pass along !  
O Lindens ! tell me what could be  
More sweet to hear, or fair to see,

In summer time ?

W. W. CALDWELL.

#### SUMMER MORNING.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

SHORT is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaning in the dappled east, —  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,  
And, from before the luster of her face,  
White break the clouds away. With quickened  
step,  
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawnly prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents  
shine ;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare

Limps, awkward ; while along the forest glade  
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Music awakes,  
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

JAMES THOMSON.

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

Up the dale and down the bourne,  
 O'er the meadow swift we fly ;  
 Now we sing, and now we mourn,  
 Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,  
 Through the murmuring reeds we sweep ;  
 Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,  
 To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing  
 At the frolic things we say,  
 While aside her cheek we're rushing,  
 Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,  
 Kissing every bud we pass, —  
 As we did it in the bustle,  
 Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,  
 O'er the yellow heath we roam,  
 Whirling round about the fountain,  
 Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,  
 While our vesper hymn we sigh ;  
 Then unto our rosy pillows  
 On our weary wings we lie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,  
 Since from waking we refrain,  
 Moments long as ages deeming  
 Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER DAY.

O PERFECT light, which shaid away  
 The darkness from the light,  
 And set a ruler o'er the day,  
 Another o'er the night ;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,  
 More vively does appear,  
 Than at midday unto our eyes  
 The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon  
 Removes and drawis by,  
 While in the east, when it is gone,  
 Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks,  
 The lapwing and the snipe,  
 And time their songs, like Nature's clerks,  
 O'er meadow, mair, and stripe.

Our hemisphere is polished clean,  
 And lightened more and more ;  
 While everything is clearly seen,  
 Which seemèd dim before ;

Except, the glistening astres bright,  
 Which all the night were clear,  
 Offuskèd with a greater light,  
 No longer do appear.

The golden globe incontinent  
 Sets up his shining head,  
 And o'er the earth and firmament  
 Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds with bounden throats  
 Against his visage sheen  
 Take up their kindly music notes  
 In woods and gardens green.

The dew upon the tender crops,  
 Like pearls white and round,  
 Or like to melted silver drops,  
 Refreshes all the ground.

The misty reek, the clouds of rain  
 From tops of mountains skails,  
 Clear are the highest hills and plain,  
 The vapors take the vales.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,  
 In cleanness does surpass  
 The crystal and the silver pure,  
 Or clearest polished glass.

The time so tranquil is and still,  
 That nowhere shall ye find,  
 Save on a high and barren hill,  
 The air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,  
 That balmy leaf do bear,  
 Than they were painted on a wall,  
 No more they move or stir.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,  
Yea, smother than the sand ;  
The waves, that weltering wont to be,  
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile air,  
That every cry and call,  
The hills and dales and forest fair  
Again repeats them all.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers,  
Through Phœbus' fostering heat,  
Refreshed with dew and silver showers,  
Cast up an odor sweet.

The clogg'd, busy humming-bees,  
'That never think to drone,  
On flowers and flourishes of trees,  
Collect their liquor brown.

The sun, most like a speedy post,  
With ardent course ascends ;  
The beauty of the heavenly host  
Up to our zenith tends ;

Not guided by a Phœthon,  
Not trained in a chair,  
But by the high and holy One,  
Who does all where empire.

The burning beams down from his face  
So fervently can beat,  
That man and beast now seek a place  
To save them from the heat.

The herbs beneath some leafy tree,  
Amidst the flowers they lie ;  
The stable ships upon the sea  
Tend up their sails to dry.

With gilded eyes and open wings,  
The cock his courage shows ;  
With claps of joy his breast he dings,  
And twenty times he crows.

The dove with whistling wings so blue,  
The winds can fast collect,  
Her purple pens turn many a hue  
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went ; gone is midday,  
The heat does slake at last,  
The sun descends down west away,  
For three o'clock is past.

The rayons of the sun we see  
Diminish in their strength,  
The shade of every tower and tree  
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for everywhere  
The wind is settling down,  
The reek throws right up in the air  
From every tower and town.

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,  
The sun goes out of sight,  
And painted is the occident  
With purple sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,  
Who would their beauty try,  
Are nothing like the color red  
And beauty of the sky.

Our west horizon circular,  
From time the sun be set,  
Is all with rubies, as it were,  
Or roses red o'erfret.

What pleasure were to walk and see,  
Embling a river clear,  
The perfect form of every tree  
Within the deep appear.

O, then it were a seemly thing,  
While all is still and calm,  
The praise of God to play and sing  
With cornet and with shalm !

All laborers draw home at even,  
And can to other say,  
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,  
Which sent this summer day !

ALEXANDER D. M.E.

#### SIGNS OF RAIN.

FORTY REASONS FOR NOT ACCEPTING AN INVITATION OF A  
FRIEND TO MAKE AN EXCURSION WITH HIM.

- 1 The hollow winds begin to blow ;
- 2 The clouds look black, the glass is low,
- 3 The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
- 4 And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
- 5 Last night the sun went pale to bed,
- 6 The moon in hats hid her head ;
- 7 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
- 8 For see, a rainbow spans the sky !
- 9 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
- 10 Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
- 11 Hark how the chairs and tables crack !
- 12 Old Betty's nerves are on the rack ;
- 13 Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,
- 14 The distant hills are seeming nigh.
- 15 How restless are the snorting swine !
- 16 The busy flies disturb the kine,
- 17 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
- 18 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
- 19 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,

20 Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws ;  
 21 Through the clear streams the fishes rise,  
 22 And nimbly catch the incautious flies.  
 23 The glowworms, numerous and light,  
 24 Illumed the dewy dell last night ;  
 25 At dusk the squalid toad was seen,  
 26 Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;  
 27 The whirling dust the wind obeys,  
 28 And in the rapid eddy plays ;  
 29 The frog has changed his yellow vest,  
 30 And in a russet coat is dressed.  
 31 Though June, the air is cold and still,  
 32 The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill ;  
 33 My dog, so altered in his taste,  
 34 Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast ;  
 35 And see yon rooks, how odd their flight !  
 36 They imitate the gliding kite,  
 37 And seem precipitate to fall,  
 38 As if they felt the piercing ball.  
 39 'T will surely rain ; I see with sorrow,  
 40 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR. EDWARD JENNER.

## SUMMER MOODS.

I LOVE at eventide to walk alone,  
 Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,  
 Where from the long grass underneath, the snail,  
 Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.  
 I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,  
 Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air ;  
 Where bees search round, with sad and weary drone,  
 In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there ;  
 While in the juicy corn the hidden quail  
 Utters "Crak, crak," like voices underground,  
 Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,  
 And see the light fade into gloom around.

JOHN CLARE.

## RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !  
 After the dust and heat,  
 In the broad and fiery street,  
 In the narrow lane,  
 How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
 Like the tramp of hoofs !  
 How it gushes and struggles out  
 From the throat of the overflowing spout !  
 Across the window-pane  
 It pours and pours ;

And swift and wide,  
 With a muddy tide,  
 Like a river down the gutter roars  
 The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks  
 At the twisted brooks ;  
 He can feel the cool  
 Breath of each little pool ;  
 His fevered brain  
 Grows calm again,  
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
 Come the boys,  
 With more than their wonted noise  
 And commotion ;  
 And down the wet streets  
 Sail their mimic fleets,  
 Till the treacherous pool  
 Ingulfs them in its whirling  
 And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
 Where far and wide,  
 Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
 Stretches the plain,  
 To the dry grass and the drier grain  
 How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
 The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
 Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
 With their dilated nostrils spread,  
 They silently inhale  
 The clover-scented gale,  
 And the vapors that arise  
 From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
 For this rest in the furrow after toil  
 Their large and lustrous eyes  
 Seem to thank the Lord,  
 More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
 From under the sheltering trees,  
 The farmer sees  
 His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
 As they bend their tops  
 To the numberless beating drops  
 Of the incessant rain.  
 He counts it as no sin  
 That he sees therein  
 Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
 The Poet sees !  
 He can behold  
 Aquarius old  
 Walking the fenceless fields of air ;

And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told, —  
Have not been wholly sung or said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers underground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth :  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

#### SUMMER STORM.

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,  
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge ;  
So still the air that I can hear  
The slender clarion of the unseen midge :  
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,  
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,  
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases.  
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep  
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases  
In dust on the other side ; life's emblem deep,  
A confused noise between two silences,  
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.  
On the wide marsh, the purple-blossomed grasses  
Soak up the sunshine ; sleeps the brimming  
tide  
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes  
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide  
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side  
to side ;

But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,  
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened  
spray ;  
Huge whirls of foam boil topping o'er its verge,  
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs alway.

Suddenly all the sky is hid  
As with the shutting of a lid,  
One by one great drops are falling  
Doubtful and slow ;  
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,  
And the wind breathes low ;  
Slowly the circles widen on the river,  
Widen and mingle, one and all ;  
Here and there the slender flowers shiver,  
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,  
The wind is gathering in the west ;  
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,  
Then droop to a fitful rest ;  
Up from the stream with sluggish flap  
Struggles the gull and floats away ;  
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap, —  
We shall not see the sun go down to-day ;  
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,  
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,  
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,  
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look ! look ! that livid flash !  
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,  
As if some cloud-erag, split asunder,  
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,  
On the Earth, which crouches in silence under ;  
And now a solid gray wall of rain  
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile ;  
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,  
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pale,  
That seemed but now a league aloof,  
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof ;  
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,  
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,  
The blue lightning flashes,  
The rapid hail clashes,  
The white waves are tumbling,  
And, in one baffled roar,  
Like the toothless sea numbling  
A rock-bristled shore,  
The thunder is rumbling  
And crashing and crumbling, —  
Will silence return nevermore !

Hush ! Still as death,  
The tempest holds his breath  
As from a sudden will ;  
The rain stops short, but from the eaves  
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,  
All is so bodingly still ;

Again, now, now, again  
Plashes the rain in heavy gout,  
The crinkled lightning  
Seems ever bright-ning,  
And loud and long  
Again the thunder shouts  
His battle-song, —  
One quivering flash,  
One wildering crash,  
Followed by silence dead and dull,  
As if the cloud, let go,  
Leapt bodily below  
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,  
And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon !  
No more my half-crazed fancy there  
Can shape a giant in the air,  
No more I see his streaming hair,  
The writhing portent of his form ; —  
The pale and quiet moon  
Makes her calm forehead bare,  
And the last fragments of the storm,  
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,  
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### THE STORM.

FROM "LEONORE."

WHILE yet the feeble accents hung  
Unfinished on his faltering tongue,  
Through the tall arches flashing came  
A broad and livid sheet of flame,  
Playing with fearful radiance o'er  
The upraised features of Leonore,  
The shrinking form of her trembling sire,  
The bridegroom's face of scowling ire,  
And the folded hands and heaving breast,  
And prophet-like mien of the aged priest !

"T was a breathless pause, — but a moment more,  
And that fierce, unnatural beam was o'er,  
And a stunning crash, as if earth were driven  
On thundering wheels to the gates of heaven,  
Burst, pealed, and muttered long and deep,  
Then sinking, growled itself to sleep,  
And all was still.

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

### AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er. How dense and bright  
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !  
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,  
Contrasting with the dark blue sky !

In grateful silence earth receives  
The general blessing ; fresh and fair,  
Each flower expands its little leaves,  
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around  
A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;  
The wind flows cool ; the scented ground  
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,  
Methinks some spirit of the air  
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,  
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth ; from off the scene  
Its floating veil of mist is flung ;  
And all the wilderness of green  
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature, — yet the same, —  
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,  
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,  
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,  
Which sounds from all below, above ;  
She calls her children to rejoice,  
And round them throws her arms of love.

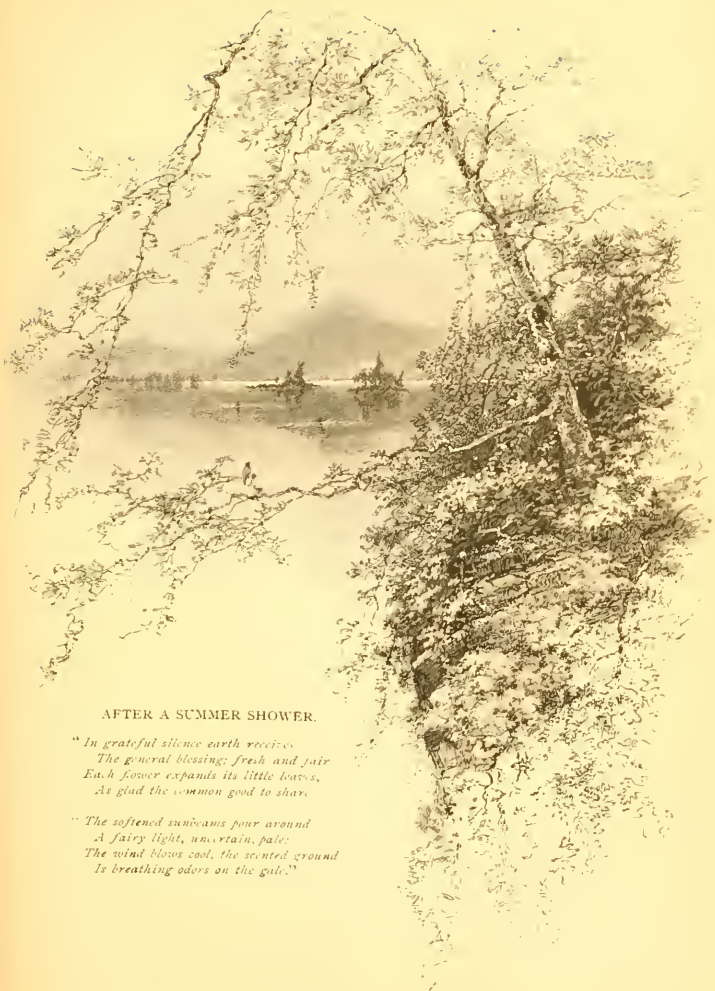
Drink in her influence ; low-born care,  
And all the train of mean desire,  
Refuse to breathe this holy air,  
And mid this living light expire.

ANDREWS NORTON.

### A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
(Yet careless of its mansion new  
For the clear region where 't was born)  
Round in itself encloses,  
And in its little globe's extent  
Frames, as it can, its native element.  
How it the purple flower does slight,  
Scarce touching where it lies :  
But gazing back upon the skies,  
Shines with a mournful light,  
Like its own tear,  
Because so long divided from the sphere ;  
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,  
Trembling, lest it grow impure,  
Till the warm sun pities its pain,  
And to the skies exhales it back again.  
So the soul, that drop, that ray





AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

*"In grateful silence earth receives  
The general blessing; fresh and fair  
Each flower expands its little leaves,  
As glad the common good to share.*

*"The softened sunbeams pour around  
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;  
The wind blows cool, the scented ground  
Is breathing odors on the gale."*



Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
 Could it within the human flower be seen,  
 Remembering still its former height,  
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,  
 And, recollecting its own light,  
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express  
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,  
 Every way it turns away ;  
 So the world excluding round,  
 Yet receiving in the day.  
 Dark beneath, but bright above ;  
 Here disdaining, there in love.

How loose and easy hence to go !

How girt and ready to ascend !

Moving but on a point below,

It all about does upwards bend.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distill,  
 White and entire, although congealed and chill,  
 Congealed on earth, but does, dissolving, run  
 Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL

#### A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

"One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine." — YOUNG.

'T is past, — the sultry tyrant of the South  
 Has spent his short-lived rage ; more grateful hours  
 Move silent on ; the skies no more repeat  
 The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams  
 Of tempered luster, court the cherished eye  
 To wander o'er their sphere ; where, hung aloft,  
 Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow,  
 New strung in heaven, lifts its beamy horns  
 Impatient for the night, and seems to push  
 Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines  
 Even in the eye of day ; with sweetest beam  
 Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood  
 Of softened radiance with her dewy locks.  
 The shadows spread apace ; while meekened Eve,  
 Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires  
 Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,  
 And shuts the gates of Day. 'T is now the hour  
 When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,  
 The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
 Of unpierced woods, where rapt in solid shade  
 She nursed away the gaudy hours of noon,  
 And fed on thoughts unripened by the sun,  
 Moves forward and with radiant finger points  
 To yon blue concave swelled by breath divine,  
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven  
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether  
 One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling  
 fires,

And dancing lusters, where the unsteady eye,  
 Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined  
 O'er all this field of glories ; spacious field,

And worthy of the Master, — He whose hand  
 With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile  
 Inscribed the mystic tablet, hung on high  
 To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man !  
 The finger of thy God. From what pure wells  
 Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,  
 Are all these lamps so filled ! — these friendly  
 lamps,

Forever streaming o'er the azure deep  
 To point our path, and light us to our home.  
 How soft they slide along their lucid spheres,  
 And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfill  
 Their destined courses ! Nature's self is hushed,  
 And but a scattered leaf, which rustles through  
 The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard  
 To break the midnight air ; though the raised ear,  
 Intently listening, drinks in every breath.

How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise  
 But are they silent all ? or is there not

A tongue in every star that talks with man,  
 And woos him to be wise ? nor woos in vain :  
 This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,  
 And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.  
 At this still hour the self-collected soul

Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there  
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;

An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,  
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun  
 (Fair transitory creature of a day !)

Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,  
 Forgets his wonted journey through the East.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods !

Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,  
 Revolving periods past, may oft look back,  
 With recollected tenderness, on all

The various busy scenes she left below,  
 Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,

As on some fond and doting tale that soothed  
 Her infant hours, — O, be it lawful now

To tread the hallowed circle of your courts,

And with mute wonder and delighted awe  
 Approach your burning confines ! Seized in  
 thought,

On Faeny's wild and roving wing I sail,

From the green borders of the peopled earth,

And the pale moon, her duteous, fair attendant ;

From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb

Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk

Dances in ether like the lightest leaf,

To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,

Where cheerless Saturn midst his watery moons

Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,

Sits like an exiled monarch : fearless thence

I launch into the trackless deeps of space,

Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,

Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine

Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light

From the proud regent of our scanty day :

Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,  
 And only less than Him who marks their track  
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,  
 Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen  
 Impels me onward through the glowing orbs  
 Of habitable nature, far remote,  
 To the dread confines of eternal night,  
 To solitudes of waste unpeopled space,  
 The deserts of creation, wide and wild;  
 Where embryo systems and unkindled suns  
 Sleep in the womb of chaos! Fancy droops,  
 And Thought, astonished, stops her bold career.  
 But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word  
 Said, "Thus let all things be," and thus they  
 were,

Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblamed  
 Invoke thy dread perfection?  
 Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?  
 Or does the heavy shoulder of Orion  
 Support thy throne? O, look with pity down  
 On erring, guilty man; not in thy names  
 Of terror clad; not with those thunders armed  
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appalled  
 The scattered tribes; thou hast a gentler voice,  
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,  
 Abashed, yet longing to behold her Maker!  
 But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers  
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,  
 And seeks again the known accustomed spot,  
 Drest up with sun and shade and lawns and  
 streams,

A mansion fair and spacious for its guests,  
 And all replete with wonders. Let me here,  
 Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,  
 And ripen for the skies: the hour will come  
 When all these splendors bursting on my sight  
 Shall stand unveiled, and to my ravished sense  
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

#### A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!  
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,  
 And there followed some droppings of rain!  
 But now the fair traveler's come to the west,  
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best:  
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,  
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,  
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,  
 And melts into tears; then he breaks out and  
 shines,

And travels his heavenly way:  
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,  
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,  
 Of rising in brighter array.

ISAAC WATTS.

#### THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky;  
 So was it when my life began,  
 So is it now I am a man,  
 So be it when I shall grow old,  
 Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### MOONLIGHT IN SUMMER.

Low on the utmost boundary of the sight,  
 The rising vapors catch the silver light;  
 Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,  
 Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,  
 Passing the source of light; and thence away,  
 Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.  
 For yet above these waited clouds are seen  
 (In a remoter sky still more serene)  
 Others, detached in ranges through the air,  
 Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;  
 Scattered immensely wide from east to west,  
 The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.  
 These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim  
 Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name;  
 And thus the loiterer's utmost stretch of soul  
 Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,  
 And loosed imagination soaring goes  
 High o'er his home and all his little woes.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

#### SEPTEMBER.

SWEET is the voice that calls  
 From babbling waterfalls  
 In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;  
 And soft the breezes blow,  
 And eddying come and go  
 In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn  
 The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
 The merry partridge drums in hidden places,  
 And glittering insects gleam  
 Above the reedy stream,  
 Where busy spiders spin their filmy laes.

At eve, cool shadows fall  
 Across the garden wall,  
 And on the clustered grapes to purple turning ;  
 And pearly vapors lie  
 Along the eastern sky,  
 Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill  
 The wind shall whistle chill,  
 And patriarch swallows call their flocks together,  
 To fly from frost and snow,  
 And seek for lands where blow  
 The fairer blossoms of a balmy weather.

The cricket chirps all day,  
 " O fairest summer, stay !  
 The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning ;  
 The wild fowl fly afar  
 Above the foamy bar,  
 And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze  
 Through the dark cedar-trees,  
 And round about my temples fondly lingers,  
 In gentle playfulness,  
 Like to the soft caress  
 Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief  
 Comes with the falling leaf,  
 And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,  
 In all my autumn dreams  
 A future summer gleams,  
 Passing the fairest glories of the present !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

—◆—  
**AUTUMN.**

A DIRGE.

THE autumn is old ;  
 The sear leaves are flying ;  
 He hath gathered up gold,  
 And now he is dying :  
 Old age, begin sighing !

The vintage is ripe ;  
 The harvest is heaping ;  
 But some that have sowed  
 Have no riches for reaping : —  
 Poor wretch, fall a-weeping !

The year 's in the wane ;  
 There is nothing adorning ;  
 The night has no eve,  
 And the day has no morning ;  
 Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill —  
 The red sun is sinking ;  
 And I am grown old,  
 And life is fast shrinking ;  
 Here 's enow for sad thinking !

THOMAS HOOD.

—◆—  
**THE LATTER RAIN.**

THE latter rain, — it falls in anxious haste  
 Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,  
 Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste  
 As if it would each root's lost strength repair ;  
 But not a blade grows green as in the spring ;  
 No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves ;  
 The robins only mid the harvests sing,  
 Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves ;  
 The rain falls still, — the fruit all ripened drops,  
 It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell ;  
 The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops ;  
 Each bursting pod of talents used can tell ;  
 And all that once received the early rain  
 Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

JONES VILLY

—◆—  
**AUTUMN.**

THE warm sun is failing ; the bleak wind is  
 wailing ;  
 The bare boughs are sighing ; the pale flowers  
 are dying ;  
 And the Year  
 On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves  
 dead,  
 Is lying.  
 Come, months, come away,  
 From November to May ;  
 In your saddest array  
 Follow the bier  
 Of the dead, cold Year,  
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling ; the nipt worm is  
 crawling ;  
 The rivers are swelling ; the thunder is knelling  
 For the Year ;  
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards  
 each gone  
 To his dwelling ;  
 Come, months, come away ;  
 Put on white, black, and gray ;  
 Let your light sisters play, —  
 Ye, follow the bier  
 Of the dead, cold Year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## THE AUTUMN.

THE autumn time is with us ! Its approach  
Was heralded, not many days ago,  
By hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun,  
And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,  
And low-voiced brooks that wandered drowsily  
By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,  
Swinging upon the vine. And now, 't is here,  
And what a change hath passed upon the face  
Of Nature, where thy waving forests spread,  
Then robed in deepest green ! All through the  
night

The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art,  
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought  
True wonders ; and the wings of morn and even  
Have touched with magic breath the changing  
leaves.

And now, as wanders the dilating eye  
Athwart the varied landscape circling far,  
What gorgeousness, what blazonry, what pomp  
Of colors, bursts upon the ravished sight !  
Here, where the maple rears its yellow crest,  
A golden glory ; yonder, where the oak  
Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash  
Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad  
The dog-wood spreads beneath a rolling field  
Of deepest crimson ; and afar, where looms  
The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest red !

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

THERE is a time, just when the frost  
Begins to pave old Winter's way,  
When Autumn, in a reverie lost,  
The mellow daytime dreams away ;

When Summer comes, in musing mind,  
To gaze once more on hill and dell,  
To mark how many sheaves they bind,  
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low ;  
The dying flowers look up and give  
Their sweetest incense ere they go,  
For her who made their beauties live.

She enters 'neath the woodland shade,  
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,  
And bear it gently where are laid  
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last, old Autumn, rising, takes  
Again his scepter and his throne ;  
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,  
Intent on gathering all his own.

Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,  
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,  
Sees wiser Autumn hoard his grain,  
And smiles to think it 's all for him.

ANONYMOUS.

## ECHO AND SILENCE.

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,  
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew  
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,  
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned  
on high,

Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy !  
And lo, she 's gone ! In robe of dark green hue  
'T was Echo from her sister Silence flew,  
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky !  
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.

Not so her sister. Hark ! for onward still,  
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,  
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.  
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play  
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill !

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN leaves grow sear all things take somber hue ;  
The wild winds waltz no more the woodside  
through,  
And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky,  
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,  
In silent flocks the bluebirds southward fly.

The forest's cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,  
The cynic frost enlaces every lane,  
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame !

The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,  
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,  
While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss askant the somber hill,  
The naked woodbine climbs the window-sill,  
The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,  
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,  
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,  
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,  
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.

The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,  
Mocking the threshers with an echo fall,  
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

Inconstant Summer to the tropics flees,  
And, as her rose-sails catch the amorous breeze,  
Lo! bare, brown Autumn trembles to her knees!

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,  
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,  
And all her paths are lost in crystal maze!

Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,  
Where the spring winds their soft eyes open flew;  
Safely they sleep the churlish winter through.

Though all life's portals are indiced with woe,  
And frozen pearls are all the world can show,  
Feel! Nature's breath is warm beneath the snow.

Look up, dear mourners! Still the blue expanse,  
Serenely teuder, bends to catch thy glance;  
Within thy tears sibilic sunbeams dance!

With blooms full-sapped again will smile the land:  
The fall is but the folding of His hand,  
Anon with fuller glories to expand.

The dumb heart hid beneath the pulseless tree  
Will throb again; and then the torpid bee  
Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.

So shall the truant bluebirds backward fly,  
And all loved things that vanish or that die  
Return to us in some sweet By-and-By.

ANONYMOUS

## WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er;  
Flowerets bloom no more,  
Wintry winds are sweeping;  
Through the snow-drifts peeping,  
Cheerful evergreen  
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plum'd throng  
Charms the wood with song;  
Ice-bound trees are glittering;  
Merry snow-birds, twittering,  
Fondly strive to cheer  
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see  
Many charms in thee, —  
Love thy chilly greeting,  
Snow-storms fiercely beating,  
And the dear delights  
Of the long, long nights.

From the German of LUDWIG HÜLTY,  
by CHARLES T. BROOKS

## NO!

No sun — no moon!  
No morn — no noon —  
No dawn — no dust — no proper time of day —  
No sky — no earthly view —  
No distance looking blue —  
No road — no street — no 't'other side the  
way —  
No end to any Row —  
No indications where the Crescents go —  
No top to any steeple —  
No recognitions of familiar people —  
No courtesies for showing 'em —  
No knowing 'em!  
No traveling at all — no locomotion,  
No inkling of the way — no notion —  
"No go" — by land or ocean —  
No mail — no post —  
No news from any foreign coast  
No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility  
No company — no nobility —  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member —  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!

THEO. M. H. G. O. O.

## WINTER.

FROM "THE WINTER MORNING WALK."

'T is morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds,  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze,  
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting  
ray  
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
And, tingeing all with his own rosy hue,  
From every herb and every spiry blade  
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.  
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,  
In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance  
I view the muscular proportioned limb  
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless  
pair,  
As they designed to mock me, at my side  
Take step for step; and, as I near approach  
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,  
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.  
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,  
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,

Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
 And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.  
 The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep  
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
 Their wonted fodder; not, like hungry man,  
 Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,  
 And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.  
 He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,  
 Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,  
 His broad keen knife into the solid mass:  
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
 With such undeviating and even force  
 He severs it away: no needless care  
 Lest storms should upset the leaning pile  
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.  
 Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned  
 The cheerful haunts of men, — to wield the ax  
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,  
 From morn to eve his solitary task.  
 Shaggy and lean and shrewd with pointed ears,  
 And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,  
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
 Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk  
 Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
 With ivory teeth, or plows it with his snout;  
 Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.

Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale,  
 Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam  
 Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,  
 Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call  
 The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,  
 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,  
 Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
 The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves  
 To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye  
 The scattered grain, and, thievisly resolved  
 To escape the impending famine, often scared  
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.  
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only care  
 Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,  
 Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned  
 To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
 His wonted strut, and, wading at their head  
 With well-considered steps, seems to resent  
 His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.  
 How find the myriads, that in summer cheer  
 The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,  
 Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?  
 Earth yields them naught; the imprisoned worm  
 is safe  
 Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs  
 Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns,  
 That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose),  
 Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.  
 The long protracted rigor of the year

Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and  
 holes  
 Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,  
 As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### NEW ENGLAND IN WINTER.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

THE sun that brief December day  
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
 A sadder light than waning moon.  
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
 A portent seeming less than threat,  
 It sank from sight before it set.  
 A chill no coat, however stout,  
 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
 The coming of the snow-storm told.  
 The wind blew east: we heard the roar  
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —  
 Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
 Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;  
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
 Impatient down the stanchion rows  
 The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
 While, peering from his early perch  
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
 The cock his crested helmet bent  
 And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
 The gray day darkened into night,  
 A night made hoary with the swarm  
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
 As zigzag wavering to and fro  
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:  
 And ere the early bedtime came  
 The white drift piled the window-frame,  
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:  
 The morning broke without a sun;  
 In tiny spherule traced with lines  
 Of Nature's geometric signs,  
 In starry flake, and pellicle,  
 All day the hoary meteor fell;



And, when the second morning shone,  
 We looked upon a world unknown,  
 On nothing we could call our own.  
 Around the glistening wonder bent  
 The blue walls of the firmament,  
 No cloud above, no earth below, —  
 A universe of sky and snow !  
 The old familiar sights of ours  
 Took marvelous shapes ; strange domes and towers  
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
 Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;  
 A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
 A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
 The bridle-post an old man sat  
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;  
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
 Our father wasted : " Boys, a path ! "  
 Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy  
 Count such a summons less than joy ?)  
 Our buskins on our feet we drew ;  
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
 We cut the solid whiteness through.  
 And, where the drift was deepest, made  
 A tunnel walled and overlaid  
 With dazzling crystal : we had read  
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
 And to our own his name we gave,  
 With many a wish the luck were ours  
 To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
 We reached the barn with merry din,  
 And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
 The old horse thrust his long head out,  
 And grave with wonder gazed about ;  
 The cock his lusty greeting said,  
 And forth his speckled harem led ;  
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
 And mild reproach of hunger looked ;  
 The horned patriarch of the sheep,  
 Like Egypt's Anun roused from sleep,  
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
 The loosening drift its breath before ;  
 Low circling round its southern zone.  
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.  
 No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
 To the savage air, no social smoke  
 Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
 A solitude made more intense  
 By dreary-voiced elements,  
 The shrieking of the mindless wind,

The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
 And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.  
 Beyond the circle of our hearth  
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
 Unbound the spell, and testified  
 Of human life and thought outside.  
 We minded that the sharpest ear  
 The buried brooklet could not hear,  
 The music of whose liquid lip  
 Had been to us companionship,  
 And, in our lonely life, had grown  
 To have an almost human tone.  
 As night drew on, and, from the crest  
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
 The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank  
 From sight beneath the smothering bank.  
 We piled, with care, our nightly stock  
 Of wood against the chimney-back,  
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
 And on its top the stout back-stick ;  
 The knotty forestick laid apart,  
 And filled between with curious art  
 The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,  
 We watched the first red blaze appear,  
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam.  
 Until the old, rude-furnished room  
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;  
 While radiant with a mimic flame  
 Outside the sparkling drift became,  
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
 The crane and pendent trammels showed ;  
 The Turks' heads on the auditions glowed ;  
 While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
 The meaning of the miracle,  
 Whispered the old rhyme : " *Under the tree,  
 When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
 There the witches are making tea.* "

The moon above the eastern wood  
 Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood  
 Transfigured in the silver flood,  
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
 Took shadow, or the somber green  
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
 Against the whiteness at their back.  
 For such a world and such a night  
 Most fitting that unwarming light,  
 Which only seemed where'er it fell  
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,  
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about.  
 Content to let the north-wind roar  
 In baffled rage at pane and door,

While the red logs before us beat  
 The frost-line back with tropic heat ;  
 And ever, when a louder blast  
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
 The merrier up its roaring draught  
 The great throat of the chimney laughed ;  
 The house-dog on his paws outspread  
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;  
 And, for the winter fireside meet,  
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
 The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket stood  
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### WINTER WALK AT NOON.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,  
 The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
 The dazzling splendor of the scene below.

Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;  
 And through the trees I view the embattled tower,  
 Whence all the music. I again perceive  
 The soothing influence of the wafled strains,  
 And settle in soft musings as I tread  
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.

No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
 With slender notes, and more than half sup-  
 pressed :

Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
 From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
 That tinkle in the withered leaves below.

Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the  
 heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,  
 And Learning wiser grow without his books.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### WINTER.

THE day had been a calm and sunny day,  
 And tinged with amber was the sky at even ;  
 The fleecy clouds at length had rolled away,  
 And lay in furrows on the eastern heaven ; —

The moon arose and shed a glimmering ray,  
 And round her orb a misty circle lay.

The hoar-frost glittered on the naked heath,  
 The roar of distant winds was loud and deep,  
 The dry leaves rustled in each passing breath,  
 And the gay world was lost in quiet sleep.  
 Such was the time when, on the landscape brown,  
 Through a December air the snow came down.

The morning came, the dreary morn, at last,  
 And showed the whitened waste. The shiv-  
 ering herd

Lowed on the hoary meadow-ground, and fast  
 Fell the light flakes upon the earth unstirred ;  
 The forest firs with glittering snows o'erlaid  
 Stood like hoar priests in robes of white arrayed.

JOHN H. BRYANT.

#### WINTER PICTURES.

FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain  
 peak,

From the snow five thousand summers old ;  
 On open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold,  
 And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's check ;  
 It carried a shiver everywhere

From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare ;  
 The little brook heard it and built a roof

'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;  
 All night by the white stars' frosty gleams

He groined his arches and matched his beams ;  
 Slender and clear were his crystal spars

As the lashes of light that trim the stars :  
 He sculptured every summer delight

In his halls and chambers out of sight ;  
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slept

Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,  
 Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees

Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;  
 Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew

But silvery mosses that downward grew ;  
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief

With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;  
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear

For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and  
 here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops  
 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,

Which crystaled the beams of moon and sun,  
 And made a star of every one :

No mortal builder's most rare device  
 Could match this winter-palace of ice ;

'T was as if every image that mirrored lay  
 In his depths serene through the summer day,

Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,  
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,  
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,  
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter  
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly ;  
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide  
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;  
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap  
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;  
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;  
And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,  
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks  
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,  
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,  
And rattles and wrings  
The icy strings,  
Singing, in dreary monotone,  
A Christmas carol of its own,  
Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
Was — " Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless !"  
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch  
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,  
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,  
Through the window-slits of the castle old,  
Build out its piers of ruddy light  
Against the drift of the cold.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;  
The river was dumb and could not speak,  
For the frost's swift shuttles its shroud had  
spun ;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun ;  
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepitly  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

#### WINTER SCENES.

THE keener tempests rise ; and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb  
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower  
descends

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'T is brightness all ; save where the new snow  
melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labor-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alight  
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;  
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
And more un pitying man, the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening  
earth,

With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,  
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow

JAMES THOMSON

#### WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

FROM "LOVE'S LABOR'S LOSS."

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who ;

To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    To-who ;  
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

—◆—  
THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow ; and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight ; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry !  
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake or tree or door ;  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage ; naught cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Mauger the farmer's sighs ; and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbe-red, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

—◆—  
THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,  
On the lake below thy gentle eyes ;  
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,  
And dark and silent the water lies ;  
And out of that frozen mist the snow  
In wavering flakes begins to flow ;  
    Flake after flake  
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come  
From the chambers beyond that misty veil ;  
Some hover awhile in air, and some  
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.  
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,  
Meet, and are still in the depths below ;  
    Flake after flake  
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,  
Come floating downward in airy play,  
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd  
That whiten by night the Milky Way ;  
There broader and burlier masses fall ;  
The sullen water buries them all, —  
    Flake after flake, —  
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide  
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,  
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,  
Come clinging along their unsteady way ;  
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,  
Makes hand in hand the passage of life ;  
    Each mated flake  
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste  
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,  
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,  
They fling themselves from their shadowy  
    height.  
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,  
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh ;  
    Flake after flake  
To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;  
They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;  
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,  
Who were for a time, and now are not ;  
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,  
That glisten a moment and then are lost, —  
    Flake after flake, —  
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;  
A gleam of blue on the water lies ;  
And far away, on the mountain-side,  
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.  
But the hurrying host that flew between  
The cloud and the water no more is seen ;  
    Flake after flake  
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

—◆—  
SNOW.—A WINTER SKETCH.

THE blessed morn has come again ;  
The early gray  
Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,  
And seems to say,  
Break, break from the enchanter's chain  
Away, away !

'T is winter, yet there is no sound  
 Along the air  
 Of winds along their battle-ground ;  
 But gently there  
 The snow is falling, — all around  
 How fair, how fair !

RALPH HOYT

## SNOW-FLAKES.

OUT of the bosom of the Air,  
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
 Silent and soft and slow  
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
 Even as the troubled heart doth make  
 In the white countenance confession,  
 The troubled sky reveals  
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;  
 This is the secret of despair,  
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
 Now whispered and revealed  
 To wood and field.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

## THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,  
 And pathless was the dreary wild,  
 And mid the cheerless hours of night  
 A mother wandered with her child :  
 As through the drifting snow she pressed,  
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
 And darker hours of night came on,  
 And deeper grew the drifting snow :  
 Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.  
 "O God !" she cried in accents wild,  
 "If I must perish, save my child !"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,  
 And bared her bosom to the storm,  
 And round the child she wrapped the vest,  
 And smiled to think her babe was warm.  
 With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,  
 And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,  
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil ;  
 The frost of death was in her eye,  
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale.  
 He moved the robe from off the child,  
 The babe looked up and sweetly smiled !

SEBA SMITH

## A SNOW-STORM.

—GIVEN IN A WILFINGTON WINTER.

'T is a fearful night in the winter time,  
 As cold as it ever can be :  
 The roar of the blast is heard like the chime  
 Of the waves on an angry sea.  
 The moon is full ; but her silver light  
 The storm dashes out with its wings to-night ;  
 And over the sky from south to north  
 Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth  
 In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down, — all day  
 As it never came down before ;  
 And over the hills, at sunset, lay  
 Some two or three feet, or more ;  
 The fence was lost, and the wall of stone ;  
 The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone ;  
 The haystack had grown to a mountain lift  
 And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,  
 As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,  
 While the air grows sharp and chill,  
 And the warning roar of a fearful blow  
 Is heard on the distant hill :  
 And the norther, see ! on the mountain peak  
 In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek !  
 He shouts on the plain, ho-ho ! ho-ho !  
 He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,  
 And growls with a savage wile.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,  
 In the drifts and the freezing air,  
 Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,  
 With the snow in his shaggy hair.  
 He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls ;  
 He lifts his head, and moans and howls ;  
 Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,  
 His nose is pressed on his quivering feet, —  
 Pray, what does the dog do there ?

A farmer came from the village plain, —  
 But he lost the traveled way :  
 And for hours he trod with might and main  
 A path for his horse and sleigh ;  
 But colder still the cold winds blew,  
 And deeper still the deep drifts grew,

And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,  
At last in her struggles floundered down,  
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,  
She plunged in the drifting snow,  
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,  
With a word and a gentle blow ;  
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight ;  
His hands were numb and had lost their might ;  
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,  
And strove to shelter himself till day,  
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,  
To rouse up his dying steed ;  
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain  
For help in his master's need.  
For a while he strives with a wistful cry  
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,  
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap  
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,  
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er, —  
'Tis the hour of midnight, past ;  
The old trees writhe and bend no more  
In the whirl of the rushing blast.  
The silent moon with her peaceful light  
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,  
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,  
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,  
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log  
Are they who came from the town, —  
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,  
And his beautiful Morgan brown, —  
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,  
With his cap on his head and the reins in his  
hand, —  
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,  
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,  
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

#### O WINTER! WILT THOU NEVER GO?

O WINTER! wilt thou never, never go?  
O summer! but I weary for thy coming,  
Longing once more to hear the Luggie flow,  
And frugal bees, laboriously humming.  
Now the east-wind diseases the infirm,  
And must crouch in corners from rough weather ;  
Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm, —  
When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,  
And the large sun dips red behind the hills,  
I, from my window, can behold this pleasure ;

And the eternal moon, what time she fills  
Her orb with argent, treading a soft measure,  
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,  
Through the white spaces of infinitude.

DAVID GRAY.

#### VIEW FROM THE EUGANEAN HILLS,\* NORTH ITALY.

MANY a green isle needs must be  
In the deep wide sea of misery,  
Or the mariner, worn and wan,  
Never thus could voyage on  
Day and night, and night and day,  
Drifting on his dreary way,  
With the solid darkness black  
Closing round his vessel's track ;  
Whilst above, the sunless sky,  
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,  
And behind, the tempest fleet  
Hurries on with lightning feet,  
Riving sail and cord and plank  
Till the ship has almost drank  
Death from the o'erbrimming deep ;  
And sinks down, down, like that sleep  
When the dreamer seems to be  
Weltering through eternity ;  
And the dim low line before  
Of a dark and distant shore  
Still recedes, as ever still  
Longing with divided will,  
But no power to seek or shun,  
He is ever drifted on  
O'er the unrepousing wave  
To the haven of the grave.

Ay, many flowering islands lie  
In the waters of wide agony :  
To such a one this morn was led  
My bark, by soft winds piloted.  
— Mid the mountains Euganean  
I stood listening to the pean  
With which the legioned rooks did hail  
The sun's uprise majestic :  
Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
Through the dewy mist they soar  
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven  
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,  
Flecked with fire and azure, lie  
In the unfathomable sky,  
So their plumes of purple grain,  
Starred with drops of golden rain,  
Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
As in silent multitudes  
On the morning's fitful gale  
Through the broken mist they sail ;

\* The lonely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and is now the sepulcher, of Petrarch

And the vapors cloven and gleaming  
Follow down the dark steep streaming,  
Till all is bright and clear and still  
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea  
The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
Bounded by the vaporous air,  
Islanded by cities fair ;  
Underneath day's azure eyes,  
Ocean's nursing, Venice, lies, —  
A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
Amphitrite's destined halls,  
Which her hoary sire now paves  
With his blue and beaming waves.  
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,  
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined  
On the level quivering line  
Of the waters crystalline ;  
And before that chasm of light,  
As within a furnace bright,  
Column, tower, and dome, and spire  
Shine like obelisks of fire,  
Pointing with inconstant motion  
From the altar of dark ocean  
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;  
As the flames of sacrifice  
From the marble shrines did rise,  
As to pierce the dome of gold  
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city ! thou hast been  
Ocean's child, and then his queen :  
Now is come a darker day,  
And thou soon must be his prey,  
If the power that raised thee here  
Hallow so thy watery bier.  
A less drear ruin than now,  
With thy conquest-branded brow  
Stooping to the slave of slaves  
From thy throne among the waves,  
Wilt thou be when the sea-new  
Flies, as once before it flew,  
O'er thine isles depopulate,  
And all is in its ancient state,  
Save where many a palace-gate  
With green sea-flowers overgrown  
Like a rock of ocean's own,  
Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
As the tides change sullenly.  
The fisher on his watery way  
Wandering at the close of day  
Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
Lead a rapid mask of death  
O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now :  
'T is the noon of autumn's glow,  
When a soft and purple mist  
Like a vaporous amethyst,  
Or an air-dissolved star  
Mingling light and fragrance, far  
From the curved horizon's bound  
To the point of heaven's profound,  
Fills the overflowing sky ;  
And the plains that silent lie  
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden  
Where the infant frost has trodden  
With his morning-winged feet,  
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
And the red and golden vines  
Piercing with their trellised lines  
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
The dun and bladed grass no less,  
Pointing from this hoary tower  
In the windless air ; the flower  
Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
Of the olive-sandaled Apennine  
In the south dimly islanded ;  
And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
High between the clouds and sun ;  
And of living things each one ;  
And my spirit, which so long  
Darkened this swift stream of song, —  
Interpenetrated lie  
By the glory of the sky ;  
Be it love, light, harmony,  
Odor, or the soul of all  
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,  
Or the mind which feels this verse  
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon  
Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
Leading the infantine moon  
And that one star, which to her  
Almost seems to minister  
Half the crimson light she brings  
From the sun's radiant springs :  
And the soft dreams of the morn  
(Which like winged winds had borne  
To that silent isle, which lies  
Mid remembered agonies,  
The frail bark of this lone being)  
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
And its ancient pilot, Pain,  
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be  
In the sea of life and agony ;  
Other spirits float and flee  
O'er that gulf ; even now, perhaps,  
On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
With folding winds they waiting sit

For my bark, to pilot it  
 To some calm and blooming cove,  
 Where for me, and those I love,  
 May a windless bower be built,  
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,  
 In a dell mid lawny hills,  
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
 And soft sunshine, and the sound  
 Of old forests echoing round,  
 And the light and smell divine  
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine.  
 — We may live so happy there,  
 That the spirits of the air,  
 Envyng us, may even entice  
 To our healing paradise  
 The polluting multitude ;  
 But their rage would be subdued  
 By that clime divine and calm,  
 And the winds whose wings ruin balm  
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
 Under which the bright sea heaves ;  
 While each breathless interval  
 In their whisperings musical  
 The inspired soul supplies  
 With its own deep melodies ;  
 And the love which heals all strife  
 Circling, like the breath of life,  
 All things in that sweet abode  
 With its own mild brotherhood.  
 They, not it, would change ; and soon  
 Every sprite beneath the moon  
 Would repent its envy vain,  
 And the earth grow young again !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### GRONGAR HILL.

[The Vale of the Towy embraces, in its winding course of fifteen miles, some of the loveliest scenery of South Wales. If it be less cultivated than the Vale of Usk, its woodland views are more romantic, and frequent. The neighborhood is historic and poetic ground. From Grongar Hill the eye discovers traces of a Roman camp, Golden Grove, the home of Jeremy Taylor, is on the opposite side of the river, Merlin's chair recalls Spenser ; and a farmhouse near the foot of Llangunnor Hill brings back the memory of its original occupant, Richard Steele. Spenser places the cave of Merlin among the dark woods of Dinevaur.]

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,  
 Who, the purple even, dost lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man,  
 Painting fair the form of things,  
 While the yellow linnet sings,  
 Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tale, —  
 Come, with all thy various hues,  
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse.  
 Now, while Phœbus, riding high,  
 Gives luster to the land and sky,  
 Grongar Hill invites my song, —

Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sat upon a flowery bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head,  
 While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,  
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
 And groves and grottoes where I lay,  
 And vistas shooting beams of day.  
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
 As circles on a smooth canal.  
 The mountains round, unhappy fate !  
 Sooner or later, of all height,  
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
 And lessen as the others rise.  
 Still the prospect wider spreads,  
 Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
 Still it widens, widens still,  
 And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;  
 What a landscape lies below !  
 No clouds, no vapors intervene ;  
 But the gay, the open scene  
 Does the face of Nature show  
 In all the hues of heaven's bow !  
 And, swelling to embrace the light,  
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
 Proudly towering in the skies ;  
 Rushing from the woods, the spires  
 Seem from hence ascending fires ;  
 Half his beams Apollo sheds  
 On the yellow mountain-heads,  
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
 And glitters on the broken rocks.  
 Below me trees unnumbered rise,  
 Beautiful in various dyes :  
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
 The slender fir that taper grows,  
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;  
 And beyond, the purple grove,  
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !  
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,  
 Lies a long and level lawn,  
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
 Holds and charms the wandering eye ;  
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood ;  
 His sides are clothed with waving wood ;  
 And ancient towers crown his brow,



That cast an awful look below ;  
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
 So both a safety from the wind  
 In mutual dependence find.  
 'T is now the raven's bleak abode ;  
 'T is now the apartment of the toad ;  
 And there the fox securely feeds ;  
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
 Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;  
 While, ever and anon, there fall  
 Huge heaps of hoary, moldered wall.  
 Yet Time has seen, — that lifts the low  
 And level lays the lofty brow, —  
 Has seen this broken pile complete,  
 Big with the vanity of state.  
 But transient is the smile of Fate !  
 A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow, —  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep !  
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought  
 To instruct our wandering thought ;  
 Thus she dresses green and gay  
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landscape tire the view !  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow ;  
 The woody valleys, warm and low ;  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
 The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
 The naked rock, the shady bower ;  
 The town and village, dome and farm, —  
 Each gives each a double charm,  
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the evening gilds the tide,  
 How close and small the hedges lie !  
 What streaks of meadow cross the eye !  
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem ;  
 So we mistake the Future's face,  
 Eyed through Hope's deluding glass ;  
 As yon summits, soft and fair,  
 Clad in colors of the air,  
 Which, to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way, —  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O, may I with myself agree,

And never covet what I see ;  
 Content me with a humble shade,  
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;  
 For while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul.  
 'T is thus the busy beat the air,  
 And misers gather wealth and care.  
 Now, even now, my joys run high,  
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ;  
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
 While the waters murmur deep ;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
 While the birds unbounded fly,  
 And with music fill the sky, —  
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts : be great who will ;  
 Search for Peace with all your skill ;  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor :  
 In vain you search ; she is not there !  
 In vain you search the domes of Care !  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads and mountain-heads,  
 Along with Pleasure, — close allied,  
 Ever by each other's side, —  
 And often, by the murmuring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still  
 Within the groves of Groggar Hill.

F. G. D. R.

#### DOVER CLIFF.

FROM "KING LEAR."

Come on, sir ; here's the place : stand still !  
 How fearful  
 And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low !  
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
 Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down  
 Hangs one that gathers sunbline, dreadful  
 trade !  
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :  
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
 Diminished to her cock : her cock, a buoy  
 Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,  
 That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high. — I'll look no more ;  
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
 Topple down headlong.

SHAKSPEARE.

#### ALPINE HEIGHTS.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed ;  
 He paints the morning red,  
 The flowerets white and blue,  
 And feeds them with his dew.  
 On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,  
The loveliest breezes breathe;  
So free and pure the air,  
*His* breath seems floating there.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,  
Still vales and meadows lie;  
The soaring glacier's ice  
Gleams like a paradise.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;  
There the bold chamois lie;  
On giddy crags they stand,  
And drink from his own hand.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,  
The sheep and wild goats go;  
There, in the solitude,  
He fills their hearts with food.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;  
*His* Shepherd is the Lord;  
For he who feeds the sheep  
Will sure his offspring keep.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

From the German of KRUMMAHER,  
by CHARLES T. BROOKS.

#### THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my mule,  
That all day long had climbed among the clouds,  
Higher and higher still, as by a stair  
Let down from heaven itself, transporting me,  
Stopped, to the joy of both, at that low door  
So near the summit of the Great St. Bernard;  
That door which ever on its hinges moved  
To them that knocked, and nightly sends abroad  
Ministering spirits. Lying on the watch,  
Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me,  
All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb;  
And a lay-brother of the Hospital,  
Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits  
The distant echoes gaining on his ear,  
Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand,  
While I alighted.

On the same rock beside it stood the church,  
Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity;  
The vesper-bell, for 't was the vesper-hour,  
Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,  
"All ye who hear, whatever be your work,  
Stop for an instant, — move your lips in prayer!"

And just beneath it, in that dreary dale, —  
If dale it might be called so near to heaven, —  
A little lake, where never fish leaped up,  
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow;  
A star, the only one in that small sky,  
On its dead surface glimmering. 'T was a scene  
Resembling nothing I had left behind,  
As though all worldly ties were now dissolved;  
And to incline the mind still more to thought,  
To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore  
Under a beetling cliff stood half in shadow  
A lonely chapel destined for the dead,  
For such as, having wandered from their way,  
Had perished miserably. Side by side,  
Within they lie, a mournful company  
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them;  
Their features full of life, yet motionless  
In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,  
Though the barred windows, barred against the  
wolf,  
Are always open!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

#### THE DESCENT.

MY mule refreshed, his bells  
Jingled once more, the signal to depart,  
And we set out in the gray light of dawn,  
Descending rapidly, — by waterfalls  
Fast frozen, and among huge blocks of ice  
That in their long career had stopt midway;  
At length, unchecked, unbidden, he stood still,  
And all his bells were muffled. Then my guide,  
Lowering his voice, addressed me: — "Through  
this chasm  
On, and say nothing, — for a word, a breath,  
Stirring the air, may loosen and bring down  
A winter's snow, — enough to overwhelm  
The horse and foot that, night and day, defiled  
Along this path to conquer at Marengo."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

#### SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern:  
I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorns, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river ;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river ;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots ;  
I slide by hazel covers ;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows ;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows ;

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses ;  
I linger by my shingly bars ;  
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river ;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE RHINE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,

And scattered cities crowning these.

Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strewed a scene, which I should see  
With double joy, wert *thou* with me.

And peasant-girls, with deep-blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me,  
Though long before thy hand they touch  
I know that they must withered be, —  
But yet reject them not as such ;  
For I have cherished them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,  
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round :  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear.  
Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine \*

LORD BYRON.

## ON THE RHINE.

'T WAS morn, and beautiful the mountain's  
brow —  
Hung with the clusters of the bending vine —  
Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine  
We sailed and heard the waters round the prow  
In murmurs parting; varying as we go,  
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,  
As some gray convent wall or sunlit spire  
Starts up along the banks, unfolding slow.  
Here castles, like the prisons of despair,  
Frown as we pass; — there, on the vineyard's  
side,  
The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide ;  
While Grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,  
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,  
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

## THE VALLEY BROOK.

FRESH from the fountains of the wood  
 A rivulet of the valley came,  
 And glided on for many a rood,  
 Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh and soft and sweet ;  
 The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,  
 And wet with dew-drops at my feet  
 Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard  
 Amid those pastures lone and still,  
 Save the faint chirp of early bird,  
 Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way ;  
 New scenes of beauty opened round,  
 Where meads of brighter verdure lay,  
 And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

" Ah, happy valley stream ! " I said,  
 " Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,  
 Whose fragrance round thy path is shed  
 Through all the joyous summer hours.

" O, could my years, like thine, be passed  
 In some remote and silent glen,  
 Where I could dwell and sleep at last,  
 Far from the bustling haunts of men ! "

But what new echoes greet my ear ?  
 The village school-boy's merry call ;  
 And amid the village hum I hear  
 The murmur of the waterfall.

I looked ; the widening vale betrayed  
 A pool that shone like burnished steel,  
 Where that bright valley stream was stayed  
 To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah ! why should I, I thought with shame,  
 Sigh for a life of solitude,  
 When even this stream without a name  
 Is laboring for the common good.

No longer let me shun my part  
 Amid the busy scenes of life,  
 But with a warm and generous heart  
 Press onward in the glorious strife.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT

## AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ;  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through  
 the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming for-  
 bear ;  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,  
 Far marked with the courses of clearwinding rills !  
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow !  
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear  
 wave !

Flow gently, sweet Afton among thy green braes ;  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise  
 And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,  
 I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys  
 And sit me down beside this little brook ;  
 The waters have a music to mine ear  
 It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,  
 Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,  
 That spread their giant branches, broad and free,  
 The silent growth of many centuries ;  
 And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,  
 A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter, — none, like me,  
 Do seek it out with such a fond desire,  
 Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,  
 And listening as the voiceless leaves respire, —  
 When the far-traveling breeze, done wandering,  
 Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,  
 And sweet companions from their boundless  
 store,

Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,  
 Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,  
 Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,  
 I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch — the root of an old oak  
 Whose branches yield it moss and canopy —  
 Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke  
 Secure, shall never be resigned by me ;  
 It hangs above the stream that idly flies,  
 Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,  
 Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,  
 While every sense on earnest mission sent,  
 Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and  
 flower ;  
 Pursuing, though rebuked by those who toil,  
 A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,  
 Wind on their way with gentlest melody,  
 Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,  
 Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by, —  
 Yet not so rudely as to send one sound  
 Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest  
 Hangs o'er the archway opening through the  
 trees,  
 Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed  
 On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries,  
 And with awakened vision upward bent,  
 I watch the firmament.

How like its sure and undisturbed retreat —  
 Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm —  
 To the pure waters trickling at my feet  
 The bending trees that overshadow my form !  
 So far as sweetest things of earth may seem  
 Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy  
 The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,  
 Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,  
 Until I lose him from my straining sight,  
 With a most lofty discontent to fly  
 Upward, from earth to sky.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

#### TO SENECA LAKE.

Ox thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
 And round his breast the ripples break,  
 As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,  
 The dipping paddle echoes far,  
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
 And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy *pebbly* shore.  
 As blows the north wind, heave thou foam,  
 And curl around the dashing oar,  
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
 And see the mist of mantling blue  
 Float round the distant mountain's side

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
 A sheet of silver spreads below,  
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
 O, I could ever sweep the oar,  
 When early birds at morning wake,  
 And evening tells us toil is o'er !

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

#### THE BUGLE.

FROM "THE PEACOCK."

The splendor falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story ;  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cat aet leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 Blow, bugle : answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
 The horns of Elland faintly blowing !  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :  
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river ;  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow forever and forever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my  
 brain,  
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
 As if God poured thee from his hollow hand.  
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front,  
 And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him  
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake  
 The sound of many waters : and had bade  
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
 And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?  
O, what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side ?  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains ! — a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

JOHN G. C. BRAINAKD.

### THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

“ How does the water  
Come down at Lodore ? ”  
My little boy asked me  
Thus, once on a time ;  
And moreover he tasked me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
Anon at the word,  
There first came one daughter,  
And then came another,  
To second and third  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.  
So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store ;  
And 't was in my vocation  
For their recreation  
That so I should sing ;  
Because I was Laureate  
To them and the King.

From its sources which well  
In the tarn on the fell ;  
From its fountains  
In the mountains,  
Its rills and its gills ;  
Through moss and through brake,  
It runs and it creeps  
For a while, till it sleeps  
In its own little lake.  
And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood-shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling ;  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till, in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging  
As if a war wagging  
Its caverns and rocks among ;  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and ringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound :  
Suiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in ;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dinging and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning ;  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,

And hurrying and skurrying,  
And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,

Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,

And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,

And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;

And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, —  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHBY.

#### WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the wind that brings the cold ?  
The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow ;  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold  
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat ?  
The south-wind, Katy ; and corn will grow,  
And peaches redden for you to eat,  
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain ?  
The east-wind, Arty ; and farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane  
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?  
The west-wind, Bessy ; and soft and low  
The birdies sing in the summer hours  
When the west begins to blow.

EDMOND CLARENCE STEEDMAN.

#### THE ORIENT.

FROM "THE LEGION OF ADVEY."

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their  
clime ;

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the  
turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?  
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever  
shine ;

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with  
perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her bloom ?  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;  
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,

And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?

'T is the clime of the East ; 't is the land of the  
Sun.

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have  
done ?

O, wild as the accents of lover's farewell  
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales  
which they tell !

J. ORD BYRON.

#### SYRIA.

FROM "PARADISE AND THE FUEL."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses  
Softly the light of eve reposes,  
And, like a glory, the broad sun  
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,  
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
And whitens with eternal snow,  
While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air  
O'er all the enchanted regions there,  
How beautiful must have been the glow,  
The life, how sparkling from below !  
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks,  
More golden where the sunlight falls ;  
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls  
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright  
As they were all alive with light ;  
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
Variously in the crimson beam  
Of the warm west, — as if inlaid

With brilliants from the mine, or made  
Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
The unclouded skies of Peristan !  
And then, the mingling sounds that come,  
Of shepherd's ancient reel, with hum  
Of the wild bees of Palestine,

Banqueting through the flowery vales ; —  
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
And woods, so full of nightingales !

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,

With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their  
wave ?

O, to see it at sunset, — when warm o'er the lake  
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to  
take

A last look of her mirror at night ere she  
goes ! —

When the shrines through the foliage are gleam-  
ing half shown,  
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its  
own.

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,  
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is  
swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is  
ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly  
shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;  
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of  
stars,

And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of  
Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
From the cool shining walks where the young  
people meet.

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,  
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one  
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the  
sun ;

When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,  
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away ;  
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a  
lover

The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over ;

When the east is as warm as the light of first  
hopes,

And day, with its banner of radiance unfurled,  
Shines in through the mountainous portal that  
opens,

Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world !

THOMAS MOORE.

### A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man  
learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them, — ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn, — thrice happy if it find  
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns, thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look  
down

Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
And shot towards heaven. The century-living  
crow,

Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till at last they stood,  
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold  
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
The boast of our vain race to change the form  
Of thy fair works. But thou art here, — thou  
fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
That run along the summit of these trees  
In music ; thou art in the cooler breath



That from the inmost darkness of the place  
Comes, scarcely felt; the barked trunks, the ground,  
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
Here is continual worship; — nature, here,  
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,  
From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,  
Wells softly forth and wandering steep the roots  
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak, —  
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem  
Almost annihilated, — not a prince,  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower  
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,  
An emanation of the indwelling life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this wide universe,

My heart is awed within me when I think  
Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
In silence, round me, — the perpetual work  
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
Forever. Written on thy works I read  
The lesson of thy own eternity.  
Lo! all grow old and die; but see again,  
How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
Youth presses, — ever gay and beautiful youth  
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors  
Molder beneath them. O, there is not lost  
One of Earth's charms! upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
Of his arch-enemy Death, — yea, seats himself  
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulcher,  
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they out-  
lived  
The generation born with them, nor seemed  
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
Around them; — and there have been holy men  
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.

But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink  
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,  
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities, — who forgets not, at the sight  
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?  
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
Of the mad unchained elements to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

#### THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO "EVANGELINE."

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
Pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, ind-  
istinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and  
prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest  
on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced  
neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.  
This is the forest primeval; but where are the  
hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-  
land the voice of the huntsman!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Of all the garden flowers,  
The fairest is the rose;  
Of winds that stir the bowers,  
O, there is none that blows  
Like the south, the gentle south;  
For that balmy breeze is ours.  
  
Cold is the frozen North,  
In its stern and savage mood:

Mid the gales come drifting forth  
 Bleak snows and drenching flood ;  
 But the South, the gentle South,  
 Thaws to love the willing blood.

Bethink thee of the vales,  
 With their birds and blossoms fair, —  
 Of the darkling nightingales,  
 That charm the starry air,  
 In the South, the gentle South ;  
 Ah ! our own dear home is there !

Where doth beauty brightest glow  
 With each rich and radiant charm,  
 Eyes of night and brow of snow,  
 Cheery lips, and bosom warm ?  
 In the South, the gentle South, —  
 There she waits and works her harm.

Say, shines the star of love  
 From the clear and cloudless sky,  
 The shadowy groves above,  
 Where the nestling ring-doves lie ?  
 From the South, the gentle South,  
 Gleams its lone and lucid eye.

Then turn ye to the home  
 Of your brethren and your bride ;  
 Far astray your steps may roam,  
 And more joys for thee abide  
 In the South, our gentle South,  
 Than in all the world beside.

DAVID M. MOIR.

#### THE GREENWOOD.

O, WHEN 't is summer weather,  
 And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,  
 The waters clear is humming round,  
 And the cuckoo sings unseen,  
 And the leaves are waving green, —  
 O, then 't is sweet,  
 In some retreat,  
 To hear the murmuring dove,  
 With those whom on earth alone we love,  
 And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 't is winter weather,  
 And crosses grieve,  
 And friends deceive,  
 And rain and sleet  
 The lattice beat, —  
 O, then 't is sweet  
 To sit and sing  
 Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring,  
 We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

#### THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;  
 Here 's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
 And his fifty arms so strong.

There 's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,  
 And the fire in the west fades out ;  
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,  
 When the storm through his branches shout.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone ;  
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone !

In the days of old, when the spring with cold  
 Had brightened his branches gray,  
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,  
 To gather the dew of May.

And on that day to the rebeck gay  
 They frolicked with lovesome swains ;  
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard  
 laid,

But the tree it still remains.  
 Then here 's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes  
 Were a merry sound to hear,  
 When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
 Were filled with good English cheer.  
 Now gold hath the sway we all obey,  
 And a ruthless king is he ;  
 But he never shall send our ancient friend  
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here 's, etc.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

#### THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,  
 O Beddowee girl, beloved so well ;

Next to the fearless Nejdidee,  
 Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee ;

Next to ye both, I love the palm,  
 With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm ;

Next to ye both, I love the tree  
 Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three  
 With love and silence and mystery !

Our tribe is many, our poets vie  
 With any under the Arab sky ;  
 Yet none can sing of the palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem  
 Cairo's citadel-dialem  
 Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance,  
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance, —

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,  
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,  
Dreaming where the beloved may be ;

And when the warm south-winds arise,  
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs,

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,  
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame, and the sands may stir,  
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O tree of love, by that love of thine,  
Teach me how I shall soften mine !

Give me the secret of the sun,  
Whereby the wood is ever won !

If I were a king, O stately tree,  
A likeness, glorious as might be,  
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee ;

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,  
And leaves of beryl and malachite ;

With spikes of golden bloom ablaze,  
And fruits of topaz and chrysopease ;

And there the poets, in thy praise,  
Should night and morning frame new lays, —

New measures sung to tunes divine ;  
But none, O palm, should equal mine !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

#### THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ?  
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,  
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,  
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,  
Fibers of palm are its woven sails,  
And the rope is of palm that idly trails !

What does the good ship bear so well ?  
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,  
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,  
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,  
And the cabbage that ripens under the line ?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm ?  
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm  
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,  
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,  
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,  
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,  
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands !

The turban folded about his head  
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,  
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun  
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,  
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,  
Wherein all uses of man combine, —  
House and raiment and food and wine !

And, in the hour of his great release,  
His need of the palm shall only cease  
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah !" he sings his psalm  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ;  
"Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm !"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly-tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves  
Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,  
Can reach to wound ;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralize ;  
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear  
 Harsh and austere ;  
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,  
 Reserved and rude ;  
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth — as youth is apt, I know —  
 Some harshness show,  
 All vain asperities I, day by day,  
 Would wear away,  
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
 So bright and green,  
 The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display  
 Less bright than they ;  
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
 What then so cheerful as the holly-tree ?

So, serious should my youth appear among  
 The thoughtless throng ;  
 So would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
 More grave than they ;  
 That in my age as cheerful I might be  
 As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOLIHAY

—◆—  
 THE SPICE-TREE.

THE spice-tree lives in the garden green ;  
 Beside it the fountain flows ;  
 And a fair bird sits the boughs between,  
 And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known  
 Within the bounds of an earthly king ;  
 No lovelier skies have ever shone  
 Than those that illumine its constant spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three ;  
 On each a thousand blossoms grow ;  
 And, old as aught of time can be,  
 The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire  
 The fount that builds a silvery dome ;  
 And flakes of purple and ruby fire  
 Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,  
 And azure wings bedropt with gold,  
 Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,  
 But sings the lament that he framed of old ;

“ O princess bright ! how long the night  
 Since thou art sunk in the waters clear !

How sadly they flow from the depth below, —  
 How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear !

“ The waters play, and the flowers are gay,  
 And the skies are sunny above ;  
 I would that all could fade and fall,  
 And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

“ O, many a year, so wakeful and drear,  
 I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee !  
 But there comes no breath from the chambers of  
 death,  
 While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree.”

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red ;  
 The tree shakes off its spicy bloom ;  
 The waves of the fount in a black pool spread ;  
 And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry,  
 Into the sable and angry flood ;  
 And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,  
 Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sadden again upswells the fount ;  
 Higher and higher the waters flow, —  
 In a glittering diamond arch they mount,  
 And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound  
 Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,  
 And tones of music circle around,  
 And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen  
 Falls in dew on the grassy floor ;  
 Under the spice-tree the garden's queen  
 Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

JOHN STERLING.

—◆—  
 THE GRAPE-VINE SWING.

LITHE and long as the serpent train,  
 Springing and clinging from tree to tree,  
 Now darting upward, now down again,  
 With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see ;  
 Never took serpent a deadlier hold,  
 Never the cougar a wilder spring,  
 Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,  
 Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek,  
 The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace ;  
 Thy bulging arms bear as soft a check  
 As ever on lover's breast found place ;  
 On thy waving train is a playful hold  
 Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade ;  
 While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,  
 And swings and sings in the noonday shade !

O giant strange of our southern woods !  
 I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,  
 Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,  
 And the northern forest beholds thee not :  
 I think of thee still with a sweet regret,  
 As the cordage yields to my playful grasp, —  
 Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet ?  
 Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp ?

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do ye fall so fast ?  
 Your date is not so past  
 But you may stay yet here awhile  
 To blush and gently smile,  
 And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be  
 An hour or half's delight,  
 And so to bid good night ?  
 'T is pity Nature brought ye forth,  
 Merely to show your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave ;  
 And after they have shown their pride  
 Like you awhile, they glide  
 Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

Blossom of the almond-trees,  
 April's gift to April's bees,  
 Birthday ornament of spring,  
 Flora's fairest daughter-ling ; —  
 Coming when no flowerets dare  
 Trust the cruel outer air,  
 When the royal king-cup bold  
 Dares not don his coat of gold,  
 And the sturdy blackthorn spray  
 Keeps his silver for the May ; —  
 Coming when no flowerets would,  
 Save thy lowly sisterhood,  
 Early violets, blue and white,  
 Dying for their love of light.  
 Almond blossom, sent to teach us  
 That the spring days soon will reach us,  
 Lest, with longing over-ried,  
 We die as the violets died, —  
 Blossom, clouding all the tree  
 With thy crimson broidery,

Long before a leaf of green  
 On the bravest bough is seen,  
 Ah ! when winter winds are swinging  
 All thy red bells into ringing,  
 With a bee in every bell,  
 Almond bloom, we greet thee well !

EDWIN ARLOLD

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple tree,  
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;  
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;  
 There gently lay the roots, and there  
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,  
 And press it o'er them tenderly,  
 As round the sleeping infant's feet  
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet,  
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
 Buds, which the breath of summer days  
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;  
 Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast,  
 Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest ;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
 A shadow for the noon-tide hour,  
 A shelter for the summer shower,  
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs  
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,  
 When, from the orchard row, he pours  
 Its fragrance through our open doors ;  
 A world of blossom for the bee,  
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
 We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
 Fruits that shall swell in swany June,  
 And redden in the August moon,  
 And drop, when gentle rains come by,  
 That fan the blue September sky,  
 While children come, with cries of glee,  
 And seek them where the fragrant gress  
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,  
 The winter stars are quivering bright,  
 And winds go howling through the night,  
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,  
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth.

And guests in prouder homes shall see,  
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine

And golden orange of the Line,  
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree  
Winds and our flag of stripe and star  
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,  
Where men shall wonder at the view,  
And ask in what fair groves they grew ;  
And sojourners beyond the sea  
Shall think of childhood's careless day  
And long, long hours of summer play,  
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree  
A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,  
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,  
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.  
The years shall come and pass, but we  
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.  
O, when its aged branches throw  
Thin shadows on the ground below,  
Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still !  
What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
Amid the toils, the stripes, the tears  
Of those who live when length of years  
Is wasting this apple-tree !

" Who planted this old apple-tree ?"  
The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say ;  
And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
The gray-haired man shall answer them :  
" A poet of the land was he,  
Born in the rude but good old times ;  
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes  
On planting the apple-tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE MAIZE.

" That precious seed into the furrow cast  
Earliest in springtime crowns the harvest last."

PHILIP CARY.

A SONG for the plant of my own native West,  
Where nature and freedom reside,  
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,  
To the corn ! the green corn of her pride !  
In climes of the East has the olive been sung,  
And the grape been the theme of their lays,  
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be  
strung,  
Thou bright, ever beautiful maize !

Afar in the forest the rude cabins rise,  
And send up their pillars of smoke,  
And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,  
O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak ;  
Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm  
swings

The ax fill the old giant sways,  
And echo repeats every blow as it rings,  
Shoots the green and the glorious maize !

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,  
And the willow's gold hair then appears,  
And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst  
By the red bud, with pink-tinted tears.  
And striped the bolls which the poppy holds up  
For the dew, and the sun's yellow rays,  
And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blessing cup,  
In the wood, near the sun-loving maize !

When through the dark soil the bright steel of  
the plow  
Turns the mold from its unbroken bed  
The plowman is cheered by the finch on the  
bough,  
And the blackbird doth follow his tread.  
And idle, afar on the landscape deserted,  
The deep-lying kine slowly graze,  
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hillside  
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize.

With springtime and culture, in martial array  
It waves its green broadswords on high,  
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,  
And the sunbeams, which fall from the sky ;  
It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at noon,  
And at night at the swift-flying fays,  
Who ride through the darkness the beams of the  
moon,  
Through the spears and the flags of the maize !

When the summer is fierce still its banners are  
green,  
Each warrior's long beard groweth red,  
His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed and  
keen,  
And golden his tassel-plumed head.  
As a host of armed knights set a monarch at  
naught,  
That defy the day-god to his gaze,  
And, revived every morn from the battle that's  
fought,  
Fresh stand the green ranks of the maize !

But brown comes the autumn, and sear grows  
the corn,  
And the woods like a rainbow are dressed,  
And but for the cock and the noontide horn  
Old Time would be tempted to rest.

The humming bee fans off a shower of gold  
 From the mullein's long rod as it sways,  
 And dry grow the leaves which protecting infold  
 The ears of the well-ripened maize !

At length Indian Summer, the lovely, doth come,  
 With its blue frosty nights, and days still,  
 When distantly clear sounds the waterfall's hum,  
 And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill '  
 A dim veil hangs over the landscape and flood,  
 And the hills are all mellowed in haze,  
 While Fall, creeping on like a monk 'neath his  
 hood,  
 Plucks the thick-rustling wealth of the maize.

And the heavy wains creak to the barns large  
 and gray,  
 Where the treasure securely we hold,  
 Housed safe from the tempest, dry-sheltered away,  
 Our blessing more precious than gold !  
 And long for this manna that springs from the  
 sod  
 Shall we gratefully give Him the praise,  
 The source of all bounty, our Father and God,  
 Who sent us from heaven the maize !

WILLIAM W. FOSDICK.

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### THE POTATO.

I'm a careless potato, and care not a pin  
 How into existence I came ;  
 If they planted me drill-wise or dibbled me in,  
 To me 't is exactly the same.  
 The bean and the pea may more loftily tower,  
 But I care not a button for them ;  
 Defiance I nod with my beautiful flower  
 When the earth is hoed up to my stem.

ANONYMOUS.

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### THE PUMPKIN.

On the banks of the Xenil, the dark Spanish maiden  
 Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden ;  
 And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
 Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres  
 of gold ;  
 Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,  
 On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,  
 Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit  
 shines,  
 And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah ! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and  
 from West,  
 From North and from South come the pilgrim  
 and guest,

When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round  
 his board  
 The old broken links of affection restored,  
 When the care-wearied man seeks his mother  
 once more,  
 And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled  
 before,  
 What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye '  
 What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-  
 pie ?

O, fruit loved of boyhood ! the old days recalling,  
 When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts  
 were falling '  
 When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
 Glaring out through the dark with a candle within '  
 When we laughed round the corn-heap, with  
 hearts all in tune,  
 Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,  
 Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like a team  
 In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her  
 team !

Then thanks for thy present ! — none sweeter or  
 better  
 E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter '  
 Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
 Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than  
 thine !

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to  
 express,  
 Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,  
 That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
 And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine  
 grow,  
 And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
 Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin-pie !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS ! that ope your frownless eyes to  
 twinkle  
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
 As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers ! who bending lowly  
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,  
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
 Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty,  
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
 Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that  
swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath planned ;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon  
supply ;  
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,  
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the  
sod,  
Awd by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preach-  
ers,  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendor  
" Weep without woe, and blush without a  
crime,"  
O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your lore sublime !

" Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,  
Arrayed," the lilies cry, " in robes like ours !  
How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory  
Are human flowers !"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,  
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread  
hall,  
What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers ! though made for  
pleasure ;  
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?  
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !  
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection  
And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines !  
DORACE SMITH.

#### FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,  
Whose head is turned by the sun ;  
The tulip is a courtly quean,  
Whom, therefore, I will shun ;  
The cowslip is a country wench,  
The violet is a nun ; —  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,  
In too much haste to wed,  
And clasps her rings on every hand ;  
The wolfsbane I should dread ;  
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,  
That always mourns the dead ; —  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,  
And so is no mate for me ;  
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,  
She is of such low degree ;  
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,  
And the broom's betrothed to the bee ; —  
But I will plight with the dainty rose,  
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD

#### THE ROSE.

FROM "HASSAN BEN KHALED"

THEN took the generous host  
A basket filled with roses. Every guest  
Cried, " Give me roses !" and he thus addressed  
His words to all : " He who exalts them most  
In song, he only shall the roses wear."  
Then sang a guest : " The rose's cheeks are fair ;  
It crowns the purple bowl, and no one knows  
If the rose colors it, or it the rose."  
And sang another : " Crimson is its hue,  
And on its breast the morning's crystal dew  
Is changed to rubies." Then a third replied :  
" It blushes in the sun's enamored sight,  
As a young virgin on her wedding night,



When from her face the bridegroom lifts the veil,"  
 When all had sung their songs, I, Hassan, tried,  
 "The rose," I sang, "is either red or pale,  
 Like maidens whom the flame of passion burns,  
 And love or jealousy controls, by turns.  
 Its buds are lips preparing for a kiss ;  
 Its open flowers are like the blush of bliss  
 On lovers' cheeks ; the thorns its armor are,  
 And in its center shines a golden star,  
 As on a favorite's cheek a sequin glows ;  
 And thus the garden's favorite is the rose."  
 The master from his open basket shook  
 The roses on my head.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a  
 shower,  
 Which Mary to Anna conveyed,  
 The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,  
 And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seemed, to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was  
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,  
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !  
 I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part  
 Some act by the delicate mind,  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
 Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
 Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;  
 And the tear that is wiped with a little address,  
 May be followed perhaps by a smile.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE MOSS ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers, one day,  
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,  
 That spirit to whose charge 't is given  
 To bathe the young buds in dews of heaven.  
 Awaking from his light repose,  
 The angel whispered to the rose :  
 "O fondest object of my care,  
 Still fairest found, where all are fair ;  
 For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me  
 Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee."  
 "Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,  
 "On me another grace bestow."

The spirit paused, in silent thought,  
 What grace was there that flower had not ?  
 'T was but a moment, o'er the rose  
 A veil of moss the angel threw,  
 And, robed in nature's simple weed,  
 Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMHOLTZ.

## THE ROSE.

FROM "THE TALE OF THE FAIRY."

"THE rose is fairest when 't is budding dew,  
 And hope is brightest when it dewy from fears ;  
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.  
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,  
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
 Emblem of hope and love through future years !"  
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandeave,  
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad  
 wave.

THE WALTER SCOTT.

## TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears  
 Speak grief in you,  
 Who were but born  
 Just as the modest morn  
 Teemed her refreshing dew ?  
 Alas ! you have not known that shower  
 That mars a flower,  
 Nor felt the unkind  
 Breath of a blasting wind ;  
 Nor are ye worn with years,  
 Or warped as we,  
 Who think it strange to see  
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
 Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known  
 The reason why  
 Ye droop and weep ;  
 Is it for want of sleep,  
 Or childish lullaby ?  
 Or that ye have not seen as yet  
 The violet ?  
 Or brought a kiss  
 From that sweet heart to this ?  
 No, no ; this sorrow shown  
 By your tears shed,  
 Would have this lecture read,  
 "That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought  
 forth."

ROBERT HEERD.

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou' blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night ;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseeu,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here  
This sweet Infanta of the yeere ?  
Ask me why I send to you  
This Primrose, thus bearded with dew ?  
I will whisper to your eares,  
The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show  
So yellow-green and sickly too !  
Ask me why the stalk is weak  
And bending, yet it doth not break ?  
I will answer, these discover  
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Win-  
ter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the year,  
Sereue, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Sereue the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER ?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook :  
The purple petals fallen in the pool  
Made the black waters with their beauty gay, —  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,  
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !  
I never thought to ask ; I never knew,  
But in my simple ignorance suppose  
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought  
you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE BROOM-FLOWER.

O, THE broom, the yellow broom !  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say  
The flowers have not their fellow ;  
I know where they shine out like suns,  
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained  
In luxury's silken fetters,  
And flowers as bright as glittering gems  
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,  
In modern days or olden ;

It groweth on its nodding stem  
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door  
Shine out its glittering bushes,  
And down the glen, where clear as light  
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest ; but give me this,  
And the bird that nestles in it, —  
I love it, for it loves the broom, —  
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,  
And boast of that of Sharon,  
Of lilies like to marble cups,  
And the golden rod of Aaron :

I care not how these flowers may be  
Beloved of man and woman ;  
The broom it is the flower for me,  
That groweth on the common.

O, the broom, the yellow broom !  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

◆  
VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honor !  
You do bring  
In the Spring,  
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
Fresh and fair ;  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden Posies,  
And, so graced,  
To be placed  
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,  
By and by  
Ye do lie,  
Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

◆  
THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, springtime violet !  
Thine odor, like a key,  
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let  
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow  
Blows through that open door  
The sound of wind-borne-bells, more sweet and low,  
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,  
And that beloved hour,  
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,  
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass ;  
The lark sings o'er my head,  
Drowned in the sky — O, pass, ye visions, pass !  
I would that I were dead ! —

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,  
From which I ever flee ?  
O vanished joy ! O love, that art no more,  
Let my vexed spirit be !

O violet ! thy odor through my brain  
Hath searched, and stung to grief  
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain  
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

◆  
TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLAW, IN APRIL, 1796.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour,  
For I maun crush among the stoure  
Thy slender stem ;  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neighbor sweet,  
The bonny lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward springing, blithe to greet  
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield :  
But thou beneath the random field  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,

Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
 In humble guise ;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade !  
 By love's simplicity betrayed,  
 And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred !  
 Unskillful he to note the card  
 Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driven  
 To misery's brink,  
 Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
 He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine, — no distant date :  
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,  
 Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
 Shall be thy doom !

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE DAISY.

STAR of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day,  
 Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,  
 From the moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold  
 To kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold !  
 Sweet daisy, flower of love ! when birds are paired,  
 'T is sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,  
 Smiling in virgin innocence serene,  
 Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.  
 The lark with sparkling eye and rustling wing  
 Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring,  
 And, as he prunes his plumes of russet hue,  
 Swears on thy maiden blossom to be true.  
 Ott have I watched thy closing buds at eve,  
 Which for the parting sunbeams seemed to grieve ;  
 And when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,  
 Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again :  
 Nor he who sung "The daisy is so sweet !"   
 More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet,  
 When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,  
 And dames to tourneys shone with daisies crowned,  
 And fays forsook the purer fields above,  
 To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

JOHN LEYDEN

## THE SUNFLOWER.

AH, sunflower ! weary of time,  
 Who countest the steps of the sun,  
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime,  
 Where the traveler's journey is done ;

Where the youth pined away with desire,  
 And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,  
 Arise from their graves, and aspire  
 Where my sunflower wishes to go.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower  
 With silver crest and golden eye,  
 That welcomes every changing hour,  
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
 In gay but quick succession shine ;  
 Race after race their honors yield,  
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
 While moons and stars their courses run,  
 Inwreathes the circle of the year,  
 Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
 To sultry August spreads its charm,  
 Lights pale October on his way,  
 And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom  
 On moory mountains catch the gale ;  
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
 Plays on the margin of the rill,  
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;  
 And blooms on consecrated ground  
 In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem ;  
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast ;  
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem  
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'T is Flora's page, — in every place,  
 In every season, fresh and fair ;  
 It opens with perennial grace,  
 And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The rose has but a summer reign ;  
The daisy never dies !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

◆◆◆  
DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills  
When all at once I saw a crowd, —  
A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

◆◆◆  
DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained its noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even-song ;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth, to meet decay,  
As you or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,

Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK

◆◆◆  
THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hillside,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;  
All round the open door,  
Where sit the aged poor ;  
Here where the children play,  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
In the noisy city street  
My pleasant face you'll meet,  
Cheering the sick at heart  
Toiling his busy part, —  
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
More welcome than the flowers  
In summer's pleasant hours ;  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird not sad,  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
When you're numbered with the dead  
In your still and narrow bed,  
In the happy spring I'll come  
And deck your silent home, —  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
My humble song of praise  
Most joyfully I raise  
To Him at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

## THE IVY GREEN.

O, A DAINTY plant is the ivy green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !  
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,  
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;  
 And the mouldering dust that years have made  
 Is a merry meal for him.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,  
 And a stanch old heart has he !  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings  
 To his friend, the huge oak-tree !  
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
 And his leaves he gently waves,  
 And he joyously twines and hugs around  
 The rich mold of dead men's graves.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,  
 And nations have scattered been ;  
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade  
 From its hale and hearty green.  
 The brave old plant in its lonely days  
 Shall fatten upon the past ;  
 For the stateliest building man can raise  
 Is the ivy's food at last.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of  
 the year,  
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
 brown and sear.  
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn  
 leaves lie dead ;  
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rab-  
 bit's tread.  
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
 shrubs the jay,  
 And from the wood-top calls the crow through all  
 the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
 lately sprang and stood  
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous  
 sisterhood ?  
 Alas ! they all are in their graves ; the gentle race  
 of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and  
 good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold  
 November rain  
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely  
 ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long  
 ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the  
 summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in  
 the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in au-  
 tumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as  
 falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from  
 upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still  
 such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their  
 winter home ;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though  
 all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the  
 rill ;

The south-wind searches for the flowers whose  
 fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the  
 stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful  
 beauty died,

The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded  
 by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the  
 forests cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a  
 life so brief ;

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
 friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
 flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
 Enough for great and small,

The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
 Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough  
 For every want of ours,

For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
 And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
 All dyed with rainbow light,  
 All fashioned with supremest grace  
 U'pspringing day and night : —  
 Springing in valleys green and low,  
 And on the mountains high,  
 And in the silent wilderness  
 Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not, —  
 Then wherefore had they birth ? —  
 To minister delight to man,  
 To beautify the earth ;  
 To comfort man, — to whisper hope,  
 Where'er his faith is dim,  
 For who so careth for the flowers  
 Will care much more for him !

MARY HOWITT

## BETROTHED ANEW.

The sunlight fills the trembling air,  
 And balmy days their girdons bring ;  
 The Earth again is young and fair,  
 And amorous with musky Spring.

The golden nurslings of the May  
 In splendor strew the spangled green,  
 And hues of tender beauty play,  
 Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow ;  
 What lusters on the meadows lie !  
 And hark ! the songsters come and go,  
 And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,  
 Or borne afar our blissful youth ?  
 Such joys are all about us spread ;  
 We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove  
 Sing every carol that they sung  
 When first our veins were rich with love,  
 And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn ! immortal life !  
 O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,  
 With whose delights our souls are rife,  
 And aye their vernal vows renew !

Then, darling, walk with me this morn ;  
 Let your brown tresses drink its sheen ;  
 These violets, within them worn,  
 Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain  
 When autumn winds forbode decay ?

The days of love are born again ;  
 That fabled time is far away !

And never seemed the land so fair  
 As now, nor birds such notes to sing,  
 Since first within your shining hair  
 I wove the blossoms of the spring.

EDMUND CLARENCE SELDMAN

## THE LION'S RIDE.

THE lion is the desert's king ; through his do-  
 main so wide  
 Right swiftly and right royally this night he  
 means to ride.  
 By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink,  
 close couches the grim chief ;  
 The trembling sycamore above whispers with every  
 leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can  
 see no more  
 The changeful play of signals gay ; when the gloom  
 is speckled o'er  
 With kral firs ; when the Caffre wends home  
 through the lone karroo ;  
 When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by  
 the stream the gun ;

Then bend your gaze across the waste, — what  
 see ye ? The giraffe,  
 Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid  
 lymph to quaff ;  
 With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he  
 kneels him down to cool  
 His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the  
 foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound, a roar, a bound, — the lion sits  
 astride  
 Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so  
 ride ?  
 Had ever king a steed so rare, comparisons of state  
 To match the dappled skin whereon that tiercer sits  
 elate ?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged  
 with ravenous greed .  
 His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of  
 the steed.  
 Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and sur-  
 prise,  
 Away, away, in wild dismay, the camelopard  
 flies.

His feet have wings ; see how he springs across  
 the moonlit plain !  
 As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring  
 eyeballs strain ;

In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast  
his life is fleeting ;  
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the  
path of Israel traced, —  
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of  
the waste, —

From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout  
from ocean,

A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the  
courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture  
whirs on high ;

Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce  
and sly,

And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join  
in the horrid race ;

By the footprints wet with gore and sweat, their  
monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with  
fear, the while

With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's  
painted pile.

On ! on ! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and  
strength remain !

The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge  
in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and  
breathes his last ;

The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the  
rider's fell repast.

O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is  
descried : —

Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of  
beasts doth ride.

From the German of FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

#### THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,  
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,  
Full of fire, and full of bone,  
With all his line of fathers known ;  
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,  
But blown abroad by the pride within !  
His mane is like a river flowing,  
And his eyes like embers glowing  
In the darkness of the night,  
And his pace as swift as light.

Look, — how round his straining throat  
Grace and shifting beauty float ;

Sinewy strength is in his reins,  
And the red blood gallops through his veins :  
Richer, redder, never ran  
Through the boasting heart of man.  
He can trace his lineage higher  
Than the Bourbon dare aspire, —  
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,  
Or O'Brien's blood itself !

He, who hath no peer, was born  
Here, upon a red March morn.  
But his famous fathers dead  
Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred,  
And the last of that great line  
Trode like one of a race divine !  
And yet, — he was but friend to one  
Who fed him at the set of sun  
By some lone fountain fringed with green ;  
With him, a roving Bedouin,  
He lived (none else would he obey  
Through all the hot Arabian day),  
And died untamed upon the sands  
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands.

BRYAN W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL)

#### THE TIGER.

TIGER ! Tiger ! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night ;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the fire of thine eyes ?  
On what wings dare he aspire ?  
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thine heart ?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

What the hammer, what the chain ?  
In what furnace was thy brain ?  
What the anvil ? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp !

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see ?  
Did He, who made the Lamb, make thee ?

Tiger ! Tiger ! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

WILLIAM BLAKE.



## TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOW,  
NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !  
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,  
    Wi' bickering brattle !  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
    Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion  
    Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
    An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;  
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !  
A daimen icker in a thrave  
    'S a sma' request ;  
I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive,  
    And never miss 't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewiu' !  
An' naething now to big a new ane  
    O' foggage green !  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',  
    Bath snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin' fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
    Thou thought to dwell,  
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past  
    Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !  
Now thou 's turned out, for a' thy trouble,  
    But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
    An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain :  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
    Gang aft a-gley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,  
    For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !  
The present only toucheth thee :  
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e  
    On prospects drear ;  
An' forward, though I canna see,  
    I guess an' fear.

ROBERT BURNS.

## LAMBS AT PLAY.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen  
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening  
    green, —

Say, did you give the thrilling transport way,  
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play  
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,  
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side ?  
Ye who can smile — to wisdom no disgrace —  
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face ;  
If spotless innocence and infant mirth  
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth ;  
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,  
Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.  
A few begin a short but vigorous race,  
And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place .  
Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,  
From every side, assembling playmates run ;  
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,  
A starting crowd, impatient of delay ;  
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,  
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed" ;  
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,  
The green turf trembling as they bound along  
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,  
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme,  
Then, panting, stop ; yet scarcely can refrain, —  
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again :  
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,  
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,  
Their little limbs increasing efforts try ;  
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly.  
Ah, fallen rose ! sad emblem of their doom ;  
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom !

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

## FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,  
Fold your flocks up ; for the air  
'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
Already his great course hath run.  
See the dew-drops, how they kiss  
Every little flower that is ;  
Hanging on their velvet heads,  
Like a string of crystal beads.  
See the heavy clouds low falling  
And bright Hesperus down calling  
The dead night from underground ;  
At whose rising, mists unbound,  
Damps and vapors, fly apace,  
And hover o'er the smiling face  
Of these pastures ; where they come,  
Striking dead both bud and bloom.  
Therefore from such danger lock  
Every one his loved flock ;

And let your dogs lie loose without,  
Lest the wolf come as a scout  
From the mountain, and ere day,  
Bear a lamb or kid away ;  
Or the crafty, thievish fox,  
Break upon your simple flocks.  
To secure yourself from these,  
Be not too secure in case ;  
So shall you good shepherds prove,  
And deserve your master's love.  
Now, good night ! may sweetest slumbers  
And soft silence fall in numbers  
On your eyelids. So farewell :  
Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

## THE SONGSTERS.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

Up springs the lark,  
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneless nations. Every copse  
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
Of the coy quiriters that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove ;  
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
Poured out profusely, silent : joined to these,  
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Melodious. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
Aid the full concert ; while the stockdove breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the whole.  
"T is love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches.

JAMES THOMSON

## DOMESTIC BIRDS.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

THE careful hen  
Calls all her chirping family around,  
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,  
Whose breast with ardor flames, as on he walks,  
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond

The finely checkered duck before her train  
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan  
Gives out her snowy plumage to the gale ;  
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the peacock  
spreads

His every-colored glory to the sun,  
And swims in radiant majesty along.  
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
The glancing eye, and turns the changeable neck.

JAMES THOMSON.

## CHORUS OF ENGLISH SONGSTERS.

FROM THE "PARADISE OF BIRDS."

IN the springtime, chaffinch gay, —  
" Vanished is the winter snow ;  
Days grow longer " (you shall say) ;  
" Apple-blossoms soon will blow.  
Haste, ye wingless lovers, then,  
Take your pleasure ere 't is late,  
Birds are building, maids and men,  
Every one selects his mate.  
Now St. Valentine is past,  
April will in time be May ;  
Youth that lingers will not last ;  
There 's a sunset every day.  
Birds and poets both have sung,  
' Love comes only to the young.' "

Sing, O nightingale, in June :  
" Now it is the shortest night,  
And to-morrow's sun by noon  
Will have climbed his yearly height.  
Rarer sounds the blackbird's pipe ;  
Redder grows the apricot ;  
Everything is still and ripe ;  
From to-morrow all things rot.  
Life 's climacteric of power  
Is the half-way house of Death ;  
Man's decline, like bird and flower,  
Dates from parting of a breath.  
Night must now shift hands with day ;  
Fullest ripeness brings decay."

Swallow, in September sing :  
" Quit we now our northern caves ;  
All the gnats are perishing ;  
Sere and sapless look the leaves.  
Where are flown the summer flies ?  
Like men's riches they have wings.  
Vanity of vanities !  
Flecting are all feathered things !  
We have read our horoscope,  
But in summer we forget ;

Every spring awakes new hope,  
 Every autumn new regret.  
 'T is the truth (but truth is strange)  
 Naught's immutable but change."

Snow-bunting, in winter cry :  
 " Misery, and cold, and death !  
 Darkness in the shrouded sky !  
 Silence o'er the snowy earth !  
 Every tree looks white and wan,  
 Barbed with icicles, unclad,  
 Like some featherless old man,  
 Withered, toothless, poor, and sad.  
 Yet be trustful, Man and Bird ;  
 Winter shall not kill the soul.  
 Life on earth is hope deferred,  
 Since beyond it lies the Pole.  
 Death, whose bounds are snow and ice,  
 Is the door of Paradise."

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE

#### A BIRD'S NEST.

BUT most of all it wins my admiration  
 To view the structure of this little work, —  
 A bird's nest, mark it well within, without :  
 No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
 No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
 No glue to join : his little beak was all ;  
 And yet how neatly finished ! What nice hand,  
 With every implement and means of art,  
 And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,  
 Could make me such another ! Fondly then  
 We boast of excellence, where noblest skill  
 Instinctive genius foils.

JAMES HERDE.

#### BIRDS.

FROM "THE POET IN AN ISLAND"

— BIRDS, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,  
 Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace ;  
 In plumage, delicate and beautiful,  
 Thick without burden, close as fishes' scales,  
 Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze ;  
 With wings that might have had a soul within  
 them,  
 They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment,  
 — Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and  
 colors,  
 Here flew and perched, there swam and dived at  
 pleasure ;  
 Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild  
 And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves  
 Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,  
 Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.

Some sought their food among the funny shoals,  
 Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon  
 With slender captives glittering in their beaks ;  
 These in recesses of steep crags constructed  
 Their eyries inaccessible, and trained  
 Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers  
 Others, more gorgeously appareled, dwelt  
 Among the woods, on nature's dainties feeding,  
 Herbs, seeds, and roots ; or, ever on the wing,  
 Pursuing insects through the boundless air :  
 In hollow trees or thickets these concealed  
 Their exquisitely woven nests ; where lay  
 Their callow offspring, quiet as the down  
 On their own breasts, till from her search the dam  
 With laden bill returned, and shared the meal  
 Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape ;  
 Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,  
 She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.  
 Of these, a few, with melody untaught,  
 Turned all the air to music within hearing,  
 Themselves unseen ; while bolder quizzisters  
 On loftiest branches strained their clarion pipes,  
 And made the forest echo to their screams  
 Discordant, — yet there was no discord there,  
 But tempered harmony ; all tones combining,  
 In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,  
 To tell of joy and to inspire it. Who  
 Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus !

JAMES MONTGOMERY

#### PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

FROM "THE BIRD OF FELICITY-GRATE."

PLATO, anticipating the reviewers,  
 From his republic banished without pity  
 The poets : in this little town of yours,  
 You put to death, by means of a committee,  
 The ballad-singers and the troubadours,  
 The street-musicians of the heavenly city,  
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all  
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

The thrush, that carols at the dawn of day  
 From the green steeples of the piny wood ;  
 The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,  
 Jargonizing like a foreigner at his food ;  
 The blue-bird balanced on some toadmost spray,  
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;  
 Linnæus and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song,

You slay them all ! and wherefore ? For the gain  
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet  
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain ;  
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet

As are the songs these uninvited guests  
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?  
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who  
taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of thought !  
Whose household words are songs in many keys,  
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !  
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even  
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

Think, every morning when the sun peeps through  
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old melodious madrigals of love !  
And when you think of this, remember too  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

Think of your woods and orchards without birds !  
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,  
As in an idiot's brain remembered words  
Hang empty mid the cobwebs of his dreams !  
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
Make up for the lost music, when your teams  
Drag home the stinky harvest, and no more  
The feathered gleaners follow to your door !

What ! would you rather see the incessant stir  
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grasshopper  
Their melancholy hardy-gurdies play ?  
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr  
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,  
Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,  
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The selfsame light, although averted hence,  
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,  
You contradict the very things I teach ?

H. W. LONGFELLOW

#### BIRDS BY MY WINDOW.

A JUNE SONG.

SWEET birds that by my window sing,  
Or sail around on careless wing,  
Beseech ye, lend your caroling,  
While I salute my darling.

She's far from me, away, away,  
Across the hills, beyond the bay,  
But still my heart goes night and day  
To meet and greet my darling.

Brown wren, from out whose swelling throat  
Unstinted joys of music float,  
Come lend to me thine own June note,  
To warble to my darling.

Sweet dove, thy tender, lovelorn coo  
Melts pensively the orchard through :  
Grant me thy gentle voice to woo,  
And I shall win my darling.

Lark, ever leal to dawn of day,  
Pause ere thou wingst thy skyward way, —  
Pause, and bestow one quivering lay,  
One anthem for my darling.

Ah, mocker ! rich as leafy June,  
Thou'lt grant, I know, one little boon,  
One strain of thy most matchless tune,  
To solace my own darling.

Bright choir, your peerless song shall stir  
The rapturous chords of love in her ;  
But who shall be our messenger,  
When we salute my darling ?

O voiceless swallow, crown of spring,  
Lend us awhile thy swift curved wing :  
Straight as an arrow thou shalt bring  
This greeting to my darling !

EDWARD SPENCER.

#### THE MOCKING-BIRD.

FROM "OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING."

ONCE, Paumanok,  
When the snows had melted, and the Fifth-  
month grass was growing,  
Up this sea-shore, in some briers,  
Two guests from Alabama, — two together,  
And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted  
with brown,  
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,  
And every day the she-bird, crouched on her  
nest, silent, with bright eyes,  
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close,  
never disturbing them,  
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

"Shine! shine! shine!  
Pour down your warmth, great Sun!  
While we bask — we two together.

"Two together!  
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,  
Day come white, or night come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,  
Singing all time, minding no time,  
If we two but keep together."

Till, of a sudden,  
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,  
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,  
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,  
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound  
of the sea,  
And at night, under the full of the moon, in  
calmer weather,  
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,  
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,  
I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one,  
the he-bird,  
The solitary guest from Alabama.

"Blow! blow! blow!  
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore!  
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me."

Yes, when the stars glistened,  
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scalloped  
stake,  
Down, almost amid the slapping waves,  
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate;  
He poured forth the meanings which I, of all  
men, know.

"Soothe! soothe! soothe!  
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,  
And again another behind, embracing and lap-  
ping, every one close,  
But my love soothes not me, not me.

"Low hangs the moon — it rose late.  
O, it is lagging — O, I think it is heavy with  
love, with love.

"O, madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,  
With love — with love.

"O night! do I not see my love fluttering out  
there among the breakers?  
What is that little black thing I see there in the  
white?

"Loud! loud! loud!  
Loud I call to you, my love!  
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;  
Surely you must know who is here, is here;  
You must know who I am, my love!

"Low-hanging moon!  
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?  
O, it is the shape, the shape of my mate!  
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

"Land! land! O land!  
Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could give  
me my mate back again, if you only would;  
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever  
way I look.

"O rising stars!  
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will  
rise with some of you.

"O throat! O trembling throat!  
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!  
Pierce the woods, the earth;  
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the  
one I want.

"Shake out, carols!  
Solitary here — the night's carols!  
Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!  
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!  
O, under that moon, where she droops almost  
down into the sea!  
O reckless, despairing carols!

"But soft! sink low;  
Soft! let me just murmur;  
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;  
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate re-  
sponding to me,  
So faint — I must be still, be still to listen;  
But not altogether still, for then she might not  
come immediately to me.

"Hither, my love!  
Here I am! Here!  
With this just-sustained note I announce myself  
to you;  
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

"Do not be decoyed elsewhere!  
That is the whistle of the wind — it is not my  
voice;  
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;  
Those are the shadows of leaves.

"O darkness! O in vain!  
O, I am very sick and sorrowful."

## TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !  
Thou messenger of spring !  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear.  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou blest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year !

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Attendants on the spring.

JOHN LOGAN

## THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
In summer and winter that bird is there,  
Out and in with the morning air ;  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet ;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings,  
Till across the dial his shade has passed,  
And the belfry edge is gained at last ;  
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,  
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;  
There's a human look in its swelling breast,  
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;  
And I often stop with the fear I feel,  
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell, —  
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,  
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.

When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,  
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,  
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,  
When the child is waked with " nine at night,"  
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,  
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
He broods on his folded feet unmixed,  
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,  
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be  
A hermit in the crowd like thee !  
With wings to fly to wood and glen,  
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;  
And daily, with unwilling feet,  
I tread, like thee, the crowded street,  
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,  
Thou canst dismiss the world, and sour ;  
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,  
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,  
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold  
I could my weary heart upfold ;  
I would I could look down unmoved  
(Unloving as I am unloved),  
And while the world throngs on beneath,  
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;  
And never sad with others' sadness,  
And never glad with others' gladness,  
Listen, unmixed, to knell or chime,  
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

## THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and lumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place,  
O, to abide in the desert with thee !  
Wild is thy lay and loud  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying ?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.  
O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,  
 O, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

◆◆◆  
 TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pour'st thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever  
 singest.

In the golden lightening  
 Of the setting sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run ;  
 Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight ;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is  
 overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ;

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her  
 bower ;

Like a glow-worm golden,  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from  
 the view ;

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds dowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-  
 winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous and fresh and clear thy music doth surpass

Teach us, spite of bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphant chant,  
 Matched with thine, would be all  
 But an empty vaunt, —  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain ?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
 What shapes of sky or plain ?  
 What love of thine own kind ? — What ignorance  
 of pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be ;  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never come near thee ;  
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal  
 stream ?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not ;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught ;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate and pride and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening  
now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### HARK, HARK ! THE LARK —

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gious arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies ;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes ;  
With everything that pretty bin,  
My lady sweet, arise ;  
Arise, arise !

SHAKESPEARE.

#### TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHERIAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest, which thou caust drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler ! — that love-prompted  
strain,  
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;  
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam, —  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### THE THRUSH.

SWEET bird ! that sing'st away the early hours  
Of winters past or coming, void of care ;  
Well pleased with delights which present are,  
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling  
flowers, —

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs  
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,  
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven !  
Sweet, artless songster ! thou my mind dost raise  
To airs of spheres, — yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### THE ENGLISH ROBIN.

SEE you robin on the spray ;  
Look ye how his tiny form  
Swells, as when his merry lay  
Gushes forth amid the storm.

Though the snow is falling fast,  
Specking o'er his coat with white, —  
Though loud roars the chilly blast,  
And the evening's lost in night, —

Yet from out the darkness dreary  
Cometh still that cheerful note ;  
Praiseful aye, and never weary,  
Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's sake,  
Thank God's gentle minstrel there,  
Who, when storms make others quake,  
Sings of days that brighter were.

HARRISON WEIR.

#### THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
And listened to hear the robin sing.



Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not  
heard,

My poor lad boy! of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhaddyn! my breast-burned bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost, like him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;  
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all  
Who suffer like him in the good they do!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER

#### THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK! that in the meadow,  
Of beneath the orchard's shadow,  
Keapest up a constant rattle  
Joyous as my children's prattle,  
Welcome to the north again!  
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,  
Welcome to mine eye the sight  
Of thy buff, thy black and white!  
Brighter plumes may greet the sun  
By the banks of Anazon;  
Sweeter tones may weave the spell  
Of enchanting Philomel;  
But the tropic bird would fail,  
And the English nightingale,  
If we should compare their worth  
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,  
June and summer nearing fast,  
While from depths of blue above  
Comes the mighty breath of love,  
Calling out each bud and flower  
With resistless, secret power,—  
Waking hope and fond desire,  
Kindling the erotic fire,—

Filling youths' and maidens' dreams  
With mysterious, pleasing themes,  
Then, amid the sunlight clear  
Floating in the fragrant air,  
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure  
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,  
Like a full heart's overflow,  
Forms the prelude; but the strain  
Gives us no such tone again;  
For the wild and saucy song  
Leaps and skips the notes among,  
With such quick and sportive play,  
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the spring!  
Thy melodies before me bring  
Visions of some dream-built land,  
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,  
I might walk the livelong day,  
Embosomed in perpetual May.  
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;  
For thee a tempest never blows;  
But when our northern summer's o'er,  
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore  
The wild rice lifts its airy head,  
And royal feasts for thee are spread,  
And when the winter threatens there,  
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,  
But bear thee to more southern coasts,  
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness  
Take from me all taints of sadness;  
Fill my soul with trust unshaken  
In that Being who has taken  
Care for every living thing,  
In summer, winter, fall, and spring.

THOMAS HILL

#### THE O'LINCOLN FAMILY.

A FLOCK of merry singing-birds were sporting in  
the grove:  
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were mak-  
ing love:  
There were Bobolineon, Wadolineon, Winterse-  
ble, Conquelle,—  
A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or  
fiddle,—  
Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolineon, see, see,  
Bobolineon,  
Down among the tickle-tops, hiding in the but-  
tercups!  
I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap  
Bobbing in the clover there,—see, see, see!"

Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an apple-tree,  
 Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his  
 raillery,  
 Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curveting in the  
 air,  
 And merrily he turns about, and warns him to  
 beware!  
 "T is you that would a-wooing go, down among  
 the rushes O!  
 But wait a week, till flowers are cheery, — wait  
 a week, and, ere you marry,  
 Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!  
 Wadolinck, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait,  
 wait!"

Every one's a funny fellow; every one's a little  
 mellow;  
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and  
 in the hollow!  
 Merrily, merrily, there they hie; now they rise  
 and now they fly;  
 They cross and turn, and in and out, and down  
 in the middle, and wheel about, —  
 With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon! listen to  
 me, Bobolincon! —  
 Happy 's the wooing that 's speedily doing, that 's  
 speedily doing,  
 That's merry and over with the bloom of the  
 clover!  
 Bobolincon, Wadolinecon, Winterseoble, follow,  
 follow me!

WILSON FLAGG.

## THE BOBOLINK.

ONCE, on a golden afternoon,  
 With radiant faces and hearts in tune,  
 Two fond lovers in dreaming mood  
 Threaded a rural solitude.  
 Wholly happy, they only knew  
 That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,  
 That light and beauty and joy and song  
 Charmed the way as they passed along:  
 The air was fragrant with woodland scents;  
 The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;  
 And hovering near them, "Chee, chee,  
 chink!"

Queried the curious bobolink,  
 Pausing and peering with sidelong head,  
 As saucily questioning all they said;  
 While the ox-eye danced on its slender  
 stem,  
 And all glad nature rejoiced with them.  
 Over the odorous fields were strown  
 Wilting windrows of grass new-mown,  
 And rosy billows of clover bloom  
 Surged in the sunshine and breathed per-  
 fume.

Swinging low on a slender limb,  
 The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,  
 And, balancing on a blackberry-brier,  
 The bobolink sung with his heart on fire, —  
 "Chink! If you wish to kiss her, do!  
 Do it, do it! You coward, you!  
 Kiss her! Kiss, kiss her! Who will see?  
 Only we three! we three! we three!"

Under garlands of drooping vines,  
 Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,  
 Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,  
 Wandered the indolent country road.  
 The lovers followed it, listening still,  
 And, loitering slowly, as lovers will,  
 Entered a low-roofed bridge that lay,  
 Dusky and cool, in their pleasant way.  
 Under its arch a smooth, brown stream  
 Silently glided, with glint and gleam,  
 Shaded by graceful elms that spread  
 Their verdurous canopy overhead, —  
 The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,  
 They met and mingled across the tide.  
 Alders loved it, and seemed to keep  
 Patient watch as it lay asleep,  
 Mirroring clearly the trees and sky  
 And the fitting form of the dragon-fly,  
 Save where the swift-winged swallow played  
 In and out in the sun and shade,  
 And darting and circling in merry chase,  
 Dipped, and dimpled its clear dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink  
 Followed the garrulous bobolink,  
 Rallying loudly, with mirthful din,  
 The pair who lingered unseen within.  
 And when from the friendly bridge at last  
 Into the road beyond they passed,  
 Again beside them the tempter went,  
 Keeping the thread of his argument —  
 "Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!  
 I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!  
 I'll be sentinel — I can see  
 All around from this tall birch-tree!"  
 But ah! they noted — nor deemed it strange —  
 In his rollicking chorons a trifling change:  
 "Do it! do it!" with might and main  
 Warbled the telltale — "Do it *again!*"

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

## ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,  
 Near to the nest of his little dame,  
 Over the mountain-side or mead,  
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
 Spink, spank, spink!

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,  
One weak chirp is her only note,  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Never was I afraid of man ;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell  
Six wide mouths are open for food ;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care ;  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum croon ;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM GILLEN BRYANT

### THE HEATH-COCK.

Good morrow to thy sable beak  
And glossy plumage dark and sleek,  
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,  
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy :  
I see thee slyly cowering through  
That wiry web of silvery dew,  
That twinkles in the morning air,  
Like casements of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
Who, peeping from her early bower,  
Half shows, like thee, her simple wile,  
Her braided hair and morning smile.  
The rarest things, with wayward will,  
Beneath the covert hide them still ;  
The rarest things to break of day  
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight  
I sinned me in her cheering sight ;  
As short, I ween, the time will be  
That I shall parley hold with thee.  
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,  
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay,  
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring, —  
Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE

### PERSEVERANCE.

A SWALLOW in the spring  
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,  
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,  
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought  
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather on its ample floor,  
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again, — and last night, hearing calls,  
I looked, — and lo! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!  
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?  
Have faith, and struggle on!

R. S. S. ANDROS.

#### THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

[Addressed to two swallows that flew into the Chauncy Place Church during divine service.]

GAY, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer;  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep,  
Penance is not for you,  
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 't is given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd  
On upward wings could I but fly,

I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

#### THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,  
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,  
The oaks are budding; and beneath,  
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,  
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,  
The swallow too is come at last;  
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,  
I saw her dash with rapid wing,  
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach  
To my reed-roof thy nest of clay,  
And let my ear thy music catch,  
Low twittering underneath the thatch,  
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,  
The Hindustani woods among,  
Could in his desert hermitage,  
As if 't were marked in written page,  
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,  
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,  
What our vain systems only guess,  
And know from what wild wilderness  
Thou camest o'er the sea.

CHARLOTTE SMITH

#### THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

AND is the swallow gone?  
Who beheld it?  
Which way sailed it?  
Farewell bade it none!

No mortal saw it go; —  
But who doth hear  
Its summer cheer  
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!  
From its surrounding clay  
It steals away  
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither ' wherefore doth it go ?  
 'T is all unknown ;  
 We feel alone  
 That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT

◆  
 THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE rose looks out in the valley,  
 And thither will I go !  
 To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
 Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side,  
 Culling the lemons pale ;  
 Thither, — yes ! thither will I go,  
 To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
 Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,  
 'T is for her lover all ;  
 Thither, — yes ! thither will I go,  
 To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
 Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,  
 She has placed the lemons pale ;  
 Thither, — yes ! thither will I go,  
 To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
 Sings his song of woe.

From the Portuguese of GIL VICENTE,  
 by JOHN BOWRING.

◆  
 THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the nightingale,  
 Who soothes thee with his tale,  
 And wakes the woods around ;  
 A singing feather he, — a winged and wandering  
 sound ;

Whose tender caroling  
 Sets all ears listening  
 Unto that living lyre,  
 Hence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire ;

Whose shrill, capricious song  
 Breathes like a flute along,  
 With many a care-less tone,  
 Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue  
 alone.

O charming creature rare !  
 Can aught with thee compare ?  
 Thou art all song, — thy breast  
 Thrills for one month o' the year, — is tranquil  
 all the rest.

These wondrous, we may call, —  
 Most wondrous this of all,  
 That such a tiny throat  
 Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud  
 a note.

From the Dutch of MARIA TERBILT — HADJ VINCIP,  
 by JOHN BOWRING.

◆  
 THE NIGHTINGALE BEREAVED.

FROM "THE FAUCON"

OH! when, returning with her loaded bill,  
 Th' astonished mother finds a vacant nest,  
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clown  
 Robbed, to the ground the vain provision falls,  
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;  
 Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings  
 Hersortowsthrough the night ; and on the bough  
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable strain  
 Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

JAMES THOMSON

◆  
 PHILOMELA

HARK ! ah, the nightingale !  
 The fawn throated !  
 Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a burst !  
 What triumph ! hark, — what pain !  
 O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
 Still, — after many years, in distant lands,  
 Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain  
 That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, Old-World  
 pain, —

Say, will it never heal ?  
 And can this fragrant lawn,  
 With its cool trees, and night,  
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
 And moonshine, and the dew,  
 To thy racked heart and brain  
 Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
 Here, through the moonlight on this English  
 grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?  
 Dost thou again peruse,  
 With hot cheeks and seared eyes,  
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame ?

Dost thou once more essay  
 Thy flight ; and feel come over thee,  
 Poor fugitive ! the leathery change  
 Once more ; and once more make resound,  
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale ?

Listen, Eugenia, —  
 How thick the bursts come crowding through  
 the leaves !  
 Again — thou hearest !  
 Eternal passion !  
 Eternal pain !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;  
 Everything did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone.  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn ;  
 And there sung the doleful'st ditty  
 That to hear it was great pity.  
 Fie, fie, fie ! now would she cry ;  
 Tern, tern, by and by ;  
 That, to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
 For her griefs, so lively shown,  
 Made me t' think upon mine own.  
 Ah ! (thought I) thou mournt'st in vain ;  
 None takes pity on thy pain ;  
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ;  
 King Pandion, he is dead ;  
 All thy friends are lapped in lead :  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing !  
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
 Thou and I were both beguiled,  
 Every one that flatters thee  
 Is no friend in misery.  
 Words are easy, like the wind ;  
 Faithful friends are hard to find.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE.

I HAVE seen a nightingale  
 On a sprig of thyme be-wail,  
 Seeing the dear nest, which was  
 Hers alone, borne off, alas !  
 By a laborer : I heard,  
 For this outrage, the poor bird  
 Say a thousand mournful things  
 To the wind, which, on its wings,  
 To the Guardian of the sky  
 Bore her melancholy cry,

Bore her tender tears. She spake  
 As if her fond heart would break :  
 One while in a sad, sweet note,  
 Gurgled from her straining throat,  
 She enforced her piteous tale,  
 Mournful prayer and plaintive wail ;  
 One while, with the shrill dispute  
 Quite outwearied, she was mute ;  
 Then afresh, for her dear brood,  
 Her harmonious shrieks renewed.  
 Now she winged it round and round ;  
 Now she skimmed along the ground ;  
 Now from bough to bough, in haste,  
 The delighted robber chased,  
 And, alighting in his path,  
 Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,  
 "Give me back, fierce rustic rude,  
 Give me back my pretty brood,"  
 And I heard the rustic still  
 Answer, "That I never will."

From the Spanish of ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS,  
 by THOMAS ROUSCOE.

THE PELICAN.

FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

AT early dawn I marked them in the sky,  
 Catching the morning colors on their plumes ;  
 Not in voluptuous pastime reveling there,  
 Among the rosy clouds, while orient heaven  
 Flamed like the opening gates of Paradise,  
 Whence issued forth the angel of the sun,  
 And gladdened nature with returning day :  
 — Eager for food, their searching eyes they fixed  
 On ocean's unrolled volume, from a height  
 That brought immensity within their scope ;  
 Yet with such power of vision looked they down,  
 As though they watched the shell-fish slowly  
 gliding  
 O'er sunken rocks, or climbing trees of coral.  
 On indefatigable wing upheld,  
 Breath, pulse, existence, seemed suspended in  
 them :  
 They were as pictures painted on the sky ;  
 Till suddenly, aslant, away they shot,  
 Like meteors changed from stars to gleams of  
 lightning,  
 And struck upon the deep, where, in wild play,  
 Their quarry floundered, unsuspecting harm ;  
 With terrible voracity, they plunged  
 Their heads among the affrighted shoals, and beat  
 A tempest on the surges with their wings,  
 Till flashing clouds of foam and spray concealed  
 them.  
 Nimble they seized and secreted their prey,  
 Alive and wriggling in the elastic net,  
 Which Nature hung beneath their grasping beaks,  
 Till, swollen with captures, the unwieldy burden

Clogged their slow flight, as heavily to land  
 These mighty hunters of the deep returned.  
 There on the cragged cliffs they perched at ease,  
 Gorging their hapless victims one by one ;  
 Then, full and weary, side by side they slept,  
 Till evening roused them to the chase again.

Love found that lonely couple on their isle,  
 And soon surrounded them with blithe compan-  
 ions.

The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed  
 A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,  
 That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.  
 There, in sweet thralldom, yet unweening why,  
 The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known  
 Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,  
 Long ere she found the curious secret out,  
 That life was hatching in their brittle shells.  
 Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,  
 Tamed by the kindly process, she became  
 That gentlest of all living things, — a mother ;  
 Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,  
 Piercest when stirred by anger to defend them.  
 Her mate himself the softening power confessed,  
 Forgot his sloth, restrained his appetite,  
 And ranged the sky and fished the stream for her.  
 Or, when o'erwearied Nature forced her off  
 To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,  
 And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,  
 He took her place, and felt through every nerve,  
 While the plump nestlings throbb'd against his  
 heart,

The tenderness that makes the vulture mild ;  
 Yea, half unwillingly his post resigned,  
 When, homesick with the absence of an hour,  
 She hurried back, and drove him from her seat  
 With pecking bill and cry of fond distress,  
 Answered by him with murmurs of delight,  
 Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own  
 music.

Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,  
 White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,  
 Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed ;  
 And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,  
 Her crowded progeny quite filled the nest,  
 The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind  
 Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,  
 — Nor dreams the halcyon of serene days,  
 Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,  
 Than in that hour, the mother pelican,  
 When the warm tumults of affection sunk  
 'nto calm sleep, and dreams of what they were, —  
 Dreams more delicious than reality.  
 He sentinel beside her stood, and watched  
 With jealous eye the raven in the clouds,  
 And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.  
 Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh !  
 The snap of his tremendous bill was like

Death's scythe, down-cutting every thing it struck.  
 The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peeped  
 Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,  
 But paid the instant forfeit of his life ;  
 Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude  
 Capture, when gliding by, nor in defense  
 Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

Ere long the thriving brood outgrew their cradle.  
 Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools ;  
 No sooner denizens of earth than made  
 Free both of air and water ; day by day,  
 New lessons, exercises, and amusements  
 Employed the old to teach, the young to learn.  
 Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them ;  
 The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering,  
 Their cygnets following through the foamy wake,  
 Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,  
 Or catching at the bubbles as they broke :  
 Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,  
 With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,  
 The well-taught scholars plied their double art,  
 To fish in troubled waters, and secure  
 The petty captives in their maiden pouches ;  
 Then hurried with their banquet to the shore,  
 With feet, wings, breast, half swimming and  
 half flying.

But when their pens grew strong to fight the storm,  
 And buffet with the breakers on the reef,  
 The parents put them to severer proof :  
 On beetling rocks the little ones were marshaled ;  
 There, by endearments, stripes, example, urged  
 To try the void convexity of heaven,  
 And plow the ocean's horizontal field.  
 Timorous at first they fluttered round the verge,  
 Balanced and furled their hesitating wings,  
 Then put them forth again with steadier aim ;  
 Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind  
 Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames  
 With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,  
 They yielded all their burden to the breeze,  
 And sailed and soared where'er their guardians led ;  
 Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,  
 They searched the deep in quest of nobler game  
 Than yet their inexperience had encountered ;  
 With these they battled in that element,  
 Where wings or fins were equally at home,  
 Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife,  
 They dragged their spoils to land, and gorged at  
 leisure.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

#### TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —  
The desert and illimitable air, —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart :

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### TO A BIRD

THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day  
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,  
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being  
school

To patience, which all evil can allay.  
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,  
And given thyself a lesson to the fool  
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,  
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.

There need not schools nor the professor's chair,  
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart :

He who has not enough for these to spare,  
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,  
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair, —  
Nature is always wise in every part.

EDWARD HOVEL (LORD THURLOW)

#### THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I ;  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit, —  
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Send black and swift across the sky :  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white lighthouses high.  
Almost as far as eye can reach  
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach, —  
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;  
He starts not at my fitful song,  
Or flash of fluttering drapery ;  
He has no thought of any wrong,  
He scans me with a fearless eye.  
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?  
My driftwood-fire will burn so bright !  
To what warm shelter eanst thou fly ?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky :  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

CELIA THAXTER.

#### THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,  
Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?  
Why with that boiling cry  
O'er the waves dost thou fly ?  
O, rather, bird, with me  
Through the fair land rejoice !

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,  
As driven by a beating storm at sea ;  
Thy cry is weak and scared,  
As if thy mates had shared  
The doom of us. Thy wail —  
What does it bring to me ?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,  
Restless and sad ; as if, in strange accord



With motion, and with roar  
Of waves that drive to shore  
One spirit did ye urge —  
The Mystery — the Word.

Of thousands thou both sepulcher and pall,  
Old ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,  
From out thy gloomy cells,  
A tale of mourning tells,  
Tells of man's woe and fall,  
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight  
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring  
Thy spirit nevermore.  
Come, quit with me the shore,  
For gladness and the light,  
Where birds of summer sing.

RICHARD H. DANA

## THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the stormy sea, —  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.  
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;  
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds:  
The mighty cables and iron chains,  
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains, —  
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone  
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down! — up and down!  
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam  
The stormy petrel finds a home, —  
A home, if such a place may be  
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair  
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring  
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! — o'er the deep!  
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-  
fish sleep, —  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The petrel telleth her tale — in vain;  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!  
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;  
Yet he ne'er falters, — so, petrel, spring  
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BRYAN W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

## LINES TO THE STORMY PETREL.

THE lark sings for joy in her own loved land,  
In the furrowed field, by the breezes fanned;  
And so revel we  
In the furrowed sea,  
As joyous and glad as the lark can be.

On the placid breast of the inland lake,  
The wild duck delights her pastime to take;  
But the petrel braves  
The wild ocean waves,  
His wing in the foaming billow heaves.

The halcyon loves in the noontide beam  
To follow his sport on the tranquil stream:  
He fishes at ease  
In the summer breeze,  
But we go angling in stormiest seas.

No song-note have we but a piping cry,  
That blends with the storm when the wind is high.  
When the land-birds wail  
We sport in the gale,  
And merrily over the ocean we sail.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE EAGLE.

FRAGMENT

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE OWL.

IN the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,  
The spectral owl doth dwell;  
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,  
But at dusk he's abroad and well!  
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;  
All mock him outright by day;  
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,  
The boldest will shrink away!

*O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,  
Then, then, is the reign of the horned owl!*

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,  
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;  
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,  
She awaiteth her ghastly groom;  
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,  
As she waits in her tree so still;

But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,  
 She hoots out her welcome shrill !  
*O, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,  
 Then, then, is the joy of the horned owl !*

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight !  
 The owl hath his share of good :  
 If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,  
 He is lord in the dark greenwood !  
 Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,  
 They are each unto each a pride ;  
 Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate  
 Hath rent them from all beside !

*So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,  
 Sing, ho ! for the reign of the horned owl !  
 We know not always  
 Who are kings by day,*

*But the King of the night is the bold brown owl !*  
 BRYAN W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

—♦—  
 TO THE HUMBLEBEE.

BURLY, dozing humblebee !  
 Where thou art is clime for me ;  
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
 Far-off heats through seas to seek,  
 I will follow thee alone,  
 Thou animated torrid zone !  
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
 Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
 Joy of thy dominion !  
 Sailor of the atmosphere ;  
 Swimmer through the waves of air,  
 Voyager of light and noon,  
 Epicurean of June !  
 Wait, I prithee, till I come  
 Within earshot of thy hum, —  
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south-wind, in May days,  
 With a net of shining haze  
 Silvers the horizon wall ;  
 And, with softness touching all,  
 Tints the human countenance  
 With the color of romance ;  
 And infusing subtle heats  
 Turns the sod to violets, —  
 Thou in sunny solitudes,  
 Rover of the underwoods,  
 The green silence dost displace  
 With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone

Tells of countless sunny hours,  
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;  
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,  
 In Indian wildernesses found ;  
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
 Hath my insect never seen ;  
 But violets, and bilberry bells,  
 Maple sap, and daffodels,  
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
 Succory to match the sky,  
 Columbine with horn of honey,  
 Scented fern, and agrimony,  
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,  
 And brier-roses, dwelt among :  
 All beside was unknown waste,  
 All was picture as he passed.  
 Wiser far than human seer,  
 Yellow-breeched philosopher,  
 Seeing only what is fair,  
 Sipping only what is sweet,  
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
 When the fierce northwestern blast  
 Cools sea and land so far and fast, —  
 Thou already slumberest deep ;  
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;  
 Want and woe, which torture us,  
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

—♦—  
 A SOLILOQUY ;

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! ever blest  
 With a more than mortal rest,  
 Rosy dews the leaves among,  
 Humble joys, and gentle song !  
 Wretched poet ! ever curst  
 With a life of lives the worst,  
 Sad despondence, restless fears,  
 Endless jealousies and tears.  
 In the burning summer thou  
 Warblest on the verdant bough,  
 Meditating cheerful play,  
 Mindless of the piercing ray ;  
 Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I  
 Ever weep and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,  
 Ready Nature waits thee still ;  
 Balmy wines to thee she pours,  
 Weeping through the dewy flowers,  
 Rich as those by Hebe given  
 To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Vet, alas, we both agree.  
 Miserable thou like me !

Each, alike, in youth rehearses  
Gentle strains and tender verses ;  
Ever wandering far from home,  
Mindless of the days to come  
(Such as aged Winter brings  
Trembling on his icy wings),  
Both alike at last we die ;  
Thou art starved, and so am I !

WALTER HARTÉ.

#### THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee ?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine !  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill ;  
'T is filled wherever thou hast tread,  
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.  
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king !  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee ;  
All the summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with early juice.  
Man for thee does sow and plow,  
Farmer he, and landlord thou !  
Thou dost innocently joy,  
Nor does thy luxury destroy.  
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
More harmonious than he.  
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripened year !  
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;  
Phœbus is himself thy sire.  
To thee, of all things upon earth,  
Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
Happy insect ! happy thou  
Dost neither age nor winter know ;  
But when thou 'st drunk and danced and sung  
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,  
(Voluptuous and wise withal,  
Epicurean animal !)  
Sated with thy summer feast,  
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

From the Greek of ANACREON,  
by ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead ;  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.  
That is the grasshopper's, — he takes the lead  
In summer luxury, — he has never done  
With his delights ; for, when tired out with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS

#### THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June, —  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome ever,  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass !

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small,  
are strong  
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to  
earth

To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, —  
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

#### THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
Whereso'er be thine abode  
Always harbinger of good,  
Pay me for thy warm retreat  
With a song more soft and sweet ;  
In return thou shalt receive  
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,  
Inoffensive, welcome guest !  
While the rat is on the scout,  
And the mouse with curious snout,  
With what vermin else infest  
Every dish, and spoil the best ;  
Frisking thus before the fire,  
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be  
Formed as if akin to thee,  
Thou surpasses, happier far,  
Happiest grasshoppers that are ;  
Theirs is but a summer's song, —  
Thine endures the winter long,  
Unimpaired and shrill and clear,  
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day  
 Puts a period to thy play ;  
 Sing then — and extend thy span  
 Far beyond the date of man.  
 Wretched man, whose years are spent  
 In repining discontent,  
 Lives not, aged though he be,  
 Half a span, compared with thee.

WILLIAM COWPER

KATYDID.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,  
 Wherever thou art hid,  
 Thou testy little dogmatist,  
 Thou pretty Katydid  
 Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,  
 Old gentlefolks are they,  
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !  
 I know it by the trill  
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
 So petulant and shrill.  
 I think there is a knot of you  
 Beneath the hollow tree,  
 A knot of spinster Katydids, —  
 Do Katydids drink tea ?

O, tell me where did Katy live,  
 And what did Katy do ?  
 And was she very fair and young,  
 And yet so wicked too ?  
 Did Katy love a naughty man,  
 Or kiss more cheeks than one ?  
 I warrant Katy did no more  
 Than many a Kate has done.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE OF A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

HA ! where ye gann, ye crawlin' ferlie !  
 Your impudence protects you sarily :  
 I cauna say but ye strunt rarely  
 Owre gauze an' lace ;  
 Though, faith ! I fear ye dine but sparely  
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wommer,  
 Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,  
 How dare you set your fit upon her,  
 Sae fine a lady !  
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner  
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's huffel squattle ;  
 There ye may creep and sprawl and sprattle  
 Wi'ither kindred, jumping cattle,  
 In shoals and nations :  
 Where horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle  
 Your thick plantations.

Now hand you there, ye're out o' sight,  
 Below the fatt'rels, sung an' tight ;  
 Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right  
 Till ye've got on it,  
 The very tapmost tow'ring height  
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth ; right bauld ye set your nose out,  
 As plump and gray as ony grozet ;  
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
 Or fell, red smeddum !  
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,  
 Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surprised to spy  
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy ;  
 Or aiblins some bit dudde boy,  
 On 's wyliecot ,  
 But Miss's fine Lamardi, fie !  
 How daur ye do 't ?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
 An' set your beauties u' abread !  
 Ye little ken what curs'd speed  
 The blastie's makin' !  
 Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
 Are notice takin' !

O wad some power the giftie gie us  
 To see oursels as others see us !  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
 And foolish notion :  
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
 And ev'n devotion !

ROBERT BURNS

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE SNAILS.

Ye little snails,  
 With slippery tails,  
 Who noiselessly travel  
 Along this gravel,  
 By a silvery path of slime unsightly,  
 I learn that you visit my pea-rows nightly.  
 Felonious your visit, I guess !  
 And I give you this warning,  
 That, every morning,  
 I'll strictly examine the pods ;  
 And if one I hit on,  
 With slaver or spit on,  
 Your next meal will be with the gods.

I own you're a very ancient race,  
 And Greece and Babylon were amid;  
 You have tenanted many a royal dome,  
 And dwelt in the oldest pyramid;  
 The source of the Nile!—O, you have been there!  
 In the ark was your floodless bed;  
 On the moonless night of Marathon  
 You crawled o'er the mighty dead;  
 But still, though I reverence your ancestries,  
 I don't see why you should nibble my peas.

The meadows are yours, — the hedgerow and brook,  
 You may bathe in their dews at morn;  
 By the aged sea you may sound your *shells*,  
 On the mountains erect your *horns*;  
 The fruits and the flowers are your rightful dowers,  
 Then why, — in the name of wonder —  
 Should my six pea-rows be the only cause  
 To excite your midnight plunder?

I have never disturbed your slender shells;  
 You have hung round my aged walk;  
 And each might have sat, till he died in his fat,  
 Beneath his own cabbage-stalk;  
 But now you must fly from the soil of your sires;  
 Then put on your liveliest crawl,  
 And think of your poor little snails at home,  
 Now orphans or emigrants all.

'Tis tents domestic and civil and social  
 I give you an evening to pack up;  
 But if the moon of this night does not rise on  
 your flight,  
 To-morrow I'll hang each man Jack up.  
 You'll think of my peas and your thievish  
 tricks,  
 With tears of slime, when crossing the *Stige*.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,  
 Carries his house with him where'er he goes;  
 Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,  
 Retreats to his small domicile again.  
 Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 't is well, —  
 He curls up in his sanctuary shell.  
 He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay  
 Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.  
 Himself he boards and lodges; both invites  
 And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.  
 He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure  
 Chattels; himself is his own furniture,  
 And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam, —  
 Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at  
 home.

CHARLES LAMB.

## TO A MOSQUITO.

Fair insect, that, with thread-like legs stand out,  
 And blood-extracting bill, and tuncy wing,  
 Dost murmur, as thou slowly sailst about,  
 In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,  
 And tell'st how little our large veins should bleed,  
 Would we but yield them freely in thy need;

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,  
 Has not the honor of so proud a birth;  
 Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, broad and  
 green,  
 The off-spring of the gods, though born on earth.

At length thy pinions fluttered to Broadway, —  
 Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks  
 kissed  
 By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray  
 Shone through the snowy veils like stars through  
 mist!

And, fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,  
 Bloomed the bright blood through the transpar-  
 ent skin.

O, these were sights to touch an ascorbite! —  
 What, do I hear thy slender voice complain?  
 Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,  
 As if it brought the memory of pain.  
 Thou art a wayward being, — well, come near,  
 And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer? "Rouge makes  
 thee sick,  
 And China bloom at best is sorry food;  
 And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,  
 Poisons the thirsty wretch that hores for blood!"  
 Go, 't was a just reward that met thy crime, —  
 But shun the sacrifice another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch,  
 To worship, not approach, that radiant white;  
 And well might sudden vengeance light on such  
 As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.  
 Thou should'st have gazed at distance, and ad-  
 mired,  
 Murmured thy adoration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here  
 To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?  
 Alas! the little blood I have is dear,  
 And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.  
 Look round, — the pale-eyed sisters, in my cell,  
 Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump aderman; and suck the blood  
 Enriched with generous wine, and costly meat;  
 In well-filled skins, soft as thy native mud,  
 Fix thy light pump, and raise thy freckled feet.

Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,  
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,  
To fill the swelling veins for thee ; and now  
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose,

Shall tempt thee as thou flittest round the brow ;  
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,  
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

—◆—  
GOD EVERYWHERE IN NATURE.

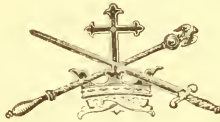
How desolate were nature, and how void  
Of every charm, how like a naked waste  
Of Africa, were not a present God  
Beheld employing, in its various scenes,  
His active might to animate and adorn !  
What life and beauty, when, in all that breathes,  
Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work !  
When it is viewed unfolding every bud,

Each blossom tingeing, shaping every leaf,  
Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky,  
Rolling each billow, moving every wing  
That fans the air, and every warbling throat  
Heard in the tuneful woodlands ! In the least  
As well as in the greatest of his works  
Is ever manifest his presence kind ;  
As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen  
Quick to and fro within a foot of air,  
Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,  
As in the systems of resplendent worlds,  
Through time revolving in unbounded space.  
His eye, while comprehending in one view  
The whole creation, fixes full on me ;  
As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,  
While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same,  
His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,  
And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,  
Guards the poor rushlight from the blast of  
death.

CARLOS WILCOX.



POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR.



Close his eyes; his work is done!

What to him is friend or foe-man,

Peer of moon or set of sun,

Stand of man or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know;

Lay him - low!

Geo. W. Boker



# POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR.

## WAR.

### WAR FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

FROM "BRITANNIA."

O FIRST of human blessings, and supreme !  
Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !  
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men  
Like brothers live, in amity combined  
And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil  
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right  
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.  
Pure is thy reign ; when, unaccursed by blood,  
Naught, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,  
Trickling, distills into the verdant glebe ;  
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad seen,  
When the blithe sheaves lie scattered o'er the  
field :

When only shining shares, the crooked knife,  
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound ;  
When the land blushes with the rose alone,  
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.  
O Peace ! thou source and soul of social life ;  
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence  
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,  
And swelling commerce opens all her ports ;  
Blessed be the man divine who gives us thee !  
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,  
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;  
Who sheathes the murderous blade ; the deadly  
gun

Into the well-piled armory returns ;  
And, every vigor from the work of death  
To grateful industry converting, makes  
The country flourish and the city smile.  
Unviolated, him the virgin sings,  
And him the smiling mother to her train.  
Of him the shepherd in the peaceful dale  
Chants ; and, the treasures of his labor sure,  
The husbandman of him, as at the plow  
Or team he toils. With him the sailor soothes,  
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;  
And the full city, warm, from street to street  
And shop to shop responsive, rings of him.

Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends  
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;  
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,  
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not, Peace ! the patriot bear for  
thee ?  
What painful patience ? What incessant care ?  
What mixed anxiety ? What sleepless toil ?  
E'en from the rash protected, what reproach ?  
For he thy value knows ; thy friendship he  
To human nature : but the better thou,  
The richer of delight, sometimes the more  
Inevitable war, — when ruffian force  
Awakes the fury of an injured state.  
E'en the good patient man whom reason rules,  
Roused by bold insult and injurious rage,  
With sharp and sudden check the astonished sons  
Of violence confounds ; firm as his cause  
His bolder heart ; in awful justice clad ;  
His eyes effulgent a peculiar fire ;  
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,  
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more  
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

Then ardent rise ! O, great in vengeance rise !  
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore ;  
And, as you ride sublimely round the world,  
Make every vessel stoop, make every state  
At once their welfare and their duty know.

JAMES THOMSON

### PEACE, NO PEACE.

FROM "KING JOHN."

KING PHILIP. By heaven, lady, you shall have  
no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
Have I not pawned to you my majesty ?  
CONSTANCE. You have beguiled me with a  
counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty ; which, being touched and  
tried,  
Proves valueless : you are forsworn, forsworn ;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :  
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war  
Is cold, in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league :

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!

A widow cries; he husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!  
Hear me, O, hear me!

AUSTRIA. Lady Constance, peace.  
CONSTANCE. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### MARTIAL ELEGY.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,  
In front of battle for their native land!  
But O, what ills await the wretch that yields,  
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!  
The monarch whom he loves shall quit her home,  
An aged father at his side shall roam;  
His little ones shall weeping with him go,  
And a young wife participate his woe;  
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,  
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,  
All ills shall cleave to him:—Affliction's stern  
Shall blind him, wandering in the vale of years,  
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,  
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,  
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,  
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand  
To save our children:—fight ye side by side,  
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,  
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost  
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,  
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant  
  might;  
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast  
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)  
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,  
His hoary head disheveled in the dust,  
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fall'n, is ever  
  fair,  
And beautiful in death the boy appears,  
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:  
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears;  
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far  
For having perished in the front of war.

From the Greek of TYRTÆUS,  
by THOMAS CAMPELLE.

#### BATTLE OF THE ANGELS.

FROM "PARADISE LOST."

THE ARRAY

Now went forth the morn,  
Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold  
Empyrean: from before her vanished night,  
Shot through with orient beams; when all the  
  plain  
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.

Clouds began

To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow;  
At which command the powers militant  
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate joined  
Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds  
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summoned over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of heaven they marched, and many a province  
  wide,

Tenfold the length of this terrene; at last,  
Far in the horizon to the north appeared  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched  
In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portrayed,  
The banded powers of Satan hasting on  
With furious expedition: for they weened  
That selfsame day, by fight, or by surprise,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
In the midway: though strange to us it seemed  
At first, that angel should with angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who went to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a god,

The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
 Idol of majesty divine, inclosed  
 With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
 Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful interval, and front to front  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length : before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,  
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
 Came towering, armed in adamant and gold.

## THE CONFLICT.

Michael bid sound

The archangel trumpet; through the vast of  
 heaven

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosanna to the Highest : nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined  
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
 And clamor, such as heard in heaven till now  
 Was never ; arms on armor clashing brayed  
 Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels  
 Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
 So under fiery cope together rushed  
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage. All heaven  
 Resounded ; and had earth been then, all earth  
 Had to her center shook. . . .

. . . . Deeds of eternal fame  
 Were done, but infinite : for wide was spread  
 That war, and various : sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,  
 Tormented all the air ; all air seemed then  
 Conflicting fire. . . .

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
 Which God hath in his mighty angels placed !)   
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
 (For earth hath this variety from heaven,  
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale),  
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they  
 flew,

From their foundations loosening to and fro,  
 They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
 Uplifting bore them in their hands : amaze,  
 Ec sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw  
 The bottom of the mountains upward turned,  
 . . . . and on their heads

Main promontories flung, which in the air  
 Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions  
 armed ;

Their armor helped their harm, crushed in and  
 bruis'd  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them  
 pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan ;  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighboring hills upore :  
 So hills amid the air encountered hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jauculation dire,  
 That underground they fought in dismal slade ;  
 Infernal noise ! war seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion heaped  
 Upon confusion rose.

## THE VICTOR

So spake the Son, and into terror changed  
 His countenance too severe to be beheld,  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
 At once the four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night : under his burning wheels  
 The steadfast epyræan slook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arrived ; in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues : they, astonished, all resistance lost,  
 All courage ; down their idol weapons dropt ;  
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he  
 rode

Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
 That wished the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;  
 One spirit in them ruled ; and every eye  
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among the accurs'd, that withered all their  
 strength,  
 And of their wonted vigor left them drained,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but  
 checked

His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven :  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
 Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,  
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued  
 With terrors and with furies, to the bounds

And crystal wall of heaven ; which, opening wide,  
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed  
Into the wasteful deep : the monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urged them behind : headlong themselves they  
threw

Down from the verge of heaven ; eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

MILTON.

— ● —  
THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer will tarry ;  
But putting to the main,  
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train,  
Landed King Harry,

And taking many a fort,  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marched towards Agincourt  
In happy hour, —  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French general lay  
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
To the king sending ;  
Which he neglects the while,  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet, with an angry smile,  
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then :  
Though they to one be ten,  
Be not amazed ;  
Yet have we well begun,  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,  
This my full rest shall be ;  
England ne'er mourn for me,  
Nor more esteem me,  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain ;  
Never shall she sustain  
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell ;  
No less our skill is  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Chaining the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager vaward led ;  
With the main Henry sped,  
Amongst his henchmen,  
Excester had the rear, —  
A braver man not there :  
O Lord ! how hot they were  
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone ;  
Armor on armor shone ;  
Drum now to drum did groan, —  
To hear was wonder :  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake ;  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham !  
Which did the signal aim  
To our hid forces ;  
When, from a meadow by,  
Like a storm, suddenly,  
The English archery  
Struck the French horses

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung,  
Piercing the weather ;  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And, like true English hearts,  
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their bilboes drew,  
And on the French they flew,  
Not one was tardy ;  
Arms were from shoulders sent ;  
Scalps to the teeth were rent ;  
Down the French peasants went ;  
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
His broadsword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
As to o'erwhelm it ;

And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood  
With his brave brother,  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
Seared such another.

Warwick in blood did wade ;  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
Still as they ran up.  
Suffolk his axe did ply ;  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
Ferrears such another.

Upon St. Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay  
To England to carry ;  
O, when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

#### THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

It was upon an April morn,  
While yet the frost lay hoar,  
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn  
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,  
All in our dark array,  
And flung our armor in the ships  
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,  
But gazed in silence back,  
Where the long billows swept away  
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed  
Upon the fading hill,  
And but one heart in all that ship  
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,  
And O, his face was wan !  
Unlike the flush it used to wear  
When in the battle-van. -

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,  
Sir Simon of the Lee ;  
There is a fruit lies near my soul  
I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke  
Upon his dying day :  
How he bade take his noble heart  
And carry it far away ;

"And lay it in the holy soil  
Where once the Saviour trod,  
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,  
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,  
I dreamed a dreary dream :  
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand  
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,  
Snow-white his scattered hairs,  
And even such a cross he bore  
As good St. Andrew bears.

"Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,  
'With spear and belted brand ?  
Why do you take its dearest pledge  
From this our Scottish land ?

"The sultry breeze of Galilee  
Creeps through its groves of palm,  
The olives on the Holy Mount  
Stand glittering in the calm.

"But 't is not there that Scotland's heart  
Shall rest by God's decree,  
Till the great angel calls the dead  
To rise from earth and sea !

"Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede !  
That heart shall pass once more  
In fiery light against the foe,  
As it was wont of yore.

"And it shall pass beneath the Cross,  
And save King Robert's vow ;  
But other hands shall bear it back,  
Not, James of Douglas, thou !'

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,  
Sir Simon of the Lee,  
For truer friend had never man  
Than thou hast been to me, --

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land  
'T is mine in life to tread,  
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth  
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye  
As he wring the warrior's hand, —  
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle front, Lord James,  
'Tis ours once more to ride,  
Nor force of man, nor craft of field,  
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed  
Across the weary sea,  
Until one morn the coast of Spain  
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,  
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,  
We heard the clash of the atabals,  
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds you Eastern music here  
So wantonly and long,  
And whose the crowd of armèd men  
That round you standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa  
To spoil and waste and slay,  
And King Alonzo of Castle  
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,  
"Shall never be said of me  
That I and mine have turned aside  
From the Cross in jeopardy!"

"Have down, have down, my merry men all,  
Have down unto the plain,  
We'll let the Scottish lion loose  
Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,  
Thou and thy stalwart power;  
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,  
Who comes in such an hour!"

"Is it for bond or faith you come,  
Or yet for golden fee?  
Or bring ye France's lilies here,  
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,  
Thee and thy belted peers,  
Sir James of Douglas am I called,  
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,  
Nor yet for golden fee,  
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,  
Who died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart  
Across the wetering wave,  
To lay it in the holy soil  
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,  
Where danger bars the way,  
And therefore are we here, Lord King,  
To ride with thee this day!"

The King has bent his stately head,  
And the tears were in his eye, —  
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,  
For this brave thought of thine!"

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;  
And honored may I be,  
That those who fought beside the Bruce  
Should fight this day for me!"

"Take thou the leading of the van,  
And charge the Moors again;  
There is not such a lance as thine  
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,  
O, but his glance was high! —  
"There is not one of all my men  
But is as bold as I."

"There is not one of all my knights  
But bears as true a spear,  
Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,  
And think King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,  
The arrows flashed like flame,  
As spur in side, and spear in rest,  
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen  
Went down, both horse and man;  
For through their ranks we rode like corn,  
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,  
Though fain to let us through,  
For they were forty thousand men,  
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,  
So dense was their array,  
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade  
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried, —  
"Make in, my brethren dear!  
Sir William of St. Clair is down;  
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,  
And harper shot the rain,  
And the horses reared amid the press,  
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,  
"Thou kind and true St. Clair"  
An' if I may not bring thee off,  
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,  
So lion-like and bold,  
And held the precious heart aloft  
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,  
And never spake he more,  
But—"Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,  
As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,  
And heavier fell the stour,  
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,  
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!  
They fly o'er flood and rein,  
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,  
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"O, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,  
"And leave the dead to me,  
For I must keep the dearest watch  
That ever I shall see!"

"There lies, above his master's heart,  
The Douglas, stark and grim;  
And woe is me I should be here,  
Not side by side with him!"

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,  
And thin my lyart hair,  
And all that I loved best on earth  
Is stretched before me there.

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright  
Beneath the sun of May!  
The heaviest cloud that ever blew  
Is bound for you this day.

"And Scotland! thou mayst veil thy head  
In sorrow and in pain:  
The sorest stroke upon thy brow  
Hath Eden this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,  
We'll bear them o'er the sea,  
And lay them in the hallowed earth  
Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,  
For this I tell thee sure,  
The soul that drank the Douglas' blood  
Shall never break the Moor!"

The King he lighted from his horse,  
He flung his brand away,  
And took the Douglas by the hand,  
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!  
That fought so well for Spain,  
I'd rather half my land were gone,  
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,  
And the priceless heart we bore,  
And heavily we steered our ship  
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,  
Nor clang of martial steel,  
But all were dumb and hushed as death  
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,  
The heart in fair Melrose;  
And woful men were we that day,—  
God grant their souls repose!

WILLIAM LEAR, OF POLNE ATTOURN.

### BEAL' AN DHUINE.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

THERE is no breeze upon the fern,  
No ripple on the lake,  
Upon her eyrie nods the ermine,  
The deer has sought the brake;  
The small birds will not sing abroad,  
The springing trout lies still,  
So darkly glooms yon thundercloud,  
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
Benedict's distant hill  
Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
That mutters deep and dread,  
Or echoes from the groaning ground  
The warrior's measured tread?  
Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
That on the thicket streams,  
Or do they flash on spear and lance  
The sun's retiring beams?  
I see the dagger-crest of Mai,  
I see the Moray's silver star  
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
That up the lake comes winding far!  
To hero-bone for battle strife,  
Or bard of martial lay,

"T were worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array !

Their light-armed archers far and near  
Surveyed the tangled ground,  
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,  
A twilight forest frowned,  
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,  
The stern battalia crowned.  
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,  
Still were the pipe and drum ;  
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,  
The sullen march was dumb.  
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
Or wave their flags abroad ;  
Scarcely the frail aspen seemed to quake,  
That shadowed o'er their road.  
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,  
Can rouse no lurking foe,  
Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
Save when they stirred the roe ;  
The host moves like a deep sea wave,  
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
High swelling, dark, and slow.  
The lake is passed, and now they gain  
A narrow and a broken plain,  
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws ;  
And here the horse and spearman pause,  
While, to explore the dangerous glen,  
Dive through the pass, the archer men.

At once there rose so wild a yell  
Within that dark and narrow dell,  
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
Had pealed the banner cry of hell !  
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
The archery appear :  
For life ! for life ! their flight they ply —  
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
And plaids and bonnets waving high,  
And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
Are maddening in the rear.  
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
Pursuers and pursued ;  
Before that tide of flight and chase,  
How shall it keep its rooted place,  
The spearman's twilight wood ?  
— "Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down !  
Bear back both friend and foe !"  
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,  
That serried grove of lances brown  
At once lay leveled low ;  
And closely shoddering side to side,  
The bristling ranks the onset bide. —  
— "We 'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
As their Tinehel\* crows the game ;

\* A circle of sportsmen, surrounding the deer.

They come as fleet as forest deer,  
We 'll drive them back as tame."

Bearing before them, in their course,  
The relics of the archer force,  
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,  
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.  
Above the tide, each broadsword bright  
Was brandishing like beam of light,  
Each targe was dark below ;  
And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
When heaving to the tempest's wing,  
They hurled them on the foe.  
I heard the lance's shivering crash,  
As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;  
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,  
As if a hundred anvils rang !  
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank  
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank —  
"My bannerman, advance !  
I see," he cried, "their columns shake.  
Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,  
Upon them with the lance !"  
The horsemen dashed among the rout,  
As deer break through the broom ;  
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
They soon make lightsome room.  
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne —  
Where, where was Roderick then ?  
One blast upon his bugle-horn  
Were worth a thousand men !  
And reluctant through the pass of fear  
The battle's tide was poured ;  
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,  
Vanished the mountain sword.  
As Bracklun's chasm, so black and steep,  
Receives her roaring linn,  
As the dark caverns of the deep  
Suck the wild whirlpool in,  
So did the deep and darksome pass  
Devour the battle's mingled mass ;  
None linger now upon the plain,  
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### WATERLOO.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD"

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a ri-  
sing knell !



Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!  
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure

meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet, —  
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once  
more,

As if the clonds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening  
roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could  
quell:

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,  
fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess  
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could  
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips, — "The foe! they  
come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"  
rose,

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, — and heard, too, have her Saxon  
foes:

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which  
fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instills

The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-  
man's ears!

And Ardenne waves above them her green  
leaves,

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,

And burning with high hope, shall molder cold  
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshaling in arms, the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
rent

The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and  
pent,

Rider and horse, — friend, foe, in one red  
burial blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than  
mine;

Yet one I would select from that proud throng,  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow song!  
And his was of the bravest, and when showered  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files  
along,

Even where the thickest of war's tempest  
lowered,

They reached no nobler breast than thine, young,  
gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for  
thee,

And mine were nothing, had I such to give;  
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
Which living waves where thou didst cease to  
live,

And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,

I turned from all she brought to those she could  
not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
And one as all a ghastly gap did make

In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;  
The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake  
Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound  
of Fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
The fever of vain longing, and the name  
So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling,  
mourn :

The tree will wither long before it fall ;  
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;  
The roof-tree sinks, but molds on the hall  
In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall  
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are  
gone ;

The bars survive the captive they intrall ;  
The day drags through though storms keep  
out the sun ;

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on ;

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies, and makes  
A thousand images of one that was  
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;  
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,  
Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,  
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

BYRON

#### THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

ON came the whirlwind, — like the last  
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast ;  
On came the whirlwind, — steel-gleams broke  
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;

The war was waked anew.

Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,  
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,

Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,  
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,  
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,  
And, hurrying as to havoc near,

The cohorts' eagles flew.

In one dark torrent, broad and strong,  
The advancing onset rolled along,  
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,  
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,  
Pealed wildly the imperial name.  
But on the British heart were lost  
The terrors of the charging host ;  
For not an eye the storm that viewed  
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,

Nor was one forward footstep stayed,  
As dropped the dying and the dead.  
Fast as their ranks the thunders rear,  
Fast they renewed each serried square ;  
And on the wounded and the slain  
Closed their diminished files again,  
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,  
Emerging from the smoke they see  
Helmet and plume and panoply.

Then waked their fire at once !  
Each musketeer's revolving knell  
As fast, as regularly fell,  
As when they practice to display  
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,  
Down were the eagle-banners sent,  
Down reeling steeds and riders went,  
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent ;  
And, to augment the fray,

Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,  
The English horsemen's foaming ranks  
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds  
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds ;  
As plies the smith his clanging trade,  
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;  
And while amid their close array  
The well-served cannon rent their way,  
And while amid their scattered band  
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,  
Recoiled in common rout and fear  
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,  
Horsemen and foot, — a mingled host, —  
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### MONTEREY.

WE were not many, — we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day ;  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if but he could  
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed  
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them wailed  
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,  
Through walls of flame, its withering way ;  
Where fell the dead, the living stept,  
Still charging on the guns which swept  
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
When, striking where he strongest lay,

We swooped his flanking batteries past,  
And, braving full their murderous blast,  
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play;  
Where orange boughs above their grave,  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed  
Beside the brave who fell that day;  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest  
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

### BALAKLAVA.

O THE charge at Balaklava!  
O that rash and fatal charge!  
Never was a fiercer, braver,  
Than that charge at Balaklava,  
On the battle's bloody marge!  
All the day the Russian columns,  
Fortress huge, and blazing banks,  
Poured their dread destructive volumes  
On the French and English ranks, —  
On the gallant allied ranks!  
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder  
By the loud incessant thunder!  
When a strange but stern command —  
Needless, heedless, rash command —  
Came to Lucan's little band, —  
Scarce six hundred men and horses  
Of those vast contending forces: —  
"England's lost unless you save her!  
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"  
O that rash and fatal charge,  
On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles  
Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,  
And their hordes, like howling beagles,  
Dense and countless, round them yell!  
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,  
Sweep the field in every quarter!  
Never, since the days of Jesus,  
Trembled so the Chersonesus!  
Here behold the Gallic Lilies —  
Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies —  
Float as erst at old Ramillies!  
And beside them, lo! the Lion!  
With her trophied Cross, is flying!  
Glorious standards! — shall they waver  
On the field of Balaklava?

No, by Heavens! at that command —  
Sudden, rash, but stern command —  
Charges Lucan's little band!  
Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge,  
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,  
Where the crowded cannon play, —  
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,  
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli, —  
Down that gorge they swept away!  
Down that new Thermopyle,  
Flashing swords and helmets see!  
Underneath the iron shower,  
To the brazen cannon's jaws,  
Heedless of their deadly power,  
Press they without fear or pause, —  
To the very cannon's jaws!  
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland  
At the field of Koncesvalles,  
Dashes down the fatal valley,  
Dashes on the bolt of death,  
Shouting with his latest breath,  
"Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,  
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"  
O that rash and fatal charge,  
On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder  
Rent that little band asunder,  
Steed and rider wildly screaming,  
Screaming wildly, sink away;  
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,  
Now but lifeless clods of clay, —  
Now but bleeding clods of clay!  
Never, since the days of Jesus,  
Saw such sight the Chersonesus!  
Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,  
Presses onward, onward, onward,  
Till they storm the bloody pass, —  
Till, like brave Leonidas,  
They storm the deadly pass,  
Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,  
In that wild shot-rended valley, —  
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,  
Awful pass at Balaklava!  
O that rash and fatal charge,  
On the battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces,  
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,  
Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,  
Drive the thinned assailants back,  
Drive the feeble remnant back,  
O'er their late heroic tender!  
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,  
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred!

Thrice your number lie asleep,  
 In that valley dark and deep.  
 Weak and wounded you retire  
 From that hurricane of fire, —  
 That tempestuous storm of fire, —  
 But no soldiers, firmer, braver,  
     Ever trod the field of fame,  
 Than the Knights of Balaklava, —  
     Honor to each hero's name !  
 Yet their country long shall mourn  
 For her rank so rashly shorn, —  
 So gallantly, but madly shorn  
     In that fierce and fatal charge,  
     On the battle's bloody marge.

ALEXANDER B. MEEK

## CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,  
 Half a league onward,  
 All in the valley of Death  
     Rode the six hundred.  
 "Forward, the Light Brigade !  
 Charge for the guns !" he said ;  
 Into the valley of Death  
     Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"  
 Was there a man dismayed ?  
 Not though the soldier knew  
     Some one had blundered :  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to do and die :  
 Into the valley of Death  
     Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them  
     Volleyed and thundered ;  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well ;  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell,  
     Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,  
 Flashed as they turned in air,  
 Sabering the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while  
     All the world wondered :  
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
 Right through the line they broke :  
 Cossack and Russian  
 Reeled from the saber-stroke,  
     Shattered and sundered.

Then they rode back, but not —  
     Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
     Volleyed and thundered :  
 Stormed at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came through the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell, —  
 All that was left of them,  
     Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
 O the wild charge they made !  
     All the world wondered.  
 Honor the charge they made !  
 Honor the Light Brigade,  
     Noble six hundred !

ALFRED TENNYSON

## THE BLACK REGIMENT.

[May 27, 1863.]

DARK as the clouds of even,  
 Ranked in the western heaven,  
 Waiting the breath that lifts  
 All the dead mass, and drifts  
 Tempest and falling brand  
 Over a ruined land, —  
 So still and orderly,  
 Arm to arm, knee to knee,  
 Waiting the great event,  
 Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line  
 Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine ;  
 And the bright bayonet,  
 Bristling and firmly set,  
 Flashed with a purpose grand,  
 Long ere the sharp command  
 Of the fierce rolling drum  
 Told them their time had come,  
 Told them what work was sent  
 For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,  
 "Though death and hell betide,  
 Let the whole nation see  
 If we are fit to be  
 Free in this land ; or bound  
 Down, like the whining hound, —  
 Bound with red stripes of pain  
 In our cold chains again !"  
 O, what a shout there went  
 From the black regiment !

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;  
 Onward the bondmen broke;  
 Bayonet and saber-stroke  
 Vainly opposed their rush.  
 Through the wild battle's crush,  
 With but one thought adush,  
 Driving their lords like chaff,  
 In the guns' mouths they laugh;  
 Or at the slippery brands  
 Leaping with open hands,  
 Down they tear man and horse,  
 Down in their awful course;  
 Trampling with bloody heel  
 Over the crashing steel, —  
 All their eyes forward bent,  
 Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-ery, —  
 "Freedom! or leave to die!"  
 Ah! and they meant the word,  
 Not as with us 't is heard,  
 Not a mere party shout;  
 They gave their spirits out,  
 Trusted the end to God,  
 And on the gory sod  
 Rolled in triumphant blood.  
 Glad to strike one free blow,  
 Whether for weal or woe;  
 Glad to breathe one free breath,  
 Though on the lips of death;  
 Praying, — alas! in vain! —  
 That they might fall again,  
 So they could once more see  
 That burst to liberty!  
 This was what "freedom" lent  
 To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;  
 But they are resting well;  
 Scourges and shackles strong  
 Never shall do them wrong.  
 O, to the living few,  
 Soldiers, be just and true!  
 Hail them as comrades tried;  
 Fight with them side by side;  
 Never, in field or tent,  
 Scorn the black regiment!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

#### OF THE WARRES IN IRELAND.

FROM HARRINGTON'S EPIGRAMS, BOOK IV. 6

I PRAISED the speech, but cannot now abide it,  
 That warre is sweet to those that have not try'd it;  
 For I have proved it now and plainly see 't,  
 It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.  
 At home Canarie wines and Greeke grow lothsome;  
 Here milk is Nectar, water tasteth toothsome.

There without baked, rost, boyl'd, it is no cheere,  
 Bisket we like, and Bonny Clabo here.  
 There we complaine of one wan roasted chick;  
 Here meat worse cookt ne're makes us sick.  
 At home in silken sparrers, beds of Down,  
 We scant can rest, but still tосse up and down;  
 Here we can sleep, a saddle to our pillow,  
 A hedge the Curtaine, Canopy a Willow.  
 There if a child but cry, O what a spite!  
 Here we can brook three larums in one night.  
 There homely rooms must be perfumed with Roses;  
 Here match and powder ne're offend our noses.  
 There from a storm of rain we run like Pullets.  
 Here we stand fast against a showre of bullets.  
 Lo, then how greatly their opinions erre,  
 That think there is no great delight in warre;  
 But yet for this, sweet warre, He be thy debtor,  
 I shall forever love my home the better.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

#### O, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING!

O, THE sight entrancing,  
 When morning's beam is glancing  
 O'er files arrayed  
 With helm and blade,  
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing,  
 When hearts are all high beating,  
 And the trumpet's voice repeating  
 That song whose breath  
 May lead to death,  
 But never to retreating.  
 Then, if a cloud comes over  
 The brow of sire or lover,  
 Think 't is the shade  
 By vict'ry made,  
 Whose wings right o'er us hover.  
 O, the sight entrancing,  
 When morning's beam is glancing  
 O'er files arrayed  
 With helm and blade,  
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Yet 't is not helm or feather, —  
 For ask you despot whether  
 His plumed bands  
 Could bring such hands  
 And hearts as ours together.  
 Leave ponys to those who need 'em, —  
 Adorn but man with freedom,  
 And proud he braves  
 The gaudiest slaves  
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.  
 The sword may pierce the beaver,  
 Stone walls in time may sever,  
 'T is mind alone,  
 Worth steel and stone,

That keeps men free forever !  
 O, the sight entrancing,  
 When morning's beam is glancing  
 O'er files arrayed  
 With helm and blade,  
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### WAR'S LOUD ALARMS.

WAR's loud alarms  
 Call me to arms ;  
 Honor bids me quit thy charms ;  
 To battle I must go.  
 Entreat me then no more to stay,  
 No longer can I brook delay,  
 My soul is eager for the fray,  
 And burns to meet the foe.  
 Ne'er shall it be said  
 A Briton bold from danger fled,  
 Or sought to hide his craven head  
 Within a lady's bower !  
 The power of Cupid I defy,  
 When Cambria's banner waves on high,  
 When hurtles through the darkened sky  
 The arrow's deadly shower.

Far o'er the plain,  
 Lordly again,  
 Sounds the trumpet's warlike strain,  
 A signal to depart.  
 Yet, dearest, when I'm far from thee,  
 In death, defeat, or victory,  
 Thy form alone shall ever be  
 Still nearest to my heart !  
 In the battle-field,  
 With spear to spear, and shield to shield,  
 When we have made the Saxon yield,  
 And bend his haughty knee,  
 Then will my true and faithful heart  
 At glory's call now doomed to part,  
 Forsaking spear and shield and dart,  
 Come fondly back to thee !

From the Welsh of TALHAIRN,  
 by THOMAS OLIPHANT.

#### CAVALRY SONG.

OUR bugles sound gayly, To horse and away !  
 And over the mountains breaks the day :  
 Then ho ! brothers, ho ! for the ride or the fight,  
 There are deeds to be done ere we slumber to-  
 night !  
 And whether we fight or whether we fall  
 By saber-stroke or rifle-hall,  
 The hearts of the free will remember us yet,  
 And our country, our country will never  
 forget !

Then mount and away ! let the coward delight  
 To be lazy all day and safe all night ;  
 Our joy is a charger, flecked with foam,  
 And the earth is our bed and the saddle our home :  
 And whether we fight, etc.

See yonder the ranks of the traitorous foe,  
 And bright in the sunshine bayonets glow !  
 Breathe a prayer, but no sigh ; think for what  
 you would fight ;  
 Then charge ! with a will, boys, and God for the  
 right !  
 And whether we fight, etc.

We have gathered again the red laurels of war ;  
 We have followed the traitors fast and far ;  
 But some who rose gayly this morn with the sun  
 Lie bleeding and pale on the field they have won !  
 But whether we fight, etc.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

#### SONG OF THE CAVALRY.

FROM "ALICE OF MONMOUTH."

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,  
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle ;  
 The foeman's fires are twinkling there ;  
 He leaps to hear our sabers jingle !

HALT !

Each carbine send its whizzing ball :  
 Now, cling ! clang ! forward all,  
 Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome :  
 Through level lightnings gallop nearer !  
 One look to Heaven ! No thoughts of home :  
 The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE !

Cling ! clang ! forward all !  
 Heaven help those whose horses fall :  
 Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !  
 They fall ! they spread in broken surges.  
 Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,  
 And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL !

The bugles sound the swift recall :  
 Cling ! clang ! backward all !  
 Home, and good night !

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

#### GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons !  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountains so rocky ;  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter ;  
Leave the corpse uninterred,  
The bride at the altar ;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges ;  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targess.

Come as the winds come when  
Forests are rended ;  
Come as the waves come when  
Navies are stranded ;  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set !  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE TROOPER'S DEATH.

THE weary night is o'er at last !  
We ride so still, we ride so fast !  
We ride where Death is lying.  
The morning wind doth coldly pass,  
Landlord ! we'll take another glass,  
Ere dying.

Thou, springing grass, that art so green,  
Shalt soon be rosy red, I woen,  
My blood the hue supplying !  
My blood the first glass, sword in hand,  
To him who for the Fatherland  
Lies dying !

Now quickly comes the second draught,  
And that shall be to freedom quaffed  
While freedom's foes are flying !  
The rest, O land ! our hope and faith !  
We'd drink to thee with latest breath,  
Though dying !

My darling — ah, the glass is out !  
The bullets ring, the riders shout —  
No time for wine or sighing !  
There ! bring my love the shattered glass —  
Charge ! on the foe ! no joys surpass  
Such dying !

From the German,  
by R. W. RAYMOND.

### SONG OF CLAN-ALPINE.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
Honored and blessed be the evergreen Pine !  
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !  
Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,  
While every highland glen  
Sends our shout back again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;  
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on  
the mountain,  
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
Echo his praise again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,  
And Bannachar's groans to our slogan replied ;  
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in  
ruin,  
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her  
side.

Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;  
Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !  
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen Pine !  
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands  
Were wreathed in a garland around him to  
twine !

O that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honored and blessed in their shadow might  
 grow!  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepest glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhù, ho! ieroe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Fear not, O little flock! the foe  
 Who madly seeks your overthrow,  
 Dread not his rage and power;  
 What though your courage sometimes faints?  
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
 Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer: your cause belongs  
 To him who can avenge our wrongs,  
 Leave it to him, our Lord,  
 Though hidden now from all our eyes,  
 He sees the Gideon who shall rise  
 To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,  
 Not earth or hell with all their crew  
 Against us shall prevail.  
 A jest and by-word are they grown;  
 God is with us, we are his own,  
 Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus: grant our prayer!  
 Great Captain, now thine arm make bare:  
 Fight for us once again!  
 So shall the saints and martyrs raise  
 A mighty chorus to thy praise,  
 World without end! Amen.

From the German of MICHAEL ALTENBURG.

KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG.

[Charles Theodore Körner was a young German soldier, scholar, poet, and patriot. He was born at Dresden in the autumn of 1797, and fell in battle for his country at the early age of twenty-two. The "Sword Song," so called, was written in his pocket-book only two hours before he fell, during a halt in a wood previous to the engagement, and was read by him to a comrade just as the signal was given for battle. This bold song represents the soldier chiding his sword, which, under the image of his iron bride, is impatient to come forth from her chamber, the scabbard, and be wedded to him on the field of battle, where each soldier shall press the blade to his hip.]

Körner fell in an engagement with superior numbers near a thicket in the neighborhood of Rosenburg. He had advanced in pursuit of the flying foe too far beyond his comrades. They buried him under an old oak on the site of the battle, and carried his name on the trunk.

Sword, on my left side gleaming,  
 What means thy bright eye's beaming?

It makes my spirit dance  
 To see thy friendly glance.  
 Hurrah!

"A valiant rider bears me;  
 A free-born German wears me;  
 That makes my eye so bright;  
 That is the sword's delight."  
 Hurrah!

Yes, good sword, I *am* free,  
 And love thee heartily,  
 And clasp thee to my side,  
 E'en as a plighted bride.  
 Hurrah!

"And I to thee, by Heaven,  
 My light steel life have given;  
 When shall the knot be tied!  
 When wilt thou take thy bride?"  
 Hurrah!

The trumpet's solemn warning  
 Shall hail the bridal morning,  
 When cannon-thunders wake  
 Then my true-love I take.  
 Hurrah!

"O blessed, blessed meeting!  
 My heart is wildly beating:  
 Come, bridegroom, come for me;  
 My garland waiteth thee."  
 Hurrah!

Why in the scabbard rattle,  
 So wild, so fierce for battle?  
 What means this restless glow?  
 My sword, why clatter so?  
 Hurrah!

"Well may thy prisoner rattle;  
 My spirit yearns for battle.  
 Rider, 'tis war's wild glow  
 That makes me tremble so."  
 Hurrah!

Stay in thy chamber near,  
 My love: what wilt thou here?  
 Still in thy chamber bide;  
 Soon, soon I take my bride.  
 Hurrah!

"Let me not longer wait:  
 Love's garden blooms in state,  
 With roses bloody-red,  
 And many a bright death-bed."  
 Hurrah!

Now, then, come forth, my bride!  
 Come forth, thou rider's pride!



Come out, my good sword, come!  
Forth to thy father's home!  
Hurrah!

"O, in the field to prance  
The glorious wedding dance!  
How, in the sun's bright beams,  
Bride-like the clear steel gleams!"  
Hurrah!

Then forward, valiant fighters!  
And forward, German riders!  
And when the heart grows cold,  
Let each his love infold.  
Hurrah!

Once on the left it hung,  
And stolen glances flung;  
Now clearly on your right  
Doth God each fond bride plight.  
Hurrah!

Then let your hot lips feel  
That virgin cheek of steel;  
One kiss, — and woo betide  
Him who forsakes the bride.  
Hurrah!

Now let the loved one sing;  
Now let the clear blade ring,  
Till the bright sparks shall fly,  
Heralds of victory!  
Hurrah!

For, hark! the trumpet's warning  
Proclaims the marriage morning;  
It dawns in festal pride;  
Hurrah, thou Iron Bride!  
Hurrah!

From the German,  
by CHARLES T. BROOKS.

#### HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### THE MARKET WIFE'S SONG.

THE butter an' the cheese weel stowit they be,  
I sit on the hen-coop, the eggs on my knee,  
The lug kail jigs as we jog owre the rigs,  
The gray mare's tail it wags wi' the kail,  
The warm simmer sky is blue aboon a',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

I sit on the coop, I look straight before,  
But my heart it is awa' the braud ocean owre,  
It may be lug John lettin' aff his gun,  
My wee bairn o' a', gaed to fight or to fa',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

I see the gran' toun o' the big forrin' loun,  
I hear the cannon saun', I see the reek aboon;  
It may be lug John lettin' aff his gun,  
It may be the mist — your mither disna wist —  
It may be the kirk, it may be the ha',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

An' I ken the Black Sea, ayont the rock o' dool,  
Like a muckle blot o' ink in a buik fra' the schule,  
An' lock 't it gars me min' o' your buikies langsynn,  
An' mindin' o' it a' the tears begin to fa',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

Then a bull roars fra' the scaur, ilka rock's a  
bull agen,  
An' I hear the trump o' war, an' the carse is fu'  
o' men,

Up an' down the morn I ken the bugle-horn,  
Ilka birdie sma' is a fleein' cannon ba',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

Guid Heavens! the Russian host! We maun  
e'en gie up for lost!

Gin ye gain the battle hae ye countit a' the cost?  
Ve may win a gran' name, but wad wee Jack  
come hame!

Dimma fecht, dinna fecht! there 's room for us a'!  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

In vain, in vain, in vain! They are marching  
near and far!

Wi' swordsan' wi' slingsun' wi' instruments o' war!  
O, day sae dark an' sair! ilka man seven feet an'  
mair!

I bow my head an' say, "Gin the Lord wad smite  
them a'!"

An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

Then forth fra' their ban' there steps an armèd man,  
His targe at his breast an' his claymore in his han',  
His gowd pow glitters fine an' his shadow fa's  
behin'.

I think o' great Goliath as he stan's before them a',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

To meet the Philistine leaps a laddie fra' our line,  
O, my heart! O, my heart! 't is that wee lad o'  
mine!

I start to my legs — an' down fa' the eggs —  
The cocks an' hens a' they cackle an' they ca',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

O Jock, my Hielan' lad — O Jock, my Hielan' lad,  
Never till I saw thee that moment was I glad!  
Aye sooner sud thou dee before thy mother's ee'  
Than a man o' the clan sud hae stept out but thee!  
An' sae I ery to God — while the hens cackle a',  
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld  
wheels twa.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

## INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:  
A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow,  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army-leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall," —  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
You hardly could suspect  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through),  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon!  
The marshal's in the market-place,  
And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes:  
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM  
GHENT TO AIX.

I SPANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;  
I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-  
bolts undrew,  
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sunk to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,  
— Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing  
our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right.

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

"T was a moonset at starting; but while we drew  
near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;  
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;  
At Duffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the  
half-chime, —

So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerscot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and erect, just one sharp ear  
bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his  
track;

And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that  
glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye  
and anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirk groaned; and cried Joris,  
" Stay spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;  
We'll remember at Aix," — for one heard the  
quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and stag-  
gering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble  
like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in  
sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! " — and all in a mo-  
ment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole  
weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from  
her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, on-holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse with-  
out peer, —

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise,  
bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the  
ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of  
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good  
news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

#### THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

O, THAT last day in Lucknow fort !  
We knew that it was the last;  
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,  
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;  
And the men and we all worked on;  
It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
A fair, young, gentle thing,  
Wasted with fever in the siege,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
" When my father comes home frae the plough,"  
she said,  
" Oh ! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,  
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,  
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,  
And hopeless waiting for death;  
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream  
Of an English village-lane,  
And wall and garden; — but one wild scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening  
Till a sudden gladness broke  
All over her face ; and she caught my hand  
And drew me near as she spoke : —

“The Highlanders ! O, dinna ye hear  
The slogan far awa ?  
The McGregor’s, — O, I ken it weel ;  
It’s the grandest o’ them a’ !

“God bless the bonny Highlanders !  
We’re saved ! we’re saved !” she cried ;  
And fell on her knees ; and thanks to God  
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her ery  
Had fallen among the men,  
And they started back ; — they were there to die ;  
But was life so near them, then !

They listened for life ; the rattling fire  
Far off, and the far-off roar,  
Were all ; and the colonel shook his head,  
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, “The slogan’s done ;  
But winna ye hear it noo.  
*The Campbells are comin’ ?* It’s no a dream ;  
Our succors hae broken through !”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
But the pipes we could not hear ;  
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,  
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way, —  
A thrilling, ceaseless sound ;  
It was no noise from the strife afar,  
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders !  
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne* !  
It came to our men like the voice of God,  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another’s hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd ;  
And every one knelt down where he stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,  
Our men put Jessie first ;  
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers  
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers’ ribbons and tartan streamed,  
Marching round and round our line ;  
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,  
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT LOWELL.

## HUDBRAS’ SWORD AND DAGGER.

His missant sword unto his side  
Near his undaunted heart was tied,  
With basket hilt that would hold broth,  
And serve for fight and dinner both.  
In it he melted lead for bullets  
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,  
To whom he bore so fell a grutch  
He ne’er gave quarter to any such.  
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself, for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack.  
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,  
The rancor of its edge had felt ;  
For of the lower end two handful  
It had devoured, it was so manifold ;  
And so much scorned to lurk in case,  
As if it durst not show its face.

This sword a dagger had, his page,  
That was but little for his age,  
And therefore waited on him so  
As dwarfs unto knight-errants do.  
It was a servicable dudgeon,  
Either for fighting or for drudging.  
When it had stabbed or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,  
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were  
To bait a mouse-trap ’t would not care ;  
’T would make clean shoes, and in the earth  
Set leeks and onions, and so forth ;  
It had been ’prentice to a brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure ;  
But left the trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the same score.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

## HOTSPUR’S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

FROM “KING HENRY IV.,” PART I.

BUT I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,  
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,  
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
He was perfumed like a milliner ;  
And ’twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took ’t away again : —  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff : — and still he smiled and talked ;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome course  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms  
 He questioned me; among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what, —  
 He should, or he should not; for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, — God save  
 the mark! —  
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villainous saltpeter should be digged  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
 So cowardly, and, but for these vile gums,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

“Your horse is faint, my King, my lord! your  
 gallant horse is sick, —  
 His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his  
 eye the film is thick;  
 Mount, mount on mine, O, mount apace, I pray  
 thee, mount and fly!  
 Or in my arms I'll lift your Grace, — their  
 trampling hoofs are nigh!

“My King, my king! you're wounded sore, —  
 the blood runs from your feet;  
 But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to  
 your seat;  
 Mount, Juan, for they gather fast! — I hear  
 their coming cry, —  
 Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy, — I'll  
 save you though I die!

“Stand, noble steed! this hour of need, — be  
 gentle as a lamb;  
 I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, — thy  
 master dear I am, —  
 Mount, Juan, mount; what'er betide, away the  
 bridle fling,  
 And plunge the rowels in his side. — My horse  
 shall save my King!

“Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, re-  
 ceived their land from yours,  
 And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it  
 thine secures;  
 If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found  
 among the dead,  
 How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn  
 on my gray head?

“Castile's proud dames shall never point the  
 finger of disdain,  
 And say there's one that ran away when our  
 good lords were slain!  
 I leave Diego in your care, — you'll fill his  
 father's place;  
 Strike, strike the spur, and never spare, — God's  
 blessing on your Grace!”

So spake the brave Montancz, Butrago's lord was  
 he;  
 And turned him to the coming host in steadfast-  
 ness and glee;  
 He flung himself among them, as they came  
 down the hill, —  
 He died, God wot! but not before his sword had  
 drunk its fill.

JOHN GILSON LOCKHART.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS; \* OR, THE  
BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA.

[\* Some Sikhs, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind  
 with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next  
 day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to per-  
 form *Kolose*. The Sikhs obeyed, but Moyses, the English soldier,  
 declared he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive,  
 and was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown  
 upon a dunghill. — *China Correspondent of the "London Times."*

Last night, among his fellow roughs,  
 He jested, quailed, and swore;  
 A drunken private of the Buffs,  
 Who never looked before.  
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,  
 He stands in Elgin's place,  
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
 Bewildered, and alone,  
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
 He yet can call his own.  
 Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
 Bring cord or ax or flame,  
 He only knows that not through him  
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,  
 Like dreams, to come and go;  
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,  
 One sheet of living snow;  
 The smoke above his father's door  
 In gray soft eddyings lung;  
 Must he then watch it rise no more,  
 Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls! — with strength like steel  
 He put the vision by;

\* \* The Buffs are the East Kent regiment.

Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,  
 An English lad must die.  
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
 With knee to man unbent,  
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
 To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,  
 Vain those all-shattering guns,  
 Unless proud England keep untamed  
 The strong heart of her sons ;  
 So let his name through Europe ring, —  
 A man of mean estate,  
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
 Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

#### THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
 "Except now and then a stray picket  
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,  
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
 'T is nothing : a private or two, now and then,  
 Will not count in the news of the battle ;  
 Not an officer lost, — only one of the men,  
 Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;  
 Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
 Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.  
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind  
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping ;  
 While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
 Keep guard, — for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread  
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
 And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,  
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
 His musket falls slack ; his face, dark and grim,  
 Grows gentle with memories tender,  
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,  
 For their mother, — may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,  
 That night when the love yet unspoken  
 Leaped up to his lips, — when low, murmured  
 vows  
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken ;  
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
 He dashes off tears that are welling,  
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place,  
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree, —  
 The footstep is lagging and weary ;  
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of  
 light,  
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.  
 Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled the  
 leaves ?  
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?  
 It looked like a rifle : "Ha ! Mary, good by !"  
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, —  
 No sound save the rush of the river ;  
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the  
 dead, —  
 The picket's off duty forever.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

#### CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot  
 Straight at the heart of you prowling vidette ;  
 Ring me a ball in the glittering spot  
 That shines on his breast like an amulet !"

"Ah, captain ! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,  
 There's music around when my barrel's in  
 tune !"  
 Crack ! went the rifle, the messenger sped,  
 And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and  
 snatch  
 From your victim some trinket to handsel first  
 blood ;  
 A button, a loop, or that luminous patch  
 That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud !"

"O captain ! I staggered, and sunk on my track,  
 When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,  
 For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,  
 That my heart rose upon me, and masters me  
 yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket, — this locket  
 of gold ;  
 An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,  
 Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,  
 Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha ! rifleman, fling me the locket ! — 't is she,  
 My brother's young bride, and the fallen  
 dragoon  
 Was her husband — Hush ! soldier, 't was Heaven-  
 en's decree,  
 We must bury him there, by the light of the  
 moon !

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;  
War is a virtue, — weakness a sin;  
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night:  
Load again, rilleman, keep your hand in!"

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

### THE BRIER-WOOD PIPE.

HA! bully for me again, when my turn for  
picket is over,  
And now for a smoke as I lie, with the moonlight,  
out in the clover.

My pipe, it's only a knot from the root of a brier-  
wood tree,  
But it turns my heart to the Northward — Harry  
gave it to me.

And I'm but a rough at best, bred up to the  
row and the riot;  
But a softness comes over my heart, when all are  
asleep and quiet.

For, many a time, in the night, strange things  
appear to my eye,  
As the breath from my brier-wood pipe curls up  
between me and the sky.

Last night a beautiful spirit arose with the wisp-  
ing smoke;  
O, I shook, but my heart felt good, as it spread  
out its hands and spoke;

Saying, "I am the soul of the brier; we grew  
at the root of a tree  
Where lovers would come in the twilight, two  
ever, for company.

"Where lovers would come in the morning —  
ever but two, together;  
When the flowers were full in their blow; the  
birds, in their song and feather.

"Where lovers would come in the noon-tide,  
loitering — never but two,  
Looking in each other's eyes, like pigeons that  
kiss and coo.

"And O, the honeyed words that came when  
the lips were parted,  
And the passion that glowed in the eyes, and the  
lightning looks that darted!

"Enough: Love dwells in the pipe — so ever it  
glows with fire!  
I am the soul of the bush, and the spirits call  
me Sweet Brier."

That's what the brier-wood said, as nigh as my  
tongue can tell,  
And the words went straight to my heart, like  
the stroke of the fire-bell.

To-night I lie in the clover, watching the blos-  
somy smoke;  
I'm glad the boys are asleep, for I ain't in the  
humor to joke.

I lie in the hefty clover: up between me and  
the moon  
The smoke from my pipe arises: my heart will  
be quiet, soon.

My thoughts are back in the city, I'm every-  
thing I've been;  
I hear the bell from the tower, I run with the  
swift machine,

I see the red shirts crowding around the engine-  
house door,  
The foreman's hail through the trumpet comes  
with a hollow roar.

The reel in the Bowery dance-house, the row in  
the beer-saloon,  
Where I put in my licks at Big Paul, come be-  
tween me and the moon.

I hear the drum and the bugle, the tramp of the  
cow-skin boots,  
We are marching on our muscle, the Fire-Zouave  
recruits!

White handkerchiefs wave before me — O, but  
the sight is pretty  
On the white marble steps, as we march through  
the heart of the city.

Bright eyes and clasping arms, and lips that  
bade us good hap;  
And the splendid lady who gave me the havelock  
for my cap.

O, up from my pipe-cloud rises, there between  
me and the moon,  
A beautiful white-robed lady; my heart will be  
quiet, soon.

The lovely golden-haired lady ever in dreams I  
see,  
Who gave me the snow-white havelock — but  
what does she care for me?

Look at my grimy features; mountains between  
us stand:  
I with my sledge-hammer knuckles, she with her  
jeweled hand!

What care I? — the day that's dawning may see  
me, when all is over,  
With the red stream of my life-blood staining the  
the lofty clover.

Hark! the *reville* sounding out on the morning  
air;  
Devils are we for the battle — Will there be angels  
there!

Kiss me again, Sweet Brier, the touch of your  
lip to mine  
Brings back the white-robed lady with hair like  
the golden wine!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

#### THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PENSIONER.

"Old man, God bless you! does your pipe taste  
sweetly?

A beauty, by my soul!  
A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly!  
What ask you for the bowl?"

"O sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with;  
A brave man gave it me,  
Who won it — now what think you? — of a bashaw  
At Belgrade's victory.

"There, sir, ah! there was booty worth the  
showing, —  
Long life to Prince Eugene!  
Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing  
The Turkish ranks down clean."

"Another time I'll hear your story; —  
Come, old man, be no fool;  
Take these two ducats, — gold for glory, —  
And let me have the bowl!"

"I'm a poor churl, as you may say, sir;  
My pension's all I'm worth:  
Yet I'd not give that bowl away, sir,  
For all the gold on earth.

"Just hear now! Once, as we hussars, all merry,  
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,  
A blundering rascal of a janizary  
Shot through our captain's breast.

"At once across my horse I hove him, —  
The same would he have done, —  
And from the smoke and tumult drove him  
Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him, and, before his end, bequeathing  
His money and this bowl  
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his  
breathing,  
And so he died, brave soul!

"The money thou must give mine host, — so  
thought I, —  
Three plunderings suffered he:  
And, in remembrance of my old friend, brought I  
The pipe away with me.

"Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,  
In flight or in pursuit;  
It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it  
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

"This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir,  
Under the walls of Prague:  
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, sir,  
And then picked up my leg."

"You move me even to tears, old sire.  
What was the brave man's name?  
Tell me, that I, too, may admire,  
And venerate his fame."

"They called him only the brave Walter;  
His farm lay near the Rhine." —  
"God bless your old eyes! 't was my father,  
And that same farm is mine.

"Come, friend, you've seen some stormy weather,  
With me is now your bed;  
We'll drink of Walter's grapes together,  
And eat of Walter's bread."

"Now, — done! I march in, then, to-morrow;  
You're his true heir, I see;  
And when I die, your thanks, kind master,  
The Turkish pipe shall be."

From the German of FEI-FELL,  
by CHARLES T. BROWN.

#### BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was  
dearth of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-  
blood ebbed away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he  
might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that com-  
rade's hand,  
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own,  
my native land:



Take a message, and a token, to some distant  
friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the  
Rhine.

“Tell my brothers and companions, when they  
meet and crowd around,  
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-  
yard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the  
day was done,  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the  
setting sun ;  
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown  
old in wars, —  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the  
last of many scars ;  
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's  
morn decline, —  
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen  
on the Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other son shall com-  
fort her old age ;  
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his  
home a cage.  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of strug-  
gles fierce and wild ;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his  
scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept  
my father's sword ;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright  
light used to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen  
on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with  
drooping head,  
When the troops come marching home again with  
glad and gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and  
stealfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid  
to die ;  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my  
name  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,  
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's  
sword and mine)  
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on  
the Rhine.

“There's another, — not a sister ; in the happy  
days gone by  
You'd have known her by the merriment that  
sparkled in her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle  
scorning, —  
O friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes some-  
times heaviest mourning !  
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the  
moon be risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of  
prison), —  
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow  
sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen  
on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard,  
or seemed to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus  
sweet and clear ;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slant-  
ing hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening  
calm and still ;  
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed,  
with friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-  
remembered walk !  
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in  
mine, —  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved  
Bingen on the Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his  
grasp was childish weak, —  
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and  
ceased to speak ;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of  
life had fled, —  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead !  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly  
she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody  
corpses strewn ;  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light  
seemed to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on  
the Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

#### WOUNDED TO DEATH.

STEADY, boys, steady !  
Keep your arms ready,  
God only knows whom we may meet here.  
Don't let me be taken ;  
I'd rather awaken,  
To-morrow, in — no matter where,  
Than lie in that foul prison-hole — over there.

Step slowly!

Speak lowly!

These rocks may have life.

Lay me down in this hollow:

We are out of the strife.

By heavens! the foemen may track me in blood,  
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood,  
No! no surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;  
The surgeon I want is pickax and spade.  
What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on ye, man!  
I thought you a hero; but since you began  
To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens,  
By George! I don't know what the devil it means!

Well! well! I am rough; 't is a very rough school,  
This life of a trooper, — but yet I'm no fool!  
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;  
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know;

But was n't it grand

When they came down the hill over sloughing  
and sand!

But we stood — did we not! — like immovable  
rock,

I'nheeding their balls and repelling their shock,  
Did you mind the loud cry

When, as turning to fly,

Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?  
O, was n't it grand!

God help the poor wretches that fell in that fight;  
No time was there given for prayer or for flight;  
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,  
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing  
and sand.

Huzza!

Great Heavens! this bullet hole gapes like a  
grave;

A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!  
Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray,  
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?

Pray!

Pray!

Our Father! our Father! . . . why don't ye  
proceed?

Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I  
bleed!

Flinging away!

Flinging away!

The light of the day

Is turning to gray.

Pray!

Pray!

Our Father in Heaven, — boys, tell me the rest,  
While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in  
my breast.

There's something about the forgiveness of sin —

Put that in! put that in! — and then  
I'll follow your words and say an amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand;  
And, Wilson, my comrade — O, was n't it grand  
When they came down the hill like a thunder-  
charged cloud!

Where's Wilson, my comrade? — Here, stoop  
down your head;

Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and  
dead!

“Christ God, who died for sinners all,  
Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry:  
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall  
Unheeded by thy gracious eye.

“Throw wide thy gates to let him in,  
And take him, pleading, to thine arms;  
Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin,  
And quiet all his fierce alarms.”

God bless you, my comrade, for saying that  
hymn;

It is light to my path when my eye has grown  
dim.

I am dying — bend down till I touch you once  
more

Don't forget me, old fellow, — God prosper this  
war!

Confusion to traitors! — keep hold of my hand —  
And float the OLD FLAG o'er a prosperous land!

JOHN W. WATSON

#### LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHAT, was it a dream? am I all alone  
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?  
Hush! — ah, it was only the river's moan;  
They have left me behind with the mangled  
slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!  
We met, from the battling ranks apart;  
Together our weapons flashed and fell,  
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,  
It was all too dark to see his face;  
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,  
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear  
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;  
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear, —  
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knees,  
When we flung the words of our evening prayer;  
My brother! would I had died for thee,  
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,  
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,  
That he knew and forgave me—he could not speak,  
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,  
And then for a while I forgot my pain,  
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide  
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone  
On a forest path where the shadows fell;  
And I heard again the tremulous tone,  
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,  
He wandered away to a foreign land;  
And our dear old mother will never know  
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

The soldiers who buried the dead away  
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,  
But laid them to sleep till the judgment day,  
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

— SARAH F. BURTON.

#### THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

ALL day long the storm of battle through the  
startled valley swept;  
All night long the stars in heaven o'er the plain  
and vigils kept.

O, the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely  
through the night!  
O, the heaps of mangled corpses in that dim sepul-  
chral light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length  
the morning broke;  
But not one of all the sleepers on that field of  
death awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long  
bright summer day,  
And upon that field of carnage still the dead  
unburied lay.

Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a  
dumb, unceasing prayer,  
For a little dust to hide them from the staring  
sun and air.

But the foeman held possession of that hard won  
battle plain,  
In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped round them,  
night so holy and so calm  
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the  
sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grass, just a yard from  
all the rest,  
Lay a fair young boy, with small hands necky  
folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay  
as if in sleep;  
Even his mother scarce had shuddered at that  
slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance  
to the face,  
And the hand of cunning sculptor could have  
added naught of grace.

To the marble limbs so perfect in their pos-  
sible repose,  
Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard,  
unpitiful loss.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's  
short story told,  
How he did his duty bravely till the death-knell  
over him rolled.

Midnight came with iron garments and a shaden  
of stars,  
While right upward in the zenith hung the fierce  
planet Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy foot-taps and of voices  
whispering low,  
'Twas it nothing but the young leaves, or the  
brooklet's murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, starting never to  
look round  
As they passed with silent shudder the pale  
corpses on the ground,

Came two little maidens, sisters, with a light  
and hasty tread,  
And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half  
of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with  
throbbing hearts, they stood  
Where the drummer-boy was lying in that per-  
tial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from  
their wardrobe's scanty store,  
And two heavy iron shovels in their slender  
hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing  
back the pitying tears,  
For they had no time for weeping, nor for any  
girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of  
maiden shame  
Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush  
of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that  
hour of sorest need,  
And they felt that Death was holy, and it sanc-  
tified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when  
their new strange task was o'er,  
And the form that lay before them its unworied  
garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave  
they hollowed out,  
And they lined it with the withered grass and  
leaves that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy  
work was done,  
And in crimson pomp the morning heralded  
again the sun.

Gently then those little maidens—they were  
children of our foes—  
Laid the body of our drummer-boy to undis-  
turbed repose.

ANONYMOUS.

#### BEFORE SEDAN.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."—*Special Correspondence.*

HERE in this leafy place,  
Quiet he lies,  
Cold, with his sightless face  
Turned to the skies;  
'T is but another dead;—  
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence, —  
Kings must have slaves;  
Kings climb to eminence  
Over men's graves.  
So this man's eyes are dim;  
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,  
There at his side?  
Paper his hand had clutched  
Tight ere he died;  
Message or wish, may be:—  
Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us  
Here could have smiled!—  
Only the tremulous  
Words of a child:—  
Prattle, that had for stops  
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look: she "is sad to miss,  
Morning and night,  
His"—her dead father's—"kiss,—  
Tries to be bright,  
Good to mamma, and sweet,"—  
That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead  
Slumbered the pain!  
Ah, if the hearts that bled  
Slept with the slain!  
If the grief died!—but no:—  
Death will not have it so.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had  
lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
powered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;  
At the end of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
'T was autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me  
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-  
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I  
swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never  
to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of  
heart.

“Stay, stay with us, — rest, thou art weary and  
worn”;

And fain was their war-broken soldier to  
stay;—

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### WHERE ARE THE MEN?

WHERE are the men who went forth in the  
morning,

Hope brightly beaming in every face?

Fearing no danger, — the Saxon foe scorning,  
Little thought they of defeat or disgrace!

Fallen is their chieftain — his glory departed —  
Fallen are the heroes who fought by his side!

Fatherless children now weep, broken-hearted,  
Mournfully wand'ring by Rhuddlan's dark tide!

Small was the band that escaped from the slaugh-  
ter,

Flying for life as the tide 'gan to flow;

Hast thou no pity, thou dark rolling water?

More cruel still than the merciless foe!

Death is behind them, and death is before them;

Faster and faster rolls on the dark wave;

One wailing cry — and the sea closes o'er them;

Silent and deep is their watery grave.

From the Welsh of TALHAIRN,  
by THOMAS OLIPHANT.

#### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,

And take possession of my father's chair!

Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,

Appeared the rough initials of my name,

Cut forty years before! The same old clock

Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock

I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,

And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,

Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,

And up they flew like banners in the wind;

Then gently, singly, down, down, down they  
went,

And told of twenty years that I had spent

Far from my native land. That instant came

A robin on the threshold; though so tame,

At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,

And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,

And seemed to say, — past friendship to renew, —

“Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?”

While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,  
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,  
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen  
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,  
And guessed some infant hand had placed it  
there,

And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.

Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;

My heart felt everything but calm repose;

I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,

But rose at once, and bursted into tears;

Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,

And thought upon the past with shame and pain;

I raved at war and all its horrid cost,

And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.

On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,

And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,

One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.

In stepped my father with convulsive start,

And in an instant clasped me to his heart.

Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;

And stooping to the child, the old man said,

“Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again;

This is your uncle Charles, come home from

Spain.”

The child approached, and with her fingers light

Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.

But why thus spin my tale, — thus tedious be!

Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

ROBERT BURNSFIELD.

#### SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.

FROM “THE LADY OF THE LAKE.”

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;

Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Dream of fighting fields no more;

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,

Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,

Armor's clang, or war-steed clamping.

Trump nor pibroch summon her —

Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill life may come

At the daybreak from the fallow,

And the bitter sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,

Guards nor warders challenge here;

Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
While our slumberous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveille.  
Sleep! the deer is in his deer;  
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For, at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveille.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?  
Where may the grave of that good man be?—  
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the twigs of a young birch-tree!  
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,  
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—  
The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust;—  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river-lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go;  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,

Across the clover and through the wheat  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,  
He went for the cows when the work was done;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

#### DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!  
What to him is friend or foe-man,  
Rise of moon or set of sun,  
Hand of man or kiss of woman?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know;  
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,  
Roll the drum and fire the volley!  
What to him are all our wars?—  
What but death-hemocking folly?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!

Leave him to God's watching eye;  
Trust him to the hand that made him.  
Mortal love weeps idly by;  
God alone has power to aid him.

Lay him low, lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow !  
 What cares he? he cannot know;  
 Let him low!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

### THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[The women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the National soldiers.]

By the flow of the inland river,  
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day ;—  
 Under the one, the Blue ;  
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
 Those in the gloom of defeat,  
 All with the battle-blood gory,  
 In the dusk of eternity meet ;—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day ;—  
 Under the laurel, the Blue ;  
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
 The desolate mourners go,  
 Lovingly laden with flowers  
 Alike for the friend and the foe,—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day ;—  
 Under the roses, the Blue ;  
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor  
 The morning sun-rays fall,  
 With a touch, impartially tender,  
 On the blossoms blooming for all ;—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day ;—  
 Brodered with gold, the Blue ;  
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,  
 On forest and field of grain  
 With an equal murmur falleth  
 The cooling drip of the rain ;—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day ;—  
 Wet with the rain, the Blue ;  
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
 The generous deed was done ;

In the storm of the years that are fading,  
 No braver battle was won ;—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day ;  
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;  
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-ery sever,  
 Or the winding rivers be red ;  
 They banish our anger forever  
 When they lauded the graves of our dead !  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day ;—  
 Love and tears for the Blue,  
 Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

### PEACE.

O LAND, of every land the best, —  
 O Land, whose glory shall increase ;  
 Now in your whitest raiment drest  
 For the great festival of peace :

Take from your flag its fold of gloom,  
 And let it float undimmed above,  
 Till over all our vales shall bloom  
 The sacred colors that we love.

On mountain high, in valley low,  
 Set Freedom's living fires to burn ;  
 Until the midnight sky shall show  
 A redder glory than the morn.

Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride,  
 Your veterans from the war-path's track ;  
 You gave your boys, untrained, untried ;  
 You bring them men and heroes back !

And shed no tear, though think you must  
 With sorrow of the martyred band ;  
 Not even for him whose hallowed dust  
 Has made our prairies holy land.

Though by the places where they fell,  
 The places that are sacred ground,  
 Death, like a sullen sentinel,  
 Paces his everlasting round.

Yet when they set their country free,  
 And gave her traitors fitting doom,  
 They left their last great enemy,  
 Baffled, beside an empty tomb.

Not there, but risen, redeemed, they go  
 Where all the paths are sweet with flowers ;  
 They fought to give us peace, and lo !  
 They gained a better peace than ours.

PHOEBE CARY

## P E A C E .

## ODE TO PEACE.

DAUGHTER of God ! that sit'st on high  
Amid the dances of the sky,  
And guidest with thy gentle sway  
The planets on their tuneful way ;

Sweet Peace ! shall ne'er again  
The smile of thy most holy face,  
From thine ethereal dwelling-place,  
Rejoice the wretched, weary race  
Of discord-breathing men ?

Too long, O gladness-giving Queen !  
Thy tarrying in heaven has been ;  
Too long o'er this fair blooming world  
The flag of blood has been unfurled,

Polluting God's pure day ;  
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,  
War onward drives his scythed wheels,  
And at his horses' bloody heels  
Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oh have I wept to hear the cry  
Of widow wailing bitterly ;  
To see the parent's silent tear  
For children fallen beneath the spear ;

And I have felt so sore  
The sense of human guilt and woe,  
That I, in Virtue's passion'd glow,  
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)  
The shape of man I bore !

Then come from thy serene abode,  
Thou gladness-giving child of God !  
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,  
And reconcile my soul to life ;

For much I long to see,  
Ere I shall to the grave descend,  
Thy hand its blessed branch extend,  
And to the world's remotest end

Wave Love and Harmony !

WILLIAM TENNENT.

## WAR.

AH ! whence you glare,  
That fires the arch of heaven ? — that dark red smoke  
Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched  
In darkness, and pure and spangling snow  
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers  
round !

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals  
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne !  
Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar  
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb ;  
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men

Inebriate with rage ; — loud, and more loud  
The discord grows ; till pale death shuts the scene,  
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered hovers  
His cold and bloody shroud. — Of all the men  
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
In proud and vigorous health ; of all the hearts  
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,  
How few survive, how few are beating now !  
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;  
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn  
Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous  
smoke

Before the icy wind slow rolls away,  
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood  
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
Death's self could change not, mark the dread-  
ful path

Of the outsallying victors ; far behind,  
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen, —  
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day  
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,  
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,  
And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones  
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,  
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.  
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround  
Their palaces, participate the crimes  
That force defends, and from a nation's rage  
Secure the crown, which all the curses reach  
That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury breathe.  
These are the hired bravos who defend  
The tyrant's throne.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## HEROISM.

THERE was a time when Etna's silent fire  
Slept unperceived, the mountain yet entire ;  
When, conscious of no danger from below,  
She towered a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.  
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound  
The blooming groves, that girdled her around.  
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines  
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines),



The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured,  
 In peace upon her sloping sides matured.  
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,  
 A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,  
 She teemed and heaved with an infernal birth,  
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.  
 Dark and voluminous the vapors rise,  
 And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,  
 While through the Stygian veil, that blots the  
 day,

In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.  
 But O, what muse, and in what powers of song,  
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along?  
 Havoc and devastation in the van,  
 It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,  
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests, disappear,  
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,  
 See it an uninformed and idle mass ;  
 Without a soil to invite the tiller's care,  
 Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.  
 Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)  
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.  
 Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,  
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.

O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats!  
 O charming Paradise of short-lived sweets!  
 The selfsame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,  
 Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:  
 Again the mountain feels the imprisoned foe,  
 Again pours ruin on the vale below.

Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,  
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honor draws,  
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,  
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own  
 defense,

Glory your aim, but justice your pretense ;  
 Behold in Etna's emblematic fires  
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires!

Fast by the stream that bounds your just do-  
 main,

And tells you where ye have a right to reign,  
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,  
 Studious of peace, their neighbors', and their own.  
 Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue  
 Their only crime, vicinity to you!

The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,  
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destined road:  
 At every step beneath their feet they tread  
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread!  
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress  
 Before them, and behind a wilderness.

Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,  
 Attend to finish what the sword begun ;  
 And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,  
 And Folly pays, resound at your return.  
 A calm succeeds, — but Plenty, with her train

Of heartfelt joys, succeeds not soon again,  
 And years of pining indigence must show  
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees  
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease),  
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,  
 Gleans up the refuse of the general spoil,  
 Rebuilds the towers that smoked upon the plain,  
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art  
 Renew the quarrel on the conqueror's part ;  
 And the sad lesson must be learned once more,  
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.  
 What are ye, monarchs, hurled heroes, say,  
 But Etna's of the suffering world ye sway?  
 Sweet Nature, stripped of her embroidered robe,  
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe ;  
 And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,  
 To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O, place me in some Heaven-protected isle,  
 Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;  
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,  
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood :  
 Where Power secures what Industry has won ;  
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;  
 A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,  
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign!

WILLIAM COWPER

#### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
 And fiery hearts and armed hands  
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave, —  
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still ;  
 Alone the chirp of fitting bird,  
 And talk of children on the hill,  
 And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ;  
 Men start not at the battle-cry, —  
 O, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou  
 Who minglest in the harder strife  
 For truths which men receive not now,  
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long  
 Through weary day and weary year ;

A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot ;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown, — yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again, —  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here !

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

" To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country, — that would not be hard." — *The Neighbors*.

O no, no, — let me lie  
Not on a field of battle when I die !  
Let not the iron tread  
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmèd head ;  
Nor let the reeking knife,  
That I have drawn against a brother's life,  
Be in my hand when Death  
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath  
His heavy squadron's heels,  
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,  
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,  
And the bald eagle brings  
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings  
To sparkle in my sight,  
O, never let my spirit take her flight !

I know that beauty's eye  
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,  
And brazen helmets dance,  
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance ;  
I know that bards have sung,  
And people shouted till the welkin rung,

In honor of the brave  
Who on the battle-field have found a grave ;  
I know that o'er their bones  
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.  
Some of those piles I've seen :  
The one at Lexington upon the green  
Where the first blood was shed,  
And to my country's independence led ;  
And others, on our shore,  
The " Battle Monument " at Baltimore,  
And that on Bunker's Hill.  
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still ;  
Thy " tomb," Themistocles,  
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,  
And which the waters kiss  
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.  
And thine, too, have I seen,  
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,  
That, like a natural knoll,  
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,  
Watched by some turbaned boy,  
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.  
Such honors grace the bed,  
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,  
And hears, as life ebbs out,  
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout ;  
But as his eye grows dim,  
What is a column or a mound to him ?  
What, to the parting soul,  
The mellow note of bugles ? What the roll  
Of drums ? No, let me die  
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,  
And the soft summer air,  
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,  
And from my forehead dries  
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies  
Seem waiting to receive  
My soul to their clear depths ! Or let me leave  
The world when round my bed  
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,  
And the calm voice of prayer  
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare  
To go and be at rest  
With kindred spirits, — spirits who have blessed  
The human brotherhood  
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

JOHN PIERPONT.

#### MY AUTUMN WALK.

ON woodlands ruddy with autumn  
The amber sunshine lies ;  
I look on the beauty round me,  
And tears come into my eyes.

For the wind that sweeps the meadows  
Blows out of the far Southwest,

Where our gallant men are fighting,  
And the gallant dead are at rest.

The golden-rod is leaning,  
And the purple aster waxes  
In a breeze from the land of battles,  
A breath from the land of graves.

Full fast the leaves are dropping  
Before that wandering breath ;  
As fast, on the field of battle,  
Our brethren fall in death.

Beautiful over my pathway  
The forest spoils are shed ;  
They are spotting the grassy hillocks  
With purple and gold and red.

Beautiful is the death-sleep  
Of those who bravely fight  
In their country's holy quarrel,  
And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,  
The light of whose homes is gone :  
The bride that, early widowed,  
Lives broken-hearted on ;

The matron whose sons are lying  
In graves on a distant shore ;  
The maiden, whose promised husband  
Comes back from the war no more ?

I look on the peaceful dwellings  
Whose windows glimmer in sight,  
With croft and garden and orchard  
That bask in the mellow light ;

And I know that, when our couriers  
With news of victory come,  
They will bring a bitter message  
Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,  
And I shudder as I see  
The mock-grape's \* blood-red banner  
Hung out on the cedar-tree ;

And I think of days of slaughter,  
And the night-sky red with flames,  
On the Chattohoochee's meadows,  
And the wasted banks of the James.

O for the fresh spring-season,  
When the groves are in their prime,  
And far away in the future  
Is the frosty autumn-time !

O for that better season,  
When the pride of the foe shall yield,  
And the hosts of God and Freedom  
March back from the well-won field ;

And the matron shall clasp her first-born  
With tears of joy and pride ;  
And the scarred and war-worn lover  
Shall claim his promised bride !

The leaves are swept from the branches ;  
But the living buds are there,  
With folded flower and foliage,  
To sprout in a kinder air.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYAN\*

#### BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the laird of Ury ;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
Prompt to please her master ;  
And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
Came he slowly riding ;  
And to all he saw and heard  
Answering not with bitter word,  
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
Loose and free and froward ;  
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !  
Push him ! prick him ! Through the town  
Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd  
Cried a sudden voice and loud :  
" Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay ! "  
And the old man at his side  
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,  
Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who, with ready weapon bare,  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud : " God save us !

\* *Ampelopsis*, mock-grape ; the botanical name of the Virginia creeper.

Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,  
With the brave Gustavus !"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;  
"Put it up, I pray thee.

Passive to his holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed."  
Marvel'd much that henchman bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,  
With a slowly shaking head,  
And a look of pity :  
"Ury's honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good city !

"Speak the word, and, master mine,  
As we charged on Tilly's line,  
And his Walloon lancers,  
Smiting through their midst, we'll teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers !"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend, —  
Like beginning, like the end !"  
Quoth the laird of Ury ;  
"Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

"Give me joy that in his name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer ;  
While for them he suffered long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scuffling with the scoffer ?

"Happier I, with loss of all, —  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me, —  
Than when reeve and squire were seen  
Riding out from Aberdeen  
With bare heads to meet me ;

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door ;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,  
Hard the old friends' falling off,  
Hard to learn forgiving ;  
But the Lord his own rewards,  
And his love with theirs accords  
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
Up the blackness streaking ;  
Knowing God's own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking !"

So the laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial !  
Every age on him who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways  
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter ;  
And, while hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, — that never yet  
Share of truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow ;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the future borrow, —  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In the days when earth was young ;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
The strokes of his hammer rung :

And he lifted high his brawny hand  
 On the iron glowing clear,  
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
 As he fashioned the sword and the spear.  
 And he sang : " Hurrah for my handiwork !  
 Hurrah for the spear and the sword !  
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
 For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
 As the crown of his desire :  
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
 Till they shouted loud for glee,  
 And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
 And spoils of the forest free.  
 And they sang : " Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
 Who hath given us strength anew !  
 Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
 And hurrah for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
 Ere the setting of the sun,  
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
 For the evil he had done ;  
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
 Made war upon their kind,  
 That the land was red with the blood they shed,  
 In their lust for carnage blind.  
 And he said : " Alas ! that ever I made,  
 Or that skill of mine should plan,  
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
 Is to slay their fellow-man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
 Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
 And his hand forebore to smite the ore,  
 And his furnace smoldered low.  
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
 And a bright courageous eye,  
 And bared his strong right arm for work,  
 While the quick flames mounted high.  
 And he sang : " Hurrah for my handiwork !"  
 And the red sparks lit the air ;  
 " Not alone for the blade was the bright steel  
 made,"—  
 And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
 In friendship joined their hands,  
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
 And plowed the willing lands ;  
 And sang : " Hurrah for Tubal Cain !  
 Our staunch good friend is he ;  
 And for the plowshare and the plow  
 To him our praise shall be.

But while oppression lifts its head,  
 Or a tyrant would be lord,  
 Though we may thank him for the plow,  
 We'll not forget the sword !"

CHARLES MAC KAY.

### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

[The battle of Blenheim in Bavaria was fought August 11, 1704, between the troops of the English and Austrian on one side, and the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians on the other, led by Marshal Louis and the Emperor of Bavaria. The latter party was defeated, and the Emperor of Louis XIV. of France were mutually checked thereby.]

It was a summer evening, —  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun ;  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet,  
 In playing there, had found :  
 He came to ask what he had found  
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by ;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And, with a natural sigh,  
 " 'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
 " Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,  
 For there 's many hereabout ;  
 And often, when I go to plow,  
 The plowshare turns them out ;  
 For many thousand men," said he,  
 " Were slain in the great victory."

" Now tell us what 't was all about,"  
 Young Peterkin he cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes, —  
 " Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
 " Who put the French to rout ;  
 But what they fought each other for  
 I could not well make out ;  
 But everybody said," quoth he,  
 " That 't was a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 You little stream hard by ;

They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly ;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide ;  
And many a childing mother there,  
And new-born baby died ;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won, —  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun ;

But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,  
And our good Prince Eugene.”

“Why, 't was a very wicked thing !”  
Said little Wilhelmine.

“Nay, nay, my little girl !” quoth he,  
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the dnke  
Who this great fight did win.”

“But what good came of it at last ?”  
Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;  
“But 't was a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



POEMS OF TEMPERANCE AND LABOR.



They rose from the untroubled sleep,  
And put away the soft-brown hair,  
And, in a tone as low as sleep,  
"Alone's first whisper, break'd a prayer—

R. P. M. S.

---

O'leaves me still), as I have ever been  
The steadfast lover of my fellow-men;  
My weakness, twice of holy labor;  
My crime thee with that all mankind would find;  
Dree not by blood redeemed but not by crime;  
Each fetter broken, but O my God, our time!

John G. Whittier



# POEMS OF TEMPERANCE AND LABOR.

## TEMPERANCE.

### MORAL COSMETICS.

YE who would have your features florid,  
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
From age's devastation horrid,

Adopt this plan, —  
'T will make, in climate cold or torrid,  
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,  
Restrain the passions' lawless riot ;  
Devoted to domestic quiet,

Be wisely gay ;  
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,  
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,  
But find your richest, dearest treasure  
In God, his word, his work, not leisure :

The mind, not sense,  
Is the sole scale by which to measure  
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,  
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,  
That disappoints not man's reliance,

Whate'er his state ;  
But challenges, with calm defiance,  
Time, fortune, fate.

HORACE SMITH.

### A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse  
Straight confound my stammering verse,  
If I can a passage see  
In this word-perplexity,  
Or a fit expression find,  
Or a language to my mind  
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),  
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT !  
Or in any terms relate  
Half my love, or half my hate ;  
For I hate, yet love, thee so,  
That, whichever thing I show,

The plain truth will seem to be  
A constrained hyperbole,  
And the passion to proceed  
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine !  
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine !  
Sorcerer ! that mak'st us dote upon  
Thy begrimed complexion,  
And, for thy pernicious sake,  
More and greater oaths to break  
Than reclaimed lovers take  
'Gainst women ! Thou thy siege dost lay  
Much, too, in the female way,  
While thou suck'st the laboring breath  
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us  
That our worst foes cannot find us,  
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,  
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us :  
While each man, through thy heightening steam,  
Does like a smoking Etna seem ;  
And all about us does express  
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)  
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us  
That our best friends do not know us,  
And, for those allowed features  
Due to reasonable creatures,  
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,  
Monsters, — that who see us, fear us ;  
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,  
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow  
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,  
That but by reflex canst show  
What his deity can do, —  
As the false Egyptian spell  
Aped the true Hebrew miracle ?  
Some few vapors thou mayst raise  
The weak brain may serve to amaze ;  
But to the reins and nobler heart  
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born !  
 The old world was sure forlorn,  
 Wanting thee, that aidest more  
 The god's victories than, before,  
 All his panthers, and the brawls  
 Of his piping Bacchanals.  
 These, as stale, we disallow,  
 Or judge of thee meant : only thou  
 His true Indian conquest art ;  
 And, for ivy round his dart,  
 The reformed god now weaves  
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume  
 Chemic art did ne'er presume,  
 Through her quaint alembic strain,  
 None so sovereign to the brain.  
 Nature, that did in thee excel,  
 Framed again no second smell.  
 Roses, violets, but toys  
 For the smaller sort of boys,  
 Or for greener damsels meant ;  
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind !  
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind !  
 Africa, that brags her foison,  
 Breeds no such prodigious poison !  
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
 Hemlock, aconite —

Nay, rather,

Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;  
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you !  
 'T was but in a sort I blamed thee ;  
 None e'er prospered who defamed thee ;  
 Irony all, and feigned abuse,  
 Such as perplexed lovers use  
 At a need, when, in despair  
 To paint forth their fairest fair,  
 Or in part but to express  
 That exceeding comeliness  
 Which their fancies doth so strike,  
 They borrow language of dislike ;  
 And, instead of dearest Miss,  
 Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,  
 And those forms of old admiring,  
 Call her cockatrice and siren,  
 Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
 Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,  
 Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,  
 Monkey, ape, and twenty more ;  
 Friendly trait'ress, loving foe, —  
 Not that she is truly so,  
 But no other way they know,  
 A contentment to express  
 Borders so upon excess  
 That they do not rightly wot  
 Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part  
 With what 's nearest to their heart,  
 While their sorrow 's at the height  
 Lose discrimination quite,  
 And their hasty wrath let fall,  
 To appease their frantic gall,  
 On the darling thing, whatever,  
 Whence they feel it death to sever,  
 Though it be, as they, perforce,  
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,  
 Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.  
 For thy sake, Tobacco, I  
 Would do anything but die,  
 And but seek to extend my days  
 Long enough to sing thy praise.  
 But, as she who once hath been  
 A king's consort is a queen  
 Ever after, nor will bate  
 Any title of her state  
 Though a widow, or divorced,  
 So I, from thy converse forced,  
 The old name and style retain,  
 A right Katherine of Spain ;  
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
 Of the best Tobacco Boys ;  
 Where, though I, by sour physician,  
 Am debarred the full fruition  
 Of thy favors, I may catch  
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
 Sidelong odors, that give life  
 Like glances from a neighbor's wife ;  
 And still live in the by-places  
 And the suburbs of thy graces ;  
 And in thy borders take delight,  
 An unconquered Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

#### THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog : — come here, you scamp !  
 Jump for the gentlemen, — mind your eye !  
 Over the table, — look out for the lamp ! —  
 The rogue is growing a little old ;

Five years we've tramped through wind and  
 weather,  
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,  
 And ate and drank — and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !  
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),  
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
 (This out-door business is bad for the strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir, — I never drink ;  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —  
Are n't we, Roger ? — see him wink ! —  
Well, something hot, then, — we won't quarrel.  
He's thirsty too, — see him nod his head ?  
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !  
He understand's every word that 's said, —  
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog,  
I wonder I've not lost the respect  
(Here 's to you, sir !) even of my dog.  
But he sticks by through thick and thin ;  
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living  
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving  
To such a miserable, thankless master !  
No, sir ! — see him wag his tail and grin !  
By George ! it makes my old eyes water ! —  
That is, there 's something in this gin  
That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you 're willing,  
And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is,  
sir !)  
Shall march a little. Start, you villain !  
Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !  
Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !  
(Some dogs have arms, you see ! ) Now hold  
your  
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,  
To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes  
When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
Now tell us how many drams it takes  
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
Five yelps, — that 's five ; he 's mighty knowing !  
The night 's before us, fill the glasses ! —  
Quick, sir ! I 'm ill, — my brain is going !  
Some brandy, — thank you, — there ! — it  
passes !

Why not reform ? That 's easily said,  
But I've gone through such wretched treat-  
ment,  
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
That my poor stomach 's past reform ;  
And there are times when, mad with thinking,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?  
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,  
A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink, —  
The same old story ; you know how it ends.  
If you could have seen these classic features, —  
You need n't laugh, sir ; they were not then  
Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;  
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
Whose head was happy on this breast !  
If you could have heard the songs I sung  
When the wine went round, you would n't  
have guessed  
That ever I, sir, should be straying  
From door to door, with fiddle and do  
Ragged and penniless, and playing  
To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since, — a parson's wife ;  
'T was better for her that we should part. —  
Better the soberest, prosiest life  
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
I have seen her ? Once : I was weak and spent  
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped ;  
But little she dreamed, as on she went,  
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir ; I 'm sorry ;  
It makes me wild to think of the change !  
What do you care for a beggar's story ?  
Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?  
I had a mother so proud of me !  
'T was well she died before — Do you know  
If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
This pain ; then Roger and I will start.  
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
Aching thing in place of a heart ?  
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,  
No doubt, remembering things that were, —  
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I 'm better now ; that glass was warming.  
You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !  
We must be fiddling and performing  
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.  
Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?  
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor  
drink ; —  
The sooner the better for Roger and me !

## GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

[By a young lady, who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors.]

Go, feel what I have felt,  
Go, hear what I have borne;  
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
And the cold, proud world's scorn:  
Thus struggle on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief the scalding fear.

Go, weep as I have wept  
O'er a loved father's fall;  
See every cherished promise swept,  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way  
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;  
Implore, beseech, and pray,  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay;  
Be cast with bitter curse aside, —  
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,  
And see the strong man bow;  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow;  
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard, —  
The sobs of sad despair,  
As memory's feeling-fount hath stirred,  
And its revelations there  
Have told him what he might have been,  
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to a mother's side,  
And her crushed spirit cheer;  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheek the tear;  
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,  
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose pledged faith, in early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth,  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
This promise to the deadly cup,  
And led her down from love and light,  
From all that made her pathway bright,  
And chained her there mid want and strife,  
That lowly thing, — a drunkard's wife!  
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,  
That withering blight, — a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know  
All that my soul hath felt and known,

Then look within the wine-cup's glow;  
See if its brightness can atone;  
Think if its flavor you would try,  
If all proclaimed, — 'Tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl, —  
Hate is a feeble word;  
I loathe, abhor, — my very soul  
By strong disgust is stirred  
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell  
OF THE DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

ANONYMOUS.

## OLD AGE OF TEMPERANCE.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"

ADAM. Let me be your servant;  
Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility.  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE WATER-DRINKER.

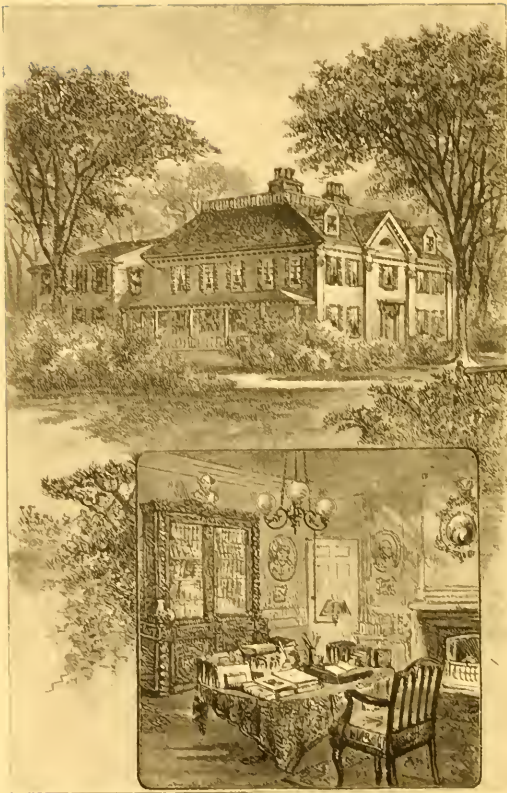
O, WATER for me! Bright water for me!  
Give wine to the tremulous debauchee!  
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,  
It maketh the faint one strong again;  
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,  
All freshness, like infant purity.  
O, water, bright water, for me, for me!  
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!  
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!  
My hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.  
O, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,  
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.  
So water, pure water, for me, for me!  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!  
For water strengtheneth life and limb.  
To the days of the aged it added length;  
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;  
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;  
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.  
So, water, I will drink naught but thee,  
Thou parent of health and energy!

EDWARD JOHNSON.





LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

*"Somewhat back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country seat"*

*"Once—ah! once—within these halls  
 One whom memory all recalls,  
 The Fisher of his Country, dwells."*

## LABOR.

## THE HAPPY HEART.

ART thou *poor*, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?  
O sweet content !

ART thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?  
O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed  
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?  
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;  
Honest labor bears a lovely face ;  
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !  
Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?

O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine  
own tears !

O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears  
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !  
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;  
Honest labor bears a lovely face ,  
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

THOMAS DE KEMP

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long ;  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns what'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks, that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys,  
He hears the parson pray and preach ;  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !

He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies,  
And wish his hard, rough hand her eyes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close,  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !

Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought,  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !

W. B. YEATS. (1892) J. H. JELLOW.

## TO THE HARVEST MOON.

PLEASING 't is, O modest Moon !  
Now the night is at her noon,  
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,  
While around the zephyrs sigh,  
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,  
Ripened by the summer's heat ;  
Picturing all the rustic's joy  
When boundless plenty greet his eye,  
And thinking soon,  
O modest Moon !  
How many a female eye will roam  
Along the road,  
To see the load,  
The last dear load of harvest home.

'Neath your lowly roof he lies,  
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes ;  
He dreams of crowded barns, and round  
The yard he hears the flail resound ;

O, may no hurricane destroy  
His visionary views of joy !  
God of the winds ! O, hear his humble prayer,  
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare !

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## THE USEFUL PLOW.

A - O' - V'RY life is sweet !  
In moderate cold and heat,  
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair !  
In every field of wheat,  
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,  
And every meadow's brow ;  
So that I say, no courtier may  
Compare with them who clothe in gray,  
And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,  
And labor till almost dark,  
Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep  
While every pleasant park  
Next morning is ringing with birds that are  
singing

On each green, tender bough,  
With what content and merriment  
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent  
To follow the useful plow !

ANONYMOUS.

## THE PLOWMAN

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's  
gleam !  
Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team,  
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow  
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow !

First in the field before the reddening sun,  
Last in the shadows when the day is done,  
Line after line, along the bursting sod,  
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.  
Stiff where he treads the stubborn clods divide,  
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;  
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,  
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;  
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train  
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,  
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing  
clay,

The patient convey breaks its destined way ;  
At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,  
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,  
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings  
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;

'This is the pigo whose letters shall be seen,  
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;  
'This is the scholar whose immortal pen  
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;  
'These are the lines that heaven-commanded Toil  
Shows on his deed, — the charter of the soil !

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast  
Wakes us to life, and hurls us all to rest,  
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,  
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time !  
We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the  
dead ;

We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;  
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,  
Waves the green plumage of thy tasseled corn ;  
Our maddening conflicts sear thy fairest plain,  
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.  
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms  
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,  
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,  
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No, by these hills whose banners now displayed  
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed ;  
By you twin summits, on whose splintery crests  
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests ;  
By these far plains the mountain circle screens,  
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines, —  
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil  
To crown with peace their own untainted soil ;  
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,  
If her chained ban-dogs Faction shall unbind,  
These stately forms, that, bending even now,  
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plow,  
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,  
The same stern iron in the same right hand,  
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run !  
The sword has reneued what the plowshare won !

OLIVER WESSELL HOLMES.

## THE MOWERS.

THE sunburnt mowers are in the swath—  
Swing, swing, swing !  
The towering lilies loth  
Tremble, and totter, and fall ;  
The meadow-rue  
Dashes its tassels of golden dew ;  
And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—  
Swing, swing, swing !

The flowers, the berries, the plumbd grass,  
Fall in a smothered mass ;  
Hastens away the butterfly ;  
With half their burden the brown bees hie ;  
And the meadow-lark shrieks distress,  
And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest



Totters the Jacob's-ladder tall,  
And sally no!  
The royal crowns of the golden-rod : —  
The keen blade moweth all !

Anon, the chiming whetstones ring —  
*Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!*  
And the mower now

Pauses and wipes his beaded brow,  
A moment he scans the fleckless sky,  
A moment, the fish-hawk soaring high,  
And watches the swallows dip and dive  
Anear and far ;

They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and strive :  
What do they gossip together ?  
Cunning fellows they are,  
Wise prophets to live :

" Higher or lower they circle and skim,  
Fair or foul to-morrow's hay weather "

Tallest primroses or loftiest daisies  
Not a steel-blade leather  
Of slim wing graze !

" Fear not ! fear not ! " cry the swallows,  
Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge,  
And his finger daintily follows  
The long blade's tickle-edge ;

Softly the whetstone's last touches ring, —  
*Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling !*

" Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee,  
Of to-morrow's weather know little as we,"  
Says Farmer Russet ; " 't is hidden in shower  
Or sunshine ; to-morrow we do not own ;  
To-day is ours alone.

Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour,  
Grasp tightly the nibs, — give heel and give toe,  
Lay a goodly swath shaven smooth and low !

Prime is the day,  
Swing, swing, swing ! "

(Farmer Russet is aged and gray, —  
Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring ;  
Straight is he  
As a balsam-tree,

And with heart most blithe and sinews lithe,  
He leads the row with his merry scythe.)

" Come, boys ! strike up the old song  
While we circle around,

The song we always in haytime sing ;  
And let the woods ring,  
And the echoes prolong  
The merry sound ! "

## SONG.

June is too early for richest hay  
(Fair weather, fair weather) ;  
The corn stretches taller the livelong day,

But grass is ever too sappy to lay  
(Clip all together) ;  
June is too early for richest hay.

(Chorus.)

O, we will make hay now while the sun shines —  
We'll waste not a golden minute !

The blue arch to-day no stain-shadow lines —  
We'll waste not a minute,

For the west-wind is fair,  
O, the hay-day is rare !

The sky is without a brown cloud in it !

August's a month that too far goes by  
(Late weather, late weather ;  
Grasshoppers are chopper and kick too high,  
And grass, that 's standing, is fodder soon to dry  
(Pull all together) ;  
August's a month that too far goes by.

(Chorus.)

July is just in the nick of time !

(Best weather, best weather ;)

The midsummer month is the golden prime  
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme  
(Strike all together) ;

July is just in the nick of time !

(Chorus.)

Still hit the scythes !  
Shoulder the grasses' defensive blades, —  
The lily-thing writes

And, as a platen, of wild geese streams  
Where the "fore of April" cloud had gleams  
On their dizzy way in meagred grades,  
Wing on wing, wing on wing, —  
The mowers, each a step in advance

Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance  
Of swerveless force ;

And far through the meadow leads their course, —  
Swing, swing, swing !

MRS. B. B. B.

## THE FARMER'S BOY

WHERE noble Grafton preside, his rich domains  
Round Easton's western vale and sloping plains  
Where wood and grove in oleum grandeur rise,  
Where the kite brooding (molested) flies,  
The woodcock and the painted pheasant roam,  
And skulking foxes, detained for the chase,  
There Giles, untaught and unrepining, strays  
Through every copse and grove and wooded  
glade ;

There his first thoughts to Nature's charms are  
clinéd,

That stamps devotion on the inquiring mind

A little farm his generous master tilled,  
 Who with peculiar grace his station filled ;  
 By deeds of hospitality endeared,  
 Served from affection, for his worth revered,  
 A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,  
 His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stored,  
 And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturly team,  
 And lowing kine that grazed beside the stream ;  
 Unceasing industry he kept in view,  
 And never lacked a job for Giles to do.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,  
 The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth ;  
 Her universal green and the clear sky  
 Delight still more and more the gazing eye.  
 Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,  
 Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along  
 The mellowed soil, imbibing fairer hues  
 Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews  
 That summon from their sheds the slumbering  
 plows,

While health impregnates every breeze that blows.  
 No wheels support the diving, pointed share ;  
 No groaning ox is doomed to labor there ;  
 No helmpates teach the docile steed his road  
 (Alike unknown the plowboy and the goad) :  
 But unassisted, through each toilsome day,  
 With smiling brow the plowman cleaves his way,  
 Draws his fresh parallels, and, widening still,  
 Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill.  
 Strong on the wing his busy followers play,  
 Where writhing earth-worms meet the unwelcome  
 day,

Till all is changed, and hill and level down  
 Assume a livery of sober brown ;  
 Again disturbed, when Giles with wearying strides  
 From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides,  
 His heels deep sinking, every step he goes,  
 Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.  
 Welcome, green headland ! firm beneath his feet :  
 Welcome, the friendly bank's refreshing seat ;  
 There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse  
 Their sheltering canopy of pendent boughs ;  
 Till rest delicious chase each transient pain,  
 And new-born vigor swell in every vein.  
 Hour after hour and day to day succeeds,  
 Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads  
 To crumbling mold, — a level surface clear,  
 And strowed with corn to crown the rising year :  
 And o'er the whole Giles, once transverse again,  
 In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.  
 The work is done ; no more to man is given ;  
 The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.

His simple errand done, he homeward hies ;  
 Another instantly its place supplies.  
 The clattering dairy-maid, immersed in steam,  
 Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,

Bawls out, " Go fetch the cows ! " — ho hears no  
 more ;

For pigs and ducks and turkeys throng the door,  
 And sitting hens for constant war prepared, —  
 A concert strange to that which late he heard.  
 Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes ;  
 With well-known halloo calls his lazy cows ;  
 Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,  
 Or hear the summons with an idle gaze,  
 For well they know the cow-yard yields no more  
 Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store.  
 Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow,  
 The right of conquest all the law they know :  
 The strong press on, the weak by turns succeed,  
 And one superior always takes the lead,  
 Is ever foremost wheresoe'er they stray,  
 Allowed precedence, undisputed sway :  
 With jealous pride her station is maintained,  
 For many a broil that post of honor gained.  
 At home, the yard affords a grateful scene,  
 For spring makes o'en a miry cow-yard clean.  
 Thence from its chalky bed behold conveyed  
 The rich manure that drenching winter made,  
 Which, piled near home, grows green with many  
 a weed,

A promised nutriment for autumn's seed.  
 Forth comes the maid, and like the morning  
 smiles ;

The mistress too, and followed close by Giles.  
 A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,  
 With pails bright scoured and delicately sweet.  
 Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray  
 Begins the work, begins the simple lay ;  
 The full-charged udder yields its willing stream  
 While Mary sings some lover's amorous dream ;  
 And crouching Giles, beneath a neighboring tree,  
 Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee ;  
 Whose hat with battered brim, of nap so bare,  
 From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair, —  
 A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,  
 An unambitious, peaceable cockade.  
 As unambitious, too, that cheerful aid  
 The mistress yields beside her rosy maid ;  
 With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,  
 And bears a brimmer to the dairy door ;  
 Her cows dismissed, the luscious meal to roam,  
 Till eve again recall them loaded home.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

#### THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

A WHITE pine floor and a low-ceiled room,  
 A wheel and a reel and a great brown loom,  
 The windows out and the world in bloom —

A pair of " swifts " in the corner, where  
 The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,  
 And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair ;

And sang to herself as she spun the tow,  
While "the little wheel" ran as soft and low  
As muffled brooks where the grasses grow  
And lie one way with the water's flow.

As the Christ's field-lilies free from sin,  
So she grew like them when she ceased to spin,  
Counted her "knots," and handed them in!

The "great wheel" rigged in its harness stands, —  
A three-legged thing with its spindle and bands, —  
And the slender spokes, like the willow wands  
That spring so thick in the low, wet lands,  
Turn dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!  
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow  
Forward and backward, and to and fro!

There's a heap of rolls like clouds in curl,  
And a bright-faced, springy, barefoot girl;  
She gives a touch and a careless whirl,

She holds a roll in her shapely hand  
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,  
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be wings on her rosy heel!  
And there must be bees in the spindled steel!  
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel!

Have you forgotten the left-breast knock  
When you bagged the bee in the hollyhock,  
And the angry burr of an ancient clog —

All ready to strike — came out of the mill,  
Where covered with meal the rogue was still,  
Till it made your thumb and finger thrill?

It is one, two, three — the roll is caught;  
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut,  
A hurry of wheel and the roll is wrought!

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,  
And the spindle shapes like a white-pine cone,  
As even and still as something grown.

The barefoot maiden follows the thread  
Like somebody caught and tethered and led  
Up to the buzz of the busy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend  
Monarch would borrow if maiden could lend,  
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end,

From English sheep of the old-time farm,  
With their legs as fair as a woman's arm,  
And faces white as a girl's alarm.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang,  
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang  
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang,

That came to a halt on her cheery lip  
While she tied one knot that never could slip,  
And thought of *another*, when her ship —

All laden with dreams in splendid guise  
Should sail right out of the azure skies  
And a lover loving with great brown eyes!

Ah, broad the day, but her work was done —  
Two "runs" by reel! She had twined and spun  
Her two score "knots" by set of sun,

With her one, two, three, the wheel backle,  
And the three, two, one, of her backward glide,  
So to and fro, in *calico* pride,  
Till the bees went home and daytime died!

In apron white as the white foam,  
She gathered the wadth of her velvet gloom,  
And railed it in with a tall back-comb.

She crushed the dews with her naked feet,  
The track of the sun was a golden street,  
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,  
And it looked like a pattern lifted high;  
But she never dreamed of angels' high,

And she spoke right out: "Do just see there!  
What a blue and white for the clouded pair  
I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead and the bees are gone,  
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,  
And her feet are shod with golden dawn.

From a wind-sung tree that waves before,  
A shadow is dodging in at the door, —  
Flickering ghost on the white pine floor, —

And the cat, unlearned in the shadow's law,  
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw  
To hold it still with an ivory claw!

But its spectral cloak is blown about,  
And a moment more and the ghost is out,  
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt

If ever it fell on floor at all,  
Or if ever it swung along the wall,  
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl!

O brow that the old time morning kissed !  
 Good night, my girl of the double and twist ;  
 O barefoot vision ! Vanishing mist !

ANONYMOUS.

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COMP, see the Dolphin's anchor forged ; 't is at a  
 white heat now ;  
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased ; though  
 on the forge's brow  
 The little flames still fitfully play through the  
 sable mound ;  
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths  
 racking round,  
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands  
 only bare ;  
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work  
 the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black  
 mound heaves below,  
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at  
 every thro',  
 It rises, roars, rends all outright, — O Vulcan,  
 what a glow !  
 'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright, the  
 high sun shines not so !  
 The high sun sees not, on the earth, such a fiery,  
 fearful show,  
 The roof ribs swarth, the radiant hearth, the  
 ruddy, lurid row  
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men  
 before the foe.

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the  
 sailing monster slow  
 Sinks on the anvil, — all about the faces fiery  
 grow,  
 " Hurrah ! " they shout, " leap out, leap out " ;  
 bang, bang, the sledges go ;  
 Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high  
 and low ;  
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squash-  
 ing blow ;  
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling  
 cinders strew  
 The ground around, at every bound the swelter-  
 ing fountains flow ;  
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every  
 stroke, put " Ho ! "

Leap out, leap out, my masters, leap out and  
 lay on load !  
 Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and  
 broad ;  
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I  
 bode,  
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous  
 road,

The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean  
 poured  
 From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast  
 by the board ;  
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats  
 stovo at the chains,  
 But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still  
 remains,  
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when  
 ye pitch sky high,  
 Then moves his head, as though he said, " Fear  
 nothing, — here am I ! "

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand  
 keep time,  
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any  
 steeple's chime.  
 But while ye swing your sledges, stug ; and let  
 the burden be,  
 The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal crafts-  
 men we !  
 Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull  
 their rustling red !  
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work  
 will soon be sped ;  
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery  
 rich array  
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy  
 couch of clay ;  
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry  
 craftsmen here,  
 For the Yeave ave o, and the Heave away, and  
 the sighing seaman's cheer,  
 When, weighing slow, at eve they go — far, far  
 from love and home,  
 And sobbing sweetly arts, in a row, wail o'er the  
 ocean foun.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down  
 at last ;  
 A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat  
 was cast,  
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst  
 thy like me,  
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath  
 the deep green sea !  
 O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such  
 sights as thou !  
 The hoary monsters' palaces I think what joy  
 't were now  
 To go plump plunging down amid the assembly  
 of the whales,  
 And feel the charmed sea round me boil beneath  
 their scourging tails !  
 Then deep in tangle woods to fight the fierce sea  
 unicorn,  
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all  
 his ivory horn ;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade  
forlorn ;

And for the ghostly-grinning shark, to laugh his  
jaws to scorn ;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where nod  
Norwegian isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed  
miles,

Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he  
rolls,

Meanwhile to swing, a-bulldozing the far aston-  
ished shoals

Of his back browsing ocean calves ; or, haply in  
a cove,

Shell strewn, and consecrate of old to some En-  
dine's love,

To find the long haired mermaidens ; or, hard  
by ley lands,

To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean  
nards.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports  
can equal thine ?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs  
thy cable line ;

And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory  
day by day,

Through cable sea and breaker white, the giant  
game to play ;

But, chamer of our little sports' forgive the  
name I gave,

A fisher's joy is to destroy, thine office is to save—  
O hedges in the sea king's hold, couldst thou but  
understand

Whose be the white bones, by thy side, or who  
that dapping head,

Slow swaying in the heaving waves that round  
about thee bend,

With wounds like breakers in a dream, blessing  
thou anced friend—

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with  
larger steps round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride ; thou 'dst  
leap within the sea !

Give honor to their memories who left the pleas-  
ant strand

to shed their blood so freely for the love of  
Iotherland,

Who left their chance of quiet age and gossy  
charcoal gaze

So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing  
wake,

O, though our anchor may not be all I have  
fondly sung,

Honor him for their memory whose bones he  
goes among !

HAROLD PHOENIX

#### THE SONG OF STEAM

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,

For I scorn the strength of your puny hands  
As a temple sweeps a chain

How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight  
For many a countless hour

At the childish boasts of human might,  
And the pride of human power !

When I took an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the sea,

Crawling along, a snail like band,  
Or waiting the wayward breeze,

When I marked the peasant lightly tread  
With the tool that he daily bore,

As he heedy turned the heavy wheel,  
Or tugged at the heavy oar,

When I measured the panting courier's speed,  
The light of the carrier dove,

As they bore the law and lance downed,  
Or the lines of impatient bore,

I could not think less the world's small need,  
As these were out of speed for,

When I should be come to the rushing keel,  
Or dashed to the lightning oar.

He' and he' they found me at last,  
They invaded my folk I thought

And I rushed to my defence with thunder blast,  
And laugh'd to my foes beneath !

O, then I met a ready-made crew  
On the earth and on the sea

Whose mission was to conquer me,  
Not soft but strong and true !

He' and he' they found me at last,  
The nation's strength I thought

Time to pass, these ready-made crew  
The world's true strength I thought

The river, the sea, the world's strength I thought,  
Or those who bore my law and lance

The great strength of the world's strength I thought,  
O, then I met a ready-made crew

The ocean's strength I thought  
To hear me, strength I thought

And nonchalant of the heavy oar,  
Gossy trembling at my gaze

I saw the strength of the God's strength,  
The strength of the God's strength

The strength of the God's strength,  
The strength of the God's strength

The strength of the God's strength,  
The strength of the God's strength

In the dark some of the strength of the God's strength,  
My strength of the God's strength

Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline  
 Or the dawn of the glorious day ;  
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up  
 From the hidden caves below,  
 And I make the fountain's granite cup  
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
 In all the shops of trade ;  
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel  
 Where my arms of strength are made ;  
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,  
 I carry, I spin, I weave,  
 And all my doings I put into print  
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,  
 No bones to be laid on the shelf,  
 And soon I intend you may go and play,  
 While I manage the world myself.  
 But harness me down with your iron bands,  
 Be sure of your curb and rein,  
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands  
 As the tempest scorns the chain.

GEORGE W. CUTLER.

#### LABOR SONG.

FROM "THE BELL-FOUNDER."

Ah ! little they know of true happiness, they  
 whom satiety fills,  
 Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of  
 the rankness that kills.  
 Ah ! little they know of the blessedness toil-  
 purchased slumber enjoys  
 Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,  
 taste of the sleep that destroys ;  
 Nothing to hope for, or labor for ; nothing to  
 sigh for, or gain ;  
 Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like,  
 bosom and brain ;  
 Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er  
 with its breath ;  
 Nothing but dullness and lethargy, weariness,  
 sorrow, and death !  
 But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man  
 among men,  
 Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with ruder  
 or plowshare or pen,  
 Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the  
 morning of life,  
 Winning home and its darling divinities, — love-  
 worshiped children and wife,  
 Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly  
 the sharp chisel rings,  
 And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that  
 stir not the bosom of kings, —

He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true  
 king of his race,  
 Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks  
 the strong world in the face.

DONNS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

#### A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton : the women wept over the bales and I kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them" — *Spectator* of May 14, 1861.]

" PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"  
 Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.  
 The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,  
 O praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,  
 But why we cannot understand :  
 Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,  
 And yet is still All-perfect God.

We fathom not the mighty plan,  
 The mystery of God and man ;  
 We women, when afflictions come,  
 We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,  
 He gleams out, sunlike, through our sky,  
 We look up, and through black clouds riven  
 We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,  
 We have no deep philosophies ;  
 Childlike we take both kiss and rod,  
 For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH MULLICK CRAIK.

#### TO LABOR IS TO PRAY.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;  
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;  
 Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,  
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !  
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;  
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;  
 More and more richly the rose heart keeps glow-  
 ing,  
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

" Labor is worship ! " the robin is singing ;  
 " Labor is worship ! " the wild bee is ringing ;  
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper, uprising,  
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great  
 heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;  
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing  
flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral bower;  
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 't is the still water faileth;  
Fileness ever despaireth, bewaileth;  
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assail-  
eth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;

Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them  
in tune!

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;

Rest from world-frens that lure us to ill.  
Work, — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy  
pillow;

Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's coming bil-  
low;  
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping wil-  
low,

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,  
How through his veins goes the life-current  
leaping!

How his strong arm in its stalworth pride sweep-  
ing,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.  
Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl growth;  
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon flow-  
eth;

From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;  
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, — though shame, sin, and anguish  
are round thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound  
thee!

Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness, — a clod!

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD

#### THE LABORER.

TOILING in the naked fields,  
Where no bush a shelter yields,  
Needy Labor dithering stands,  
Beats and blows his numbing hands,

And upon the crumpling snows  
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.

Though all 's in vain to keep him warm,  
Poverty must brave the storm,  
Friendship none 's add to lend,  
Constant health his only friend,  
Granting leave to live in pain,  
Giving strength to toil in vain.

JOHN CLARE.

#### DUTY.

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty;  
I woke and found that life was Duty;  
Was then thy dream a shadowy life?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ANONYMOUS.

#### TRUE REST.

SWEET is the pleasure  
Itself cannot spoil!  
Is not true leisure  
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,  
Still do thy best;  
Use it, not waste it, —  
Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty  
Near thee? all round?  
Only hath duty  
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife,  
Flee'ing to ocean  
After its life.

Deeper devotion  
Nowhere hath knelt;  
Fuller emotion  
Heart never felt.

'T is loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'T is onwards! unswerving, —  
And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT

## GOOD NIGHT.

Good night,  
To each weary, toil-worn wight !  
Now the day so sweetly closes,  
Every aching brow reposes  
Peacefully till morning light.  
Good night !

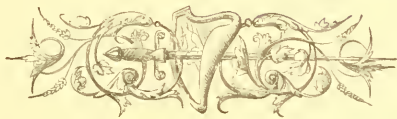
Home to rest !  
Close the eye and calm the breast ;  
Stillness through the streets is stealing,  
And the watchman's horn is pealing,  
And the night calls softly, " Haste !  
Home to rest ! "

Sweetly sleep !  
Eden's breezes round ye sweep  
O'er the peace-forsaken lover  
Let the darling image hover,  
As he lies in transport deep.  
Sweetly sleep !

So, good night !  
Slumber on till morning light ;  
Slumber till another morrow  
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow ;  
Fearless, in the Father's sight,  
Slumber on. Good night !

From the German of KÖRNER,  
by CHARLES T. BROOKS.





POEMS OF PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.



Thy sacred leaves, Jan Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true  
In blackening frost or crimson dew,  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

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My — but they bring truly play  
No tiring grief or sorrow,  
Let them cheer the living brave to day,  
They may wait the dead to mourn,  
H. J. Greene Hall

# POEMS OF PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

## BREATHES THERE THE MAN —

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## MY COUNTRY

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,  
Where brighter suns dispense serenest light,  
And milder moons imparadise the night ;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.  
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;  
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,  
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.  
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life :

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
" Where shall that land, that spot of earth be  
found ? "

Art thou a man ? — a patriot ? — look around ;  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home !

Man, through all ages of revolving time,  
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,  
Deems his own land of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE —

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blessed !  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

## THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's shaft  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,  
Though Heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory !

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
 Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
 What though her heart be rent asunder,  
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
 The bolts of death around him rattle,  
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
 Was poured upon the field of battle !

The mother who conceals her grief  
 While to her breast her son she presses,  
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
 With no one but her secret God  
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
 Received on Freedom's field of honor !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

#### THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight, —  
 A storm was on the sky ;  
 The lightning gave its light,  
 And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,  
 The ocean lashed the shore ;  
 Then rose the Spartan men,  
 To make their bed in gore !

Swift from the deluged ground  
 Three hundred took the shield ;  
 Then, silent, gathered round  
 The leader of the field !

He spake no warrior word,  
 He bade no trumpet blow,  
 But the signal thunder roared,  
 And they rushed upon the foe.

All up the mountain's side,  
 All down the woody vale,  
 All by the rolling tide  
 Waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass,  
 Among the slumbering band,  
 Sprang King Leonidas,  
 Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,  
 And the forest ceased its moan ;  
 But there came a clash of steel,  
 And a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,  
 And a fiery sheet burst high,

That o'er the midnight threw  
 A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill ;  
 A host glared by the bay ;  
 But the Greeks rushed onward still,  
 Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,  
 And the earth was all a flame,  
 Where the Spartan's bloody steel  
 On the silken turbans came ;

And still the Greek rushed on  
 Where the fiery torrent rolled,  
 Till like a rising sun  
 Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,  
 His midnight banquet, there ;  
 And the treasures of the East  
 Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast  
 The bravest of the brave !  
 That feast must be their last,  
 That spot must be their grave.

Up rose the glorious rank,  
 To Greece one cup poured high,  
 Then hand in hand they drank,  
 "To immortality !"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,  
 When, like spirits from the tomb,  
 With shout and trumpet knell,  
 He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,  
 With chariot and with charge ;  
 Down poured the arrows' shower,  
 Till sank the Spartan targe.

Thus fought the Greek of old !  
 Thus will he fight again !  
 Shall not the selfsame mold  
 Bring forth the selfsame men ?

GEORGE CROLY.

#### PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land  
 When Athens was the land of fame ;  
 This was the light that led the band  
 When each was like a living flame ;  
 The center of earth's noblest ring, —  
 Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,  
 His sovereignty was held or won :  
 Feared — but alone as freemen fear,  
 Loved — but as freemen love alone,  
 He waved the scepter o'er his kind  
 By Nature's first great title — mind !

Resistless words were on Lis tongue, —  
 Then eloquence first flashed below ;  
 Full armed to life the portent sprung, —  
 Minerva from the thunderer's brow !  
 And his the sole, the sacred hand  
 That shook her aegis o'er the land.

And, throned immortal by his side,  
 A woman sits with eye sublime, —  
 Aspasia, all his spirit's bride ;  
 But, if their solemn love were crime,  
 Pity the beauty and the sage, —  
 Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won, —  
 He perished in his height of fame ;  
 Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,  
 Yet still she conquered in his name.  
 Filled with his soul, she could not die ;  
 Her conquest was posterity !

GEORGE CROLY.

#### HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,  
 By the Nine Gods he swore  
 That the great house of Tarquin  
 Should suffer wrong no more.  
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
 And named a trysting-day,  
 And bade his messengers ride forth,  
 East and west and south and north,  
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
 The messengers ride fast,  
 And tower and town and cottage  
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
 Shame on the false Etruscan  
 Who lingers in his home,  
 When Porsena of Clusium  
 Is on the march for Rome !

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand.  
 Evening and morn the Thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore ;

And with one voice the Thirty  
 Have their glad answer given :  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena, —  
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven !  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome,  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome !"

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men ;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array ;  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting-day.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The Fathers of the City,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

I wis, in all the Senate  
 There was no heart so bold  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
 When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
 Up rose the Fathers all ;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing  
 Before the River-gate ;  
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
 For musing or debate.  
 Out spake the Consul roundly :  
 "The bridge must straight go down :  
 For, since Janiculum is lost,  
 Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
 All wild with haste and fear :  
 "To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul, —  
 Lars Porsena is here."  
 On the low hills to westward  
 The Consul fixed his eye,  
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
 Rise fast along the sky.

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
 And the Consul's speech was low,  
 And darkly looked he at the wall,  
 And darkly at the foe :

"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down ;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town ?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the gate :  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods,

"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame, —  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame ?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may ;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three :  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, —  
A Rannian proud was he :  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee."  
And out spake strong Herminius, —  
Of Titian blood was he :  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

The three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose ;  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array ;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way.

Annus, from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;  
And Pius, long to Clusium

Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Annus  
Into the stream beneath ;  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth ;  
At Pius brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust,  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
Rushed on the Roman three ;  
And Lausulus of Urge,  
The rover of the sea ;  
And Aruns of Volsinium,  
Who slew the great wild boar, —  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;  
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow :  
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark ;  
No more Campania's hind's shall fly  
To woods and caverns, when they spy  
Thy thrice-accursed sail !"

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes ;  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' length from the entrance,  
Halted that mighty mass,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow pass.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur :  
And lo ! the ranks divide ;  
And the great lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,  
A smile serene and high ;

He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
 And scorn was in his eye.  
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
 Stand savagely at bay;  
 But will ye dare to follow,  
 If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
 With both hands to the height,  
 He rushed against Horatius,  
 And smote with all his might.  
 With shield and blade Horatius  
 Right deftly turned the blow.  
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;  
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.  
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
 He leaned one breathing-space,  
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,  
 Sprang right at Astur's face.  
 Through teeth and skull and helmet  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 The good sword stood a handbreadth out  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Avernus  
 A thunder-smitten oak.  
 Far o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread;  
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
 Right firmly pressed his heel,  
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that waits you here!  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled with wrath and shame and dread,  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race,  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dauntless three;

And from the ghastly entrance,  
 Where those bold Romans stood,  
 All shrank, — like boys who, unaware,  
 Ranging a wood to start a hare,  
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
 To lead such dire attack;  
 But those behind cried "Forward!"  
 And those before cried "Back!"  
 And backward now and forward  
 Wavers the deep array;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel  
 To and fro the standard reel,  
 And the victorious trumpet peal  
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Strode out before the crowd;  
 Well known was he to all the throng,  
 And they gave him greeting loud:  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
 Now welcome to thy home!  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;  
 Thrice looked he at the dead;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turned back in dread;  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowled at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever  
 Have manfully been plied;  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"  
 Loud cried the Fathers all,  
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!  
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius, —  
 Herminius darted back;  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.  
 But when they turned their faces,  
 And on the farther shore  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosened beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
 Lay right athwart the stream;

And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroke,  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And fessed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free ;  
And whirling down, in fierce career,  
Battlement and plank and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind,  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the liquid flood behind  
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face ;  
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porcena,  
"Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see,  
Nought spake he to Lars Porcena,  
To Sextus naught spake he ;  
But he saw on Palatine  
The white porch of his home,  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome .

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!"  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's foe, a Roman's shame,  
Take thou in charge this day!"  
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank,  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and staring eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank ;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Puscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by mouths of rain ;  
And fast his blood was flowing,  
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,  
And spent with changing blows ;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place,  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good Father Tiber  
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus, —  
"Will not the villain drown?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town!"  
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porcena,  
"And bring him safe to shore ;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom,  
Now on dry earth he stands,  
Now round him through the Fathers  
To press his gory hands,  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plow from morn till night,  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And thro' it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see, —  
Horatius in his harness,  
Holding upon one knee ;  
And a Latin speech is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How bravely he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home ;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold,  
As his who kept the bridge, — so virtuous  
In the brave days of old.



And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north-winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow ;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit ;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit ;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close ;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume ;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom ;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

#### SEMPRONIUS'S SPEECH FOR WAR.

My voice is still for war,  
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate  
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ?  
No ; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
And at the head of our remaining troops  
Attack the foe, break through the thick array  
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon  
him.  
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,  
May reach his heart, and free the world from  
bondage.  
Rise ! Fathers, rise ! 't is Rome demands your  
help :  
Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,  
Or share their fate ! The corpse of half her  
senate  
Mannres the fields of Thesady, while we  
Sit here deliberating, in cold debate,  
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,  
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.  
Rouse up, for shame ! our brothers of Pharsalia  
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, — " To  
battle !"  
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,  
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.

JOSEPH ALTON

#### BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage and full of grief.

" Princess ! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'T is because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

" Rome shall perish — write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt, —  
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

" Rome, for empire far renowned,  
Tramples on a thousand states ;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground, —  
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

" Other Romans shall arise,  
Hoedless of a soldier's name ;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

" Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, and with wings,  
Shall a wild world command.

" Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sweep ;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow ;  
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,  
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
Empire is on us bestowed,  
Shame and ruin wait for you !

WILLIAM COWPER

## RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS!

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well  
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
A race of slaves—the sets, and his first beam  
Falls on a slave! Not such as, swept along  
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
To prison glory and undying fame,  
Or those ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords  
Who in some dozen paltry villages,  
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great  
In that strange spell,—a name! Each hour,  
Lark band,

Or open prison, or protected border,  
Cries out against them. But this very day  
An' nestman, my neighbor, Crech stands,—  
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who  
wore

The sedge of I'stun' because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor' men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood? Such shames are com-  
mon.

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to  
ye,

I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look  
Of Heaven upon his face which liars give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy! younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son! He left my side,—  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corpse, the mangled corpse, and then I cried  
For vengeance! Rouse ye, Romans! Rouse ye,  
slaves!

Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce  
brawl  
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—  
Look

To see them live, torn from your arms, stained,  
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne  
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!  
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king! And once again—  
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,  
The eternal city shall be free!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

## BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

For Scotland's and for freedom's right  
The Bruce his part had played,  
In five successive fields of fight  
Been conquered and dismayed;  
Once more against the English host  
His band he led, and once more lost  
The meed for which he fought;  
And now from battle, faint and worn,  
The homeless fugitive forlorn  
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place  
For him who claimed a throne;  
His canopy, devoid of grace,  
The rude, rough beams alone;  
The heather couch his only bed,—  
Yet well I ween had slumbered  
From couch of eider-down!  
Through darksome night till dawn of day,  
Absorbed in wakeful thoughts he lay  
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam  
Fell on that hapless bed,  
And tinged with light each shapeless beam  
Which roofed the lowly shed;  
When, looking up with wistful eye,  
The Bruce beheld a spider try  
His filmy thread to fling  
From beam to beam of that rude cot;  
And well the insect's toilsome lot  
Taught Scotland's future king,

Six times his gossamery thread  
The wary spider threw;  
In vain the filmy line was sped,  
For powerless or untrue  
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled  
The patient insect, six times foiled,  
And yet unconquered still;  
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,  
Saw him prepare once more to try  
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last;  
The hero hailed the sign!  
And on the wished-for beam hung fast  
That slender, silken line!  
Slight as it was, his spirit caught  
The more than omen, for his thought  
The lesson well could trace,  
Which even "he who runs may read,"  
That Perseverance gains its meed,  
And Patience wins the race.

E. KNARF PARKER.

## BANNOCKBURN.

At Bannockburn the English lay,—  
The Scots they were na far away,  
But waited for the break o' day  
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath  
And lighted up that field o' death,  
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,  
His heralds thus addressed :—

“ Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victory !

“ Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;  
See the front o' battle lour ;  
See approach proud Edward's power, —  
Edward ! chains and slavery !

“ Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

“ Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Caledonia ! on wi' me !

“ By oppression's woes and pains !  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be—shall be free !

“ Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !  
Forward ! let us do, or die !”

ROBERT BURNS.

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD. — LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle  
array,  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight.  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and  
crown,  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the  
plain.

But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning  
of war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?  
'T is thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the  
gate.

A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !  
O, weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling  
seer !

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadfully appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be  
torn !

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the  
north !

Lo ! the death-shot of foemen out-peering, he  
rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad :  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !  
Ah ! home let him speed, — for the speaker is  
nigh.

Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the  
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmanent east ?  
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of  
heaven.

O crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn :  
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it  
stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her furnishing  
brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshaled my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are  
one !  
They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the  
shock !

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the  
rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

## WIZARD.

— Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day ;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;  
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive  
king.  
Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the phials of wrath,  
Behold where he flies on his desolate path !  
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my  
sight —  
Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !  
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the  
moors.

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores,  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
Say, mounts be the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and  
torn !

Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;  
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;  
His death-bell is tolling : O mercy, dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
Accused be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to  
beat,  
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

## LOCHIEL.

— Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;  
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat !  
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in  
their gore,  
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the  
foe ;  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of  
fame !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## SCOTLAND.

O CALEDONIA ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick creek,  
Although it chilled my withered cheek ;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

[These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively, gathering  
tune, used by the Macgregors. The severe treatment of this clan,  
their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded  
to in the ballad.]

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the  
brae,

And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;  
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach !  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,  
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo !  
Then haloo, Gregalach ! haloo, Gregalach !  
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and  
her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours :  
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach !  
Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord ;  
Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword !  
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalach !  
Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to  
the eagles !  
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance,  
Gregalach !  
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever !  
 Come then, Gregalach ! come then, Gregalach !  
 Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed  
 shall career,  
 O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall  
 steer,  
 And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt !  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach !  
 Gather, gather, gather, etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

## MY COUNTRY.

FROM "THE TIMEPIECE."

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still, —  
 My country ! and, while yet a nook is left  
 Where English minds and manners may be found,  
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy  
 clime

Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed  
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,  
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves  
 Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.  
 To shake thy senate, and from height sublime  
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :  
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
 Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart  
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
 Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain  
 Frown at effeminates whose very looks  
 Reflect dishonor on the land I love.  
 How, in the name of soldiership and sense,  
 Should England prosper, when such things, as  
 smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er  
 With odors, and as profligate as sweet,  
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
 And love when they should fight, — when such  
 as these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
 Of her magnificent and awful cause ?  
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
 In every clime, and travel where we might,  
 That we were born her children. Praise enough  
 To fill the ambition of a private man,  
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,  
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE LAND OF LANDS.

You ask me why, though ill at ease,  
 Within this region I subsist,  
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
 And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,  
 That sober-suited Freedom chose ;  
 The land where, girt with friends or foes,  
 A man may speak the thing he will :

A land of settled government,  
 A land of just and old renown,  
 Where freedom broadens slowly down,  
 From precedent to precedent :

Where faction seldom gathers head ;  
 But, by degrees to fullness wrought,  
 The strength of some diffusive thought  
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should handed unions persecute  
 Opinion, and induce a time  
 When single thought is civil crime,  
 And individual freedom mute ;

Though power should make, from land to land,  
 The name of Britain trebly great —  
 Though every channel of the state  
 Should almost choke with golden sand —

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth,  
 Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
 And I will see, before I die,  
 The palms and temples of the South.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## RULE BRITANNIA !

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain :  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !  
 For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule, Britannia ! etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blasts that tear the skies  
 Serve but to root thy native oak.  
 Rule, Britannia ! etc.

These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 And work their woe—but thy renown.  
 Rule, Britannia ' etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And every shore it circles thine.  
 Rule, Britannia ' etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom bound,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair  
 Rule, Britannia ' etc.

JAMES THOMSON

#### THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DUBBY NEPTUNE, one day, to Freedom did say,  
 If ever I lived upon dry land,  
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain !  
 Says Freedom, " Why, that 's my own island !"  
 O, it 's a snug little island '  
 A right little, tight little island '  
 Search the globe round, none can be found  
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Caesar, the Roman, who yielded to no  
 man,  
 Came by water, — he could n't come by land ;  
 And Dane, Piet, and Saxon, their homes turned  
 their backs on,  
 And all for the sake of our island.  
 O, what a snug little island '  
 They 'd all have a touch at the island !  
 Some were shot dead, some of them fled,  
 And some stayed to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the  
 Norman,  
 Cried, " Prat it, I never liked my land.  
 It would be much more handy to leave this  
 Normandy,  
 And live on your beautiful island."  
 Says he, "'Tis a snug little island ;  
 Sha' n't us go visit the island ?"  
 Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,  
 And he kicked up a dust in the island.

But jarty deceit helped the Normans to beat ;  
 Of traitors they managed to buy land ;  
 By Dane, Saxon, or Piet, Britons ne'er had been  
 licked,  
 Had they stuck to the king of their island.

Poor Hansard, the king of our island !  
 He lost both his life and his island.  
 That 's all very true ; what more could he  
 do !  
 Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish armada set out to invade — a,  
 "T will sure, if they ever come nigh land.  
 They could n't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,  
 And take their full swing on the island.  
 O the poor queen of the island !  
 The Dons came to plunder the island ;  
 But sung in her hive the queen was alive,  
 And " buzz " was the word of the island.

These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make  
 ducks and drakes  
 Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy land,  
 When our Drake had the luck to make their  
 pride duck  
 And stoop to the lads of the island !  
 The good wooden walls of the island ;  
 Devil or Don, let them come on,  
 And see how they 'd come off the island !

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept  
 tune,  
 In each saying, " This shall be my land " ;  
 Should the " Army of England," or all it could  
 bring, land,  
 We 'd show 'em some play for the island  
 We 'd fight for our right to the island ;  
 We 'd give them enough of the island ;  
 Invaders should just — bite once at the dust,  
 But not a bit more of the island.

THOMAS DUBOIS

#### MONCOUTOUR.

O WEEP for Moncoutour ! O, weep for the hour  
 When the children of darkness and evil had  
 power ;  
 When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod  
 On the bosoms that bled for their rights and  
 their God.

O, weep for Moncoutour ' O, weep for the slain  
 Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in  
 vain !  
 O, weep for the living, who linger to bear  
 The renegade's shame or the exile's despair !

One look, one last look, to the cots and the  
 towers,  
 To the rows of our vines and the beds of our  
 flowers :

To the church where the bones of our fathers  
deceas'd,

Where we fondly had deem'd that our own  
should be laid,

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,  
To the spearmen of Fri, the shav'nings of Rome;  
To the serpent of Florence, the saltion of Spain,  
To the pride of Anjou, and the gods of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,  
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy  
maids;

To the breath of thy gardens, the hem of thy  
bees,

And the long waving line of the Ocean Pyreuses!

Farewell and forever! The priest and the slave  
do, raise in the halls of the free and the grave,  
'Tis heathen worship — our souls we renounce,  
But, Father, we kneel to remember thy throne.

THEODORE BARRETT'S VERSION.

#### NAZZEY.

O, WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph from  
the north,

With your hands, and your feet, and your in-  
strument all red?

And wherefore doth your rest send forth a joy  
uncommon?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that  
ye tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the base of the vintage that  
we tread.

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty  
and the strong.

Who sat on the high places and drew the secrets  
of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June  
That we saw the banners dance and their  
cavalries draw.

And the man of blood was there, with his long  
uncut hair,

And Arthur, and Sir Marmaduke, and Robert of  
the Rhine.

Like a serpent of the Lord, with his blade and  
his sword.

The German rode long as to form us for the fight,  
When it was morning and broke out, and swam

into a shout  
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's  
right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the  
shore.

The cry of battle rises along their changing line,  
For God! for the cause! — for the Church! for  
the laws.

For CHARLES, King of England, and Robert of the  
Rhine!

The French Germain comes, with his banner on  
his stream,

His banners of Aumont and flag of Wapdam.

They are bounding on the banks — Group your  
pikes! — Charge your ranks!

For Robert never comes — Not to conquer, or to  
kill.

They are here, — they rise, — we are here,  
— we are gone.

O, rest ye now, below the foot of some rocky  
blast.

O, look, part both thy sight! — O, look, behold  
the right!

Stand back, ye lords, by God's command, and  
let  
it be the last!

Alas! to happen into a world, — the world's hall,  
Zion's Grove.

Hark! — hark! what means the trumpet of  
triumph on the east?

Whom comes he from the east? — The people of  
God! — He is here!

Bear ye witness, ye lords! — Bear ye witness, ye  
kings!

They stand all sleeping low, their power is  
a toy,

Like a white horse on the sandy sea's foam on  
the waves.

Our conquerors have part of the spoil of the  
conquest,

And yet a shock have something the power of  
pikes.

First, that the gillnets shall be made and  
be made.

Then, that the lords, and knights, and  
knights be.

And he, the terms, be the terms, be the  
terms, be.

That our, be, be, on, be, be, be, be, be, be,  
be, be.

Ho, comrades, over the plain, — over the  
meadow.

First give another shot, — give another  
shot.

Then, make from sleep, and pick, — the  
pikes, and be, be.

The witness of the witness, the planks of the  
war.

Fools' your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,  
When you kissed your hly hands to your lemans to-day,  
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate!  
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades!

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths!  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades!

Down! down! forever down, with the miter and the crown!

With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls,

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ill,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword.

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and the word!

THOMAS BAXTERSON MAC GILLAY

#### LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,

For her faithless sons betrayed her;

When Malachi wore the collar of gold

Which he won from her proud invader;

When her kings with standard of green unfurled

Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger,

Ere the emerald gem of the western world

Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,

When the clear, cold eye's declining,

He sees the round towers of other days

In the wave beneath him shining!

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,

Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,

Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time

For the long-faded glories they cover!

THOMAS MOORE

#### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THIS harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts that once beat high for praise

Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright

The harp of Tara swells;

The chord alone that breaks at night

Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,

The only thro' she gives

Is when some heart indignant breaks,

To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### SHAN VAN VOCHT.

O, the French are on the say!

Says the Shan Van Vocht;

The French are on the say,

Says the Shan Van Vocht;

O, the French are in the bay!

They'll be here without delay,

And the Orange will decay.

Says the Shan Van Vocht.

*O, the French are in the bay!*

*They'll be here in a week or day,*

*And the Orange will decay,*

*Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And where will they have their camp!

Says the Shan Van Vocht;

Where will they have their camp!

Says the Shan Van Vocht;

On the Carrach of Kildare,

The boys they will be there

With their pikes in good repair,

Says the Shan Van Vocht.

*To the Carrach of Kildare*

*The boys they will repair,*

*And Lord Edward will be there,*

*Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

Then what will the yeomen do!

Says the Shan Van Vocht;

What will the yeomen do!

Says the Shan Van Vocht;

What should the yeomen do,

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they'll be true

To the Shan Van Vocht!



*What should the yemen do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And swear that they'll be true,  
To the Shan Van Vocht?*

And what color will they wear?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
What color will they wear?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
What color should be seen,  
Where our fathers' bones have been,  
But our own immortal green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
*What color should be seen,  
Where our fathers' bones have been,  
But our own immortal green?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
Will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
Yes! Ireland shall be free,  
From the center to the sea;  
Then hurrah for liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
*Yes! Ireland shall be free,  
From the center to the sea;  
Then hurrah for liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

A. O'BRIEN.

## EAMUS O'BRIEN.

Just after the war, in the year ninety-eight,  
As soon as the boys were all scattered and late,  
'T was the custom, whenever a peasant was got,  
To hang him by thral, — barrin' sich as was that  
There was thral by jury goss' on by daylig's;  
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night

It's them was hard time, for an honest gossoun,  
If he missed in the judges, — he'd meet a dis-  
goun;

An' whether the soldier or judge gev sentence,  
The divil a much time they allowed for repant-  
ance.

An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his  
keepin'

Wild smalt share iv rostin', or atin', or sleepin';  
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell  
it,

A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bul-  
let, —

Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for  
their pay;

An' the bravest an' bravest (by the name)  
Was Phamus O'Brien, from the town of O'Brien,  
His limbs were well set, an' his body was white,  
An' the keen-langed broad had new teeth in  
so white.

But his face was as pale as the face of the moon,  
And his cheek never warmed with the blood of  
the red,

An' for all that he was not an ighly young boy,  
For the law he would not let his eyes be  
so dimmed,  
An' for all that he was not an ighly young boy,  
For the law he would not let his eyes be  
so dimmed,  
An' for all that he was not an ighly young boy,  
For the law he would not let his eyes be  
so dimmed,

An' he was the best knowed that was in the  
An' the ighly best that was in the  
An' his dream was not that the green was  
so true,

An' the women (by name), he was in the  
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An' it's often he was in the  
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An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him  
there  
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air ;  
An' happy remembrances, crowding on ever,  
As fast as the foam flakes dhritt down on the  
river,  
Bring fresh to his heart merry days long gone  
by,  
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his  
eye  
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his  
heart  
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek  
to start ;  
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,  
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery  
gave,  
By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the  
brave,  
That when he was moldering in the cold grave,  
His enemies never should have it to boast  
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was  
lost,  
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be  
dhry,  
For undaunted he'd lived, and undaunted he'd  
die

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,  
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on  
There was such a crowd there was scarce room to  
stand,  
An' soddjes on guard, an' dhragoons sword in  
hand,  
An' the court house so full that the people were  
bothered,  
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein'  
smothered  
An' counsellers almost gey over for dead,  
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead,  
An' the judge settled out so determined an' big,  
With his gown on his back, and an elegant new  
wig ;  
An' silence was called, an' the minute 't was said  
The court was as still as the heart of the dead ;  
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison  
lock,  
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock  
For one minute he turned his eye round on the  
throne,  
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,  
An' he saw that he had not a hope or a friend,  
A chance to escape, or a word to defend,  
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;  
And they read a big writtin', a vaid long at laste,  
An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a  
giste.

An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he  
says,  
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you  
plase !"  
An' all hold their breath in the silence of dhread,  
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said -  
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my lifetime  
I thought any treason, or did any crime  
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone  
here,  
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,  
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-  
blow,  
Before God and the world I would answer you,  
No !  
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the  
close,  
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,  
I answer you, Yes, and I tell you again,  
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory  
that then  
In her cause I was willing my veins should run  
dhry,  
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled  
bright,  
An' the judge was n't sorry the job was made  
light ;  
By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed ould  
chap !  
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap,  
Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,  
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry  
"O judge ! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word !  
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord ;  
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was  
doin' ;  
You don't know him, my lord, — O, don't give  
him to ruin !  
He's the kindest crathur, the tondherest-hearted ;  
Don't part us forever, we that's been so long  
parted.  
Judge, mayourneen, forgive him, forgive him,  
my lord,  
An' God will forgive you — O, don't say the  
word !"  
That was the first minute that O'Brien was  
shaken,  
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or  
forsaken ;  
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his  
mother,  
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one after the  
other ;

An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,  
But the strong, manly voice seemed to falther  
and break ;

But at last, by the strength of his high-mount-  
ing pride,

He conquered and mastered his gael's swelling  
tide,

An', says he, "Mother, darlin', don't break  
your poor heart !

For, sooner or later, the dearest most part ;  
And God knows it's better than wandering in  
fear

On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the  
wild deer,

To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and  
breast,

From thought, labor, and sorrow forever shall rest,  
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more !

Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last  
hour ;

For I wish, when my head's lyin' under the  
raven,

No three men can say that I died like a craven !"

Then toward the judge Shamus bent down his  
head,

An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was  
said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on  
high,

An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;  
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?

An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street ?  
What come they to talk of ? what come they to  
see ?

An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-  
tree ?

O Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,  
May the saints take your soul, for this day is  
your last ;

Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,  
When, strong, proud, an' great as you are, you  
must die.

An' father an' father the crowd gathered there,  
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair,

An' whiskey was sellin', an' rum-suck too,  
An' odd men and young women enjoying the  
view.

An' odd Tim Mulvany, he used the remark,  
There wasn't such a sight since the time of  
Noah's ark.

An' be gorry, 'twas true for him, for devil rich  
as a rose,

Sich divar-hin and crowds, was known since the  
deluge,

For thousands were gathered there, if there was  
one,

Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'd come on.

At last they throw open the big prison gate,  
An' out came the sheriff and soidges in state,

An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,  
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.

An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,  
Wid prayin' and bleasin', and all the gael cryin',

A wild waulin' sound ken on by degree,  
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin'  
through trees.

On, on to the gallows the sheriff and gone,  
An' the cart an' the soidges go steadily on,

An' at every side waulin' around the cart,  
A wild, sorrowful sound, that 'd open your heart.

Sox under the gallows the cart takes front end,  
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his  
hand ;

An' the priest, havin' bled him good down on  
the ground,

An' Shamus O'Brien throw one last look around,  
Then the hangman drew neat, an' the people  
grew still,

Young Lee's turned sickly, and wain hearts  
turnes eldly.

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made  
bare,

For the grape ivy the life strangling cord to pre-  
pare

An' the good priest he left him, havin' said his  
last prayer

But the good priest done more, for his hands he  
unbound,

And with one daring spring Jim he leaped on  
the ground ;

Bang ! bang ! goes the catlines, and clack goes  
the rubbers ;

He's not down ! he's alive still ! now tend to  
him, neighbor !

Through the smoke and the horses he's run the  
crowd,

By the heaven, he's free ! — than then let us be  
bold,

By one shout from the people the heavens were  
shaken,

One shout that the dead of the world might  
awaken

The soidges ran this way, the sheriff ran that,  
An' Father Malone got his new Street hat,

To-night he'll be sleepin' in Mother O'Brien,  
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him  
agin'

He's your soidges may clack, and your soidges  
go bang,

But if you want hangin', it's you 'd you must  
hang

He has mounted his horse, and now he will be  
In America, darlin', the Lord of the free.

## GOUGAUNE BARRA

[The Lake of Gougaune Barra, i. e. the hollow, or recess of St Finn Bar, in the recessed territory of Bhoi Aoghane (the O'Leary's country) in the west end of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island of about half an acre in extent, which approaches its eastern shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situate in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged by east and along) its opening far mountains, whose dark inverted silences are gloomily reflected in its still waters beneath.]

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,  
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;  
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild  
fountains

Come down to that lake from their home in the  
mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken  
willow

Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;  
As, likesome gay child, that sad monitor scorning,  
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills,—O, to see them all  
brightening,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of  
lightning,

And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's  
deep rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice of the  
battle,

And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,  
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming!  
O, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,  
So meet for a bard as this lone little island!

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,  
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,

Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home  
by the ocean,

And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,  
And thought of thy bards, when assembling to-  
gether,

In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy  
heather:

They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and  
slaughter,

And waked their last song by the rush of thy  
water.

High sons of the lyre, O, how proud was the  
feeling,

To think while alone through that solitude steal-  
ing,

Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,  
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,  
And mingled once more with the voice of those  
fountains

The songs even Echo forgot on her mountains;

And gleaned each gray legend that darkly was  
sleeping  
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty  
were creeping!

Least bard of the hills,—were it mine to inherit  
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,  
With the wrongs which like thee to our country  
have bound me,

Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around  
me,

Still, still in those wilds might young Liberty  
rally,

And send her strong shout over mountain and  
valley,

The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,  
And the land that was darkest be brightest in  
story.

I too shall be gone;—but my name shall be  
spoken

When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken.

Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's  
gleaming,

When Freedom's young light on his spirit is  
beaming,

And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,  
Where calm Avon-luce seeks the kisses of ocean,

Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that  
river,

O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for-  
ever.

JAMES JOSEPH CALLAHAN.

## EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight re-  
pairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,

Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger:  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,

But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the  
sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But, ah! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
more!

O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase  
me?

Never again shall my brother embrace me?  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the willow'd  
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?

O my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without  
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,  
Erin, an exile beneath thee has blessing!

Land of my forefather, Erin go laugh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart tills her notion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
And thy harp-striking bard, sing aloud with  
devotion,

Erin maavourneen, Erin go laugh!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### IRELAND.

179.

THEY are dying! they are dying! where the  
golden corn is growing;

They are dying! they are dying! where the  
crowded herds are lowing;

They are gasping for existence where the streams  
of life are flowing,

And they perish of the plague where the breeze  
of health is blowing!

God of justice! God of power!

Do we dream? Can it be,

In this land, at this hour,

With the blossom on the tree,

In the glad one month of May,

When the young lambs play,

When Nature looks around

On her waking children now,

The seed within the ground,

The bud upon the bough?

Is it right, is it fair,

That we perish of despair

In this land, on this soil,

Where our destiny is set,

Which we cultured with our toil,

And watered with our sweat?

We have plowed, we have sown,  
But the crop was not our own;  
We have reaped, but harpy hands  
Swept the harvest from our lands;  
We were perishing for food,  
When lo! in pitying mood,  
Our kindly rulers gave  
The fat fluid of the slave,  
While our corn filled the manger  
Of the war-horse of the stranger!

God of mercy! must this last?

In this land prostrated,  
For the present and the past  
And the future, to be chained,—  
To be ravaged, to be drained,  
To be robbed, to be peopled,  
To be hushed, to be whipt,  
Its soaring pinions cleft,  
And its every effort toiled?

Do our numbers multiply

But to perish and to die?

I this all our destiny believe,

That you, to him, as they rot,

May fertilize the spot

Where the harvest of the stranger grows!

If this be, indeed, our fate,  
Far, far better now, though late,

That we seek some other land and try some other  
zone!

The coldest, blackest here

Will surely yield us more

Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare  
not call our own.

Kindly brother of the West,

Who from Liberty's fall began

Have fed us, who are orphans beneath a step-  
dame's brow,

Behold our happy state,

And weep your wretched fate

That you share not in the splendors of our  
empire and our crown!

Kindly brother of the East,

Thou great tiara'd priest,

Thou sanctified Ghenzi of Rome and of the earth,—  
Or thou who bear'st control

Over golden Lombard,

Who felt for our misfortune and helped us in  
our death,

Turn here your wondering eyes,

Call your wisest of the wise,

Your multitudes and your ministers, your men of  
deeper lore,

Let the sagest of your sages  
Ope our island's mystic pages,  
And explain unto your highness the wonders of  
our shore.

A fruitful, teeming soil,  
Where the patient peasants toil  
Beneath the summer's sun and the watery winter  
sky,  
Where they tend the golden grain  
Till it bends upon the plain,  
Then reap it for the stranger, and turn aside to  
die:

Where they watch their flocks increase,  
And store the snowy fleece  
Till they send it to their masters to be woven  
o'er the waves,  
Where, having sent their meat  
For the foreigner to eat,  
Their mission is fulfilled, and they creep into  
their graves.

'T is for this they are dying where the golden  
corn is growing,

'T is for this they are dying where the crowded  
herds are lowing,

'T is for this they are dying where the streams  
of life are flowing,

And they perish of the plague where the breeze  
of health is blowing!

DENNIS J. ORANGE MCGARATH

### MARCO BOZZARIS.

(Marco Bozzaris, the immortal Greek hero, fell in a  
fight with the Turks on April 19, 1826, the day the an-  
glo-Turkish treaty of 1830 was signed. The number of  
his warriors were 200. His only ally was a prisoner and not a  
man.)

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror.

In dreams his song of triumph heard:  
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;  
As wild lilies thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Salfiote band,—  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand,  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,

On old Plataea's day,  
And now they breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band,  
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires,  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
God, and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;  
They pled that ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death,  
Come to the mother, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath.

Come when the blessed souls  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet song and dance and wine,  
And thou art terrible; the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be  
Come when his task of fame is wrought;  
Come with her laurel leaf, blood-bought;  
Come in her crowning hour,—and then  
Thy smoken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land ;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian tales were nigh  
To the world-seeking *Genoese*,  
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian sea.

Bozzaris' with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee ; there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
She needs no funeral weeds for thee,  
Nor bade the dark house save its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb.  
But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved, and for a season gone.  
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;  
For thee she rings the birthday bells,  
Of thee her babes first lispings tell,  
For thine her evening prayer is said  
At palace couch and cottage bed.  
Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a quodling blow ;  
His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,  
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
The memory of her buried joy,  
And even she who gave thee birth,  
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,  
Talk of thy doom without a sigh  
For thou art freedom's now, and lame<sup>d</sup>. —  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

THE GREEK. HALLER.

#### SONG OF THE GREEK POET

FROM "DELPHI."

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung ;  
Eternal summer gilds them yet ;  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
Their place of birth alone is mute

To sounds which echo farther west  
Than your sites "Island of the East."

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I fancied that Greece might not be free ;  
For, standing on the Persian grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks out sea-born Salamis ;  
And ships by thousands lay becalm'd,  
And men in numbers at anchor ;  
He counted them at break of day,  
And when the sun set, wise were they

And where are they ? and how art thou,  
My country ? On thy vessels were  
The hero lay a random host —  
The hero's beam best, no more,  
And must thy lyre, so long unstrung,  
Degenerate into a pipe and song ?

'Tis something, in the days of peace,  
Through links among a letter's case,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, fall on my face ;  
For what I left the poet here ?  
For Greece, a blanch, — for Greece a tear.

Must we not weep o'er days more short ?  
Must we but blush — our fathers' deed,  
Earth's tender back from our throats mistak'<sup>d</sup>  
A remnant of our Spartan dead ?  
Of the three hundred, gone but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ ?

What, silent still ? and silent all ?  
Ah, no ! the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, " Let one living head,  
But one, arise, — we come, we come !"  
Till but the living who are dumb.

In vain, — in vain ! strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scævian vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,  
How answers each bold Bacchinal

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler one the mandler one ?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
 We will not think of themes like these !  
 It made Anacreon's song divine :  
 He served, but served Polycrates, —  
 A tyrant ; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
 That tyrant was Miltiades !  
 O that the present hour would lend  
 Another despot of the kind !  
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore  
 Exists the remnant of a line  
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
 And there perhaps some seed is sown  
 The Heraclidean blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks, —  
 They have a king who buys and sells :  
 In native swords, and native ranks,  
 The only hope of courage dwells ;  
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade, —  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die,  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine, —  
 Dash down you cup of Samian wine !

LORD BYRON

— ◆ —  
**GREECE.**

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

FAIR Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !  
 Immortal, though no more ; though fallen,  
 great !  
 Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,  
 And long-accustomed bondage uncreate ?  
 Not such thy sons who whilom did await,  
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
 In bleak Thermopylae's sepulchral strait, —  
 O, who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
 Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from  
 the tomb !

Spirit of Freedom ! when on Phyle's brow  
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,  
 Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which  
 now  
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain !  
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,  
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;  
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,  
 From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed,  
 unmann'd.

In all save form alone, how chang'd ! and who  
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,  
 Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew  
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty !  
 And many dream withal the hour is high  
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage ;  
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,  
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mourn-  
 ful page.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not,  
 Who would be free themselves must strike the  
 blow !  
 By their right arms the conquest must be  
 wrought ;  
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !  
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,  
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
 Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !  
 Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the  
 same ;  
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of  
 shame !

LORD BYRON.

— ◆ —  
**GREECE.**

FROM "THE GHAOUR."

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !  
 Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !  
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
 That this is all remains of thee ?  
 Approach, thou craven, crouching slave ;  
 Say, is not this Thermopylae ?  
 These waters blue that round you lave,  
 O servile offspring of the free, —  
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
 These scenes, their story not unknown,  
 Arise, and make again your own ;  
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
 The embers of their former fires ;  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear



That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame ;  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
 Though halled oft is ever won.  
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page ;  
 Attest it, many a deathless age :  
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy heroes, though the general doom  
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
 A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of their native land !  
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
 The graves of those that cannot die !  
 'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,  
 Each step from splendor to disgrace :  
 Enough, — no foreign foe could quell  
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
 Yes ! self-abasement paved the way  
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?

No legend of thine olden time,  
 No theme on which the Muse might soar,  
 High as thine own in days of yore,

When man was worthy of thy clime.  
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
 The fiery souls that might have led

Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
 Slaves — nay, the bondsmen of a slave,  
 And callous save to crime.

LORD BYRON

#### POLAND.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

WARSAW'S last champion from her height sur-  
 veyed,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid ;  
 "O Heaven !" he cried, "my bleeding country  
 save ! —

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
 And swear for her to live — with her to die !"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ;  
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;  
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
 Revenge, or death, — the watchword and reply ;  
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm ! —

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !  
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew : —  
 O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time !  
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;  
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !  
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered  
 spear,  
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ;  
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
 And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### MEN AND BOYS.

THE storm is out ; the land is roused ;  
 Where is the coward who sits well housed ?  
 Fie on thee, boy, disguised in curls,  
 Behind the stove, 'mong gluttons and girls !  
 A graceless, worthless wight thou must be ;  
 No German maid desires thee,  
 No German song inspires thee,  
 No German Rhine-wine fires thee.  
 Forth in the van,  
 Man by man,  
 Swing the battle-sword who can !

When, we stand watching, the livelong night,  
 Through piping storms, till morning light,  
 Thou to thy downy bed canst creep,  
 And there in dreams of rapture sleep,  
 A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When hoarse and shrill, the trumpet's blast,  
 Like the thunder of God, makes our hearts beat  
 fast,  
 Thou in the theater lov'st to appear,  
 Where trills and quavers tickle the ear,  
 A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When the glare of noonday scorches the brain,  
 When our parched lips seek water in vain,  
 Thou canst make champagne corks fly  
 At the groaning tables of luxury,  
 A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When we, as we rush to the strangling fight,  
 Send home to our true-loves a long "Good-night,"  
 Thou canst hie thee where love is sold,  
 And buy thy pleasure with paltry gold,  
 A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When lance and bullet come whistling by,  
 And death in a thousand shapes draws nigh,  
 Thou canst sit at thy cards, and kill  
 King, queen, and knave with thy spadille.  
 A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

If on the red field our bell should toll,  
Then welcome be death to the patriot's soul!  
Thy pampered flesh shall quake at its doom,  
And crawl in silk to a hopeless tomb.  
A pitiful exit thine shall be;  
No German maid shall weep for thee,  
No German song shall they sing for thee,  
No German goblets shall ring for thee.  
Forth in the van,  
Man for man,  
Swing the battle-sword who can!

From the German of KÖRNER,  
by CHARLES T. BROOKS.

#### THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hate-ful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!  
To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheathe;  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands embraing.  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

#### MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!

[On the exploit of Arnold Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss, fighting for their independence, totally defeated the Austrians, in the fourteenth century.]

"MAKE way for Liberty!" — he cried;  
Mado way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,  
A living wall, a human wood!  
A wall, where every conscious stone  
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;  
A rampart all assaults to bear,  
Till time to dust their frames should wear;  
A wood, like that enchanted grove  
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,  
Where every silent tree possessed  
A spirit prisoned in its breast,  
Which the first stroke of coming strife  
Would startle into hideous life:  
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,  
A living wall, a human wood!  
Impregnable their front appears,  
All horrent with projected spears,  
Whose polished points before them shine,  
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,  
Bright as the breakers' splendors run  
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band  
Contended for their native land:  
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke  
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,  
And forged their fetters into swords,  
On equal terms to fight their lords,  
And what insurgent rage had gained  
In many a mortal fray maintained:  
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,  
They came to conquer or to fall,  
Where he who conquered, he who fell,  
Was deemed a dead, or living, Tell!  
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,  
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,  
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew  
Heroes in his own likeness grew,  
And warriors sprang from every sod  
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death  
Hung on the passing of a breath;  
The fire of conflict burnt within,  
The battle trembled to begin:  
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,  
Point for attack was nowhere found;  
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
The unbroken line of lances blazed:  
That line 't were suicide to meet,  
And perish at their tyrants' feet. —  
How could they rest within their graves,  
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?  
Would they not feel their children tread  
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,  
Annihilates the oppressor's power;  
All Switzerland is in the field,  
She will not fly, she cannot yield, —

She must not fall ; her better fate  
Here gives her an immortal date.  
Few were the numbers she could boast ;  
But every freeman was a host,  
And felt as though himself were he  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed ;  
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried !  
There sounds not to the trump of fame  
The echo of a nobler name.  
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination deep and long,  
Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face,  
And by the motion of his form  
Anticipate the bursting storm,  
And by the uplifting of his brow  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,  
The field was in a moment won :

" Make way for Liberty ! " he cried,  
Then ran, with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

" Make way for Liberty ! " he cried ;  
Their keen points met from side to side ;  
He bowed amongst them like a tree,  
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;  
" Make way for Liberty ! " they cry,  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart ;  
While, instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all :  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;  
Thus Death made way for Liberty !

JAMES MONTGOMERY

#### SWITZERLAND.

FROM "WILLIAM TELL."

ONCE Switzerland was free ! With what a pride  
I used to walk these hills, — look up to heaven,  
And bless God that it was so ! It was free  
From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free !  
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
And plow our valleys, without asking leave ;  
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow  
In very presence of the regal sun !

How happy was I in it then ! I loved  
Its very storms. — Ay, often have I sat  
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,  
The stars went out, and down the mountain  
gorge  
The wind came roaring, — I have sat and eyed  
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
And think — I had no master save his own !

JAMES SHUKRIAN, KNOXVILLE.

#### A COURT LADY.

Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with  
purple were dark,  
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and rest-  
less spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in  
race ;  
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman  
and wife,  
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in  
manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her  
maidens, " Bring  
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court  
of the king.

" Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear  
of the mote,  
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me  
the small at the throat.

" Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to  
fasten the sleeves,  
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of  
snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gath-  
ered her up in a flame,  
While straight, in her open carriage, she to the  
hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing, from end  
to end,  
" Many and low are the pallets, but each is the  
place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at  
a young man's bed :  
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the  
droop of his head.

" Art thou a Lombard, my brother ? Happy art thou ! " she cried,  
And smiled like Italy on him : he dreamed in  
her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to  
a second :

He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dun-  
geons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his  
life were sorer.

" Art thou a Romagna ? " Her eyes drove  
lightnings before her.

" Austrian and priest had joined to double and  
tighten the coil

Able to bind thee, O strong one, — free by the  
stroke of a sword.

" Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life  
evercast

To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in  
glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face  
like a gulf's,

Young, and pathetic with dying, — a deep black  
hole in the curls.

" Art thou from Tuscany, brother ? and seest  
thou, dreaming in pain,

Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the  
list of the slain ? "

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks  
with her hands :

" Blessed is she who has borne thee, although  
she should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried  
off by a ball :

Kneeling, . . . " O more than my brother ! how  
shall I thank thee for all ! "

" Each of the heroes around us has fought for  
his hand and line,

But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a  
wrong not thine.

" Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dis-  
possessed ;

But blessed are those among nations who dare to  
be strong for the rest ! "

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch  
where pined

One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope  
out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at  
the name,

But two great crystal tears were all that faltered  
and came.

Only a tear for Venice ! — she turned as in pas-  
sion and loss,

And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if  
she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on  
then to another,

Stern and strong in his death. " And dost thou  
suffer, my brother ? "

Holding his hands in hers : — " Out of the Pied-  
mont lion

Come the sweetness of freedom ! sweetest to  
live or to die on."

Holding his cold, rough hands, " Well, O,  
well have ye done

In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be  
noble alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her  
feet with a spring,

" That was a Piedmontese ! and this is the  
Court of the King."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### VILLA FRANCA.

Wait a little ; do we not wait ?

Louis Napoleon is not Fate ;

Francis Joseph is not Time ;

There's one hath swifter feet than Crime ;

Canon parliaments settle naught ;

Venice is Austria's, — whose is thought ?

Minie is good, but, spite of change, —

Guttenburg's gun has the longer range,

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and Atropos, sever !

In the shadow, year out, year in,

The silent headsman waits forever !

Wait, we say ; our years are long ;

Men are weak, but Man is strong ;

Since the stars first curved their rings,

We have looked on many things ;

Great wars come and great wars go,

Wolf-tracks light on polar snow ;

We shall see him come and gone,

This second-hand Napoleon.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and Atropos, sever !

In the shadow, year out, year in,

The silent headsman waits forever !

We saw the elder Corsican,  
 And Clotho muttered as she spun,  
 While crowned lackeys bore the train  
 Of the pinchbeck Charlemagne,  
 "Sister, stint not length of thread!  
 Sister, stay the scissors' dread!  
 On St. Helen's granite bleak,  
 Hark! the vulture whets his beak!"

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!  
 Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever!

The Bonapartes, we know their bees,  
 They wade in honey, red to the knees;  
 Their patent reaper, its sheaves deep sound  
 In doorless garners underground;  
 We know false Glory's pendul rift race,  
 Pawning nations for feathers and lace;  
 It may be short, it may be long, —  
 "Tis reckoning day!" sneer unjeal' Wroth  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!  
 Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever!

The cock that wears the eagle's kin  
 Can promise what he ne'er could win;  
 Slavery reaped for fine words sown,  
 System for all and rights for none;  
 Despots at top, a wild clan below,  
 Such is the Gaul from long ago;  
 Wash the black from the Ethiop's face  
 Wash the past out of man or race!  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!  
 Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever!

'Neath Gregory's throne a spider swings  
 And snares the people for the kings;  
 "Luther is dead; old quarrels pass;  
 The stake's black scars are healed with grass";  
 So dreamers prate; — did man e'er live  
 Saw priest or woman yet forgive?  
 But Luther's broom is left, and eyes  
 Peep o'er their creeds to where it lies.  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!  
 Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!  
 In the shadow, year out, year in,  
 The silent headsman waits forever!

Smooth sails the ship of either realm,  
 Kaiser and Jesuit at the helm;  
 But we look down the deeps, and mark  
 Silent workers in the dark,

Building slow the harp-tusked reel,  
 Old instincts hardening to new beliefs;  
 Patience, a little; learn to wait;  
 Hours are long on the clock of fate.  
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!  
 Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!  
 Dark is strong, and so is Sin,  
 But only God empires forever!

JAMES PHIPPS, LONDON.

### WESTWARD, HO!

FROM "THE WESTWARD HO!" BY JAMES PHIPPS, CAPT AND LEARN  
 OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

WESTWARD the course of Empire takes its way,  
 The four first acts are greedily past,  
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

GEORGE BERRYLEY.

### AMERICA.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,  
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
 Admire and love thy blooming years;  
 With words of shame  
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheek the glow is spread  
 That tints thy morning robe with red;  
 Thy step, — the soldier's rattling feet  
 Within thy wood — are not more fleet;  
 Thy hoped-for eve  
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,  
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.  
 They do not know how loved thou art,  
 How many a fond and fearless heart  
 Would rise to throw  
 Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
 What virtues with thy children bide, —  
 How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
 Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;  
 What generous men  
 Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
 By thy lone rivers of the west;  
 How faith is kept, and truth revered,  
 And man is loved, and God is feared,  
 In woodland homes,  
 And where the ocean border foams.

There 's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
 For earth's down-trodden and opprest,  
 A shelter for the hunted head,  
 For the starved laborer toil and bread.  
 Power, at thy bounds,  
 Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother ' on thy brow  
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
 Deep in the brightness of thy skies,  
 The thronging years in glory rise,  
 And, as they fleet,  
 Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,  
 Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower,  
 And when thy sisters, elder born,  
 Would brand thy name with words of scorn,  
 Before thine eye  
 Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,  
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies !  
 Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,  
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.  
 Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,  
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;  
 Let the crimes of the east ne'er everinsson thy  
 name,  
 Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire ;  
 Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;  
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,  
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.  
 A world is thy realm ; for a world be thy laws  
 Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;  
 On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,  
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the  
 skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall nubar,  
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her  
 star ;  
 New bards and new sages unrivaled shall soar  
 To fame unextinguished when time is no more ;  
 To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,  
 Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind ;  
 Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall  
 bring  
 Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
 And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;

The graves of form shall awake pure desire,  
 And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire ;  
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,  
 And virtue's bright image, enstamped on the  
 mind,  
 With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to  
 glow,  
 And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,  
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;  
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
 And the east and the south yield their spices and  
 gold.  
 As the dayspring unbounded thy splendor shalt  
 flow,  
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,  
 While the ensigus of union, in triumph unfurled,  
 Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the  
 world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'er-  
 spread,  
 From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed,  
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired ;  
 The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders ex-  
 pired ;  
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,  
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung :  
 " Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
 The queen of the world, and the child of the  
 skies ! "

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

### AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail ! thou noble land,  
 Our Fathers' native soil !  
 O, stretch thy mighty hand,  
 Gigantic grown by toil,  
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !  
 For thou with magic might  
 Canst reach to where the light  
 Of Phœbus travels bright  
 The world o'er !

The Genius of our clime  
 From his pine-embattled steep  
 Shall hail the guest sublime ;  
 While the Tritons of the deep  
 With their conchs the kindred league shall pro-  
 claim.  
 Then let the world combine, —  
 O'er the main our naval line  
 Like the Milky Way shall shine  
 Bright in fame !

Though ages long have past  
 Since our Fathers left their home,





BRIDGE AND BATTLE-GROUND, AT CONCORD.

*"By the rude bridge that arch'd the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."*



Their pilot in the blast,  
 O'er untraveled seas to roam,  
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !  
 And shall we not proclaim  
 That blood of honest fame  
 Which no tyranny can tame  
 By its chains '—

While the language free and bold  
 Which the Bard of Avon sung,  
 In which our Milton told  
 How the vault of heaven rung  
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;  
 While this, with reverence meet,  
 Ten thousand echoes greet,  
 From rock to rock repeat  
 Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,  
 That mold a nation's soul,  
 Still cling around our hearts, —  
 Between let Ocean roll,  
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun :  
 Yet still from either beach  
 The voice of blood shall reach,  
 More audible than speech,  
 " We are One."

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,  
 Our leader frank and bold ;  
 The British soldier trembles  
 When Marion's name is told.  
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
 Our tent the cypress-tree ;  
 We know the forest round us,  
 As seamen know the sea ;  
 We know its walls of thorny vines,  
 Its glades of reedy grass,  
 Its safe and silent islands  
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
 That little dread us near !  
 On them shall light at midnight  
 A strange and sudden fear ;  
 When, waking to their tents on fire,  
 They grasp their arms in vain,  
 And they who stand to face us  
 Are beat to earth again ;  
 And they who fly in terror deem  
 A mighty host behind,  
 And hear the tramp of thousands  
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
 From danger and from toil ;

We talk the battle over,  
 And share the battle's spoil.  
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
 As if a hunt were up,  
 And woodland flowers are gathered  
 To crown the soldier's cup.  
 With merry songs we mock the wind  
 That in the pine-top grieves,  
 And slumber long and sweetly  
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
 The band that Marion leads, —  
 The glitter of their rifles,  
 The scampering of their steeds.  
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
 Across the moonlight plain ;  
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
 That lifts his hoarse and hoarse mane.  
 A moment in the British camp —  
 A moment — and away  
 Back to the pathless forest,  
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
 Grave men with hoary hairs ;  
 Their hearts are all with Marion,  
 For Marion are their prayers,  
 And lovely ladies greet our band  
 With kindest welcomes,  
 With smiles like those of summer,  
 And tears like those of spring.  
 For them we wear those trusty arms,  
 And lay them down no more  
 Till we have driven the Briton  
 Forever from our shore.

WILLIAM CULBERT BRYANT

## HYMN :

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT  
APRIL 14, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;  
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;  
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
 We set to-day a votive stone ;  
 That memory may their deed redeem,  
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made these heroes dare  
To die, or leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my bravos!  
Will ye give it up to slaves  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in that battle peal!  
Read it on you bristling steel!  
Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
Will ye to your homes retire?  
Look behind you!—they're a-fire!  
And, before you, see  
Who have done it! From the wale  
On they come!—and will ye quail?  
Leaden rain and iron hail!  
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
Die we may,—and die we must!  
But, O, who can die to dust  
Be consigned so well,  
As where heaven its dew shall shed  
On the martyred patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head,  
Of his deeds to tell!

JOHN PIERSON

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their rigged regimentals  
Stood the old continentals,

Yielding not,

When the grenadiers were lunging,

And like hail fell the plunging

Cannon-shot;

When the files

Of the isles,

From the smoky night encampment, bore the  
Banner of the rampant

Unicorn,

And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the  
Roll of the drummer,

Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,

And with guns horizontal,

Stood our sires;

And the balls whistled deadly,

And in streams flashing redly

Blazed the fires;

As the roar  
On the shores,  
Swept the strong battle breakers o'er the green-  
sodded acres  
Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black  
gunpowder,  
Cracking again!

Now like smiths at their forges  
Worked the red St. George's  
Cannonceers;  
And the "villainous salt-peter"  
Ring a fierce, discordant meter  
Round their ears;  
As the swift  
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horseguards'  
clangor  
On our flanks;  
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-  
fashioned fire  
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel  
Galloped through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud;  
And his broad sword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet loud.  
Then the blue  
Bullets flew,

And the trooper jackets reddened at the touch of  
the leaden  
Rifle breath;  
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron  
six pounder,  
Hurling death!

GEORGE ALFRED McMASTER.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled  
oars

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black bulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wandered and watched with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he heard  
The mutter of men at the barrel down,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North  
Church

In the wooden steeple, with a lofty tread,  
To the bell-chamber overhead,  
And admitted the pigeons from their perch  
On the slender rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving-shops of shade,  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he could listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs and town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The warbling night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A room as if only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely bell and the dead,  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The bell tower of the Old North Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the bell tower's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
His spring to the top of the steeple he hears,  
But huzza! and buzz! and fall on his sight  
A second lamp in the bell tower's height!

A party of hoods in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bark in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pasture, a passing, a  
spark  
struck out by a steel flitting to down and foot  
That was all! — And yet, through the gloom and  
the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night,  
And the spark struck out on that night, in His  
flight,  
Kindled the land into flames with the next.

He saw, left the village and ascended the steeple,  
And admitted him, to require and receive and keep,  
In the steeple, meeting the moon's tide,  
And under the eaves, that gird the edge,  
To descend on the sand, and stand on stone legs,  
In hand the trumpet of his bell to be heard.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he passed by the grave of the Meeting town,  
He heard the rattling of his own,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the drump of the river boat,  
That rumbled on the sea-gate down.

It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington,  
He saw the ground water-rick  
swims in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting house across, stark and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they still lay agonized,  
At the heavy work they would lay upon.

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town,  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows green.  
A long way off and asleep on his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be last to deal,  
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. — In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,  
—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,



Take the strengthening waters of long days of  
war.

Over the land of the free and the home of the  
brave.

And where a frail hand, with its trembling feet,  
That has borne of war and the storm's shaking,  
And where a weary soldier's hand is weary,  
That would not rest, and would not leave its  
position.

It would not leave its position and its  
place, the waters of the great sea of  
years.

And in the ever green of the young and the  
old.

Over the land of the free and the home of the  
brave.

O, that I could see you, I could see you,  
Between the great sea and the young and the  
old.

It is with you, and I could see you, I could  
see you.

It is with you, and I could see you, I could  
see you.

It is with you, and I could see you, I could  
see you, and I could see you, I could see you,  
And the strengthening waters of the great sea  
of years.

Over the land of the free and the home of the  
brave.

THE LITTLE CLOUD

1891

THE LITTLE CLOUD

1891

As white as the snow-capped peak,  
The mountain peaks, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak,  
The snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak.

There comes a little cloud,  
Coming from the sky, and the snow-capped peak,  
Spreading its wings, and the snow-capped peak,  
It is the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

And the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
As the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

Even so, and the snow-capped peak,  
But the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
Spreading its wings, and the snow-capped peak,  
Onward into the snow-capped peak.

Bright cloud of the sky, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,

The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

Like the white snow-capped peak,  
The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak,  
The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak,  
The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

And the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak,  
The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

THE LITTLE CLOUD

A LITTLE CLOUD OF THE SKY

It is with you, and I could see you, I could  
see you, and I could see you, I could see you,  
And the strengthening waters of the great sea  
of years.

Over the land of the free and the home of the  
brave.

And the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak,  
The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak,  
The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

And the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
And the snow-capped peak, and the snow-capped peak,  
The little cloud, and the snow-capped peak.

Even so, and the snow-capped peak,  
But the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,  
Spreading its wings, and the snow-capped peak,  
Onward into the snow-capped peak.

Bright cloud of the sky, and the snow-capped peak,  
For the little cloud, and the snow-capped peak,

THE LITTLE CLOUD

Then Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,  
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned  
a terrible frown !

Then they seized another brave boy, — not amid  
the heat of battle,

But in peace, behind his plowshare, — and  
they loaded him with chains,  
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they  
goad their cattle,

Drove him, cruelly, for their sport, and at last  
blew out his brains ;

Then Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,  
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling  
Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of  
the Almighty,

He would hunt this ravening evil that had  
scathed and torn him so ; —

He would seize it by the vitals ; he would crush  
it day and night ; he

Would so pursue its footsteps, — so return it  
blow for blow,

That Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,  
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or  
in town !

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his  
wild blue eye grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose,  
snuffing battle from afar ;

And he and the two boys left, though the Kan-  
sas strife waxed milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody  
Border War,

And Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,  
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful  
glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter  
woes behind him,

Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all  
are born,

Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one  
knew where to find him,

Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jack-  
eted and shorn ;

For Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,  
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a  
parson's gown.

He bought no plows and harrows, spades and  
shovels, or such trifles ;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every  
train,

Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-be-  
loved Sharpe's rifles ;

And eighteen other madmen joined their  
leader there again.

Says Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,

"Boys, we've got an army large enough to march  
and whip the town !

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the  
negroes, and then arm them ;

Carry the County and the State, ay, and all  
the pot at South ;

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their vic-  
tims rise to harm them —

These Virginians! who believe not, nor would  
heed the warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is  
not John Brown !"

'T was the sixteenth of October, on the evening  
of a Sunday :

"This good work," declared the captain, "shall  
be on a holy night !"

It was on a Sunday evening, and, before the  
noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen  
privates — black and white,

Captain Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,

Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked  
the sentry down ;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the  
muskets and the cannon ;

Captured all the county majors and the colo-  
nels, one by one ;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia  
they ran on,

And before the noon of Monday, I say, the  
deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,  
Osawatonic Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and  
took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of pow-  
der, made he ;

It was all done in the midnight, like the em-  
peror's *coup d'état* ;

"Cut the wires! stop the rail-cars! hold the streets and bridges!" said he,

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star, —

This Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown;

And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers,

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers' —

General Brown,

Osawatonic Brown!

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out,

When they learned that nineteen madmen had the marvelous assurance

Only nineteen — thus to seize the place and drive them straight about;

And Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamped around the town.

But to storm with all the forces we have mentioned, was too risky;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government Marines

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;

And Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily away;

And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay;

And Old Brown, Osawatonic Brown,

Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wote their laurels; how they listened to the trial;

How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charlestown court-house floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;

What the brave old madman told them, — these are known the country o'er.

"Hang Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown,"

Said the judge, "and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,

Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured by Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's life veins, like the red gore of the dragon,

Mayspring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his coffin down!

EDMUND CLARINE SLEDMAN

#### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway, leading down;  
And there, through the flash of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night,  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with the utmost speed;  
Hills rose and fell, — but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering  
South,

The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.

The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master,  
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their  
walls,

Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full  
play.

With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind,  
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire ;  
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire,  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;  
What was done, — what to do, — a glance told  
him both,

And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,  
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause,  
With foam and with dust the black charger was  
gray :

By the flash of his eye, and his nostril's play,  
He seemed to the whole great array to say,  
" I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down, to save the day ! "

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan !  
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man !  
And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American soldier's Temple of Fame, —  
There with the glorious General's name  
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :  
" Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester, — twenty miles away ! "

THOMAS B. HAN IN READ.

#### THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo ;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind ;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,  
Of loved ones left behind ;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms ;  
No braying horn or screaming life  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumed heads are bowed,  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud ;  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past ;  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe ;  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was Victory or Death.

Full many a norther's breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its moldered slain.  
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
A lone now wake each solemn height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground !  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air ;  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave ;  
She claims from war its richest spoil —  
The ashes of her brave.



Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a bloody shield.  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave !  
No impious foot-step here shall tread  
The heritage of your grave ;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanished year hath flown,  
The story how he fell ;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA



## THE WOOD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE ripe red berries of the wintergreen  
Lure me to pause awhile  
In this deep, tangled wood. I stop and lean  
Down where these wild-flowers smile,  
And rest me in this shade ; for many a mile,  
Through lane and dusty street,  
I've walked with weary, weary feet ;  
And now I tarry mid this woodland scene,  
'Mong ferns and mosses sweet.

Here all around me blows  
The pale primrose.  
I wonder if the gentle blossom knows  
The feeling at my heart, — the solemn grief  
So whelming and so deep  
That it disdains relief,  
And will not let me weep.  
I wonder that the woodbine thrives and grows,  
And is indifferent to the nation's woes.  
For while these mornings shine, these blossoms  
bloom,  
Impious Rebellion wraps the land in gloom.

Nature, thou art unkind,  
Unsympathizing, blind !  
You lichen, clinging to th' o'erhanging rock,  
Is happy, and each blade of grass,  
O'er which unconsciously I pass

Smiles in my face, and seems to mock  
Me with its joy. Alas ! I cannot find  
One charm in bounteous nature, while the  
wind  
That blows upon my cheek bears on each gust  
The groans of my poor country, bleeding in the  
dust.

The air is musical with notes  
That gush from winged warblers' throats,  
And in the leafy trees  
I hear the drowsy hum of bees.  
Prone from the blinding sky  
Dance rainbow-tinted sunbeams, thick with  
motes,  
Daisies are shining, and the butterfly  
Wavers from flower to flower ; yet in this wood  
The ruthless Joeman stood,  
And every turf is drenched with human blood.

O heartless flowers !  
O tree, clad in your robes of glistening green,  
Put off this canopy of gorgeous green !  
These are the hours  
For mourning, not for glories. While this  
smart

Of treason dies gashes the Nation's heart,  
Let birds refuse to sing,  
And flowers to bloom upon the lap of spring.  
Let Nature's face itself with tears o'erflow,  
In deepest anguish for a people's woe.

While rank Rebellion stands  
With blood of martyrs on his impious hands ;  
While slavery, and chaos,  
And cruelty, and direst hate,  
Uplift their heads within the afflicted State,  
And freeze the blood in every patriot's veins, —  
Let these old woodlands fair  
Grow black with gloom, and from its thunder-  
lair  
Let lightning leap, and scorch the accused air,  
Until the suffering earth,  
Of treason sick, shall spew the monster forth,  
And each regenerate soul  
Be consecrate anew to Freedom and to God !

DELIA K. GERMAN



## THE OLD SERGEANT.

"COME a little nearer, Doctor, — thank you —  
let me take the cup .  
Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just an-  
other little sup !  
Maybe you may think I'm better ; but I'm  
pretty well used up, —  
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm  
just a-going up !

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try —"

"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"

What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;

You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor — Doctor, please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;

Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it could n't ha' been so, —

For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,

I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the Lighter came,

And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!' — just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,

Knew it could n't be the Lighter, — he could not have spoken so;

And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I could n't make it go!

For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug, and a bore;

Just another foolish *grape-vine*\* — and it won't come any more;

But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON!' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,

And I stood beside the River, where we stood that Sunday night,

Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,

When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,

And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;

And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT — ROBERT BURTON — IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin! — what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes, — to-morrow will be New-Year's, and a right good time below!

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago!

"There was where the gun-boats opened on the dark, rebellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —

And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;

There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there McClelland met the tide;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died, —

Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,

There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;

There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win —

There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread:

And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,

I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead, —

For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

\* A delusion.

"Death and silence!—Death and silence! all  
around me as I sped!

And behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded to  
the dead,

To the heavens of the heavens, lifted up its  
mighty head,

Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed  
waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered—up  
into the infinite—

And I knew no mortal mason could have built  
a shaft so bright;

For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding  
stair of light,

Wound around it and around it till it wound  
clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it—with a rapt  
and dazzled stare,—

Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascend-  
ing the great Stair,—

Suddenly the solemn challenge broke, of—  
'Halt, and who goes there!'

'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.'—'Then  
advance, sir, to the Stair!'

"I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah  
Ballantyne!

First of all to fall on Monday, after we had  
formed the line:

'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Wel-  
come by that countersign!'

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old  
cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, think-  
ing only of the grave;

But he smiled and pointed upward with a  
bright and bloodless glaive:

'That's the way, sir, to Headquarters.' 'What  
Headquarters!' 'Of the Brave.'

'But the great Tower?' 'That,' he answered,  
'is the way, sir, of the Brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uni-  
form of light;

At my own so old and tattered, and at his so  
new and bright;

'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the New  
Uniform to-night,—

Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve  
o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were  
sitting there, and I—

Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—  
God bless you all! Good by!

Doctor, please to give my musket and my knap-  
sack, when I die,  
To my Son,—my Son that's coming,—he won't  
get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he  
never did before,—  
And to carry that old musket"—Hark! a knock  
is at the door!—

"Till the Union"—See! it opens!—"Father!  
Father! speak once more!"—

"Bless you!"—gasped the old, gray Sergeant,  
and he lay, and said no more.

BYRON FORCETHE WILLSON

#### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietche then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of you gray head  
Dies like a dog!" "March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that five flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietche's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietche's grave,  
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHELFER

#### AS BY THE SHORE AT BREAK OF DAY.

As by the shore, at break of day,  
A vanquished chief expiring lay,  
'Pon the smuds, with broken sword,  
He traced his farewell to the free;  
And there the last unfinished word  
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell  
Of him who thus for freedom fell;  
The words he wrote, ere evening came,  
Were covered by the sounding sea;—  
So pass away the cause and name  
Of him who dies for liberty!

THOMAS MOORE.

#### ODE TO FREEDOM.

READ AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE  
OF CONCORD, APRIL 19, 1875.

Who cometh over the hills,  
Her garments with morning sweet,  
The dance of a thousand rills  
Making music before her feet?  
Her presence freshens the air,  
Sunshine steals light from her face,  
The leaden footstep of Care  
Leaps to the tune of her pace,  
Fairness of all that is fair,  
Grace at the heart of all grace!  
Sweetener of lut and of lull,  
Bringer of life out of naught,  
Freedom, O, fairest of all  
The daughters of Time and Thought!

She cometh, cometh to-day;  
Hark! hear ye not her tread,  
Sending a thrill through your clay,  
Under the sod there, ye dead,  
Her champions and chosen ones?  
Do ye not hear, as she comes,  
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns?  
The gathering buzz of the drums?  
The bells that called ye to prayer,  
How wildly they clamor on her,  
Crying, "She cometh! prepare  
Her to praise and her to honor,  
That a hundred years ago  
Scattered here in blood and tears  
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow  
Gladness for a hundred years!"

Tell me, young men, have ye seen  
Creature of diviner mien,  
For true hearts to long and cry for,  
Manly hearts to live and die for?  
What hath she that others want?  
Brows that all endearments haunt,  
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,  
Smiles that glad intimes death,  
Looks that fortify despair,  
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath?  
Tell me, maidens, have ye known  
Household charm more sweetly rare?  
Grace of woman ampler blown?  
Modesty more debonaire?  
Younger heart with wit full-grown?  
O for an hour of my prime,  
The pulse of my hotter years,  
That I might praise her in rhyme  
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,  
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,  
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,  
Who lifted us out of the dust  
And made us whatever we are!

Whiter than moonshine on a snow,  
Her raiment is: but round the hem  
Crimson stained; and, as to and fro  
Her sandals flash, we see on them,  
And on her metop veined with blue,  
Flocks of crimson, — on those fair feet,  
High arched, Diana-like, and fleet,  
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:  
O, call them rather charms than stains,  
Sacred and from heroic veins:  
For, in the glory guarded pass,  
Her haughty and far-shining head  
She bowed to thrive Leonida  
With his imperishable dead  
His, too, Morgarten saw,  
Where the wings lion flched his feet paw;  
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star  
Where the grim partisan tried  
Shock Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar,  
Yea, on her feet are done his days  
Yet fresh, nor looked on with uncharful eyes.

Our fathers found her in the wood,  
Where Nature meditates and broods  
The seeds of unexampled things,  
Which Time to consummation brings:  
Through life and death and man's unstable  
moods,  
They met her here, not recognized,  
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,  
To whose chase wants her bow — blood,  
No dreamed what destinies were hers:  
She taught them bee-like to create  
Their simpler forms of Church and State;  
She taught them to endure  
The Past with other functions than it knew,  
And turn in channels strange the uncertain  
stream of Fate.

Better than all, she fed them in their need  
With iron-banded Duty's earnest creed,  
'Gains' Sell's lean wolf that ravens' word and  
deed.

What marvelous change of things and men!  
She, a world-wandering orphan then,  
So mighty now! — These are her streams  
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels  
Of all that does and all that dreams,  
Of all that thinks and all that feels  
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea:  
By idle tongues and busy brains,  
By who doth right and who refrains,  
Hers are our losses and our gains,  
Our maker and our victim she.

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!  
At least she is our own to-day;  
Break into rapture, my song,

Away, leap forth in the sun,  
Bearing the pyrae along  
Like a train of horses ye run!  
Praise not for choosing of words,  
Let them but blossom and sing,  
Blithe as the orchards and birds  
With the new coming of spring!  
Dance in your girths, bells,  
Sweet, common! cease not, ye drums!  
Answer, ye hillsides and dells!  
Bow, all ye people of the cones,  
Radron's admiral's sails, when  
she left us! that glad day  
sing with us! — cease! how sweet was  
Goldener and stronger than Crown  
Freedom, not seen on the sea,  
Not to be envied in play,  
Not to be kept in blood pass!  
Sing with us! — cease! they will attack  
Headland and machine of all,  
Kneller of deed and of thought,  
Then, that to hit and to hold  
Equal deliver us, except  
some of her men! — cease! sing,  
To us our children will give fire,  
That we may praise without fear  
Her son delight our days,  
Our last words ingrain'd in steel,  
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,  
Our present, our past, our to be,  
Who will mingle her life with our dust  
And make us deserve to be free.

1861. — 1862. — 1863.

## CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA

Being a thought of the first centennial of the State.  
1876. — 1877. — 1878.

From this hundred years' round  
Eight more large with noble right  
Rings down you towered, tower,  
Hark! her smiles and brother tears  
shine and fall, shine and fall,  
While old voices rise and call  
Yonder where the to and fro  
Whispering of my Long Ago  
Moves about the moveless base  
Far below my resting place.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither bring,  
Trembling westward o'er you balancing sea,  
Hearts within Farewell dear England's sighing,  
Winds without But dear in vain replying,  
Gray-tipped waves about thee shouted, crying  
No! — It shall not be!

Janestown, out of thee  
Plymouth, thee — thee, Albany —

Winter cries, Ye freeze : away !  
 Fever cries, Ye burn : away !  
 Hunger cries, Ye starve : away !  
 Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay !

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,  
 Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings, —  
 Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,  
 Grown foul Bads in alien air —  
 War, and his most noisy lords,  
 Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords —

Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,  
 All in a windy night of time  
 Cried to me from land and sea,  
 No ! thou shalt not be !  
 Hark !

Huguenots whispering Yea in the dark,  
 Puritans answering Yea in the dark !  
 Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,  
 Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial.  
 Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,

    Foiled, still beginning,  
     Soiled, but not sinning,

Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,  
 Toil, when wild brother-wars new dark the Light,  
 Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,  
 Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,  
 Despite the land, despite the sea,  
 I was : I am : and I shall be —

How long, Good Angel, O how long ?  
 Sing me from Heaven a man's own song !

“Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
 Long as thy Science truth shall know,  
 Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,  
 Long as thy Law by law shall grow,  
 Long as thy God is God above,  
 Thy brother every man below, —  
 So long, dear Land of all my love,  
 Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow !”

O Music, from this height of time my Word un-  
 fold :

In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart  
 behold :

Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags  
 unfurled,

And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the  
 world.

SIDNEY LANIER.

#### CENTENNIAL HYMN.

[Sung at the opening of the International Exposition in Philadel-  
 phia, May 10, 1876.]

Our fathers' God ! from out whose hand  
 The centuries fall like grains of sand,

We meet to-day, united, free,  
 And loyal to our land and thee,  
 To thank thee for the era done,  
 And trust thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by thy design,  
 The fathers spake that word of thine,  
 Whose echo is the glad refrain  
 Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
 To grace our festal time, from all  
 The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets  
 The Old World thronging all its streets,  
 Unveiling all the triumphs won  
 By art or toil beneath the sun ;  
 And unto common good ordain  
 This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled  
 The war-flags of a gathered world,  
 Beneath our Western skies fulfill  
 The Orient's mission of good-will,  
 And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
 Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,  
 For beauty made the bride of use,  
 We thank thee, while, withal, we crave  
 The austere virtues strong to save,  
 The honor proof to place or gold,  
 The manhood never bought or sold !

O, make thou us, through centuries long,  
 In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
 Around our gift of freedom draw  
 The safeguards of thy righteous law ;  
 And, cast in some diviner mold,  
 Let the new cycle shame the old !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

#### THE NATIONAL ODE

READ AT THE CELEBRATION IN INDEPENDENCE HALL,  
 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

I. — 1.

SUN of the stately Day,  
 Let Asia into the shadow drift,  
 Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,  
 And over the severing ocean lift  
 A brow of broader splendor !  
 Give light to the eager eyes  
 Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise :  
 The gladness of morning lend her,  
 With the triumph of noon attend her,  
 And the peace of the vesper skies !  
 For lo ! she cometh now

With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,  
 Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,

To smile on the love we bear her, —  
 To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,  
 Liberty's latest daughter !  
 In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,  
 We found her traces ;  
 On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,  
 We heard her call ;  
 When the lines of battle broke,  
 We saw her face in the fiery smoke ;  
 Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,  
 We followed, and found her  
 With the grace of a virgin Nation  
 As a sacred zone around her !  
 Who shall rejoice  
 With a righteous voice,  
 Far-heard through the ages, if not she ?  
 For the menace is dumb that denied her,  
 The doubt is dead that denied her,  
 And she stands acknowledged, and strong, and  
 free !

## II. — 1.

Ah, hark ! the solemn undertone  
 On every wind of human story blown.  
 A large, divinely-molded Fate  
 Questions the right and purpose of a State,  
 And in its plan sublime  
 Our eras are the dust of Time.  
 The far-off Yesterday of power  
 Creeps back with stealthy feet,  
 Invades the lordship of the hour,  
 And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.  
 From all unchronicled and silent ages  
 Before the Future first begot the Past,  
 Till History dared, at last,  
 To write eternal words on granite pages ;  
 From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,  
 And where, uplifted white and far,  
 Earth highest yearns to meet a star,  
 And Man his manhood by the Ganges found, —  
 Imperial heads, of old millennial sway,  
 And still by some pale splendor crowned,  
 Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,  
 In ghostly grandeur rise  
 And say, through stony lips and vacant eyes :  
 "Thou that assestest freedom, power, and fame,  
 Declare to us thy claim !"

## I. — 2.

On the shores of a Continent cast,  
 She won the inviolate soil  
 By loss of heirloom of all the Past,  
 And faith in the royal right of Toil !  
 She planted homes on the savage sod :  
 Into the wilderness lone  
 She walked with fearless feet,  
 In her hand the divining-rod,  
 Till the veins of the mountains beat

With fire of metal and force of stone !  
 She set the speed of the river-head  
 To turn the mills of her bread ;  
 She drove her plowshare deep  
 Through the prairie's thousand-centuried sleep ;  
 To the South, and West, and North,  
 She called Pathfinder forth,  
 Her faithful and sole companion,  
 Where the flushed Sierra, snowy-starred,  
 Her way to the sunset barred,  
 And the nameless rivers in thunder and foam  
 Channeled the terrible canyon !  
 Nor paused, till her uttermost home  
 Was built, in the smile of a softer sky  
 And the glory of beauty still to be,  
 Where the haunted waves of Asia die  
 On the strand of the world-wide sea !

## II. — 2.

The race, in conquering,  
 Some fierce Titanic joy of conquest knows :  
 Whether in veins of serf or king,  
 Our ancient blood beats restless in repose.  
 Challenge of Nature unsubdued  
 Awaits not Man's defiant answer long ;  
 For hardship, even as wrong,  
 Provokes the level-eyed, heroic mood.  
 This for herself she did ; but that which lies,  
 As over earth the skies,  
 Blending all forms in one benignant glow, —  
 Crowned conscience, tender care,  
 Justice, that answers every bond-man's prayer,  
 Freedom where Faith may lead or Thought may  
 dare,  
 The power of minds that know,  
 Passion of hearts that feel,  
 Purchased by blood and woe,  
 Guarded by fire and steel, —  
 Hath she secured ? What blazon on her shield,  
 In the clear Century's light  
 Shines to the world revealed,  
 Declaring nobler triumph, born of Right !

## I. — 3.

Foreseen in the vision of sages,  
 Foretold when martyrs bled,  
 She was born of the longing of ages,  
 By the truth of the noble dead  
 And the faith of the living fed !  
 No blood in her lightest veins  
 Frets at remembered chains,  
 Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.  
 In her form and features still  
 The unblenching Puritan will,  
 Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,  
 The Quaker truth and sweetness,  
 And the strength of the danger-girled race  
 Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.

From the homes of all, where her being began,  
 She took what she gave to Man :  
 Justice, that knew no station,  
     Belief, as soul decreed,  
 Free air for aspiration,  
 Free force for independent deed !  
 She takes, but to give again,  
 As the sea returns the rivers in rain ;  
 And gathers the chosen of her seed  
 From the hunted of every crown and creed.  
 Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine ;  
 Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine ;  
 Her France pursues some dream divine ;  
 Her Norway keeps his mountain pine ;  
 Her Italy waits by the western brine ;  
 And, broad-based under all,  
 Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,  
     As rich in fortitude  
 As e'er went worldward from the island-wall !  
     Fused in her candid light,  
 To one strong race all races here unite :  
 Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen  
 Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan ;  
     'T was glory, once, to be a Roman ;  
 She makes it glory, now, to be a Man !

## II. — 3.

Bow down !  
 Doff thine æonian crown !  
 One hour forget  
 The glory, and recall the debt :  
     Make expiation,  
     Of humbler mood,  
 For the pride of thine exultation  
 O'er peril conquered and strife subdued !  
 But half the right is wrested  
     When victory yields her prize,  
 And half the marrow tested  
     When old endurance dies.  
 In the sight of them that love thee,  
 Bow to the Greater above thee !  
     He faileth not to smite  
 The idle ownership of Right,  
 Nor spares to sinews fresh from trial,  
 And virtue schooled in long denial,  
 The tests that wait for thee  
 In larger perils of prosperity.  
 Here, at the Century's awful shrine,  
 Bow to thy Father's God — and thine !

## I. — 4.

Behold ! she bendeth now,  
 Humbling the chaplet of her hundred years :  
 There is a solemn sweetness on her brow,  
 And in her eyes are sacred tears.  
     Can she forget,  
 In present joy, the burden of her debt,

When for a captive race  
 She grandly staked and won  
 The total promise of her power begun,  
     And bared her bosom's grace  
 To the sharp wound that inly tortures yet ?  
     Can she forget  
 The million graves her young devotion set,  
     The hands that clasp above  
 From either side, in sad, returning love ?  
     Can she forget,  
     Here, where the Ruler of to-day,  
     The Citizen of to-morrow,  
 And equal thousands to rejoice and pray  
 Beside these holy walls are met,  
 Her birth-cry, mixed of keenest bliss and sorrow ?  
 Where, on July's immortal morn  
 Held forth, the People saw her head  
 And shouted to the world : " The King is dead,  
     But lo ! the Heir is born ! "  
 When fire of Youth, and sober trust of Age,  
 In Farmer, Soldier, Priest, and Sage,  
 Arose and cast upon her  
 Baptismal garments, — never robes so fair  
     Clad prince in Old-World air, —  
 Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred  
     honor !

## II. — 4.

Arise ! Recrown thy head,  
 Radiant with blessing of the Dead !  
     Bear from this hallowed place  
 The prayer that purifies thy lips,  
 The light of courage that defies eclipse,  
 The rose of Man's new morning on thy face !  
     Let no iconoclast  
 Invade thy rising Pantheon of the Past,  
     To make a blank where Adams stood,  
 To touch the Father's sheathed and sacred blade,  
 Spoil crowns on Jefferson and Franklin laid,  
 Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lin-  
 coln's blood !  
 Hearken, as from that haunted hall  
     Their voices call :  
     " We lived and died for thee :  
 We greatly dared that thou might'st be ;  
     So, from thy children still  
 We claim denials which at last fulfill,  
 And freedom yielded to preserve thee free !  
     Beside clear-hearted Right  
 That smiles at Power's uplited rod,  
     Plant Duties that requite,  
 And Order that sustains, upon thy sod,  
     And stand in stainless might  
 Above all self, and only less than God ! "

## III. — 1.

Here may thy solemn challenge end,  
 All-proving Past, and each discordance die



Of doubtful augury,  
 Or in one choral with the Present blend,  
 And that half-heard, sweet harmony  
 Of something nobler than our sons may see !  
 Though poignant memories burn  
 Of days that were, and may again return,  
 When thy fleet foot, O Huntress of the Woods,  
 The slippery brinks of danger knew,  
 And dim the eyesight grew  
 That was so sure in thine old solitudes, —  
 Yet stays some richer sense  
 Won from the mixture of thine elements,  
 To guide the vagrant scheme,  
 And winnow truth from each conflicting dream !  
 Yet in thy blood shall live  
 Some force unspent, some essence primitive,  
 To seize the highest use of things ;  
 For Fate, to mold thee to her plan,  
 Denied thee food of kings,  
 Withheld the nectar and the orchard-fruits,  
 Fed thee with savage-roots,  
 And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts  
 of man !

## III. — 2.

O sacred Woman-Form,  
 Of the first People's need and passion wrought, —  
 No thin, pale ghost of Thought,  
 But fair as Morning and as heart's-blood warm, —  
 Wearing thy priestly tiar on Judah's hills ;  
 Clear-eyed beneath Athen's helm of gold ;  
 Or from Rome's central seat  
 Hearing the pulses of the Continents beat  
 In thunder where her legions rolled ;  
 Compact of high heroic hearts and wills,  
 Whose being circles all  
 The selfless aims of men, and all fulfills ;  
 Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall ;  
 Goddess, that as a Nation lives,  
 And as a Nation dies,  
 That for her children as a man defies,  
 And to her children as a mother gives, —  
 Take our fresh fealty now !  
 No more a Chiefness, with wampum-zone  
 And feather-cinctured brow, —  
 No more a new Britannia, grown  
 To spread an equal banner to the breeze,  
 And lift thy trident o'er the double seas ;  
 But with unborrowed crest,  
 In thine own native beauty dressed, —  
 The front of pure command, the unflinching eye,  
 thine own !

## III. — 3.

Look up, look forth, and on !  
 There's light in the dawning sky :  
 The clouds are parting, the night is gone :

Prepare for the work of the day !  
 Fallow thy pastures lie  
 And far thy shepherds stray,  
 Are the fields of thy vast domain  
 Are waiting for purer seed  
 Of knowledge, desire, and deed,  
 For keener sunshine and mellow rain !  
 But keep thy garments pure :  
 Pluck them back, with the old disdain,  
 From touch of the hands that stain !  
 So shall thy strength endure,  
 Transmute into good the gold of Gain,  
 Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,  
 Till the bounty of coming hours  
 Shall plant, on thy fields apart,  
 With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art !  
 Be watchful, and keep us so :  
 Be strong, and fear no foe :  
 Be just, and the world shall know !  
 With the same love love us, as we give ;  
 And the day shall never come,  
 That finds us weak or dumb  
 To join and smite and cry  
 In the great task, for thee to die,  
 And the greater task, for thee to live !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

FROM THE "SONG OF THE CENTENNIAL."

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,  
 The waters sweet in Brandywine ;  
 The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,  
 The farmer keeps his flock and vine ;  
 Then, who would mar the scene to-day  
 With vaunt of battle-field or fray !

The brave corn lifts in regiments  
 Ten thousand sabers in the sun ;  
 The ricks replace the battle-tents,  
 The bannered tassels toss and run.  
 The neighing steel, the bugle's blast,  
 These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,  
 The cannons plow the field no more ;  
 The heroes rest ! O, let them rest  
 In peace along the peaceful shore !  
 They fought for peace, for peace they fell ;  
 They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,  
 The trenches wave in golden grain :  
 Shall we neglect the lessons taught,  
 And tear the wounds agape again ?  
 Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,  
 And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth. Lo! flock and fold,  
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,  
And valleys clad in sheen of gold.  
O, rise and sing a song of peace!  
For Theseus roams the land no more,  
And Janus rests with rusted door.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

NOT RIPE FOR POLITICAL POWER.

THE men whose minds move faster than their age,  
And faster than society's dull flight,  
Must bear the ribald railings and the rage  
Of those who lag behind it. As the light  
Plays on the horizon's verge before its night  
Can penetrate life's dark and murky stage;  
As the tired hadgi, on his pilgrimage,  
Hears, ere he sees, the fountain bubbling bright;  
As the sweet smiles of infants promise youth,  
And martyr sufferings herald sacred truth, —  
So Thought lung forward is the prophecy  
Of Truth's majestic march, and shows the way  
Where future time shall lead the proud array  
Of peace, of power, and love of liberty.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the goddess shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in:  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand old time-worn turret spare":  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold:  
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,  
"The fair, the old!"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his ax's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled, —  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Upspringing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad, —  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower-intwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That where the share is deepest driven  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone, —

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time !  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turn Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine ;  
So, in his time, thy child grown gray  
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go ;  
Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats.

Take heart ! — the Waster builds again, —  
A charmed life old Goodness hath ;  
The tares may perish, — but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night :  
Wake thou and watch ! — the world is gray  
With morning light !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

WHAT constitutes a State ?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate ;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned ;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to  
pride.  
No : — men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude, —  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare main-  
tain,  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain ;  
These constitute a State ;  
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
Smit by her sacred frown,

The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks ;  
And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.  
Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !  
No more shall freedom smile ?  
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?  
Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
'T is folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

S. K. WILLIAM JONES.

#### CARACTACUS.

BEFORE proud Rome's imperial throne  
In mind's unconquered mood,  
As if the triumph were his own,  
The dauntless captive stood.  
None, to have seen his free-born air,  
Had fancied him a captive there.

Though, through the crowded streets of Rome,  
With slow and stately tread,  
Far from his own loved island home,  
That day in triumph led, —  
Unbowed his head, unbent his knee,  
Undimmed his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast  
On temple, arch, and tower,  
By which the long procession passed  
Of Rome's victorious power ;  
And somewhat of a scornful smile  
Upcurled his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood, with brow serene,  
Where slaves might prostrate fall,  
Bearing a Briton's manly mien  
In Cæsar's palace hall ;  
Claiming, with kindled brow and cheek,  
The liberty e'en there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty lord withstand  
The claim that look preferred,  
But motioned with uplifted hand  
The suppliant should be heard, —  
If he indeed a suppliant were  
Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,  
From Claudius on his throne  
Down to the meanest slave that bowed  
At his imperial throne ;  
Silent his fellow-captive's grief  
As fearless spoke the Island Chief :

"Think not, thou eagle-lovd of Rome,  
And master of the world,  
Though victory's banner o'er thy dome  
In triumph now is futed,  
I would address thee as thy slave,  
But as the bold should greet the brave !

"I might, perchance, could I have dignied  
To hold a vassal's throne,  
If now in Britain's isle have reigned  
A king in name alone,  
Yet holding, as thy meek ally,  
A monarch's mimic pageantry.

"Then through Rome's crowded streets to-day  
I might have rode with thee,  
Not in a captive's base array,  
But fetterless and free, —  
If freedom he could hope to find,  
Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

"But caust thou marvel that, freeborn,  
With heart and soul unquelled,  
Throne, crown, and scepter I should scorn,  
By thy permission held ?  
Or that I should retain my right  
Till wrested by a conqueror's might ?

"Rome, with her palaces and towers,  
By us unwished, unleft,  
Her homely huts and woodland bowers  
To Britain might have left ;  
Worthless to you their wealth must be,  
But dear to us, for they were free !

"I might have bowed before, but where  
Had been thy triumph now ?  
To my resolve no yoke to bear  
Thou ow'st thy laureled brow ;  
Inglorious victory had been thine,  
And more inglorious bondage mine.

"Now I have spoken, do thy will ;  
Be life or death my lot,  
Since Britain's throne no more I fill,  
To me it matters not,  
My fame is clear ; but on my fate  
Thy glory or thy shame must wait."

He ceased : from all around upspring  
A murmur of applause,  
For well had truth and freedom's tongue  
Maintained their holy cause  
The conqueror was the captive then,  
He bade the slave be free again.

HERNARD BARLOW

#### THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came,  
Not with the toll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear : —  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —  
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band :  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth,  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?  
Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —  
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod,  
They have left unstained what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God.

LUCIA HEMANS

#### THE FREEMAN.

FROM "THE WINTER MORNING WALK."

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside — There's not a chain

That hellish foes confederate for his harm  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of nature ; and though poor, perhaps, compared  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
 His are the mountains, and the valley his,  
 And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy  
 With a propriety that none can feel  
 Yet who, with filial confidence inspired,  
 Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
 And smiling say, " My Father made them all "  
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
 And by an emphasis of interest his,  
 Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,  
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted  
 mind  
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
 That planned and built, and still upholds, a  
 world

So clothed with beauty for rebellious man ?  
 Yes, ye may fill your garner, ye that reap  
 The looted soil, and ye may waste much good  
 In senseless riot ; but ye will not find  
 In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeached  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,  
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,  
 And has a richer use of yours than you.  
 He is indeed a free-man. Free by birth  
 Of no mean city, planned or e'er the hills  
 Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
 His freedom is the same in every state,  
 And no condition of this changeful life,  
 So manifold in cares, whose every day  
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less.  
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,  
 Nor penury can cripple or confine ;  
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there  
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds  
 His body bound ; but knows not what a range  
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;  
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,  
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### THE EVE OF ELECTION

From gold to gray  
 Our mild sweet day  
 Of Indian summer fades too soon ;  
 But tenderly  
 Above the sea  
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,  
 The village spire  
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance  
 The painted walls  
 Whereon it falls  
 Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O'er fallen leaves  
 The west wind grieves,  
 Yet come, a seed-time round again ;  
 And morn shall see  
 The State sown free  
 With baled tares or healthful grain.

Along the street  
 The halcyon meet  
 Of Deity, who have consent  
 The mould of fate  
 That shape the State,  
 And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see  
 The power that he ;  
 I stand by Empire's primal springs ;  
 And princes meet  
 In every street,  
 And hear the tread of unowned kings !

Hark ! through the crowd  
 The laugh runs loud,  
 Beneath the sul, rebaking moon.  
 God save the land  
 A careless hand  
 May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon !

No jest is this ;  
 One cast amid  
 May blast the hope of Freedom's year.  
 O, take me where  
 Are hearts of prayer,  
 And foreheads bowed in reverent bear !

Not lightly fall  
 Beyond recall  
 The written scrolls a breath can float ;  
 The crowning fact  
 The kingliest act  
 Of Freedom is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem  
 A diadem  
 The diver in the deep sea dies ;  
 The regal right  
 We boast to night  
 Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

The blood of Vane,  
 His prison pain

Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,  
And hers whose faith  
Drew strength from death,  
And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,  
We lightly hold  
A right which brave men died to gain ;  
The stake, the cord,  
The ax, the sword,  
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadows rend,  
And o'er us bend,  
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms, —  
Breathe through these throgs  
Your battle-songs,  
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms !

Look from the sky,  
Like God's great eye,  
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam ;  
Till in the sight  
Of thy pure light  
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts  
Unworthy arts,  
The fraud designed, the purpose dark ;  
And smite away  
The hands we lay  
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims  
And private aims,  
Reveal that august face of Truth,  
Whereto are given  
The age of heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice  
Of sovereign choice  
Swell the deep bass of duty done,  
And strike the key  
Of time to be,  
When God and man shall speak as one !

JOHN G. WHITTIER

SONNET.

WRITTEN WHILE IN PRISON FOR DENOUNCING THE DOMESTIC SLAVE-TRADE.

High walls and huge the body may confine,  
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,  
And massive bolts may baffle his design,  
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways ;  
But scorns the immortal mind such base control ;  
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose.

Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,  
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.  
It leaps from mount to mount ; from vale to vale  
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;  
It visits home to hear the fireside tale  
And in sweet converse pass the joyous hours ;  
'T is up before the sun, roaming afar,  
And in its watches wearies every star.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,  
That stream with gray-green mosses ; here the  
ground  
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring  
up  
Unsworn, and die ungathered. It is sweet  
To linger here, among the litting birds  
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and  
winds  
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,  
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set  
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful  
shades —  
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —  
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,  
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM ! thou art not, as poets dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand  
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy  
brow,  
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs  
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has  
launched  
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;  
They could not quench the life thou hast from  
heaven.  
Mereiless power has dug thy dungeon deep,  
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,  
Have forged thy chain ; yet, while he deems thee  
bound,  
The links are shivered, and the prison walls  
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,  
As springs the flame above a burning pile,  
And shonetest to the nations, who return  
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor lies.

Thy birthright was not given by human  
hands ;  
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant  
fields,

While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,  
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,  
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.  
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,  
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,  
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw  
The earliest furrow on the mountain-side,  
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,  
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,  
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,  
Is later born than thou; and as he meets  
The grave defiance of thine elder eye  
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of  
years,

But he shall fade into a feebler age;  
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,  
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap  
His withered hands, and from their ambush call  
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send  
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms  
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words  
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,  
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread  
on thread

That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms  
With chains concealed in chaplets. O, not yet  
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by  
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids  
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.  
And thou must watch and combat till the day  
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst  
thou rest

Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,  
These old and friendly solitudes invite  
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees  
Were young upon the unviolated earth,  
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,  
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

#### LAUS DEO!

[On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional  
Amendment abolishing slavery.]

It is done!  
Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal.  
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!  
Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.

Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:  
God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord  
On the whirlwind is abroad:  
In the earthquake he has spoken;  
He has smitten with his thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long  
Lift the old exulting song;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea:  
He has cast the mighty down;  
Horse and rider sink and drown;  
He has triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare,  
In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done?  
When was ever his right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!  
All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin:  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin.

It is done!  
In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad!  
With a sound of broken chains,  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord :

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored ;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible  
swift sword :  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred  
circling camps ;

They have builded him an altar in the evening  
dews and damps ;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps :  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows  
of steel :

“ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you  
my grace shall deal ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his  
judgment-seat :

O, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant,  
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you  
and me ;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make  
men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

## SLAVERY.

FROM “ THE TIMEPIECE.”

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more ! My ear is pained,  
My soul is sick, with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart ;  
It does not feel for man ; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not colored like his own, and, having power

To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.  
Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed  
Make enemies of nations, who had else  
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.  
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;  
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored  
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,  
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.  
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,  
And having human feelings, does not blush,  
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?  
I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.  
No ; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
Just estimation prized above all price,  
I had much rather be myself the slave,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
We have no slaves at home. — Then why abroad ?  
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave  
That parts us are emancipate and loosed.  
Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
And let it circulate through every vein  
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power  
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

WILLIAM COPPER.

## BOSTON HYMN.

READ IN MUSIC HALL, JANUARY 1, 1863.

THE word of the Lord by night  
To the watching Pilgrims came,  
As they sat by the seaside,  
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more ;  
Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball  
A field of havoc and war,  
Where tyrants great and tyrants small  
Might harry the weak and poor ?

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —  
Choose him to be your king ;  
He shall cut pathways east and west,  
And fend you with his wing.



Lo ! I uncover the land  
Which I hid of old time in the West,  
As the sculptor uncovers the statue  
When he has wrought his best ;

I show Columbia, of the rocks  
Which dip their foot in the seas,  
And soar to the air-borne flocks  
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods ;  
Call in the wretch and slave ;  
None shall rule but the humble,  
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted great ;  
Fishers and choppers and plowmen  
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,  
And trim the straightest boughs ;  
Cut down trees in the forest,  
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,  
The young men and the sires,  
The digger in the harvest-field,  
Hireling, and him that hires ;

And here in a pine state-house  
They shall choose men to rule  
In every needful faculty,  
In church and state and school.

Lo, now ! if these poor men  
Can govern the land and sea,  
And make just laws below the sun,  
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men ;  
'T is nobleness to serve ;  
Help them who cannot help again :  
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,  
And I unchain the slave :  
Free be his heart and hand henceforth  
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature  
His proper good to flow ;  
As much as he is and doeth,  
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another  
To coin his labor and sweat,  
He goes in pawn to his victim  
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,  
So only are ye unbound ;  
Lift up a people from the dust,  
Trump of their rescue, sound !

Pay ransom to the owner,  
And fill the bag to the brim.  
Who is the owner ? The slave is owner,  
And ever was. Pay him.

O North ! give him beauty for rags,  
And honor, O South ! for his shame ;  
Nevada ! coin thy golden crags  
With Freedom's image and name.

Up ! and the dusky race  
That sat in darkness long,  
Be swift their feet as antelopes,  
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,  
By races, as snow-flakes,  
And carry my purpose forth,  
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,  
For, in daylight or in dark,  
My thunderbolt has eyes to see  
His way home to the mark.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, PRAISE an' tanks ! De Lord he come  
To set de people free ;  
An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee.  
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
He jus' as 'trog as den ;  
He say de word : we las' nigh slaves ;  
To-day, de Lord's freemen.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
He leaf de land behind ;  
De Lord's breff blow him funder on,  
Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
We own de hoe, we own de plow,  
We own de hands dat hold ;  
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
But nebber chile he sold.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :

O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs  
Dat some day we be free ;  
De nori-wind tell it to de pines,  
De wild-duck to de sea ;  
We tink it when de church-bell ring,  
We dream it in de dream ;  
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
De eagle when he scream.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,  
An' nebber lie de word ;  
So like de 'postles in de jail,  
We waited for de Lord ;  
An' now he open ebery door,  
An' trow away de key ;  
He tink we lub him so before,  
We lub him better free.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
He 'll gib de rice an' corn :  
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### NOW OR NEVER.

LISTEN, young heroes! your country is calling!  
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!  
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,  
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!  
You whom the fathers made free and defended,  
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!  
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,  
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!  
Stay not for questions while Freedom stands  
gasping!  
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!  
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping,  
" Off for the wars " is enough for them all!  
Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!  
Hark! 't is the bugle-blast! sabers are drawn!  
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,  
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!  
Never or now! cries the blood of a nation  
Poured on the turf where the red rose should  
bloom;  
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;  
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

OLIVER WINDELL HOLMES.



POEMS OF THE SEA.



They turned to the Earth, but she frowns on her child;

They turned to the Sea, and he smiled as of old:

Sweeter was the peril of the breakers white and wild,

Sweeter than the land, with its boniage and gold:

Bayard Taylor,

---

The star of Love now shines above,

Cool zephyrs kiss the sea;

Among the leaves the sun-beams sweep

Its serenade for thee.

Geo. J. Morris.

## POEMS OF THE SEA.

### THE SEA.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD"

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, — roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control  
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelted, uncollined, and un-  
known.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength  
he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him  
lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of roek-built cities, bidding nations quake  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war, —  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,  
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow:  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed, — in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sub-  
lime,  
The image of Eternity, — the throne  
Of the Invisible! even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,  
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy  
I wantoned with thy breakers, — they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear;  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do  
here.

LORD BYRON.

### THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious;  
Mild, majestic, foaming, free, —  
Over time itself victorious,  
Image of eternity!

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,  
See thy surface ebb and flow,  
Yet attempt not to explore thee  
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee  
With the rainbow's glowing grace,  
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,  
'T is but for a moment's space.

Earth, — her valleys and her mountains,  
Mortal man's behests obey ;  
The unfathomable fountains  
Scorn his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean !  
But, if overwhelmed by thee,  
Can we think, without emotion,  
What must thy Creator be ?

BERNARD BARTON

#### THE OCEAN.

[Written at Scarborough, in the Summer of 1805.]

ALL hail to the ruins, the rocks, and the shores !  
Thou wide-rolling Ocean, all hail !  
Now brilliant with sunbeams and dimpled with  
ours,

Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,  
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,  
And the silver-winged sea-fowl on high,  
Like meteors bespangle the sky,  
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride,  
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,  
With eager and awful delight,  
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee,  
I gaze, — and am changed at the sight ;  
For mine eye is illumined, my genius takes flight,  
My soul, like the sun, with a glance  
Embraces the boundless expanse,  
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,  
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadowed  
pole.

My spirit descends where the dayspring is born,  
Where the billows are rubies on fire,  
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of  
morn  
Are sweet as the Phoenix's pyre.  
O regions of beauty, of love and desire !  
O gardens of Eden ! in vain  
Placed far on the fathomless main,  
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,  
When pure was her heart and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind  
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown ;  
Where the giant of tyranny crushes mankind,  
Where he reigns, — and will soon reign alone ;  
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming  
zone  
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,  
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;  
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,  
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his  
eye.

Thus the pestilent U'pas, the demon of trees,  
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,  
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,  
Its mildewing influence sheds ;  
The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their  
beds,  
Are slain by its venomous breath,  
That darkens the noonday with death,  
And pale ghosts of travelers wander around,  
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the  
ground.

Ah ! why hath Jehovah, in forming the world,  
With the waters divided the land,  
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurled,  
And cradled the deep in his hand,  
If man may transgress his eternal command,  
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,  
To ravage the uttermost earth,  
And violate nations and realms that should be  
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea ?

There are, gloomy Ocean, a brotherless clan,  
Who traverse thy banishing waves,  
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,  
Whom Avarice coins into slaves.  
From the homes of their kindred, their fore-  
fathers' graves,  
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,  
They are dragged on the hoary abyss ;  
The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending  
to-day,  
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them be-  
neath,  
And makes their destruction its sport ;  
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,  
And waft them in safety to port,  
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon  
resort ;  
Where Europe exultingly drains  
The life-blood from Africa's veins ;  
Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,  
And spurns at his footstool the image of God !

The hour is approaching, — a terrible hour !  
 And Vengeance is bending her bow ;  
 Already the clouds of the hurricane lower,  
 And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow ;  
 Back rolls the huge Ocean, hell opens below ;  
 The floods return headlong, — they sweep  
 The slave-cultured lands to the deep,  
 In a moment entombed in the horrible void,  
 By their Maker himself in his anger destroyed.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,  
 More lovely than clouds in the west,  
 When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles,  
 Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?  
 No ! — Father of mercy ! befriending the oppress ;  
 At the voice of thy gospel of peace  
 May the sorrows of Africa cease ;  
 And slave and his master devoutly unite  
 To walk in thy freedom and dwell in thy light !

As homeward my weary-winged Fancy extends  
 Her star-lighted course through the skies,  
 High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,  
 And turns upon Europe her eyes :  
 Ah me ! what new prospects, new horrors, arise !  
 I see the war-tempested flood  
 All foaming, and panting with blood ;  
 The panic-struck Ocean in agony roars,  
 Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

For Britannia is wielding the trident to-day,  
 Consuming her foes in her ire,  
 And hurling her thunder with absolute sway  
 From her wave-ruling chariots of fire.  
 She triumphs ; the winds and the waters conspire  
 To spread her invincible name ;  
 The universe rings with her fame ;  
 But the cries of the fatherless mix with her  
 praise,  
 And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.

O Britain, dear Britain ! the land of my birth ;  
 O Isle most enchantingly fair !  
 Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! thou Gem of the Earth !  
 O my Mother, my Mother, beware,  
 For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare !  
 O, let not thy birthright be sold  
 For reprobate glory and gold !  
 Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,  
 They weigh down thy trunk, they will tear up  
 thy root, —

The root of thine oak, O my country ! that stands  
 Rock-planted and flourishing free ;  
 Its branches are stretched o'er the uttermost lands,  
 And its shadow eclipses the sea.  
 The blood of our ancestors nourished the tree ;

From their tombs, from their ashes, it sprung ;  
 Its boughs with their trophies are hung ;  
 Their spirit dwells in it, and — hark ! for it spoke,  
 The voice of our fathers ascends from their oak :

“Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquered of  
 old,  
 Who inherit our battle-field graves ;  
 Though poor were your fathers, — gigantic and  
 bold,

We were not, we could not be, slaves ;  
 But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,  
 The spears of the Romans we broke,  
 We never stooped under their yoke.  
 In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone, —  
 The world was great Caesar's, but Britain our  
 own.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY

#### HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
 Where, miles away,  
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
 A luminous belt, a misty light,  
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy  
 gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea !  
 Against its ground  
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
 Still as a picture, clear and free,  
 With varying outline mark the coast for miles  
 around.

On — on — we tread with loose-flung rein  
 Our seaward way,  
 Through dark-green fields and blossoming  
 grain,  
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
 And bends above our heads the flowering locust  
 spray.

Ha ! like a kind hand on my brow  
 Comes this fresh breeze,  
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
 While through my being seems to flow  
 The breath of a new life, — the healing of the  
 seas !

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
 His feet hath set  
 In the great waters, which have bound  
 His granite ankles greenly round  
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds with  
 cool spray wet.

Good by to pain and care — I take  
 Mine ease to-day ;  
 Here, where the sunny waters break,  
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
 All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts  
 away.

I draw a freer breath — I seem  
 Like all I see  
 Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam  
 Of sea birds in the slanting beam —  
 And far-off sails which fit before the south-wind  
 free,

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
 The soul may know  
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
 But with the upward rise, and with the vastness  
 grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
 No new revealing,  
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
 Or pleasant memory of a dream,  
 The loved and cherished Past upon the new life  
 stealing.

Serene and mild, the untried light  
 May have its dawning ;  
 And, as in summer's northern night  
 The evening and the dawn unite,  
 The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's  
 new morning.

I sit alone, in foam and spray  
 Wave after wave  
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,  
 Shoulder the broken tide away,  
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy  
 cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
 And noisy town !  
 I see the mighty deep expand  
 From its white line of glimmering sand  
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves  
 shuts down !

In listless quietude of mind,  
 I yield to all  
 The change of cloud and wave and wind ;  
 And passive on the flood reclined,  
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise  
 and fall.

But look, thou dreamer ! — wave and shore  
 In shadow lie ;

The night-wind warns me back once more  
 To where, my native hill-tops o'er,  
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset  
 sky !

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell !  
 I bear with me  
 No token stone nor glittering shell,  
 But long and oft shall Memory tell  
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the  
 sea.

JOHN CRENSHAW WHITTIER

### OCEAN.

GRAND Ocean ! strongest of creation's sons,  
 Unconquerable, unreposed, unfired,  
 That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass  
 In nature's anthem, and made music such  
 As pleased the ear of God ! original,  
 Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity !  
 And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill,  
 From age to age enduring, and unchanged,  
 Majestical, inimitable, vast,  
 Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each  
 Succeeding race, and little pompous work  
 Of man ; unfallen, religious, holy sea !  
 Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst  
 none,  
 Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God  
 Thy Maker, only worthy to receive  
 Thy great obeisance.

ROBERT DRAYTON

### THE SEA.

Beyond the Sea,  
 The opaline, the plentiful and strong,  
 Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,  
 Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July ;  
 Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,  
 Purger of earth, and medicine of men ;  
 Creating a sweet climate by my breath,  
 Washing out harms and griefs from memory,  
 And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,  
 Giving a hint of that which changes not.  
 Rich are the sea-gods : — who gives gifts but they !  
 They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls ;  
 They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise,  
 For every wave is wealth to Dardanus,  
 Wealth to the cunning artist who can work  
 This matchless strength. Where shall he find,  
 O waves !  
 A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift !  
 I with my hammer pounding evermore  
 The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,  
 Striving my bed, and, in another age,  
 Rebuild a continent of better men.



Then I unbar the door, and my path lead out  
The exodus of nations. I disperse  
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night,  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay,  
Come to the window; sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray,  
Where the ebb meets the shore, glides a little way,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves wash back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand  
Begin and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

MA TILGH ARNOLD.

#### SEA-MURMURS.

THERE is a tone in the deep  
Like the murmuring breath of a lion asleep.

ELIZA LORRE.

#### OUTWARD BOUND.

O'er a mere upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed!  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!  
Swift be their godlines, whosoever it lead!  
Though the strains must shroud in verasared,  
And the rent canvas, fluttering, strew the gale,  
Still midst I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's  
Breath prevail.

LEAD BYRON.

#### AT SEA.

THE night is made for cooling shade,  
For silence, and for sleep;  
And when I was a child, I laid  
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,  
And sank to slumber deep:  
Childlike as then I lie to-night,  
And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp  
Shows how the vessel rocks:  
As o'er her deck the bilge-worm tramp,  
And all her timbers strain and cramp  
With every shock she feels.  
It starts and shudders, while it burns,  
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow and leaning low,  
It almost level lies;  
And yet I know, while to and fro  
I watch the seeming pendule go,  
With restless ball and rise,  
The steady staff is still upright,  
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O keep of peace!  
O promise of my soul!  
Thou art weak, and thou art all at ease,  
And art the core of seeming ease,  
The staff of seeming ease,  
I own with awe and reverence,  
You perfect things of God and law.

A nervous hand my path to sea,  
I've seen it never to be lost,  
The O'erboard-gale, the stormy gale,  
The wild winds, and the waves, my path,  
Happy as I be light!  
Under the cottage roof again  
I heard the rushing of the wind,

JOHN R. WOODS, JR.

#### THE LAUNCH.

FROM THE WEDDING OF THE QUEEN.

All is finished! and at length  
Has come the wondrous day  
Of glory and of strength,  
To-day the launch shall be launched!  
Wish fleetly about the rocky island led  
And o'er the sea,  
Slowly and with ponderous flight  
The great vessel goes to board the light.

The vessel old,  
Centering old,  
Strong as death, and as uncontrolled,  
Presses rather to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold  
His beating heart is not at rest;  
And far and wide  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay  
In honor of her marriage-day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

O thou vast Ocean / ever-sounding Sea !  
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity !  
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled  
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone !  
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.  
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west  
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast  
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life  
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife  
 The earth has naught of this : no chance or change  
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare  
 Give answer to the tempest wakened air ;  
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range  
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go ;  
 E'er the same, it hath no ebb, no flow  
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,  
 And pass like visions to their wonted home ;  
 And come again, and vanish ; the young Spring  
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,  
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,  
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,  
 Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies  
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.  
 O, wonderful thou art, great element,  
 And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,  
 And lovely in repose ! thy summer form  
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves  
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,  
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,  
 Eternity — Eternity — and Power

BYRON W. PROCTER  
 (BARRY CORNWALL)

## ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED. 1782.

Toll for the brave,  
 The brave that are no more !  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore.

Fight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
 And she was overset ;  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His last sea-fight is fought,  
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;  
 No tempest gave the shock ;  
 She sprang no fatal leak,  
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes !  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full charged with England's thunder,  
 And plow the distant main

But Kempenfelt is gone ;  
 His victories are o'er ;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plow the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER

## THE SHIPWRECK

In vain the rods and axes were prepared,  
 For now the audacious seas insult the yard ;  
 High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,  
 And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.  
 Upheld on the surge, to heaven she flies,  
 Her shatt' red top half buried in the skies,  
 Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground ;  
 Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps re-  
 sound !

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,  
 And quivering with the wound in torment reels,  
 So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,  
 The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.  
 Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock  
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock ;  
 Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,  
 The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes  
 In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,  
 With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak ;  
 Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell  
 The lurking demons of destruction dwell,  
 At length asunder torn her frame divides,  
 And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.  
 O, were it mine with tuneful Maro's art  
 To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,

Lize him the smooth and measured verse to dress  
In all the pomp of exquisite distress,  
Then too severely taught by cruel fate,  
To share in all the perils I relate,  
Then might I, with unrivalled strains declare  
The imperious honors of a leeward share.

As over the surge the floating mainmast hung,  
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung  
Some, struggling, on a tacking surge were cast,  
And there a weary tangle grappled fast.  
Awhile they saw the overhanging bows rage,  
Upraised on her with their fate to wage,  
Till, as the vessel rose, the bows they lunge  
Their spars, they hold, and strive to loose below.  
Some from the hold yearn and stretch out all down  
On a keel-bow, as she would a grain  
To save with lifeless on their heads depend.  
And from the wreck on ocean's surface seen,  
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,  
Then downward plunge beneath the involving  
Tide,

There one, who seems in agony to strive,  
The vanishing breakers leave a narrow ve;  
The rest a speck of sea and sky are seen,  
And praise the stony sea for a chance new  
To save their lives.

#### WRECK OF THE "GRACE OF SUNDERLAND."

"HE is a rare man,  
Our parson; but a head above the world."

"That is a great gift, and notable," said I.

"Ay, so," and whence was your gift made?  
He went out in the sea toat very odd.  
Behold the "Grace of Sunderland" was wrecked,  
He's never seen his own man since that hour:  
For there were twenty men a-board of her,  
And as close as you are now to me,  
And never a one was saved.

They're lying now,  
With two small children, in a row—the church,  
And yare are full of women's graves, and few  
Have any names.

"She crumpled upon the reef:  
Our parson, my young son, his several boys  
Were lashed together with a two-in rope,  
And crept along to shore, their noses ashore  
Ready to land them in. The gale was high,  
The sea was all a boiling, seething froth,  
And God Almighty's guns were going off,  
And the land trembled.

"When she took the ground,  
She went to pieces like a lock of hay  
Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it came to that,

The captain, sailing under two main-boards,  
One in each arm, when she was on her side,  
Their hat was long and thin before her face,  
Or else we thought he had been saved. I hope,  
But here them fast. The crew, poor as mice  
Some

The crockers looked them off, and some were  
crashed,  
Some were washed to the point, some flung up dead,  
The rest were left by the side of some last one  
Jumped from the wreck upon the rocks below.  
The English fishermen, to see a man without back  
When eyes were open, and the English  
And long—to see a man without back  
"Oh, God's sake," said some, "what are the chances  
here?

"There's more," said some, "and more, and more,  
and more,  
And to think of a pretty two-wooded  
But the gale dashed down, and the English  
And down he went. They say they heard his  
cry.

"That he rose up and took the other side,  
And as he came towards us, and the English  
And then out, "Thank you, thank you," said he  
and he

He showed his right against the waves, and then  
And as he came towards us, and the English  
And then out, "Thank you, thank you," said he  
and he

"We heard our man in two of them were  
dead.

The sea was beating them, their bodies being  
down.

One parson's sons were saved, for the waves  
Had torn away the parson's parson's  
When she was in the sea, and the English  
But it was no kind of mercy, for the English  
and the English

#### THE SEA FIGHT

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEA-ROVER."

And you—the fight—Well, I remember, well,  
I never saw that Frenchman's fight:

Yes, what I saw I lost the fight.

Though he was a good weight

I never saw his fight, a fight

Of good weight, and a good fight.

Though he was a good weight, I never saw  
Greg's fight as well. With care for sleep,

That Ninety-eight I lost the fight.

Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;

Right aft the rising tempest roared ;  
 A noble first-rate hove in view ;  
 And soon high in the gale there soared  
 Her streamed-out bunting, — red, white, blue !  
 We cleared for fight, and landward bore,  
 To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn  
 Twice laid with words of silken stuff.  
 A fact 's a fact ; and ye may learn  
 The rights o' this, though wild and rough  
 My words may loom. 'Tis your consarn,  
 Not mine, to understand. Enough ; —  
 We neared the Frenchman where he lay,  
 And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to ; we filled, we wore ;  
 Did all that seamanship could do  
 To rake him aft, or by the fore, —  
 Now rounded off, and now broadched to ;  
 And now our starboard broadsae bore,  
 And showers of iron through and through  
 His vast hull hissed ; our larboard then  
 Swept from his threefold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toiled,  
 And wound about, through that wild sea,  
 The Frenchman each manœuver foiled, —  
 'Vantage to neither there could be.  
 Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,  
 We both resolved right manfully  
 To fight it side by side ; — began  
 Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain  
 Rings out her wild, delirious scream !  
 Redoubling thunders shake the main ;  
 Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.  
 The timbers with the broadsides strain ;  
 The slippery decks send up a steam  
 From hot and living blood, and high  
 And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,  
 The unstiffened corpse, now block the way !  
 Who now can hear the dying groan ?  
 The trumpet of the judgment-day,  
 Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,  
 We should not then have heard, — to say  
 Would be rank sin ; but this I tell,  
 That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the fore-castle I fought  
 As captain of the for'ad gun.  
 A scattering shot the carriage caught !  
 What mother then had known her son  
 Of those who stood around ? — distraught,  
 And smeared with gore, about they run,

Then fall, and writhe, and howling die !  
 But one escaped, — that one was I !

Night darkened round, and the storm pealed ;  
 To windward of us lay the foe.  
 As he to leeward over keeled,  
 He could not fight his guns below ;  
 So just was going to strike, — when reeled  
 Our vessel, as if some vast blow  
 From an Almighty hand had rent  
 The huge ship from her element.

Then howled the thunder. Tumult then  
 Had stunned herself to silence. Round  
 Were scattered lightning-blasted men !  
 Our mainmast went. All stifled, drowned,  
 Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again  
 The bolt burst on us, and we found  
 Our masts all gone, — our decks all riven ;  
 Man's war mocks faintly that of heaven !

Just then, — nay, messmates, laugh not now, —  
 As I, amazed, one minute stood  
 Amidst that rout, — I know not how, —  
 'T was silence all, — the raving flood,  
 The guns that pealed from stem to bow,  
 And God's own thunder, — nothing could  
 I then of all that tumult hear,  
 Or see aught of that scene of fear, —

My aged mother at her door  
 Sat mildly o'er her humming wheel ;  
 The cottage, orchard, and the moor, —  
 I saw them plainly all. I'll kneel,  
 And swear I saw them ! O, they wore  
 A look all peace ! Could I but feel  
 Again that bliss that then I felt,  
 That made my heart, like childhood's, melt !

The blessed tear was on my cheek,  
 She smiled with that old smile I know :  
 " Turn to me, mother, turn and speak,"  
 Was on my quivering lips, — when lo !  
 All vanished, and a dark, red streak  
 Glared wild and vivid from the foe,  
 That flashed upon the blood-stained water, —  
 For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hailed us. On us fast  
 All burning, helplessly, she came, —  
 Near, and more near ; and not a mast  
 Had we to help us from that flame.  
 'T was then the bravest stood aghast, —  
 'T was then the wicked on the name  
 (With danger and with guilt appalled)  
 Of God, too long neglected, called.

The eddying flames with ravening tongue  
 Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash, —

We almost touched, — when ocean rung  
Down to its depths with one loud crash !  
In heaven's top vault one instant hung  
The vast, intense, and blinding flash !  
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread, —  
The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone ! blown up ! that gallant foe !  
And though she left us in a plight,  
We floated still ; long were, I know,  
And hard, the labors of that night  
To clear the wreck. At length in tow  
A frigate took us, when 't was light ;  
And soon an English port we gained, —  
A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

So many slain, — so many drowned !  
I like not of that fight to tell.  
Come, let the cheerful *grog* go round !  
Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho' spell, —  
Though a pressed man, I'll still be found  
To do a seaman's duty well.  
I wish our brother landmen knew  
One half we jolly tars go through.

ANONYMOUS.

◆ ◆ ◆

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay ;  
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the  
wind ;

But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;  
While memory stood sideways, half covered with  
flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;  
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in  
the wall ;  
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;  
His cheek is imperaled with a mother's warm  
tear ;  
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom  
holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;  
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem  
o'er ;  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his  
rest, —  
"O God ! thou hast blest me, — I ask for no  
more."

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on  
his eye ?

Ah ! what is that sound which now larums  
his ear !

'T is the lightning's red glare, painting hell on  
the sky !

'T is the crash of the thunder, the groan of the  
sphere !

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the  
deck ;

Amazement confronts him with images dire ;  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a  
wreck ;

The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds are on  
fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;  
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing  
o'er the wave !

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight !  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of  
bliss.

Where now is the picture that fancy touched  
bright, —  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed  
kiss ?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;  
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the  
main,  
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for  
thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merciless  
surge ;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-  
sheet be,

And winds in the midnight of winter thy  
dirge !

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be  
laid, —

Around thy white bones the red coral shall  
grow ;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be  
made,  
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;  
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye, —  
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

HERVÉ RIEL.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred  
ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French, — woe to  
France!

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through  
the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of  
sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on  
the Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the vic-  
tor in full chase,

First and foremost of the drove, in his great  
ship, Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signaled to the place,

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick,  
— or, quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and  
leaped on board.

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like  
these to pass!" laughed they;

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the pas-  
sage scarred and scored,

Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve and  
eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single  
narrow way,

Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of  
twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring! Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;  
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you  
have them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together  
stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels  
on the beach!

France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck  
amid all these,

A captain? A lieutenant? A mate, — first,  
second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tour-  
ville for the fleet, —

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croi-  
sickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?"  
cries Hervé Riel;

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cow-  
ards, fools, or rogues?"

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the  
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every  
swell

'Twixt the oiling here and Greve, where the  
river disembogues!

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the  
lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of  
Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were  
worse than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs,  
believe me, there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Got this Formidable clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them most and least by a passage I  
know well,

Right to Solidor, past Greve,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave, —

Keel so much as grate the ground, —

Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my  
head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!  
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squad-  
 ron!" cried its chief.  
 Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief.  
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace.  
 See the noble fellow's face  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the  
 wide sea's profound!  
 See, safe through shoal and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock.  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that  
 grates the ground,  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past,  
 All are harbored to the last;  
 And just as Hervé Riel halloo "Anchor!" —  
 sure as fate,  
 Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;  
 They see the green trees wave  
 On the heights o'erlooking Greve;  
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
 "Just our rapture to enhance,  
 Let the English rake the bay,  
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
 As they cannonade away!  
 'Neath rumpired Solidor pleasant riding on the  
 Rance!"  
 How hope succeeds despair on each captain's  
 countenance!  
 Outburst all with one accord,  
 "This is Paradise for Hell!  
 Let France, let France's King  
 Thank the man that did the thing!"  
 What a shout, and all one word,  
 "Hervé Riel,"  
 As he stepped in front once more,  
 Not a symptom of surprise  
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
 I must speak out at the end,  
 Though I find the speaking hard:  
 Praise is deeper than the lips;  
 You have saved the king his ships,  
 You must name your own reward.  
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse!  
 Demand what'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still.  
 Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's  
 not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
 "Since I needs must say my say,  
 Since on board the duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what  
 is it but a run?  
 Since 't is ask and have I may,  
 Since the others go ashore,  
 Come! A good whole holiday!  
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the  
 Belle Aurore!"  
 That he asked, and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;  
 Not a pillar nor a post  
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;  
 Not a head in white and black  
 On a single fishing smack  
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone  
 to wrack  
 All that France saved from the light whence  
 England bore the bell.  
 Go to Paris; rank on rank  
 Search the heroes hung pell mell  
 On the Louvre, face and flank;  
 You shall look long enough ere you come to  
 Hervé Riel.  
 So, for better and for worse,  
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!  
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife  
 the Belle Aurore.

ROBERT BROWNING.

#### NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

I LOVE contemplating — apart  
 From all his homicidal glory —  
 The traits that soften to our heart  
 Napoleon's glory!

'T was when his banners at Boulogne  
 Armed in our island every freeman,  
 His navy chanced to capture one  
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him — I know not how —  
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam;  
 And aye was bent his longing brow  
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks! pursued the flight  
 Of birds to Britain half-way over;  
 With envy *they* could reach the white  
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
 If but the storm his vessel brought  
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,  
 An empty hogshead from the deep  
 Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
 The livelong day laborious; lurking  
 Until he launched a tiny boat  
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 't was a thing beyond  
 Description wretched; such a wherry  
 Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,  
 Or crossed a ferry.

For plowing in the salt-sea field,  
 It would have made the boldest shudder;  
 Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled, —  
 No sail, no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced  
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows;  
 And thus equipped he would have passed  
 The foaming billows, —

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,  
 His little Argo sorely jeering;  
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
 Serene alike in peace and danger;  
 And, in his wonted attitude,  
 Addressed the stranger: —

"Rash man, that wouldst you Channel pass  
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,  
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
 Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;  
 "But — absent long from one another —  
 Great was the longing that I had  
 To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,  
 "Ye've both my favor fairly won;  
 A noble mother must have bred  
 So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
 He should be shipped to England Old,  
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,  
 But *never* changed the coin and gift  
 Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

#### HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!  
 How's my boy — my boy?"  
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,  
 And in what ship sailed he?"

"My boy John —  
 He that went to sea —  
 What care I for the ship, sailor?  
 My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,  
 And not know my John?  
 I might as well have asked some landsman,  
 Yonder down in the town.  
 There's not an ass in all the parish  
 But knows my John.

"How's my boy — my boy?  
 And unless you let me know,  
 I'll swear you are no sailor,  
 Blue jacket or no, —  
 Brass buttons or no, sailor,  
 Anchor and crown or no, —  
 Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton' —"  
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,  
 About my own boy John?  
 If I was loud as I am proud  
 I'd sing him over the town!  
 Why should I speak low, sailor?"  
 "That good ship went down."

"How's my boy — my boy?  
 What care I for the ship, sailor?  
 I was never aboard her.  
 Be she afloat or be she aground,  
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound  
 Her owners can afford her!  
 I say, how's my John?"  
 "Every man on board went down,  
 Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy — my boy?  
 What care I for the men, sailor?  
 I'm not their mother —  
 How's my boy — my boy?  
 Tell me of him and no other!  
 How's my boy — my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL



## MAKING PORT.

All day long till the west was red,  
Over and under the white-flecked blue :  
" Now lay her into the wind," he said ;  
And south the harbor drew.

And tacking west and tacking east,  
Spray-showers upward going,  
Her wake one zigzag trail of yeast,  
Her gunwale fairly flowing ;

All flutterous clamor overhead,  
Lee scuppers white and spouting,  
Upon the deck a stamping tread,  
And windy voices shouting ;

Her weather shrouds as viol-strings,  
And leeward all a-clatter, —  
The long, lithe schooner dips and springs ;  
The waters cleave and scatter.

Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast,  
Arms locked, hand over hand :  
Bracing to leeward, lips compressed,  
Eyes forward to the land ;

Driving the wheel to wind, to lee,  
The two men work as one ;  
Out of the south-west sweeps the sea :  
Low slants the summer sun.

The harbor opens wide and wide,  
Draws up on either quarter ;  
The Vineyard's\* low hills backward slide ;  
The keel finds smoother water.

And tacking starboard, tacking port,  
Bows hissing, heeled to leeward,  
Through craft of many a size and sort,  
She trails the long bay seaward.

Half-way, she jibes to come about, —  
The hurling wind drives at her ;  
The loud sails flap and flutter out,  
The sheet-blocks rasp and clatter.

A lumberman lies full abeam, —  
The flow sets squarely toward her ;  
We lose our headway in the stream  
And drift broadside aboard her.

A sudden flurry fore and aft,  
Shout, trample, strain, wind howling ;  
A ponderous jar of craft on craft,  
A boom that threatens fouling ;

\* Martha's Vineyard.

A jarring slide of hull on hull, —  
Her bowsprit sweeps our quarter ;  
Clang go the sheets ; the jib draws full ;  
Once more we cleave the water.

The anchor rattles from the bow,  
The jib comes wrapping downward ;  
And quiet rides the dripping prow,  
Wave-lapped and pointing toward.

O, gracious is the arching sky,  
The south-wind blowing blandly ;  
The rippling white-caps fleck and fly ;  
The sunset flushes grandly.

And all the grace of sea and land,  
And splendor of the painted skies,  
And more I 'd give to hold her hand,  
And look into her eyes !

ANONYMOUS.

## TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.

THE weather leach of the topsail shivers,  
The bowlines-strain and the leeshrouds slacken,  
The braces are taut and the lithe boom quivers,  
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud  
blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow  
Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island head ;  
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,  
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel and with eager eye  
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,  
Till the muttered order of " FULL AND BY !"  
Is suddenly changed to " FULL FOR STAYS !"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,  
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays ;  
And she swifter springs to the rising seas  
As the pilot calls, " STAND BY FOR STAYS !"

It is silence all, as each in his place,  
With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,  
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,  
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,  
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout  
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,  
With the welcome call of " READY ! ABOUT !"

No time to spare ! it is touch and go,  
And the captain growls, " DOWN HELM ! HARD  
DOWN !"

As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,  
While heaven grows black with the storm-  
cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,  
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea ;  
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay, —  
As I answer, "AY, AY, SIR ! HARD A LEE !"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed  
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,  
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,  
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse  
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats ;  
The spanker slaps and the mainsail flaps,  
And thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS !"

Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the  
crew  
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall ;  
The sails are aback from clew to clew,  
And now is the moment for "MAINSAIL,  
HAUL !"

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy  
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung ;  
She holds her way, and I look with joy  
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks  
flung.

"LET GO, AND HAUL !" 't is the last command,  
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more ;  
Aster and to keward lies the land,  
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall ?  
I steady the helm for the open sea ;  
The first-mate clamors, "BELAY THERE, ALL !"  
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly ;  
Little care I how the gusts may blow,  
In my fo'castle-bunk in a jacket dry, —  
Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.  
WALTER F. MITCHELL.

#### THE DEEP.

THERE'S beauty in the deep : —  
The wave is bluer than the sky ;  
And, though the light shine bright on high,  
More softly do the sea-gems glow  
That sparkle in the depths below ;  
The rainbow's tints are only made  
When on the waters they are laid,

And sun and moon most sweetly shine  
Upon the ocean's level brine.  
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep : —  
It is not in the surf's rough roar,  
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore —  
They are but earthly sounds, that tell  
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,  
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,  
Or winds its softness through the flood,  
Echoes through groves with coral gay,  
And dies, on spongy banks, away.  
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep : —  
Above, let tides and tempests rave,  
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;  
Above, let care and fear contend,  
With sin and sorrow to the end :  
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,  
That frets above our peaceful home,  
We dream in joy, and wake in love,  
Nor know the rage that yells above.  
There's quiet in the deep.

J. G. C. BRAINERD.

#### THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and  
cells ?

Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ! —  
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in  
vain ! —  
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more ! — what wealth  
untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness  
lies !  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal argosies ! —  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful  
main !  
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more ! — thy waves  
have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by !  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry,  
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play !  
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more !  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy  
breast !

They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest. —  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!  
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! — those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!  
The prayer went up through midnight's breath-  
less gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er-  
thrown, —  
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery  
crown;  
Yet must thou hear a voice, — Restore the  
dead!  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from  
thee! —  
Restore the dead, thou sea!

FELICIA HEMANS.

#### THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

BLUE gulf all around us,  
Blue sky overhead;  
Muster all on the quarter,  
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,  
Rugged of front and form, —  
A common son of the fore-castle,  
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hailed from  
We know; and there 's nothing more!  
But perhaps his mother is waiting  
On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,  
Reason drifting awreck,  
" 'T is my watch," he would mutter,  
" I must go upon deck!"

Ay, on deck — by the foremast! —  
But watch and look-out are done;  
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,  
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,  
Stay the hurrying shaft!  
Let the roll of the ocean  
Cradle our giant craft;  
Gather around the grating,  
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen  
To the holiest pages of prayer;  
Let every foot be quiet,  
Every head be bare:  
The soft trade-wind is lifting  
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,  
(A little spray on his cheeks,)  
The grand old words of burial,  
And the trust a true heart seeks, —  
" We therefore commit his body  
To the deep," — and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,  
Swift as the eye can mark,  
The ghastly, shotted hammock,  
Plunges, away from the shark,  
Down, a thousand fathoms, —  
Down into the dark.

A thousand summers and winters  
The stormy gulf shall roll  
High o'er his canvas coffin:  
But silence to doubt and dole!  
There 's a quiet harbor somewhere  
For the poor a-weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,  
Speed the tireless shaft!  
Loose to gallant and topsail,  
The breeze is fair abaft!

Blue is all around us,  
Blue sky bright overhead:  
Every man to his duty!  
We have buried the dead.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

#### THE SEA-BOY'S FAREWELL.

WAIT, wait, ye winds! till I repeat  
A parting signal to the fleet  
Whose station is at home;  
Then waft the sea-boy's simple prayer,  
And let it oft be whispered there,  
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to father! reverend hulk,  
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,  
Soon may his cable slip;  
But while the parting tear is moist,  
The flag of gratitude I 'll hoist,  
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to mother, " first-class " she!  
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,  
And rigged me fore and aft;

May Providence her timbers spare,  
And keep her hull in good repair,  
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister! lovely yacht!  
But whether she'll be "manned" or not,  
I cannot now foresee!

May some good ship a tender prove,  
Well found in stores of truth and love,  
And take her under lea.

Farewell to George! the jollyboat!  
And all the little craft afloat,  
In home's delightful bay;  
When they arrive at sailing age,  
May wisdom give the weather gage,  
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all! on life's rude main  
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,  
Through stress of stormy weather;  
But summoned by the Board above,  
We'll harbor in the port of love,  
And all be moored together!

ANONYMOUS.

## JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

ERE the twilight bat was flitting,  
In the sunset, at her knitting,  
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting  
Underneath the threshold tree;  
And as daylight died before us,  
And the evening star shone o'er us,  
Fitful rose her gentle chorus, —  
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Curfew-bells remotely ringing,  
Mingled with her sweet voice singing,  
And the last red ray seemed clinging  
Lingeringly to tower and tree;  
And her evening song ascending,  
With the scene and season blending,  
Ever had the same low ending, —  
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

"Blow, thou west-wind, blandly hover  
Round the bark that bears my lover;  
Blow, and wait him safely over  
To his own dear home and me;  
For when night-winds rend the willow,  
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,  
Thinking on the raging billow, —  
Jamie's on the stormy sea."

How could I but list, but linger  
To the song, and near the singer,  
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her  
Jamie from the stormy sea!

And while yet her voice did name me,  
Forth I sprang, — my heart o'ercame me, —  
"Grieve no more, sweet; I am Jamie,  
Home returned to love and thee."

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

## TWILIGHT AT SEA.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,  
As lightly and as free,  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand on the sea;  
For every wave, with dimpled face,  
That leaped upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

THE sea crashed over the grim gray rocks,  
It thundered beneath the height,  
It swept by reef and sandy dune,  
It glittered beneath the harvest moon,  
That bathed it in yellow light.

Shell, and sea-weed, and sparkling stone,  
It flung on the golden sand.  
Strange relics torn from its deepest caves,  
Sail trophies of wild victorious waves,  
It scattered upon the strand.

Spars that had looked so strong and true,  
At many a gallant launch,  
Shattered and broken, flung to the shore,  
While the tide in its wild triumphant roar  
Rang a dirge for the vessel staunch.

Petty trilles that lovers had brought  
From many a foreign clime,  
Snatched by the storm from the clinging clasp  
Of hands that the lonely will never grasp,  
While the world yet measures time.

Back, back to its depths went the ebbing tide,  
Leaving its stores to rest,  
Unsought and unseen in the silent bay,  
To be gathered again, ere close of day,  
To the ocean's mighty breast.

Kinder than man art thou, O sea;  
Frankly we give our best,  
Truth, and hope, and love, and faith,  
Devotion that challenges time and death  
Its sterling worth to test.

We fling them down at our darling's feet,  
Indifference leaves them there.

The careless footstep turns aside,  
Weariness, changefulness, scorn, or pride,  
Bring little of thought or care.

No tide of human feeling turns :  
Once ebb'd, love never flows ;  
The pitiful wreckage of time and strife,  
The flotsam and jetsam of human life,  
No saving reflux knows.

ANONYMOUS.

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THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,  
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it ;  
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched  
sky  
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed  
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,  
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire  
blazed,  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers :  
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope,  
All hushed was the billow's commotion ;  
And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as  
Hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar ;  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory often rekindle the star  
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

And in life's closing hour, when the trembling  
soul flies,  
And death stills the heart's last emotion,  
O then may the Seraph of mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean !

PAUL MOON JAMES.

---

AN OLD SEAPORT.

EVENING SKETCH

HOOKED underneath steep sterile hills that rise  
Tier upon tier, receding far away,  
The quaint old port, wharf-flanked to seaward,  
lies,  
A dingy crescent round the curving bay.  
Small cruising craft about the harbor glide,

Mere chips of boats, each with its one bright  
wing—  
Bright in the golden glow of eventide—  
Whooping the faint land-wind. A wee white thing  
Shows on the south sea-line, and grows and  
grows,  
Slow shadowing ship-shape ; while to westward  
far,  
Outlined in the low-lying amber bar,  
A sail sinks with the day. The sweet repose  
Procured of peace prevails ; and, folding all  
In one wide zone of rest, glooms the gray even-  
fall.

ANONYMOUS.

---

THE HIGH SEAS.

THE host moved like the deep-sea wave,  
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
High-swelling, dark, and slow.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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THE NIGHT-SEA.

In the summer even,  
While yet the dew was hoar,  
I went plucking purple pansies,  
Till my love should come to shore.

The fishing lights their dances  
Were keeping out at sea,  
And "Come," I sung, "my true-love,  
Come hasten home to me."

But the sea it fell a-moaning,  
And the white gulls rook'd thereon,  
And the young moon dropped from heaven,  
And the lights hid one by one.

All silently their glances  
Slipped down the cruel sea,  
And "Wait," cried the night, and wind, and storm,  
"Wait till I come to thee !"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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"OLD IRONSIDES."

[Written with reference to the proposed breaking up of the famous frigate "C. Nitition."] ]

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;  
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar :  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee :  
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
 The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave !  
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
 And there should be her grave :  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, —  
 The ship was as still as she could be ;  
 Her sails from heaven received no motion ;  
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock ;  
 So little they rose, so little they fell,  
 They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothok  
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock ;  
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,  
 The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
 And then they knew the perilous rock,  
 And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay, —  
 All things were joyful on that day ;  
 The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,  
 And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,  
 A darker speck on the ocean green ;  
 Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,  
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring, —  
 It made him whistle, it made him sing ;  
 His heart was mirthful to excess ;  
 But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float :  
 Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat ;

And row me to the Inchcape rock,  
 And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
 And to the Inchcape rock they go ;  
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
 And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;  
 The bubbles rose, and burst around.  
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock  
 Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away, —  
 He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
 And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
 He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
 They cannot see the sun on high ;  
 The wind hath blown a gale all day ;  
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand ;  
 So dark it is they see no land.  
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,  
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar !  
 For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.  
 Now where we are I cannot tell,  
 But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;  
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along ;  
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —  
 O Christ ! it is the Inchcape rock !

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair ;  
 He cursed himself in his despair.  
 The waves rush in on every side ;  
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear  
 One dreadful sound he seemed to hear, —  
 A sound as if with the Inchcape bell  
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

#### THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west, —  
 Out into the west as the sun went down ;  
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the  
 best,

And the children stood watching them out of  
 the town ;

For men must work, and women must weep ;  
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;  
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked  
 at the shower,  
 And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and  
 brown ;  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are watching and wringing their  
 hands,  
 For those who will never come back to the town ;  
 For men must work, and women must weep, —  
 And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep, —  
 And good by to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

#### THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands o' Dee !"  
 The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as eye could see ;  
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land :  
 And never home came she.

"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair, —  
 A tress o' golden hair,  
 O' drowned maiden's hair, —  
 Above the nets at sea ?  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam, —  
 The cruel, crawling foam,  
 The cruel, hungry foam, —  
 To her grave beside the sea ;  
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
 Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

#### THE POOR FISHER FOLK.

'T is night ; within the close-shut cabin-door  
 The room is wrapped in shade, save where there fall  
 Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,  
 And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest  
 A few white dishes glimmer ; through the shade  
 Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,  
 And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie, —  
 A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams ;  
 In the high chimney the last embers die,  
 And redden the dark roof with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale with fear,  
 She prays alone, hearing the billows shout ;  
 While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,  
 The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers ! Ah, 't is sad to say,  
 Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,  
 Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away, —  
 Those ravening wolves that know no ruth nor rest.

Think how they sport with those beloved forms,  
 And how the clarion-blowing wind unties  
 Above their heads the tresses of the storms :  
 Perchance even now the child, the husband, dies !

For we can never tell where they may be  
 Who, to make head against the tide and gale,  
 Between them and the starless, soundless sea,  
 Have but one bit of plank, with one poor sail.

Terrible fear ! We seek the pebbly shore,  
 Cry to the rising billows, "Bring them home !"  
 Alas ! what answer gives their troubled roar  
 To the dark thought that haunts us as we roam ?

Janet is sad : her husband is alone,  
 Wrapped in the black shroud of this bitter night :  
 His children are so little, there is none  
 To give him aid. "Were they but old, they  
 might."  
 Ah, mother, when they too are on the main,  
 How wilt thou weep, "Would they were young  
 again !"

She takes her lantern, — 't is his hour at last ;  
 She will go forth, and see if the day breaks,  
 And if his signal-fire be at the mast :  
 Ah no, — not yet ! — no breath of morning wakes.

No line of light o'er the dark waters lies ;  
 It rains, it rains, — how black is rain at morn !  
 The day comes trembling, and the young dawn  
 cries, —  
 Cries like a baby fearing to be born.

Sudden her human eyes, that peer and watch  
 Through the deep shade, a mold'ring dwelling  
 find.

No light within, — the thin door shakes, — the  
thatch  
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind,

Yellow and dirty as a swollen rill.  
"Ah me," she saith, "heredoth that widow dwell;  
Few days ago my good man left her ill;  
I will go in, and see if all be well."

She strikes the door, she listens; none replies,  
And Janet shudders. "Husbandless, alone,  
And with two children, — they have scant sup-  
plies, —  
Good neighbor! She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks; 't is silence still, —  
No sound, no answer; suddenly the door,  
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill  
Of pity, turned, and open lay before.

She entered, and her lantern lighted all  
The house — so still, but for the rude waves' din.  
Through the thin roof the plashing rain-drops fall,  
But something terrible is couched within.

Half-clothed, dark-featured, motionless lay she,  
The once strong mother, now devoid of life;  
Disheveled specter of dead misery, —  
All that the poor leaves after his long strife.

The cold and livid arm, already stiff,  
Hung o'er the soaked straw of her wretched bed.  
The mouth lay open horribly, as if  
The parting soul with a great cry had fled, —

That cry of death which startles the dim ear  
Of vast eternity. And all the while  
Two little children, in one cradle near,  
Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.

The dying mother o'er them, as they lay,  
Had cast her gown, and wrapped her mantle's fold;  
Feeling chill death creep up, she willed that they  
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.

Rocked by their own weight, sweetly sleep the  
twain,  
With even breath, and foreheads calm and clear;  
So sound that the last trump might call in vain,  
For, being innocent, they have no fear.

Still howls the wind, and ever a drop slides  
Through the old rafters, where the thatch is weak.  
On the dead woman's face it falls, and glides  
Like living tears along her hollow cheek.

And the dull wave sounds ever like a bell.  
The dead lies still, and listens to the strain;

For when the radiant spirit leaves its shell,  
The poor corpse seems to call it back again.

It seeks the soul through the air's dim expanse,  
And the pale lip saith to the sunken eye,  
"Where is the beauty of thy kindling glance?"  
"And where thy balmy breath?" it makes reply.

Alas! live, love, find primroses in spring,  
Fate hath one end for festival and tear.  
Bid your hearts vibrate, let your glasses ring;  
But as dark ocean drinks each streamlet clear,

So for the kisses that delight the flesh,  
For mother's worship, and for children's bloom,  
For song, for smile, for love so fair and fresh,  
For laugh, for dance, there is one goal, — the tomb.

And why does Janet pass so fast away?  
What hath she done within that house of dread?  
What foldeth she beneath her mantle gray?  
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed?  
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,  
What hath she stolen from the awful dead?

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge  
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords  
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse  
surge  
Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah, my poor husband! we had five before;  
Already so much care, so much to find,  
For he must work for all. I give him more.  
What was that noise? His step? Ah, no, the  
wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love!  
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,  
I would not blame him. Did not the door move?  
Not yet, poor man." She sits with careful brow,  
Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the roar  
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,  
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets  
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,  
And the good fisher dragging his damp nets  
Stands on the threshold with a joyous cheer.

"'T is thou!" she cries, and eager as a lover  
Leaps up, and holds her husband to her breast;  
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover.  
"'T is I, good wife!" and his broad face ex-  
pressed

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.  
"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your  
fishing?" "Bad.



The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night ;  
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew ;  
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,  
And once I thought the bark was broken too ;  
What did you all the night long, Janet mine !"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, " I,  
O, naught ! I sewed, I watched, I was afraid ;  
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky :  
But it is over." Shyly then she said :

"Our neighbor died last night ; it must have  
been  
When you were gone. She left two little ones,  
So small, so frail, — William and Madeline ;  
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast  
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea ;  
Muttered awhile, and scratched his head, — at  
last,  
"We have five children, this makes seven," said  
he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep  
Sometimes without our supper. Now — Ah,  
well,  
'T is not my fault. These accidents are deep ;  
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

"Why did he take the mother from those scraps,  
No bigger than my fist ? 'T is hard to read ;  
A learned man might understand perhaps, —  
So little, they can neither work nor need.

"Go fetch them, wife : they will be frightened  
sore,  
If with the dead alone they waken thus ;  
That was the mother knocking at our door,  
And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister shall they be to ours,  
And they shall learn to climb my knee at even.  
When he shall see these strangers in our bowers,  
More fish, more food, will give the God of heaven.

"I will work harder : I will drink no wine, —  
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger,  
dear ?  
Not thus were wont to move those feet of thine."  
She drew the curtain, saying, "They are here."

From the French of VICTOR HUGO,  
by H. W. ALEXANDER.

## THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

THERE were seven fishers with nets for their  
hands,  
And they walked and talked by the sea-side  
sands :

Yet sweet as the sweet dew-dew,  
The words they spake, though they spake so few,  
Across the long, dim centuries flew,  
And we know them, one and all, —  
Ay ! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,  
And one was gentle, and one was bold,  
And they walked with down-cast eyes ;  
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,  
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,  
And they knew not if he would rise, —  
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out,  
In the drowning waters they beat about,  
Beat slow through the fogs their way ;  
And the sails dropped down with ringing wet,  
And no man drew but an empty net :  
And now 't was the break of the day, —  
The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side" —  
'T was Jesus speaking across the tide,  
And they cast and were dragging hard ;  
But that disciple whom Jesus loved  
Cried straight way out, for his heart was moved  
"It is our risen Lord, —  
Our Master, and our Lord !"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's cote,  
Went over the nets out of the boat, —  
Ay ! first of them all was he :  
Repenting sore the dismal past,  
He feared no longer his heart to cast  
Like an anchor fit to the sea, —  
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,  
In a little ship came after him,  
Dragging their nets through the tide,  
And when they had gotten close to the land  
They saw a fire of coals in the sand,  
And, with arms of love so wide,  
Jesus, the crucified !

'T is long, and long, and long ago,  
Since the rosy lights began to flow  
O'er the hills of Galilee ;  
And with eager eyes and lifted hand,  
The seven fishers saw on the sands  
The fire of coals by the sea, —  
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'T is long ago, yet faith in our souls  
Is kindled just by that fire of coals

That streamed o'er the mists of the sea ;  
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,  
Went over the net and out of the boat,  
To answer, " Lovest thou me ! "  
Thrice over, " Lovest thou me ! "

ALICE CARY.

### SEA LIFE.

FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

LIGHT as a flake of foam upon the wind  
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,  
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled ;  
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,  
And moved at will along the yielding water.  
The native pilot of this little bark  
Put out a tier of oars on either side,  
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,  
And mounted up and glided down the billow  
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,  
And wander in the luxury of light.  
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,  
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,  
My fellow-being, like myself, *alive*.  
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,  
I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,  
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then  
nothing ;  
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling  
eddy.

Through which mine eyes still giddily pursued it,  
A joyous creature vaulted through the air, —  
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird.  
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-  
shower

Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,  
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.  
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,  
Or mourn his quick departure on the surge,  
A shoal of dolphins tumbling in wild glee,  
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have  
been

The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean  
In that resplendent vision I had seen.  
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,  
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,  
As though the conscious colors came and went  
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes, —  
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan  
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent  
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain  
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

These were but preludes to the revelry  
That reigned at sunset : then the deep let loose

Its blithe adventurers to sport at large,  
As kindly instinct taught them ; bnoyant shells,  
On stormless voyages, in fleets or single,  
Wherried their tiny mariners ; aloof,  
On wing-like fins, in bow-and-arrow figures,  
The flying-fishes darted to and fro ;  
While spouting whales projected watery columns,  
That turned to arches at their height, and seemed  
The skeletons of crystal palaces  
Built on the blue expanse, then perishing,  
Frail as the element which they were made of ;  
Dolphins, in gambols, lent the lucid brine  
Hues richer than the canopy of eve,  
That overhung the scene with gorgeous clouds,  
Decaying into gloom more beautiful  
Than the sun's golden liveries which they lost :  
Till light that hides, and darkness that reveals  
The stars, — exchanging guard, like sentinels  
Of day and night, — transformed the face of  
nature :

Above was wakefulness, silence around,  
Beneath, repose, — repose that reached even me.  
Power, will, sensation, memory, failed in turn ;  
My very essence seemed to pass away,  
Like a thin cloud that melts across the moon,  
Lost in the blue immensity of heaven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;  
Toil on ! for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
With your sand-based structures and domes of  
rock,

Your columns the fathomless fountains' cave,  
And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;  
Ye're a puny race thus to boldly rear  
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone, —  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;  
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;  
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?  
There are snares enough on the tented field,  
Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;  
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,  
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup,  
There are foes that watch for his cradle death,  
And why need ye sow the floods with death !

With moldering bones the deeps are white,  
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright;  
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,  
 And the gods of the ocean have frowned to see  
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee:  
 Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread  
 The boundless sea for the thronging dead!

Ye build — ye build — but ye enter not in,  
 Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in  
 their sin;

From the land of promise ye fade and die  
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye:  
 As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,  
 Their noiseless bones in oblivion hid,  
 Ye slumber unmarked mid the desolate main,  
 While the wonder and pride of your works re-  
 main.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

### THE CORAL INSECT.

FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

EVERY one,  
 By instinct taught, performed its little task, —  
 To build its dwelling and its sepulcher,  
 From its own essence exquisitely modeled;  
 There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,  
 Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,  
 To frame new cells and tombs; then breed and  
 die

As all their ancestors had done, — and rest,  
 Hermetically sealed, each in its shrine,  
 A statue in this temple of oblivion!  
 Millions of millions thus, from age to age,  
 With simplest skill and toil unwearyable,  
 No moment and no movement unimproved,  
 Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,  
 To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual  
 mound,  
 By marvelous structure climbing towards the  
 day.

. . . . . A point at first  
 It peered above those waves; a point so small  
 I just perceived it, fixed where all was floating;  
 And when a bubble crossed it, the blue film  
 Expanded like a sky above the speck;  
 That speck became a hand-breadth; day and  
 night  
 It spread, accumulated, and ere long  
 Presented to my view a dazzling plain,  
 White as the moon amid the sapphire sea;  
 Bare at low water, and as still as death,  
 But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface  
 'T was like a resurrection of the dead:  
 From graves innumerable, punctures fine

In the close coral, capillary swarm-  
 Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes,  
 Covered the bald-pate reef;

Ere long the reef o'ertopt the spring-flood's height,  
 And mocked the billows when they leapt upon it,  
 Unable to maintain their slippery hold,  
 And falling down in foam-wreaths round its  
 verge.

Steep were the flanks, with precipices sharp,  
 Descending to their base in ocean gloom.  
 Chasms few and narrow and irregular  
 Formed harbors, safe at once and perilous, —  
 Safe for defense, but perilous to enter.  
 A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,  
 Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,  
 With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

Compared with this amazing edifice,  
 Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,  
 What are the works of intellectual man?  
 Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchers;  
 Ideal images in sculptured forms,  
 Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes ex-  
 panded,

Fancies through every maze of beauty shown;  
 Pride, gratitude, affection turned to marble,  
 In honor of the living or the dead;  
 What are they? — fine-wrought miniatures of art,  
 Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew  
 Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,  
 Till all their pomp sinks down in moldering  
 relics,

Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime! —  
 Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,  
 Compared with these achievements in the deep,  
 Were all the monuments of olden time,  
 In days when there were giants on the earth. —  
 Babel's stupendous folly, though it aimed  
 To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy.  
 The plaything of the world in infancy:  
 The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon.  
 Built for eternity, — though, where they stood,  
 Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,  
 And Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath;  
 Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,  
 Even when its "head of gold" was smitten off  
 And from a monarch changed into a brute, —  
 Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,  
 Left by one tide and canceled by the next;  
 Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,  
 Where cities have been crumbled into sand,  
 Scattered by winds beyond the Libyan desert,  
 Or melted down into the mud of Nile.  
 And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,  
 Where Memphis flourished, and the Pharaohs  
 reigned;  
 Egypt's gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,

That have survived the language which they speak,

Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,  
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal ;—  
Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,  
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,  
But puny ornaments for such a pile  
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,  
Filled with dry mummies of the builder-worms.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

#### THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow :  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air.  
There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.  
There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe when the wrathful Spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own.  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar ;  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;  
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

#### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main, —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming  
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed, —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil ;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the  
old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice  
that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
sea !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### SEA-WEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador :

From the tumbling surf that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,

Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless man ;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long,  
From each cave and rocky fastness  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth :  
From the flashing aurif, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth :

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor  
That forever  
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;  
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

HERBY WALKER OF THE LONGFELLOW.

#### GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,  
Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,  
Soaring high and sinking low,  
Lashed along without will of mine ;  
Sport of the spume of the surging sea ;  
Flung on the foam, afar and near,  
Mark my manifold mystery,  
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,  
Rootless and rover though I be ;  
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,  
Arboresce as a trunkless tree ;

Corals conceal a court on their  
White and hard in apt array ;  
Mid the wild waves' red uproar  
Gracefully grow I, night and day

Hearts there lie on the sounding shell,  
Something whispers soft to me,  
Rattles and roams long far-eyemore,  
Like this weary weed of the sea,  
Bear they yet on each beating breast  
The eternal type of the wandrous whale,  
Growth unfolding an' olden rest,  
Grace informing with silent soul

CHARLES WALKER OF THE LONGFELLOW.

#### THE SEA

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free ;  
Without a mark, without a sound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round,  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradle, it cradles lies,  
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above and the blue below,  
And silence where'er I go.  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride,  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,  
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'west wind doth blow !  
I never was on the dead, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her elbow I cast,  
Like a bird that seeks for mother's nest, —  
And a mother she was and is to me,  
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
The whale 't whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild,  
As welcomed to life the ocean child.  
I have lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a rover's life,  
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,  
But never have sought or sighed for change ;  
And death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea !

BRYAN WALKER OF THE LONGFELLOW.  
(BARRY CORWALL.)

## SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
 From a small boat that rowed along  
 The listening winds received this song:  
 "What should we do but sing His praise  
 That led us through the watery maze  
 Where he the huge sea monsters wracks,  
 That lift the deep upon their backs,  
 Unto an isle so long unknown,  
 And yet far kinder than our own?  
 He lands us on a grassy stage,  
 Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage;  
 He gave us this eternal spring  
 Which here enamels everything,  
 And sends the fowls to us in care  
 On daily visits through the air.  
 He hangs in shades the orange bright  
 Like golden lamps in a green night,  
 And does in the pomegranates close  
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:  
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
 And throws the melons at our feet;  
 But apples plants of such a price,  
 No tree could ever bear them twice.  
 With cedars chosen by his hand  
 From Lebanon he stores the land;  
 And makes the hollow seas that roar  
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
 He cast (of which we rather boast)  
 The gospel's pearl upon our coast:  
 And in these rocks for us did frame  
 A temple where to sound his name.  
 O, let our voice his praise exalt  
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
 Which then perhaps rebounding may  
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay!" —  
 Thus sung they in the English boat  
 A holy and a cheerful note;  
 And all the way, to guide their chime,  
 With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

## A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea, —  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast, —  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry;

But give to me the snoring breeze  
 And white waves heaving high, —  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free;  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon bornèd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 And hark the music, mariners!  
 The wind is piping loud, —  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free;  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## SONG OF THE ROVER.

FROM "THE CORSAIR."

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
 Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
 Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
 These are our realms, no limits to their sway, —  
 Our flag the scepter all who meet obey.  
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
 O, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!  
 Whom slumber soothes not, — pleasure cannot  
 please. —  
 O, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
 The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,  
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?  
 That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
 And turn what some deem danger to delight;  
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
 And where the feebler faint can only feel —  
 Feel to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
 No dread of death — if with us die our foes —  
 Save that it seems even duller than repose:  
 Come when it will — we snatch the life of life —  
 When lost — what reck it — by disease or strife?  
 Let him who crawls enamored of decay  
 Cling to his couch and sicken years away;  
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head:  
 Ours — the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
 Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes con-  
 trol.  
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
 And they who loathed his life may gild his grave:  
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchers our dead.

For us, even banquets fond regrets supply  
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
 When those who win at length divide the prey,  
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*

LORD BYRON.

#### MY BRIGANTINE.

JUST in thy mold and beautiful in thy form,  
 Gentle in roll and buoyant on the surge,  
 Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,  
 In breeze and gale thy onward course we urge,  
 My water-queen!  
 Lady of mine,

More light and swift than thou none thread the  
 sea

With surer keel or steadier on its path,  
 We brave each waste of ocean-mystery  
 And laugh to hear the howling tempest's wrath,

For we are thine.

My brigantine!

Trust to the mystic power that points thy way,  
 Trust to the eye that pierces from afar;  
 Trust the red meteors that around thee play,  
 And, fearless, trust the Sea-Green Lady's star,  
 Thou bark divine!

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

#### THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England when with favoring gale  
 Our gallant ship up channel steered,  
 And, scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appeared;  
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 "By the deep — nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view, —  
 An abbey-tower, a harbor-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true;  
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 "By the mark — seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.  
 The lead once more the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 "Quarter less — five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:  
 We shorten sail, — she feels the tide, —  
 "Stand clear the cable" is the cry, —  
 The anchor's gone; we safely ride.

The watch is set, and through the night  
 We hear the seamen with delight

Proclaim, — "All 's well!"

PEARCE.

#### ALL'S WELL.

FROM "THE BRITISH FLEET."

DESERTED by the waning moon,  
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,  
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground  
 The sentry walks his lonely round;  
 And should a footstep haply stray  
 Where caution marks the guarded way,  
 "Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!"  
 "A friend!" "The word?" "Good night";  
 all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,  
 The careful watch patrols the deck,  
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck;  
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,  
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear, —  
 "What cheer? brother, quickly tell;  
 Above, — below." "Good night; all's well.

THOMAS DIBDEN.

#### THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,  
 Not a soul would dare to sleep, —  
 It was midnight on the waters  
 And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter  
 To be shattered by the blast,  
 And to hear the rattling trumpet  
 Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, —  
 For the stoutest held his breath,  
 While the hungry sea was roaring,  
 And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
 Each one busy in his prayers,  
 "We are lost!" the captain shouted  
 As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
 As she took his icy hand,  
 "Is n't God upon the ocean  
 Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
 And we spoke in better cheer,  
 And we anchored safe in harbor  
 When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS

THE MINUTE-GUN.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast,  
 The night-watch guards his weary post,  
 From thoughts of danger free,  
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
 And hears, amid the howling storm,  
 The minute-gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a harly few  
 The life-boat man with a gallant crew  
 And dare the dangerous wave :  
 Through the wild surf they cleave their way,  
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,  
 For they go the crew to save.

But, O, what rapture fills each breast  
 Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed !  
 Then, landed safe, what joy to tell  
 Of all the dangers that befell !  
 Then is heard no more,  
 By the watch on shore,  
 The minute-gun at sea.

R. S. SHARPE

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,  
 The rain a deluge showers,  
 The clouds were rent asunder  
 By lightning's vivid powers ;  
 The night both drear and dark,  
 Our poor devoted bark,  
 Till next day, there she lay,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,  
 Her opening timbers creak,  
 Each fears a watery pillow,  
 None stops the dreadful leak ;  
 To cling to slippery shrouds  
 Each breathless seaman crowds,  
 As she lay, till the day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow  
 Broke through the hazy sky,  
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,  
 Each heaved a bitter sigh ;  
 The dismal wreck to view  
 Struck horror to the crew,  
 As she lay, on that day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent,  
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercy sent, —  
 A sail in sight appears !  
 We hail her with three cheers ;  
 Now we sail, with the gale,  
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !

ANDREW CHURCH.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,  
 I lay me down in peace to sleep ;  
 Secure I rest upon the wave,  
 For thou, O Lord ! hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
 For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;  
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
 Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
 Roused me from sleep to wreck and death !

In ocean's caves still safe with thee,  
 The germ of immortality ;  
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA WILLARD.

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer !  
 List, ye landsmen all, to me ;  
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea ;

From bounding billows, first in motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
 By topsail sheets and halyards stand !  
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling !  
 Down your stay-sails, — haul, boys, haul !

Now it freshens, set the braces,  
 Quick the topsail sheets let go ;  
 Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,  
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 Think what fear our minds intralls !  
 Harder yet it blows, still harder,  
 Now again the boatswain calls.



The topsail yard point to the wind, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course ;  
Let the foresheet go, — don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,  
Reef the mizzen, see all clear ;  
Hand up, each preventer-brace set !  
Man the foreyards, — cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,  
Peal on peal contending clash,  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.

One wide water all around us,  
All above us one black sky ;  
Different deaths at once surround us :  
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone ! cries every tongue out,  
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck ;  
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,  
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;  
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;  
Plumb the well, — the leak increases,  
Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
We our wives and children mourn,  
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,  
Alas ! to them there's no return !

Still the leak is gaining on us !  
Both chain-pumps are choked below ;  
Heaven have mercy here upon us !  
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,  
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;  
To the pumps call every hand, boys,  
See ! our mizzen-mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast ;  
We've lightened her a foot or more ;  
Up and rig a jury foremast,  
She rights ! she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

#### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !

Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave :  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below, —  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew ;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broached him to.  
His form was of the manly beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft ;  
Faithful, below, he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare,  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair :  
And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,  
Ah, many's the time and oft !

But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He who all commands  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to "pipe all hands."  
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doffed :  
For though his body 's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.

CHARLES DIEDIN.

#### THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE sea was bright, and the bark rode well ;  
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell ;  
'T was a gallant bark with a crew as brave  
As ever launched on the heaving wave.  
She shone in the light of declining day,  
And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They neared the land where in beauty smiles  
The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles ;  
All thought of home, of that welcome dear  
Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear ;  
And in fancy joined the social throng  
In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides through the azure sky, —  
What means that wild despairing cry ?  
Farewell the visioned scenes of home !  
That cry is " Help," where no help can come ;  
For the White Squall rides on the surging wave,  
And the bark is 'gulfed in an ocean grave.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL).

#### THE WHITE SQUALL,

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Ox deck, beneath the awning,  
I dozing lay and yawning ;  
It was the gray of dawning,  
Ere yet the sun arose :  
And above the funnel's roaring,  
And the fitful wind's deploring,  
I heard the cabin snoring  
With universal nose.  
I could hear the passengers snorting, —  
I envied their disporting, —  
Vainly I was courting  
The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light  
Came not, and watched the twilight,  
And the glimmer of the skylight,  
That shot across the deck ;

And the binnacle pale and steady,  
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,  
And the sparks in fiery eddy  
That whirled from the chimney neck.  
In our jovial floating prison  
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,  
And never a star had risen  
The hazy sky to speak.  
Strange company we harbored :  
We 'd a hundred Jews to harbour,  
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered, —  
Jews black and brown and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,  
And make your souls uneasy,  
To see those Rabbis greasy,  
Who did naught but scratch and pray.  
Their dirty children puking, —  
Their dirty saucapans cooking, —  
Their dirty fingers hooking  
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were, —  
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were, —  
Enormous wide their beeks were, —  
Their pipes did puff away ;  
Each on his mat allotted  
In silence smoked and squatted,  
Whilst round their children trotted  
In pretty, pleasant play.  
He can't but smile who traces  
The smiles on those brown faces,  
And the pretty, prattling graces  
Of those snail heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling ;  
And through the ocean rolling  
Went the brave Iberia howling,  
Before the break of day, —

When a squall, upon a sudden,  
Came o'er the waters scudding ;  
And the clouds began to gather,  
And the sea was lashed to lather,  
And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,  
And the ship, and all the ocean,  
Woke up in wild commotion.  
Then the wind set up a howling,  
And the poodle-dog a yowling,  
And the cocks began a crowing,  
And the old cow raised a lowing,  
As she heard the tempest blowing ;  
And fowls and geese did cackle,  
And the cordage and the tackle  
Began to shriek and crackle ;  
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
And down the deck in runnels ;

And the rushing water soaks all,  
 From the seamen in the fo'ksal  
 To the stokers, whose black faces  
 Peer out of their bed-places ;  
 And the captain he was bawling,  
 And the sailors pulling, hauling,  
 And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
 Was shivered in the squalling ;  
 And the passengers awaken,  
 Most pitifully shaken ;  
 And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
 For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,  
 And they knelt and moaned and shivered,  
 As the plunging waters met them,  
 And splashed and overset them ;  
 And they called in their emergence  
 Upon countless saints and virgins ;  
 And their marrowbones are bended,  
 And they think the world is ended.  
 And the Turkish women for'ard  
 Were frightened and behorrered ;  
 And, shrieking and bewildering,  
 The mothers clutched their children ;  
 The men sang " Allah ! Allah !  
 Mashallah Bismillah !"  
 As the warring waters doused them,  
 And splashed them and soured them ;  
 And they called upon the Prophet,  
 Who thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry  
 Jumped up and bit like fury ;  
 And the progeny of Jacob  
 Did on the main-deck wake up,  
 (I wot those greasy Rabbits  
 Would never pay for cabins :)  
 And each man moaned and jabbered in  
 His filthy Jewish gabardine,  
 In woe and lamentation,  
 And howling consternation.  
 And the splashing water drenches  
 Their dirty brats and wenches ;  
 And they crawl from bales and benches,  
 In a hundred thousand stonches.

This was the white squall famous,  
 Which latterly o'ercame us,  
 And which all will well remember,  
 On the 28th September ;  
 When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
 (Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)  
 Came on the deck astonished,  
 By that wild squall admonished,  
 And wondering cried, " Potz tausend,  
 Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend ?"  
 And looked at Captain Lewis,

Who calmly stood and blew his  
 Cigar in all the bustle,  
 And scorned the tempest's tussle.  
 And oft we've thought hereafter  
 How he beat the storm to laughter ;  
 For well he knew his vessel  
 With that vain wind could wrestle ;  
 And when a wreck we thought her,  
 And doomed ourselves to slaughter,  
 How gayly he fought her,  
 And through the hubbub brought her,  
 And as the tempest caught her,  
 Cried, " George, some brandy and water !"

And when, its force expended,  
 The harmless storm was ended,  
 And as the sunrise splendid  
 Came blushing o'er the sea, —  
 I thought, as day was breaking,  
 My little girls were waking,  
 And smiling, and making  
 A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

#### OUR BOAT TO THE WAVES.

OUR boat to the waves go free,  
 By the bending tide, where the curled wave  
 breaks,  
 Like the track of the wind on the white snow-  
 flakes :  
 Away, away ! 'T is a path o'er the sea.

Blasts may rave, — spread the sail,  
 For our spirits can wrest the power from the  
 wind,  
 And the gray clouds yield to the sunny mind,  
 Fear not we the whirl of the gale.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

#### TO SEA!

To sea ! to sea ! the calm is o'er,  
 The wanton water leaps in sport,  
 And rattles down the pebbly shore,  
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,  
 And unseen mermaid's pearly song  
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.  
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :  
 To sea ! to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea ! to sea ! our white-winged bark  
 Shall billowing cleave its watery way,  
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,  
 Break the caved Triton's azure day,

Like mountain eagle soaring light  
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.  
 The anchor heaves ! The ship swings free !  
 Our sails swell full ! To sea ! to sea !

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

— — —  
 THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ONE night came on a hurricane,  
 The sea was mountains rolling,  
 When Barney Bantline turned his quid,  
 And said to Billy Bowling :  
 " A strong nor'wester 's blowing, Bill ;  
 Hark ! don't ye hear it roar now !  
 Lord help 'em, how I pities all  
 U'nhappy folks on shore now !

Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,  
 What danger they are all in,  
 And now lie quaking in their beds,  
 For fear the roof shall fall in :

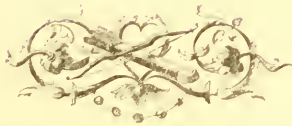
Poor creatures ! how they envies us,  
 And wishes, I've a notion,  
 For our good luck, in such a storm,  
 To be upon the ocean !

And as for them who 're out all day  
 On business from their houses,  
 And late at night are coming home,  
 To cheer their lubes and spouses, —  
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck  
 Are comfortably lying,  
 My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots  
 About their heads are flying !

And very often have we heard  
 How men are killed and undone  
 By overturns of carriages,  
 By thieves and fires in London.  
 We know what risks all landsmen run,  
 From noblemen to tailors ;  
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
 That you and I are sailors."

THOMAS HOOD.\*

\* Sometimes erroneously attributed to Charles Dibdin.



POEMS OF ADVENTURE AND RURAL SPORTS.



O Victor Emmanuel the King,  
The sword be for thee, and the deed,  
And nought for the alien, next spring,  
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;  
But, for us, a great Italy freed,  
With a hero to head us;—our King  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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### The Wants of Man

"Man wants but little here below:  
"Nor wants that little long."  
'Tis not with me, exactly so:  
But 'tis so, in the song.  
My wants are many, and if told  
Would muster many a fume:  
And were each wish a mint of gold  
I still should long for more

John Quincy Adams.

Washington 21. August 1846

# POEMS OF ADVENTURE AND RURAL SPORTS.

## CHEVY-CHASE.

[Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil or lord warden of the Marches. This provoked the conflict which was celebrated in the old ballad of the "Hunting of the Cheviot." The circumstances of the battle of Otterbourne (A. D. 1368) are woven into the ballad, and the affairs of the two events are confounded. The ballad preserved in the Percy Reliques is probably as old as 1374. The one following is a modernized form, of the time of James I.]

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all;  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take, —

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deer;  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had  
A hundred fat bucks slain;

Then, having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure;  
And all their rear, with special care,  
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
The nimble deer to take,  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughtered deer;  
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay";  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the earl did say: —

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come, —  
His men in armor bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed";  
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,  
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy he —  
Who said, "We list not to declare,  
Nor show whose men we be :

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood  
Thy chiefest harts to slay."  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say :

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die ;  
I know thee well, an earl thou art, —  
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offense, to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,  
And set our men aside."  
"Accused be he," Earl Percy said,  
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, "I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You two be earls," said Witherington,  
"And I a squire alone ;

"I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand ;  
While I have power to wield my sword  
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows, —  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,  
As chieftain stout and good ;  
As valiant captain, all unmoved,  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried ;  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound ;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasped their swords so bright ;  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side, —  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see  
How each one chose his spear,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet ;  
Like captains of great might,  
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,  
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,  
"In faith I will thee bring  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee, —  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,  
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart, —  
A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spake more words than these :  
"Fight on, my merry men all ;  
For why, my life is at an end ;  
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand ;  
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.



"In truth, my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure a more redoubted knight  
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was  
Who saw Earl Douglas die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,  
Who, with a spear full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
Without a dread or fear ;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain.  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The gray goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe  
That ever he slain should be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain  
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
One foot would never flee ;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too, —  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,  
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like ease  
Did with Earl Douglas die :  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,  
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail ;  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,  
They bore with them away ;  
They kissed them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain :

"O heavy news," King James did say ;  
"Scotland can witness be  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

"Now God be 'with him," said our King,  
"Since 't will no better be ;  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred as good as he :

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say  
But I will vengeance take ;  
I'll be revenged on them all  
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the King performed  
After at Humbledown ;  
In one day fifty knights were slain  
With lords of high renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many hundreds die :  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,  
With plenty, joy, and peace ;  
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
"Twixt noblemen may cease.

RICHARD SHEALE.

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

[Of Robin Hood, the famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, and his merry men, there are many ballads ; but the limits of this volume forbid our giving more than a single selection.

Various periods, ranging from the time of Richard I. to the end of the reign of Edward II., have been assigned as the age in which Robin Hood lived. He is usually described as a yeoman, abiding in Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. His most noted followers, generally mentioned in the ballads, are Little John, Friar Tuck, his chaplain, and his maid Marian. Nearly all the legends extol his courage, his generosity, his humanity, and his skill as an archer. He robbed the rich only, who could afford to lose, and gave freely to the poor. He protected the needy, was a champion of the fair sex, and took great delight in plundering prelates. The following ballad exhibits the outlaw in one of his most attractive aspects,—affording assistance to a distressed lover.]

COME, listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that love mirth for to hear,  
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the greenwood tree,  
There he was aware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay ;  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
It was clean cast away ;  
And at every step he fetched a sigh,  
"Alack and well-a-day !"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And Midge, the miller's son ;  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
Whenas he see them come.

"Stand off ! stand off !" the young man said,  
"What is your will with me ?"  
"You must come before our master strai(ght,  
Under yow greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin asked him courteously,  
"O, hast thou any money to spare,  
For my merry men and me ?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
"But five shillings and a ring ;  
And that I have kept these seven long years,  
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she was from me ta'en,  
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name ?" then said Robin Hood,  
"Come tell me without any fail."  
"By the faith of my body," then said the young  
man,  
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,  
"In ready gold or fee,  
To help thee to thy true-love again,  
And deliver her unto thee ?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,  
"No ready gold nor fee,  
But I will swear upon a book  
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true-love ?  
Come tell me without guile."  
"By the faith of my body," then said the young  
man,  
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor lin,\*  
Until he came unto the church  
Where Allen should keep his wedding."

"What hast thou here ?" the bishop then said,  
"I prithee now tell unto me."  
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,  
"And the best in the north country."

"O, welcome, O, welcome," the bishop he said,  
"That music best pleaseth me."  
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,  
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
Which was both grave and old ;  
And after him a finikin lass,  
Did shine like the glistening gold.

\* Stop nor stay

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "That you do seem to make here ;  
 For since we are come into the church,  
 The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew blasts two and three ;  
 When four-and-twenty yeomen bold  
 Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,  
 Marching all in a row,  
 The very first man was Allen-a-Dale,  
 To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true-love," Robin he said,  
 "Young Allen, as I hear say ;  
 And you shall be married at this same time,  
 Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,  
 "For thy word shall not stand ;  
 They shall be three times asked in the church,  
 As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,  
 And put it upon Little John ;  
 "By the faith of my body," then Robin said,  
 "This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,  
 The people began to laugh ;  
 He asked them seven times in the church  
 Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,  
 Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I ;  
 And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,  
 Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then, having ended this merry wedding,  
 The bride looked like a queen ;  
 And so they returned to the merry greenwood,  
 Amongst the leaves so green.

ANONYMOUS.

#### JOCK JOHNSTONE, THE TINKLER.

"O, CAME ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,  
 Or down the King's Road of the clench ? \*  
 Or saw ye a knight and a lady bright,  
 Wha ha'e gane the gate they baith shall rue ?"

"I saw a knight and a lady bright  
 Ride up the clench at the break of day ;  
 The knight upon a coal-black steed,  
 And the dame on one of a silver-gray.

"And the lady's palfrey flew the first,  
 With many a clang of silver bell :  
 Swift as the raven's morning flight  
 The two went scouring ower the fell.

"By this time they are man and wife,  
 And standing in St. Mary's fane ;  
 And the lady in the grass-green silk  
 A maid you will never see again."

"But I can tell thee, saucy wight, —  
 And that the runaway shall prove, —  
 Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet  
 As maiden charms or maiden's love."

"Since thou say'st that, my Lord Douglas,  
 Good faith some clinking there will be ;  
 Beshrew my heart but and my sword,  
 If I wiuna turn and ride with thee !"

They whipped out ower the Shepherd Cleuch,  
 And down the links o' the Corseclench Burn ;  
 And aye the Douglas swore by his sword  
 To win his love, or ne'er return.

"First fight your rival, Lord Douglas,  
 And then brag after, if you may ;  
 For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord  
 As ever gave good weapon sway.

"But I for ae poor siller merk,  
 Or thirteen pennies and a bawbee,  
 Will tak in hand to fight you baith,  
 Or beat the winner, whiche'er it be."

The Douglas turned him on his steed,  
 And I wat a loud laughter leuch he :  
 "Of a' the fools I have ever met,  
 Man, I ha'e never met ane like thee.

"Art thou akin to lord or knight,  
 Or courtly squire or warrior leal ?"  
 "I am a tinkler," quo' the wight,  
 "But I like croun-cracking unco weel."

When they came to St. Mary's kirk,  
 The chaplain shook for very fear ;  
 And aye he kissed the cross, and said,  
 "What deevil has sent that Douglas here ?"

"He neither values book nor ban,  
 But curses all without demur ;  
 And cares nae mair for a holy man  
 Than I do for a worthless cur."

"Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,  
 And tell to me without delay  
 Where you have hid the lord of Ross  
 And the lady that came at the break of day."

"No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,  
Have I beheld since break of morn ;  
And I never saw the lord of Ross  
Since the woful day that I was born."

Lord Douglas turned him round about,  
And looked the Tinkler in the face ;  
Where he beheld a lurking smile,  
And a devil of a dour grimace.

"How 's this, how 's this, thou Tinkler loun ?  
Hast thou presumed to lie on me ?"  
"Faith that I have !" the Tinkler said,  
"And a right good turn I have done to thee ;

"For the lord of Ross and thy own true-love,  
The beauteous Harriet of Thirstane,  
Rade west away, ere the break of day ;  
And you 'll never see the dear maid again ;

"So I thought it best to bring you here,  
On a wrang scent, of my own accord ;  
For had you met the Johnstone clan,  
They wad ha'e made mince-meat of a lord."

At this the Douglas was so wroth  
He wist not what to say or do ;  
But he strak the Tinkler o'er the crown,  
Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow.

"Beshrew my heart," quo' the Tinkler lad,  
"Thou bear'st thee most ungallantlye !  
If these are the manners of a lord,  
They are manners that winna gang down wi' me."

"Hold up thy hand," the Douglas cried,  
"And keep thy distance, Tinkler loun !"  
"That will I not," the Tinkler said,  
"Though I and my mare should both go  
doun !"

"I have armor on," cried the Lord Douglas,  
"Cuirass and helm, as you may see."  
"The devil me care !" quo' the Tinkler lad ;  
"I shall have a skelp at them and thee."

"You are not horsed," quo' the Lord Douglas,  
"And no remorse this weapon brooks."  
"Mine 's a right good yaud," quo' the Tinkler  
lad,  
"And a great deal better nor she looks.

"So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord,  
What I have taken I needs must give ;  
Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,  
For the langest day thou hast to live."

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,  
Till the fire from both their weapons flew ;  
But the very first shock that they met with,  
The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,  
And a cuirass on his breast wore he,  
With a good steel bonnet on his head,  
Yet the blood ran trickling to his knee.

The Douglas sat upright and firm,  
Aye as together their horses ran ;  
But the Tinkler laid on like a very deil, —  
Siccan strokes were never laid on by man.

"Hold up thy hand, thou Tinkler loun,"  
Cried the poor priest, with whining din ;  
"If thou hurt the brave Lord James Douglas,  
A curse be on thee and all thy kin !"

"I care no more for Lord James Douglas  
Than Lord James Douglas cares for me ;  
But I want to let his proud heart know  
That a tinkler 's a man as well as he."

So they fought on, and they fought on,  
Till good Lord Douglas' breath was gone ;  
And the Tinkler bore him to the ground,  
With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

"O hon ! O hon !" cried the proud Douglas,  
"That I this day should have lived to see !  
For sure my honor I have lost,  
And a leader again I can never be !

"But tell me of thy kith and kin,  
And where was bred thy weapon hand ?  
For thou art the wale of tinkler louns  
That ever was born in fair Scotland."

"My name 's Jock Johnstone," quo' the wight ;  
"I winna keep in my name frae thee ;  
And here, tak thou thy sword again,  
And better friends we two shall be."

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
That was a debt he could never owe ;  
He would rather die at the back of the diko  
Than owe his sword to a man so low.

"But if thou wilt ride under my banner,  
And bear my livery and my name,  
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be  
And I 'll knight thee on the field of fame."

"Wee worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,  
To think I 'd change my trade for thine ;  
Far better and wiser would you be,  
To live a journeyman of mine,

"To mend a kettle or a casque,  
Or clout a goodwife's yettlin' pan, —  
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,  
You 'd make a noble tinkler-man !

"I would give you a drammock twice a day,  
And sunkets on a Sunday morn,  
And you should be a rare adept  
In steel and copper, brass and horn !

"I'll fight you every day you rise,  
Till you can act the hero's part ;  
Therefore, I pray you, think of this,  
And lay it seriously to heart."

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,  
Answering with an inward curse, —  
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,  
That makes his deadly wound the worse.

But up there came two squires renowned ;  
In search of Lord Douglas they came ;  
And when they saw their master down,  
Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the Tinkler wight,  
Like perfect tigers on their prey :  
But the Tinkler heaved his trusty sword,  
And made him ready for the fray.

"Come one to one, ye coward knaves, —  
Come hand to hand, and steed to steed ;  
I would that ye were better men,  
For this is glorious work indeed !"

Before you could have counted twelve,  
The Tinkler's wondrous chivalrye  
Had both the squires upon the sword,  
And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

The Tinkler tied them neck and heel,  
And mony a biting jest gave he :  
"O fie, for shame !" said the Tinkler lad ;  
"Siccan fighters I did never see !"

He slit one of their bridle reins, —  
O, what disgrace the conquered feels ! —  
And he skelpit the squires with that good tawse,  
Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

The Douglas he was forced to hugh  
Till down his cheek the salt tear ran :  
"I think the deevil he come here  
In the likeness of a tinkler man !"

Then he has to Lord Douglas gone,  
And he raised him kindly by the hand,  
And he set him on his gallant steed,  
And bore him away to Henderland :

"Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,  
Nor writhe beneath a broken bane ;  
For the leech's art will mend the part,  
And your honor lost will spring again.

"T is true, Jock Johnstone is my name ;  
I'm a right good tinkler, as you see ;  
For I can crack a casque betimes,  
Or clout one, as my need may be.

"Jock Johnstone is my name, 't is true, —  
But noble hearts are allied to me ;  
For I am the lord of Annandale,  
And a knight and earl as well as thee."

Then Douglas strained the hero's hand,  
And took from it his sword again :  
"Since thou art the lord of Annandale,  
Thou hast eased my heart of meikle pain.

"I might have known thy noble form  
In that disguise thou'rt pleased to wear ;  
All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,  
And England by experience dear.

"We have been foes as well as friends,  
And jealous of each other's sway ;  
But little can I comprehend  
Thy motive for these pranks to-day."

"Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,  
'T was I that stole your love away,  
And gave her to the lord of Ross  
An hour before the break of day ;

"For the lord of Ross is my brother,  
By all the laws of chivalrye ;  
And I brought with me a thousand men  
To guard him to my ain countrye.

"But I thought meet to stay behind,  
And try your lordship to waylay,  
Resolved to breed some noble sport,  
By leading you so far astray.

"Judging it better some lives to spare, —  
Which fancy takes me now and then,  
And settle our quarrel hand to hand,  
Than each with our ten thousand men.

"God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,  
To Border foray sound and hail !  
But never strike a tinkler again,  
If he be a Johnstone of Annandale."

JAMES HOGG.

#### DEATH OF ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;  
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,  
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his Knights,

And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall nevermore, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Though Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more ; but let what will be, be.  
I am so deeply smitten through the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king ;  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In after-time, this also shall be known :  
But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere :  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me  
word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.  
A little thing may harm a wounded man ;  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he lept  
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping  
down

By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt ;  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs,  
Myriads of topaz-brights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,

This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
In act to throw : but at the last it seemed  
Better to leave Excalibur concealed  
There in the many-knotted water-flags,  
That whistled still and dry about the marge,  
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?  
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :  
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as beseeemed  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :  
For surer sign had followed, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought ;  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud :—

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
What good should follow this, if this were done ?  
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,  
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself ?  
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
What record, or what relic of my lord  
Should be to after-time, but empty breath  
And rumors of a doubt ? but were this kept,  
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
So might some old man speak in the after-time  
To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, eluded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :  
 "What is it thou hast seen / or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :  
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !  
 Authority forgets a dying king,  
 Laid widowed of the power in his eye  
 That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,  
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights  
 In whom should meet the offices of all,  
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :  
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,  
 And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great  
 brand  
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
 And flashing round and round, and whirled in an  
 arch,  
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
 So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :  
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
 And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker  
 breath :  
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
 Not though I live three lives of mortal men,  
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling  
 him ;  
 But when I looked again, beheld an arm,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing  
 hard :  
 "My end draws nigh ; 't is time that I were gone.  
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
 Remorsefully regarded through his tears,  
 And would have spoken, but he found not words ;  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
 And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,  
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
 When all the house is mute. So sighed the  
 King,  
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick,  
 quick !  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he  
 walked,  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
 Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff changed round him, as he  
 passed  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —  
 And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms,  
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream, — by  
 these  
 Three Queens with crowns of gold, — and from  
 them rose  
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,  
 And, as it were one voice, an agony  
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills  
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the  
 barge" ;  
 So to the barge they came. There those three  
 Queens  
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and  
 wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them all,  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his  
hands,

And called him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was  
white

And colorless, and like the withered moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops  
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais-throne—were parched with  
dust;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his  
lips.

So like a shattered column lay the King;  
Not like that Arthur, who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:  
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
Such times have been not since the light that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world;  
And I, the last, go forth companiounless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy  
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest,—if indeed I go  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—  
To the island-valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted  
swan,  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Luffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

[In Eastern history are two Iskanders, or Alexanders, who are sometimes confounded, and both of whom are called Doolkarnein, or the Two-Horned, in allusion to their subjugation of East and West, horns, being an Oriental symbol of power.  
One of these heroes is Alexander of Macedon; the other a conqueror of more ancient times, who built the marvellous series of ramparts on Mount Caucasus, known in fable as the wall of Gog and Magog, that is to say, of the people of the North. It reached from the Euxine Sea to the Caspian, where its flanks originated the subsequent appellation of the Caspian Gates.]

With awful walls, far glooming, that possessed  
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian foun-  
tains,  
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,  
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains;  
And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,  
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,  
Craftily purposed, when his arms withdrew,  
To make him thought still housed there, like  
the thunder:  
And it so fell; for when the winds blew right,  
They woke these trumpets to their calls of night.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,  
Binging the granite rocks, their only bearers,  
Till the long fear into religion grew,  
And nevermore those heights had human darers.  
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god;  
His walls but shadowed forth his mightier  
frowning:  
Armies of giants at his bidding trod  
From realm to realm, king after king dis-  
crowning.  
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake  
stirred,  
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.



But when the winters marred the mountain shelves,

And softer changes came with vernal mornings,  
Something had touched the trumpets' lofty selves,  
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings ;

Fewer and feebler ; as when silence spreads  
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs,  
Left dying,

Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,  
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.  
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,  
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead ? Can great Doolkarnein die ?  
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed ?  
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy  
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded ?

Or is he angered ? Surely he still comes ;  
This silence ushers the dread visitation ;  
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,  
And then will follow bloody desolation.  
So did fear dream ; though now, with not a sound  
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gathered in a band, with lifted eyes,  
The neighbors, and those silent heights ascended.

Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,  
They met, though twice they halted, breath suspended :

Once, at a coming like a god's in rage  
With thunderous leaps, — but 't was the piled  
snow, falling ;

And once, when in the woods an oak, for age,  
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.  
At last they came where still, in dread array,  
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like eavens above ground,  
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,  
Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as  
round

And firm as when the rocks were first set ringing.  
Fresh from their unimaginable mold  
They might have seemed, save that the storms  
had stained them

With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold  
In the bright sunshine, beauteously ingrained  
them.

Breathless the gazers looked, nigh faint for awe,  
Then leaped, then laughed. What was it now  
they saw ?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that filled  
The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices !  
The great, huge, stormy music had been stilled  
By the soft needs that nursed those small,  
sweet noises !

O thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall ?  
Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces ?  
Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small  
Compared with nature's least and gentlest  
courses.

Fears and false creeds may fright the realms  
awhile ;

But heaven and earth abide their time, and smile.

LEIGH HUNT.

#### ALFRED THE HARPER.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,  
The host was idly spread,  
The Danes around their watchfires met,  
Caroused, and fiercely fed.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,  
And Guthrum, king of all,  
Devoured the flesh of England's bees,  
And laughed at England's fall.  
Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,  
In mail and wolf-skin clad,  
Their bracelets white with plundered pearl,  
Their eyes with triumph mad.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,  
And on to Tamar stream,  
Where Thames makes green the towery strand,  
Where Medway's waters gleam, —  
With hands of steel and mouths of flame  
They raged the kingdom through ;  
And where the Norseman sickle came,  
No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse  
With wealth of cities fair ;  
They dragged from many a father's course  
The daughter by her hair.  
And English slaves, and gains and gold,  
Were gathered round the feast ;  
Till midnight in their woodland hold,  
O, never that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude  
Before the strong sea-kings :  
" Ve Lords and Earls of Odin's brood,  
Without a harper sings.  
He seems a simple man and poor,  
But well he sounds the lay ;  
And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,  
Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen cold look,  
And glanced along the board,  
That with the shout and war-cry shook  
Of many a Danish lord.

But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,  
Soon bent on him their gaze,  
White calm he gazed, as if to learn  
Who chief deserved his praise.

Loth Guthrum spake, — "Nay, gaze not thus,  
Thou Harper weak and poor!  
By Thor! who bandy looks with us  
Must worse than looks endure.  
Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,  
High praise each dauntless Earl;  
The brave who stun this English coast  
With war's unceasing whirl."

The Harper slowly bent his head,  
And touched aloud the string;  
Then raised his face, and boldly said,  
"Hear thou my lay, O King!  
High praise from every mouth of man  
To all who boldly strive,  
Who fall where first the fight began,  
And ne'er go back alive.

"Fill high your cups, and swell the shout,  
At famous Regnar's name!  
Who sunk his host in bloody rout,  
When he to Humber came.  
His men were chased, his sons were slain,  
And he was left alone,  
They bound him in an iron chain  
Upon a dungeon stone.

"With iron links they bound him fast;  
With snakes they filled the hole,  
That made his flesh their long repast,  
And bit into his soul.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes?  
Why champ your teeth in pain?  
Still lives the song though Regnar dies!  
Fill high your cups again!  
Ye too, perchance, O Norseman lords!  
Who fought and swayed so long,  
Shall soon but live in minstrel words,  
And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands more  
Than that where Regnar lies.  
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,  
The sod must close your eyes.  
How soon, who knows? Not chief, nor bard;  
And yet to me 't is given,  
To see your foreheads deeply scarred,  
And guess the doom of Heaven.

"I may not read or when or how,  
But, Earls and Kings, be sure  
I see a blade o'er every brow,  
Where pride now sits secure.

Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!  
When chief and monarch fall,  
Their names in song shall breathe again,  
And thrill the feastful hall."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groan,  
And one grew pale with dread,  
His iron mace was grasped by one,  
By one his wine was shed.  
And Guthrum cried, "Nay, hard, no more  
We hear thy boding lay;  
Make drunk the song with spoil and gore!  
Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain," — so burst the song, —  
"To hear the strife once more.  
The mace, the ax, they rest too long;  
Earth cries, My thirst is sore.  
More blithely twang the strings of bows  
Than strings of harps in glee;  
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose  
Or rosy lips to me.

"O, fairer than a field of flowers,  
When flowers in England grew,  
Would be the battle's marshaled powers,  
The plain of carnage new.  
With all its deaths before my soul  
The vision rises fair;  
Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!  
I would that I were there!"

Loth rang the harp, the minstrel's eye  
Rolled fiercely round the throng;  
It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,  
Whose shock aroused the song.  
A golden cup King Guthrum gave  
To him who strongly played;  
And said, "I won it from the slave  
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "T'was Alfred's own;  
Thy song befits the brave:  
The King who cannot guard his throne  
Nor wine nor song shall have."  
The minstrel took the goblet bright,  
And said, "I drink the wine  
To him who owns by justest right  
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

"To him, your Lord, O shout ye all!  
His meed be deathless praise!  
The King who dares not nobly fall,  
Dies basely all his days."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,  
"With sweetness fills mine ear;  
For Alfred swift before me fled,  
And left me monarch here.

The royal coward never dared  
Beneath mine eye to stand.  
O, would that now this feast he shared,  
And saw me rule his land ! ”

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,  
And gazed upon the King, —  
“ Not now the golden cup I take,  
Nor more to thee I sing.  
Another day, a happier hour,  
Shall bring me here again :  
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power,  
Till I demand it then. ”

The Harper turned and left the shiel,  
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown ;  
And one who marked his visage said  
It wore a ghastly frown.  
The Danes ne'er saw that Harper more,  
For soon as morning rose,  
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,  
And slew ten thousand foes.

JOHN STERLING.

## THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew ;  
And it was “ Hey for hame !  
And ho for hame ! ” But the skipper cried,  
“ Hand her oot o'er the saut sea faem. ”

Then up and spoke the king himsel' :  
“ Hand on for Dumferline ! ”  
Quo the skipper, “ Ye 're king upo' the land —  
I 'm king upo' the brine. ”

And he took the helm intil his hand,  
And he steered the ship sae free ;  
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,  
And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, “ There 's treason in this, I vow ;  
This is something underhand !  
'Bout ship ! ” Quo the skipper, “ Yer grace  
forgets  
Ye are king bot o' the land ! ”

And still he held to the open sea ;  
And the east-wind sank behind ;  
And the west had a bitter word to say,  
Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.  
Said the king : “ Gar fling him o'er. ”  
Quo the fearless skipper : “ It 's a' ye 're worth !  
Ye 'll ne'er see Scotland more. ”

The king crept down the cabin-stair,  
To drink the gude French wine.  
And up she came, his daughter fair,  
And luikit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,  
To the hail but and the weat ;  
Her snood it brak, and, as lang 's hersel',  
Her hair drave out i' the sleat.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win' —  
“ What 's that ahead ? ” quo she.  
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',  
And he drove the helm a-lee.

“ Put to yer hand, my lady fair !  
Put to yer hand, ” quo he ;  
“ Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,  
It 's the waur for you and me. ”

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,  
Whether woman's or man's at last.  
To the tiller the lady she laid her han',  
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,  
And the will is mair than shape ;  
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,  
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper : “ Ye are a lady fair,  
And a princess grand to see ;  
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail  
To hell in yer company. ”

She liftit a pale and queenly face ;  
Her een flashed, and aye they swim.  
“ And what for no to heaven ? ” she says,  
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the good ship's  
helm,  
Until the day did daw ;  
And the skipper he spak, but what he said  
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,  
With the land far on the lee ;  
And up came the king upo' the deck,  
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king :  
“ Gae wa', gae wa', ” said the king.  
Said the king, like a prince, “ I was a' wrang,  
Put on this ruby ring. ”

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam' oot,  
And the ship turned to the shore ;  
And, afore the sun was up again,  
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-head,  
 And the king he stept on the land,  
 "Skipper, kneel down," the king he said,  
 "Hoo daur ye afore me stand!"

The skipper he louted on his knee,  
 The king his blade he drew:  
 Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?  
 I'm aboard my ain ship noo."

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,  
 "For the Lord alone can do that;  
 And besides ye took it intil yer ain han'  
 And crowned yersel' sae pat!"

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;  
 For ance I am at your beck,  
 And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,  
 Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king  
 In his een for all his croon;  
 Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,  
 And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,  
 A wrathful man to see:  
 "The rascal loon abuses our grace;  
 Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,  
 And he drew his biting blade;  
 And he struck the chain that held her fast,  
 But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;  
 And tramp, tramp, down the pier,  
 Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,  
 Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;  
 "His life ye daurna spill!"  
 "Will ye come atween me and my hate!"  
 Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear,  
 For they heard the iron ring,  
 "Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,  
 Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneed to my father for his grace,  
 Right lowly on my knee;  
 But I stand and look the king in the face,  
 For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,  
 And the cable splashed in the sea,  
 The good ship spread her wings sae white,  
 And away with the skipper goes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,  
 And a brave lady beside,  
 And a woman with whom a man might sail  
 Into the heaven wi' pride!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

### NORVAL.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "DOUGLAS."

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills  
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,  
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
 For I had heard of battles, and I longed  
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;  
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied,  
 This moon which rose last night, round as my  
 shield,

Had not yet filled her horn, when, by her light,  
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,  
 Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,  
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds  
 fled

For safety and for succor. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
 Hovered about the enemy, and marked  
 The road he took, then hastened to my friends,  
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.  
 We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was  
 drawn

An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,  
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear,  
 Returning home in triumph, I disclaimed  
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard  
 That our good king had summoned his bold peers  
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps,  
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
 Journeying with this intent, I passed these  
 towers,

And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do  
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

JOHN HOME.

### JORASSE.

JORASSE was in his three-and-twentieth year;  
 Graceful and active as a stag just roused;  
 Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,  
 Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up  
 Among the hunters of the Higher Alps;  
 Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,  
 Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies.

Once, nor long before,  
 Alone at daybreak on the Mettenberg,  
 He slipped, he fell; and, through a fearful cleft  
 Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,  
 Went to the under-world! Long-while he lay  
 Upon his rugged bed, — then waked like one  
 Wishing to sleep again and sleep forever!  
 For, looking round, he saw, or thought he saw,  
 Innumerable branches of a cavern,  
 Winding beneath a solid crust of ice;  
 With here and there a rent that showed the stars!  
 What then, alas, was left him but to die?  
 What else in those immeasurable chambers,  
 Stewn with the bones of miserable men,  
 Lost like himself? Yet must he wander on,  
 Till cold and hunger set his spirit free!  
 And, rising, he began his dreary round;  
 When hark, the noise as of some mighty river  
 Working its way to light! Back he withdrew,  
 But soon returned, and, fearless from despair,  
 Dashed down the dismal channel; and all day,  
 If day could be where utter darkness was,  
 Traveled incessantly, the craggy roof  
 Just overhead, and the impetuous waves,  
 Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength,  
 Lashing him on. At last the water slept  
 In a dead lake, — at the third step he took,  
 Unfathomable, — and the roof, that long  
 Had threatened, suddenly descending, lay  
 Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,  
 His journey ended, when a ray divine  
 Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to  
 her

Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,  
 He plunged, he swam, — and in an instant rose,  
 The barrier past, in light, in sunshine! Through  
 A smiling valley, full of cottages,  
 Glittering the river ran; and on the bank  
 The young were dancing 't was a festival-day)  
 All in their best attire. There first he saw  
 His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,  
 When all drew round, inquiring: and her face,  
 Seen behind all, and varying, as he spoke,  
 With hope and fear and generous sympathy,  
 Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a  
 royal sport,  
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on  
 the court.  
 The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in  
 their pride,  
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with  
 one for whom he sighed:

And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that  
 crowning show,  
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal  
 beasts below.

Ranped and roared the lions, with horrid laugh-  
 ing jaws;  
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a  
 wind went with their paws,  
 With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled  
 on one another.  
 Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a  
 thunderous smother.  
 The bloody foam above the bars came whi kang  
 through the air;  
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're  
 better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous  
 lively dame,  
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which  
 always seemed the same;  
 She thought, the Count, my lover, is brave as  
 brave can be;  
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his  
 love of me;  
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is  
 divine;  
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory  
 will be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then  
 looked at him and smiled;  
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the  
 lions wild;  
 The leap was quick, return was quick, he has  
 regained his place,  
 Then threw the glove, but not with love, right  
 in the lady's face.

"By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!"  
 and he rose from where he sat:  
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a  
 task like that."

LEIGH HUNT

## GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,  
 Where among other trophies may be seen  
 Tassoni's bucket (in its chain it hangs  
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),  
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
 Will long detain you; but, before you go,  
 Enter the house — forget it not, I pray —  
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,  
The last of that illustrious family;  
Done by Zamperi — but by whom I care not.  
He who observes it, ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,  
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold  
Broided with flowers, and clasped from head to  
foot,  
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart, —  
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs  
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,  
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ, —  
A chest that came from Venice, and had held  
The ducal robes of some old ancestor,  
That, by the way — it may be true or false —  
But don't forget the picture; and you will not  
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child, — her name Ginevra,  
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent father;  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,  
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,  
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.  
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;  
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,  
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;  
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,  
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting,  
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,  
" 'T is but to make a trial of our love!"  
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,  
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.  
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,  
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,  
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas, she was not to be found;  
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,  
But that she was not!

Wearied of his life,

Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,  
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
Orsini lived, — and long might you have seen  
An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
Something he could not find, he knew not what.  
When he was gone, the house remained awhile  
Silent and tenantless, — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,  
When, on an idle day, a day of search  
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was said  
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,  
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"  
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way  
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,  
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,  
A golden clasp, clasping a shroud of gold!  
All else had perished, — save a wedding-ring,  
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both,  
"Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave!  
Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;  
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down forever!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

#### THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;  
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
And keeping their Christmas holiday.  
The baron beheld with a father's pride  
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;  
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be  
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;  
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!  
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace  
The clew to my secret lurking-place."  
Away she ran, — and her friends began  
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;  
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?  
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her  
next day,  
And they sought her in vain when a week passed  
away:

In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not,  
And years flew by, and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;  
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,  
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."



Of some foul stream, the fairest woman slept  
 These roving eyes have ever looked upon,  
 Almost a child, her bosom barely showed  
 The change beyond her girlhood. All her charms  
 Were budding, but half opened; for I saw  
 Not only beauty wondrous in itself,  
 But possibility of more to be  
 In the full process of her blooming days.  
 I gazed upon her, and my heart grew soft,  
 As a parched pasture with the dew of heaven.  
 While thus I gazed she smiled, and slowly raised  
 The long curve of her lashes; and we looked  
 Each upon each in wonder, not alarm, —  
 Not eye to eye, but soul to soul, we held  
 Each other for a moment. All her life  
 Seemed centered in the circle of her eyes.  
 She stirred no limb; her long-drawn, equal breath  
 Swelled out and ebbed away beneath her breast,  
 In calm unbroken. Not a sign of fear  
 Touched the faint color on her oval cheek,  
 Or pinched the arches of her tender mouth.  
 She took me for a vision, and she lay  
 With her sleep's smile unaltered, as in doubt  
 Whether real life had stolen into her dreams,  
 Or dreaming stretched into her outer life.  
 I was not graceless to a woman's eyes.  
 The girls of Damar paused to see me pass,  
 I walking in my rags, yet beautiful.  
 One maiden said, "He has a prince's air!"  
 I am a prince; the air was all my own.  
 So thought the lily on the Imam's breast;  
 And lightly as a summer mist, that lifts  
 Before the morning, so she floated up,  
 Without a sound or rustle of a robe,  
 From her coarse pillow, and before me stood  
 With asking eyes. The Imam never moved.  
 A stride and blow were all my need, and they  
 Were wholly in my power. I took her hand,  
 I held a warning finger to my lips,  
 And whispered in her small, expectant ear,  
 "Adeb, the son of Akem!" She replied  
 In a low murmur whose bewildering sound  
 Almost lulled wakeful me to sleep, and sealed  
 The sleeper's lids in tenfold slumber, "Prince,  
 Lord of the Imam's life and of my heart,  
 Take all thou seest, — it is thy right, I know,  
 But spare the Imam for his own soul's sake!"  
 Then I arrayed me in a robe of state,  
 Shining with gold and jewels; and I bound  
 In my long turban gems that might have bought  
 The hands 'twixt Babelmandeb and Sahan.  
 I girt about me, with a blazing belt,  
 A scimitar o'er which the sweating smiths  
 In far Damascus hammered for long years,  
 Whose hilt and scabbard shot a trembling light  
 From diamonds and rubies. And she smiled,  
 As piece by piece I put the treasures on,  
 To see me look so fair, — in pride she smiled.

I hung long purses at my side. I scooped,  
 From off a table, figs and dates and rice,  
 And bound them to my girdle in a sack.  
 Then over all I hung a snowy cloak,  
 And beckoned to the maiden. So she stole  
 Forth like my shadow, just the sleeping wolf  
 Who wronged my father, o'er the woolly head  
 Of the swart eunuch, down the painted court,  
 And by the sentinel who standing slept.  
 Strongly against the portal, through my rags,  
 My old base rags, — and through the maiden's veil,  
 I pressed my knife, — upon the wooden hilt  
 Was "Adeb, son of Akem," carved by me  
 In my long slavehood, — as a passing sign  
 To wait the Imam's waking. Shadows cast  
 From two high-sailing clouds upon the sand  
 Passed not more noiseless than we two, as one,  
 Glided beneath the moonlight, till I smelt  
 The fragrance of the stables. As I slid  
 The wide doors open, with a sudden bound  
 Uprose the startled horses; but they stood  
 Still as the man who in a foreign land  
 Hears his strange language, when my Desert call,  
 As low and plaintive as the nested dove's,  
 Fell on their listening ears. From stall to stall,  
 Feeling the horses with my groping hands,  
 I crept in darkness; and at length I came  
 Upon two sister mares whose rounded sides,  
 Fine muzzles, and small heads, and pointed ears,  
 And foreheads sprending 'twixt their eyelids wide,  
 Long slender tails, thin manes, and coats of silk,  
 Told me, that, of the hundred steeds there stalled,  
 My hand was on the treasures. O'er and o'er  
 I felt their bony joints, and down their legs  
 To the cool hoofs; — no blemish anywhere:  
 These I led forth and saddled. Upon one  
 I set the lily, gathered now for me, —  
 My own, henceforth, forever. So we rode  
 Across the grass, beside the stony path,  
 Until we gained the highway that is lost,  
 Leading from Sana, in the eastern sands:  
 When, with a cry that both the desert-born  
 Knew without hint from whip or goading spur,  
 We dashed into a gallop. Far behind  
 In sparks and smoke the dusty highway rose;  
 And ever on the maiden's face I saw,  
 When the moon flashed upon it, the strange smile  
 It wore on waking. Once I kissed her mouth,  
 When she grew weary, and her strength returned.  
 All through the night we scoured between the hills:  
 The moon went down behind us, and the stars  
 Dropped after her; but long before I saw  
 A planet blazing straight against our eyes,  
 The road had softened, and the shadowy hills  
 Had flattened out, and I could hear the hiss  
 Of sand spurned backward by the flying mares.  
 Glory to God! I was at home again!  
 The sun rose on us; far and near I saw



The level Desert ; sky met sand all round.  
 We paused at mid-day by a palm-crowned well,  
 And ate and slumbered. Somewhat, too, was said :  
 The words have slipped my memory. That same  
 eve

We rode sedately through a Hamoum camp, —  
 I, Adeb, prince amongst them, and my bride.  
 And ever since amongst them I have ridden,  
 A head and shoulders taller than the best ;  
 And ever since my days have been of gold,  
 My nights have been of silver, — God is just !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

### MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

FROM "MAZEPPA."

"Bring forth the horse !" — the horse was  
 brought,

In truth, he was a noble steed,  
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,  
 Who looked as though the speed of thought  
 Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,  
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,  
 With spur and bridle undefiled, —

'T was but a day he had been caught ;  
 And snorting, with erected mane,  
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,  
 In the full foam of wrath and dread  
 To me the desert-born was led ;  
 They bound me on, that menial throng,  
 Upon his back with many a thong ;  
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash, —  
 Away ! — away ! — and on we dash !  
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

"Away ! — away ! — My breath was gone, —  
 I saw not where he hurried on ;  
 'T was scarcely yet the break of day,  
 And on he foamed, — away ! — away ! —  
 The last of human sounds which rose,  
 As I was darted from my foes,  
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
 Which on the wind came roaring after  
 A moment from that rabble rout ;  
 With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,  
 And snapped the cord which to the mane  
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,  
 And, writhing half my form about,  
 Howled back my curse ; but midst the tread,  
 The thunder of my coursers' speed,  
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed :

"Away, away, my steed and I,  
 Upon the pinions of the wind,  
 All human dwellings left behind ;  
 We sped like meteors through the sky,  
 When with its crackling sound the night

Is checkered with the northern light :  
 Town, — village, — none were on our track.

But a wild plain of far extent,  
 And bounded by a forest black ;  
 And, save the scarce seen battlement  
 On distant heights of some strong hold,  
 Against the Tartars built of old,  
 No trace of man. . . . .

"But fast we fled, away, away,  
 And I could neither sigh nor pray ;  
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain  
 Upon the coursers' bristling mane ;  
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,  
 He flew upon his far career ;  
 At times I almost thought, indeed,  
 He must have slackened in his speed ;  
 But no, — my bound and slender frame  
 Was nothing to his angry might,  
 And merely like a spur became :  
 Each motion which I made to free  
 My swollen limbs from their agony  
 Increased his fury and affright :  
 I tried my voice, — 't was faint and low,  
 But yet he swerved as from a blow ;  
 And, starting to each accent, sprang  
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang ;  
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore,  
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er :  
 And in my tongue the thirst became  
 A something fiercer far than flame.

"We neared the wild wood, — 't was so wide,  
 I saw no bounds on either side ;  
 'T was studded with old sturly trees,  
 That bent not to the roughest breeze  
 Which howls down from Siberia's waste,  
 And strips the forest in its haste, —  
 But these were few and far between,  
 Set thick with shrubs more young and green,  
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves,  
 Ere strawn by those autumnal eves  
 That nip the forest's foliage dead,  
 Discolored with a lifeless red,  
 Which stands thereon like stiffened gore  
 Upon the slain when battle's o'er,  
 And some long winter's night hath shed  
 Its frost o'er every tombless head,  
 So cold and stark the raven's beak  
 May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :  
 'T was a wild waste of underwood,  
 And here and there a chestnut stood,  
 The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;  
 But far apart, — and well it were,  
 Or else a different lot were mine, —  
 The boughs gave way, and did not tear  
 My limbs ; and I found strength to bear  
 My wounds, already scarred with cold, —

My bonds forbade to loose my hold.  
 We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
 Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind ;  
 By night I heard them on the track,  
 Their troop came hard upon our back  
 With their long gallop, which can tire  
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :  
 Where'er we flew they followed on,  
 Nor left us with the morning sun ;  
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,  
 At daybreak winding through the wood,  
 And through the night had heard their feet  
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.  
 O, how I wished for spear or sword,  
 At least to die amidst the horde,  
 And perish — if it must be so —  
 At bay, destroying many a foe !  
 When first my coursor's race began,  
 I wished the goal already won ;  
 But now I doubted strength and speed.  
 Vain doubt ! his swift and savage breed  
 Had nerved him like the mountain rein ;

“ The wood was passed ; 't was more than noon,  
 But chill the air, although in June ;  
 Or it might be my veins ran cold,  
 Prolonged endurance tames the bold ;

“ What marvel if this worn-out trunk  
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?  
 The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,  
 I seemed to sink upon the ground ;  
 But erred, for I was fastly bound.  
 My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,  
 And throbbled awhile, then beat no more ;  
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;  
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,  
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,  
 Which saw no farther ; he who dies  
 Can die no more than then I did.  
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,  
 I felt the blackness come and go,

And strove to wake ; but could not make  
 My senses climb up from below :  
 I felt as on a plank at sea,  
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,  
 At the same time upheave and whirl,  
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.  
 My undulating life was as  
 The fancied lights that flitting pass  
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when  
 Fever begins upon the brain ;  
 But soon it passed, with little pain,  
 But a confusion worse than such :  
 I own that I should deem it much,  
 Dying, to feel the same again ;  
 And yet I do suppose we must  
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust :

No matter ; I have bared my brow  
 Full in Death's face — before — and now.

“ My thoughts came back : where was I ? Cold  
 And numb and giddy : pulse by pulse  
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,  
 And throbed by throbs, — till grown a pang  
 Which for a moment would convulse,  
 My blood reflowed, though thick and chill ;  
 My ear with uncouth noises rang ;  
 My heart began once more to thrill ;  
 My sight returned, though dim ; alas !  
 And thickened, as it were, with glass.  
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;  
 There was a gleam too of the sky,  
 Studded with stars ; — it is no dream ;  
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream !  
 The bright, broad river's gushing tide  
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,  
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er  
 To you unknown and silent shore.  
 The waters broke my hollow trance,  
 And with a temporary strength

My stiffened limbs were rebaptized,  
 My coursor's broad breast proudly braves,  
 And dashes off the ascending waves,  
 And onward we advance !  
 We reach the slippery shore at length,  
 A haven I but little prized,  
 For all behind was dark and drear,  
 And all before was night and fear.  
 How many hours of night or day  
 In those suspended pangs I lay,  
 I could not tell ; I scarcely knew  
 If this were human breath I drew.

“ With glossy skin, and dripping mane,  
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,  
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
 Up the repelling bank.  
 We gain the top ; a boundless plain  
 Spreads through the shadow of the night,  
 And onward, onward, onward, seems,  
 Like precipices in our dreams,  
 To stretch beyond the sight ;  
 And here and there a speck of white,  
 Or scattered spot of dusky green,  
 In masses broke into the light  
 As rose the moon upon my right.

But naught distinctly seen  
 In the dim waste would indicate  
 The omen of a cottage gate ;  
 No twinkling taper from afar  
 Stood like a hospitable star ;  
 Not even an *ignis-fatuus* rose  
 To make him merry with my woes :  
 That very cheat had cheered me then !  
 Although detected, welcome still,

Reminding me, through every ill,  
Of the abodes of men.

“Onward we went, — but slack and slow ;  
His savage force at length o’erspent,  
The drooping courser, faint and low,  
All feebly foaming went.  
A sickly infant had had power  
To guide him forward in that hour ;  
But useless all to me.

His new-born tameness naught availed, —  
My limbs were bound ; my force had failed,  
Perchance, had they been free.

With feeble efforts still I tried  
To rend the bonds so starkly tied,  
But still it was in vain ;

My limbs were only wrung the more,  
And soon the idle strife gave o’er,

Which but prolonged their pain ;  
The dizzy race seemed almost done,  
Although no goal was nearly won,  
Some streaks announced the coming sun, —

How slow, alas ! he came !  
Methought that mist of dawning gray  
Would never dapple into day ;  
How heavily it rolled away, —

Before the eastern flame  
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,  
And called the radiance from their cars,  
And filled the earth, from his deep throne,  
With lonely luster, all his own.

“Up rose the sun ; the mists were curled  
Back from the solitary world  
Which lay around — behind — before.  
What booted it to traverse o’er  
Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,  
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;  
No sign of travel, — none of toil ;  
The very air was mute ;

And not an insect’s shrill snail horn,  
Nor matin bird’s new voice, was borne  
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,  
Panting as if his heart would burst,  
The weary brute still staggered on ;  
And still we were, or seemed, alone.  
At length, while reeling on our way,  
Methought I heard a courser neigh  
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.  
Is it the wind those branches stirs ?  
No, no ! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop ; I see them come !  
In one vast squadron they advance !

I strove to cry, — my lips were dumb.  
The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;  
But where are they the reins to guide ?  
A thousand horse, — and none to ride !

With flowing tail, and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,  
Months bloodless to the bit or rein,  
And feet that iron never shod,  
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o’er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,  
As if our faint approach to meet ;  
The sight renewed my courser’s feet,  
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
A moment, with a faint low neigh,  
He answered, and then fell :

With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
And reeking limbs immovable,

His first and last career is done !  
On came the troop, — they saw him stoop,  
They saw me strangely bound along  
His back with many a bloody thong :

They stop, — they start, — they snuff the air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,  
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
Headed by one black mighty steed,  
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair  
Of white upon his shaggy hide ;  
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,  
And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,  
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,  
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,  
Relieved from that unwonted weight,  
From whence I could not extricate  
Nor him nor me, and there we lay

The dying on the dead !  
I little deemed another day  
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“And there from morn till twilight bound,  
I felt the heavy hours toil round,  
With just enough of life to see  
My last of suns go down on me.

“The sun was sinking, — still I lay  
Chained to the chill and stiffening steed :  
I thought to mingle there our clay ;  
And my dim eyes of death had need.  
No hope arose of being freed :

I cast my last looks up the sky,  
And there between me and the sun  
I saw the expecting raven fly,  
Who scarce would wait till both should die  
Ere his repast began ;  
He flew, and perched, then flew once more,  
And each time nearer than before :  
I saw his wing through twilight flit,

And once so near me he alit  
 I could have snote, but lacked the strength ;  
 But the slight motion of my hand,  
 And feeble scratching of the sand,  
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,  
 Which scarcely could be called a voice,  
 Together scared him off at length.  
 I know no more, — my latest dream  
 Is something of a lovely star  
 Which fixed my dull eyes from afar,  
 And went and came with wandering beam,  
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense  
 Sensation of recurring sense,  
 And then subsiding back to death,  
 And then again a little breath,  
 A little thrill, a short suspense,  
 An icy sickness curdling o'er  
 My heart, and sparks that crossed my brain, —  
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,  
 A sigh, and nothing more.

"I woke. — Where was I? — Do I see  
 A human face look down on me?  
 And doth a roof above me close?  
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
 Is this a chamber where I lie?  
 And is it mortal yon bright eye,  
 That watches me with gentle glance?  
 I closed my own again once more,  
 As doubtful that the former trance  
 Could not as yet be o'er.  
 A slender girl, long-haired and tall,  
 Sat watching by the cottage wall;  
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,  
 Even with my first return of thought;  
 For ever and anon she threw  
 A prying, pitying glance on me  
 With her black eyes so wild and free:  
 I gazed and gazed, until I knew  
 No vision it could be, —  
 But that I lived, and was released  
 From adding to the vulture's feast:  
 And when the Cossack maid beheld  
 My heavy eyes at length unsealed,  
 She smiled, — and I essayed to speak.  
 But failed, — and she approached, and made  
 With lip and finger signs that said  
 I must not strive as yet to break  
 The silence, till my strength should be  
 Enough to leave my accents free;  
 And then her hand on mine she laid,  
 And smoothed the pillow for my head,  
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,  
 And gently oped the door, and spake  
 In whispers, — ne'er was voice so sweet!  
 Even music followed her light feet;  
 But those she called were not awake,  
 And she went forth; but, ere she passed,

Another look on me she cast,  
 Another sign she made, to say  
 That I had naught to fear, that all  
 Were near, at my command or call,  
 And she would not delay  
 Her due return: while she was gone,  
 Methought I felt too much alone.

"She came with mother and with sire, —  
 What need of more? — I will not tire  
 With long recital of the rest,  
 Since I became the Cossack's guest.  
 They found me senseless on the plain, —  
 They bore me to the nearest hut, —  
 They brought me into life again, —  
 Me, — one day o'er their realm to reign!  
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
 His rage, refining on my pain,  
 Sent me forth to the wilderness,  
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
 To pass the desert to a throne, —  
 What mortal his own doom may guess?"

LORD BYRON

#### THE ARAB TO HIS FAVORITE STEED.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that staid meek-  
 ly hy,  
 With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and  
 dark and fiery eye,  
 Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy  
 winged speed:  
 I may not mount on thee again, — thou'rt sold,  
 my Arab steed!  
 Fret not with that impatient hoof, — snuff not  
 the breezy wind, —  
 The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;  
 The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, — thy master  
 hath *his* gold, —  
 Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt  
 sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.  
 Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a  
 mile must roam,  
 To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds  
 the stranger's home:  
 Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn  
 and bed prepare,  
 Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's  
 care!  
 The morning sun shall dawn again, but never  
 more with thee  
 Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where  
 we were wont to be:  
 Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the  
 sandy plain  
 Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me  
 home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the  
brilliant sun and sky,  
Thy master's house, — from all of these my  
exiled one must fly;  
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy  
step become less fleet,  
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy mas-  
ter's hand to meet.  
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye,  
glancing bright; —  
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm  
and light;  
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or  
cheer thy speed,  
Then must I, starting, wake to feel, — thou 'rt  
*sold*, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand  
may chide,  
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along  
thy panting side:  
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy  
indignant pain,  
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count  
each starting vein.  
*Will* they ill-use thee! If I thought — but no,  
it cannot be, —  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle,  
yet so free:  
And yet, if haply, when thou 'rt gone, my lonely  
heart should yearn, —  
Can the hand which casts thee from it now com-  
mand thee to return?

*Return!* alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy  
master do,  
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished  
from his view?  
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and  
through the gathering tears  
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false  
mirage appears:  
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary  
step alone,  
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou  
off hast borne me on;  
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause  
and sadly think,  
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last  
I saw him drink!"

*When last I saw thee drink!* — Away! the fevered  
dream is o'er, —  
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should  
meet no more!  
They tempted me, my beautiful! — for hunger's  
power is strong, —  
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have  
loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? who said  
that thou wast sold?  
'T is false, — 't is false, my Arab steed! I fling  
them back their gold!  
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the  
distant plains:  
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee  
for his pains!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

## HELVELLYN.

[In the spring of 1837, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a pile of stones, in constant attendance during frequent gales of wind which sweep the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.]

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed  
misty and wide:  
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was  
yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.  
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn  
was bending,  
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
When I marked the sad spot where the wan-  
derer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown moun-  
tain heather,  
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in  
decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless  
clay;  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was  
slumber?  
When the wind waved his garment, how oft  
didst thou start!  
How many long days and long nights didst thou  
number  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart!  
And, O, was it meet that — no requiem read o'er  
him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before  
him —  
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted  
hall,

With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :  
 Through the courts, at deep-midnight, the torches  
 are gleaming ;  
 In the proudly arched chapel the banners are  
 beaming ;  
 Faradown the longaisle sacred music is streaming,  
 Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain  
 lamb,  
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge  
 in stature,  
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.  
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake  
 lying,  
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,  
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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#### HELVELLYN.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
 He halts, and searches with his eyes  
 Among the scattered rocks ;  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
 And instantly a dog is seen,  
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy, —  
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry ;  
 Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow road or height ;  
 Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.  
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land, —  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Seid through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;

And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past,  
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
 The shepherd stood ; then makes his way  
 O'er rocks and stones, following the dog  
 As quickly as he may ;  
 Nor far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground.  
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The man had fallen, that place of fear !  
 At length upon the shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear.  
 He instantly recalled the name,  
 And who he was, and whence he came ;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the traveler passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell !  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,  
 This dog had been through three months' space  
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that, since the day  
 When this ill-fated traveler died,  
 The dog had watched about the spot,  
 Or by his master's side :  
 How nourished here through such long time  
 He knows who gave that love sublime,  
 And gave that strength of feeling, great  
 Above all human estimate !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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#### THE STAG HUNT.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
 And deep his midnight lair had made  
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;  
 But, when the sun his beacon red  
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay  
 Resounded up the rocky way,  
 And faint, from farther distance borne,  
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.  
 As Chief who hears his warder call,  
 "To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"

The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;  
Like crested leader proud and high  
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry,  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;  
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
With one brave bound the course he cleared,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack ;  
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountain gave response.  
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
A hundred voices joined the shout ;  
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe ;  
Close in her covert covered the doe ;  
The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint, and more faint, its failing din  
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war  
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,  
And roused the cavern, where, 't is told,  
A giant made his den of old ;  
For ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his pathway hung the sun,  
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
And of the trackers of the deer,  
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;  
So shrewdly, on the mountain-side,  
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now  
Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
Where broad extended, far beneath,  
The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
With anxious eye he wandered o'er  
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
And pondered refuge from his toil,  
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.  
But nearer was the copewood gray  
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,

And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.  
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,  
With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
Held westward with unwearied race,  
And left behind the panting chase.

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;  
What reins were tightened in despair,  
When rose Benedi's ridge in air ;  
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,  
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith, —  
For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
Few were the stragglers, following far,  
That reached the lake of Vennachar ;  
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unabated zeal,  
That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;  
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,  
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
The laboring stag strained full in view.  
Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,  
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,  
Fast on his flying traces came,  
And all but won that desperate game ;  
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch ;  
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
Thus up the margin of the lake,  
Between the precipice and brake,  
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter marked that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart barred the way ;  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;  
For the death-wound and death-halloo  
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;  
But thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared,  
The wily quarry shunned the shock.  
And turned him from the opposing rock ;  
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook  
His solitary refuge took.  
There while, close couched, the thicket shed  
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,  
He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pass again,  
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,  
 To cheer them on the vanished game ;  
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.  
 The impatient rider strove in vain  
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
 For the good steed, his labors o'er,  
 Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;  
 Then, touched with pity and remorse,  
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse :  
 " 'Tis little thought, when first thy rein  
 I slacked upon the banks of Scine,  
 That Highland eagle o'er should feed  
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !  
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray ! "

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
 Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,  
 The sulky leaders of the chase ;  
 Close to their master's side they pressed,  
 With drooping tail and humbled crest ;  
 But still the dingle's hollow throat  
 Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.  
 The owlets started from their dream,  
 The eagles answered with their scream,  
 Round and around the sounds were cast,  
 Till echo seemed an answering blast ;  
 And on the hunter hied his way,  
 To join some comrades of the day ;  
 Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
 So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE STAG HUNT.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

The stag too, singled from the herd where long  
 He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,  
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
 He, sprightly, puts his faith : and, roused by  
 fear,  
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.  
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :  
 Deception short ! though fleetest than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen-aired mountain by the north,  
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the  
 glades,  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood, —  
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
 The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
 He sweeps the forest off : and sobbing sees  
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day,  
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends

He wout to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;  
 Oft seeks the herd : the watchful herd, alarmed,  
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
 Inspire the course : but fainting breathless toil,  
 Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
 He groans in anguish : while the growling pack,  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
 And mark his beautiful checkered sides with gore.

JAMES THOMSON.

## BETH GÉLERT.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,  
 And cheerily smiled the morn ;  
 And many a brach, and many a hound,  
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
 And gave a lustier cheer,  
 " Come, Gélert, come, wert never last  
 Llewelyn's horn to hear.

" O, where does faithful Gélert roam,  
 The flower of all his race ;  
 So true, so brave, — a lamb at home,  
 A lion in the chase ? "

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
 The gift of royal John ;  
 But now no Gélert could be found,  
 And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewelyn little loved  
 The chase of hart and hare ;  
 And scant and small the booty proved,  
 For Gélert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,  
 When, near the portal seat,  
 His truant Gélert he espied,  
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,  
 Aghast the chieftain stood :  
 The hound all o'er was smeared with gore ;  
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;  
 Unused such looks to meet,  
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,  
 And crouched, and licked his feet.



Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,  
And on went Gélert too ;  
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'turned his infant's bed he found,  
With blood-stained covert rent ;  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, — no voice replied, —  
He searched with terror wild ;  
Blood, blood he found on every side,  
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured,"  
The frantic father cried ;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gélert's side.

Aroused by Gélert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh :  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry ?

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had missed,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,  
But, the same couch beneath,  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !  
For now the truth was clear ;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain  
To save Llewelyn's heir.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

#### WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day ;  
All the jolly chase is here.  
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear !  
Hounds are in their couples yelling.  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily mingle they.  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,  
And foresters have busy been  
To track the buck in thicket green ;

Now we come to chant our lay,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the greenwood haste away ;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;  
We can show the marks he made  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
You shall see him brought to bay ;  
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
Tell them, youth and mirth and glee  
Run a course as well as we ;  
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,  
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk !  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

#### A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn :  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn,  
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms to make him stay :  
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;  
You cannot hunt to-day."  
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,  
Their steeds they soundly switch ;  
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,  
And some thrown in the ditch.  
Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,  
And sweeps across the vale ;  
And when the hounds too near he spies,  
He drops his bushy tail.  
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,  
And join the jovial cry ;  
The woods, the hills, the sound re-tort,  
And music fills the sky,  
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,  
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;  
Then hungry, homeward we return,  
To feast away the night.  
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn  
 Prepare then for the chase ;  
 Rise at the sounding of the horn  
 And health with sport embrace,  
 When a hunting we do go.  
 HENRY FIELDING.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Rise ! Sleep no more ! 'T is a noble morn.  
 The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,  
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,  
 Under the steaming, steaming ground.  
 Behold where the billowy clouds flow by,  
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky !  
 Our horses are ready and steady. — So, ho !  
 I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.  
*Hark, hark ! — Who calleth the maiden Morn  
 From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn ?  
 The horn, — the horn !  
 The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.*

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,  
 And over the stream at a mighty bound,  
 And over the high lands, and over the low,  
 O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go !  
 Away ! — as a hawk flies full at his prey,  
 So flieeth the hunter, away, — away !  
 From the burst at the cover till set of sun,  
 When the red fox dies, and — the day is done !  
*Hark, hark ! — What sound on the wind is borne !  
 'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn !  
 The horn, — the horn !  
 The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.*

Sound ! Sound the horn ! To the hunter good  
 What's the gully deep or the roaring flood ?  
 Right over his bounds, as the wild stag bounds,  
 At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.  
 O, what delight can a mortal lack,  
 When he once is firm on his horse's back,  
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,  
 And the blast of the horn for his morning song  
*Hark, hark ! — Now, home ! and dream till morn  
 Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn !  
 The horn, — the horn !  
 O, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn !*

BRYAN W. PROCTER  
 (BARRY CORNWALL)

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.  
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ? —  
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.  
 But when the wind blows off the shore,  
 O, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar !  
 Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, —  
 O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs !  
 Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !  
 THOMAS MOORE.

THE PLEASURE-BOAT.

COME, hoist the sail, the fast let go !  
 They're seated side by side ;  
 Wave chases wave in pleasant flow ;  
 The bay is fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat ;  
 Loose ! Give her to the wind !  
 She shoots ahead ; they're all adloaf ;  
 The strand is far behind.

No danger reach so fair a crew !  
 Thou goddess of the foam,  
 I'll ever pay thee worship due,  
 If thou wilt bring them home.

Fair ladies, fairer than the spray  
 The prow is dashing wide,  
 Soft breezes take you on your way,  
 Soft flow the blessed tide.

O, might I like those breezes be,  
 And touch that arching brow,  
 I'd dwell forever on the sea  
 Where ye are floating now.

The boat goes tilting on the waves ;  
 The waves go tilting by ;  
 There dips the duck, — her back she laves ;  
 O'erhead the sea-gulls fly.

Now, like the gulls that dart for prey,  
 The little vessel stoops ;  
 Now, rising, shoots along her way,  
 Like them, in easy swoops.

The sunlight falling on her sheet,  
 It glitters like the drift,  
 Sparkling, in scorn of summer's heat,  
 High up some mountain rift.

The winds are fresh ; she's driving fast  
 Upon the bending tide :

The crinkling sail, and crinkling mast,  
Go with her side by side.

Why dies the breeze away so soon?  
Why hangs the pennant down?  
The sea is glass; the sun at noon. —  
Nay, lady, do not frown;

For, see, the winged fisher's plume  
Is painted on the sea;  
Below, a cheek of lovely bloom.  
Whose eyes look up to thee?

She smiles; thou need'st must smile on her.  
And see, beside her face,  
A rich, white cloud that doth not stir:  
What beauty, and what grace!

And pictured beach of yellow sand,  
And peaked rock and hill,  
Change the smooth sea to fairy-land;  
How lovely and how still!

From that far isle the thresher's flail  
Strikes close upon the ear;  
The leaping fish, the swinging sail  
Of yonder sloop, sound near.

The parting sun sends out a glow  
Across the placid bay,  
Touching with glory all the show. —  
A breeze! Up helm! Away!

Careening to the wind, they reach,  
With laugh and call, the shore.  
They've left their footprints on the beach,  
But them I hear no more.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

#### THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

SING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Meet the morn upon the lea;  
Are the emeralds of the spring  
On the angler's trysting-tree?  
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Are there buds on our willow-tree?  
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Have you met the honey-bee,  
Circling upon rapid wing,  
Round the angler's trysting-tree?  
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!  
Are there bees at our willow-tree?  
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Are the fountains gushing free?  
Is the south-wind wandering  
Through the angler's trysting-tree?  
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Is there wind up our willow-tree?  
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
Wile us with a merry glee  
To the flowery haunts of spring, —  
To the angler's trysting-tree.  
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?  
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THE MAN TED STODDART

#### IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,  
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to courts,  
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,  
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,  
And grief is forced to laugh again, —  
Where mirth is but mummery,  
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,  
Sad troops of human misery;  
Come, serene looks,  
Clear as the crystal brooks,  
Or the pure azure heaven that smiles to see  
The rich attendance on our poverty;  
Peace and a secure mind,  
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know  
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,  
You'd scorn proud towers  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may  
shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest make;  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask or dance,  
But of our kids that frisk and prance;  
Nor wars are seen,  
Unless upon the green  
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,  
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;  
And wounds are never found,  
Save what the plowshare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits  
 To hasten to, too hasty fates ;  
     Unless it be  
     The fond credulity  
 Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look  
 Upon the bait, but never on the hook ;  
     Nor envy, 'less among  
     The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek  
 For gems, hid in some forlorn creek :  
     We all pearls scorn  
     Save what the dewy morn  
 Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
 Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass ;  
     And gold ne'er here appears,  
     Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, O, may you be,  
 Forever, mirth's best nursery !  
     May pure contents  
     Forever pitch their tents  
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks,  
     these mountains !  
 And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,  
 Which we may every year  
 Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

#### THE ANGLER.

O THE gallant fisher's life,  
 It is the best of any !  
 'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,  
 And 't is beloved by many ;  
     Other joys  
     Are but toys ;  
     Only this  
     Lawful is ;  
     For our skill  
     Breeds no ill,  
 But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,  
 Ere Aurora's peeping ;  
 Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
 Leave the sluggard sleeping ;  
     Then we go  
     To and fro,  
     With our knacks  
     At our backs,  
     To such streams  
     As the Thames,  
 If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad  
 For our recreation,

In the fields is our abode,  
 Full of delectation,  
     Where, in a brook,  
     With a hook, —  
     Or a lake, —  
     Fish we take ;  
     There we sit,  
     For a bit,  
 Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,  
 We have paste and worms too ;  
 We can watch both night and morn,  
 Suffer rain and storms too ;  
     None do here  
     Use to swear :  
     Oaths do fray  
     Fish away ;  
     We sit still,  
     Watch our quill :  
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
 Make our bodies swelter,  
 To an osier hedge we get,  
 For a friendly shelter ;  
     Where, in a dike,  
     Perch or pike,  
     Roach or dace,  
     We do chase,  
     Bleak or gudgeon,  
     Without grudging ;  
 We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
 Under a green willow,  
 That defends us from a shower,  
 Making earth our pillow ;  
     Where we may  
     Think and pray,  
     Before death  
     Stops our breath ;  
     Other joys  
     Are but toys,  
 And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL

#### THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be,  
 These crystal streams should solace me ;  
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
 I, with my angle, would rejoice,  
     Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
     Court his chaste mate to acts of love ;

Or, on that bank, feel the west-wind  
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,  
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
And then washed off by April showers;

Here, hear my kenna sing a song:  
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;  
Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love.

Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise  
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,  
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;  
There sit by him, and eat my meat;  
There see the sun both rise and set;  
There bid good morning to next day;  
There meditate my time away;

And angle on; and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

ISAAC WALTON

#### ANGLING.

FROM "THE SEASONS"

JUST in the dubious point, where with the pool  
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;  
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
Straight as above the surface of the flood  
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,  
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,  
With various hand proportioned to their force.  
If yet too young, and easily deceived,  
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,  
Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behooves you then to ply your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
With sudden plunge. At once he darts along,  
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
The caverned bank, his old secure abode;

And flies aloft, and frounces round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;  
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,  
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore  
You gayly drag your unresisting prize.

JAMES THOMSON.

#### THE ANGLER.

BUT look! o'er the fall see the angler stand,  
Swinging his rod with skillful hand;  
The fly at the end of his gossamer line  
Swims through the sun like a summer moth,  
Till, dropt with a careful precision fine,  
It touches the pool beyond the froth.  
A-sadden, the speckled hawk of the brook  
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.  
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip  
The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,  
Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,  
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,  
Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings  
The spray from the flash of his finny wings;  
Then falls on his side, and, drunken with fright,  
Is towed to the shore like a staggering barge,  
Till beached at last on the sandy marge,  
Where he lies with the hues of the morning light,  
While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright.  
The angler in his basket lays  
The constellation, and goes his ways.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

#### SWIMMING.

FROM "THE TWO FOSCARI."

How many a time have I  
Cloven, with arm still lustier, breast more daring,  
The wave all roughened; with a swimmer's stroke  
Flinging the billows back from my drenched hair,  
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,  
Which kissed it like a wine-cup, rising o'er  
The waves as they arose, and prouder still  
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,  
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down  
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making  
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen  
By those above, till they waxed fearful; then  
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens  
As showed that I had searched the deep; exulting,  
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep  
The long-suspended breath, again I spurned  
The foam which broke around me, and pursued  
My track like a sea-bird. — I was a boy then.

LODGE BYRON.

## OUR SKATER BELLE.

ALONG the frozen lake she comes  
 In linking crescents, light and fleet ;  
 The ice-imprisoned Undine hums  
 A welcome to her little feet.

I see the jaunty hat, the plume  
 Swerve birdlike in the joyous gale, —  
 The cheeks lit up to burning bloom,  
 The young eyes sparkling through the veil.

The quick breath parts her laughing lips,  
 The white neck shines through tossing curls ;  
 Her vesture gently sways and dips,  
 As on she speeds in shell-like whirls.

Men stop and smile to see her go ;  
 They gaze, they smile in pleased surprise ;  
 They ask her name ; they long to show  
 Some silent friendship in their eyes.

She glances not ; she passes on ;  
 Her steely footfall quicker rings ;  
 She guesses not the benison  
 Which follows her on noiseless wings.

Smooth be her ways, secure her tread  
 Along the devious lines of life,  
 From grace to grace successive led, —  
 A noble maiden, nobler wife !

ANONYMOUS.

## SLEIGH SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,  
 'T is the merry, merry sleigh !  
 As it swiftly scuds along,  
 Hear the burst of happy song ;  
 See the gleam of glances bright,  
 Flashing o'er the pathway white !  
 Jingle, jingle, past it flies,  
 Sending shafts from hooded eyes, —  
 Roguish archers, I 'll be bound,  
 Little heeding whom they wound ;  
 See them, with capricious pranks,  
 Plowing now the drifted banks ;  
 Jingle, jingle, mid the glee  
 Who among them cares for me ?  
 Jingle, jingle, on they go,  
 Capes and bonnets white with snow,  
 Not a single robe they fold  
 To protect them from the cold ;  
 Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,  
 Fun and frolic keep them warm ;  
 Jingle, jingle, down the hills,  
 O'er the meadows, past the mills,  
 Now 't is slow, and now 't is fast ;  
 Winter will not always last.  
 Jingle, jingle, clear the way !  
 'T is the merry, merry sleigh.

G. W. PETTRE.



DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.



We shall walk no more through the sodden plain

With the grass bent o'erhead,

We shall stand no more by the setting main

While the dark waves o'erhead.

We shall part no more in the bend of the rain

Where they last farewell was said

But perhaps I shall meet thee & know thee again

When the sea goes up, he dead

Jeann Hillborn



# DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

## NORHAM CASTLE.

FROM "MARMION."

[The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanfurd) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland, and, indeed, scarce any happened in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, inclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.]

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone ;  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow luster shone.  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seemed forms of giant height ;  
Their armor, as it caught the rays,  
Flashed back again the western blaze  
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the donjon tower,  
So heavily it hung.  
The scouts had parted on their search,  
The castle gates were barred ;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The warder kept his guard ;  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border-gathering song.

A distant trampling sound he hears ;  
He looks abroad, and soon appears,  
O'er Horncliff hill, a plump of spears,  
Beneath a pennon gay ;  
A horseman, darting from the crowd,  
Like lightning from a summer cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser proud  
Before the dark array.

Beneath the sable palisade,  
That closed the castle barricade,  
His bugle-horn he blew ;  
The warder hasted from the wall,  
And warned the captain in the hall,  
For well the blast he knew ;  
And joyfully that knight did call  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

" Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,  
Bring pasties of the doe,  
And quickly make the entrance free,  
And bid my heralds ready be,  
And every minstrel sound his glee,  
And all our trumpets blow ;  
And, from the platform, spare ye not  
To fire a noble salvo-shot :  
Lord Marmion waits below."  
Then to the castle's lower ward  
Sped forty yeomen tall,  
The iron-studded gates unbarred,  
Raised the portecullis' ponderous guard,  
The lofty palisade unspurred,  
And let the drawbridge fall.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,  
His helm hung at the saddle-bow ;  
Well by his visage you might know  
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,  
And had in many a battle been.  
The scar on his brown cheek revealed  
A token true of Bosworth field ;  
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,  
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire ;  
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
Did deep design and counsel speak.  
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,  
His thick mustache, and curly hair,  
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,  
But more through toil than age ;  
His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,  
Showed him no carpet-knight so trim,  
But in close fight a champion grim,  
In camps a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,  
In mail and plate of Milan steel ;  
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,  
Was all with burnished gold embossed :

Amid the plumage of the crest,  
A falcon hovered on her nest,  
With wings outspread, and forward breast ;  
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
Soared sable in an azure field :  
The golden legend bore aright,  
**Who checks at me to death is right.**  
Blue was the charger's broidered rein ;  
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane ;  
The knightly housing's ample fold  
Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold.

Behind him rode two gallant squires  
Of noble name and knightly sires ;  
They burned the gilded spurs to claim ;  
For well could each a war-horse tame,  
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,  
And lightly bear the ring away ;  
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,  
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,  
And frame love-ditties passing rare,  
And sing them to a laly fair.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,  
With halbert, bill, and battle-ax ;  
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,  
And led his sumpter-mules along,  
And ambling palfrey, when at need  
Him list'd ease his battle-steed.  
The last and trustiest of the four  
On high his forky pennon bore ;  
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,  
Fluttered the streamer glossy blue,  
Where, blazoned sable, as before,  
The towering falcon seemed to soar.  
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,  
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,  
With falcons broidered on each breast,  
Attended on their lord's behest :  
Each, chosen for an archer good,  
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;  
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,  
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;  
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,  
And at their belts their quivers rung.  
Their dusty palfreys and array  
Showed they had marched a weary way.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### MELROSE ABBEY.

FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;

When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go, — but go alone the while, —  
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

The pillared arches were over their head,  
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright  
Glistened with the dew of night ;  
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there,  
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.

The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,  
Then into the night he lookèd forth ;  
And red and bright the streamers light  
Were dancing in the glowing north.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern door,

They entered now the chancel hat ;  
The darkened roof rose high aloof  
On pillars lofty and light and small ;  
The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,  
Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille ;  
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim ;  
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,  
With base and with capital flourished around,  
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had  
bound.

Full many a seuteheon and banner, riven,  
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,  
Around the screened altar's pale ;  
And there the dying lamps did burn,  
Before thy low and lonely urn,  
O gallant chief of Otterburne !

And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !  
O fading honors of the dead !  
O high ambition, lowly laid !

The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
By foliated tracery combined ;  
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined ;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.  
The silver light, so pale and faint,

Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,  
Whose image on the glass was dyed ;  
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red  
Triumphant Michael brandished,  
And trampled the Apostate's pride.  
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## ON ROUSSEAU'S ISLE.

ALONE and sad I sat me down  
To rest on Rousseau's narrow Isle,  
Below Geneva. Mile on mile,  
And set with many a shining town,  
Toward Dent du Midi danced the wave  
Beneath the moon. Winds went and came,  
And fanned the stars into a flame.  
I heard the far lake, dark and deep,  
Rise up and talk as in its sleep.  
I heard the laughing waters lave  
And lap against the farther shore,  
An idle oar, and nothing more  
Save that the Isle had voice, and save  
That round about its base of stone  
There plashed and flashed the foamy Rhone.

A stately man, as black as tan,  
Kept up a stern and broken round  
Among the strangers on the ground.  
I named that awful African  
A second Hannibal. I gat  
My elbows on the table, sat  
With chin in upturned palm to scan  
His face, and contemplate the scene.  
The moon rode by, a crowned queen.  
I was alone. Lo! not a man  
To speak my mother-tongue. Ah me!  
How more than all alone can be  
A man in crowds! Across the Isle  
My Hannibal strode on. The while  
Diminished Rousseau sat his throne  
Of books, unnoticed and unknown.

This strange, strong man with face austere  
At last drew near. He bowed ; he spake  
In unknown tongues. I could but shake  
My head. Then, half a-chill with fear,  
I rose, and sought another place.  
Again I mused. The kings of thought  
Came by, and on that storied spot  
I lifted up a tearful face.

The star-set Alps they sang a rune  
Unheard by any soul but mine.  
Mont Blanc, as lone and as divine  
And white, seemed mated to the moon.

The past was mine, strong-voiced and vast :  
Stern Calvin, strange Voltaire, and Tell,  
And two whose names are known too well  
To name, in grand procession passed.

And yet again came Hannibal,  
King-like he came, and drawing near,  
I saw his brow was now severe  
And resolute. In tongues unknown  
Again he spake. I was alone,  
Was all unarmed, was worn and sad ;  
But now at last, my spirit had  
Its old assertion. I arose,  
As startled from a dull repose.  
With gathered strength I raised a hand,  
And cried, "I do not understand."

His black face brightened as I spake ;  
He bowed ; he wagged his woolly head ;  
He showed his shining teeth, and said,  
"Sar, if you please, dose tables here  
Are consecrate to liger-beer ;  
And, Sar, what will you have to take ?"

Not that I loved that colored cuss,  
Nay! he had awed me all too much,  
But I sprang forth, and with a clutch  
I grasped his hand, and holding thus,  
Cried, "Bring my country's drink for two!"  
For O, that speech of Saxon sound  
To me was as a fountain found  
In wastes, and thrilled me through and through.

On Rousseau's Isle, in Rousseau's shade,  
Two pink and spicy drinks were made ;  
In classic shade, on classic ground,  
We stirred two cocktails round and round.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## ALNWICK CASTLE.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,  
Home of their beautiful and brave,  
Alike their birth and burial place,  
Their cradle and their grave!  
Still sternly o'er the castle gate  
Their house's Lion stands in state,  
As in his proud departed hours ;  
And warriors frown in stone on high,  
And feudal banners "flout the sky"  
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,  
Lovely in England's fadeless green,  
To meet the quiet stream which winds  
Through this romantic scene  
As silently and sweetly still  
As when, at evening, on that hill,

While summer's wind blew soft and low,  
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,  
His Katherine was a happy bride,  
A thousand years ago.

I wandered through the lofty halls  
Trode by the Percys of old fame,  
And traced upon the chapel walls  
Each high, heroic name,  
From him who once his standard set  
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,  
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,  
To him who, when a younger son,  
Fought for King George at Lexington,  
A major of dragoons.

That last half-stanza, — it has dashed  
From my warm lip the sparkling cup:  
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,  
The power that bore my spirit up  
Above this bank-note world, is gone;  
And Alwrick's but a market town,  
And this, alas! its market day,  
And beasts and borderers through the way;  
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,  
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,  
Men in the coal and cattle line;  
From Teviot's bard and hero land,  
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,  
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times  
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,  
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;  
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,  
Of knights, but not of the round table,  
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy;  
'Tis what "Our President," Monroe,  
Has called "the era of good feeling";  
The Highlander, the bitterest foe  
To modern laws, has felt their blow,  
Consented to be taxed, and vote,  
And put on pantaloons and coat,  
And leave off cattle-stealing;  
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas in red herrings;  
And noble name and cultured land,  
Palace, and park, and vassal band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,  
Has come: to-day the turbaned Turk  
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!  
Sleep on, nor from your ornaments start)  
Is England's friend and fast ally;

The Moslem tramples on the Greek,  
And on the Cross and altar-stone,  
And Christendom looks tamely on,  
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,  
And sees the Christian father die;  
And not a saber-blow is given  
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,  
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives  
In the armed pomp of feudal state,  
The present representatives  
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"  
Are some half-dozen serving men  
In the drab coat of William Penn;  
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,  
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,  
Spoke nature's aristocracy;  
And one, half groom, half seneschal,  
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,  
From donjon keep to turret wall,  
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

## LONDON

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, 1803.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will.  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad  
meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg,  
the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old  
town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks  
that round them throng.

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors  
rough and bold  
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying,  
centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in  
their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand  
to every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many  
an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen  
Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square, the oriel window, where in old  
heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's  
praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous  
world of art ;  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture stand-  
ing in the common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops  
carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our  
own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined  
his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from  
age to age their trust :

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix  
of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through  
the painted air.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple  
reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evange-  
list of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with  
busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the  
Better Land.

*Enigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone  
where he lies,  
Dead he is not — but departed — for the artist  
never dies :

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine  
seems more fair  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he  
once has breathed its air.

Through these streets so broad and stately, these  
obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude  
poetic strains ;

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to  
the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in  
spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle-wave he too the  
mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to  
the anvil's clime,

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes  
the flowers of poetry bloom  
In the forger's dust and embers, in the tissues of  
the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of  
the gentle craft,  
Wiseest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge  
folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely  
sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above  
the door,

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam  
Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dovelike, with his  
great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown  
his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the mas-  
ter's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my  
dreamy eye  
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a  
faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee  
the world's regard,  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans  
Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region  
far away,  
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in  
thought his careless lay ;

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a  
floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of toil.

## ITALY.

FROM "ITALY."

O ITALY, how beautiful thou art !  
Yet I could weep, — for thou art lying, alas !  
Low in the dust ; and they who come admire  
thee

As we admire the beautiful in death.  
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of beauty.  
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,  
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee !  
But why despair ! Twice hast thou lived already,  
Twice shone among the nations of the world,  
As the sun shines among the lesser lights  
Of heaven ; and shalt again. The hour shall  
come,

When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,  
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,  
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again  
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess  
Their wisdom folly.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## IN THE ETRURIAN VALLEY.

FROM "KING ARTHUR."

THE calm swan rested on the breathless glass  
Of dreamy waters, and the snow-white steer  
Near the opposing margin, motionless,  
Stood, knee-deep, gazing wistful on its clear  
And lifelike shadow, shimmering deep and far,  
Where on the lurid darkness fell the star.

Near them, upon its lichen-tinted base,  
Gleamed one of those fair-fancied images  
Which art hath lost, — no god of Idan race,  
But the winged symbol which by Caspian  
sons,  
Or Susa's groves, its parable address  
To the wild faith of Iran's Zendavest.

Light as the soul, whose archetype it was,  
The Genius touched, yet spurned, the pedestal :  
Behind, the foliage in its purple mass  
Shut out the flushed horizon ; circling all,  
Nature's hushed giants stood, to guard and girth  
The only home of peace upon the earth.

EDWARD BUIWER (LORD LYTTON).

## VENICE.

FROM "ITALY."

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.  
The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,  
Invisible ; and from the land we went,  
As to a floating City, — steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues ranged along an azure sky ;  
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,  
Of old the residence of merchant kings ;  
The fronts of some, though Time had shattered  
them,  
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.  
. . . . A few in fear,

Flying away from him whose boast it was  
That the grass grew not where his horse had  
trod,  
Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,  
They built their nests among the ocean waves ;  
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind  
Blew from the north, the south ; where they that  
came

Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,  
Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,  
A vast Metropolis, with glittering spires,  
With theaters, basilicas adorned ;  
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,  
That has endured the longest among men.

And whence the talisman by which she rose  
Towering ! 'T was found there in the barren  
sea.

Want led to Enterprise ; and, far or near,  
Who met not the Venetian ? — now in Cairo ;  
Ere yet the Callia came, listening to hear  
Its bells approaching from the Red Sea coast ;  
Now on the Euxine, on the Sea of Azoph,  
In converse with the Persian, with the Russ,  
The Tartar ; on his lowly deck receiving  
Pearls from the gulf of Ormus, gems from Bagdad,  
Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love  
From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,  
When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,  
Treasures from unknown climes, away he went,  
And, traveling slowly upward, drew ere long  
From the well-head supplying all below ;  
Making the Imperial City of the East  
Herself his tributary. . . .

. . . . Thus did Venice rise,  
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,  
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet  
From India, from the region of the Sun,  
Fragrant with spices, — that a way was found,  
A channel opened, and the golden stream  
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt  
Her strength departing, and at last she fell,  
Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed ;

She who had stood yet longer than the longest  
Of the Four Kingdoms, — who, as in an Ark,  
Had floated down amid a thousand wrecks,  
Uninjured, from the Old World to the New.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## ROME.

FROM "ITALY."

I AM in Rome! Ours is the morning ray  
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,  
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen  
Me?

And from within a thrilling voice replies,  
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts  
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;  
And I spring up as girt to run a race!

Thou art in Rome! the City that so long  
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;  
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,  
And trembled; that from nothing, from the  
least,

The lowliest village (what but here and there  
A reed-roofed cabin by a river-side)  
Grew into everything; and, year by year,  
Patiently, fearlessly working her way  
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,  
Not like the merchant with his merchandise,  
Or traveler with mail and sloop exploring,  
But hand to hand and foot to foot through hosts,  
Through nation numberless in battle array,  
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,  
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## THE GRECIAN TEMPLES AT PÆSTUM.

In Pæstum's ancient fanes I tread,  
And muse on those strange men of old,  
Whose dark religion could unfold  
So many gods, and yet no God!

Did they to human feeling own,  
And had they human souls indeed,  
Or did the sternness of their creed  
Frown their faint spirits into stone?

The southern breezes fan my face; —  
I hear the hum of bees arise,  
And lizards dart, with mystic eyes,  
That shine the secret of the place!

These silent columns speak of dread,  
Of lovely worship without love;  
And yet the warm, deep heaven above  
Whispers a softer tale instead.

FROM "THE W. RAYMOND."

## COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

FROM "MANEPIE."

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness  
I learned the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering, — upon such a night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.  
The trees which grew along the broken arch  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
Shone through the rent, of rain — from afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
More near, from out the Cæsar's palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Began and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
Within a bow-shot, — where the Cæsar dwelt,  
And dwell the tunic'd birds of night, and  
A grove which springs through leveled struc-  
tures,  
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.  
Livy usurps the laurel's place of growth,  
Beside the gladiators' bloody arena sands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,  
While Cæsar's chamber and the Augustan hall  
Gravel on earth in indistinct decay. —  
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries,  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the pla-  
became religion, and the heart an o'er-  
With silent worship of the great of old! —  
The dead, but scepter'd sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their earths.

LORD BYRON.

## THE COLISEUM.

FROM "THE BELSHAMETS."

ARCHES on an heap! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
Her Coliseum stands, the moonbeams shine  
About its natural torches, for (if true)  
So mild be the light which still sun here, to burn  
This long-explored, but still exhausted, mine

Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of  
heaven,

Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power  
And magic in the ruined battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,  
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.  
And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but  
because

Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not ?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms, — on battle-plains or listed spot ?  
Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie ;  
He leans upon his hand, his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him, — he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the  
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not, — his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away.  
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,  
Butchered to make a Roman holiday ! —  
All this rushed with his blood, — Shall he ex-  
pire  
And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your  
ire !

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody  
steam,  
And here, where buzzing nations choked the  
ways,  
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise  
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
My voice sounds much, — and fall the stars'  
faint rays

On the arena void, seats crushed, walls bowed,  
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strange-  
ly loud.

A ruin, — yet what ruin ! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.  
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?  
Alas ! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is neutered ;  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all years, man, have  
left away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;  
When the stars twinkle through the loops of  
time,  
And the low night-breeze waves along the air  
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,  
Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's head ;  
When the light shines serene, but doth not  
glare, —  
Then in this magic circle raise the dead ;  
Heroes have trod this spot, — 't is on their dust  
ye tread.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;  
And when Rome falls, the World.” From  
our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall  
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still  
On their foundations, and unaltered all ;  
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,  
The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or  
what ye will.

LONG BYRON.

#### A DAY IN THE PAMFILI DORIA,

AT ROME

THOUGH the hills are cold and snowy,  
And the wind drives chill to-day,  
My heart goes back to a spring-time,  
Far, far in the past away.

And I see a quaint old city,  
Weary and worn and brown,  
Where the spring and the birds are so early,  
And the sun in such light goes down.

I remember that old-time villa  
Where our afternoons went by,  
Where the suns of March flushed warmly,  
And spring was in earth and sky.



Out of the moldering city, —  
Moldering, old, and gray, —  
We sped, with a lightsome heart-thrill,  
For a sunny, gladsome day, —

For a revel of fresh spring verdure,  
For a race mid springing flowers,  
For a vision of plashing fountains,  
Of birds and blossoming bowers.

There were violet banks in the shadows,  
Violets white and blue ;  
And a world of bright anemones,  
That over the terrace grew, —

Blue and orange and purple,  
Rosy and yellow and white,  
Rising in rainbow bubbles,  
Streaking the lawns with light.

And down from the old stone-pine trees,  
Those far-off islands of air,  
The birds are flinging the tidings  
Of a joyful revel up there.

And now for the grand old fountains,  
Tossing their a very pray ;  
Those fountains, so quaint and so many,  
That are leaping and singing all day ;

Those fountains of strange weird sculpture,  
With lichen and moss o'ergrown, —  
Are they marble greened in moss-wreaths,  
Or moss-wreaths whitening to stone ?

Down many a wild, dim pathway  
We ramble from morning till noon ;  
We linger, unheeding the hours,  
Till evening comes all too soon.

And from out the ilex alleys,  
Where lengthening shadows play,  
We look on the dreamy Campagna,  
All glowing with setting day, —

All melting in bands of purple,  
In sweetthings and foldings of gold,  
In ribbons of azure and lilac,  
Like a princely banner unrolled.

And the smoke of each distant cottage,  
And the flash of each villa white,  
Shines out with an opal glimmer,  
Like gems in a casket of light.

And the dome of old St. Peter's  
With a strange translucence glows,  
Like a mighty bubble of amethyst  
Floating in waves of rose.

In a trance of dreamy vagueness  
We, gazing and yearning, behold  
That city beheld by the prophet,  
Whose walls were transparent gold.

And, dropping all solemn and lowly,  
To hallow the softening spell,  
These fall on the dying twilight  
The Ave Maria bell.

With a mournful, motherly softness,  
With a weid and weary care,  
That strange and ancient city  
Seems calling the nations to prayer.

And the words that of old the angel  
To the mother of Jesus brought  
Rise like a new evangel,  
To hallow the trance of our thought.

With the smoke of the evening incense  
Our thoughts are ascending then  
To Mary, the mother of Jesus,  
To Jesus, the Master of men.

O city of prophets and martyrs !  
O shrine of the sainted dead !  
When, when shall the living day-spring  
Once more on your tower be aped ?

When He who is meek and lowly  
Shall rule in these lordly halls,  
And shall stand and feed as a shepherd  
The flock which his mercy calls, —

O, then to those noble churches,  
To picture and statue and gem,  
To the pageant of solemn worship,  
Shall the *meaning* come back again.

And this strange and ancient city,  
In that reign of his truth and love,  
Shall be what it *seems* in the twilight,  
The type of that City above.

HAROLD HERFORDS

#### A VIEW ACROSS THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

1861.

OVER the dumb campagna-sea,  
Out in the offing through mist and rain,  
St. Peter's Church heaves silently  
Like a mighty ship in pain,  
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

Motionless waifs of ruined towers,  
Soundless breakers of desolate land !

The sullen surf of the mist devours  
That mountain-range upon either hand,  
Eaten away from its outline grand.

And over the dumb campagna-sea  
Where the ship of the Church heaves on to wreck,  
Alone and silent as God must be  
The Christ walks! — Ay, but Peter's neck  
Is stiff to turn on the foundering deck.

Peter, Peter, if such be thy name,  
Now leave the ship for another to steer,  
And proving thy faith evermore the same  
Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,  
Since He who walks on the sea is here!

Peter, Peter! — he does not speak, —  
He is not as rash as in old Galilee.  
Sate a ship, though it toss and leak,  
Than a reeling foot on a rolling sea!  
— And he's got to be round in the girth, thinks  
he.

Peter, Peter! — he does not stir,  
His nets are heavy with silver fish:  
He reckons his gains, and is keen to infer,  
"The broil on the shore, if the Lord should  
wish, —  
But the sturgeon goes to the Cæsar's dish."

Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,  
Fisher of fish wouldst thou live instead, —  
Haggling for pence with the other Ten,  
Cheating the market at so much a head,  
Gripping the bag of the traitor dead!

At the triple crow of the Gallie cock  
Thou weep'st not, thou, though thine eyes be  
dazed:

What bird comes next in the tempest shock?  
Vultures! See, — as when Romulus gazed,  
To inaugurate Rome for a world amazed!

LIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### NAPLES.

FROM "ITALY"

THIS region, surely, is not of the earth,  
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,  
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grove  
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,  
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings  
On the clear wave some image of delight,  
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,  
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,  
To muse on as the bark is gliding by,  
And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,  
From daybreak, when the mountain pulses his fire  
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,

Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,  
Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,  
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,  
Was with his household sacrificing there,  
From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,  
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,  
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,  
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening hymn  
Steals o'er the trembling waters.

Everywhere  
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,  
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,  
And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,  
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came:  
Earth, sea, and sky reflecting, as she flew,  
A thousand, thousand colors not their own:  
And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent  
To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,  
Those fields with ether pure and purple light  
Ever invested, scenes by him described  
Who here was wont to wander and record  
What they revealed, and on the western shore  
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,  
Beloved Parthenope.

Yet here, methinks,  
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape  
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,  
By turns inclining to wild ecstasy  
And soberest meditation.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

### HOLLAND.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies,  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow:  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain,  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here displayed.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

GREAT BRITAIN.

FROM "THE RAVENLET."

My genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain court the western gull;  
Where laws extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
And brighter streams than famed Hydrus glide;

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
Their gentle music melts on every pray;  
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,  
Extremes are only in the master's mind;  
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,  
With daring aims irregularly great;  
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human kind pass by;  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand,  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagined right, above control,  
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,

And learns to venerate himself as man.  
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessing pictured here,  
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WEEHAWKEN AND THE NEW YORK BAY.

FROM "FANNY."

WEEHAWKEN! In thy mountain scenery yet,  
All we adore of Nature in her wild  
And frolic hour of infancy is met;  
And never has a summer's morning smiled  
Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye  
Of the enthusiast revels on, — when high

Amid thy forest solitudes he climbs  
O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,  
And knows that sense of danger which sublines  
The breathless moment, — when his daring step  
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear  
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death music of his coming doom,  
And clings to the green turf with desperate  
force,

As the heart clings to life; and when resume  
The currents in his veins their wonted course,  
There lingers a deep feeling, — like the moan  
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view  
Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him;  
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue  
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him, —

The city bright below, and the wide bay,  
Sparkling in golden light, his vision romantic  
bay.

Tell me, and glittering roof, and battlement,  
And banners flowing in the sunny breeze,  
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters seen,  
Green hills, and everling fountains, blended there  
In soft society. — When life is old,  
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of thee, yet lives there one  
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's  
days  
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,  
That in his youthful's prime eye could gaze  
Upon that bay, or on that mountain band,  
Nor feel the pride of Elysian land.

LESLIE SIMS HALLIACK.

LAKE LEMAN.

FROM "OLIVE MARSH."

CLEAR, placid Lemans' thy contracted lake,  
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing  
Which warms me, with its softness, to awake  
Earth's troubled water for a peaceful spring.  
This quiet soil is as a noiseless wing  
To waite me from distraction, — once I bow I  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sound sweet as if some bird's voice were heard,  
That I with stern of lights should ever have been  
so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet  
clear,

Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darkened fern, whose apt heights appear  
Propitiously steep, and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from the  
shores.  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended ear,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol  
more:

He is an evening reveler, who make  
His life an infancy, and wings his bill;  
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
But that is fancy; for the twilight dew  
All silently their tears of love in-still,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

LESLIE SIMS HALLIACK.

## STORM AT NIGHT ON LAKE LEMAN.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THE sky is changed! — and such a change!  
O night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous  
strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone  
cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — most glorious  
night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A shaver in thy fierce and far delight, —  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shimes, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
And now again 't is black, — and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-  
mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's  
birth.

LORD BYRON.

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring  
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,

Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,

Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,

The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighboring  
hill,

The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the  
shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made!

How often have I blessed the coming day,

When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labor free,

Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,

While many a pastime circled in the shade,

The young contending as the old surveyed;

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,

And sleights of art and feats of strength went  
round:

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks re-  
prove, —

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like  
these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence  
shed,

These were thy charms, — but all these charms  
are fled!

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-  
drawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green;  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,

The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall,  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's  
hand,

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
And every want to luxury allied,

And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful  
scene,

Lived in each look, and brightened all the  
green, —

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's  
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below ;  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school ;  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering  
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, —  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;  
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
She only left of all the harraless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden  
smiled,

And still where many a garden-flower grows wild ;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place dis-  
close,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his  
place ;

Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train.  
He hid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields  
were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to  
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's  
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares dis-  
tressed ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school ;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face :  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew,  
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;  
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,  
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,  
While words of learned length and thundering  
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot. —  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts  
inspired,  
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlor splendors of that festive place, —  
The whitewashed wall; the nicely sanded floor;  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use;  
The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;  
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slight's every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes,  
But when those charms are past, — for charms are  
frail, —

When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress;  
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,  
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms, — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, — what waits him there?  
To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;  
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps  
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight  
reign,

Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
Sure these denote one universal joy!  
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine  
eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
Now lost to all: her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the  
shower,

With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,  
When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest  
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe,  
Far different there from all that charmed be-  
fore,

The various terrors of that horrid shore, —  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance  
crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
And savage men more murderous still than they;  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that  
parting day

That called them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their  
last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain

For seats like these beyond the western main ;  
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.  
 The good old sire the first prepared to go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;  
 But for himself in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;  
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a  
 tear,  
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear :  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

PASSAGE :

A MARITIME VILLAGE IN IRELAND.

THE town of Passage  
 Is both large and spacious,  
 And situated  
 Upon the bay.  
 'Tis neat and decent,  
 And quite adjacent  
 To come from Cork  
 On a summer's day ;  
 There you may slip in  
 To take a dipping  
 Forment the shipping  
 That at anchor ride,  
 Or in a wherry  
 Cross o'er the ferry  
 To Carrigaloe,  
 On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in  
 This place so charming,  
 With sailors' garments  
 Hung out to dry ;  
 And each abode is  
 Snug and commodious,  
 With pigs melodious  
 In their straw-built sty.  
 'T is there the turf is,  
 And lots of murphies,  
 Dead sprats and herrings,  
 And oyster-shells ;  
 Nor any lack, O,  
 Of good tobacco —  
 Though what is smuggled  
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,  
 And from Barbadoes,  
 But the leading trade is  
 In whisky punch ;  
 And you may go in  
 Where one Mary Bowen  
 Keeps a neat hotel,  
 For a quiet lunch.  
 But land or deck on,  
 You may safely reckon,  
 Whatsoever country  
 You come hither from,  
 On an invitation  
 To a jollification  
 With a parish priest  
 That's called "Father Tom."

Of ships there's one fixt  
 For lodging convicts,  
 A floating "stone jug"  
 Of amazing bulk.  
 The hake and salmon,  
 Playing at bagammon,  
 Swim for diversion  
 Around this bulk ;  
 There Saxon jailors  
 Keep brave reparitors,  
 Who soon with sailors  
 Must anchor weigh  
 From the Emerald Island,  
 Ne'er to see dry land,  
 Until they spy land  
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

FRANCIS MAIDNEY (FATHER PROUT).

THE ISLAND.

FROM "THE CANARY"

THE island lies nine leagues away.  
 Along its solitary shore,  
 Of craggy rock and sandy bay,  
 No sound but ocean's roar,  
 Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her  
 home,  
 Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,  
 And on the glassy, heaving sea  
 The black duck, with her glossy breast,  
 Sits swinging silently,  
 How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,  
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;  
 The brook comes tinkling down its side ;

From out the trees the Sabbath bell  
Rings cheerful, far and wide,  
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,  
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,  
In former days within the vale ;  
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet ;  
Curses were on the gale ;  
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men ;  
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,  
Now slowly fall upon the ear ;  
A quiet look is in each face,  
Subdued and holy fear :  
Each motion's gentle ; all is kindly done ; —  
Come, listen how from crime this isle was won.

RICHARD H. DANA.

#### THE SEA-GROT.

FROM "THE ISLAND."

Wide it was and high,  
And showed a self-born Gothic canopy ;  
The arch upreared by Nature's architect,  
The architrave some earthquake might erect ;  
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurled,  
When the poles crashed and water was the world ;  
There, with a little tinge of fantasy,  
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high,  
And then a niter or a shrine would fix  
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.  
Thus Nature played with the stalactites,  
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

LORD BYRON.

#### BEFORE AND AFTER THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,  
A spirit on slender ropes of mist  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst  
Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens, —  
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
The white of their leaves, the amber grain  
Shrunk in the wind, — and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain !

THE rain has ceased, and in my room  
The sunshine pours an airy flood ;  
And on the church's dizzy vane  
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves.  
Antiquely carved, gray and high,  
A dormer, facing westward, looks  
Upon the village like an eye :

And now it glimmers in the sun,  
A square of gold, a disk, a speck :  
And in the belfry sits a Dove  
With purple ripples on her neck.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

#### A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary  
In the soft light of an autumnal day,  
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,  
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,  
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,  
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers  
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst ;

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining  
To light the gloom of Autumn's moldering halls,  
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining  
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning  
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,  
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes  
raining  
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers  
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,  
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers  
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,  
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,  
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow  
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,  
Like a fond lover loath to say farewell,  
Or with slutt wings, through silken folds intruding,  
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely  
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,  
Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only  
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.



## THE BIRCH STREAM.

At noon, within the dusty town,  
Where the wild river rushes down,  
And thunders hoarsely all day long,  
I think of thee, my hermit stream,  
Low singing in thy summer dream  
Thine idle, sweet, old, tranquil song.

Northward, Katshin's chasmed pile  
Looms through thy low, long, leafy aisle:  
Eastward, Olamon's summit shines  
And I upon thy grassy shore,  
The dreamful, happy child of yore,  
Worship before mine olden shrine.

Again the sultry noontide hush  
Is sweetly broken by the thrush,  
Whose clear bell rings and dies away  
Beside thy banks, in covert deep,  
Where nodding buds of his sleep  
In dusk, and dream not it is day.

Again the wild cow-lily floats  
Her golden-freighted, tented boats  
In thy cool coves of softened gloom,  
O'ershadowed by the whispering reed,  
And purple plumes of packerel-weed,  
And meadow-sweet in tangled bloom.

The startled minnows dart in flocks  
Beneath thy glimmering amber rocks,  
If but a zephyr stirs the brake;  
The silent swallow swoops, a flash  
Of light, and leaves, with dainty plash,  
A ring of ripples in her wake.

Without, the land is hot and dim;  
The level fields in languor swim,  
Their stubble-grasses brown as dust;  
And all along the upland lanes,  
Where shadeless noon oppressively reigns,  
Dead roses wear their crowns of rust.

Within, is neither blight nor death;  
The fierce sun woos with ardent breath,  
But cannot win thy sylvan heart.  
Only the child who loves thee long,  
With faithful worship pure and strong,  
Can know how dear and sweet thou art.

So loved I thee in days gone by,  
So love I yet, though leagues may lie  
Between us, and the years divide;  
A breath of coolness, dawn, and dew,  
A joy forever fresh and true,  
Thy memory doth with me abide.

ANNA BOYNTON APPRELL.

## A RUSSIAN ICE PALACE.

FROM THE EAST.

LESS worthy of applause, though more admired,  
Because a novelty, the work of man,  
Imperled mistresses of the far-clad Russ,  
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,  
The wonder of the North—No forest fell  
When thou wouldst build: no quarry sent its  
stones  
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the  
block,  
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.  
Silently as a dissonant harp-string,  
No sound of hammer or of axe was there  
Ice upon ice, the bed of hoar frost  
Were seen compared, the other secret work—  
Than water intended to make them one  
Lamp gracefully suspended from the beam,  
Illumined ever late—a watery light  
Gleamed through the clear transparent vault  
Seemed

Another moon new risen, or meteor fall;  
From heaven to earth, or lambent flame serene.

So stood the brittle prodigy—though smooth  
And slippery the material, yet firm and  
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted light within,  
That royal residence might well dobt,  
For grandeur or for ease. Long wavy wreaths  
Of flowers, that feared no frosty but warmth,  
Blended on the panels—Mirth needed none  
Where all was y-tressure, but in order of  
Convivial table and comestibles sat  
(What seemed at least comestibles) were  
these.

Sofa and couch and high-backed throne  
The same luxury was found in all,  
And all was most to the same touch, a scene  
Of evanescent glory, on a stream,  
And soon to slide into a stream again.

WALTER CRANFORD.

## THE OCEAN.

THE ocean at the bidding of the mood  
Forever changes with his restless tide:  
Flung shoreward now, to be repulsed again  
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,  
And semblance of return. Again for home  
He rushes forth anew, high riled and free.—  
The gentle murmur of his soothing tone  
Like armies whispering where great echoes  
be.  
O, leave me here upon this beach to rove,  
Mute listener to that sound so grand and  
lonely.

A glorious sound, deep drawn, and strongly  
 thrown,  
 And reaching those on mountain heights above,  
 To British ears (as who shall scorn to own ?)  
 A tutelard fond voice, a savior tone of love.

CHARLES TENNYSON.

THE BLACKBIRD.

How sweet the harmonies of afternoon !  
 The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze  
 His ancient song of leaves, and summer boon ;  
 Rich breath of hayfields streams through whis-  
 pering trees ;  
 And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,  
 And listen fondly — while the Blackbird sings.

How soft the lovelight of the west reposes  
 On this green valley's cheery solitude,  
 On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,  
 On the gray belfry with its ivy hood,  
 And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that  
 flings  
 Its bubbling freshness — while the Blackbird sings.

The very dial on the village church  
 Seems as 't were dreaming in a dozy rest ;  
 The scribbled benches underneath the porch  
 Bask in the kindly welcome of the west :  
 But the broad casements of the old Three Kings  
 Blaze like a furnace — while the Blackbird sings.

And there beneath the immemorial elm  
 Three rosy revelers round a table sit,  
 And through gray clouds give laws unto the realm,  
 Curse good and great, but worship their own wit,  
 And roar of fights, and fairs, and junketings,  
 Corn, colts, and curs — the while the Blackbird  
 sings.

Before her home, in her accustomed seat,  
 The tidy grandam spins beneath the shade  
 Of the old honeysuckle, at her feet  
 The dreaming pug and purring tabby laid ;  
 To her low chair a little maiden clings,  
 And spells in silence — while the Blackbird sings.

Sometimes the shadow of a lazy cloud  
 Breathes o'er the hamlet with its gardens green,  
 While the far fields with sunlight overflowed  
 Like golden shores of Fairyland are seen ;  
 Again the sunshine on the shadow springs,  
 And fires the thicket — where the Blackbird sings.

The woods, the lawn, the peak'd manor-house,  
 With its peach-covered walls, and rookery loud,  
 The trim, quaint garden-alleys, screened with  
 boughs,  
 The lion headed gates, so grim and proud,

The mossy fountain with its murmurings,  
 Lie in warm sunshine — while the Blackbird sings.

The ring of silver voices, and the sheen  
 Of festal garments, — and my lady streams  
 With her gay court across the garden green ;  
 Some laugh, and dance, some whisper their  
 love-dreams ;  
 And one calls for a little page : he strings  
 Her lute beside her — while the Blackbird sings.

A little while, — and lo ! the charm is heard :  
 A youth, whose life has been all summer, steals  
 Forth from the noisy guests around the board,  
 Creeps by her softly, at her footstool kneels,  
 And, when she pauses, murmurs tender things  
 Into her fond ear — while the Blackbird sings.

The smoke-wreaths from the chimneys curl up  
 higher,  
 And dizzy things of eve begin to float  
 Upon the light ; the breeze begins to tire.  
 Half-way to sunset with a drowsy note  
 The ancient clock from out the valley swings ;  
 The grandam nods — and still the Blackbird  
 sings.

Far shouts and laughter from the farmstead  
 peal,  
 Where the great stack is piling in the sun ;  
 Through narrow gates o'erladen wagons reel,  
 And barking curs into the tumult run ;  
 While the inconstant wind bears off, and brings  
 The merry tempest — and the Blackbird sings.

On the high wold the last look of the sun  
 Burns, like a beacon, over dale and stream ;  
 The shouts have ceased, the laughter and the  
 fun ;

The grandam sleeps, and peaceful be her dream ;  
 Only a hammer on an anvil rings ;  
 The day is dying — still the Blackbird sings.

Now the good vicar passes from his gate,  
 Serene, with long white hair ; and in his eye  
 Burns the clear spirit that hath conquered Fate,  
 And felt the wings of immortality ;  
 His heart is thronged with great imaginings  
 And tender mercies — while the Blackbird sings.

Down by the brook he bends his steps, and  
 through  
 A lowly wicket ; and at last he stands  
 Awful beside the bed of one who grew  
 From boyhood with him, — who with lifted  
 hands  
 And eyes seems listening to far welcomings  
 And sweeter music — than the Blackbird sings.

Two golden stars, like tokens from the blest,  
Strike on his dim orbs from the setting sun ;  
His sinking hands seem pointing to the west ;  
He smiles as though he said, "Thy will be  
done !"

His eyes they see not those illuminings ;  
His ears they hear not — what the Blackbird sings.

FRIDRICK TENNYSON.

### THE COUNTRY LIFE.

SWEET country life, to such unknown  
Whose lives are others', not their own ;  
But, serving courts and cities, be  
Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
Thou never plow'st the ocean's foame  
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;  
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;  
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,  
Bring'st home the ingot from the West ;  
No, thy ambitious masterpiece  
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;  
Or to pay thy hind, and eke  
All scores, and so to end the year ;  
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
Not envying others' larger grounds ;  
For well thou know'st, 'tis not the extent  
Of land makes life, but sweet content.  
When now the cock, the plowman's home,  
Calls forth the lily-wristed mornie ;  
Then to thy cornfields thou dost go,  
Which, though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know  
That the best compost for the lands  
Is the wise master's feet and hands :  
There at the plow thou find'st thy teame,  
With a hind whistling there to them ;  
And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
The kingdom's portion is the plow ;  
This done, then to the enameled meads  
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,  
Thou seest a present godlike power  
Imprinted in each herbe and flower ;  
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,  
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine :  
Here thou behold'st thy huge sleek neat  
F'nto the dewlaps up in meat ;  
And as thou look'st, the wanton steere,  
The heifer, cow, and ox draw neare,  
To make a pleasing pastime there :  
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,  
And find'st their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;  
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,  
A shepherd piping on a hill.  
For sports, for pageantrie, and playes,  
Thou hast thy eyes and holydayes ;

On which the young men and maids meet  
To exercise their dancing feet,  
Tripping the comely country round,  
With daffodils and daisies crowned.  
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,  
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands grac't,  
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,  
Thy shearing-feast, which never faile,  
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowle,  
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole,  
Thy mummeries, thy twelf tide kings  
And queenes, thy Christmas revelings,  
Thy nut browne mirth, thy russet wit,  
And no man pays too deare for it :  
To these thou hast thy times to goe,  
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow ;  
Thy witty wiles to draw and get  
The larke into the trammel net ;  
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade  
To take the precious pheasant made ;  
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then  
To catch the pillering birds, not men.  
O happy life ! if that their good  
The husbandmen but understood ;  
Who all the day themselves do please,  
And younglings, with such sports as these ;  
And, lying down, have nought to alflight  
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

ROBERT HERRICK

### CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

FROM "MARMION."

HEAP on more wood ! — the wind is chill ;  
But, let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer ;  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Tol more deep the mead did drain ;  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;  
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;  
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone,  
Or listened all, in grim delight,  
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.  
Then forth in frenzy would they lie,  
While wildly loose their red locks fly ;  
And, dancing round the blazing pile,  
They make such barbarous mirth the while,  
As best might to the mind recall  
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.  
And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had rolled

And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all his hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honor to the holy night :  
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;  
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;  
 That only night, in all the year,  
 Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;  
 The hall was dressed with holly green ;  
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then opened wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doffed her pride.  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner choose ;  
 The lord, undergating, share  
 The vulgar game of " post and pair." <sup>†</sup>  
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,  
 And genend voice, the happy night  
 That to the cottage, as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,  
 Bore then upon its massive board  
 No mark to part the squire and lord.  
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;  
 Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,  
 Crested with bays and rosemary.  
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell  
 How, when, and where the monster fell ;  
 What dogs before his death he tore,  
 And all the baiting of the boar.  
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,  
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
 There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by  
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie :  
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,  
 At such high-tide, her savory goose.  
 Then came the merry maskers in,  
 And carols roared with blithesome din ;  
 If unmelodious was the song,  
 It was a hearty note, and strong.  
 Who lists may in their mumming see  
 Traces of ancient mystery ;  
 White skirts supplied the masquerade,  
 And smutted cheeks the visors made :  
 But, O, what maskers richly dight  
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !  
 England was merry England, when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'T was Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;  
 'T was Christmas told the merriest tale :

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

BEFELL that in that season on a day  
 In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,  
 At night was come into that hostelry  
 Well nine-and-twenty in a compaignie.

There also was a NUN, a Prioress,  
 That in her smiling was full simple and coy ;  
 Her greatest oath was but by Saint Eloy ;  
 And she was clepid Madame Eglantine.  
 Full well she sange\* the service divine,  
 Entuned in her nose full swetely ;  
 And French she spake full faire and fetisly, †  
 After the school of Stratford atte Bow,  
 For French of Paris was to her unknow.  
 At mete was she well ytaught withall ;  
 She let no morsel from her lippes fall,  
 Nor wet her fingers in her sauce deep ;  
 Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,  
 That no drop never fell upon her breast.  
 In courtesie was set full much her lest. ‡

And certainly she was of great disport,  
 And full pleasant, and amiable of port,  
 And took much pains to imitate the air  
 Of court, and hold a stately manner,  
 And to be thoughten worthy reverence.  
 But for to spoken of her conscience,  
 She was so charitable and so piteous,  
 She wolde weep if that she saw a mouse  
 Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled ;  
 Some small hounds had she that she fed  
 With roasted flesh, and milk, and wasted bread,  
 But sore she wept if one of them were dead,  
 Or if men smote it with a yerde § smart :  
 She was all conscience and tender heart.

Full seemely her wimple pinched was ;  
 Her nose was straight ; her eyes were grey as glass,  
 Her mouth full small, and therto soft and red ;  
 But certainly she had a fair forehead.  
 It was almost a spanne broad I trow,  
 For certainly she was not undergrown.

Full handsome was her cloak, as I was ware  
 Of small coral about her arm she bare  
 A pair of bedes, gauded all with green ;  
 And thereon hung a brooch of gold full shene,  
 On which was first ywritten a crowned A,  
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NUN also with her had she,  
 That was her chaplain, and of PRIESTES three.

\* Although the spelling of Chaucer is here much modernized, in this and other instances a superfluous e is retained, because the rhythm requires that it should be pronounced.

† Neatly.

‡ Pleasure.

§ Staff.

A good man there was of religion,  
That was a poor PARSONE of a town ;  
But rich he was in holy thought and work,  
He was also a learned man, a clerk,  
That Christe's gospel truly would preach.  
His parishens devoutly would he teach,  
Benigne he was and wondrous diligent,  
And in adversity full patient :  
And such he was yproved often times ;  
Full loth were he to cursen for his tithes,  
But rather would he given, out of doubt,  
Unto his poor parishioners about,  
Of his offering, and eke of his substance ;  
He could in little thing have suffisance.  
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,  
But he nor felt nor thought of rain or thunder,  
In sickness and in mischief to visit  
The farthest in his parish, much and oft,  
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.  
This noble ensample to his sheep he gave,  
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.  
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,  
And this figure he adied yet thereto,  
That if gold rust, what sholde iron do ?  
And if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,  
No wonder if a common man do rust ;  
Well ought a priest ensample for to give,  
By his cleannesse, how his sheep should live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,  
Or left his sheep bewildered in the mire,  
And ran unto London, unto Saint Paul's,  
To seeken him a chanterie for souls,  
Or with a brotherhood to be withhold ;  
But dwelt at home, and kept well his fold,  
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry.  
He was a shepherd and no mercenarie,  
And though he holy were, and virtuous,  
He was to sinful men not dispiteous,  
Nor of his speech dangerous nor high,  
But in his teaching discrete and benigne.  
To draw his folk to heaven, with fairness,  
By good ensample, was his business :  
But if were any person obstinate,  
Whether he were of high or low estate,  
Him would he reprove sharply for the nones,  
A better priest I trow that nowhere is.  
He waited after neither pomp ne reverence,  
Nor makid him no spicid conscience,  
But Christe's lore and his Apostles twelve  
He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

### ON SOME SKULLS

IN BEAULEY ABBEY NEAR INVERNESS.

IN silent, barren synod met  
Within these roofless walls, where yet

The severed arch and carv'd fret  
Cl'ing to the ruin,  
The brethren's skulls mourn, dewy wet,  
Their creed's undoing.

The mitered ones of Nice and Trent  
Were not so tongue-tied : no, they went  
Hot to their councils, scarce content  
With orthodoxy ;  
But ye, poor tongueless things, were meant  
To speak by proxy.

Your chronicles no more exist,  
For Knox, the revolutionist,  
Destroyed the work of every fist  
That scrawled black-letter ;  
Well ! I'm a craniologist,  
And may do better.

This skull-cap wore the cowl from sloth  
Or discontent, perhaps from both ;  
And yet one day, against his oath,  
He tried escaping ;  
For men, though idle, may be loath  
To live on gaping.

This crawled through life in feebleness,  
Boasting he never knew excess,  
Cursing those crimes he scarce could guess,  
Or felt but faintly,  
With prayers that Heaven would cease to bless  
Men so unsaintly.

Here's a true churchman, — he'd affect  
Much charity, and ne'er neglect  
To pray for mercy on the elect,  
But thought no evil  
In sending heathen, Turk, and sect,  
All to the devil.

Poor skull, thy fingers set ablaze,  
With silver saint in golden rays,  
The holy missal : thou didst craze  
Mid beard and spangle,  
While others passed their idler days  
In coil and wrangle.

Long time this scone a helmet wore,  
But sickness smites the conscience sore ;  
He broke his sword and hither bore  
His gear and plunder.  
Took to the cowl, then raved and swore  
At his great blunder !

This lily-colored skull, with all  
The teeth complete, so white and small,  
Belonged to one whose early pall  
A lover shaded :  
He died ere superstitious gall  
His breast invaded.

Ha! Here is undivulgèd crime!  
Despair forbade his soul to climb  
Beyond this world, this mortal time  
Of fevered sadness,  
Until their monkish pantomime  
Dazzled his madness.

A younger brother this; a man  
Aspiring as a Tartar Khan,  
But, curbed and baffled, he began  
The trade of frightening.  
It smacked of power, — and here he ran  
To deal Heaven's lightning.

This idiot skull belonged to one,  
A buried miser's only son,  
Who, penitent ere he'd begun  
To taste of pleasure,  
And hoping Heaven's dread wrath to shun,  
Gave Hell his treasure.

There is the forehead of an ape,  
A robber's mark; and here the nape,  
That bone — fie on 't! — just bears the shape  
Of carnal passion;  
O, he was one for theft and rape  
In monkish fashion.

This was the porter; he could sing,  
Or dance, or play, or anything;  
And what the friars bade him bring,  
They ne'er were balked of;  
Matters not worth remembering,  
And seldom talked of.

Enough, — why need I further pore?  
This corner holds at least a score,  
And yonder twice as many more,  
Of reverend brothers;  
'T is the same story o'er and o'er, —  
They're like the others.

ANONYMOUS.

## CLEOPATRA.

FROM "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

ENOBARDUS. The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars  
were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggared all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion (cloth-of-gold of tissue),

O'erpiecturing that Venus, where we see  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

AGRIPPA. O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard  
speak,

Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench!

MECENAS. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women eloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

SHAKESPEARE.

## GODIVA.

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,  
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she  
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
The woman of a thousand summers back,  
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled  
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax  
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought  
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we  
starve!"  
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode  
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,

His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they  
starve."

Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,  
"You would not let your little finger ache  
For such as *these*?" "But I would die," said  
she.

He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul :  
Then filleted at the diamond in her ear ;  
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,  
"But prove me what it is I would not do."  
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,  
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,  
And I repeat it"; and nodding, as in scorn,  
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
The hard condition ; but that she would loose  
The people : therefore, as they loved her well,  
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,  
No eye look down, she passing ; but that all  
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasped the welded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath  
She lingered, looking like a summer moon  
Half dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,  
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee ;  
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair  
Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
The gateway ; there she found her palfrey trapt  
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity :  
The deep air listened round her as she rode,  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout  
Had cunning eyes to see : the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's footfall shot  
Light horrors through her pulses : the blind walls  
Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but she  
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw  
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field  
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity :  
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peeped — but his eyes, before they had their will,  
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait  
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused ;  
And she, that knew not, passed : and all at once,

With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless  
noon  
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,  
One after one : but even then she gained  
Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
And built herself an everlasting name.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### PEACE IN ACADIE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin  
of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-  
Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised  
with labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons  
the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will  
o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and  
orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and  
away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on  
the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their  
station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the  
Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of  
oak and of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the  
reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ;  
and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded  
the doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes  
on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and  
in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spin-  
ning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shut-  
tles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels  
and the songs of the maidens.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
and the children  
Panned in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose  
matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and  
serenely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon  
from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs  
of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace  
and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers, —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike  
were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the  
vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars  
to their windows ;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the  
hearts of the owners ;  
There the richest were poor, and the poorest lived  
in abundance.  
Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer  
the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of  
Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing  
his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride  
of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of  
seventy winters :  
Heartly and hale was he, an oak that is covered  
with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks  
as brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen  
summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on  
the thorn by the wayside.  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
brown shade of her tresses !  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that  
feed in the meadows,  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth  
was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the  
bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,  
and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,  
as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.  
But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction  
upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind the black  
wall of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous  
gleam of the moonlight,  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened  
and devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,  
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and  
the magical moonlight  
Seemed to inundate her soul with undefinable  
longings,  
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the  
shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the  
measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and  
fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and  
infinite numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in  
the heavens,



Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to  
 marvel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls  
 of that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,  
 "Upharsin."  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars  
 and the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O  
 my beloved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot be-  
 hold thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
 not reach me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to  
 the prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the  
 woodlands around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
 labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me  
 in thy slumbers.  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be  
 folded about thee?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-  
 poorwill sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through  
 the neighboring thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
 into silence.  
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular  
 caverns of darkness;  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
 "To-morrow!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

RIDING from Coleraine  
 (Famed for lovely Kitty)  
 Came a Cockney bound  
 Unto Derry city;  
 Weary was his soul,  
 Shivering and sad he  
 Bumped along the road  
 Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretched around,  
 Gloomy was their tinting,  
 And the horse's hoofs  
 Made a dismal clinting;  
 Wind upon the heath  
 Howling was and piping,  
 On the heath and bog,  
 Black with many a snipe in;  
 Mid the bogs of black,  
 Silver pools were flashing,

Crows upon their sides  
 Picking were and splashing,  
 Cockney on the car  
 Closer folds his plaidy,  
 Grumbling at the road  
 Leads to Limavaddy.  
 Through the crashing woods  
 Autumn brawled and blustered,  
 Tossing round about  
 Leaves the hue of mustard;  
 Yonder lay Lough Foyle,  
 Which a storm was whipping,  
 Covering with mist  
 Lake and shores and shipping.  
 Up and down the hill  
 (Nothing could be bolder)  
 Horse went with a raw  
 Bleeding on his shoulder.  
 "Where are horses changed?"  
 Said I to the lady  
 Driving on the box.  
 "Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn 's  
 But a humble baithouse,  
 Where you may procure  
 Whisky and potatoes;  
 Landlord at the door  
 Gives a smiling welcome  
 To the shivering wights  
 Who to his hotel come.  
 Landlady within  
 Sits and knits a stocking,  
 With a wary foot  
 Baby's cradle rocking.  
 To the chimney-nook  
 Having found admittance,  
 There I watch a pup  
 Playing with two kittens  
 (Playing round the fire,  
 Which of blazing turf is,  
 Roaring to the pot  
 Which bubbles with the murphies);  
 And the cradled babe,  
 Fond the mother nursed it,  
 Singing it a song  
 As she twists the worsted:

Up and down the stair  
 Two more young ones pattered  
 (Twins were never seen  
 Dirtier nor fatter);  
 Both have mottled legs,  
 Both have snubby noses,  
 Both have — Here the host  
 Kindly interposes:  
 "Sure you must be froze  
 With the sleet and hail, sir;

So will you have some punch,  
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid  
Enters with the liquor  
(Half a pint of ale  
Frothing in a beaker).  
Gads! I did n't know  
What my beating heart meant;  
Hebe's self I thought  
Entered the apartment.  
As she came she smiled,  
And the smile bewitching,  
On my word and honor,  
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a courtesy neat  
Greeting the new-comer,  
Lovely, smiling Peg  
Offers me the rummer;  
But my trembling hand  
Up the beaker tilted,  
And the glass of ale  
Every drop I spilt it, —  
Spilt it every drop  
(Dames who read my volumes,  
Pardon such a word)  
On my what-d'ye-call-ems!  
Witnessing the sight  
Of that dire disaster,  
Out began to laugh  
Missis, maid, and master;  
Such a merry peal,  
'Specially Miss Peg's was,  
(As the glass of ale  
Trickling down my legs was,)  
That the joyful sound  
Of that mingling laughter  
Echoed in my ears  
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!  
In the meadows listening,  
You who've heard the bells  
Ringing to a christening;  
You who ever heard  
Caradori pretty,  
Smiling like an angel,  
Singing "Giovinetti";  
Fancy Peggy's laugh,  
Sweet and clear and cheerful,  
At my pantaloons  
With half a pint of beer full!

See her as she moves!  
Scarce the ground she touches;  
Airy as a fay,  
Graceful as a duchess;

Bare her rounded arm,  
Bare her little leg is;  
Vestris never showed  
Ankles like to Peggy's;  
Braided is her hair,  
Soft her look and modest,  
Slim her little waist,  
Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,  
Happy is the haddy  
Who the heart can share  
Of Peg of Limavaddy;  
Married if she were,  
Blest would be the daddy  
Of the children fair  
Of Peg of Limavaddy.  
Beauty is not rare  
In the land of Paddy;  
Fair beyond compare  
Is Peg of Limavaddy.  
And till I expire,  
Or till I grow mad, I  
Will sing unto my lyre  
Peg of Limavaddy!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### THE LEPER.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came  
The cry passed on, — "Room for the leper!  
Room!"

. . . . And aside they stood,  
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood, — all  
Who met him on his way, — and let him pass.  
And onward through the open gate he came  
A leper with the ashes on his brow,  
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip  
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,  
And with a difficult utterance, like one  
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,  
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"  
. . . . Day was breaking  
When at the altar of the temple stood  
The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp  
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant  
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,  
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,  
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helen knelt.  
The echoes of the melancholy strain  
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,  
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his  
head

Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off  
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,  
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip

Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,  
Waiting to hear his doom :—

“ Depart ! depart, O child  
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,  
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,  
And to the desert wild  
From all thou lov’st away thy feet must flee,  
That from thy plague his people may be free.

“ Depart ! and come not near  
The busy mart, the crowded city, more ;  
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o’er ;  
And stay thou not to hear  
Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly  
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

“ Wet not thy burning lip  
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;  
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,  
Nor kneel thee down to dip  
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,  
By desert well, or river’s grassy brink.

“ And pass not thou between  
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze,  
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees  
Where human tracks are seen ;  
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,  
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow grain.

“ And now depart ! and when  
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,  
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him  
Who, from the tribes of men,  
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.  
Depart ! O leper ! and forget not God !”

And he went forth — alone ! not one of all  
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name  
Was woven in the fibers of the heart  
Breaking within him now, to come and speak  
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,  
Sick and heart-broken and alone, — to die !  
For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,  
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,  
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched  
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,  
Praying that he might be so blest, — to die !  
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,  
He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying, “ Unclean ! unclean ! ” and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.  
Nearer the stranger came, and, bending o’er  
The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name.

— “ Helon ! ” — the voice was like the master-  
tone

Of a rich instrument, — most strangely sweet ;  
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And for a moment beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.  
“ Helon ! arise ! ” and he forgot his curse,  
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe  
Mingled in the regard of Helon’s eye  
As he beheld the stranger. He was not  
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow  
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;  
No followers at his back, nor in his hand  
Buckler or sword or spear, — yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,  
A kingly condescension graced his lips  
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.  
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn ;  
His stature modeled with a perfect grace ;  
His countenance, the impress of a God,  
Touched with the open innocence of a child ;  
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky  
In the serenest noon ; his hair unshorn  
Fell to his shoulders ; and his curling beard  
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.  
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,  
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,  
He took a little water in his hand  
And laid it on his brow, and said, “ Be clean ! ”  
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood  
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,  
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow  
The dewy softness of an infant’s stole.  
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down  
Prostrate at Jesus’ feet, and worshipped him.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

#### THE SETTLER.

His echoing ax the settler swung  
Amid the sea-like solitude,  
And, rushing, thundering, down were flung  
The Titans of the wood ;  
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed  
From out his mossy nest, which crashed  
With its supporting bough.  
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed  
On the wolf’s haunt below.

Rude was the garb and strong the frame  
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil :  
To form that garb the wildwood game  
Contributed their spoil ;  
The soul that warmed that frame disdained  
The tinsel, gaud, and glare that reigned  
Where men their crowds collect ;

The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,  
This forest-tamer decked.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,  
The stream whose bright lips kissed their  
flowers,

The winds that swelled their harmonies  
Through those sun-hiding bowers,  
The temple vast, the green arcade,  
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,  
Dark cave, and swampy lair ;  
These scenes and sounds majestic made  
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot,  
Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,  
And herbs and plants the woods knew not  
Throve in the sun and rain.  
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,  
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,  
All made a landscape strange,  
Which was the living chronicle  
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,  
The rose of summer spread its glow,  
The maize hung out its autumn fringe,  
Rude winter brought his snow ;  
And still the lone one labored there,  
His shout and whistle broke the air,  
As cheerily he plied  
His garden-spade, or drove his share  
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood  
Roaring and crackling on its path,  
And scorching earth, and melting wood,  
Beneath its greedy wrath ;  
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,  
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,  
And darkening thick the day  
With streaming bough and severed root,  
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,  
The grim bear hushed his savage growl ;  
In blood and foam the panther gnashed  
His fangs, with dying howl ;  
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,  
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,  
And, with its moaning cry,  
The beaver sank beneath the wound  
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,  
When Liberty sent forth her cry,  
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place,  
To fight, — to bleed, — to die !

Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,  
By hope through weary years were led,  
And witnessed Vorktown's sun  
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,  
A nation's freedom won.

ALFRED B. STREET

— ◆ —  
DIVINA COMMEDIA.

OFT have I seen, at some cathedral door,  
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;  
Far off the noises of the world retreat ;  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar.  
So, as I enter here from day to day,  
And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
The tumult of the time disconsolate  
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these  
towers !

This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves  
Birds build their nests ; while canopied with  
leaves

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,  
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers !

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves  
Watch the dead Christ between the living  
thieves,

And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !

Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,

What exultations trampling on despair,

What tenderness, what tears, what hate of  
wrong,

What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,

U'rose this poem of the earth and air,

This medieval miracle of song !

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom

Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !

And strive to make my steps keep pace with  
thine.

The air is filled with some unknown perfume ;

The congregation of the dead make room

For thee to pass ; the votive tapers shine ;

Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine

The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.

From the confessionals I hear arise

Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,

And lamentations from the crypts below ;

And then a voice celestial, that begins

With the pathetic words, " Although your sins

As scarlet be," and ends with " as the snow."

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
 With forms of saints and holy men who died,  
 Here martyred and hereafter glorified ;  
 And the great Rose upon its leaves displays  
 Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,  
 With splendor upon splendor multiplied ;  
 And Beatrice again at Dante's side  
 No more rebukes, but smiles her words of  
 praise.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs  
 Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,  
 And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;

And the melodious bells among the spires  
 O'er all the house-tops and through heaven  
 above

Proclaim the elevation of the Host !

O star of morning and of liberty !

O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines  
 Above the darkness of the Apennines,  
 Forerunner of the day that is to be !

The voices of the city and the sea,

The voices of the mountains and the pines,  
 Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
 Are footpaths for the thought of Italy !

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,  
 Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,  
 As of a mighty wind, and men devout,

Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,  
 In their own language hear thy wondrous word,  
 And many are amazed and many doubt.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN the sober realm of leafless trees,  
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;  
 Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,  
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,  
 O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,  
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills  
 On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,  
 The hills seemed further and the stream sang  
 low,  
 As in a dream the distant woodman hewed  
 His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,  
 Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
 Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,  
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On somber wings the vulture tried his flight :  
 The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's com-  
 plaint :

And, like a star slow drowning in the light,  
 The village church vane seemed to pale and  
 faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew, —  
 Crew thrice, — and all was stiller than before ;  
 Silent, till some replying warble blew  
 His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,  
 Made garrulous trouble round her undeged-  
 young :

And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
 By every light wind like a censer swung :

Where sang the noisy martens of the eves,  
 The busy swallows circling ever near, —  
 Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
 An early harvest and a plenteous year ;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast  
 Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at  
 morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east ; —  
 All now was sunless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail :  
 And croaked the crow through all the dreary  
 gloom ;

Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
 Made echo in the distance to the cottage-loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bower :  
 The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by  
 night,

The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
 Sailed slowly by, — passed noise-less out of  
 sight.

Amid all this — in this most dreary air,  
 And where the woodbine shed upon the porch  
 Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,  
 Firing the floor with its inverted torch, —

Amid all this, the center of the scene,  
 The white-haired matron, with monotonous  
 tread,

Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien  
 Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow. He had walked with  
 her,

Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen  
 crust,

And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir  
 Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,

Her country summoned and she gave her all ;  
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume, —  
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew  
And struck for liberty the dying blow ;  
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,  
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous  
tune.

At last the thread was snapped, — her head was  
howed ;  
Life dropped the distaff through her hands  
serene ;  
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful  
shroud,  
While death and winter closed the autumn  
scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

#### MR. SIMMS.

[A few lines in honor of the late Mr. Simms, Senior Assistant to Messrs. Sheringham, Leith, Badgery, and Hay, of Bengal.]

FROM "BOLE POUJIS."

Who did not know that office Jaun of pale Po-  
mona green,  
With its drab and yellow lining, and picked-out  
black between,  
Which down the esplanade did go at the ninth  
hour of the day ?  
We ne'er shall see it thus again — Alas ! and  
well-a-day !

With its bright brass patent axles, and its little  
hogmaned tatts,  
And its ever jetty harness, which was always  
made by Watts ;  
The harness black and silver, and the ponies of  
dark gray, —  
And shall we never see it more ? — Alas ! and  
well-a-day !

With its very tidy coachman with a very old gray  
beard,  
And its pair of neat clad Saycees on whom no spot  
appeared,  
Not sitting lazily behind, but running all the way  
By Mr. Simms's little coach — Alas ! and well-  
a-day !

And when he reached the counting-house, he got  
out at the door,

And entering the office made just three bows and  
no more.

Then passing through the clerks he smiled, a  
sweet smile and a gay,  
And kindly spoke the younger ones — Alas ! and  
well-a-day !

And all did love to see him, with his jacket rather  
long,

It was the way they wore them when good Mr.  
Simms was young ;  
With his nankeen breeches buckled by two gold  
buckles away,  
And his china tight silk stockings, pink and shiny  
— Well-a-day !

With his little frill, like crispèd snow, his waist-  
coat spotless white,  
His cravat very narrow, and a very little tight.  
And a blue broach where, in diamond sparks, a  
ship at anchor lay,  
The gift of Mr. Crittenden — Alas ! and well-a-  
day !

Then from the press where it abode he took the  
ledger stout,  
And gazed upon it reverently, withinside and  
without ;  
Then placed his pencils, rubbers, pens, and knives  
in due array,  
And Mr. Simms was ready for the business of  
the day.

And ever to the junior clerks his counsel it was  
wise, —  
That they shall loop their I's, and cross their t's,  
and dot their i's,  
And honor Messrs. Sheringham, Leith, Badgery,  
and Hay,  
Whom he had served for forty years — Alas ! and  
well-a-day !

And a very pleasant running hand good Mr.  
Simms did write,  
His upstrokes were like gossamer, his down-  
strokes black as night ;  
And his lines, all clear and sparkling, like a  
rivulet in May,  
Meandered o'er the folios — Alas ! and well-a-  
day !

And daily, in a silver dish, as bright as bright  
could be,  
At one o'clock his tiffin came, — two sandwiches  
or three.

It never came a minute soon, nor a minute did  
delay,  
So punctual were good Mr. Simms's people —  
Well-a-day!

And in the mango season still a daily basket came,  
With fruit as green as emeralds, or ruddier than  
flame.  
By Mr. Simms the sort had been imported from  
Bombay,  
And sown and grown beneath his eye — Alas!  
and well-a-day!

And when his tiffin it was done, he took a pint  
precise  
Of well-cooled soda-water, — but it was not  
cooled with ice, —  
And a little ginger essence (Oxly's), Mr. Simms  
did say  
It comforted his rheumatiz — Alas! and well-a-  
day!

Then of a Sunday after prayers, while waiting in  
the porch,  
His talk was of the bishop, and the vestry, and  
the church;  
And two or three select young men would dine  
with him that day  
To taste his old Madeira, and his curry called  
Malay.

For famous was the table that good Mr. Simms  
did keep,  
With his home-fed ducks, his Madras fowls, and  
his grain-fed Patua sheep;  
And the fruits from his own garden and the dried  
fish from the Bay  
Sent up by bold Branch Pilot Stout — Alas! and  
well-a-day!

And he was full of anecdote, and spiced his prime  
pale ale  
With many a cheerful bit of talk and many a  
curious tale,  
How Dexter ate his buttons off, and in a one-  
horse shay  
My Lord Cornwallis drove about — Alas! and  
well-a-day!

And every Doorga Poojah would good Mr. Simms  
explore  
The famous river Hoogley as high as Barrackpore;  
And visit the menagerie, and in his pleasant way  
Declare that "all the bears were bores" — Alas!  
and well-a-day!

Then, if the weather it was fine, to Chinsura he'd go  
With his nieces three in a pinnace, and a smart  
young man or so

In bright blue coats and waistcoats which were  
sparkling as the day,  
And curly hair and white kid gloves, — a lover-  
like array!

And at Chinsura they walked about, and then  
they went to tea  
With the ancient merchant Van der Zank, and  
the widow Van der Zee;  
They were old friends of Mr. Simms, and parting  
he would say,  
"Perchance we ne'er may meet again!" — Alas!  
and well-a-day!

At length the hour did come for him which surely  
comes for all,  
From the beggar in his hovel to the monarch in  
his hall;  
And when it came to Mr. Simms he gently passed  
away  
As falling into pleasant sleep — Alas! and well-  
a-day!

And on his face there lingered still a sweet smile  
and a bland,  
His Bible lying by his side, and some roses in  
his hand;  
His spectacles still marked the place where he  
had read that day  
The words of faith and hope which cheered his  
spirit on his way.

And many were the weeping friends who followed  
him next night,  
In many mourning coaches found by Solitude  
and Kyte;  
And many a circle still laments the good, the  
kind, the gay,  
The hospitable Mr. Simms — Alas! and well-a-  
day!

HENRY MEREDITH PARKER

#### THE WAKE OF TIM O'HARA.

To the wake of O'Hara  
Came companie; —  
All St. Patrick's Alley  
Was there to see,  
With the friends and kinsmen  
Of the family.

On the old deal table Tim lay, in white,  
And at his pillow the burning light;  
While pale as himself, with the tear on her cheek,  
The mother received us, — too full to speak.  
But she heaped the fire, and with never a word  
Set the black bottle upon the board,  
While the company gathered, one and all,

Men and women, big and small, —  
Not one in the alley but felt a call  
To the wake of Tim O'Hara.

At the face of O'Hara,  
All white with sleep,  
Not one of the women  
But took a peep,  
And the wives new wedded  
Began to weep.

The mothers clustered around about,  
And praised the linen and laying out,  
For white as snow was his winding-sheet,  
And all looked peaceful, and clean, and sweet.  
The old wives, praising the blessed dead,  
Clustered thick round the old press-bed,  
Where O'Hara's widow, tattered and torn,  
Held to her bosom the babe new-born,  
And stared all round her, with eyes forlorn,  
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

For the heart of O'Hara  
Was true as gold,  
And the life of O'Hara  
Was bright and bold,  
And his smile was precious  
To young and old.

Gay as a guinea, wet or dry,  
With a smiling mouth and a twinkling eye,  
Had ever an answer for chaff or fun ;  
Would fight like a lion with any one.  
Not a neighbor of any trade  
But knew some joke that the boy had made !  
Not a neighbor, dull or bright,  
But minded something, frolic or fight,  
And whispered it round the fire that night,  
At the wake of Tim O'Hara !

"To God be glory, in death and life !  
He's taken O'Hara from trouble and strife,"  
Said one-eyed Biddy, the apple-wife.  
"God bless old Ireland !" said Mistress Hart,  
Mother to Mike of the donkey-cart :  
"God bless old Ireland till all be done !  
She never made wake for a better son !"  
And all joined chorus, and each one said  
Something kind of the boy that was dead.  
The bottle went round from lip to lip,  
And the weeping widow, for fellowship,  
Took the glass of old Biddy, and had a sip,  
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

Then we drank to O'Hara with drams to the  
brim,  
While the face of O'Hara looked on so grim,  
In the corpse-light shining yellow and dim.  
The drink went round again and again ;  
The talk grew louder at every drain ;

Louder the tongues of the women grew !  
The tongues of the boys were loosing too !  
But the widow her weary eyelids closed,  
And, soothed by the drop of drink, she dozed ;  
The mother brightened, and laughed to hear  
Of O'Hara's fight with the Grenadier,  
And the hearts of us all took better cheer  
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

Though the face of O'Hara looked on so wan,  
In the chimney-corner the row began ;  
Lame Tony was in it, the oysterman.  
For a dirty low thief from the north came near  
And whistled "Boyne Water" in his ear,  
And Tony, with never a word of grace,  
Hit out his fist in the blackguard's face.  
Then all the women screamed out for fright ;  
The men that were drunkest began to fight ;  
Over the chairs and tables they threw ;  
The corpse-light tumbled, the trouble grew ;  
The new-born joined in the hullabaloo,  
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

"Be still ! Be silent !  
Ye do a sin !  
Shame be his portion  
Who dares begin !"  
'T was Father O'Connor  
Just entered in ;

And all looked shamed, and the row was done  
Sorry and sheepish looked every one ;  
But the priest just smiled quite easy and free ;  
"Would you wake the poor boy from his sleep !"  
said he.  
And he said a prayer with a shining face,  
Till a kind of a brightness filled the place ;  
The women lit up the dim corpse-light ;  
The men were quieter at the sight ;  
And the peace of the Lord fell on all that night  
At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

#### A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"Leisure is gone . . . fine old Leisure." — GEORGE ELIOT.

HE lived in "Farmer George's" day,  
When men were less inclined to say  
That "Time is Gold," and overlay  
With toil their pleasure ;  
He held some land, and dwelt thereon, —  
Where, I forget, — the house is gone ;  
His Christian name, I think, was John, —  
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him, — a face  
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,  
Fresh-colored, frank, without a trace  
Of care to shade it ;



The eyes are blue, the hair is drest  
In plainest way, — one hand is prest  
Deep in a flapped canary vest,  
With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,  
With silver buttons, — round his throat  
A soft cravat ; in all you note  
A bygone fashion, —  
A strangeness which to us who shine  
In shapely hats, whose coats combine  
All harmonies of hue and line,  
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see ;  
Men were untraveled then, but we,  
Like Ariel, post by land and sea,  
With careless parting ;  
He found it quite enough for him  
To smoke his pipe in "gardens trim,"  
And watch, about the fish-tank's brim,  
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,  
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,  
He liked the drone of flies among  
His netted peaches ;  
He liked to watch the sunlight fall  
Athwart his ivied orchard wall,  
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call  
Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of paint and patch,  
And yet no Ranelagh could match  
The sober doves that round his thatch  
Spread tails and siddled ;  
He liked their ruffling, puffed content, —  
For him their drowsy wheelings meant  
More than a Mall of beaux that bent,  
Or belles that brilled.

Not that, in truth, when life began  
He shunned the flutter of the fan ;  
He, too, had maybe "pinked his man"  
In beauty's quarrel ;  
But now his "fervent youth" had flown  
Where lost things go ; and he was grown  
As staid and slow-paced as his own  
Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held  
That no composer's score excelled  
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled  
The jovial riot ;  
But most his measured words of praise

Caressed the angler's easy ways, —  
His idly meditative days,  
His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose  
Beyond a sunny summer doze ;  
He never troubled his repose  
With fruitless prying ;  
But held, as law for high and low,  
What God conceals no man can know,  
And smiled away inquiry so,  
Without replying.

We read — alas, how much we read !  
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed,  
With endless controversies fed  
Our groaning table :  
His books — and they sufficed him — were  
Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of Blair,  
A "Walton," — much the worse for wear, —  
And "Elois's Fables."

One more, — the Bible. Not that he  
Had searched its page as deep as we ;  
No sophistries could make him see  
Its slender erec-tit ;  
It may be that he could not count  
The race of Kings to Jesus' fount, —  
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount," —  
And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,  
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead.  
His ways were far too slow, he said,  
To quite forget her ;  
And still when Time had turned him gray,  
The earliest hawthorn buds in May  
Would find his lingering feet astray  
Where first he met her.

"In Cælo Quies" heads the stone —  
On Leisure's grave, — now little known,  
A tangle of wild-rose has grown  
So thick across it :  
The "Benefactions" still declare  
He left the clerk an elbow-chair,  
And "12 Pence yearly to prepare  
A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure ! Doubtless you  
With too serene a conscience drew  
Your placid breath, and slumbered through  
The gravest issue :  
But we, to whom our creed allows  
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,  
Look down upon your narrow house,  
Old friend, and miss you !

## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;  
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
As is the harebell that adorns the field ;  
And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield  
T'way birchen sprays ; with anxious fear en-  
twined,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled ;  
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,  
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;  
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air  
'T was simple russet, but it was her own,  
'T was her own country bred the flock so fair,  
'T was her own labor did the fleece prepare ;  
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,  
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;  
For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight  
on ground.

Albeit no flattery did corrupt her truth,  
No pompous title did debauch her ear ;  
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aint forsooth,  
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right  
dear ;  
No would esteem him act as mought behoove,  
Who should not honor'd e'd with these revere ;  
For never title yet so mean could prove,  
But there was eke a mind which did that title  
love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,  
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;  
Such favor did her just deportment claim ;  
And, if neglect had fawished on the ground  
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;  
For well she knew, and quaintly could ex-  
pound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she  
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could  
speak  
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,  
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak ;  
But herbs for use, and phisic, not a few,  
Of gay renown, within those borders grew ;  
The mitted basil, pau provoking thyme,  
Fresh balm, and mary, dd of cheerful hue ;  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,  
And mee I fan would sing, disclaiming here to  
rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;  
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue ;  
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's  
wound ;

And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy found,  
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,  
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare  
perfume.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

## THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'T was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry ;  
His form was bent and his gait was slow,  
His long thin hair was as white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye ;  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
" Let us be happy down here below ;  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Writing, and reading, and lustory too ;  
He took the little ones up on his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew ;  
" Learn while you're young," he often said,  
" There's much to enjoy down here below ;  
Life for the living and rest for the dead !"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones ;  
The rod was hardly known in his school, —  
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones ;  
" Besides, it is painful," he sometimes said ;  
" We should make life pleasant down here  
below,  
The living need charity more than the dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door ;  
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor ;  
" I need so little," he often said ;  
" And my friends and relatives here below  
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,  
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,

With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,    What a world of happiness [but] I am any day  
Making an unceremonious call,

Over a pipe and friendly glass ;  
This was the finest pleasure, he said,  
Of the many he tattled here below ;  
" Who has no cronies had better be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face  
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles,  
He stirred his glass with an old school grace,  
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,  
Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles  
" I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,  
" I have lingered a long while here below ;  
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air  
Every night when the sun went down,  
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
Leaving his tenderest knees there,  
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown  
And feeling the knees, he smiled, and said,  
" 'T was a glorious world, down here below ;  
" Why wait for happiness till we are dead ?"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one mid-summer night,  
After the sun had sunk in the west,  
And the lingering beams of golden light  
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,  
While the odorous night-wind whispered,  
" Rest !"  
Gently, gently, he bowed his head, —  
There were angels, waiting for him, I know —  
He was sure of happiness, living or dead, —  
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

THE BELL.

### THE BELLS.

HEAR the dudgeon with the bell, —  
Silver bells, —  
What a world of merriment the melody fore-tell !  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the by-air of night !  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight, —  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tinkling vibration that so musically well,  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,  
From the jangling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells, —  
Golden bells !

Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight  
From the mellow golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that tutters, while the great  
On the moon !  
O, from out the swarming cells,  
What a gush of euphony vehemently bursts !  
How it swells,  
How it swells,  
On the Pafos — how it tumbles  
Of the rapture that impels,  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,  
To the rhyming and the chanting of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells,  
Brazen bells !  
What a tale of terror, now, their melancholy wail !  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright !  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the  
fire,  
In a mad expectation with the deaf and frantic  
fire  
Leaping higher — higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor,  
Now — now to sit, or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
O the bells, bells, bells,  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of fear !  
How they clang and clash and roar !  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the pale-faced air !  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
By the clanging,  
And the clanging,  
How the dudgeon eeds and flows ;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling,  
And the swarming,  
How the dancier eeds and flows,  
By the jangling or the swarming in the anger of  
the bells,  
Of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells, —  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells,  
 In their melody  
 What a world of solemn thought their monody  
 Compels!

Oh, the silence of the night,  
 How we shiver with delight  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
 For every sound that floats  
 From the mist within their throats  
 Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—  
 They that dwell up in the steeples,  
 With their  
 Whispers,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
 In their rattled monotone,  
 Feel a glow in so solemn  
 On the human heart a stone,  
 They are neither man nor woman,  
 They are neither brute nor human,  
 They are ghouls  
 And their king is who tolls,  
 And he tolls, tolls, tolls,  
 Rells,

A pean from the bells,  
 And his merry bosom swells  
 With the pean of the bells,  
 And he dances and he yells,  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the pean of the bells,  
 Of the bells,

Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 To the sobbing of the bells,  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,

To the morning and the evening of the bell's,  
 LINES BY ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

#### THE BELLS OF SHANDON

SHANDON BELL.

SHANDON BELL.

SHANDON BELL.

THE SHANDON BELL.

With a deep vibration  
 And a solemn tone  
 I am, think of  
 These Shandon bells.

Whose sounds so wild would,  
 In the days of childhood,  
 Fling round my cradle  
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
 Where'er I wander,  
 And thus grow fonder,  
 Sweet Clerk, of thee,  
 With thy bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming;  
 Full many a chime in,  
 Tolling sublime in  
 Cathedral shrine,  
 While at a glib rate  
 Brass tongues would vibrate;  
 But all their music  
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling  
 On each proud swelling  
 Of thy berry, swelling  
 Its bold notes free,  
 Made the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
 Of a African Mole in,  
 Their thunder rolling  
 From the Vatican,  
 And symbols glorious  
 Swinging uproarious  
 In the gorgeous turrets  
 Of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter  
 Than the dome of Peter  
 Flings o'er the Pifer,  
 Pealing solemnly,  
 O, the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,  
 While on tower and kiosk  
 In St. Sophia  
 The Peckman gets,  
 And loud for a r  
 Calls men to prayer,  
 From the tapering summit  
 Of tall minarets.



## THE PASSING-BELL.

FROM "AIRS OF PALESTINE."

HARK! — 't is a convent's bell, — its midnight  
chime;

For music measures even the march of time :  
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,  
Gray turrets rise ; the eye can catch no more.  
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,  
Suspends his oar ; — a low and solemn swell,  
From the deep shade that round the cloister lies,  
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.  
What melting song wakes the cold ear of night ?  
A funeral dirgo that pale nuns, robed in white,  
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,  
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.  
Triumphant is the spell ! with raptured ear  
The uncaged spirit, hovering, lingers near ; —  
Why should she mount ? why pant for brighter  
bliss,  
A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this ?

JOHN PIERPONT.

## PASSING AWAY.

A DREAM.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell  
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,  
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell  
That he winds, on the beach, so mellow and  
clear,

When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he his notes as silvery quite,  
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the shore !  
Hark ! the notes on my ear that play  
Are set to words ; as they float, they say,  
"Passing away ! passing away !"

But no ; it was not a fairy's shell.  
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear ;  
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,  
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,  
As I lay in my dream ; yet was it a chime  
That told of the flow of the stream of time.  
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,  
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung  
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing) ;  
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,  
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,  
"Passing away ! passing away !"

O, how bright were the wheels, that told  
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round  
slow !

And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,  
Seemed to point to the girl below.  
And lo ! she had changed : in a few short hours  
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,  
That she held in her outstretched hands, and  
flung

This way and that, as she, dancing, swung  
In the fullness of grace and of womanly pride,  
That told me she soon was to be a bride ;  
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,  
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
"Passing away ! passing away !"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade  
Of thought or care stole softly over,  
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,  
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.  
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush  
Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;  
And the light in her eye, and the light on the  
wheels

That marched so calmly round above her,  
Was a little dimmed, — as when Evening steals  
Upon Noon's hot face. Yet one could n't  
but love her,

For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay  
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day ;  
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,  
"Passing away ! passing away !"

While yet I looked, what a change there came !  
Here eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan ;  
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,  
Yet just as busily swung she on ;  
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;  
The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;  
The hands, that over the dial swept,  
(Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,  
And still there came that silver tone  
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone  
(Let me never forget till my dying day  
The tone or the burden of her lay).  
"Passing away ! passing away !"

JOHN PIERPONT.

## THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

FROM "THE BIRTHDAY."

But chief — surpassing all — a cuckoo clock !  
That crowning wonder ! miracle of art !  
How have I stood entranced uncounted minutes,  
With held-in breath, and eyes intently fixed  
On that small magic door, that when complete  
The expiring hour — the irreversible —  
Flew open with a startling suddenness  
That, though expected, sent the rushing blood  
In mantling flushes o'er my upturned face ;

And as the bird (that more than mortal fowl),  
With perfect mimicry of natural tone,  
Note after note exact Time's message told,  
How my heart's pulse kept time with the charmed  
voice!

And when it ceased made simultaneous pause  
As the small door clapt to, and all was still.

CAROLINE BOWLES (MRS. SOUTHEY).

### OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

I MET a traveler from an antique land  
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that  
fed ;

And on the pedestal these words appear :  
" My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;

Thou hast a tongue, — come, let us hear its tune ;  
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,  
mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon, —  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and  
features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?  
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —

Then say what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest, — if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ;  
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop — if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have  
seen —  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green ;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself,  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast lumbered,  
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures  
numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended

We have, above ground, seen some strange  
mutations ;

The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen, we have lost old na-  
tions ;

And countless kings have into du t been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering  
tread,

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;  
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold ;  
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled ;  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed  
that face ?

What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh, — immortal of the dead !  
 Imperishable type of evanescence !  
 Posthumous man, — who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
 And standest undecayed within our presence !  
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its  
 warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost forever ?  
 O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
 In living virtue, that when both must sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

HORACE SMITH.

ANSWER OF THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S  
 EXHIBITION.

CHILD of the later days ! thy words have broken  
 A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,  
 For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath  
 spoken

Three thousand tedious years have rolled away,  
 Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye.  
 List, then, O list, while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birthplace, — an unrivalled city  
 With many gates, — but here I might declare  
 Some strange, plain truths, except that it were pity  
 To blow a poet's fabric into air ;  
 O, I could read you quite a Theban lecture,  
 And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit  
 On grave historians, or on him who sung  
 The *Iliad*, — true it is I never read it,  
 But heard it read, when I was very young,  
 An old blind minstrel for a trifling profit  
 Recited parts, — I think the author of it.

All that I know about the town of Homer  
 Is that they scarce would own him in his day,  
 Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,  
 Because by this they saved their parish pay.  
 His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout  
 him,  
 Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest :  
 He says that men were once more big and bony  
 Than now, which is a bouncer at the best ;  
 I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,  
 Near seven feet high ; in truth, a lofty figure,  
 Now look at me, and tell me, — am I bigger ?

Not half the size, but then I'm sadly dwindled,  
 Three thousand years with that embalming glue

Have made a serious difference, and have swindled  
 My face of all its beauty ; there were few  
 Egyptian youths more gay, — behold the sequel !  
 Nay, smile not ; you and I may soon be equal.

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance  
 With mortal aim ; this light, fantastic toe  
 Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance ;  
 This heart has throbb'd at tales of love and woe ;  
 These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion ;  
 This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain ; the skillful hand and feelings warm,  
 The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,  
 The palm of genius and the manly form,  
 All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,  
 Who sealed me up where mummies sound are  
 sleeping,  
 In cerecloth and in tolerable keeping ;

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,  
 And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,  
 Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,  
 With scarlet flounces, and with varnished faces ;  
 Then birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed  
 together,  
 With ladies that might pass for well-tanned  
 leather ;

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,  
 And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust,  
 Princes and heroes, — men of high renown,  
 Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,  
 Their swarthy mummies kicked up dust in number,  
 When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumber.

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated  
 At Dido's table, when the wondrous tale  
 Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated !  
 And ever and anon the Queen turned pale.  
 Meanwhile the brilliant gaslights hung above her  
 Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.

Ay, gaslights ! Mock me not, — we men of yore  
 Were versed in all the knowledge you can men-  
 tion ;  
 Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore,  
 Her patient toil, acuteness of invention ?  
 Survey the proofs, the pyramids are thriving,  
 Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,  
 Of blocks gigantic building up her fame !  
 Crowded with signs and letters hieroglyphic,  
 Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim !  
 Yet, though her art and toil unearthly seem,  
 Those blocks were brought on railroads and by  
 steam !



How, when, and why our people came to rear  
The pyramid of Cheops—mighty pile!—  
This, and the other secrets, thou shalt hear;  
I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,  
The history of the Sphinx, and who began it,  
Our mystic works, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephreus,

But ah!—What's this! the shades of bards  
and kings

Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,  
I am not to reveal these hidden things.

Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,  
Men must o'en take these secrets as they find them.

ANONYMOUS

#### ADDRESS TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS

LATELY DEPOSITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THOU alabaster relic! while I hold  
My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,  
Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,  
Mightst thou relate the changes thou hast  
known,

For thou wert primitive in thy formation,  
Launched from the Almighty's hand at the Creation.

Yes,—thou wert present when the stars and skies  
And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places;  
When God from Chaos bade the spheres arise,  
And fixed the blazing sun upon its basis,  
And with his finger on the bounds of space  
Marked out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth  
Thou slept'st in darkness, it were vain to ask,  
Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,  
And year by year pursued their patient task;  
Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,  
Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus.

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,  
Or David reigned in holy Palestine,  
Some ancient Theban monarch was extended  
Beneath the lid of this emblazoned shrine,  
And to that subterranean palace borne  
Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes from her hundred portals filled the plain  
To see the car on which thou wert upheld:  
What funeral pomp extended in thy train,  
What banners waved, what mighty music  
swelled,

As armies, priests, and crowds bewailed in chorus  
Their King, — their God, — their Serapis, — their  
Orus!

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust  
Thee and the Lord of all the nations round.  
Grim King of Silence! Monarch of the Dust!  
Embalmed, anointed, jeweled, sceptered,  
crowned,

Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff, and stark,  
A leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark.

Thus ages rolled, but their dissolving breath  
Could only blacken that imprisoned thing  
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,  
As if it struggled still to be a king;  
And each revolving century, like the last,  
Just dropped its dust upon thy lid — and passed.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt poured  
His devastating host, — a motley crew —  
The steel-clad horseman, — the barbarian herds, —  
Music and men of every sound and hue,  
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and  
brutes, —  
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyses tear away  
The ponderous rock that sealed the sacred tomb;  
Then did the slowly penetrating ray  
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,  
And lowered torches flashed against thy side  
As Asia's king thy blazoned trophies eyed.

Plucked from his grave, with sacrilegious taunt,  
The features of the royal corpse they scanned; —  
Dashing the diadem from his temple gaunt  
They tore the scepter from his graspless hand,  
And on those fields where once his will was law,  
Left him for winds to waste and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,  
Unclosed the sepulcher with cunning skill,  
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast  
Over its entrance a concealing rill.  
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep  
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramid nor Sphinx  
Can hide its secret, Belzoni, came:  
From the tomb's mouth unloosed the granite links,  
Gave thee again to light and life and fame,  
And brought thee from the sands and desert forth  
To charm the pallid children of the North.

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,  
Was, what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste.

Where savage beasts more savage men pursue,

As e'en by nature cursed, by man disgraced,  
Now, 'tis the world's metropolis — the high  
Queen of arms, learning, arts, and luxury

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think

What other hands perchance preceded mine,  
Others have also stood beside thy bins,

And vainly commed the moralizing *time*  
Kings, sages, chiefs, that touched this stone, like  
me,

Where are ye now? — Where all must shortly be!

Alas mutation! — he within this stone

Was once the greatest monarch of the hour,

His bones are dust, his very name unknown

Go, learn from him the vanity of power,

Seek not the frame's corruption to control,

But build a lasting mansion for thy soul

HON. GEORGE SMITH

#### THE TONLET

FROM THE RAIN OF CHILLOCK

AND now, unveiled, the tonlet stands displayed,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears,

The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,

Trampling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumber'd treasures open at once, and hither

The various offerings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,

And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise here and elephant unite,

Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets doux

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;

The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Keeps her smiles, awakens every grace,

And calls forth all the wonders of her face

Seen by degrees a purer blush arise,

And keener lightnings quicken in her eye

The busy sculphs surround their darling care,

These set the head, and those divide the hair,

Some fold the sleeves, while others plait the gown;

And Betty's praised for labors not her own

W. G. ANDERSON

#### THE PEOPLES' PACK

FROM THE WINTER CALL

FROM ALFOLK, *Smiles*

LAWN as white as driven snow;  
Cypres black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bangle bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
Gold in quorks and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel —  
Come, buy of me, come, come buy, come buy,  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry — come buy

SHAKESPEARE.



POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION



In Thee, I fondly hoped to clasp,

A friend whom Death alone could sever

But - lo! with malignant grasp,

Has torn thee from my breast forever

Wm. L. G.

# POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

## THE TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be ;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :

A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night, —  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see,  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

## HONOR.

SAY, what is Honor? 'Tis the finest sense  
Of justice which the human mind can frame,  
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
And guard the way of life from all offense  
Suffered or done.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My minde to me a kingdom is ;  
Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse  
That God or nature hath assignde ;  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live ; this is my stay. —  
I seek no more than may suffice.  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
Loo, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastic clymbers soonest fall ;  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
These get with toile, and keepe with feare ;  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthie store,  
No force to win the victorie,  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lover's eye, —  
To none of these I yeeld as thrall ;  
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;  
I little have, yet seek no more.  
They are but poore, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store.  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,  
I grudge not at another's gaine ;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse ;  
I brooke that is another's bane.  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;  
I weigh not Ctesus' wealth a straw ;  
For care, I care not what it is ;  
I feare not fortune's fatal law ;  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
I wander not to seeke for more ;  
I like the plaine, I chime no hill ;  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
I feigne not love where most I hate ;  
I breake no sleepe to winne my will ;  
I wayte not at the nightie's gate.  
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;  
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath. —  
Extreames are counted worst of all ;  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall ;

This is my choicest: for why, I finde  
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;  
My conscience cleare my chiefe defense;  
I never seeke by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offense.  
Thus do I live, thus will I die;  
Would all did so as well as I!

SIR EDWARD DYER.

#### OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.  
Some honor I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone;  
The unknown are better than ill known;  
Rumor can ope the grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage more  
Than palace: and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;  
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate:

But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them: I have lived to-day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### BEAUTY.

'T is much immortal beauty to admire,  
But more immortal beauty to with-stand;  
The perfect soul can overcome desire,  
If beauty with divine delight be scanned.  
For what is beauty but the blooming child  
Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,  
And be forever from that bliss exiled,  
If admiration stand too much its friend?  
The wind may be enamored of a flower,  
The ocean of the green and laughing shore,  
The silver lightning of a lofty tower, —  
But must not with too near a love adore;  
Or flower and margin and cloud-capped tower  
Love and delight shall with delight devour!

LORD EDWARD THURLOW.

#### THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;  
Man by man was never seen;  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;  
Mind with mind did never meet;  
We are columns left alone  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart, though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love  
Melts the scattered stars of thought,  
Only when we live above  
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed  
By the fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led  
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

#### THE IDLE SINGER.

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

OF Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,  
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,  
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,  
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,  
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,  
Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when weary of your mirth,  
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,  
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,  
Grudge every minute as it passes by,

Made the more mindful that the sweet days  
die, —

Remember me a little then, I pray,  
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care  
That weighs us down who live and earn our  
bread,

These idle verses have no power to bear ;  
So let me sing of names remembered,  
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,  
Or long time take their memory quite away  
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight ?  
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme  
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,  
Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy region stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a Northern king  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,  
That through one window men beheld the spring,  
And through another saw the summer glow,  
And through a third the fruited vines arow,  
While still unheard, but in its wonted way,  
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is  
If ye do read aright, and pardon me  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steady sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be :  
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of the empty day.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

#### THE INNER VISION.

Most sweet it is with unlifted eyes  
To gaze the ground, if path there be or none,  
While a fair region round the traveler lies  
Which he forbears again to look upon ;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :  
With Thought and Love companions of our way, —  
Whatever the senses take or may refuse, —  
The mind's internal Heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### THE POET'S REWARD.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND"

THANKS untraced to lips unknown  
Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unseen meadows newly mown,  
Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond :  
The traveler owns the grateful sense  
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
The benediction of the air.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

#### IMAGINATION

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

THESEUS. More strange than true : I never  
may believe  
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact :  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, —  
That is, the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven ;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

SHAKEPEARE

#### CONTENTMENT.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile ;  
I joy not much in earthly joys ;  
I seek not state, I reck not style ;  
I am not fond of finery's toys ;  
I rest so pleased with what I have,  
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack ;  
I tremble not at news of war ;  
I swoond not at the news of wrack ;  
I shrink not at a blazing star ;  
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,  
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased ;  
I see some Tantalus starved in store ;

I see gold's dropsy seldom eased ;  
 I see even Midas gape for more ;  
 I neither want nor yet abound,  
 Enough 's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate ;  
 I lawn not on the great (in show) ;  
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,  
 Neither too lofty nor too low ;  
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer,  
 A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

### CONTENT.

FROM "FAREWELL TO FOLLIE," 1617.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content ;  
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;  
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,  
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown :  
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such  
 bliss,  
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,  
 The cottage that affords no pride or care,  
 The mead, that 'grees with country music best,  
 The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.  
 Obscur'd life sets down a type of bliss ;  
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

### IN PRISON.

BEAR on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow ;  
 Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof ;  
 Your incivility doth show  
 That innocence is tempest proof ;  
 Though early Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm ;  
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are baln.

That which the world miscalls a jail  
 A private closet is to me ;  
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
 And innocence my liberty :  
 Locks, bars, and solitude together met,  
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, whilst I wish to be retired,  
 Into this private room was turned ;  
 As if their wisdoms had conspired  
 The salamander should be burned ;  
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,  
 I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty ;  
 The pelican her wilderness ;  
 And 't is the Indian's pride to be  
 Naked on frozen Caucasus :  
 Contentment cannot smart ; stoics we see  
 Make torments easier to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm  
 I as my mistress' favors wear ;  
 And for to keep my ankles warm  
 I have some iron shackles there :  
 These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,  
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,  
 Like some high-priz'd margarite,  
 Or, like the Great Mogul or Pope,  
 Am cloister'd up from public sight :  
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty,  
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGHE.

### CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I ;  
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I ;  
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I ;  
 Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres, but the landscape I ;  
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth money can-  
 not buy.  
 Cleon harbors sloth and dullness, freshening  
 vigor I ;  
 He in velvet, I in fastian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I ;  
 Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I ;  
 Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears  
 to die ;  
 Death may come, he'll find me ready, — happier  
 man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I ;  
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky ;  
 Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I ;  
 State for state, with all attendants, who would  
 change ! Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

### THE WANTS OF MAN.

"MAN wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long."  
 'T is not with me exactly so ;  
 But 't is so in the song.



My wants are many and, if told,  
 Would muster many a score ;  
 And were each wish a mint of gold,  
 I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread —  
 And canvas-backs — and wine —  
 And all the realms of nature spread  
 Before me, when I dine.

Four courses scarcely can provide  
 My appetite to quell ;  
 With four choice cooks from France beside,  
 To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,  
 Is elegant attire :  
 Black sable furs for winter's frost,  
 And silks for summer's fire,  
 And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace  
 My bosom's front to deck,  
 And diamond rings my hands to grace,  
 And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife, —  
 Affectionate and fair ;  
 To solace all the woes of life,  
 And all its joys to share.  
 Of temper sweet, of yielding will,  
 Of firm, yet placid mind,  
 With all my faults to love me still  
 With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,  
 And Fortune fills my store,  
 I want of daughters and of sons  
 From eight to half a score.

I want (alas ! can mortal dare  
 Such bliss on earth to crave ?)  
 That all the girls be chaste and fair,  
 The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,  
 To cheer the adverse hour ;  
 Who ne'er to flatter will descend,  
 Nor bend the knee to power,  
 A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,  
 My inmost soul to see ;  
 And that my friendship prove as strong  
 For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,  
 The ensigns of command ;  
 Charged by the People's unbought grace  
 To rule my native land.  
 Nor crown nor scepter would I ask  
 But from my country's will,  
 By day, by night, to ply the task  
 Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise  
 To follow me behind,  
 And to be thought in future days  
 The friend of human kind,  
 That after ages, as they rise,  
 Exulting may proclaim  
 In choral union to the skies  
 Their blessings on my name.

These are the Wants of mortal Man, —  
 I cannot want them long,  
 For life itself is but a span,  
 And earthly bliss — a song.  
 My last great Want — absorbing all —  
 Is, when beneath the sod,  
 And summoned to my final call,  
 The *Mercy of my God*.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

## CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;  
 I only wish a hut of stone,  
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do,) —  
 That I may call my own ;  
 And close at hand is such a one,  
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;  
 Three courses are as good as ten ;  
 If nature can subsist on three,  
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen !  
 I always thought cold victual nice ;  
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ; —  
 Give me a mortgage here and there, —  
 Some good bank-stock, — some note of hand,  
 Or trifling railroad share, —  
 I only ask that Fortune send  
 A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
 And titles are but empty names ;  
 I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —  
 But only near St. James ;  
 I'm very sure I should not care  
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are lawbles ; 't is a sin  
 To care for such unfruitful things ; —  
 One good-sized diamond in a pin,  
 Some, *not so large*, in rings, —  
 A ruby, and a pearl or so,  
 Will do for me ; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ;  
 (Good heavy silks are never dear ; —  
 I own perhaps I *might* desire  
 Some shawls of true Cashmere, —  
 Some narrow crapes of China silk,  
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
 So fast that folks must stop and stare ;  
 An easy gait — two, forty-five —  
 Suits me ; I do not care ; —  
 Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
 Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
 Titians and Raphaels three or four —  
 I love so much their style and tone —  
 One Turner, and no more,  
 (A landscape — foreground golden dirt —  
 The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score  
 For daily use, and bound for wear ;  
 The rest upon an upper floor ; —  
 Some *little* luxury *there*  
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
 And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,  
 Which others often show for pride,  
 I value for their power to please,  
 And selfish churls deride ;  
*One* Stradivarius, I confess,  
*Two* meerschautms, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ;  
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
 But *all* must be of burl !  
 Give grasping pomp its double share, —  
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;  
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
 I shall not miss them *much*, —  
 Too grateful for the blessing lent  
 Of simple tastes and mind content !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### CONTENTMENT.

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER, AND MOST WORTHY  
 FRIEND, MR ISAAC WALTON.

HEAVEN, what an age is this ! what race  
 Of giants are sprung up, that dare  
 Thus fly in the Almighty's face,  
 And with his providence make war !

I can go nowhere but I meet  
 With malcontents and mutineers,  
 As if in life was nothing sweet,  
 And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man ! that murmurs still  
 For happiness, and does not know,  
 Even though he might enjoy his will,  
 What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be  
 By undiscerning Fortune placed  
 In the most eminent degree,  
 Where few arrive, and none stand fast !

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils,  
 Wherewith the vain themselves insure ;  
 The great are proud of borrowed spoils,  
 The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,  
 The other eternally doth toil ;  
 Each of them equally a beast,  
 A pampered horse, or laboring moul :

The titulado's oft disgraced  
 By public hate or private frown,  
 And he whose hand the creature raised  
 Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,  
 Like a brute beast, both feeds and lies ;  
 Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,  
 And in the very labor dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf  
 Does only death and danger breed ;  
 Whilst one rich worldling starves himself  
 With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see that wealth and power,  
 Although they make men rich and great,  
 The sweets of life do often sour,  
 And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,  
 Who, in a moderate estate,  
 Where he might safely live at ease,  
 Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,  
 Quits his own vine's securing shade,  
 To expose his naked, empty head  
 To all the storms man's peace invade

Nor is he happy who is trim,  
 Tricked up in favors of the fair,  
 Mirrors, with every breath made dim,  
 Birds, caught in every wanton snare

Woman, man - great-st woe or bliss,  
Does oftener far than serve, enslave,  
And with the magic of a kiss  
Destroys whom she was made to save.

O fruitful grief, the world's disease !  
And vainer man, to make it so,  
Who gives his miseries increase  
By cultivating his own woe !

There are no ills but what we make  
By giving shapes and names to things,  
Which is the dangerous mistake  
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is health,  
That persecution which is grace,  
That poverty which is true wealth,  
And that dishonor which is praise.

Alas ! our time is here so short  
That in what state soe'er 't is spent,  
Of joy or woe, does not import,  
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,  
If we will take our measures right,  
And not what Heaven has done undo  
By an unruly appetite.

The world is full of beaten roads,  
But yet so slippery withal,  
That where one walks secure 't is odds  
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,  
Where the frequented are unsure ;  
And he comes soonest to his rest  
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is content alone that makes  
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here ;  
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes  
An ill commodity too dear.

CHARLES COTTON.

#### TO DAVIE SILLAR,

A BROTHER POET.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r  
To keep, at times, frae being sour,  
To see how things are shar'd ;  
How best o' chiefs are whiles in want,  
While coofs on countless thousands rank,  
And ken na how to wair't :  
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head  
Tho' we hae little gear,  
We're fit to win our daily bread  
As lang's we're hale and fier :

" Mair spier na, nor fear na,"  
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,  
The last o't, the warst o't,  
Is only for to beg.

What tho', like commoners of air,  
We wander out, we know not where,  
But either house or hall ?  
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,  
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,  
Are free alike to all.  
In days when daisies deck the ground,  
And blackbirds whistle clear,  
With honest joy our hearts will bound  
To see the coming year :  
On braes when we please, then,  
We'll sit an' sowh a tune ;  
Syn'e rhyme tild 't, we'll time till 't,  
And sing when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;  
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,  
To purchase peace and rest ;  
It's no in mankin muckle mair ;  
It's no in books : it's no in lear,  
To make us truly blest :  
If happiness hae not her seat  
And center in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest :  
Nae treasures nor pleasures  
Could make us happy lang ;  
The heart ay's the part ay  
That mak's us right or wrang.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,  
Nor make our scanty pleasures less  
By pining at our state ;  
And, even should misfortunes come,  
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,  
An 's thankfu' for them yet.  
They gie the wit of age to youth ;  
They let us ken oursel :  
They make us see the naked truth,  
The cool guid and ill.  
Tho' losses and crosses  
Be lessons right severe,  
There's wit there, ye'll get there  
Ye'll find nae other where.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### LIFE! I KNOW NOT WHAT THOU ART.

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part ;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,  
Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;  
—Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter  
clime

Bid me Good Morning.

ANNE LEITCH BARBAULT.

ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

TO CYRILACK SKINNER.

CYRILACK, this three years' day, these eyes,  
though clear,

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man or woman, yet I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou  
ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-  
plied

In Liberty's defense, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's  
vain mask,

Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

MILTON.

THE PEASANT.

FROM "THE PARISH REGISTER."

A NOBLE peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.  
Noble he was, contemplating all things mean,  
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene.  
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;  
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;  
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;  
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;  
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,  
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;  
'T' bliss domestic he his heart resigned,  
And with the firmest had the fondest mind;  
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,  
And gave allowance where he needed none;  
Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;  
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed;  
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind

To miss one favor which their neighbors find;)   
Yet far was he from Stoic pride removed;  
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved,  
I marked his action, when his infant died,  
And his old neighbor for offense was tried;  
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed  
cheek,

Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.  
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride  
Who in their base contempt the great deride;  
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,  
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;  
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew  
None his superior, and his equals few;  
But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;  
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained  
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained;  
Pride in the power that guards his country's  
coast,

And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;  
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied, —  
In fact, a noble passion misnamed pride.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE HAPPY MAN.

FROM "THE WINTER WALK AT NOON."

HE is the happy man whose life even now  
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;  
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,  
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,  
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace,  
the fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one  
Content indeed to sojourn while he must  
Below the skies, but having there his home.  
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search  
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;  
And, occupied as earnestly as she,  
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.  
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;  
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.  
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds  
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems  
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.  
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,  
Whose power is such that whom she lifts from  
earth

She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,  
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.  
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,  
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams  
Of water fairest meadows, and the bird  
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a torch : I like a cowl ;  
I love a prophet of the soul ;  
And on my heart monastic ailes  
Fall like sweet strain, or pensive smiles :  
Yet not for all his faith can see  
Would I that cowed churchman be,  
Why should the vest on him allure,  
Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phoebus brought,  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle,  
Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old,  
The litanies of nation came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below,  
The canticles of love and woe,  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And grained the arse of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a god sincerity ;  
Himself from God he could not free ;  
He builded better than he knew,  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know' 't thou what wove von woolbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feather, from her breast ?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell ?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads ?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles,  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone ;  
And Morning opens with haste her lids,  
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye ;  
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,  
These wonders rose to upper air ;  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat

These temples grew as grows the grass :  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned ;  
And the same power that reared the shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within,  
Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
And through the priest the mind in fires.

The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tablets yet unbroken ;  
The word by seer, or sibyls told,  
In grove of oak, or fane of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whisp'ers to the willing mind,  
One account of the Holy Ghost  
The heathen world hath never lost.  
I know what saith the Father wise,  
The Book itself before me lies,  
Old *Cassiodorus*, best Augustine,  
And he who first set forth his line,  
The younger *Gregory* Light of times,  
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines,  
How would I name our author,  
I see his shadow's portrait draw,  
And yet for all I learn of such,  
I would not the good I know play

THE END OF THE PROBLEM.

## HAPPINESS.

THESE LINES BY ANONYMOUS.

O HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !  
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er thy  
name :

That something still which prompts the eternal  
sigh,

For which we long to live or dare to die,  
Which still so near us, yet beyond of us,  
Overlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise,  
Plant of celestial seed ! if dropped below,  
Says, in what mortal soil thou deign' 'st to grow !  
Fair opening to some court's propitious smile,  
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine,  
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field,  
Where grows 't ? where grows it not ? If vain  
our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :  
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere ;  
T is nowhere to be found, or evermore ;  
T is never to be bought, but always free,  
And, fled from monarchs, St. John's dwells with  
thee.

Ask of the learned the way ? The learned are  
blind :

This bids to serve, and that to shun, mankind ;  
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
These call it pleasure, and contentment ; these  
Some, sunk to basest, find pleasure end in pain ;  
Some, swelled to gods, confess even virtue vain ;  
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall, —  
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
Than this, that happiness is happiness !

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave ;  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;  
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;  
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;  
 And, mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

ALEXANDER POPE.

—◆—  
 A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armor is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Not tied unto the world with care  
 Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Or vice ; who never understood  
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumors freed ;  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a well-chosen book or friend, —

This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

—◆—  
 THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove,  
 'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man :

" Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrall.

But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, —  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to  
 mourn !

O, soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away ;  
 Full quickly they pass, — but they never return.

" Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon, half extinguished, her crescent dis-  
 plays ;

But lately I marked when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again !  
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?  
 Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more.  
 I mourn, — but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering  
 with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn, —  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?  
 O, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave !

" 'T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts went to roam from shade onward to  
 shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 ' O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,  
 ' Thy creature, who fain would not wander from  
 thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst  
 free.'

" And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.

So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are  
 blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

JAMES BEATTIE

—◆—  
 THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may  
 We never meet again ;

Here I can eat and sleep and pray,  
 And do more good in one short day  
 Than he who his whole age outwears  
 Upon the most conspicuous theaters,  
 Where naught but vanity and vice appears.

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !  
 How beautiful the fields appear !  
 How cleanly do we feed and lie !  
 Lord ! what good hours do we keep !  
 How quietly we sleep !  
 What peace, what unanimity !  
 How innocent from the lewd fashion  
 Is all our business, all our recreation !

O, how happy here 's our leisure !  
 O, how innocent our pleasure !  
 O ye valleys ! O ye mountains !  
 O ye groves and crystal fountains !  
 How I love, at liberty,  
 By turns to come and visit ye !

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,  
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,  
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend,  
 With thee I here converse at will,  
 And would be glad to do so still,  
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight  
 Is it, alone,  
 To read and meditate and write,  
 By none offended, and offending none !  
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease ;  
 And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,  
 Princess of rivers, how I love  
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,  
 And view thy silver stream,  
 When gilded by a summer's beam !  
 And in it all thy wanton fry  
 Playing at liberty,  
 And with my angle upon them  
 The all of treachery  
 I ever learned, industriously to try !

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,  
 The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po ;  
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,  
 Are puddle-water, all, compared with thine ;  
 And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are  
 With thine, much purer, to compare ;  
 The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine  
 Are both too mean,  
 Belovéd Dove, with thee  
 To vie priority ;  
 Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,  
 And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise  
 To awe the earth and brave the skies !  
 From some aspiring mountain's crown  
 How dearly do I love,

Giddy with pleasure, to look down,  
 And from the vales to view the noble heights  
 above !

O my beloved caves ! from dog-star's heat,  
 And all anxieties, my safe retreat ;  
 What safety, privacy, what true delight,  
 In the artificial night

Your gloomy entrails make,  
 Have I taken, do I take !  
 How oft, when grief has made me fly,  
 To hide me from society  
 E'en of my dearest friends, have I,  
 In your recesses' friendly shade,  
 All my sorrows open laid,  
 And my most secret woes intrusted to your  
 privacy !

Lord ! would men let me alone,  
 What an over-happy one  
 Should I think myself to be, —  
 Might I in this desert place  
 (Which most men in discourse disgrace)

Live but undisturbed and free !  
 Here in this despised recess,  
 Would I, mauler winter's cold  
 And the summer's worst excess,  
 Try to live out to sixty full years old ;  
 And, all the while,

Without an envious eye  
 On any thriving under Fortune's smile,  
 Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

#### VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER PFLIKK,  
 DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF SAN  
 FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey, —  
 My right there is none to dispute ;  
 From the center all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach ;  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech, —  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts that roam over the plain  
 My form with indifference see ;  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestowed upon man !

O, had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again !  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth, —  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
 Resides in that heavenly word ! —  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford ;  
 But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial, endearing report  
 Of a land I shall visit no more !  
 My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me ?  
 O, tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
 When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there ;  
 But, alas ! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There 's mercy in every place,  
 And mercy — encouraging thought ! —  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits  
 Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains !  
 It seems a story from the world of spirits  
 When any man obtains that which he merits,  
 Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend ! renounce this idle strain !  
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?  
 Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,  
 Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain ?  
 Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends, —  
 The great good man ! Three treasures, — love,  
 and light,  
 And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath ;  
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or  
 night, —  
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,  
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more :  
 But for a thousand years  
 Their fruit appears,  
 In weeds that mar the land,  
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say, —  
 Into still air they seem to fleet,  
 We count them ever past ;  
 But they shall last, —  
 In the dread judgment they  
 And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,  
 For the love's sake of brethren dear,  
 Keep thou the one true way,  
 In work and play,  
 Lest in that world their cry  
 Of woe thou hear.

JOHN KEBLE.

## PERFECTION.

FROM "KING JOHN."

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

SHAKESPEARE.

## REPUTATION.

FROM "OTHELLO."

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something,  
 nothing ;  
 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to  
 thousands ;  
 But he that filches from me my good name  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE



## MERCY.

FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE quality of mercy is not strained, —  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed, —  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The thronéd monarch better than his crown ;  
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :  
 But mercy is above this scepteréd sway, —  
 It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likést God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE

## SLEEP.

WEEP ye no more, sad fountains !  
 What need you flow so fast ?  
 Look how the snowy mountains  
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste,  
 But my sun's heavenly eyes  
 View not your weeping,  
 That now lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling, —  
 A rest that peace begets ;  
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,  
 When fair at even he sets ?  
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes, —  
 Melt not in weeping,  
 While she lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND.

## INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
 Lock me in delight awhile ;  
 Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
 All my fancies, that from thence  
 I may feel an influence,  
 All my powers of care beraving !

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
 Let me know some little joy !  
 We that suffer long annoy  
 Are contented with a thought,  
 Through an idle fancy wrought ;  
 O, let my joys have some abiding !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

## THE BROTHERS.

SLUMBER, Sleep, — they were two brothers, ser-  
 vants to the gods above ;  
 Kind Prometheus lured them downwards, ever  
 filled with earthly love ;  
 But what gods could bear so lightly, pressed too  
 hard on men beneath ;  
 Slumber did his brother's duty, — Sleep was  
 deepened into Death.

From the German of GOETHE.

## SLEEP.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, —  
 He, like the world, his ready visits pays  
 Where fortune smiles : the wretched he forsakes,  
 And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.

EDWARD YOUNG.

## SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 The indifferent judge between the high and low,  
 With shield of proof shield me from out the press\*  
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;  
 O, make me in those civil wars to cease :  
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed ;  
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;  
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.  
 And if these things, as being thine by right,  
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## SLEEP.

"He giveth his beloved sleep." — *Psal'm cxxvi. 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward unto souls afar,  
 Among the Psalmist's music deep,  
 Now tell me if that any is,  
 For gift or grace, surpassing this, —  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep" ?

What would we give to our beloved ?  
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved, —  
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, —  
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse, —  
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows ?  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

\* Press, through.

What do we give to our beloved?  
A long kiss, a'uld spruce,  
A little kiss to everweep,  
And many memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake,  
"He giveth us beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved" — we sometimes say,  
But have no time to charm away  
Self-drears that throng the eyelids creep;  
But never do that dream again  
Should break the happy slumber when  
"He giveth us beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noise  
O room, with wailing in your voice!  
O child, so full of wailing leop-  
O sleep, O music that ever it hold  
O ye, so full of sorrow that get you all,  
And "He giveth us beloved sleep."

His dew-drops drip mainly on the field  
His dew-drops dew in such a style,  
Though in his sleep they sow and reap,  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
O child, is flaxed overhead,  
"He giveth us beloved sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go  
Vase like a bird about a show,  
That sees through its own minutes leap,  
Would frown its wearied yam close,  
Would bid its life-gar his love repose  
Who "He giveth us beloved sleep."

FROM "THE BARK OF HENNY IV."

### SLEEP

FROM "THE BARK OF HENNY IV."

KING HENRY. How many thousand of my  
poorest soldiers  
Are at this hour asleep? "O sleep! O gentle  
sleep!

Nature's soft music, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, hast thou in stony cribs,  
Upon unassy pallets stretching thee,  
And inessed with buzzing night-flies to thy  
glamour,

When in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou that god! why liest thou with the vile,  
In lean, some beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A war-burse, or a common 'larum-bed?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the fury, dash itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wild sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to the King? Then, happy low, lie down,  
L uneasy has the hour that wears a crown.

FROM "THE BARK OF HENNY IV."

GLENDOWER. She lads you on the wanton  
rishes lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleases you,  
And lay your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Catching your head with pleasing heaviness;  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly harnessed team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

FROM "AMIRALTY."

Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.

FROM "AMIRALTY."

Matthew's hand, a sleep, — the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that lies on the navel'd sleeve of care,  
The least of sleep that's life, some labor's bath,  
Balm of his wounds, is great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

FROM "THE BARK OF HENNY IV."

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

FROM "AMIRALTY."

### HYMN TO NIGHT

Yes! hear them to their rest,  
The rosy babe, tired with the glare of day,  
The postilion, fallen asleep, or in his play,  
Clasp them to thy soft breast,  
O night!  
Bless them in dreams with a deep, hushed delight.

Yet must they wake again,  
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,  
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,  
Aye to the consecrate pain:  
O night!  
Close, but not wake with them in a longer flight!

Canst thou not love me, for  
 E'en now, all thoughts, vain as they know  
 The length of my, unending, and of woe,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,  
 A little, a little, a little, a little,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night, the night,  
 For, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night, the night,  
 For, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

WATCHING

SLEET, LOVE, SLEET,  
 The only, the only,  
 Lo! from the tower, the tower,  
 Wide over ground, the ground,  
 Down from the tower, the tower,

From the tower, the tower, the tower,  
 The only, the only,  
 Lo! from the tower, the tower,  
 Wide over ground, the ground,  
 Down from the tower, the tower,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,  
 A little, a little, a little, a little,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night, the night,  
 For, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

Canst thou not love me, for  
 Through all the night, the night, the night,  
 And, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,

To some extent, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night, the night,  
 For, I have, I have, I have, I have,  
 The night, the night, the night,

Quart.

WATCHING

SLEET, LOVE, SLEET,  
 The only, the only,  
 Lo! from the tower, the tower,  
 Wide over ground, the ground,  
 Down from the tower, the tower,

As tears were in the sky :  
 More heavily the shadows fall,  
 Like the black foldings of a pall,  
 Where juts the rough beam from the wall ;  
 The candles flare  
 With fresher gusts of air ;  
 The beetle's drone  
 Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan ;  
 Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

TO IANTHE, SLEEPING.

FROM "QUEEN MAB."

How wonderful is Death !  
 Death and his brother Sleep !  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue ;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When, throned on ocean's wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world :  
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

Hath then the gloomy Power  
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchers  
 Seized on her sinless soul ?  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, those azure veins  
 Which steal like streams along a field of snow,  
 That lovely outline which is fair  
 As breathing marble, perish ?  
 Must putrefaction's breath  
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?  
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might moralize ?  
 Or is it only a sweet slumber  
 Stealing o'er sensation,  
 Which the breath of roseate morning  
 Chaseth into darkness ?  
 Will Ianthe wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy,  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life, and rapture from her smile ?

Yes ! she will wake again,  
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,  
 And silent those sweet lips,  
 Once breathing eloquence  
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,  
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.  
 Her dewy eyes are closed,  
 And on their lids, whose texture fine  
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,  
 The baby Sleep is pillowed :  
 Her golden tresses shade  
 The bosom's stainless pride,

Curling like tendrils of the parasite  
 Around a marble column.

A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame :  
 Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed ;  
 Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained.  
 She looked around in wonder, and beheld  
 Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,  
 Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,  
 And the bright-beaming stars  
 That through the casement shone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by  
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, whitesheets of water, and pure sky ;  
 I 've thought of all by turns, and still I lie  
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth :  
 So do not let me wear to-night away :  
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth ?  
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE DREAM.

OUR life is twofold ; sleep hath its own world,  
 A boundary between the things misnamed  
 Death and existence : sleep hath its own world,  
 And a wide realm of wild reality,  
 And dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
 They do divide our being ; they become  
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
 And look like heralds of eternity ;  
 They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak  
 Like sibyls of the future ; they have power, —  
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;  
 They make us what we were not, — what they  
 will,  
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
 The dread of vanished shadows. — Are they so ?  
 Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?  
 Creations of the mind ? — The mind can make  
 Substances, and people planets of its own  
 With beings brighter than have been, and give

A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
I would recall a vision which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep, — for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
And curls a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green and of a mild declivity, the last  
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men  
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill  
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man :  
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
Gazing, — the one on all that was beneath  
Fair as herself, — but the boy gazed on her ;  
And both were young, and one was beautiful ;  
And both were young, — yet not alike in youth.  
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;  
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him ; he had looked  
Upon it till it could not pass away ;  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;  
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,  
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,  
Which colored all his objects : — he had ceased  
To live within himself : she was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all : upon a tone,  
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
And his cheek change tempestuously, — his heart  
Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
But she in these fond feelings had no share :  
Her sighs were not for him : to her he was  
Even as a brother, — but no more : 't was much,  
For brotherless she was, save in the name  
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him ;  
Herself the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honored race. It was a name  
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not, —  
and why ?

Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved  
Another ; even *now* she loved another,  
And on the summit of that hill she stood,  
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
There was an ancient mansion, and before

Its walls there was a steed caparisoned ;  
Within an antique oratory stood  
The boy of whom I spake : — he was alone,  
And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon  
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced  
Words which I could not guess of ; then he leaned  
His bowed head on his hands and shook, as  
't were

With a convulsion, — then arose again,  
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
What he had written, but he shed no tears,  
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
Into a kind of quiet ; as he paused,  
The lady of his love re-entered there ;  
She was serene and smiling then, and yet  
She knew she was by him beloved ; she knew —  
For quickly comes such knowledge — that his  
heart

Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.  
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face  
A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;  
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps  
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,  
For they did part with mutual smiles ; he passed  
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,  
And mounting on his steed he went his way ;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not  
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all ; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side  
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man,  
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumbered around :  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heav'n.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The lady of his love was wed with one  
Who did not love her better : in her home,  
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,  
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,

Daughters and sons of beauty, — but behold !  
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.  
 What could her grief be? — she had all she loved,  
 And he who had so loved her was not there  
 To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,  
 Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.  
 What could her grief be? — she had loved him  
 not,  
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,  
 Nor could he be a part of that which preyed  
 Upon her mind — a specter of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The wanderer was returned. — I saw him stand  
 Before an altar — with a gentle bride ;  
 Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
 The starlight of his boyhood ; — as he stood  
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
 The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock  
 That in the antique oratory shook  
 His bosom in its solitude ; and then —  
 As in that hour — a moment o'er his face  
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
 Was traced, — and then it faded as it came,  
 And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
 And all things reeled around him ; he could  
 see

Nor that which was, nor that which should have  
 been, —  
 But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,  
 And the remembered chambers, and the place,  
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
 And her who was his destiny, came back  
 And thrust themselves between him and the light ;  
 What business had they there at such a time ?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The lady of his love ; — O, she was changed,  
 As by the sickness of the soul ! her mind  
 Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,  
 They had not their own luster, but the look  
 Which is not of the earth ; she was become  
 The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts  
 Were combinations of disjointed things,  
 And forms impalpable and unperceived  
 Of others' sight familiar were to hers.  
 And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise  
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;  
 What is it but the telescope of truth,  
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
 Making the cold reality too real !

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The wanderer was alone as heretofore,  
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
 Or were at war with him ; he was a mark  
 For blight and desolation, compassed round  
 With hatred and contention ; pain was mixed  
 In all which was served up to him, until,  
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
 But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived  
 Through that which had been death to many men,  
 And made him friends of mountains : with the  
 stars

And the quick Spirit of the universe  
 He held his dialogues ; and they did teach  
 To him the magic of their mysteries ;  
 To him the book of Night was opened wide,  
 And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
 A marvel and a secret. — Be it so.

My dream was past ; it had no further change.  
 It was of a strange order, that the doom  
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out  
 Almost like a reality, — the one  
 To end in madness — both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

—◆—  
 CHASTITY.

The morning pearls  
 Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom  
 Are less chaste than cold,  
 Ere the meridian sun  
 Has kissed them into heat.

WILL CHAMBERLAYNE.

—◆—  
 WISDOM.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed,  
 And wako the foolish from his dream,  
 She must be glad as well as good,  
 And must not only be but seem.  
 Beauty and joy are hers by right ;  
 And, knowing this, I wonder less  
 That she's so scorned, when falsely dight  
 In misery and ugliness.  
 What's that which Heaven to man endears,  
 And that which eyes no sooner see  
 Than the heart says, with floods of tears,  
 "Ah ! that's the thing which I would be" ?  
 Not childhood, full of fears and fret ;  
 Not youth, impatient to disown  
 Those visions high which to forget  
 Were worse than never to have known, —  
 Not these ; but souls found here and there,  
 Oases in our waste of sin,

When everything is well and fair,  
 And God remits his discipline,  
 Whose well-abundant of the world  
 The warbling squire can recognize,  
 And ridicule, against it hurled,  
 Drops with a broken sting and dies.  
 They live by law, not like the fool,  
 But like the bard who freely sings  
 In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,  
 And finds in them not bonds but wings.

COHENSBY PALMER.

BOOKS.

For why, who writes such histories these  
 Doth often bring the reader's heart to ease,  
 As when they sit and see what he doth note,  
 Well fare his heart, say they, this book they wrote.

JOHN HIGGINS.

BOOKS.

FROM "THE KALEVALA OF SUOMI," &c.

He that many books reads,  
 Cunninge shall he be;  
 Wysedome is soon caught;  
 In many loes it is sought  
 But douth, that no book bought,  
 For reason taketh no thought,  
 His thrytte cometh behynde.

ANDERSON.

CHANGE.

FROM "THE KALEVALA."

Behold, the Fairy cried,  
 Palmyra's ruined palace;  
 Behold where grandeur frowned;  
 Behold where pleasure smiled;  
 What now remains to the memory  
 Of splendours and of fame,  
 What is immortal there?  
 Nothing, — it stands to tell  
 A melancholy tale, to give  
 An awful warning: soon  
 Oblivion will steal silently  
 The remnant of its fame,  
 Monarchs and conquerors there  
 Proud over prostrate millions trod,  
 The enthrallments of the human race  
 Like them, forgotten when the rum  
 That marks their shock is past,  
 Beside the eternal Nile  
 The pyramids have risen,  
 Nile shall pursue his changeless way:  
 Those pyramids shall fall;  
 Yea, not a stone shall stand to tell  
 The spot whereon they stood;

The very site shall be forgotten,  
 As is their name and name!

There's not one atom of you earth  
 But one was living man,  
 And from the measureless drop of rain,  
 Nor the measureless drop of rain,  
 That hanged in tooth and tongue,  
 But flowed in human veins;  
 And from the bounding plume  
 Where Eagles' pinions fall,  
 From the same ethereal gates  
 Of Greenland's snows we came,  
 To whose tremendous base  
 Of ice in London's pool  
 Their currents to the sea,  
 Their currents to the sea,  
 Whence we to the sea.

How strange is a man's pride!  
 I tell thee that the swiftest things,  
 To whom the prizes of the gods,  
 That spring up in the room  
 And pass by us so soon,  
 I can not give a word,  
 I tell thee that those swiftest things,  
 Whose measure is the smallest particle  
 Of the Emperor's scepter,  
 Think not and so, his man,  
 That their footsteps and sympathies,  
 Leave no prodigious row  
 Ruling their heart's state  
 And the very state itself,  
 That's rough and stern and gloomy  
 The hardest-hearted rocks,  
 In steel and iron make  
 As the most of them,  
 That rule you so so early.

FROM "THE KALEVALA."

REVIVAL.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
 Are thy returns! even as the Revival's purging  
 To which, because their own benefits  
 The late past fresh trials of penance bring  
 Good will they bring  
 Like snow to May,  
 And there was no such cold hour.

Who would have thought my divided heart  
 Could have recovered greatness! It was gone  
 Quilt and groined, as Power depart  
 To see thee mother root, when they have blown;  
 Where they together  
 All the hard weather  
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

And now in age I bud again ;  
 After so many deaths I live and write ;  
 I once more smell the dew and rain,  
 And relish versing : O my only light,  
     It cannot be  
     That I am he  
 On whom thy tempests fell all night !

GEORGE HERBERT.

—◆—  
 YUSSOUF.

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,  
 Saying, " Behold one outcast and in dread,  
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,  
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;  
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,  
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The  
 Good.' "

" This tent is mine," said Yussouf, " but no more  
 Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;  
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store  
 As I of His who buildeth over these  
 Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,  
 And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay. "

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,  
 And, waking him ere day, said : " Here is gold,  
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,  
 Depart before the prying day grow bold. "  
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,  
 Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low,  
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,  
 Sobbing : " O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;  
 I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done  
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

" Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, " for with  
 thee  
 Into the desert, never to return,  
 My one black thought shall ride away from me ;  
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,  
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;  
 'Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace ! "

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

—◆—  
 VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
 And day and night are the same as one ;  
 The year grows green, and the year grows brown,  
 And what is it all, when all is done ?  
 Grains of soubser or shining sand,  
 Gliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,  
 And a hundred ships are the same as one ;  
 And backward and forward blows the breeze,  
 And what is it all, when all is done ?  
 A tide with never a shore in sight  
 Getting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,  
 And a hundred streams are the same as one ;  
 And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,  
 And what is it all, when all is done ?  
 The net of the fisher the burden breaks,  
 And alway the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

HARRIET TRISCOLL SPENCER.

—◆—  
 MAHMOUD.

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan  
 Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,  
 And crying out, " My sorrow is my right,  
 And I will see the Sultan, and to-night. "  
 " Sorrow," said Mahmoud, " is a reverend thing ;  
 I recognize its right, as king with king ;  
 Speak on. " " A fiend has got into my house,"  
 Exclaimed the staring man, " and tortures us,  
 One of thine officers ; he comes, the abhorred,  
 And takes possession of my house, my board,  
 My bed ; — I have two daughters and a wife,  
 And the wild villain comes and makes me mad  
 with life. "

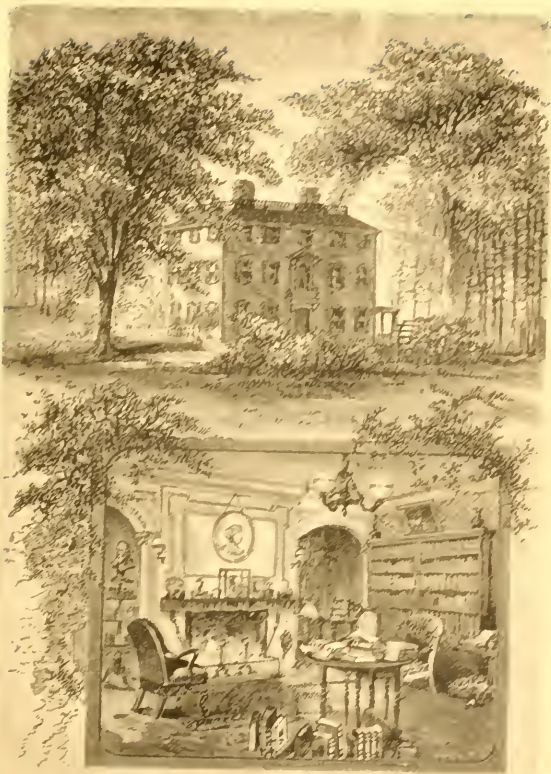
" Is he there now ? " said Mahmoud. " No ;  
 he left  
 The house when I did, of my wits bereft,  
 And laughed me down the street, because I vowed  
 I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his  
 shroud.  
 I'm mad with want, I'm mad with misery,  
 And, O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for  
 thee ! "

The Sultaw comforted the man, and said,  
 " Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread "  
 (For he was poor) " and other comforts. Go ;  
 And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mah-  
 moud know. "

In three days' time, with luggard eyes and beard,  
 And shaken voice, the suitor reappeared,  
 And said, " He's come. " Mahmoud said not a  
 word,

But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,  
 And went with the vexed man. They reach the  
 place,  
 And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,  
 That to the window fluttered in affright :  
 " Go in," said Mahmoud, " and put out the light ;  
 But tell the females first to leave the room ;  
 And when the drunkard follows them, we come. "





ELM HALL.

LEITCH'S HOUSE AND GARDENS.

"And one tall elm, this hundredth year  
 Loops of our baby Venetia here,  
 Who, with an annual ring, doth and  
 The blue Adriatic overlooks,

'hath, with a post-man,  
 The deep canyons of the sea;  
 'Tis here the sundown's part,  
 For shades of twilight strew



The man went in. There was a cry, and hark !  
A table falls, the window is struck dark  
Forth rush the breathless women ; and behind  
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.  
In vain : the salers soon cut short the strife,  
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his  
bloody life.

"Now light the light," the Sultan cried aloud  
"T was done : he took it in his hand and bowed  
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face :  
Then turned and knelt, and to the throne of grace  
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there came  
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he went.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,  
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat  
And when he had refreshed his noble heart,  
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now and tears,  
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,  
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave  
The reason fast of that command he gave  
About the light : then, when he saw the face,  
Why he knelt down : and hastily, how it was  
That fire so poor as his detained him in the place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,  
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,  
I could not rid me of a dread, that one  
By whom such daring villainies were done,  
Must be some lord of mine, — ay, e'en perhaps  
a son.

For this I had the light put out : but when  
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,  
I knelt and thanked the sovereign Arbitrer,  
Whose work I had performed through pain and  
fear :

And then I rose and was refreshed with food,  
The first time since thy voice had hurried my  
solitude."

LEIGH HUNT.

## ABRAM AND ZIMRI

ABRAM and Zimri owned a field together. —  
A level field hid in a happy vale :  
They plowed it with one plow, and in the spring  
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.  
In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,  
Each carried to his home one half the sheaves,  
And stored them with much labor in his barns.  
Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons,  
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,  
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed

And counted in his mind his little gains,  
He thought upon the saying Abram told,  
And said, "I dwelt alone within my house,  
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,  
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.  
He surely needeth more for life than I ;  
I will arise and gird myself, and go  
Down to the field, and add to him from mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,  
And went out softly to the level field ;  
The moon shone down from black bars of clouds,  
The trees stood black against the cloudy sky,  
The dark waves were dim seen in the wood,  
So Zimri, guided by the starry light,  
Went down the mountain path and found the  
field.

Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,  
And led it down into his brother's heap,  
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,  
Thinking upon his usual store of seed,  
He thought upon his brother Zimri's deed,  
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,  
He goes forth to till with less to reap,  
He gets more at night to add to his,  
And I, with few other friends but me and mine."  
For these two things the happy man arose,

"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly  
blessed,

Dwell happily with my wife and seven sons,  
I would arise and go and make it right,  
And get we some the harvest sheaves alike.  
This surely were pleasing unto God :  
I will arise, and gird myself, and go  
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,  
And add it into my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,  
As I went down softly to the level field :  
The moon shone out from silver harvest clouds,  
The trees stood black against the cloudy sky,  
The dark waves were dim seen in the breeze,  
So Abram, guided by the starry light,  
Passed down the mountain path and found the  
field.

Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,  
And led it down into his brother's heap,  
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

So the next morning with the early sun  
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil ;  
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,  
Each wondered in his heart to find the heap,  
Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now, the next night went Zimri to the field,  
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,

And passed hand on his sword. A lion's roar,  
And then a roar which seemed as gun or war,  
The arrows raked out from his bow, as if  
The arrows stung by their own wings the sky,  
The arrows himself was swept in the wind.

Then Azzur came, it was seven feet, his horns  
And a neck of fire, and he, with one  
Took from his hand, such a generous hand,  
And never did his face as that of man.

Then he rose, and caught his brother's arm,  
And went upon his neck, and kissed his cheek,  
And Azzur saw the white and could not speak,  
Narrow gold bands, so they walked, along,  
Rode to the house, and thanked them, died in  
his joy.

And he had found them to seek, loving words,  
Loving words.

#### HARMOSAN

Now the third and final method for the Persian  
Dream was done.

And the Arabian's cry came, but the growing  
society was.

Harmosan, the man behind the mirror today,  
A great, a great, a great, they were long  
the way to be.

Then he looked, and he looked, "Ox, I  
passed to my throne."

Give me the one drink of water, and let the  
angel do work."

He's not to see the golden, but within the  
angel's hands.

Seeing, the man, the purpose of the dream to  
be done.

Well, might they have passed the heaven, to be  
great, the angels.

With a word of sacred weapons, all that time  
the man.

"But what has it done?" said the angel,  
"Is it found a word of law?"

Facing me, the golden, Muslims no such treat,  
and the angel's hand.

Then, the man, the man, the man, the man,  
the man, the man, the man.

Then, the man, the man, the man, the man,  
the man, the man, the man.

Quick the man, the man, the man, the man,  
the man, the man, the man.

And the man, the man, the man, the man,  
the man, the man, the man.

"Then has said that mine my life is, till the  
water of that cup.

I have done, then bid thy servants that  
grilled water gather up."

For a moment said the caliph as by doubtful  
passions stirred.

Then exclaimed, "Forever, so, and must remain  
a man's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the  
table, Persian go."

Drink, I said to my and perch, now I bid  
the drink and joy.

RAMSAY CANNON, TRANSLATION.

#### ABUL BEN ADHEM

ABUL BEN ADHEM (my first name) arose.

Awake one night, then a deep dream of poetry,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,

A king of gold and like a lily in bloom,

An angel, waiting for a look of gold.

Exceeding poor had made him, Adhem bold,

And in the presence of the man he said,

"What, what, what?" The vision raised its  
head.

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those who love the  
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. "Vain, spoke more low,

Be cheerily so, and so, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow men.

The angel woke, and vanished. The next night  
He came again, with a great waking light,

And showed the names whom love of God had  
blessed.

And, to Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

WILL BLAKE.

#### A PSALM OF LYRE.

That me was, in man's old man's eyes,

Looked out an empty dream.

For the soul is dead, and slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, but life is almost dead.

And the grave is not its goal.

Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,

Is our destination and our way.

But to act, that each to-morrow

Find us rather than to-day.

Oh! I long, and long I breathe  
 The sweet, sweet air of home,  
 And, in my dreams, I see  
 The smiling faces of the dear

One, who, in my arms I hold,  
 In the bosom of love,  
 And, in my dreams, I see  
 The smiling faces of the dear

That, in my arms I hold,  
 In the bosom of love,  
 And, in my dreams, I see  
 The smiling faces of the dear

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 The smiling faces of the dear

MY MOTHER

The world has many a good man,  
 But none so good as you,  
 My mother, in your love I find  
 O' my heart's true home,  
 My mother, in your love I find  
 O' my heart's true home

I cannot ever cease to love you,  
 My mother, in your love I find  
 O' my heart's true home,  
 My mother, in your love I find  
 O' my heart's true home

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 O' my heart's true home

My mother, in your love I find  
 O' my heart's true home,  
 My mother, in your love I find  
 O' my heart's true home

THE BIRD'S EYE

The bird's eye, in the sky,  
 Sees all that's good and true,  
 And, in its love, it finds  
 O' my heart's true home

The bird's eye, in the sky,  
 Sees all that's good and true,  
 And, in its love, it finds  
 O' my heart's true home

The bird's eye, in the sky,  
 Sees all that's good and true,  
 And, in its love, it finds  
 O' my heart's true home

What though not bid to knightly halls ?  
 Those halls have missed a courtly guest ;  
 That mansion is not privileged,  
 Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,  
 Nor wrangle for this lesser claim ;  
 It is not to be destitute,  
 To have the thing without the name.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood,  
 Disgrace not thy good company ;  
 If lowly born, so bear thyself  
 That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the height  
 Of some fair garden's petty wall,  
 But climb the open mountain side,  
 Whose summit rises over all.

E. S. II.

## CORONATION.

At the king's gate the subtle noon  
 Wove filmy yellow nets of sun ;  
 Into the drowsy snare too soon  
 The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,  
 A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings  
 Me chance, at last, to see if men  
 Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,  
 Propping his face with listless hand ;  
 Watching the hour-glass sifting down  
 Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me !"  
 The beggar turned, and, pitying,  
 Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee,  
 Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head  
 Shook off the crown, and threw it by.  
 "O man ! thou must have known," he said,  
 "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,  
 Went king and beggar hand in hand.  
 Whispered the king, "Shall I know when  
 Before his throne I stand ?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste  
 Were wiping from the king's hot brow  
 The crimson lines the crown had traced.  
 "This is his presence now."

At the king's gate the crafty noon  
 Unwove its yellow nets of sun ;  
 Out of their sleep in terror soon  
 The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here ! Ho there ! Has no man seen  
 The king ?" The cry ran to and fro ;  
 Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,  
 The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray ;  
 The king came not. They called him dead ;  
 And made his eldest son one day  
 Slave in his father's stead.

HELEN HUNT.

## THE DISGUISED MAIDEN.

FROM "PHILASTER."

I FOUND him sitting by a fountain-side,  
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,  
 And paid the nymph again as much in tears.  
 A garland lay him by, made by himself,  
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness  
 Delighted me : but ever when he turned  
 His tender eyes upon them he would weep,  
 As if he meant to make them grow again.  
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
 Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.  
 He told me that his parents gentle died,  
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,  
 Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.  
 Then took he up his garland, and did show  
 What every flower, as country people hold,  
 Did signify ; and how all, ordered thus,  
 Expressed his grief ; and to my thoughts did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his country art  
 That could be wished ; so that methought I could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,  
 Who was as glad to follow.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

## SYMPATHY.

FROM "ION."

"T is a little thing  
 To give a cup of water ; yet its draught  
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
 Renews the life of joy in happier hours.  
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
 Of common comfort which by daily use

Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmournd 't will fall  
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honored death-bed of the rich  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels,

SIR THOMAS MOON TALFOURD.

## FIRST LOVE.

FROM "DON JUAN."

'T is sweet to hear,  
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep ;  
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear ;  
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
From leaf to leaf ; 't is sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'T is sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near  
home ;  
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;  
'T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lip of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;  
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth ;  
Sweet is revenge, especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,  
By blood or ink ; 't is sweet to put an end  
To strife ; 't is sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,  
Particularly with a tiresome friend ;  
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;  
Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
Against the world ; and dear the school-boy spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
Is first and passionate love, — it stands alone,  
Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;  
The tree of knowledge has been plucked, — all's  
known, —

And life yields nothing further to recall  
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

LORD BYRON.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne :  
His valiant peers were placed around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound  
(So should desert in arms be crowned) ;  
The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.*

Timotheus, played on high  
Amid the tuneful choir,  
With flying fingers touched the lyre ;  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above  
(Such is the power of mighty love).  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia pressed,  
And while he sought her snowy breast ;  
Then round her slender waist he curled,  
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign  
of the world.  
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
A present deity ! they shout around ;  
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

## CHORUS.

*With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.*

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician  
sung,

Of Bacchus — ever fair and ever young :  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :  
Flushed with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face :  
Now give the hauboy's breath. He comes ! he  
comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

Soothed with the sound the king grew  
vain :

Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he  
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,  
Soft pity to infuse :  
He sung Darius, great and good,  
By too severe a fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood ;  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed ;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor safe,  
Revolving in his altered soul  
The various turns of chance below ;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;  
And tears began to flow.

## CHORUS.

*Revolving in his altered soul  
The various turns of chance below ;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;  
And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smiled, to see  
That love was in the next degree ;  
'T was but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
Honor, but an empty bubble ;  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O, think it worth enjoying !  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee.  
The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

## CHORUS.

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.*

Now strike the golden lyre again :  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head ;  
As awaked from the dead,  
And amazed, he stares around.  
Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,  
See the furies arise !  
See the snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain,  
Inglorious on the plain :



Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods !  
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy :  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

## CHORUS.

*And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !*

Thus, long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
While organs yet were mute ;  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,  
And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown  
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS.

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JOHN DRYDEN.

## INVOCATION.

FROM "THE DAVIDIDES."

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre !  
And tell thy silent master's humble tale  
In sounds that may prevail :  
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :  
Though so exalted she,

And I so lowly be,  
Tell her, such different notes make all thy har-  
mony.

Hark ! how the strings awake :  
And, though the moving hand approach not near,  
Themselves with awful fear  
A kind of numerous trembling make.  
Now all thy forces try ;  
Now all thy charms apply ;  
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure  
Is useless here, since thou art only found  
To cure, but not to wound,  
And she to wound, but not to cure.  
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove  
My passion to remove ;  
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !  
For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
In sounds that will prevail,  
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ;  
All thy vain mirth lay by,  
Bid thy strings silent lie,  
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master  
die.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## MUSIC.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."

DUKE. IF music be the food of love, play on ;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again — it had a dying fall :  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odor.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;  
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly —  
pour

A thousand melodies unheard before !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

LORENZO. How sweet the moonlight sleeps  
upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :  
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-  
hold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls :  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

JESSICA. I am never merry when I hear sweet  
music.

LOU. The reason is your spirits are attentive.

Therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
floods ;

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory, —  
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WHERE music dwells  
Ling'ring, and wandering on, as loth to die,  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

### THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE TO MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Through'd around her magic cell, —

Exulting, trembling, rapt, faint, —  
Possessed beyond the muse's panting ;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;  
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of sound ;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes, on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret stings :  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,  
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled, —  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair, —  
What was thy delightful measure ?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still, through all the song ;  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;  
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her  
golden hair.

And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose ;  
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder  
down ;

And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause be-  
tween,

Dejected Pity, at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed burst-  
ing from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed, —  
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;

Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;  
And now it courted Love, — now, raving,  
called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;  
And from her wild sequestered seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive  
soul :  
And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled meas-  
ure stole ;  
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how altered was its sprightlier tone  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gowned with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket  
rung, —  
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known !  
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed  
queen,  
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green :  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;  
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen  
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand adrest ;  
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :  
They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
They saw, in Temp's vale, her native maids,  
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !  
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording sister's page ;  
'T is said — and I believe the tale —  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age, —  
Even all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  
O, bid our vain endeavors cease ;  
Revive the just designs of Greece !  
Return in all thy simple state, —  
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

#### THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR.

I HAVE fancied sometimes the Bethel-bent beam  
That trembled to earth in the Patriarch's dream  
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest  
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Best,  
And the angels descending to dwell with us here  
" Old Hundred " and " Corinth " and " China " and " Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, nor under the sod,  
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and  
God !  
Ah, " Silver Street " leads by a bright shining  
road, —  
O, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,  
But the sweet human psalms of the old-fashioned  
choir,  
To the girl that sang alto, the girl that sang air.  
" Let us sing to God's praise ! " the minister said ;  
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at  
" York,"  
Summed their long dotted wings in the words that  
he read,  
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,  
And politely picked up the keynote with a fork ;  
And the vicious old viol went growling along  
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

O, I need not a wing ; — bid no genii come  
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,  
To bear me again up the river of Time,  
When the world was in rhythm and life was its  
rhyme,  
And the stream of the years flowed so noiseless  
and narrow  
That across it there floated the song of a sparrow ;  
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,  
To the old village church and the old village choir,

Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,  
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise as they  
sang,

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun  
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun.

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,  
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down :  
And dear Sister Green, with more goodness than  
grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her  
place,

And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,  
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her  
toes.

To the land of the leal they have gone with their  
song,

Where the choir and the chorus together belong,  
O, belifted, ye Gates ! Let me hear them again,  
Blessed song, blessed singers, forever ! Amen.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR

—♦—  
A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony.

This universal frame began ;

When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

Arise, ye more than dead !

Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,

In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began :

From harmony to harmony,

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell,

To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell.

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor

Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger,

And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat

Of the thundering drum

Cries, Hark ! the foes come ;

Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat !

The soft complaining flute

In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers,

Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim

Their jealous pangs, and desperation,

Fury, frantic indignation,

Depth of pains, and height of passion

For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,

What human voice can reach,

The sacred organ's praise !

Notes inspiring holy love,

Notes that wing their heavenly ways

To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;

And trees uprooted left their place,

Sequacious of the lyre ;

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher ;

When to her organ vocal breath was given,

An angel heard, and straight appeared

Mistaking earth for heaven.

—♦—  
GRAND CHORUS.

*As from the power of sacred lays*

*The spheres began to move,*

*And sung the great Creator's praise*

*To all the blessed above ;*

*So, when the last and dreadful hour*

*This crum'bling pageant shall devour,*

*The trumpet shall be heard on high,*

*The dead shall live, the living die,*

*And Music shall untune the sky.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

—♦—  
MAN.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man !

How passing wonder He who made him such !

Who centered in our make such strange extremes,

From different natures marvelously mixed,

Connection exquisite of distant worlds !

Distinguished link in being's endless chain !

Midway from nothing to the Deity !

A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt !

Though sullied and dishonored, still divine !

Dim miniature of greatness absolute !

An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !

Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !

A worm ! a god ! — I tremble at myself,

And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,

Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,

And wondering at her own. How reason reels !

O, what a miracle to man is man !  
Triumphantly distressed ! What joy ! what dread !  
Alternately transported and alarmed !  
What can preserve my life ! or what destroy ?  
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

EDWARD YOUNG.

## MAN — WOMAN.

*Man's home is everywhere.* On ocean's flood,  
Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether  
Doth link in stormy brotherhood  
Earth's utmost zones together,  
Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees wave,  
Where the rich diamond ripens, mid the flame  
Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,  
He with bronzed cheek and daring step doth  
rove ;  
He, with short pang and slight,  
Doth turn him from the checkered light  
Of the fair moon through his own forests dancing,  
Where music, joy, and love  
Were his young hours entrancing ;  
And where ambition's thunder-claim  
Points out his lot,  
Or fitful wealth allures to roam,  
There doth he make his home,  
Requining not.

*It is not thus with Woman.* The far halls,  
Though ruinous and lone,  
Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-  
mother's tone ;  
The home with humble walls,  
Where breathed a parent's prayer around her  
bed ;  
The valley where, with playmates true,  
She culled the strawberry, bright with dew ;  
The bower where Love her timid footsteps led ;  
The hearthstone where her children grew ;  
The damp soil where she cast  
The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them bide  
the blast, —  
Affection with unfading tint recalls,  
Lingering round the ivied walls,  
Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,  
Making fresh honey of remembered things, —  
Each rose without a thorn, each beehive of stings.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

## WOMAN.

THERE in the fane a beauteous creature stands,  
The first best work of the Creator's hands,  
Whose slender limbs inadequately bear  
A full-orbed bosom and a weight of care ;

Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like cherries  
show,  
And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow.

FROM THE SONGS OF CALIFORNIA, BY WILLIAM

## MAN — WOMAN.

CHARLES F. SMITH.

"MAN'S love is of man's life a thing apart,  
"T is woman's whole existence. Man may change  
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the meat,  
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
And few there are whom these cannot estrange.  
Men have all these resources, we but one,  
To love again, and be again undone."

L. P. BRYCE.

## APRES.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one,  
Climbing so tenderly up to my knee ;  
Why should you add to the thought that are  
taunting me,  
Dreams of your mother's arm clinging to me ?  
Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one,  
Warbling so fairly close to my ear ;  
Why should you choose, of all songs that are  
haunting me,  
This that I made for your mother to hear ?  
Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one,  
Wailing so wearily under the stars ;  
Why should I think of her tears, that might  
light to me  
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars ?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one !  
Is she not like her whenever she stirs ?  
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,  
Lips that will some day be honeyed like hers ?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one,  
Though her white bosom is stilled in the grave,  
Something more white than her bosom is spared  
to me, —  
Something to cling to and something to crave.

Love, love, Ellen my little one !  
Love indestructible, love und-filed,  
Love through all deeps of her spirit lies bared to me,  
Oft as I look on the face of her child.

ARTHUR J. MERRILL.

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

The wind blew wale the casement, and within—  
 It was the loveliest picture! — a sweet child  
 Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,  
 In pauses, from the fountain, — the white round  
 Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,  
 Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm  
 Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees  
 With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips  
 Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast  
 Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,  
 Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh : —  
 And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,  
 A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,  
 Looked archly on its world, — the little imp,  
 As if it knew even then that such a wreath  
 Were not for all ; and with its playful hands  
 It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,  
 And peeped and hughed aloud, and so it laid  
 Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,  
 And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears  
 Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek, —  
 Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring  
 The sunlight after. They were tears of joy ;  
 And the true heart of that young mother then  
 Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously  
 The silliest ballad-song that ever yet  
 Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep  
 To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

## FORTUNE.

FROM "FANSA."

BUT Fortune, like some others of her sex,  
 Delights in tantalizing and tormenting.  
 One day we feed upon their smiles, — the next  
 Is spent in swearing, sorrowing, and repenting.

Eve never walked in Paradise more pure  
 Than on that morn when Satan played the devil  
 With her and all her race. A lovesick wooer  
 Ne'er asked a kinder maiden, or more civil,  
 Than Cleopatra was to Antony  
 The day she left him on the Ionian sea.

The serpent — loveliest in his coil'd ring,  
 With eye that charms, and beauty that outwits  
 The tints of the rainbow — bears upon his sting  
 The deadliest venom. Ere the dolphin dies  
 Its hues are brightest. Like an infant's breath  
 Are tropic winds before the voice of death

Is heard upon the waters, summoning  
 The midnight earthquake from its sleep of years  
 To do its task of woe. The clouds that fling  
 The lightning brighten ere the bolt appears.

The pantings of the warrior's heart are proud  
 Upon that battle-morn whose night-dews wet his  
 shroud ;

The sun is loveliest as he sinks to rest ;  
 The leaves of autumn smile when fading, fast ;  
 The swan's last song is sweetest.

FITZ-GREENE HALLUCK.

## ENID'S SONG.

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING."

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the  
 proud ;  
 Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm,  
 and cloud ;  
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or  
 frown ;  
 With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;  
 Our hound is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many hands ;  
 Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
 For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;  
 Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## THE GIFTS OF GOD.

WHEN God at first made man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,  
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :  
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,  
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;  
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure :  
 When almost all was out, God made a slay,  
 Perceiving that, alone, of all his treasure,  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)  
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,  
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlessness :  
 Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
 May toss him to my breast.

GEORGE HERBERT

## ENIGMA.\*

THE LETTER "H."

'T WAS whispered in heaven, and muttered in hell,  
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;  
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed ;  
'T was seen in the lightning, and heard in the  
thunder ;

'T will be found in the spheres, when riven  
asunder ;

'T was given to man with his earliest breath,  
Assists at his birth, and attends him in death ;  
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,  
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,  
And though unassuming, with monarchs is  
crowned.

In the heaps of the miser 't is hoarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.  
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,  
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home !  
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be  
found,

Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned,  
It softens the heart ; and, though deaf to the ear,  
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.  
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,  
O, breathe on it softly ; it dies in an hour.

CATHERINE FARSHAW.

## FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

OUR Father Land ! and wouldst thou know  
Why we should call it Father Land ?  
It is that Adam here below  
Was made of earth by Nature's hand ;  
And he, our father made of earth,  
Bath peopled earth on every hand ;  
And we, in memory of his birth,  
Do call our country Father Land.

At first, in Eden's bowers, they say,  
No sound of speech had Adam caught,  
But whistled like a bird all day,  
And maybe 't was for want of thought :  
But Nature, with resistless laws,  
Made Adam soon surpass the birds ;  
She gave him lovely Eve because  
If he'd a wife they must *have words*.

And so the native land, I hold,  
By male descent is proudly mine ;  
The language, as the tale hath told,  
Was given in the female line.

\* Sometimes attributed to Byron.

And thus we see on either hand  
We name our blessings whence they've sprung ;  
We call our country Father Land,  
We call our language Mother Tongue.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

## SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A TRAVELER through a dusty road strewed  
acorns on the lee ;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew  
into a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe  
its early vows ;  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask  
beneath its boughs ;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds  
sweet music bore ;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass  
and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary  
men might turn ;  
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at  
the brink ;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged  
that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo' the well, by summers  
never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and  
saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought ; 't was  
old, and yet 't was new ;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being  
true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo' its light  
became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.  
The thought was small ; its issue great - a watch-  
fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the  
valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged  
the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied,  
from the heart ;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown, - a transitory  
breath, -  
It raised a brother from the dust ; it saved a  
soul from death.  
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love ! O thought  
at random cast !  
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the  
last.

CHARLES MERRAY

## THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;  
 Long had I watched the glory moving on  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !  
 Even in its very motion there was rest ;  
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow  
 Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,  
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
 Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,  
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

## INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE.

THERE are a number of us creep  
 Into this world, to eat and sleep ;  
 And know no reason why we're born,  
 But only to consume the corn,  
 Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,  
 And leave behind an empty dish.  
 The crows and ravens do the same,  
 Unlucky birds of hateful name ;  
 Ravens or crows might fill their place,  
 And swallow corn and carcasses,  
 Then if their tombstone, when they die,  
 Be n't taug't to flatter and to lie,  
 There's nothing better will be said  
 Than that " they've eat up all their bread,  
 Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."

ISAAC WATTS.

## LIVING WATERS.

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed  
 and deep  
 As ever Summer saw ;  
 And cool their water is, — yea, cool and sweet ; —  
 But you must come to draw.  
 They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,  
 And not unsought will give ;  
 They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,  
 So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling  
 burst  
 To follow dusty ways,  
 And run with offered cup to quench his thirst  
 Where the tired traveler strays ;  
 That never ask the meadows if they want  
 What is their joy to give ; —  
 Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,  
 So self-bestowed they live !

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,  
 Wherein all waters fall ;  
 That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,  
 Feeding and bearing all ;  
 That broods the mists, that sends the clouds  
 abroad,  
 That takes, again to give ; —  
 Even the great and loving heart of God,  
 Whereby all love doth live.

CAROLINE SPENCER.

## FREEDOM IN DRESS.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast ;  
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed, —  
 Lady, it is to be presumed,  
 Though art's hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicity a grace ;  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free, —  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
 Than all the adulteries of art ;  
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

## A SWEET DISORDER IN THE DRESS.

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness :  
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction ;  
 An erring lace, which here and there  
 Intralls the crimson stomacher ;  
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
 Ribbons to flow confusedly ;  
 A winning wave, deserving note,  
 In the tempestuous petticoat ;  
 A careless shoestring, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility, —  
 Do more bewitch me than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## CONTRADICTION.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

YE powers who rule the tongue, if such there  
 are,  
 And make colloquial happiness your care,  
 Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
 A duel in the form of a debate.  
 The clash of arguments and jar of words,  
 Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,



Decide no question with their tedious length,  
 For opposition gives opinion strength,  
 Divert the champions prodigal of breath,  
 And put the peaceably disposed to death.  
 O, thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,  
 Nor carp at every flaw you may discern !  
 Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,  
 I am not surely always in the wrong :  
 'T is hard if all is false that I advance,  
 A fool must now and then be right by chance.  
 Not that all freedom of dissent I blame ;  
 No, — there I grant the privilege I claim.  
 A disputable point is no man's ground ;  
 Rove where you please, 't is common all around.  
 Discourse may want an animated No,  
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;  
 But still remember, if you mean to please,  
 To press your point with modesty and ease.  
 The mark at which my juster aim I take,  
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake.  
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,  
 Knots and impediments make something hitch :  
 Adopt his own, 't is equally in vain,  
 Your thread of argument is snapped again.  
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,  
 Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.  
 Vociferated logic kills me quite :  
 A noisy man is always in the right.  
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,  
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,  
 And, when I hope his blunders are all out,  
 Reply discreetly, — "To be sure — no doubt !"

WILLIAM COWPER.

OATHS.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

OATHS terminate, as Paul observes, all strife,—  
 Some men have surely then a peaceful life.  
 Whatever subject occupy discourse,  
 The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,  
 Asseveration blustering in your face  
 Makes contradiction such a hopeless case :  
 In every tale they tell, or false or true,  
 Well known, or such as no man ever knew,  
 They fix attention, heedless of your pain,  
 With oaths like rivets forced into the brain ;  
 And even when sober truth prevails throughout,  
 They swear it, till affirmation breeds a doubt.  
 A Persian, humble servant of the Sun,  
 Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,  
 Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,  
 With adjurations every word impress,  
 Supposed the man a bishop, or, at least,  
 God's name so much upon his lips, a priest ;  
 Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,  
 And begged an interest in his frequent prayers.

WILLIAM COWPER

FAME.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

WHAT's fame?—a fancied life in others' breath,  
 A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.  
 Just what you hear, you have ; and what's un-  
 known  
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.  
 All that we feel of it begins and ends  
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;  
 To all beside, as much an empty shade  
 A Eugene living as a Caesar dead ;  
 Alike or when or where they shone or shine,  
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.  
 A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod ;  
 An honest man 's the noblest work of God.  
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
 As justice tears his body from the grave ;  
 When what to oblivion better were resigned  
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.  
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;  
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart ;  
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas ;  
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
 Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FAME.

HER house is all of Echo made  
 Where never dies the sound ;  
 And as her brows the clouds invade,  
 Her feet do strike the ground.

BEN JONSON.

PERSEVERANCE.

IN facile natures fancies quickly grow,  
 But such quick fancies have but little root.  
 Soon the narcissus flowers and dies, but slow  
 The tree whose blossoms shall mature to fruit.  
 Grace is a moment's happy feeling, Power  
 A life's slow growth ; and we for many an hour  
 Must strain and toil, and wait and weep, if we  
 The perfect fruit of all we are would see.

From the Italian of LEONARDO DA VINCI,  
 by WILLIAM W. STORY

CONSTANCY.

ONE eye of beauty, when the sun  
 Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,  
 To gold converting, one by one,  
 The ripples of the mighty river.

Beside me on the bank was seated  
 A Seville girl, with auburn hair,  
 And eyes that might the world have cheated, —  
 A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,  
 Just as the loving sun was going,  
 With such a soft, small, shining hand,  
 I could have sworn 't was silver flowing.  
 Her words were three, and not one more,  
 What could Diana's motto be?  
 The siren wrote upon the shore, —  
 "Death, not inconstancy!"

And then her two large languid eyes  
 So turned on mine, that, devil take me!  
 I set the air on fire with sighs,  
 And was the fool she chose to make me!  
 Saint Francis would have been deceived  
 With such an eye and such a hand;  
 But one week more, and I believed  
 As much the woman as the sand.

ANONYMOUS.

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#### HUMILITY.

To me men are for what they are, —  
 They wear no masks with me.  
 I never sickened at the jar  
 Of ill-tuned flattery;  
 I never mourned affection lent  
 In folly or in blindness;  
 The kindness that on me is spent  
 Is pure, unasking kindness.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

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#### GREATNESS.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN,"

HONOR and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.  
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and  
 cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with  
 strings,  
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings;  
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,

In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;  
 But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,  
 Count me those only who were good and great.  
 Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood  
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the  
 flood,  
 Go! and pretend your family is young,  
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.  
 Look next on greatness; say where greatness  
 lies?

"Where, hut among the heroes and the wise?"  
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;  
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find  
 Or make an enemy of all mankind!  
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.  
 No less alike the politic and wise;  
 All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:  
 Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,  
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.  
 But grant that those can conquer, these can  
 cheat;

'T is phrase absurd to call a villain great:  
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
 Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

ALEXANDER POPE.

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#### OPPORTUNITY.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE.

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#### REASON AND INSTINCT.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

WHETHER with reason or with instinct blest,  
 Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;  
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,  
 And find the means proportioned to their end.  
 Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,  
 What pope or council can they need beside?  
 Reason, however able, cool at best,

Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,  
 Stays till we call, and then not often near ;  
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,  
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;  
 While still too wide or short is human wit,  
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,  
 Which heavier reason labors at in vain.  
 This too serves always, reason never long ;  
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.  
 See then the acting and comparing powers  
 One in their nature, which are two in ours ;  
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,  
 In this 't is God directs, in that 't is man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
 To shun their poison and to choose their food ?  
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,  
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?  
 Who made the spider parallels design,  
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?  
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore  
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?  
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,  
 Now high the mountains riding,  
 The lone vale now dividing,

Whither away ! —

“ With pilgrim course I flow,  
 Or in summer's scorching glow,  
 Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,

Nor stop, nor stay :

For O, by high behest,  
 To a bright abode of rest  
 In my parent Ocean's breast,  
 I hasten away ! ”

Many a dark morass,  
 Many a craggy mass,  
 Thy feeble force must pass ;

Yet, yet delay ! —

“ Though the marsh be dire and deep,  
 Though the crag be stern and steep,  
 On, on my course must sweep ;

I may not stay :

For O, be it east or west,  
 To a home of glorious rest  
 In the bright sea's boundless breast,  
 I hasten away ! ”

The warbling bowers beside thee,  
 The laughing flowers that hide thee,  
 With soft accord they chide thee, —  
 Sweet brooklet, stay !

“ I taste of the fragrant flowers,  
 I respond to the warbling bowers,  
 And sweetly they charm the hours  
 Of my winding way ;  
 But ceaseless still in quest  
 Of that everlasting rest  
 In my parent's boundless breast,  
 I hasten away ! ”

Knowest thou that dread abyss ?  
 Is it a scene of bliss ?

O, rather cling to this, —

Sweet brooklet, stay !

“ O, who shall fitly tell  
 What wonders there may dwell ?  
 That world of mystery well

May strike dismay :

But I know 't is my parent's breast ;  
 There held I must needs be blest,  
 And with joy to that promised rest  
 I hasten away ! ”

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

## THE SEASIDE WELL.

“ Waters flowed over mine head ; then I said, I am cut off.”  
 — *Lamentations*, iii. 54.

ONE day I wandered where the salt sea-tide  
 Backward had drawn its wave,  
 And found a spring as sweet as e'er hillside  
 To wild-flowers gave.

Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,  
 And mid its pebbles strayed,  
 As if it thought to join a happy brook  
 In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell  
 Came rolling in once more,  
 Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well  
 And pebbled shore.

Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,  
 Or life in the grave's gloom,  
 The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,  
 Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide,  
 Remnant of wreck to save,  
 Again I wandered when the salt sea-tide  
 Withdrew its wave ;

And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,  
 No anger in its tone,  
 Still as it thought some happy brook to meet,  
 The spring flowed on.

While waves of bitterness rolled o'er its head,  
 Its heart had folded deep  
 Within itself, and quiet fancies led,  
 As in a sleep ;

Till, when the ocean loosed his heavy chain,  
 And gave it back to day,  
 Calmly it turned to its own life again  
 And gentle way.

Happy, I thought, that which can draw its life  
 Deep from the nether springs,  
 Safe 'neath the pressure, tranquil mid the strife,  
 Of surface things,  
 Safe — for the sources of the nether springs  
 Up in the far hills lie ;  
 Calm — for the life its power and freshness brings  
 Down from the sky.

So, should temptations threaten, and should sin  
 Roll in its whelming flood,  
 Make strong the fountain of thy grace within  
 My soul, O God !  
 If bitter scorn, and looks, once kind, grown  
 strange,  
 With crushing chillness fall,  
 From secret wells let sweetness rise, nor change  
 my heart to gall !

When sore thy hand doth press, and waves of  
 thine  
 Adliet me like a sea, —  
 Deep calling deep, — infuse from source divine  
 Thy peace in me !  
 And when death's tide, as with a brimful cup,  
 Over my soul doth pour,  
 Let hope survive, — a well that springeth up  
 Forevermore !

Above my head the waves may come and go,  
 Long brood the deluge dire,  
 But life lies hidden in the depths below  
 Till waves retire, —  
 Till death, that reigns with overflowing flood,  
 At length withdraw its sway,  
 And life rise sparkling in the sight of God  
 And endless day.

ANONYMOUS.

## SCANDAL.

FROM THE "PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES."

CRUSED be the verse, how well see'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear !  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,  
 Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out ;  
 That top whose pride affects a patron's name,

Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame ;  
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
 And show the sense of it without the love ;  
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,  
 Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend ;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray ;  
 Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,  
 And sees at Canons what was never there ;  
 Who reads but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;  
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## PROFUSION.

FROM "MORAL ESSAYS."

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,  
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown  
 away !"

So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,  
 Soft and agreeable come never there.  
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught  
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.  
 To compass this, his building is a town,  
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down ;  
 Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,  
 A puny insect, shivering at a breeze !  
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !  
 The whole, a labored quarry above ground.  
 Two Cupids squirt before : a lake behind  
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.  
 His gardens next your admiration call,  
 On every side you look, behold the wall !  
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;  
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
 And half the platform just reflects the other.  
 The suffering eye inverted nature sees,  
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;  
 With here a fountain, never to be played ;  
 And there a summer-house, that knows no shade  
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers ;  
 There gladiators fight, or die in flowers ;  
 Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,  
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,  
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen ;  
 But soft — by regular approach — not yet —  
 First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat ;  
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged  
 your thighs,

Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.

His study ! with what authors is it stored !  
 In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;

To all their dated backs he turns you round ;  
 'These Abbus printed, those Du Sueil has bound !  
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good  
 For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.  
 For Locke or Milton 't is in vain to look,  
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell yu hear,  
 That summons you to all the pride of prayer :  
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.  
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,  
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
 And bring all paradise before your eye.  
 To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,  
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;  
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :  
 The rich buffet well-colored serpents grace,  
 And goping Tritons spew to wash your face.  
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?  
 No, 't is a temple, and a hecatomb.

A solemn sacrifice, performed in state,  
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
 Do quick retire each flying course, you'd swear  
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.  
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,  
 From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.  
 In plenty starving, tantalized in state,  
 And complaisantly helped to all I hate,  
 Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my leave,  
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;  
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,  
 And swear no day was ever passed so ill.

ALEXANDER POPE

## HUMANITY.

FROM "THE WALKER WALK AT NOON."

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine  
 sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
 That crawls at evening in the public path ;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,  
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes  
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,  
 The chamber, or refectory, may die :  
 A necessary act incurs no blame.  
 Not so when, held within their proper bounds,  
 And guiltless of offense, they range the air,

Or take their pastime in the spacious field .  
 There they are privileged ; and he that hunts  
 Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,  
 Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,  
 Who, when she formed, designed them an abode  
 The sun is this . If man's convenience, health,  
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
 Else they are all — the meanest things that are —  
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
 As God was free to form them at the first,  
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
 To love it too.

WILLIAM COWPER

## OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

FROM "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

SHAME upon thee, savage monarch-man, proud  
 monopolist of reason ;  
 Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined  
 despot :  
 What, man ! are there not enough, hunger and  
 diseases and fatigue, —  
 And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another  
 sorrow to existence ?  
 What ! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged  
 down suffering and death  
 On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and  
 yet must thou rack them with thy spite ?  
 The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away  
 his all, —  
 Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling  
 his forfeit serfs ?  
 The leader in nature's peasan himself hath marred  
 her psaltery, —  
 Shall he multiply the din of discord by over-  
 straining all the strings ?  
 The rebel hath fortified his stronghold, shutting  
 in his vassals with him,  
 Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by  
 oppression from within ?  
 Thou twice-deformed image of thy Maker, thou  
 hateful representative of Love,  
 For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the  
 creatures thou hast ruined !  
 Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,  
 Earth and her million tribes still write beneath  
 thy cruelty :  
 Liveth there but one among the million that shall  
 not bear witness against thee,  
 A pensioner of land or air or sea that hath not  
 whereof it will accuse thee ?  
 From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the  
 shrew mouse in the harvest-field,  
 From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken,  
 to the minnow caught upon a pin,

From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in her covered nest,  
 From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the lady-bird and the gnat,  
 The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master cruel ;  
 The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend ;  
 The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even ;  
 The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the laboring ox at plow ;  
 The speckled trout basking in the shallow, and the partridge gleaming in the stubble,  
 And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining in captivity,  
 And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy pride,  
 Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they are all thine : freely mayst thou serve thee of them all :  
 They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness ;  
 Gratitude to their God and thine, — their Father and thy Father,  
 Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all :  
 For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying ; for burden, but with limits of humanity ;  
 For luxury, but not through torture ; for draught, but according to the strength :  
 For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,  
 Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash ;  
 The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite ;  
 The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal ;  
 Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,  
 If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance :  
 Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear standeth in his eye ;  
 His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his burden ;  
 His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigor,  
 And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil ;  
 Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow ;  
 That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings, — the generous brute is dead !

Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to avenge his wrongs ?  
 No voice that shall be heard in his defense ? no sentence to be passed on his oppressor ?  
 Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him ;  
 Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes ;  
 Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel ;  
 Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own exceeding punishment.  
 The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,  
 And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

#### PLEA FOR THE ANIMALS.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

##### ENSANGUINED MAN

Is now become the lion of the plain,  
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
 Nor wore her warming fleece ; nor has the steer,  
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
 E'er plowed for him. They too are tempered high,  
 With hunger stung and wild necessity ;  
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
 But man, whom Nature formed of milder clay,  
 With every kind emotion in his heart,  
 And taught alone to weep, — while from her lap  
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
 And fruits as numerous as the drops of rain  
 Or beams that gave them birth, — shall he, fair form !  
 Whowears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,  
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,  
 Blood-stained, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye flocks,  
 What have ye done ? ye peaceful people, what,  
 To merit death ? you who have given us milk  
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
 Against the winter's cold ! And the plain ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
 In what has he offended ? he whose toil,  
 Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land  
 With all the pomp of harvest, — shall he bleed,  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hand,  
 Even of the clown he feels ? and that, perhaps,  
 To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,  
 Won by his labor ?

JAMES THOMSON.

## DUELINO.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

THE point of honor has been deemed of use,  
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse ;  
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,  
Our polished manners are a mask we wear,  
And, at the bottom, barbarous still and rude,  
We are restrained, indeed, but not subdued.  
The very remedy, however sure,  
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,  
And savage in its principle appears,  
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.  
'T is hard, indeed, if nothing will defend  
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end ;  
That now and then a hero must debase,  
That the surviving world may live in peace.  
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show  
The practice dastardly and mean and low ;  
That men engage in it compelled by force,  
And fear, not courage, is its proper source ;  
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear  
Lost fops should censure us, and fools should sneer ;  
At least, to trample on our Maker's laws,  
And hazard life for any or no cause,  
To rush into a fixed eternal state  
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,  
Or send another shivering to the bar  
With all the guilt of such unnatural war,  
Whatever Use may urge, or Honor plead,  
On Reason's verdict is a madman's deed.  
Am I to set my life upon a throw  
Because a bear is rude and surly ? No, —  
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man  
Will not affront me ; and no other can.  
Were I empowered to regulate the lists,  
They should encounter with well-loaded fists ;  
A Trojan combat would be something new,  
Let *Dares* beat *Entellus* black and blue ;  
Then each might show, to his admiring friends,  
In honorable bumps his rich amends,  
And carry, in confusions of his skull,  
A satisfactory receipt in full.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## GOLD.

FROM "MISS KILMANSIEGG."

GOLD ! gold ! gold ! gold !  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled ;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled :  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mold ;  
Price of many a crime untold :

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !  
Good or bad a thousand-fold !

How widely its agencies vary, —  
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
And now of a Bloody Mary.

THOMAS HOGG.

## LAW

LAWS, as we read in ancient sages,  
Have been like cobwebs in all ages,  
Cobwebs for little flies are spread,  
And laws for little folks are made ;  
But if an insect of renown,  
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,  
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,  
The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.

JAM. BEATTIE.

## THE RULING PASSION.

FROM "MORAL IMAGY."

IN this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
As fits give vigor just when they destroy,  
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand,  
Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
And totter on in business to the last ;  
As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out,  
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace  
Has made the father of a nameless race,  
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely pressed  
By his own son, that passes by unheeded ;  
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,  
And envies every sparrow that he sees ;

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate,  
The doctor, called, declares all help too late,  
" Mercy ! " cries Helluo, " mercy on my soul !  
Is there no hope ? Alas ! then bring the jowl."

The frugal crane, whom praying priests attend,  
Still tries to save the hallowed taper's end,  
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,  
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

" Odious ! in woolen ! 't would a saint provoke,"  
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;  
" No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face ;  
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's  
dead, —

And Betty — give this check a little red,"  
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined  
An humble servant to all human kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue  
could stir,

"If where I'm going I could serve you, sir!"

"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,  
And sighed) "my lands and tenements to Ned,"

Your money, sir "My money, sir! what, all?"

Why—if I must" (then wept)—"I give it Paul."

The manor, sir! "The manor! hold," he cried,

"Not that, — I cannot part with that," — and  
died.

ALEXANDER POPE.

#### THE AUTHOR'S MISERIES.

FROM THE "PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES."

SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,

The Dog star rages! nay, 't is just a doubt,

All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide!

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they  
glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,

They stop the chariot, and they board the burge.

No place is sacred, not the church is free,

Even Sunday stings no Sabbath-day to me:

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,

Happy to catch me, just at dinner time.

Is there a parson much he mused in beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

A clerk, fatedoomed his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a stanza, when he should engross!

Is there, who, looked from ink and paper, scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain

Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,

If foes, they write, — if friends, they read me dead.

Set ed and tied down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,

And to be grave exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read

With honest anguish and an aching head;

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,

"Thus saying counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he who, high in Deury Lane,

Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before 'Peumends,

Obliged by hunger, and request of friends,

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it,

I'll submit, what you'd have it, make it."

"Three things another's modest wishes bound,

My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me "You know his Grace,

I want a patron, ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libelled me — "But here's a letter  
Informs you, sir, 't was when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? — Curl invites to dine,

He'll write a *journal*, or he'll turn divine,"

Bless me! a packet. — "T is a stranger sues,

A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse,"

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage,"

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house reject him, "Sdeath, I'll

print it,

And shame the fools. — Your interest, sir, with

Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go sneaks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

Who shames a scribbler! break one cobweb

through,

He spins the slight, self pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,

The creature's at his dirty work again,

Throned in the center of his thin designs,

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent,

Alas! 't is ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:

One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe,"

There are, who to my person pay their court:

I cough like *Horace*, and, though lean, am short;

*Ummen's* great son one shoulder had too high,

Such *Orin's* nose, and "Sir! you have an eye."

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see

All that disgraced my betters met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,

"Just so immortal *Hero* held his head"

And when I die, be sure you let me know

Great *Horace* died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown

Dipped me in ink, — my parents', or my own!

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobeyed.

The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life,

ALEXANDER POPE.



## QUACK MEDICINES.

FROM "THE L. BOOKS."

BUT now our Quacks are gamblers, and they play

With craft and skill to ruin and betray ;  
With monstrous promise they delude the mind,  
And thrive on all that tortures human-kind.

Void of all honor, avaricious, rash,  
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash, —  
Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop or pill ;  
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill ;  
And twenty names of cobblers turned to squires  
Aid the bold language of these blushing liars.  
There are among them those who cannot read,  
And yet they'll buy a patent, and succeed ;  
Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,  
For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid ?  
With cruel avarice still they recommend  
More draughts, more syrup, to the journey's end,  
" I feel it not." " Then take it every hour."  
" It makes me worse." " Why, then it shows  
its power."

" I fear to die." " Let not your spirit sink,  
You're always safe while you believe and drink."

How strange to add, in this nefarious trade,  
That men of parts are dupes by duces made ;  
That creatures nature meant should clean our streets

Have purchased lands and mansions, parks and seats ;

Wretches with conscience to obtuse, they leave  
Their untought sons their parents to deceive ;  
And when they're laid upon their dying bed,  
No thought of murder comes into their head ;

And then in many a paper through the year,  
Must cures and cures, oaths and proofs, appear ;  
Men snatched from graves as they were dropping in,  
Their lungs coughed up, their bones pierced  
through their skin ;

Their liver all one scirrhous, and the frame  
Poisoned with evils which they dare not name ;  
Men who spent all upon physicians' fees,  
Who never slept, nor had a moment's ease,  
Are now as roaches, sound, and all as brisk as bees.

Troubled with something in your bile or blood,  
You think your doctor does you little good ;  
And, grown impatient, you require in haste  
The nervous cordial, nor dislike the taste ;  
It comforts, heats, and strengthens ; nay, you  
think

It makes you better every time you drink ;  
Who tipples brandy will some comfort feel,  
But will he to the medicine set his seal ?

No class escapes them — from the poor man's  
pay

The nostrum takes no trifling part away ;  
See ! those square patent bottles from the shop  
Now decoration to the cupboard's top,  
And there a favorite hoard you'll find within,  
Companions meet ! the julep and the gin.

Suppose the case surpasses human skill,  
There comes a quack to flatter weakness still ;  
What greater evil can a flatterer do,  
Than from himself to take the sufferer's view ?  
To turn from sacred thoughts his reasoning  
power ;

And rob a sinner of his dying hours ?  
Yet this they dare, and, craving to the last,  
In hope's strong bondage hold their victim fast ;  
For soul or body no concern have they,  
All their inquiry, " Can the patient pay ?  
And will he swallow draughts until his dying  
day ?"

Observe what ill to nervous females flow,  
When the heart flutters and the pulse is low ;  
If once induced these cordial up to try,  
All feel the ease, and few the danger fly ;  
For, while obtained, of drams they've all the  
force,

And when denied, then drams are the resource.

Who would not lend a sympathizing sigh,  
To hear you infant's piteous moving cry ?  
Then the good nurse (who, had she borne a beam,  
Had sought the cause that made her babe com-  
plain)

Has all her effort, loving soul ! applied  
To soothe the cry, and not the cause, aside ;  
She gave her powerful sweet without remorse  
*The sleeping cordial*, — he had tried its force,  
Repeating oft, the infant, freed from pain,  
Rejected food, but took the dose again,  
Sinking to sleep, while he her joy expressed,  
That her dear charge could sweetly take his rest.  
Soon may she spare her cordial ; not a doubt  
Remains, but quickly he will rest without.

What then our hopes? — perhaps there may  
by law

Be method found these pests to curb and awe ;  
Yet, in the land of freedom, law is back  
With any being to commence attack.

Then let us trust to science, — then are those  
Who own the rascal's hood and then hand draughts,  
All their vile trash detect, and their low tricks  
expose.

Perhaps their number may in time confound  
Their arts, — a scorpion give themselves the  
wound ;

For when these curers dwell in every place,  
While of the cured we not a man can trace,  
Strong truth may then the public mind persuade,  
And spoil the fruits of this nefarious trade.

GEORGE CRABBE.

## SLEEPLESS DREAMS.

GIRT in dark growths, yet glimmering with one star,

O night desirous as the night of youth!

Why should my heart within thy spell, forsooth,  
Now beat, as the bride's finger-pulses are  
Quickened within the girthing golden bar?

What wings are these that fan my pillow smooth?  
And why does Sleep, waved back by Joy and  
Ruth,

Tread softly round and gaze at me from far?

Nay, night deep-leaved! And would Love feign  
in thee

Some shadowy palpitating grove that bears  
Rest for man's eyes and music for his ears?  
O lonely night! art thou not known to me,  
A thicket hung with masks of mockery  
And watered with the wasteful warmth of tears?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

## ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

The cunning hand that carved this face,  
A little helmeted Minerva, —  
The hand, I say, ere Phidias wrought,  
Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,  
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?  
Perchance he shaped this dainty head  
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust: we may not know  
His happy or unhappy story:  
Nameless, and dead these thousand years,  
His work outlives him, — there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth  
Beneath a lava-buried city;  
The thousand summers came and went,  
With neither haste nor hate nor pity.

The years wiped out the man, but left  
The jewel fresh as any blossom,  
Till some Visconti dug it up, —  
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O Roman brother! see how Time  
Your gracious handiwork has guarded,  
See how your loving, patient art  
Has come, at last, to be rewarded!

Who would not suffer slights of men,  
And pangs of hopeless passion also,  
To have his carven agate-stone  
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

## SILLY FAIR.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,  
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,  
I thought my heart which durst so high aspire  
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.  
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spake  
Forth from her coral lips such nonsense broke,  
Like balm the trickling nonsense healed my  
wound,  
And what her eyes enthralled her tongue unbound.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

## THE TOOTHACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang  
That shoots my tortured gums along;  
An' through my lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance!  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines.

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,  
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,  
Wi' pitying moan;  
But thee, — thou hell o' a' diseases,  
Aye mocks our groan.

Adown my beard the slavers trickle;  
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the gidgets keckle  
To see me loup;  
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft barguins, cutty-stools,  
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,  
(Sad sight to see!)  
The tricks o' knaves or fash o' fools,  
Thou bear'st the gree.

ROBERT BURNS.

## TO THE UNCO GUID.

My son, these maksins make a rule  
And lump them aye together:  
The Rigid Richteous is a fool,  
The Rigid Wise anither:  
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
May hae some pyles o' caff in;  
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
For random fits o' daffin

SOLOMON, *Eccles.* vii 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell  
Your neebor's fauts and folly: —

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
 Supplied wi' store o' water,  
 The heapit happer's ebbing still,  
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,  
 As counsel for poor mortals,  
 That frequent pass doun Wisdom's door,  
 For glaukit Folly's portals !  
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
 Would here propone defenses,  
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,  
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,  
 And shudder at the niffer ;  
 But cast a moment's fair regard,  
 What maks the mighty differ ?  
 Discount what scant occasion gave  
 That purity ye pride in,  
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)  
 Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
 Gies now and then a wallop,  
 What ragings must his veins convulse,  
 That still eternal gallop :  
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
 Right on ye scud your sea-way ;  
 But in the teeth o' haith to sail,  
 It makes an unco leeway.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,  
 Tied up in godly laces,  
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names,  
 Suppose a change o' cases ;  
 A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,  
 A treacherous inclination, —  
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
 Ye're niblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler sister woman ;  
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
 To step aside is human.  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving why they do it ;  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone  
 Decidedly can try us ;  
 He knows each chord, — its various tone,  
 Each spring, — its various bias :  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it ;  
 What's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS

## L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
 unholy !

Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous  
 wings,  
 And the night-raven sings ;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
 In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
 And, by men, heart-easing Mirth ;  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
 With two sister Graces more,  
 To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore ;  
 Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing, —  
 As he met her once a-Maying, —  
 There, on beds of violets blue  
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So laxom, blithe, and debonaire.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity, —  
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek, —  
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And laughter, holding both his sides.  
 Come ! and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe ;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
 And if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprov'd pleasures free, —  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull Night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow,  
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine ;  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before ;  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill ;  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great Sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
 While the plowman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray, —  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The laboring clouds do often rest, —  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the checkered shade ;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale  
 With stories told of many a feat :  
 How fairy Mab the juncets eat, —  
 She was pinched and pulled, she said,  
 And he, by friar's lantern led ;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thrashed the corn  
 That ten day-laborers could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,

And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And, crop-fall, out of doors he flings  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep,  
 Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, —  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp and feast and revelry,  
 With masque, and antique pageantry, —  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream ;  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse, —  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony. —  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

#### IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred !  
 How little you bestend,  
 Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay notes that people the sunbeams, —  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The tickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy !  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore, to our weaker view,  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue, —  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,  
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore, —  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain).  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, staidfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cyprus-lawn  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, —  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :  
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne, —  
 The cherub Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
 Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly, —  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon

Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, —  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm ;  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or un-sphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook ;  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scattered pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower !  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made hell grant what love did seek !  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of Cambusan bold, —  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife, —  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass, —  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride !  
 And, if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung, —  
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear, —  
 Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont

With the Attie boy to hunt,  
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture displayed,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid;  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
 And love the high embowèd roof,  
 With antic pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows, richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow  
 To the full-voiced quire below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew,  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

## HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
 Its Maker meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God,  
 Erect and free,  
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod  
 To bow the knee!

That 's hallowed ground where, mourned and  
 missed,  
 The lips repose our love has kissed:—  
 But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't  
 You churchyard's bowers?  
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound:  
 The spot where love's first links were wound,  
 That ne'er are riven,  
 Is hallowed down to earth's profound,  
 And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
 The burning thoughts that then were told  
 Run molten still in memory's mold;  
 And will not cool,  
 Until the heart itself be cold  
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
 'T is not the sculptured piles you heap!  
 In dews that heavens far distant weep  
 Their turf may bloom;  
 Or Genii twine beneath the deep  
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—  
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
 Lifts thine on high?—  
 To live in hearts we leave behind  
 Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
 He 's dead alone that lacks her light!  
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
 The sword he draws:—  
 What can alone ennoble fight?  
 A noble cause!

Give that, — and welcome War to brace  
 Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space!  
 The colors planted face to face,  
 The charging cheer,  
 Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
 To Heaven! — but Heaven rebukes my zeal!  
 The cause of Truth and human weal,  
 O God above!  
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubin, that join  
 Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,  
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
 Where they are not, —  
 The heart alone can make divine  
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
 And pompous rites in domes august?  
 See moldering stones and metal's rust  
 Belie the vaunt,  
 That man can bless one pile of dust  
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
 Thy temples, — creeds themselves grow wan!  
 But there 's a dome of nobler span,  
 A temple given  
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban, —  
 Its space is heaven!

Its roof, star-pictured Nature's ceiling,  
 Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
 And God himself to man revealing,  
 The harmonious spheres  
 Make music, though unheard their pealing  
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?  
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
 Aspect above?  
 Ye must be heavens that make us sure  
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
 I read the doom of distant time;  
 That man's regenerate soul from crime  
 Shall yet be drawn,  
 And reason on his mortal clime  
 Immortal dawn.

What 's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth  
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —  
 Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth  
 Earth's compass round;  
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth  
 All hallowed ground.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## TO BE NO MORE.

To be no more — sad cure; for who would lose  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion?

MILTON

INSCRIPTION IN MARELE IN THE PARISH  
CHURCH OF FAVERSHAM.

Whoso him befoht  
 Inwardly and oft,  
 How hard it were to flit  
 From bed unto the pit,  
 From pit unto pain  
 That ne'er shall cease again,  
 He would not do one sin  
 All the world to win.

ANONYMOUS

## INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,  
 Let not the silver lily pine,  
 The drooping lily pine in vain  
 To feel that dewy touch of thine, —  
 To drink thy freshness once again,  
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;  
 The cattle pant beneath the tree;  
 Through parching air and purple skies  
 The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;  
 For thee, — for thee, it looks in vain,  
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,  
 And soften all the hills with mist,  
 O falling dew! from burning dreams  
 By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,  
 And Earth shall bless thee yet again,  
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

## THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the garden of love,  
 And saw what I never had seen;  
 A chapel was built in the midst,  
 Where I used to play on the green.

And the gate of this chapel was shut,  
 And "thou shalt not" writ over the door;

So I turned to the garden of love,  
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tombstones where flowers should be ;  
And priests in black gowns were walking their  
rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

—◆—  
LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As unto blowing roses summer dews,  
Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,  
So to my bosom are the beams that use  
To rain on me from eyes that love inspires.  
Your love, — vouchsafe it, royal-hearted Few,  
And I will set no common price thereon ;  
O, I will keep, as heaven his holy due,  
Or night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.  
But aught of inward faith must I forego,  
Or miss one drop from truth's baptismal hand,  
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers,  
and grow

Less worthy trust, to meet your heart's demand, —

Farewell ! Your wish I for your sake deny :  
Rebel to love, in truth to love, am I.

DAVID A. WASSON.

—◆—  
IF WOMEN COULD BE FAIR.

FROM BYRD'S "SONGS AND SONNETS," 1582.

If women could be fair and never fond,  
Or that their beauty might continue still,  
I would not marvel though they made men bond,  
By service long to purchase their good-will ;  
But when I see how frail these creatures are,  
I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make, and how they  
change,

How, leaving best, the worst they choose out  
still,

And how, like haggards, wild about they range,  
Scorning the reason to follow after will ;  
Who would not shake such buzzards from the fist,  
And let them fly, fair fools, what way they list !

Yet for our sport we fawn and flatter both,  
To pass the time when nothing else can please,  
And train them on to yield, by subtle oath,  
The sweet content that gives such humor ease ;  
And then we say, when we their follies try,  
To play with fools, O, what a fool was I !

ANONYMOUS.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

FROM "THE FOREST."

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I 'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine ;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be ;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And sent'st it back to me ;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee !

From the Greek of PHILOSTRATUS,  
by BEN JONSON.

—◆—  
THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here :  
Winds whistle shrill,  
Icy and chill,  
Little care we ;  
Little we fear  
Weather without,  
Sheltered about  
The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs  
Birds of rare plume  
Sung, in its bloom ;  
Night-birds are we ;  
Here we carouse,  
Singing, like them,  
Perched round the stem  
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit, —  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.  
Life is but short, —  
When we are gone,  
Let them sing on,  
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,  
Happy as this ;  
Faces we miss,  
Pleasant to see.



Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to your dust !  
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
Lurks at the gate :  
Let the dog wait ;  
Happy we 'll be !  
Drink, every one ;  
Pile up the coals ;  
Fill the red bowls,  
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup. —  
Friend, art afraid ?  
Spirits are laid  
In the Red Sea.  
Mantle it up ;  
Empty it yet ;  
Let us forget,  
Round the old tree !

Sorrows, begone !  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite ;  
Leave us to-night,  
Round the old tree !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise  
Listen to pretty lies,  
And love to hear them told ;  
Doubt not that Solomon  
Listened to many a one, —  
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among  
The choir of wisdom's song,  
But pretty lies loved I  
As much as any king, —  
When youth was on the wing,  
And (must it then be told ?) when youth had quite  
gone by.

Alas ! and I have not  
The pleasant hour forgot,  
When one pert lady said, —  
"O Lander ! I am quite  
Bewildered with affright ;

{ see (sit quiet now !) a white hair on your head !"

Another, more benign,  
Drew out that hair of mine,  
And in her own dark hair  
Pretended she had found  
That one, and twirled it round. —  
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

#### GROWING GRAY.

"On a Page de son cœur" — A. DEHOUDETOT.

A LITTLE more toward the light,  
*Me miserum.* Here 's one that 's white,  
And one that 's turning ;  
Adieu to song and "salad days."  
My Muse, let 's go at once to Jay's  
And order mourning.

We must reform our rhymes, my dear,  
Renounce the gay for the severe, —  
Be grave, not witty ;  
We have no more the right to find  
That Pyrrha's hair is neatly twined,  
That Chloe 's pretty.

Young Love 's for us a farce that 's played ;  
Light canzonet and serenade  
No more may tempt us ;  
Gray hairs but ill accord with dreams ;  
From aught but sour didactic themes  
Our years exempt us.

"*A la bonne heure !*" You fancy so ?  
You think for one white streak we grow  
At once satiric ?  
A fiddlestick ! Each hair 's a string  
To which our graybeard Muse shall sing  
A younger lyric.

Our heart 's still sound. Shall "cakes and ale"  
Grow rare to youth because we rail  
At school-boy dishes ?  
Perish the thought ! 'T is ours to sing,  
Though neither Time nor Tide can bring  
Relief with wishes.

AT. TIN DORING.

#### LEAR'S PRAYER.

FROM "KING LEAR."

O Heavens,  
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take my  
part!

SHAKESPEARE.

## GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS  
TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

Old wine to drink !  
Ay, give the slippery juice  
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
    Within the tun ;  
Plucked from beneath the cliff  
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,  
    And ripened 'neath the blink  
    Of India's sun !  
Peat whiskey hot,  
Tempered with well-boiled water !  
These make the long night shorter, —  
    Forgetting not  
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn !  
Ay, bring the hillside beech  
From where the owlets meet and screech,  
    And ravens croak ;  
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;  
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,  
    Dug 'neath the fern ;  
    The knotted oak,  
    A fagot too, perhaps,  
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,  
Shall light us at our drinking ;  
    While the oozing sap  
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read !  
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,  
    Time-honored tomes !  
The same my sire scanned before,  
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,  
The same his sire from college bore,  
    The well-earned meed  
    Of Oxford's domes ;  
    Old *Homer* blind,  
Old *Horace*, make *Anacreon*, by  
Old *Tully*, *Plautus*, *Terence* lie ;  
Mort *Arthur's* olden minstrelsie,  
Quaint *Burton*, quainter *Spenser*, ay !  
And *Gervase Markham's* venerie, —  
    Nor leave behind  
The Holy Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk !  
Ay, bring those chosen few,  
The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
    So rarely found ;  
Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
Him for my easel, distich, bud  
    In mountain walk !

Bring *Walter* good :  
With soulful *Fred* ; and learned *Will*,  
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still  
    For every mood).

ROBERT HINCHLEY MESSENGER.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
    And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
    And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,*  
*For auld lang syne,*  
*We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet*  
*For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,  
    And pu't the gowans fine ;  
But we 've wandered mony a weary foot  
    Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn,  
    Frae mornin' sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid hae roared  
    Sin' auld lang syne.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
    And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught  
    For auld lang syne.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,  
    And surely I 'll be mine ;  
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
    For auld lang syne.

ROBERT BURNS.

## TOO LATE.

“ Ah ! si la jeunesse savait — si la vieillesse pouvait ! ”

THERE sat an old man on a rock,  
    And unceasing bewailed him of Fate, —  
That concern where we all must take stock,  
    Though our vote has no hearing or weight ;  
And the old man sang him an old, old song, —  
    Never sang voice so clear and strong  
That it could drown the old man's long,  
    For he sang the song “ Too late ! too late ! ”

“ When we want, we have for our pains  
    The promise that if we but wait  
Till the want has burned out of our brains,  
    Every means shall be present to sate ;  
    While we send for the napkin the soup gets  
    cold,

While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,  
When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,  
And everything comes too late — too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,  
Terrapin stew a wild dream,  
When my brain was at sixes and sevens,  
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,  
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger  
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger —  
But O, how I wished I were younger  
When the goodies all came in a stream —  
in a stream!

"I've a splendid blood horse, and — a liver  
That it jars into torture to trot;  
My row-boat's the gem of the river, —  
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!  
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,  
But no palate for menus, no eyes for a dome —  
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry  
at home,  
When no home but an attic he'd got —  
he'd got!

"How I longed, in that lonest of garrets,  
Where the tiles baked my brains all July,  
For ground to grow two pecks of carrots,  
Two pigs of my own in a sty,  
A rosebush — a little thatched cottage —  
Two spoons — love — a basin of pottage! —  
Now in freestone I sit — and my dotage —  
With a woman's chair empty close by —  
close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,  
I have shared one seat with the great;  
I have sat — knowing naught of the clock —  
On love's high throne of state;  
But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,  
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,  
And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed  
Had they only not come too late — too late!"

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

#### LOST DAYS.

THE lost days of my life until to-day  
What were they, could I see them on the street  
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat

Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?  
Or golden coins squandered, and still to pay?  
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?  
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
The throats of men in hell, who thirst always?

I do not see them here; but after death,  
God knows, I know the faces I shall see  
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath  
"I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?"  
"And I — and I — thyself (do! each one saith),  
And thou thyself, to all eternity."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

#### THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING."

THE Queen looked up, and said,  
"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,  
Sing, and unbind my heart, that I may weep."  
Wherewith full willingly sang the little maid:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light had we: for that we do repent;  
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.  
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"No light; so late! and dark and chill the night!  
O, let us in, that we may find the light!  
Too late, too late! Ye cannot enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?  
O, let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!  
No, no, too late! Ye cannot enter now."

So sang the novice, while full passionately,  
Her head upon her hands, wept the sad Queen.

ALFRED TENNYSON

#### LIFE.

I MADE a posie, while the day ran by:  
"Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
My life within this band."  
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart.  
I took, without more thinking, in good part  
Time's gentle admonition;

Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,  
 Making my mind to smell my fatal day,  
 Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye  
 spent ;  
 Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,  
 And, after death, for cures.  
 I follow straight, without complaints or grief ;  
 Since, if my scent be good, I care not if  
 It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

—◆—  
 LIFE.

My life is like the summer rose,  
 That opens to the morning sky,  
 But, ere the shades of evening close,  
 Is scattered on the ground — to die !  
 Yet on the rose's humble bed  
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
 As if she wept the waste to see, —  
 But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf  
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;  
 Its hold is frail, — its date is brief,  
 Restless, and soon to pass away !  
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
 The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints which feet  
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;  
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
 All trace will vanish from the sand ;  
 Yet, as if grieving to efface  
 All vestige of the human race,  
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea, —  
 But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

—◆—  
 "BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

O, DEEM not they are blest alone  
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;  
 The Power who pities man has shown  
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
 The lids that overflow with tears ;  
 And weary hours of woe and pain  
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
 For every dark and troubled night ;

And grief may bide an evening guest,  
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,  
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,  
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
 Though life its common gifts deny, —  
 Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,  
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day  
 And numbered every secret tear,  
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
 For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

—◆—  
 THE DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?  
 Frozen and dead  
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
 O doubting heart !  
 Far over purple seas  
 They wait, in sunny ease,  
 The balmy southern breeze  
 To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die ?  
 Prisoned they lie  
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
 O doubting heart !  
 They only sleep below  
 The soft white ermine snow  
 While winter winds shall blow,  
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
 These many days ;  
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth ?  
 O doubting heart !  
 The stormy clouds on high  
 Veil the same sunny sky  
 That soon, for spring is nigh,  
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
 Is quenched in night ;  
 What sound can break the silence of despair ?  
 O doubting heart !  
 The sky is overcast,  
 Yet stars shall rise at last,  
 Brighter for darkness past,  
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages ;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is vapid,  
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,  
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange, — yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding,  
When one by one our friends have gone,  
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness ;  
And those of youth, a seeming length,  
Proportioned to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPELL.

## THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

FALSE world, thou ly'st : thou canst not lend  
The least delight ;  
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,  
They are so slight :  
Thy morning pleasures make an end  
To please at night :  
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,  
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st  
With heaven : fond earth, thou boasts : false  
world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales  
Of endless treasure ;  
Thy bounty offers easy sales  
Of lasting pleasure ;  
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,  
And swear'st to ease her ;  
There 's none can want where thou supply'st ;  
There 's none can give where thou deny'st.  
Alas ! fond world, thou boasts ; false world, thou  
ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards  
What earth can say ?  
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards  
Are painted clay :  
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,  
Thou canst not play :  
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ;  
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st :  
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world,  
thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint  
Of new-coined treasure ;  
A paradise, that has no stint,  
No change, no measure ;  
A painted cask, but nothing in 't,  
Nor wealth, nor pleasure :  
Vain earth ! that lately thus comply'st  
With man ; vain man ! that thou rely'st  
On earth ; vain man, thou dot'st, vain earth,  
thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,  
To hald-dash  
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure  
Is dross and trash ?  
The height of whose enchanting pleasure  
Is but a flash ?  
Are these the goods that thou supply'st  
Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?  
Can these bring cordial peace ? false world, thou  
ly'st.

FRANCIS CHARLES

## GOOD BY.

Good by, proud world, I'm going home :  
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
Long through thy westy woods I roam ;  
A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,  
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good by to Flattery's fawning face ;  
To Grandeur with his wise grimace ;  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;  
To supple Office, low and high ;  
To crowded halls, to court and street ;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet ;  
To those who go, and those who come ;  
Good by, proud world ! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —  
A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned ;  
Where arches green, the livelong day,  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,

And vulgar feet have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

◆◆◆  
THE NEVERMORE.

Look in my face; my name is Might have been;  
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;  
Unto thine ear I hold the dead sea shell  
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;  
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen  
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my  
spell  
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,  
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart  
One moment through my soul the soft surprise  
Of that winged Peace which hails the breath of  
sighs,

Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart  
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart  
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANIEL GABRIEL ROBERTS

◆◆◆  
THE GENIUS OF DEATH

What is death? 'T is to be free,  
No more to love or hope or fear,  
To join the great equality;  
All, all alike are humbled there,  
The mighty grave  
Wraps lord and slave;  
Nor pride nor poverty dars come  
Within that refuge-house, — the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing  
And the ever-weeping eye,  
Thou of all earth's kings art king;  
Empires at thy footstool lie;  
Beneath thee strewed,  
Their multitude  
Sink like waves upon the shore;  
Storms shall never raise them more.

What 's the grandeur of the earth  
To the grandeur round thy throne?  
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
To thy kingdom all have gone,  
Before thee stand  
The wondrous band,  
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show  
Many a million for her one;  
Through thy gates the mortal flow  
Hath for countless years rolled on,  
Back from the tomb  
No step has come,  
There fixed till the last thunder's sound  
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

GEORGE CROLY

◆◆◆  
LINES

WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER, BEING YOUNG AND  
CONDEMNED TO DIE

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;  
And all my good is but vain hope of gain;  
The day is [bled], and yet I saw no sun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;  
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are  
green;

My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;  
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;  
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought my death, and found it in my womb;  
I looked for life, and saw it was a shade;  
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb;  
And now I die, and now I am but made;  
The glass is full, and now my glass is run;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

CHRISTOPHER TYNBORN

◆◆◆  
EUTHANASIA.

BUT souls that of his own good life partake,  
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye  
They are to him; He 'll never them forsake;  
When they shall die, then God himself shall  
die;  
They live, they live in blest eternity.

HENRY MORR





EMERSON'S HOME AT CONCORD.

"——— de! and crag,  
Hollow on t'lope, hi' side and fir'-acade,  
Are touch'd with genius"



## LINES

WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

E'EN such is time ; which takes on trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;  
 Which in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days :  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless errand !  
 Fear not to touch the best,  
 The truth shall be thy warrant :  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood ;  
 Go, tell the church it shows  
 What's good, and doth no good.  
 If church and court reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live  
 Acting by others' action,  
 Not loved unless they give,  
 Not strong but by a faction.  
 If potentates reply,  
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
 That rule affairs of state,  
 Their purpose is ambition,  
 Their practice only hate :  
 And if they once reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
 They beg for more by spending,  
 Who in their greatest cost,  
 Seek nothing but commending :  
 And if they make reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,  
 Tell love it is but lust,  
 Tell time it is but motion,  
 Tell flesh it is but dust ;  
 And wish them not reply,  
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,  
 Tell honor how it alters,  
 Tell beauty how she blasteth,  
 Tell favor how it falters :  
 And as they shall reply,  
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
 In tickle points of niceness ;  
 Tell wisdom she entangles  
 Herself in over-wiseness :  
 And when they do reply,  
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,  
 Tell skill it is pretension,  
 Tell charity of coldness,  
 Tell law it is contention :  
 And as they do reply,  
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,  
 Tell nature of decay,  
 Tell friendship of unkindness,  
 Tell justice of delay :  
 And if they will reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming ;  
 Tell schools they want profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming.  
 If arts and schools reply,  
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it fled the city ;  
 Tell how the country erreth ;  
 Tell, manhood shakes off pity ;  
 Tell, virtue least preferreth :  
 And if they do reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
 Although to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing,  
 Yet, stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill.

JOHN A SYLVESTER.

## LETTERS.

EVERY day brings a ship,  
 Every ship brings a word ;  
 Well for those who have no fear,  
 Looking seaward well assured  
 That the word the vessel brings  
 Is the word they wish to hear.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;  
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;  
The vanished gods to me appear ;  
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;  
When me they fly, I am the wings ;  
I am the doubter and the doubt,  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;  
But thou, meek lover of the good !  
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.  
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## BRAHMA'S ANSWER.

ONCE, when the days were ages,  
And the old Earth was young,  
The high gods and the sages  
From Nature's golden pages  
Her open secrets wrung.  
Each questioned each to know  
Whence came the Heavens above, and whence  
the Earth below.

Indra, the endless giver  
Of every gracious thing  
The gods to him deliver,  
Whose bounty is the river  
Of which they are the spring —  
Indra, with anxious heart,  
Ventures with Vivochunu where Brahma is a  
part.

"Brahma ! Supreme Being !  
By whom the worlds are made,  
Where we are blind, all-seeing,  
Stable, where we are fleeing,  
Of Life and Death afraid, —  
Instruct us, for mankind,  
What is the body, Brahma ? O Brahma ! what  
the mind ?"

Hearing as though he heard not,  
So perfect was his rest,  
So vast the soul that erred not,  
So wise the lips that stirred not —  
His hand upon his breast

He laid, whereat his face  
Was mirrored in the river that girt that holy  
place.

They questioned each the other  
What Brahma's answer meant.  
Said Vivochunu, " Brother,  
Through Brahma the great Mother  
Hath spoken her intent :  
Man ends as he began, —  
The shadow on the water is all there is of man !"

"The earth with woe is cumbered,  
And no man understands ;  
They see their days are numbered  
By one that never slumbered  
Nor stayed his dreadful hands.  
I see with Brahma's eyes —  
The body is the shadow that on the water lies."

Thus Indra, looking deeper,  
With Brahma's self possessed,  
So dry thine eyes, thou weeper !  
And rise again, thou sleeper !  
The hand on Brahma's breast  
Is his divine assent,  
Covering the soul that dies not. This is what  
Brahma meant.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## RETRIBUTION.

Ὀψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά.  
(" The mills of the gods grind late, but they grind fine.")  
GREEK POET.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small ;  
Though with patience he stands waiting,  
With exactness grinds he all.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE FUTURE.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of  
fate,  
All but the page prescribed, their present state :  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits  
know :  
Or who could suffer being here below ?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
O blindness to the future ! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish or a sparrow fall ;  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions  
Soar ;

Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.  
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

O, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;  
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven ;  
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold :  
To be, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

ALL the world 's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewing and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the jus-  
tice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, —  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

### PROCRASTINATION.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

BE wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer ;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?  
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears  
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"  
Forever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to think  
They one day shall not die : and their pride  
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;  
At least, their own ; their future selves applaud :  
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !  
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails ;  
That lodged in Fate's, to wisdom they consign ;  
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone :  
'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool,  
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that through every stage. When young, in-  
deed,

In full content we sometimes nobly rest,  
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,  
As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise.  
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
In all the magnanimity of thought,  
Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
All men think all men mortal but themselves ;  
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden  
dread ;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
Soon close ; where passed the shaft, no trace is  
found.

As from the wing no scar the sky retains,  
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,  
So dies in human hearts the thought of death :  
Even with the tender tears which Nature sheds  
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

EDWARD YOUNG.

## TIME.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

THE bell strikes one ; we take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue,  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours :  
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood,  
It is the signal that demands despatch ;  
How much is to be done ! my hopes and fears  
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down — on what ! a fathomless abyss ;  
A dread eternity ; how surely mine !  
And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

Time the supreme ! — Time is eternity ;  
Pregnant with all eternity can give ;  
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile,  
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
A power ethereal, only not adored.

Ah ! how unjust to Nature and himself,  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !  
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,  
We censure Nature for a span too short —  
That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;  
Torture invention, all expedients tire,  
To lash the lingering moments into speed,  
And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.  
Art, brainless Art ! our furious charioteer,  
(For Nature's voice, unlistened, would recall.)  
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death !  
Death, most our dread ; death, thus more dread-  
ful made :

O, what a riddle of absurdity !  
Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot wheels ;  
How heavily we drag the load of life !  
Blest leisure is our curse — like that of Cain,  
It makes us wander ; wander earth around  
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groined  
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.  
We cry for merriment to the next amusement ;  
The next amusement mortgages our fields ;  
Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,  
From hateful Time if prisons set us free,  
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,  
We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,  
Ages to years. The telescope is turned,  
To man's false optics (from his folly false)  
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
And seems to creep, deep-sept with his age ;  
Behold him when past by ; what then is seen  
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds !  
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,  
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

Ye well arrayed ! ye lilies of our land !

Ye lilies male ! who neither toil nor spin,  
(As sister-lilies might) if not so wise  
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight !  
Ye delicate ! who nothing can support,  
Yourselves most insupportable ! for whom  
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on  
A brighter beam in Leo ; silky-soft  
Favonius, breathe still softer, or be chid ;  
And other worlds send odors, sauce, and song,  
And robes, and notions, framed in foreign looms !  
O ye Lorenzos of our age ! who deem  
One moment unanused a misery  
Not made for feeble man ! who call aloud  
For every lawble drivelled o'er by sense ;  
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,  
For change of follies and relays of joy,  
To drag you patient through the tedious length  
Of a short winter's day, — say, sages ! say,  
Wit's oracles ! say, dreamers of gay dreams !  
How will you weather an eternal night,  
Where such expedients fail ?

EDWARD YOUNG.

## TO-MORROW.

FROM "DREISE."

TO-morrow's action ! can that hoary wisdom,  
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow !  
The fatal mistress of the young, the la-z-y,  
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose  
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,  
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,  
Till interposing death destroys the prospect.  
Strange that this general fraud from day to day  
Should fill the world with wretches, undetected !  
The soldier, laboring through a winter's march,  
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph ;  
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms  
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.  
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,  
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

FROM THE ODE "ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S SALVATION."

No war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around ;  
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstained with hostile blood ;  
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was  
by.

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the Prince of Light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began ;  
 The wind, with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kissed,  
 Whispersing new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed  
 wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fixed in呆板 gaze,  
 Bending one way their previous influence ;  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence ;  
 But in their glimmering orb did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespoke, and hid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlightened world no more should  
 need ;  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could  
 bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
 Full little thought they then  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 A never was by mortal finger strook,  
 Divinely warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;  
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav-  
 enly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shamed night  
 arrayed ;  
 The helmeted cherubim,  
 And sworded seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering rank with wings dis-  
 played,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born  
 heir.

Such music as 't is said  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And hid the weltering waves their oozy channel  
 keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;  
 And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow ;  
 And, with your ninefold harmony,  
 Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

MILTON.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
 The year is dying in the night ;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new ;  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;  
 The year is going, let him go ;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more ;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause  
 And ancient forms of party strife ;  
 Ring in the nobler moles of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite ;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kinllier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

'T is midnight's holy hour, — and silence now  
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
 The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the  
 winds  
 The bell's deep tones are swelling, — 't is the  
 knell  
 Of the departed year. No funeral train  
 Is sweeping past ; yet, on the stream and wood,  
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
 Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirred  
 As by a mourner's sigh ; and on yon cloud  
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand, —  
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn  
 form,  
 And Winter with its aged locks, — and breathe,  
 In mournful cadences that come abroad  
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
 Gone from the earth forever.

'T is a time  
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,  
 Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,  
 Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time  
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
 And solemn finger to the beautiful  
 And holy visions that have passed away,  
 And left no shadow of their loveliness  
 On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts  
 The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,  
 And bending mournfully above the pale,  
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead  
 flowers  
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year

Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng  
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course  
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,  
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
 Upon the strong man, and the haughty form  
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.

It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged  
 The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail  
 Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song  
 And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er  
 The battle-plain where sword and spear and  
 shield  
 Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength  
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,  
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above  
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,  
 And faded like a wrath of mist at eve ;  
 Yet ere it melted in the viewless air  
 It heralded its millions to their home  
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time !  
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe ! — what  
 power  
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
 His iron heart to pity ? On, still on,  
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,  
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
 The fury of the northern hurricane,  
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,  
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks  
 down  
 To rest upon his mountain crag, — but Time  
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
 His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep  
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
 Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink  
 Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles  
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back  
 To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear  
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and  
 bow  
 Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires  
 rise,  
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
 Startling the nations ; and the very stars,  
 Yon bright and burning blazoury of God,  
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,  
 And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their train,  
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass  
 away  
 To darkle in the trackless void, — yet Time,  
 Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not  
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path  
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors  
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing ;  
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
 And tread softly and speak low,  
 For the old year lies a-dying.  
 Old year, you must not die ;  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move :  
 He will not see the dawn of day,  
 He hath no other life above.  
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,  
 And the New-year will take 'em away.  
 Old year, you must not go ;  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,  
 Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;  
 A jollier year we shall not see.  
 But, though his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And though his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.  
 Old year, you shall not die ;  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
 But all his merry quips are o'er.  
 To see him die, across the waste  
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
 But he'll be dead before.  
 Every one for his own.  
 The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
 And the New-year, blithe and bold, my friend,  
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
 I heard just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flicker to and fro :  
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
 'T is nearly twelve o'clock.  
 Shake hands before you die.  
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
 What is it we can do for you ?  
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
 Alack ! our friend is gone.  
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
 Step from the corpse, and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.  
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my friend,  
 A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## WHEN I DO COUNT THE CLOCK

WHEN I do count the clock that tell the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girdled up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
 defense,  
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee  
 hence.

SHAKE-SPEARE.

## TO THE VIRGINS.

GATHER the rosebuds while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a flying ;  
 And this same flower that smiles to-day  
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
 The higher he's a getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,  
 When youth and blood are warmer ;  
 But being spent, the worse and worst  
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
 And, while ye may, go marry ;  
 For having lost but once your prime,  
 You may forever tarry.

ROBERT HERICK.

## TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime ;  
 Unheeded flew the hours :  
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time,  
 That only treads on flowers !

And who, with clear account, remarks  
 The ebblings of his glass,  
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
 That dazzle as they pass ?

O, who to sober measurement  
 Time's happy swiftmess brings,  
 When birds of paradise have lent  
 Their plumage to his wings ?

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

GOING AND COMING.

GOING — the great round Sun,  
 Dragging the captive Day  
 Over behind the frowning hill,  
 Over beyond the bay, —  
 Dying ;  
 Coming — the dusky Night,  
 Silently stealing in,  
 Wrapping himself in the soft warm couch  
 Where the golden-haired Day hath been  
 Lying.

Going — the bright, blithe Spring ;  
 Blossoms ! how fast ye fall,  
 Shooting out of your starry sky  
 Into the darkness all  
 Blindly !

Coming — the mellow days :  
 Crimson and yellow leaves ;  
 Languishing purple and amber fruits  
 Kissing the bearded sheaves  
 Kindly !

Going — our early friends ;  
 Voices we loved are dumb ;  
 Footsteps grow dim in the morning dew ;  
 Fainter the echoes come  
 Ringing :

Coming to join our march, —  
 Shoulder to shoulder pressed, —  
 Gray-haired veterans strike their tents  
 For the far-off purple West —  
 Singing !

Going — this old, old life ;  
 Beautiful world, farewell !  
 Forest and meadow ! river and hill !  
 Ring ye a loving knell  
 O'er us !

Coming — a nobler life ;  
 Coming — a better land ;  
 Coming — a long, long, nightless day ;  
 Coming — the grand, grand  
 Chorus !

EDWARD A. JENKS.

LIFE.

We are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;  
 We love ; we droop ; we die !  
 Ah ! wherefore do we laugh or weep ?  
 Why do we live or die ?

Who knows that secret deep ?  
 Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring  
 Unseen by human eye ?  
 Why do the radiant seasons bring  
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?  
 Why do our fond hearts cling  
 To things that die ?

We toil — through pain and wrong ;  
 We fight — and fly ;  
 We love ; we lose ; and then, ere long,  
 Stone-dead we lie.  
 O life ! is all thy song  
 " Endure and — die " ?

BRYAN W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house with meadows wide,  
 And sweet with clover on each side ;  
 A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out  
 The door with woodbine wreathed about,  
 And wishes his one thought all day :  
 " O, if I could but fly away  
 From this dull spot, the world to see,  
 How happy, happy, happy,  
 How happy I should be ! "

Amid the city's constant din,  
 A man who round the world has been,  
 Who, mid the tumult and the throng,  
 Is thinking, thinking all day long ;  
 " O, could I only tread once more  
 The field-path to the farm-house door,  
 The old, green meadow could I see,  
 How happy, happy, happy,  
 How happy I should be ! "

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

"KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN."\*

LORD, keep my memory green !  
 Whatever intervene,  
 How rough so'er life's voyage may prove to me,  
 I would not lose remembrance of the good,  
 Nor shrink from thoughts of ills long since with-  
 stood, —  
 Lord, keep my memory green !

Lord, keep my memory green, —  
 The boisterous and serene,  
 That which hath caused a tear or forced a smile,

\* See "The Haunted Man," a Christmas Story, by Charles Dickens.



Let both their true reality impart,  
And fix their record deeply in my heart, —  
Lord, keep my memory green !

Lord, keep my memory green  
Through life's conflicting scene !  
But should the hand of Time obliterate  
Aught from my mind, and somechance pages blot,  
Let friends and benefits be ne'er forgot, —  
Lord, keep my memory green !

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE ROSE-BUSH.

A CHILD sleeps under a rose-bush fair,  
The buds swell out in the soft May air ;  
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies  
To play with the angels in Paradise.  
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,  
The dewy blossoms perfume the air ;  
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,  
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.  
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,  
Soft sighs the leaves in the evening air ;  
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,  
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.  
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,  
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,  
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,  
And silently cover a new-made mound.  
And the years glide by.

From the German, by WILLIAM W. CALDWELL.

#### WHAT IS TIME ?

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,  
Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares :  
"Time is the warp of life," said he : "O, tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"  
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"  
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide  
Of life had left his veins : "Time !" he replied ;  
"I've lost it ! ah, the treasure !" and he died.  
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years :  
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"  
And bade me for eternity prepare.  
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,

Which beautify or desolate the ground ;  
And they replied (no oracle more wise,  
"T is Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest  
prize !"

I asked a spirit lost, — but O the shriek  
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak.  
It cried, "A particle ! a speck ! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite !"  
Of things inanimate my dial I

Consulted, and it made me this reply, —  
"Time is the season fair of living well,  
The path of glory or the path of hell."  
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,  
"Time is the present hour, the past has fled ;  
Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set."  
I asked old Father Time himself at last ;  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.  
I asked the mighty angel who shall stand  
One foot on sea and one on solid land :  
"Mortal !" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er ;  
Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more !"

WILLIAM MARSHEN

#### THE JESTER'S SERMON.

THE Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped  
upon a chair ;  
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and  
tossed their scented hair ;  
The falcon whistled, staghounds bayed, the lap-  
dog barked without,  
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the  
cook railed at the lout ;  
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch  
and money fall,  
And why ? because the Jester rose to say grace  
in the hall !

The page played with the heron's plume, the  
steward with his chain ;  
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed  
with might and main ;  
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared  
till they were red, —  
But still the Jester shut his eyes and rolled his  
witty head,  
And when they grew a little still, read half a  
yard of text,  
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, then  
frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life  
is but a jest,  
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the  
best.

In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love ;

A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove ;

The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well ;

The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

“ Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the wood ;

He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should ;

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight ;

O, he who once has won a name may lie abed till eight ;

Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed ;

True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

“ The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve) ;

To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave ;

To travel well, — an ass's ears, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs ;

He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs ;

Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray ;

The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way ;

When the hungry emate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk ;

When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up — the storm grows dark.”

Then loud they laughed : the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan ;

The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can ;

And then again the women screamed, and every staghound bayed, —

And why ? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY

#### LIFE AND ETERNITY.

LIFE is the veil that hides eternity.

Youth strives in vain to pierce it, but the eye Of age may catch, through chinks which Time has worn,

Faint glimpses of that awful world beyond Which Death at last reveals. Thus life may be

Compared to a tree's foliage : in its prime, A mass of dark, impenetrable shade, It veils the distant view ; but day by day, As autumn's breath is felt, the falling leaves, Opening a passage for the doubtful light, Exhibit to the gazer more and more Of that which lies beyond — till winter comes, And through the skeleton branches we behold The clear, blue vault of day !

ANONYMOUS.

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed, Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

EDMUND WALLER.

#### THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found Least willing still to quit the ground ; 'T was therefore said by ancient sages, That love of life increased with years So much, that in our latter stages, When pains grow sharp and sickness rages, The greatest love of life appears. This great affection to believe, Which all confess, but few perceive, If old assertions can't prevail, Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay, On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day, Death called aside the joecind groom With him into another room, And, looking grave, “ You must,” says he, “ Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.” “ With you ! and quit my Susan's side ? With you ! ” the hapless husband cried ; “ Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard ! Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared : My thoughts on other matters go ; This is my wedding-day, you know.”

What more he urged I have not heard, His reasons could not well be stronger ; So Death the poor delinquent spared, And left to live a little longer. Yet calling up a serious look, His hour-glass trembled while he spoke — “ Neighbor,” he said, “ farewell ! no more Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ; And further, to avoid all blame Of cruelty upon my name, To give you time for preparation, And fit you for your future station, Three several warnings you shall have, Before you're summoned to the grave ;

Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
 And grant a kind reprieve,  
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 But when I call again this way,  
 Well pleased the world will leave."  
 To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
 How roundly he pursued his course,  
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :  
 He chaffered, then he bought and sold,  
 Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near :  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
 Many his gains, his children few,  
 He passed his hours in peace.

But while he viewed his wealth increase,  
 While thus along life's dusty road  
 The beaten track content he trod,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.  
 And now, one night, in musing mood,  
 As all alone he sat,  
 The unwelcome messenger of Fate  
 Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,  
 "So soon returned!" Old Dodson cries.  
 "So soon, d' ye call it!" Death replies ;  
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !  
 Since I was here before  
 'T is six-and-thirty years at least,  
 And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined ;  
 "To spare the aged would be kind ;  
 However, see your search be legal ;  
 And your authority, — is 't regal ?  
 Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
 With but a secretary's warrant.  
 Beside, you promised me three warnings,  
 Which I have looked for nights and mornings ;  
 But for that loss of time and ease  
 I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best  
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
 But don't be captious, friend, at least :  
 I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable :  
 Your years have run to a great length ;  
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength !"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast !  
 I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies :  
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;  
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends  
 For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,  
 But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 't is true ;  
 But still there's comfort left for you :  
 Each strives your sadness to amuse ;  
 I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he ; "and if there  
 were,  
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,  
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings :  
 If you are lame and deaf and blind,  
 You've had your three sufficient warnings ;  
 So come along, no more we'll part."  
 He said, and touched him with his dart.  
 And now, Old Dodson, turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate, — so ends my tale.

HECTOR FRENCH THREAP

#### BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up,  
 Make the most of life you may ;  
 Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hastening quick to their decline ;  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
 Though repeated to threescore,  
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.

VISCONTI BORGHI

#### TO A FLY

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Ah ! poor intoxicated little knave,  
 Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave ;  
 Why not content the cakes alone to munch ?  
 Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl ;  
 Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipped soul  
 Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with  
 Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize, —  
 Thus 't is with mortals, as it is with flies,  
 Forever hankering after Pleasure's cup :  
 Though Fate, with all his legions, be at hand,  
 The beasts the draught of Circe can't with stand,  
 But in goes every nose, — they must, will sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untamed !  
 When Prudence mounts their backs to ride  
 them milk,  
 They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise in-  
 flamed,  
 Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbad ! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead ;  
 The Fates, so kind, have not yet snapped thy  
 thread ;  
 By heavens, thou mov'st a leg, and now its  
 brother,  
 And kicking, lo, again, thou mov'st another !

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose,  
 And now thou feelest for thy little nose,  
 And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands,  
 Much as to say, " I 'm glad I 'm here again."  
 And well mayst thou rejoice, — 't is very plain,  
 That near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,  
 Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt ;  
 Now turnest, — on the table making rings ;  
 Now crawling, forming a wet track ;  
 Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back ;  
 Now fluttering nectar from thy silken wings ;

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,  
 And poking out thy small, long legs behind ;  
 And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply ;  
 Preparing now to leave me, — farewell, fly !

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,  
 And rapture to thy family afford, —  
 There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,  
 That saw thee, drunk, drop senseless in the  
 stream ;

Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,  
 And now sits groaning for thy precious life.  
 Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,  
 And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar for the future charm ;  
 These will delight, and feed, and work no harm, —  
 While Punch, the grinning, merry imp of sin,  
 Invites the unwary wanderer to a kiss,  
 Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,  
 Thou, like an alligator, drags him in.

JOHN WOLCOTT (PETER PINDAR).

#### WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

IF every man's internal care  
 Were written on his brow,  
 How many would our pity share  
 Who raise our envy now ?

The fatal secret, when revealed,  
 Of every aching breast,  
 Would prove that only while concealed  
 Their lot appeared the best.

METASTASIO

#### INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and  
 stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Appared in celestial light, —  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore :  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no  
 more.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose ;  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the  
 earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief ;  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong.  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the  
 steep, —  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.  
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng ;  
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay ;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity ;  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday ; —  
 Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou  
 happy shepherd boy !

Ye blessèd creatures ! I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal, —

The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all,  
 O evil day! if I were sullen  
 While earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May morning,  
 And the children are culling,  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm, —  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! —  
 But there's a tree, of many one,  
 A single field which I have looked upon, —  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone;  
 The pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat.  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar.  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
 From God, who is our home.  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy;  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows, —  
 He sees it in his joy.  
 The Youth who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended:

At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;  
 And even with something of a mother's mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses, —  
 A six years' darling of a pygmy size!  
 See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sullies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art, —  
 A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral, —  
 And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song.  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part, —  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That life brings with her in her equipage;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy soul's immensity!  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind! —  
 Mighty prophet! Seer blest,  
 On whom those truths do rest  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!  
 Thou over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by!  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live;  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest, —  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-dledged hope still fluttering in his  
 breast: —  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings,  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised, —  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing.

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,  
To perish never,—

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy ?

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,—

Can in a moment travel thither,  
And I see the children sport upon the shore,  
And I hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then stags, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join you throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so  
bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,—  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ;

In the primal sympathy  
Which, Laving been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering,

In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
I only have relinquish'd one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks which down their channels  
fret,

Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY

FROM "CAESAR"

SCENE. CAESAR, standing in a temple, and looking  
towards the monument of the King in the distance.  
A storm is heard in the distance.

It must be so. — Plato, thou reasonest well !  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into night ? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;  
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes, must we  
pass !

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold — If there's a Power above us

(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when ! or where ! This world was made for  
Caesar.

I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end them.

[Lays his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me  
This in a moment brings me to an end ;  
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !

JOSEPH ADDISON

### PRE-EXISTENCE.

WHILE sauntering through the crowded street,  
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore  
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,  
I tremble at some tender song, —

Set to an air whose golden bars  
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share  
The blessings of a priestly prayer, —

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes  
In some strange mode I recognize

As one whose every mystic part  
I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,  
A stranger on an alien strand,

Familiar as my childhood's home  
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,  
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A present lore  
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams  
Of deep soul-knowledge! not a *deceans*

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,  
But oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,  
To make old thoughts and memories plain, —

Thoughts which perchance must travel back  
Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless eons; memories far,  
High-reaching as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace  
Faints on the outmost rings of space!

PAUL H. HAYNS

#### A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit,  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;

It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were both to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand amen.

ALFRED ANGEL PROFFER

#### THE DIAMOND.

STAR of the flowers, and flower of the stars,  
And earth of the earth art thou!  
And darkness hath battles, and light hath  
war

That pass in thy beautiful bow.

The eye of the ground thus was planted by  
heaven,

And the dust was new wed to the sun,  
And the monarch went forth, and the earth-star  
was given,

That should back to the heaven-star run.

So in all things it is: the first origin lives,  
And loves his life out to his flock;  
And in dust and in matter and nature he  
gives

The spirit's last spark to the rock.

JAMES JOHN JAFFE WELKINSON

#### INDIANS.

ALAS for them! their day is o'er,  
Their fires are out on hill and shore;  
No more for them the wild deer bounds,  
The plow is on their hunting-grounds;  
The pale man's ax rings through their woods,  
The pale man's sail skins o'er their floods;  
Their pleasant springs are dry;  
Their children, — look, by power oppress,  
Beyond the mountains of the west,  
Their children go to die.

CHARLES SPRAGUE

## SMOKE

Light-winged Smoke!avian bird,  
 Making thy motions all thy upward flight;  
 Lack without song, and messenger of dawn,  
 Cuckooing above the dew-drops as thy nest,  
 Or else, departing dream and shadowy form  
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;  
 By night, like sunset, and by day  
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun,  
 Go thou, my course, upward from this earth,  
 And ass the gods to pardon this poor flatterer.

BUSSY RABBITSON, 1780.

## MIST

Low, low, o'er the cloud,  
 Newfoundland, at  
 Fountain-head and source of rivers,  
 Dew-drops, dream, dream, dream,  
 And vapour spread by days,  
 Making the bow of the air,  
 Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,  
 And, in whose sunny labyrinth  
 The butterfly hovers and heaven wades,  
 Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers, —  
 Rain, my perfume, and the secret  
 Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

BUSSY RABBITSON, 1780.

## NEWTORT BEACH

Wave after wave successively rolls on  
 And dies along the shore, until more loud  
 One below with concert-like force is heard  
 To swell prophetic, and exultant roars  
 A lucid form above its pioneers,  
 And rushes past them to the farthest goal  
 Fans our unuttered feelings, use and talk,  
 And thought with fellow thought in equal waves,  
 Until reflection nerves design to will,  
 Or sentiment o'er chance emotion reigns,  
 And all its wayward undulations then is  
 In one overwhelming surge.

BUSSY RABBITSON, 1780.

## TO A SKELETON

THESE things, that were with me, I thought  
 The world's great work was done, and I had  
 Done all I could, and I had done it well,  
 And I had done it with a good conscience,  
 And I had done it with a good heart,  
 And I had done it with a good mind,  
 And I had done it with a good will,  
 And I had done it with a good grace,  
 And I had done it with a good hope,  
 And I had done it with a good love,  
 And I had done it with a good faith,  
 And I had done it with a good charity,  
 And I had done it with a good courage,  
 And I had done it with a good fortitude,  
 And I had done it with a good temperance,  
 And I had done it with a good moderation,  
 And I had done it with a good discretion,  
 And I had done it with a good judgment,  
 And I had done it with a good reason,  
 And I had done it with a good understanding,  
 And I had done it with a good knowledge,  
 And I had done it with a good wisdom,  
 And I had done it with a good prudence,  
 And I had done it with a good justice,  
 And I had done it with a good equity,  
 And I had done it with a good mercy,  
 And I had done it with a good kindness,  
 And I had done it with a good gentleness,  
 And I had done it with a good meekness,  
 And I had done it with a good lowliness,  
 And I had done it with a good modesty,  
 And I had done it with a good humility,  
 And I had done it with a good simplicity,  
 And I had done it with a good sincerity,  
 And I had done it with a good truthfulness,  
 And I had done it with a good honesty,  
 And I had done it with a good integrity,  
 And I had done it with a good uprightness,  
 And I had done it with a good righteousness,  
 And I had done it with a good holiness,  
 And I had done it with a good purity,  
 And I had done it with a good blamelessness,  
 And I had done it with a good spotlessness,  
 And I had done it with a good unblemishedness,  
 And I had done it with a good without guile,  
 And I had done it with a good without guile,  
 And I had done it with a good without guile,

Report this ruin! 'T was a skull  
 Once of ethereal spirits' huf.

This narrow cell was Linnæ's retreat,  
 This space was Thought's mysterious seat,  
 Who, beautiful, various filed this spot,  
 Who, beams of pleasure long forgot,  
 Not hope, not joy, not love, not fear  
 Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mould'ring canopy  
 Once shone the bright and busy eye,  
 But start not at the dismal void,  
 If some love that eye employ'd,  
 If with no lawless ire it glow'd,  
 But through the dew of kindness beam'd,  
 That eye shall be forever bright  
 When stars and sun are sunk at night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
 The ready, swift, and timely tongue,  
 If Falshood's honey it disdained,  
 And when it could not praise was chained,  
 If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,  
 Yet gentle concord never broke, —  
 This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
 When Time unmasks Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
 Or with the envious rubies shine,  
 To hew the rock, or wear a gem,  
 Or a little now avail to them  
 But if the page of Truth they sought,  
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
 These hands a richer trust shall claim  
 Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avoid it whether bare or shod  
 These feet the paths of duty trod,  
 If from the sowers of False they fled,  
 To seek Affliction's humble shod,  
 If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
 And home to Virtue's cot returned,  
 These feet with angel wings shall vie,  
 And tread the palace of the sky!

ANONYMOUS

## THE SKULL

FROM "THE SKELETON"

REMOVE you skull from out the scattered  
 heaps  
 Is this a temple where a god may dwell?  
 Why then the worm at last disdains her shat-  
 tered cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;  
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.



Behold through each dark crevice, each silent hole  
The gay masses of Freedom and of Love,  
And Fashion's host, that never ceases to con-  
tend!

Can all this, sigh, or siphon ever wash  
People this lonely tower, this tenebrous night?

Yet (I, as honest men have deemed, there is  
A land of souls beyond that subtle shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Infinitesimal,  
And sophistry, madly vain of dubious force)  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal hours more true  
To hear each voice we heared to learn no more!  
Behold each night's shade revealed by light,  
The Babylonian, Syrian, and all who taught  
the right!

MIGNONNE SONG

FROM THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron  
bowers,  
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove,  
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,  
And through a still blue heaven the sweet white  
roze.

Know'st thou it well? There, there with thee,  
O friend, O loved one! ban my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling 'ere there the pillars  
rise,  
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow,  
And forms of marble seem with peering eyes,  
To say, "Poor child! what this hath wrought  
thou see'st!"

Know'st thou it well? There, there with thee,  
O my protector! homewards might I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain 'ere high its bridge  
is hung,  
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud  
his way;  
There lurk the dragon-face, deep caves among,  
O'er besting rock, this foams the torrent, pray  
Know'st thou it well?

With thee, with thee,  
There lies my path, O father! let us flee!  
From the Romance of the Rose,  
by THOMAS DE BERNART.

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave;  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the created wave;

That not the forest's deep, the mountain's  
height,  
The eagle's eyrie, the mountain's  
side,  
But not a trace of them is left,  
Ye may not wash, ye may not  
dry!

Thou woe! Ontario's shores  
Lies not thy people's home,  
Whence they came, whence they were  
born,  
To dwell in this wide  
Wilderness, whence they were  
born,  
Whence they came, whence they were  
born,  
To dwell in this wide  
Wilderness, whence they were  
born.

Ye say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave;  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the created wave;  
That not the forest's deep, the mountain's  
height,  
The eagle's eyrie, the mountain's  
side,  
But not a trace of them is left,  
Ye may not wash, ye may not  
dry!

O! I know the land where bloom the citron  
bowers,  
Where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove,  
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,  
And through a still blue heaven the sweet white  
roze.  
Know'st thou it well? There, there with thee,  
O friend, O loved one! ban my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling 'ere there the pillars  
rise,  
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow,  
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To say, "Poor child! what this hath wrought  
thou see'st!"  
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is hung,  
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud  
his way;  
There lurk the dragon-face, deep caves among,  
O'er besting rock, this foams the torrent, pray  
Know'st thou it well?  
With thee, with thee,  
There lies my path, O father! let us flee!

Ye see their impetuous tread,  
With broken step and slow  
On through the trackless desert pass,  
A caravan of woe;  
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?  
His sleepless eye can dim?  
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry  
From that far land to him?

FROM THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

## THE POET OF TO-DAY.

MORE than the soul of ancient song is given  
To thee, O poet of to-day!—thy dower  
Comes, from a higher than Olympian heaven,  
In holier beauty and in larger power.

To thee Humanity, her woes revealing,  
Would all her griefs and ancient wrongs re-  
hearse;

Would make thy song the voice of her appealing,  
And sob her mighty sorrows through thy verse.

While in her season of great darkness sharing,  
Hail thou the coming of each promise-star  
Which climbs the midnight of her long despair-  
ing,  
And watch for morning o'er the hills afar.

Wherever Truth her holy warfare wages,  
Or Freedom pines, there let thy voice be heard;  
Sound like a prophet-warning down the ages  
The human utterance of God's living word.

But bring not thou the battle's stormy chorus,  
The tramp of armies, and the roar of fight,  
Not war's hot smoke to taint the sweet morn  
o'er us,  
Nor blaze of pillage, reddening up the night.

O, let thy lays prolong that angel-singing,  
Civiling with music the Redeemer's star,  
And breathe God's peace, to earth 'glad tidings'  
bringing  
From the near heavens, of old so dim and far!

SARAH J. LIPPINCOTT (GRACE GREENWOOD)

## ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

VE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain:  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,

As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace,  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave!  
The captive limnet which intrudeth?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball!

While some, on earnest business bent,  
Their murmuring labors ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty,  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry:  
Still as they run, they look behind;  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possessed;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast.  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer of vigor born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light.  
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play;  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day;  
Yet see how all around them wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train.  
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,  
To seize their prey, the murderous band;  
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame, that skulks behind;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen, —  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen :  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every laboring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand ;  
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,  
Condemned alike to groan ;  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah ! why should I they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies !  
Thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
'T is folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY.

## MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last,  
Those lips are thine, — thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood soiced me ;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
"Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears  
away !"  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.  
Faithful remembrance of one so dear !  
O welcome guest, though unexpected !  
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
I will obey, — not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief, —  
Shall steep me in Elysian revelry,  
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast  
dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, —  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —  
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers — Yes,  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day ;  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
But was it such ? — It was. — Where thou art  
*gone*

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown ;  
May I but meet thee on that painful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;  
What ardently I wished I long believed,  
And, disappointed till, was still deceived, —  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Draped of to-morrow even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot ;  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no  
more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;  
And where the gadener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap, —  
'T is now become a history little known  
That once we called the paternal house our own,  
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced ;  
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced :  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, —  
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and  
glowed, —

All this, and, more, endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks  
That humor interposed too often makes ;  
All this, still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may, —  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, —  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed  
here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the  
hours

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow-  
ers —

The violet, the pink, the jessamine —  
I pricked them into paper with a pin  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while —  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and  
smile) —

Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them  
here ?

I would not trust my heart, — the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.  
But no, — what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou — as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile ;  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay, —  
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the  
shore

“ Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ” :  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distressed, —  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed,  
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass  
lost ;  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and  
he ! —

That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —  
The son of parents passed into the skies.  
And now, farewell ! — Time, unrevoked, has  
run  
His wonted course ; yet what I wished is  
done,

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again,  
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine ;  
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft, —  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### REVENGE OF INJURIES.

THE fairest action of our human life  
Is scorn to revenge an injury .  
For who forgives without a further strife  
His adversary's heart to him doth tie ;  
And 't is a firmer conquest truly said  
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,  
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done ;  
But if of baser metal be his mind,  
In base revenge there is no honor won.  
Who would a worthy courage overthrow ?  
And who would wrestle with a worldless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;  
Because they cannot yield, it proves them  
poor :  
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but  
seld :

The weakest lion will the londest roar.  
Truth's school for certain does this same allow,  
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

LADY ELIZABETH CARLEW.

#### FAITH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth ;  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBUR

#### JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not ; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see ;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight  
May be a token that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some infernal fiery foe,  
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,  
And cast thee shuddering on thy face !

The fall thou darest to despise, —  
May be the angel's slackened hand

Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand ;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait and see,  
With hopeful pity, not disdain ;  
The depth of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of pain  
And love and glory that may raise  
This soul to God in after days !

ALLAIDE ANNE PROLIER

— ◆ —  
FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PURSE thou thy words ; the thoughts control  
That o'er thee swell and throng ;  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

JOHN HERBY NEWMAN

— ◆ —  
THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,  
We boys around the vestry waited,  
To see the girls come tripping past,  
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level market flashes litten,  
Than I, who stepped before them all,  
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no ; she blushed, and took my arm !  
We let the old folks have the highway,  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
"T was nothing worth a song or story ;  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff,  
O sculptor, if you could but mold it —  
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,  
"T was love and fear and triumph blended.  
At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;  
Her dimpled hand the latches fingering red,  
We heard the voices nearer come,  
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,  
And with a " Thank you, Ned," dissembled,  
But yet I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
" Come, now or never ! do it ! do it ! "

My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister,  
But somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her !

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,  
O listless woman, weary lover !  
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
I'd give — But who can live youth over t

EDMUND CLARENCE NEWMAN

— ◆ —  
THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

" GIVE us a song ! " the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :  
" We storm the forts to-morrow ;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon ;  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;  
 Forgot was Britain's glory ;  
 Each heart recalled a different name,  
 But all sang " Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
 'Til its tender passion  
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —  
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
 But, as the song grew louder,  
 Something upon the soldier's cheek  
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
 The bloody sunset's embers,  
 While the Crimean valleys learned  
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
 Rained on the Russian quarters,  
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
 And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
 For a singer, dumb and gory ;  
 And English Mary mourns for him  
 Who sang of " Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest  
 Your truth and valor wearing ;  
 The bravest are the tenderest, —  
 The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

#### THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none could tell,  
 Bearing a touchstone in his hand ;  
 And tested all things in the land  
 By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote  
 The fair to foul, the foul to fair ;  
 Purple nor ermine did he spare,  
 Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,  
 Were many changed to chips and clods,  
 And even statues of the gods  
 Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,  
 " The loss outweighs the profit far ;  
 Our goods suffice us as they are ;  
 We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail  
 To check this unrelenting guest,  
 They seized him, saying, " Let him test  
 How real is our jail !"

But, though they slew him with the sword,  
 And in a fire his touchstone burned,  
 Its doings could not be o'erturned,  
 Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,  
 They strewed its ashes on the breeze ;  
 They little guessed each grain of these  
 Conveyed the perfect charm.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

#### THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude ! Her heart  
 Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue ;  
 And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,  
 As if to let its heavy throbbings through ;  
 In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,  
 Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore ;  
 And her cheek crimsoned with the hue that tells  
 The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday ! With a sigh  
 Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant  
 bowers,

And her heart taken up the last sweet tie  
 That measured out its links of golden hours !  
 She feels her inmost soul within her stir  
 With thoughts too wild and passionate to  
 speak ;

Yet her full heart — its own interpreter —  
 Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,  
 Once lightly sprang within her beaming track ;  
 O, life was beautiful in those lost hours,  
 And yet she does not wish to wander back !  
 No ! she but loves in loneliness to think  
 On pleasures past, though nevermore to be ;  
 Hope links her to the future, — but the link  
 That binds her to the past is memory.

AMELIA B. WELBY

#### MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams  
 Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams  
 Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,  
 Under protection of an oak, there sat  
 A sweet lute's-master, in whose gentle airs  
 He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.  
 Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
 A nightingale, come from the neighboring wood

(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,  
 Their muse, their siren, harmless siren she) :  
 There stood she listening, and did entertain  
 The music's soft report, and mold the same  
 In her own murmurs; that whatever mood  
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.  
 The man perceived his rival, and her art ;  
 Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,  
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come  
 Informs it in a sweet prelude  
 Of closer strains, and e'er the war begin,  
 He lightly skirmishes on every string  
 Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she  
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily  
 Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones,  
 And reckons up in soft divisions  
 Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,  
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each  
 string  
 A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing  
 To their own dance; now negligently rash  
 He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash  
 Blends all together; then distinctly trips  
 From this to that, then quick returning skips,  
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.  
 She measures every measure, everywhere  
 Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt  
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,  
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-span note,  
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat,  
 A clear, unrinkled song; then doth she point it  
 With tender accents, and severely joint it  
 By short diminutives, that being reared  
 In controverting warbles, evenly shared,  
 With her sweet self she wrangles; he, amazed  
 That from so small a channel should be raised  
 The torrent of a voice whose melody  
 Could melt into such sweet variety,  
 Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,  
 The tattling strines, each breathing in his part,  
 Most kindly do fall out: the grumbling bass  
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;  
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,  
 Until his finger (moderator) hides  
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,  
 Hoarse, shrill, at once: as when the trumpets call  
 Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo  
 Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too  
 She gives them back: her supple breast thrills out  
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,  
 And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill.  
 The plant series of her slippery song;  
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
 Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys  
 float,  
 And roll themselves over her lubric throat

In panting murmurs, stilled out of her breast;  
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest  
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie  
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody:  
 Music's best seed-plot; when in ripened air  
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears  
 His honey-dropping tops plowed by her breath  
 Which there reciprocally laboreth.  
 In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,  
 Sounded to the name of great Apollo's lyre:  
 Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes  
 Of sweet-lipped angel-imps, that swill their  
 throats

In cream of morning Helicon, and then  
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,  
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring  
 That men can sleep while their matins sing  
 (Most divine service, whose so early lay  
 Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day,  
 There might you hear her kindle her soft voice  
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noise:  
 And lay the groundwork of her hopeful song,  
 Still keeping in the forward stream so long,  
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)  
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,  
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,  
 Till the fledge'd notes at length forsake their nest,  
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,  
 Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.  
 She opens the floodgate, and lets loose a tide  
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride  
 On the wavel back of every swelling strain,  
 Rising and falling in a pompous train;  
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal  
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal  
 With the cool epode of a graver note;  
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat  
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse blit;  
 Her little soul is ravished, and so poured  
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed  
 Above herself, music's enthroned.

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain  
 In the musician's face: "Yet, once again,  
 Mistress, I come: now reach a strain, my lute,  
 Above her mock, or be forever mute.  
 Or tune a song of victory to me,  
 Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy."  
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,  
 And with a quavering coyness takes the strings.  
 The sweet-lipped sisters musically frightened,  
 Singing their fears are fearfully delighted;  
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs  
 Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs  
 Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,  
 Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self  
 look higher;  
 From this to that, from that to this he flies,  
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries:

Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,  
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,  
Following those little rills, he sinks into  
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go  
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,  
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.  
The humorous strings expound his learned touch  
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch  
And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle  
In shrill-toned accents striving to be single;  
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,  
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth he invoke  
Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus  
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious),  
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,  
Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies;  
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air  
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there  
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon  
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,  
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,  
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;  
Because those precious mysteries that dwell  
In music's ravished soul he dare not tell,  
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,  
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry  
Their master's blest soul (snatched out at his ears  
By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres  
Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high,  
In the empyrean of pure harmony.  
At length (after so long, so loud a strife  
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life  
Of blest variety, attending on  
His fingers' fairest evolution,  
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)  
A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this;  
And she, although her breath's late exercise  
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,  
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.  
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries  
To measure all those wild diversities  
Of chattering strings by the small size of one  
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone;  
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies:  
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,  
Falling upon his lute: O, fit to have  
(That lived so sweetly), dead, so sweet a grave!

RICHARD CRASHAW

#### THE MUSICAL DUEL.

FROM THE "LOVER'S MELANCHOLY."

MENAPHON. Passing from Italy to Greece,  
the tales  
Which poets of an elder time have feigned  
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me  
Desire of visiting that paradise.

To Thessaly I came; and, living private,  
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions  
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,  
I day by day frequented silent groves  
And solitary walks. One morning early  
This accident encountered me: I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention  
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

AMETHUS. I cannot yet conceive what you  
infer  
By art and nature.

MEN. I shall soon resolve you.  
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,  
Indeed, entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,  
Invited by the melancholy, I saw  
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge  
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,  
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered  
too.

AM. And so do I; good! — On!

MEN. A nightingale,  
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes  
The challenge, and, for every several strain  
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her  
own;

He could not run division with more art  
Upon his quaking instrument than she,  
The nightingale, did with her various notes  
Reply to; for a voice, and for a sound,  
Amethus, 't is much easier to believe  
That such they were than hope to hear again.

AM. How did the rivals part?

MEN. You term them rightly;  
For they were rivals, and their mistress, Har-  
mony. —  
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at  
last

Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or  
notes,

Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:  
To end the controversy, in a rapture  
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries, and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
Meeting in one full center of delight.

AM. Now for the bird.

MEN. The bird, ordained to be  
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
These several sounds; which, when her warbling  
throat  
Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his  
lute,



And broke her heart! It was the quaintest sadness

To see the conqueror upon her hearse  
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;  
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide  
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me  
A fellow-mourner with him.

AM. I believe thee.

MEN. He looked upon the trophies of his art,  
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed,  
and cried,

"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge  
This cruelty upon the author of it;  
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,  
Shall nevermore betray a harmless peace  
To an untimely end"; and in that sorrow,  
As he was pushing it against a tree,  
I suddenly stepped in.

JOHN FORD.

#### O, THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

O, the pleasant days of old, which so often people  
praise!

True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our  
modern days:

Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the walls  
let in the cold;

O, how they must have shivered in those pleasant  
days of old!

O, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent  
they were!

They threw down and imprisoned kings, — to  
thwart them who might dare?

They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took  
from Jews their gold, —

Above both law and equity were those great lords  
of old!

O, the gallant knights of old, for their valor so  
renowned!

With sword and lance and armor strong they  
scoured the country round;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by  
wood or wold,

By right of sword they seized the prize, — those  
gallant knights of old!

O, the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from  
fear or pain,

Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see  
their champions slain;

They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which  
made them strong and bold, —

O, more like men than women were those gentle  
dames of old!

O, those mighty towers of old! with their turrets,  
moat, and keep,

Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons  
dark and deep.

Full many a baron held his court within the  
castle hold;

And many a captive languished there, in those  
strong towers of old.

O, the troubadours of old! with the gentle min-  
strelsie

Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their  
lot might be;

For years they served their lady-loves ere they  
their passions told, —

O, wondrous patience must have had those trou-  
badours of old!

O, those blessed times of old, with their chivalry  
and state!

I love to read their chronicles, which such brave  
deeds relate;

I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their  
legends told, —

But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those  
blessed times of old!

FRANCE. BROWN.

#### MY WIFE AND CHILD.

THE tattoo beats, — the lights are gone,

The camp around in slumber lies,

The night with solemn pace moves on,

The shadows thicken o'er the skies;

But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,

And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one,

Whose love my early life hath blest —

Of thee and him — our baby son —

Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.

God of the tender, frail, and lone,

O, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near

To her whose watchful eye is wet, —

To mother, wife, — the doubly dear,

In whose young heart have freshly met

Two streams of love so deep and clear,

And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy throne,

O, teach her, Ruler of the skies,

That, while by thy behest alone

Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,

No tear is wept to thee unknown,

No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands  
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain ;  
That only by thy stern commands  
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain ;  
That from the distant sea or land  
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone  
Her tear-wet check is sadly pressed,  
May happier visions beam upon  
The brightening current of her breast,  
No frowning look or angry tone  
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest !

Whatever fate these forms may show,  
Loved with a passion almost wild,  
By day, by night, in joy or woe,  
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,  
From every danger, every foe,  
O God, protect my wife and child !

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON  
(GEN. "STONEWALL")

#### QUATRAINS AND FRAGMENTS

FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

##### NORTHMAN.

The gale that wrecked you on the sand,  
It helped my rowers to row ;  
The storm is my best galley-hand,  
And drives me where I go.

##### POET.

To clothe the fiery thought  
In simple words succeeds,  
For still the craft of genius is  
To mask a king in weeds.

##### JUSTICE.

Whoever fights, whoever falls,  
Justice conquers evermore,  
Justice after as before, —  
And he who battles on her side,  
God, though he were ten times slain,  
Crowns him victor glorified, —  
Victor over death and pain,  
Forever.

##### HEROISM.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*

##### BORROWING.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SOME of your hurts you have cured,  
And the sharpest you still have survived,

But what torments of grief you endured  
From evils which never arrived !

##### HERI, CRAS, HODIE.

SHINES the last age, the next with hope is seen,  
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between ;  
Future or Past no richer secret folds,  
O friendless Present ! than thy bosom holds.

#### LINES AND COUPLETS

FROM ALEXANDER POPE.

WHAT, and how great the virtue and the art,  
To live on little with a cheerful heart.

Between excess and famine lies a mean,  
Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.

Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels :  
Bulls aim their horns, and asses kick their heels.

Here Wisdom calls, " Seek virtue first, be bold ;  
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,  
Let us be fixed and our own masters still.

'T is the first virtue vices to abhor,  
And the first wisdom to be fool no more.

Long as to him who works for debt, the day.

Not to go back is somewhat to advance,  
And men must walk, at least, before they dance.

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin ;  
He's armed without that's innocent within.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,  
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

If wealth alone can make and keep us blest,  
Still, still be getting ; never, never rest.

That God of nature who within us still  
Inclines our actions, not constrains our will.

It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

Pretty in amber to observe the forms  
Of hair, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms :  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the mischief they got there !

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,  
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee,  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see.

'T is education forms the common mind ;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree ?

And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.

That secret rare between the extremes to move,  
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.

'T is strange the miser should his cares employ  
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.

Something there is more needful than expense,  
And something previous e'en to taste, — 't is  
sense.

In all let Nature never be forgot,  
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,  
Not overdress nor leave her wholly bare ;  
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,  
Where half the skill is decently to hide.

'T is use alone that sanctifies expense,  
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
All end, — in love of God and love of man.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,  
Virtue alone is happiness below.

Happier as kinder in what'er degree,  
And height of bliss but height of charity.

If then to all men happiness was meant,  
God in externals could not place content.

Order is Heaven's first law, and, this confessed,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, — health, peace, and compe-  
tence.

But health consists with temperance alone,  
And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thine own.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
And these be happy called, unhappy those ;  
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
When those are placed in *hope*, and these in *fear*.

“ But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is  
fed ” ;

“ What then is the reward of virtue, — bread ?  
That vice may merit, 't is the price of toil,  
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil.”

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy, —  
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

Lust through some certain strainers well refined  
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien  
That to be hated needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite.

The very tones in which we spoke

Had something strange I could but mark;

The leaves of memory seemed to make

A mournful rustling in the dark.

Henry W. Longfellow



POEMS OF FANCY.



# POEMS OF FANCY.

## FANTASY.

FROM "THE VISION OF DELIGHT."

BREAK, Fantasy, from thy cave of cloud,  
And spread thy purple wings,  
Now all thy figures are allowed,  
And various shapes of things ;  
Create of airy forms a stream,  
It must have blood, and naught of phlegm ;  
And though it be a waking dream,  
Yet let it like an odor rise  
To all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music in their ear.

BEN JONSON.

## DELIGHTS OF FANCY.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION"

As Memnon's marble harp renowned of old  
By fabled Nilus, to the quivering touch  
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air  
Unbidden strains ; e'en so did Nature's hand  
To certain species of external things  
Attune the finer organs of the mind ;  
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,  
Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportioned form,  
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,  
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,  
From nerve to nerve ; all naked and alive  
They catch the spreading rays ; till now the soul  
At length discloses every tuneful spring,  
To that harmonious movement from without,  
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain  
Diffuses its enchantment : Fancy dreams  
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,  
And vales of bliss ; the Intellectual Power  
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,  
And smiles ; the passions gently soothed away,  
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy  
Alone are waking ; love and joy serene  
As airs that fan the summer. O attend,  
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,

Whose candid bosom the refining love  
Of nature warms ; O, listen to my song,  
And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,  
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,  
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

MARK AKENSIDE.

## HALLO, MY FANCY.

1650.

IN melancholic fancy,  
Out of myself,  
In the vulcan dancy,  
All the world surveying,  
Nowhere staying,  
Just like a fairy elf ;

Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,  
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,  
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping,  
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Amidst the misty vapors,

Fain would I know

What doth cause the tapers ;

Why the clouds benight us

And affright us,

While we travel here below.

Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder,

And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,

And what these comets are on which we gaze and wonder.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain would I know the reason

Why the little ant,

All the summer season,

Layeth up provision,

On condition

To know no winter's want :

And how housewives, that are so good and painful,

Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful ;

And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

When I look before me,  
There I do behold  
There 's none that sees or knows me ;  
All the world 's a-gadding,  
Running madding ;  
None doth his station hold.

He that is below envieth him that riseth,  
And he that is above, him that 's below despiseth,  
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Look, look, what bustling  
Here I do espy ;  
Each another jostling,  
Every one turmoiling,  
The other spoiling.

As I did pass them by.  
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,  
Another hangs his head because he 's out of fashion,  
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain would I be resolv'd  
How things are done ;  
And where the bull was calv'd  
Of bloody Phalaris,  
And where the tailor is

That works to the man i' the moon !

Fain would I know how Cupid aims so sightly ;  
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so  
lightly ;

And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles rightly.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

In conceit like Phaeton,  
I 'll mount Phebus' chair,  
Having ne'er a hat on,  
All my hair a-burning  
In my journ'ying,  
Hurrying through the air.

Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,  
And see how they on foamy bits are playing ;  
All the stars and planets I will be surveying !

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain also would I prove this,  
By considering  
What that which you call love is :  
Whether it be a folly  
Or a melancholy,  
Or some heroic thing !

Fain I 'd have it proved, by one whom love hath  
wounded,

And fully upon one his desire hath founded,  
Whom nothing else could please though the world  
were rounded.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

To know this world's centre,  
Height, depth, breadth, and length,  
Fain would I adventure  
To search the hid attractions  
Of magnetic actions,  
And adamantine strength.

Fain would I know if in some lofty mountain,  
Where the morn sojourns, if there be trees or  
fountain ;

If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to  
hunt in.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Hallo, my fancy, hallo,  
Stay, stay at home with me,  
I can thee no longer follow,  
For thou hast betrayed me,  
And bewrayed me ;  
It is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me ; leave off thy lofty  
soaring ;

Stay thou at home with me, and on thy looks be  
poring ;

For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing ;  
Thou 'rt welcome home, my fancy, welcome home  
to me.

ANONYMOUS

#### THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,

From the seas and the streams ;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under ;

And then again I dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,

And their great pines groan aghast ;

And all the night 't is my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers

Lightning, my pilot, sits ;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder ;

It struggles and howls by fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
 This pilot is guiding me,  
 Lured by the love of the genii that move  
 In the depths of the purple sea ;  
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,  
 Over the lakes and the plains,  
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
 The spirit he loves remains ;  
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
 When the morning star shines dead.  
 As, on the jag of a mountain crag  
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
 An eagle, alit, one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings ;  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea  
 beneath,  
 Its ardors of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor  
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and  
 swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chained to my  
 chair,  
 Is the million-colored bow ;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water ;  
 And the nursing of the sky ;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex  
 gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air, —  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from  
 the tomb,  
 I rise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

#### FANCY IN NUBIBUS.

O, IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mold  
 Of a friend's fancy ; or, with head bent low,  
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,  
 'Twixt crimson banks ; and then a traveler go  
 From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gor-  
 geous land !  
 Or, listening to the tide with closed sight,  
 Be that blind Bard, who on the Chian strand,  
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,  
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,  
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU' still unravished bride of quietness !  
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?  
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens  
 loath ?  
 What mad pursuit ! What struggles to escape !  
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy !  
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.  
 Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not  
 leave



Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.  
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal, — yet do not  
 grieve :  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy  
 bliss ;  
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;  
 And happy melodist, unwearied,  
 Forever piping songs forever new ;  
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !  
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
 Forever panting and forever young ;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?  
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?  
 What little town by river or sea-shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?  
 And, little town, thy streets forevermore  
 Will silent be, and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;  
 Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral !

When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou  
 say'st,

“ Beauty is truth, truth beauty, ” — that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

#### DRIFTING.

My soul to-day  
 Is far away,  
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;  
 My winged boat,  
 A bird aloft,  
 Swims round the purple peaks remote : —

Round purple peaks  
 It sails, and seeks  
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
 Where high rocks throw,  
 Through deeps below,  
 A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim  
 The mountains swim ;  
 While, on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
 With outstretched hands,  
 The gray smoke stands  
 O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
 O'er liquid miles ;  
 And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
 Capri waits,  
 Her sapphire gates  
 Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
 My rippling skill  
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ; —  
 With dreamful eyes  
 My spirit lies  
 Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
 Where swells and falls  
 The Bay's deep breast at intervals  
 At peace I lie,  
 Blown softly by,  
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
 Is Heaven's own child,  
 With Earth and Ocean reconciled ; —  
 The airs I feel  
 Around me steal  
 Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
 My hand I trail  
 Within the shadow of the sail ;  
 A joy intense,  
 The cooling sense  
 Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
 My spirit lies  
 Where Summer sings and never dies, —  
 O'erweiled with vines,  
 She glows and shines  
 Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid  
 The cliffs amid,  
 Are gambling with the gamboling kid ;  
 Or down the walls,  
 With tippy calls,  
 Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
 With tresses wild,  
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,

With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

You deep bark goes  
Where Traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows ; —  
This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip !  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise !

In lofty lines,  
Mid palms and pines,  
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,  
Sorrento swings  
On sunset wings,  
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.\*

THOMAS BUCHANAN REAM.

#### SLEEPY HOLLOW.

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,  
No winding torches paint the midnight air ;  
Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops  
Along the modest pathways, and those fair  
Pale asters of the season spread their plumes  
Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral bell  
Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place,  
Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,  
But in its kind and supplicating grace,  
It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more  
Friend to the friendless than thou wast before ;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity ;  
To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,  
And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,  
One tribute more to this submissive ground ; —  
Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,  
Nor these pale flowers nor this still field deride :

\* The last stanza was written just before the author's death, and published shortly after in the "Cincinnati Gazette."

Rather to those ascents of being turn,  
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumines the year  
Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn  
Of nuptial holiness and goodness clear, —  
Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,  
God's mercy in thy thought and life confest.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

#### THE SUNKEN CITY.

HARK ! the faint bells of the sunken city  
Peal once more their wondrous evening chime !  
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,  
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories  
There lie buried in an ocean grave, —  
Undescried, save when their golden glories  
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,  
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,  
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,  
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city  
Peal for me their old melodious chime ;  
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,  
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-built,  
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams, —  
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,  
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams !

And then hear I music sweet upknelling  
From many a well-known phantom band,  
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling  
Far off in the spirit's luminous land !

Translated from the German of WILHELM MUELLER,  
By JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

#### THE BOWER OF BLISS.

FROM THE "FAIRIE QUEENE."

THERE the most daintie paradise on ground  
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,  
And none does others happinesse envye ;  
The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;  
The dales for shade ; the hills for breathing  
space ;  
The trembling groves ; the christall running by ;



THE BOWER OF BLISS.

*On a hillside from a tree trunk uprooted and  
by decay converted the birds find dwelling place  
for their young. The typical mountain scene.*



And, that which all faire workes doth most  
aggrace,\*  
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no  
place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rule  
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)  
That Nature had for wantonnesse ensu'd †  
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
So striving each th' other to undermine,  
Each did the others worke more beauty ;  
So differing both in willes agreed in fine :  
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
This garden to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
So pure and shyny that the silver flood  
Through every channell running one might see,  
Most goodly it with curious ymagee  
Was over wrought, and shap'es of naked boyes,  
Of which some seem'd with lively iollifoe  
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
Whylest others did themselves embay ‡ in liquid  
ioyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread  
A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;  
For the rich metall was so coloured,  
That wight, who did not well advise † it vew,  
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :  
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,  
That, themselves dipping in the liver dew,  
Their lee-y flowers they fearfully did steepe,  
Which drops of christall seem'd for wantones to  
weep.

Infinit streames continually did well  
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see ;  
The which into an ample laver fell,  
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee ;  
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
That through the waves one might the bottom  
see,  
All pay'd beneath with iasper shining bright,  
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did seyle  
upright.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
Such as attones might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere.  
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;  
For all that pleasing is to living eare

Was there consort' d in one harmonie  
Birds, voyces, instruments, winds, waters, all  
agree :

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet ;  
Th' anglicall soft trembling voyces made  
To th' instruments divine responce meet ;  
The rhyver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the leese murmure of the waters fall ;  
The water fall, with difference descent,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gentle warbling wind low answer'd to all.

EDMUND SPENSER.

## THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

FROM THE "FAIRIE QUEENE."

He, making speedy way through space,\* ayre,  
And through the wooll of water waded deepe,  
To Morpheus house doth hestly repaire,  
Amid the bowels of the earth hee sleepe,  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling is; there Tethus his wet bed  
Doth ever waile, and Cybele still doth steepe  
In silver dew his ever-couping bed,  
Whiles of Night over him her mantle black doth  
spread.

And, more to litle him in his slumber ade,  
A trickling stream from high rock tawndling  
downe,  
And ever-drieling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring waile, much like the  
sowne †  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a sworne ‡  
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous eyes,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard ; but one lone quiet lyes  
Wrought in eternal silence, late from omnyes.

EDMUND SPENSER.

## UNA AND THE LION.

FROM THE "FAIRIE QUEENE."

One day, nigh weard of the yrkesome way,  
From her unhastie heat she did alight ;  
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay  
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight ;  
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,  
And layd her stole aside. Her angell face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the lady place ;  
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

\* Give grace to.  
‡ With attention

† Irritated  
‡ Immediately

‡ Bathe.

\* Dispersed

† Noise.

‡ Deep-sleep.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood  
 A ramping lyon rushèd suddenly,  
 Hunting full greedily after salvage blood \*  
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have attonce devoured her tender corse ;  
 But to the pray whenas he drew nere ny,  
 His bloody rage uswagèd with remorse, †  
 And, with the sight amaz, forgat his furious  
 forse.

Instead thereof, he kist her wearie feet,  
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;  
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weat. ‡  
 O how can beantie master the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,  
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;  
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"  
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mightie proud to humble weake § does yield,  
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate .  
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
 Her, that him lovèd, and ever most adord  
 As the god of my life / why hath he me abhord !"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,  
 Which softly eveloed from the neighbour wood,  
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;  
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry  
 mood.

At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,  
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,  
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,  
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might at-  
 tayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,  
 But with her went along, as a strong gard  
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate  
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard ;  
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and  
 ward ;  
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,  
 With humble service to her will prepar'd ;  
 From her fayre eyes he took commandment,  
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intout.

EDMUND SPENSER

\* Breed of wild animals.  
 § Weakness.

† Fly

‡ Understand

#### THE SUNSET CITY

There 's a city that lies in the Kingdom of Clouds,  
 In the glorious country on high,  
 Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,  
 To screen it from mortal eye ;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,  
 That gleam by a sapphire sea,  
 Like jewels more sploudid than earth may behold,  
 Or are dream'd of by you and by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach  
 Far away till they melt in the gloom ;  
 And waters that hem an immaculate beach  
 With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of pearl there are,  
 And bellries of marvelous shapes,  
 And lighthouses lit by the evening star,  
 That sparkle on violet eaves ;

And hanging gardens that far away  
 Enchantedly float aloof ;  
 Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,  
 And banners of glorious wool !

When the Summer sunset's crimsoning fires  
 Are aglow in the western sky,  
 The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires  
 Of this wonderful city on high ;

And gazing enrapt as the gathering shade  
 Creeps over the twilight lea,  
 Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,  
 And sink in the sapphire sea ;

Till the vision loses by slow degrees  
 The magical splendor it wore ;  
 The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees  
 The beautiful city no more !

HENRY SILVERSTEIN CORNWELL

#### THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,  
 Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,  
 Veining delicate and fibers tender ;  
 Waving when the wind crept down so low  
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,  
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,  
 Drops of dew stole in by night, and crown'd it,  
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;  
 Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,  
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,

Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,  
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;  
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,  
But the little fern was not of these,  
Did not number with the hills and trees ;  
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,  
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,  
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty  
motion

Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;  
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,  
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,  
Covered it, and hid it safe away.  
O, the long, long centuries since that day !  
O, the changes ! O, life's bitter cost,  
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ? Lost ? There came a thoughtful man  
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep ;  
From a fissure in a rocky steep  
He withdrew a stone, over which there ran  
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,  
Veinings, leadage, fibers clear and line,  
And the fern's life lay in every line !  
So, I think, God hides some souls away,  
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

MARY L. BULL-BRAUER.

#### RIVER SONG.

Come to the river's reedy shore,  
My maiden, while the skies,  
With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,  
Wait for the sun's uprising.  
There, dancing on the rippling wave,  
My boat expectant lies,  
And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,  
Unclasp their dewy eyes.

As slowly down the stream we glide,  
The lilies all unfold  
Their leaves, less rosy white than thou,  
And virgin hearts of gold.  
The gay birds on the meadow elm  
Salute thee blithe and bold,  
While I sit shy and silent here,  
And glow with love untold.

F. B. SANDER.

#### THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO DATED HER LETTERS FROM  
"THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD."

IN the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds  
arise,  
My castle of fancy was built.

The turrets reflected the blue of the skies  
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state  
Enamelled the mansion around,  
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create  
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottos and bountains and orange-tree  
groves ;

I had all that enchantment has told ;  
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their  
loves ;  
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and rolled,  
While wrapped in a slumber I lay,  
And when I awoke in the morning, behold,  
My castle was carried away !

It passed over rivers and valleys and groves ;  
The world, it was all in my view ;  
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their  
loves,  
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,  
Which Nature in splendor had made,  
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,  
And checkered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied, with painted good-will,  
And grew tired of my seat in the air,  
When all of a sudden my castle stood still,  
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark in the sky it came fluttering down,  
And placed me exactly in view,  
When, whom should I meet in this charming  
retreat,  
This corner of calmness, but you ?

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,  
I felt no more sorrow nor pain,  
But, the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,  
And went back to my castle again.

THOMAS MOORE.

#### THE LADY LOST IN THE WOOD.

FROM "GODEN."

THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
Such as the jocular flute or gamesome pipe  
Stirs up amongst the loose, undetted hands,  
When for their teeming flocks and granges full

In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath  
 To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence  
 Of such late wassailers; yet O, where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
 Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind, hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labor of my thoughts: 'tis likeliest  
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That nature hung in heaven, and filled their  
 lamps

With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveler!  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,  
 Yet naught but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.  
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity;  
 I see you visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things  
 ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honor unassailed.

MILTON.

## THE NYMPH OF THE SEVERN.

FROM "COMUS."

THERE is a gentle nymph not far from hence  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
 stream.  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
 Whilom she was the daughter of Loocrine,

That had the scepter from his father Brute.  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged step-dame Guendolen,  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
 That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing  
 course.

The water-nymphs that in the bottom played,  
 Held up their pearly wrists, and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,  
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathè  
 In nectared lavers strewed with asphodel,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
 And underwent a quick immortal change,  
 Made Goddess of the river: still she retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,  
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

MILTON

## THE HAUNT OF THE SORCERER.

FROM "COMUS."

WITHIN the navel of this hideous wood,  
 Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
 Of Babelus and of Cired horn, great Comus,  
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer  
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage  
 Charactered in the face: this I have learnt  
 Tending my flocks hard by 'i' the hilly crofts,  
 That brow this bottom-glade, whence night by  
 night,  
 He and his monst'rous rout are heard to howl,  
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
 In their obscure haunts of inmost bowers.  
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
 T' inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
 Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb  
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
 With ivy canopied, and interwove  
 With haunting honeysuckle, and began,



Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close,  
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
 And filled the air with barbarous dissonance ;  
 At which I ceased, and listened them awhile,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds,  
 That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep ;  
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
 Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more,  
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of death : but O, ere long  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honored Lady, your dear sister.  
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear,  
 And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly  
 snare !

MILTON.

## THE SIRENS' SONG.

FROM THE "INNER TEMPLE MASQUE."

STEER hither, steer your wingéd pines,  
 All beaten mariners :  
 Here lie undiscovered mines,  
 A prey to passengers ;  
 Perfumes far sweeter than the best  
 That make the phoenix urn and nest :  
 Fear not your ships,  
 Nor any to oppose you save our lips ;  
 But come on shore,  
 Where no joy dies till love has gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,  
 Where never storms arise,  
 Exchange ; and be awhile our guests :  
 For stars, gaze on our eyes.  
 The compass, love shall hourly sing ;  
 And, as he goes about the ring,  
 We will not miss  
 To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

## THE TRAVELER'S VISION.

It was midway in the desert ; night her dusky  
 wing had spread,  
 And my Arab guides were sleeping, sharing each  
 his courser's bed ;

Far and near where streams of moonlight lay on  
 Nile's time-honored plain,  
 Silvery white, amid the sand-heaps, gleamed the  
 bones of camels slain.

I lay wakeful, where my saddle made a pillow  
 hard and cool ;  
 With the dried fruits of the palm-tree I had  
 heaped its pouches full ;  
 I had spread my loosened caftan over knee and  
 over breast,  
 Naked sword and gun beside me : thus had laid  
 me down to rest.

All was still, — save when the embers of our  
 sunken watch-fire stirred ;  
 Save when, hurrying to her homestead, screamed  
 some wild belated bird ;  
 Save when, slumbering, stamped the charger,  
 bound beside his Arab lord ;  
 Save when, dreaming of the battle, grasped the  
 rider's hand his sword !

Heaven ! — the trembling earth upheaveth ! Shad-  
 ovy forms are dimly seen,  
 And the wild beasts fly before them far across  
 the moonlight sheen !  
 Snort our steeds in deadly terror, and the startled  
 dragonian  
 Drops his ensign, murmuring wildly : " 'T is the  
 Spirit-caravan ! "

See, they come ! before the camels ghastly lead-  
 ers point the way ;  
 Borne aloft, unveiled women their voluptuous  
 charms display ;  
 And beside them lovely maidens bearing pitchers  
 — like Rebecca —  
 And behind them horsemen guarding, — all are  
 hurrying on to Mecca !

More and more ! their ranks are endless ! who  
 may count them ' more again !  
 Woe is me ! — for living camels are the bones  
 upon the plain !  
 And the brown sands, whirring wildly, in a  
 dusky mass uprise,  
 Changing into camel-drivers, — men of bronze  
 with flaming eyes.

Ay, this is the night and hour, when all wander-  
 ers of the land  
 Whom the whirlwind once o'ertaking, 'whelmed  
 beneath its waves of sand ;  
 Whose storm-driven dust hath fanned us, —  
 crumbling bones around us lay, —  
 Rise and move in wan procession, by their  
 Prophet's grave to pray !

More and more! the last in order have not  
passed across the plain,  
Ere the first with loosened bridle fast are flying  
back again.

From the verdant inland mountain, even to  
Bab-el-mandeb's sands,  
They have sped ere yet my charger, wildly rear-  
ing, breaks his hands!

Courage! hold the plunging horses; each man  
to his coursers' head!

Tremble not, as timid sheep-flocks tremble at  
the lion's tread.

Fear not though you waving mantles fan you as  
they hasten on;

Call on Allah! and the pageant ere you look  
again is gone!

Patience, till the morning breezes wave again  
your turbans' plume;

Morning air and rosy dawning are their heralds  
to the tomb.

Once again to dust shall daylight doom these  
wanderers of the night;

See, it dawns! — a joyous welcome neigh our  
horses to the light! —

From the German of FREILIGRATH

#### DIEGO ORDAS IN EL DORADO.

DIEGO ORDAS, come to El Dorado,  
Getteth him down from off his weary steed;  
And — "Here," he cries, "O Cortez, is the haven  
That shall reward our wanderings, indeed!"

Bright shines the gold o'er all the ancient city;  
Gold on the house-tops, gold to pave the streets;  
And golden cuirass, shield, and burnished helmet,  
At every corner wondering Ordas meets.

All day he wanders through the devious mazes  
That blaze and glimmer on his weary way;  
And still he stumbles o'er the shining pavement,  
When silver night shuts out the golden day.

All through the night the pale moon sees him  
stumbling  
Where golden glimmers sparkle in her light,  
And still no outlet to the mighty city  
Finds weary Ordas when he ends the night.

Another day — "O for a gleam of water!  
O for the sound of gleeful Spanish tongue!  
O for the shiver through the burning daylight,  
That sings in Spain when convent bells are  
rung!"

And still he wanders through the devious mazes  
That blaze and glimmer on his devious way;  
And still he stumbles o'er the golden pavement  
When silver night shuts out the second day.

"Sure there's a curse o'er all this ancient city!  
Sure there's a curse on palace and on street!  
No friendly hand salutes me in my passing;  
No friendly welcome ever do I meet!"

And through the night the pale moon sees him  
stumbling

Where golden glimmers sparkle in her light;  
And still no outlet to the mighty city  
Finds weary Ordas when he ends the night.

And when the sun, upon the dreary morning,  
Springs, golden red, from out the glorious  
east,

Diego Ordas, blindly crawling onward,  
Dreams, as he staggers, of a glorious feast:

No kindly food has passed his lips for ages, —  
So runs his dream, — but now he finds, at last,  
A table spread, where all that earth can furnish  
Of food and wine sets forth a rich repast.

And greedy Ordas snatches at the viands,  
Seizes the flasks with dry and trembling  
clutch —

And all the freshness of the heavenly banquet  
Changes to gold upon the slightest touch!

"Sure there's a curse upon this ancient city!"  
Cries hungry Ordas, prowling through the  
night;

"And e'en in dreams it drives men on to mad-  
ness, —  
O gold! O cursed gold! I hate thy sight!"

And through the night the pale moon sees him  
stumbling

Where molten gold-light sparkles in her gleams,  
And still no outlet to the mighty city,  
And still no rest in waking or in dreams!

And when the sun, upon the dreary morning,  
Springs golden red into the burning sky,  
He shoots death-madness on the fiery pavement  
Where weary Ordas has lain down to die.

ANONYMUS.

#### THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;

She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service neatly worn :

Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers ;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers ;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on ;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is space begun ;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends  
Amid their loving games  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their virginal chaste names ;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stopped  
Out of the circling charm ;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her beaded arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
The path ; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.  
"Have I not prayed in heaven ? — on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed ?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?  
And shall I feel afraid ?"

She gazed and listened, and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild, —  
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.  
The light thrilled toward her, filled  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres ;  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

DANIE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

### THE THREE SHIPS.

OVER the waters clear and dark  
Flew, like a startled bird, our bark.

All the day long with steady sweep  
Sea-gulls followed us over the deep.

Weird and strange were the silent shores,  
Rich with their wealth of buried ores ;  
Mighty the forests, old and gray,  
With the secrets locked in their hearts away ;

Semblance of castle and arch and shrine  
Towered aloft in the clear sunshine ;

And we watched for the warder, stern and grim,  
And the priest with his chanted prayer and hymn.

Over that wonderful northern sea,  
As one who sails in a dream, sailed we.

Till, when the young moon soared on high,  
Nothing was round us but sea and sky.

Far in the east the pale moon swung —  
A crescent dim in the azure hung ;

But the sun lay low in the glowing west,  
With bars of purple across his breast.

The skies were aflame with the sunset glow,  
The billows were all aflame below ;

The far horizon seemed the gate  
To some mystic world's enchanted state ;

And all the air was a luminous mist,  
Crimson and amber and amethyst.

Then silently into that fiery sea —  
Into the heart of the mystery —

Three ships went sailing one by one,  
The fairest visions under the sun.

Like the flame in the heart of a ruby set  
Were the sails that flew from each mast of jet ;

While darkly against the burning sky  
Streamer and pennant floated high.

Steadily, silently, on they pressed  
Into the glowing, reddening west ;

Until, on the far horizon's fold,  
They slowly passed through its gate of gold.

You think, perhaps, they were nothing more  
Than schooners laden with common ore,

Where Care clasped hands with grimy Toil,  
And the decks were stained with earthly moil ?

O beautiful ships, who sailed that night  
Into the west from our yearning sight,

Full well I know that the freight ye bore  
Was laden not for an earthly shore !

To some far realm ye were sailing on,  
Where all we have lost shall yet be won :

Ye were bearing thither a world of dreams,  
Bright as that sunset's golden gleams ;

And hopes whose tremulous, rosy flush  
Grew fairer still in the twilight hush :

Ye were bearing hence to that mystic sphere  
Thoughts no mortal may utter here —

Songs that on earth may not be sung —  
Words too holy for human tongue —

The golden deeds that we would have done —  
The fadeless wreaths that we would have won !

And hence it was that our souls with you  
Traversed the measureless waste of blue,

Till you passed under the sunset gate,  
And to us a voice said, softly, " Wait ! "

JULIA C. R. DORR.

#### IN THE MIST.

SITTING all day in a silver mist,  
In silver silence all the day,  
Save for the low, soft kiss of spray  
And the lisp of sands by waters kissed,  
As the tide draws up the bay.

Little I hear and nothing I see,  
Wrapped in that veil by fairies spun ;  
The solid earth is vanished for me  
And the shining hours speed noiselessly,  
A woof of shadow and sun.

Suddenly out of the shifting veil  
A magical bark, by the sunbeams lit,  
Flits like a dream — or seems to flit —  
With a golden prow and a gossamer sail,  
And the waves make room for it.

A fair, swift bark from some radiant realm, —  
Its diamond cordage cuts the sky  
In glittering lines ; all silently  
A seeming spirit holds the helm,  
And steers. Will he pass me by ?

Ah ! not for me is the vessel here :  
Noiseless and swift as a sea-bird's flight  
She swerves and vanishes from the sight ;  
No flap of sail, no parting cheer, —  
She has passed into the light.

Sitting some day in a deeper mist,  
Silent, alone, some other day,  
An unknown bark, from an unknown bay,  
By unknown waters lapped and kissed,  
Shall near me through the spray.

No flap of sail, no scraping of keel.  
Shadowy, dim, with a banner dark,  
It will hover, will pause, and I shall feel  
A hand which grasps me, and shivering steal  
To the cold strand, and embark, —

Embark for that far, mysterious realm  
Where the fathomless, trackless waters flow.  
Shall I feel a Presence dim, and know  
Thy dear hand, Lord, upon the helm,  
Nor be afraid to go ?

And through black waves and stormy blast  
And out of the fog-wreaths, dense and dun,  
Guided by thee, shall the vessel run,  
Gain the fair haven, night being past,  
And anchor in the sun ?

SARAH WOOLSEY.

#### SONG OF THE SEA BY THE ROYAL GARDEN AT NAPLES.

I HAVE swung for ages to and fro ;  
I have striven in vain to reach thy feet,  
O Garden of joy ! whose walls are low,  
And odors are so sweet.

I palpitate with fitful love ;  
I sigh and sing with changing breath ;

I raise my hands to heaven above,  
I smite my shores beneath !

In vain, in vain ! while far and fine,  
To curb the madness of my sweep,  
Runs the white limit of a line  
I may not overleap.

Once thou wert sleeping on my breast,  
Till fiery Titans lifted thee  
From the fair silence of thy rest,  
Out of the loving sea.

And I swing eternal to and fro ;  
I strive in vain to reach thy feet,  
O Garden of joy ! whose walls are low,  
And odors are so sweet !

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

#### SONG OF THE LIGHTNING.

" PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes."

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

AWAY ! away ! through the sightless air  
Stretch forth your iron thread !  
For I would not dim my sandals fair  
With the dust ye tamely tread !  
Ay, rear it up on its million piers,  
Let it circle the world around,  
And the journey ye make in a hundred years  
I'll clear at a single bound !

Though I cannot toil, like the groaning slave  
Ye have fettered with iron skill  
To ferry you over the boundless wave,  
Or grind in the noisy mill,  
Let him sing his giant strength and speed !  
Why, a single shaft of mine  
Would give that monster a flight indeed, —  
To the depths of the ocean's brine !

No ! no ! I'm the spirit of light and love !  
To my unseen hand 't is given  
To pencil the ambient clouds above  
And polish the stars of heaven !  
I scatter the golden rays of fire  
On the horizon far below,  
And deck the sky where storms expire  
With my red and dazzling glow.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain ;  
I light it with a glare,  
When fall the boding drops of rain  
Through the darkly curtained air !  
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,  
The piles of a thousand years,

Have not the strength of potter's clay  
Beneath my glittering spears.

From the Alps' or the Andes' highest crag,  
From the peaks of eternal snow,  
The blazing folds of my fiery flag  
Illume the world below.  
The earthquake heralds my coming power,  
The avalanche bounds away,  
And howling storms at midnight's hour  
Proclaim my kingly sway.

Ye tremble when my legions come, —  
When my quivering sword leaps out  
O'er the hills that echo my thunder down,  
And rend with my joyous shout.  
Ye quail on the land, or upon the sea  
Ye stand in your fear aghast,  
To see me burn the stalworth trees,  
Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall, —  
The letters of high command, —  
Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall,  
Were traced by my burning hand.  
And oft in fire have I wrote since then  
What angry Heaven decreed ;  
But the sealed eyes of sinful men  
Were all too blind to read.

At length the hour of light is here,  
And kings no more shall bind,  
Nor bigots crush with craven fear,  
The forward march of mind.  
The words of Truth and Freedom's rays  
Are from my pinions hurled ;  
And soon the light of better days  
Shall rise upon the world.

GEORGE W. CUTLER.

#### ORIGIN OF THE OPAL.

A DEW-DROP came, with a spark of flame  
He had caught from the sun's last ray,  
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest  
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown ;  
But she smiled all at once, to view  
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,  
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look  
At the sky, so soft and blue ;  
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,  
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north-wind, as he thus reclined,  
Of a sudden raged around ;  
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,  
Next morning, an *opal* found.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'T IS believed that this harp, which I wake now  
for thee,  
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;  
And who often, at eve, through the bright billow  
roved,  
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she  
loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to  
steep,  
Till Heaven looked with pity on true-love so  
warm,  
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's  
form.

Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheek smiled  
the same —  
While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round  
the frame ;  
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its  
bright rings,  
Fell o'er her white arm, to make the gold strings !

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath  
been known  
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;  
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond  
lay  
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when  
away !

THOMAS MOORE.

#### A TEAR.

O THAT the chemist's magic art  
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;  
Then, trembling, left its coral cell, —  
The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !  
In thee the rays of Virtue shine,  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !  
Who ever fliest to bring relief,  
When first we feel the rude control  
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In every clime, in every age,  
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,  
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which molds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source, —  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

#### A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river ?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river ?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep, cool bed of the river,  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can  
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river !)  
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
Then notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
(Laughed while he sate by the river !)  
"The only way since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,  
Piercing sweet by the river !  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
 To laugh, as he sits by the river,  
 Making a poet out of a man.  
 The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,—  
 For the reed that grows nevermore again  
 As a reed with the reeds of the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

◆◆◆

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

FROM "THE MYSTERIES OF LOVE AND ELOQUENCE." 1658.

COME, follow, follow me,  
 You, fairy elves that be ;  
 Which circle on the green,  
 Come, follow Mab, your queen.  
 Hand in hand let 's dance around,  
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest ;  
 Unheard and unespied,  
 Through keyholes we do glide ;  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul  
 With platter, dish, or bowl,  
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
 And find the sluts asleep :  
 There we pinch their arms and thighs ;  
 None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And duly she is paid ;  
 For we use, before we go,  
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
 Our table-cloth we spread ;  
 A grain of rye or wheat  
 Is manchet which we eat ;  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
 In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
 With unctuous fat of snails,  
 Between two cockles stewed,  
 Is meat that 's easily chewed ;  
 Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
 Do make a dish that 's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly  
 Serve us for our minstrelsy ;  
 Grace said, we dance awhile,  
 And so the time beguile ;

And if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass  
 Sc nimbly do we pass,  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends when we do walk ;  
 Yet in the morning may be seen  
 Where we the night before have been.

ANONYMOUS

◆◆◆

THE FAIRIES.

UP the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We dare n't go a hunting  
 For fear of little men ;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together ;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore  
 Some make their home, —  
 They live on crispy pancakes  
 Of yellow tide-foam ;  
 Some in the reeds  
 Of the black mountain-lake,  
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
 The old king sits ;  
 He is now so old and gray  
 He 's nigh lost his wits.  
 With a bridge of white mist  
 Columbkil he crosses,  
 On his stately journeys  
 From Slieveleague to Rosses ;  
 Or going up with music  
 On cold starry nights,  
 To sup with the queen  
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
 For seven years long ;  
 When she came down again  
 Her friends were all gone.  
 They took her lightly back,  
 Between the night and morrow ;  
 They thought that she was fast asleep,  
 But she was dead with sorrow.  
 They have kept her ever since  
 Deep within the lakes,  
 On a bed of flag-leaves,  
 Watching till she wakes.

By the eraggy hillside,  
 Through the mosses bare,

They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
To dig one up in spite,  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We dare n't go a hunting  
For fear of little men ;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together ;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

#### SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

COME here, come here, and dwell  
In forest deep !  
Come here, come here, and tell  
Why thou dost weep !  
Is it for love (sweet pain !)  
That thus thou dar'st complain  
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,  
Where naught else grieves ?

Come here, come here, and lie  
By whispering stream !  
Here no one dares to die  
For love's sweet dream ;  
But health all seek, and joy,  
And shun perverse annoy,  
And race along green paths till close of day,  
And laugh — always !

Or else, through half the year,  
On rushy floor,  
We lie by waters clear,  
While skylarks pour  
Their songs into the sun !  
And when bright day is done,  
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn,  
And dream — till morn !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
(BARRY CORNWALL).

#### FAIRIES' SONG.

WE the fairies blithe and antic,  
Of dimensions not gigantic,  
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,  
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter ;  
Stolen kisses much completer ;  
Stolen looks are nice in chapels ;  
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are hobbing,  
Then 's the time for orchard-robbing ;  
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling  
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

From the Latin of THOMAS RANDOLPH,  
by LEIGH HUNT

#### THE FAIRIES' LULLABY.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

*Enter TITANIA, with her train.*

TITANIA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy  
song ;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ; —  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;  
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern  
wings,  
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep  
back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and  
wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

#### SONG.

1 FAIRY. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;  
Come not near our fairy queen.*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
So, good night, with lullaby.*

2 FAIRY. *Waving spiders, come not here ;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners,  
hence !  
Beetles black, approach not near ;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody, etc.*

1 FAIRY. Hence away ; now all is well :  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA sleeps.  
SHAKESPEARE.



## COMPLIMENT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

OBERON. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
And the imperial votress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flower  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower.

SHAKESPEARE

## QUEEN MAB.

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET"

O THEN I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;  
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
love ;  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers' sides  
straight ;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, —

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted  
are :

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice :  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untaggled, much misfortune bodes :  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.

SHAKESPEARE.

## ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

FROM Oberon, in fairy-land,  
The king of ghosts and shadows there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
What revel rout  
Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'ersee,  
And merry be,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly  
About this airy welkin soon,  
And, in a minute's space, desery  
Each thing that's done below the moon.  
There's not a hag  
Or ghost shall wag,  
Or cry, 'ware goblins ! where I go ;  
But Robin I  
Their feasts will spy,  
And send them home with ho, ho, ho !

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,  
As from their night-sports they trudge home,  
With counterfeiting voice I greet,  
And call them on with me to roam  
Through woods, through lakes ;  
Through bogs, through brakes ;  
Or else, unseen, with them I go,  
All in the nick,  
To play some trick,  
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man,  
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;  
 And to a horse I turn me can,  
 To trip and trot about them round.  
 But if to ride  
 My back they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I go ;  
 O'er hedge and lands,  
 Through pools and ponds,  
 I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,  
 With possets and with jinkets fine,  
 Unseen of all the company,  
 I eat their cakes and sip their wine !  
 And, to make sport,  
 I puff and snort ;  
 And out the candles I do blow ;  
 The maids I kiss ;  
 They shriek - "Who's this !"  
 I answer naught but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
 At midnight I card up their wool ;  
 And, while they sleep and take their ease,  
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
 I grind at mill  
 Their malt up still ;  
 I dress their heap ; I spin their tow ;  
 If any wake,  
 And would me take,  
 I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrow aught,  
 We lend them what they do require ;  
 And for the use demand we naught ;  
 Our own is all we do desire.  
 If to repay  
 They do delay,  
 Abroad amongst them then I go,  
 And night by night,  
 I them affright,  
 With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho !

When lazy queans have naught to do,  
 But study how to cog and lie ;  
 To make debate and mischief too,  
 "Twixt one another secretly ;  
 I mark their gloze,  
 And it disclose  
 To them whom they have wronged so :  
 When I have done  
 I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set  
 In loopholes, where the vermin creep,

Who from their folds and houses get  
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,  
 I spy the gin,  
 And enter in,  
 And seem a vermin taken so ;  
 But when they there  
 Approach me near,  
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills, in meadows green,  
 We nightly dance our heyday guise ;  
 And to our fairy king and queen,  
 We chant our moonlight minstrelies.  
 When larks 'gin sing,  
 Away we fling ;  
 And babes new-born steal as we go ;  
 And off in bed  
 We leave instead,  
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I  
 Thus nightly reveled to and fro ;  
 And for my pranks men call me by  
 The name of Robin Goodfellow.  
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,  
 Who haunt the nights,  
 The hags and goldins do me know ;  
 And beldames old  
 My feats have told,  
 So vale, vale ; ho, ho, ho !

Attributed to BEN JOSSON.

#### KILMENY.

FROM "THE QUEEN'S WAKE."

Bossy Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;  
 But it wasna to meet Duncira's men,  
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
 And pu' the cross-flower round the spring,  
 The scarlet hypp, and the hindberrye,  
 And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree ;  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',  
 And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw,  
 Lang the laird of Duncira blame,  
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
 When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-  
 bell rung ;  
 Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,  
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
 The wood was sear, the moon i' the wane,

The reek o' the cot hung over the plain, —  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
When the ingle bowed with an airy beme,  
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den, —  
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree;  
Yet you are hale some and fair to see.  
Where got you that joup o' the lily shreen?  
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?  
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen?  
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?”

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerald lee,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare.  
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never  
blew;

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,  
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
And a land where sin had never been, —  
A land of love, and a land of light,  
Withouten sun or moon or night;  
Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
And the light a pure celestial beam:  
The land of vision it would seem,  
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,  
And in that waik there is a wene,  
And in that wene there is a maik,  
That neither has fleh, blood, nor bane;  
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
Her bosom happed wi' the floweret's gay;  
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,  
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;  
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,  
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She awaked on a couch of the silk sae slim,  
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;  
And lovely beings around were rife,  
Who erst had traveled mortal life;  
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:  
“What spirit has brought this mortal here?”

“Lang hae I journeyed the world wide,”  
A meek and reverend fere replied;  
“Baith night and day I have watched the fair  
Eident a thousand years and mair.  
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,

Wherever blooms feminine ye;  
But sinless virgin, free of stain,  
In mind and body, fand I nae me.  
Never, since the banquet of time,  
Found I a virgin in her prime,  
Till late this bonny maiden I saw,  
As spotless as the morning snaw  
Full twenty years she had lived as free  
As the spirits that dwell in this countrie.  
I have brought her away frae the surges of men,  
That sin or death she may never ken.”

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair;  
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;  
And round came many a blooming fere,  
Saying, “Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;  
Women are freed of the litland ban;  
O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be.”

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;  
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her  
lie

In the stream of life that wandered by.  
And she heard a song, — he heard a rung,  
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn, —  
“O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be.”

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
To see what mortal never had seen;  
And they seated her high on a purple ward,  
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
And note the change the spirits wrought;  
For now she lived in the land of thought. —  
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes;  
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light;  
And radiant beings went and came,  
Far: wifter than wind or the linked flame;  
She hid her een frae the dazling view;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing by;  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains gray;

And their land was valleys and hoary piles,  
 And marled seas, and a thousand isles;  
 Its fields were streaked, its forests green,  
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
 Like magic seas, where slumbering lay  
 The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,  
 Which leaved and trembled, and gently swung;  
 On every shore they seemed to be hung.  
 For there they were seen on their downward plain  
 A thousand times and a thousand again,  
 In winding lake and placid firth,  
 In the peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmenny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
 For she found her heart to that land did cleave;  
 She saw the corn wave on the vale;  
 She saw the deer run down the dale;  
 She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
 And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;  
 And she thought she had seen the land before.

Then Kilmenny begged again to see  
 The friends she had lost in her own countrye,  
 To tell the place where she had been,  
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
 To warn the living maidens fair,  
 The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,  
 That all whose minds unmeled remain  
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gone.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
 They called Kilmenny sound asleep;  
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,  
 All hopped with flowers in the green-wood wane,  
 When seven long years had come and fled,  
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead,  
 When sorrow was remembered Kilmenny's name,  
 Late late in a gloamin, Kilmenny came home!  
 And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast was her ee!  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there;  
 And the soft desire of maidens' eeu  
 In that mild face could never be seen,  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
 And her voice like the distant melody  
 That floats along the twilight sea,  
 But she loved to rattle the lonely glen,  
 And keeped afar the haunts of men;  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring,  
 But whenever her peaceful form appeared,  
 The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;  
 The wolf played blithely round the field,  
 The lordly bysson lowed and kneeled;  
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,  
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.

And when at even the woodlands rung,  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung  
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
 O, then the glen was all in motion!  
 The wild boasts of the forest came,  
 Broke from their bights and faulds the tame,  
 And gored around, charmed and amazed;  
 Even the dull cattle crooned, and gazed,  
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pain  
 For something the mystery to explain.  
 The buzzard came with the thristle-cock,  
 The corby left her hoof in the rock;  
 The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew,  
 The wolf and the kid their noise began;  
 And the fox, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;  
 The hawk and the hern artour them hung,  
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their  
 young;  
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled  
 It was like an eve in a sunless world!

When a month and day had come and gone,  
 Kilmenny sought the green-wood wene;  
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
 And Kilmenny on earth was never mair seen,  
 But O the words that fell from her mouth  
 Were words of wonder, and words of truth!  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kend na whether she was livin' or dead,  
 It wasna her lassie, and she couldna remain,  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And returned to the land of thought again.

JAMES HOGG.

#### FAIRY SONG.

SHEED no tear! O, shed no tear!  
 The flower will bloom another year,  
 Weep no more! O, weep no more!  
 Young buds sleep in the roof's white core,  
 Dry your eyes! O, dry your eyes!  
 For I was taught in Paradise  
 To ease my breast of melodies,  
 Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!  
 'Mong the blossoms white and red,  
 Look up, look up! I flutter now  
 On this fresh promeminate bough,  
 See me! 't is this silvery bill  
 Ever cures the good man's ill,  
 Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!  
 The flower will bloom another year,  
 Adieu, adieu! I fly adieu!  
 I vanish in the heaven's blue,  
 Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS.

## THE CULPRIT FAY.

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night,  
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;  
Naught is seen in the vault of the sign  
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless  
sky,

And the flood when rill its milky hue,  
A river of light on the æther blue.  
The moon looks down on old Crispin's face,  
She mellows the shadow on his saggy breast,  
And seems his huge pipe born to throw  
In a silver cone on the wave below.  
His sides are broken by spots of shade,  
By the walnut rough and the oak's bare  
And through the tangle of branching branches dark  
Glimmers and oaks the firefly's spark,  
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break  
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rage.

The stars are on the moving stream,  
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,  
A scintillated length of wavy beam.  
In an eel-like spiral line below.  
The winds are whist, and the owls are still,  
The bat in the steady rock is hid,  
And naught is heard on the lonely fall  
But the cricket's chirp, and the grasser shrill  
Of the gauze-winged katydid,  
And the plaint of the wasp who appears still,  
Who means unseen, and sends his stings  
Ever a note of woe and woe,  
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her golden glow.

'T is the hour of fairy land and spell,  
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;  
He has counted them all with click and stroke  
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,  
And he has awakened the sentry dove  
Who sleeps with him in the laurel tree,  
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,  
And call the fays to their revelry  
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell  
'T was made of the white snail's pretty shell  
'Midnight comes, and as it wags!  
Hither, hither wing your way!  
'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

They come from beds of lichen green,  
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;  
Some on the backs of beetles fly  
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,  
Where they swung in their cobweb hammock  
high,  
And rocked about in the evening breeze;  
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest,  
They had driven him out by chin power,  
And, pilowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,

Had stolen their thrones all the night long,  
Some had lain in the shadow of the oak,  
With glittering insect-stair and stair,  
And some had opened the forest oak,  
And stole within its purple store,  
And now they throng the moonlight glade,  
Above, below, on every side,  
The moon the moon beams arrayed  
In the treazy porch of fairy pride.

They came not now to print the leaf,  
In book and crone around the tree,  
Or at the mad rose-board to keep,  
The drink the dew from the forest cup.  
A score of sorrow was their love,  
For no cup he has broken any vessel now;  
He has loved an earthly maid,  
And left his forest wood and shade.  
He has this spot for rest of now,  
And cannot turn his eyes of blue  
From her cheek with its winged ray,  
Peeped in the night of his love,  
And, resting on the moon's breast,  
Forgot the many things behind.  
For was the crimson tress of hair  
To the crimson tress that faste away?  
And now they stand opposite each other,  
To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

The throne was raised over the grass,  
Of spun wood-work of intricate  
On pieces of mortar and mortar-still  
Hang the beards of the fays,  
And over it gorgeous curtains fell  
Of the fays' crimson dimity.  
The monarch sat on his golden throne,  
On his brow the crown of pearl and stone,  
The prisoner lay on his face,  
And his feet were ranged around the throne.  
He waved his scepter in vain,  
He looked around and could not see  
His brow was grave and his eyes stern,  
But his voice in a soft tone was true.

"Fairy! fairy! list and mark!  
Thou hast broke thine chain and mark!  
Thy throne was laid in shadow and dark,  
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain,  
Thou hast sated thine elfin party  
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;  
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,  
And thou shalt at pay the forfeit high.  
But well I know her sorrow shall  
Is pure as the angel's form above,  
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,  
Such as a spirit well might love.  
Fairy! had she spot or taint,  
Bitter had been thy punishment."





But he left an arch of silver bright,  
 The rainbow of the moony main.  
 It was a strange and lovely sight  
 To see the puny goblin there ;  
 He seemed an angel form of light,  
 With azure wing and sunny hair,  
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,  
 Circled with blue and edged with white,  
 And sitting, at the fall of even,  
 Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

A moment, and its luster fell ;  
 But ere it met the billow blue  
 He caught within his crimson bell  
 A droplet of its sparkling dew ! —  
 Joy to thee, fay ! thy task is done,  
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won, —  
 Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,  
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

He turns, and, lo ! on either side  
 The ripples on his path divide ;  
 And the track o'er which his boat must pass  
 Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.  
 Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,

With snowy arms half swelling out,  
 While on the glossed and gleamy wave  
 Their sea-green ringlets loosely float.  
 They swim around with smile and song ;  
 They press the bark with pearly hand,  
 And gently urge her course along

Toward the beach of speckled sand,  
 And, as he lightly leaped to land,  
 They bade adieu with nod and bow ;  
 Then gayly kissed each little hand,  
 And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the fairy there ;  
 He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer ;  
 Then spread his wings of gilded blue,  
 And on to the elfin court he flew.  
 As ever ye saw a bubble rise,  
 And shine with a thousand changing dyes,  
 Till, lessening far, through ether driven,  
 It mingles with the hues of heaven ;  
 As, at the glimpse of morning pale,  
 The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,  
 And gleams with blendings soft and bright  
 Till lost in the shades of fading night, —  
 So rose from earth the lovely fay ;  
 So vanished, far in heaven away !

Up, fairy ! quit thy chickweed bower,  
 The cricket has called the second hour ;  
 Twice again, and the lark will rise  
 To kiss the streaking of the skies, —  
 Up ! thy charmed armor don,  
 Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

He put his acorn helmet on ;  
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down ;  
 The corselet plate that guarded his breast  
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;  
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,  
 Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;  
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,  
 Studded of gold on a ground of green ;  
 And the quivering lance which he brandished  
 bright

Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.  
 Swift he bestrode his fleetly steed ;  
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue ;  
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,  
 And away like a glance of thought he flew  
 To skim the heavens, and follow far  
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,  
 Crept under the leaf, and hid her there ;  
 The katydid forgot its lay,  
 The prowling gnat fled fast away,  
 The fell mosquito checked his drone  
 And fiddled his wings till the fay was gone.  
 And the wily beetle dropped his head,  
 And fell on the ground as if he were dead ;  
 They crouched then close in the darkness shade,

They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,  
 For they had felt the blue-bent blade,  
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.  
 Many a time, on a summer's night,  
 When the sky was clear, and the moon was bright,  
 They had been roused from the haunted ground  
 By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound ;  
 They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,  
 They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,  
 When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,

And the needle-shaft through air was borne,  
 Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.  
 And now they deemed the courier ouphe  
 Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground,  
 And they watched till they saw him mount the  
 roof

That canopies the world around ;  
 Then glad they left their covert lair,  
 And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament  
 His path the fiery courser bent,  
 And at every gallop on the wind  
 He flung a glittering spark behind ;  
 He flies like a feather in the blast  
 Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.

But the shapes of air have begun their work,  
 And a drizzly mist is round him cast ;  
 He cannot see through the mantle murk ;  
 He shivers with cold, but he urges fast ;  
 Through storm and darkness, sleep and shade,



He lashes his steel, and spurs amain, —  
 For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,  
 And flame-shot tongues around him played,  
 And near him many a fiendish eye  
 Glared with a fell malignity,  
 And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,  
 Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,  
 The plume hangs dripping from his crest,  
 His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,  
 And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare.  
 But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,  
 He thrust before and he struck behind,  
 Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,  
 And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind :  
 Howling the misty specters flew,  
 They rend the air with frightful cries ;  
 For he has gained the welkin blue,  
 And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

Up to the cope careering swift,  
 In breathless motion fast,  
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,  
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,  
 The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,  
 The sphered moon is past,  
 The earth but seems a tiny blot  
 On a sheet of azure cast.  
 O, it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,  
 To tread the starry plain of even !  
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,  
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven !  
 But the elfin made no stop or stay  
 Till he came to the bank of the Milky Way ;  
 Then he checked his coursers' feet,  
 And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide  
 That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,  
 The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,  
 Attired in sunset's crimson pall ;  
 Around the fay they weave the dance,  
 They skip before him on the plain,  
 And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,  
 And one upholds his bridle-rein ;  
 With warblings wild they lead him on  
 To where, through clouds of amber seen,  
 Studded with stars, resplendent shone  
 The palace of the sylphid queen.  
 Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,  
 Were streamers of the northern light ;  
 Its curtain's light and lovely flush  
 Was of the morning's rosy blush ;  
 And the ceiling fair that rose above,  
 The white and feathery fleece of noon.

But, O, how fair the shape that lay  
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright !

She seemed to the entranced fay  
 The loveliest of the forms of light ;  
 Her mantle was the purple rolled  
 At twilight in the west afar ;  
 'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,  
 And buttoned with a sparkling star.  
 Her face was like the lily roon  
 That veils the vestal planet's hue ;  
 Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,  
 Set floating in the welkin blue.  
 Her hair is like the sunny beam,  
 And the diamond gems which round it gleam  
 Are the pure drops of dewy even  
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

She was lovely and fair to see,  
 And the elfin's heart beat fitfully ;  
 But lovelier far, and still more fair,  
 The earthly form imprinted there ;  
 Naught he saw in the heavens above  
 Was half so dear as his mortal love,  
 For he thought upon her looks so meek,  
 And he thought of the light flush on her cheek.  
 Never again might he bask and lie  
 On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye ;  
 But in his dreams her form to see,  
 To clasp her in his revelry,  
 To think upon his virgin bride,  
 Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,  
 On the word of a fairy knight,  
 To do my sentence-task aright ;  
 My honor scarce is free from stain, —  
 I may not soil its snows again ;  
 Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
 Its mandate must be answered now."  
 Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,  
 The tear was in her drooping eye ;  
 But she led him to the palace gate,  
 And called the sylphs who hovered there,  
 And bade them fly and bring him straight,  
 Of clouds condensed, a sable car.  
 With charm and spell she blessed it there,  
 From all the fiends of upper air ;  
 Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,  
 And tied his steel behind the cloud ;  
 And pressed his hand as she bade him fly  
 Far to the verge of the northern sky,  
 For by its wane and wavering light  
 There was a star would fall to-night.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,  
 Northward away he speeds him fast,  
 And his coursers follow the cloudy wain  
 Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.  
 The clouds roll backward as he flies,  
 Each flickering star behind him lies,

And he has reached the northern plain,  
And backed his firely steed again,  
Ready to follow in its flight  
The streaming of the rocket-light.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,  
But it rocks in the summer gale ;  
And now 't is fitful and uneven,  
And now 't is deadly pale ;  
And now 't is wrapped in sulphur-smoke,  
And quenched is its rayless beam ;  
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke  
It bursts in flash and flame.

As swift as the glance of the arrow lance  
That the storm-spirit flings from high,  
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,  
As it fell from the sheeted sky.  
As swift as the wind in its train behind  
The elfin gallops along :  
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,  
But the sylphid charm is strong ;  
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,  
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze ;  
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,  
And rides in the light of its rays.  
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,  
And caught a glimmering spark ;  
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,  
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !  
Elf of eve ! and starry fay !  
Ye that love the moon's soft light,  
Hither, — hither wend your way ;  
Twine ye in a jocund ring,  
Sing and trip it merrily,  
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again  
With dance and song, and lute and lyre ;  
Pure his wing and strong his chain,  
And doubly bright his fairy fire.  
Twine ye in an airy round,  
Brush the dew and print the lea ;  
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,  
He flies about the haunted place,  
And if mortal there be found,  
He hums in his ears and flaps his face ;  
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,  
The owl's eyes our lanterns be ;  
Thus we sing and dance and play  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark ! from tower to tree-top high,  
The sentry-elf his call has made ;

A streak is in the eastern sky,  
Shapes of moonlight ! flit and fade !  
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,  
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,  
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,  
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

#### FAREWELL TO THE FAIRIES.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies !  
Good housewives now may say,  
For now foul sluts in dairies  
Do fare as well as they.  
And though they sweep their hearths no less  
Than maids were wont to do,  
Yet who of late, for cleanliness,  
Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament, old Abbays,  
The fairies' lost command ;  
They did but change priests' habies,  
But some have changed your land ;  
And all your children sprung from thence  
Are now grown Puritans ;  
Who live as changelings ever since,  
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,  
You merry were and glad,  
So little care of sleep or sloth  
These pretty ladies had ;  
When Tom came home from labor,  
Or Cis to milking rose,  
Then merrily went their tabor,  
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays  
Of theirs, which yet remain,  
Were footed in Queen Mary's days  
On many a grassy plain ;  
But since of late Elizabeth,  
And later, James came in,  
They never danced on any heath  
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies  
Were of the old profession,  
Their songs were Ave-Maries,  
Their dances were procession :  
But now, alas ! they all are dead,  
Or gone beyond the seas ;  
Or farther for religion fled ;  
Or else they take their ease.

A telltale in their company  
They never could endure,

And whoso kept not secretly  
 Their nirth, was punished sure ;  
 It was a just and Christian deed,  
 To pinch such black and blue :  
 O, how the commonwealth doth need  
 Such justices as you !

RICHARD CORBETT.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away ;  
 Down and away below.  
 Now my brothers call from the bay ;  
 Now the great winds shorewards blow ;  
 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;  
 Now the wild white horses play,  
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
 Children dear, let us away.  
 This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.

Call once yet,  
 In a voice that she will know :  
 "Margaret ! Margaret !"  
 Children's voices should be dear  
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear :  
 Children's voices wild with pain,  
 Surely she will come again.  
 Call her once, and come away,  
 This way, this way.  
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay !  
 The wild white horses foam and fret,  
 Margaret ! Margaret !"

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.  
 One last look at the white-walled town,  
 And the little gray church on the windy shore,  
 Then come down.  
 She will not come, though you call all day.  
 Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday  
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?

In the caverns where we lay,  
 Through the surf and through the swell,  
 The far-off sound of a silver bell ?  
 Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,  
 Where the winds are all asleep ;  
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;  
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;  
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
 Feel in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;  
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;  
 Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
 Round the world forever and aye ?  
 When did music come this way ?  
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
 (Call yet once) that she went away ?  
 Once she sat with you and me,  
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea.  
 And the youngest sat on her knee.  
 She combed its bright hair, and she tended it  
 well,  
 When down swung the sound of the far-off bell,  
 She sighed, she looked up through the clear green  
 sea,  
 She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
 In the little gray church on the shore to-day.  
 'T will be Easter-time in the world, — ah me !  
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with  
 thee."

I said : "Go up, dear heart, through the waves :  
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-  
 caves."

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the  
 bay,  
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?  
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;  
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say."  
 "Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in  
 the bay.

We went up the beach in the sandy down  
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled  
 town,  
 Through the narrow paved streets, where all was  
 still,

To the little gray church on the windy hill.  
 From the church came a murmur of folk at their  
 prayers,  
 But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
 We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn  
 with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small  
 leaded panes,  
 She sat by the pillar ; we saw her clear ;  
 "Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.  
 Dear heart," I said, "we are here alone.  
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,  
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.

"Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door."  
 Come away, children, call no more,  
 Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,  
 Down to the depths of the sea.

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
 Singing most joyfully.  
 Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,  
 From the humming street, and the child with its  
 toy,  
 From the priest and the bell, and the holy well,  
 From the wheel where I spun,  
 And the blessed light of the sun."  
 And so she sings her fill,  
 Singing most joyfully,  
 Till the shuttle falls from her hand,  
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.  
 She steals to the window, and looks at the  
 sand,  
 And over the sand at the sea ;  
 And her eyes are set in a stare ;  
 And anon there breaks a sigh,  
 And anon there drops a tear,  
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
 And a heart sorrow-laden,  
 A long, long sigh,  
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid,  
 And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,  
 Come, children, come down.  
 The hoarse wind blows colder,  
 Lights shine in the town.  
 She will start from her slumber  
 When gusts shake the door ;  
 She will hear the winds howling,  
 Will hear the waves roar.  
 We shall see, while above us  
 The waves roar and whirl,  
 A ceiling of amber,  
 A pavement of pearl, —  
 Singing, " Here came a mortal,  
 But faithless was she,  
 And alone dwell forever  
 The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,  
 When soft the winds blow,  
 When clear falls the moonlight,  
 When spring-tides are low ;  
 When sweet airs come seaward  
 From heaths starred with broom ;  
 And high rocks throw mildly  
 On the blanched sands a gloom :  
 Up the still, glistening beaches,  
 Up the creeks we will lie ;  
 Over banks of bright seaweed  
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.  
 We will gaze from the sand-hills,  
 At the white sleeping town ;  
 At the church on the hillside —  
 And then come back, down.

Singing, " There dwells a loved one,  
 But cruel is she :  
 She left lonely forever  
 The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

#### THE FISHER.

THE waters purled, the waters swelled, —  
 A fisher sat near by,  
 And earnestly his line beheld  
 With tranquil heart and eye ;  
 And while he sits and watches there,  
 He sees the waves divide,  
 And, lo ! a maid, with glistening hair,  
 Springs from the troubled tide.

She sang to him, she spake to him, —  
 " Why lur'st thou from below,  
 In cruel mood, my tender brood,  
 To die in day's fierce glow ?  
 Ah ! didst thou know how sweetly there  
 The little fishes dwell,  
 Thou wouldst come down their lot to share,  
 And be forever well.

" Bathes not the smiling sun at night —  
 The moon too — in the waves ?  
 Comes he not forth more fresh and bright  
 From ocean's cooling caves ?  
 Canst thou unmoved that deep world see,  
 That heaven of tranquil blue,  
 Where thine own face is beckoning thee  
 Down to the eternal dew ?"

The waters purled, the waters swelled, —  
 They kissed his naked feet ;  
 His heart a nameless transport held,  
 As if his love did greet.  
 She spake to him, she sang to him ;  
 Then all with him was o'er, —  
 Half drew she him, half sank he in, —  
 He sank to rise no more.

From the German of GOETHE,  
 by CHARLES T. BROOKS.

#### TAM O'SHANTER.

##### A TALE.

" Of Brownie's and of Bogilie's full is this Buke."  
 GAWIN DOUGLASS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neighbors neighbors meet,  
 As market-days are wearing late,  
 An' folk begin to tak the gate ;  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,

An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,  
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpases,  
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam ! hadst thou been but sae wise  
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice !  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blemm ;  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was na sober ;  
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;  
 That every naig was ea'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon ;  
 Or eatched wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet  
 To think how monie counsels sweet,  
 How monie lengthened sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night  
 Tam had got planted unco right,  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;  
 And at his elbow souter Johnny,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crouy.  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs and elatter,  
 And aye the ale was growing better ;  
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious ;  
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus ;  
 The storm without might rair and rustle,  
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drowned himself among the nappy ;  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure ;  
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread ;  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white, — then melts for ever ;  
 Or like the borealis race,

That flit ere you can point their place ;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanishing amid the storm.  
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;  
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;  
 That hour o' night's black arch the keystone,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
 And sie a night he takes the road in  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last ;  
 The rattling showers rose on the blast ;  
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;  
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed ;  
 That night a child might understand  
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
 (A better never lifted leg,)  
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
 Despising wind and rain and fire, —  
 Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
 Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
 Whyles glowering round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;  
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored ;  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ;  
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a breeze !  
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;  
 Wi' usquebae we 'll face the Devil ! —  
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he cared na Deils a bodle.  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
 She ventured forward on the light ;  
 And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance :  
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.

A winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast, —  
 A towzie tyke, black, gruin, and large, —

To gie them music was his charge ;  
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl  
 Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.  
 Coffins stood round like open presses,  
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;  
 And by some devilish cantrip sleight,  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note, upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's bones in gibbet arms ;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns ;  
 A thief, new cutted frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted ;  
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;  
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;  
 A knife, a father's throat had unangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft, —  
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
 Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,  
 Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout ;  
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,  
 Lay stinking, vile, in every nook ;  
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'  
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;  
 The piper loud and louder blew ;  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;  
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,  
 Till ilka earlin swat and reekit,  
 And coast her duddies to the wark,  
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,  
 A' plump and strapping in their teens :  
 Their sarks, instead of creeslie flannen,  
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen ;  
 Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them all my hurdies  
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock, —  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.  
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
 That night inlisted in the core  
 (Lang after kenn'd on Currick shore ;  
 For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perished monie a bonnie boat,  
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
 And kept the country-side in fear).  
 Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude though sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie. —  
 Ah ! little kenned thy reverend granuie

That sark she coft for her wee Nannie  
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches)  
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power ;  
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
 (A souple jade she was and strang),  
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,  
 And thought his very een enriched.  
 Ev'n Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,  
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main ;  
 Till first ae caper, syne anither, —  
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
 And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"  
 And in an instant a' was dark ;  
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
 When plundering herds assaul their byke ;  
 As open pussie's mortal foes,  
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
 As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud ;  
 So Maggie runs, — the witches follow,  
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou 'll get thy fairin' !  
 In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin' !  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' —  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane of the brig ;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss, —  
 A running stream they dare na cross.  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fiert a tail she had to shake ;  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hand upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle :  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle. —  
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain gray tail :  
 The earlin clauight her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed ;  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
 By famous Hanover City ;  
 The river Weser, deep and wide,  
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;

But when begins my ditty,  
 Almost five hundred years ago,  
 To see the townfolk suffer so  
 From vermin was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
 And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,  
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
 To the Town Hall came flocking :  
 "T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy ;  
 And as for our Corporation, — shocking  
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
 For dolts that can't or won't determine  
 What 's best to rid us of our vermin !  
 At this the Mayor and Corporation  
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in counsel, —  
 At length the Mayor broke silence :  
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;  
 I wish I were a mile hence !  
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain, —  
 I'm sure my poor head aches again.  
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.  
 O for a trap, a trap, a trap !"  
 Just as he said this, what should hap  
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap !  
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what 's that ?"  
 "Come in !" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger :  
 And in did come the strangest figure ;  
 He advanced to the council-table :  
 And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,  
 By means of a secret charm, to draw  
 All creatures living beneath the sun,  
 That creep or swim or fly or run,  
 After me so as you never saw !  
 Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
 In Tattary I freed the Cham,  
 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;  
 I eased in Asia the Nizam  
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats ;  
 And as for what your brain bewilders, —  
 If I can rid your town of rats,  
 Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"  
 "One? fifty thousand !" was the exclamation  
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stepped,  
 Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept  
 In his quiet pipe the while ;  
 Then, like a musical adept,  
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;  
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
 You heard as if an army muttered ;  
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;  
 And out of the hou — the rats came tumbling.  
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
 Cocking tales and pricking whiskers ;  
 Families by tens and dozens,  
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, —  
 Followed the piper for their lives.  
 From street to street he piped advancing,  
 And step for step they followed dancing,  
 Until they came to the river Weser,  
 Wherein all plunged and perished  
 Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,  
 Swam across and lived to carry  
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)  
 To Rat-land home his commentary,  
 Which was : "At the first shrill notes of the  
 pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
 Into a cider-press's gripe, —  
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,  
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;  
 And it seemed as if a voice  
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice !  
 The world is grown to one vast dysaltery !  
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !  
 And just as a bulky sugar-punchon,  
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me ! —  
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple :  
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !  
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !  
 Consult with carpenters and builders  
 And leave in our town not even a trace  
 Of the rats !" — when suddenly, up the face  
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,  
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand  
 guilders !"

A thousand guilders! the Mayor looked blue ;  
So did the Corporation too,  
For council dinners made rare havoc  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin de-Grave, Hock ;  
And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish,  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !  
" Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,  
" Our business was done at the river's brink ;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;  
But as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;  
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
" No trifling ! I can't wait ! Beside,  
I've promised to visit by dinner time  
Babal, and accept the prime  
Of the head cook's potting, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor,  
With him I proved no bargain driver ;  
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."

" How !" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I'll brook  
Being worse treated than a cook !  
Insulted by a lazy rascal  
With idle pipe and venture pickal !  
You'd threaten us, fellow ? Do you word,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst !"

Once more he stepped into the street ;  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)  
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at patching and hustling ;  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering ;  
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is  
mattering,  
Out came the children running ;  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by, —  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the piper's back,  
But how the Mayor was on the tack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !  
However, he turned from south to west,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed ;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
" He never can cross that mighty top !  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop !"  
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;  
And the piper advanced and the children followed ;  
And when all were in, to the very last,  
The door in the mountain side shut fast.  
Did I say all ? No ! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way ;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say, —  
" It's dull in our town since my playmates left !  
I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the piper also promised me ;  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new ;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were horn with eagles' wings ;  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more !"

ROMBERT BROWNING.

#### THE RAVEN.

OSCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-  
gotten lore, —  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
came a tapping,



- As of some one gently tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
 "T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;  
 Only this, and nothing more."
- Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books's sereace of sorrow, — sorrow for the lost Lenore, —  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,  
 Nameless here forevermore.
- And the sullen, sad, uncertain ruffling of each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me, — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I abused repeating,  
 "T is some visitor, enticing entrance at my chamber door,  
 Some late visitor, enticing entrance at my chamber door,  
 That it is, and nothing more."
- Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore,  
 But the fact that I was tapping, and so gently you came tapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you" — Here I opened wide the door;  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.
- Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"  
 Merely this, and nothing more.
- Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before:
- "Surely," said I, "so surely that it comes, — tapping at my window lattice,  
 Let me see then, what thence is, and the mystery explore,  
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore —  
 'T is the wind, and nothing more."  
 Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly order of the  
 Gyrfalcon;  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door, —  
 Puffed, and beat, and nothing more.
- Then the ebony bird beguiling my soul into a trance,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and tattered, thou," said I, "art no shaven;  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the night's shore,  
 Tell me what thy host's name is on the night's Lutanian shore!"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"
- Much I marvelled this uncanny fowl to hear discourse so ploddy,  
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevance bore,  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore!"
- But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered, — not a feather then he fluttered, —  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"
- Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom my  
merciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song  
one burden bore,  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy bur-  
den bore,  
Of ' Neverymore, — nevermore ! " "

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into  
smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird and bust and door,  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself  
to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous  
bird of yore  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore, —  
Meant in croaking " Neverymore ! " "

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable  
expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into  
my bosom's core ;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at  
ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-  
light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-  
light gloating o'er,  
She shall press — ah ! nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed  
from an unseen censer,  
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on  
the tufted floor,  
" Wretch," I cried, " thy God hath lent thee, —  
by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite, — respite and nepenthe from the memo-  
ries of Lenore !  
Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget  
this lost Lenore ! "  
Quoth the raven, " Neverymore ! "

" Prophet ! " said I, " thing of evil ! — prophet  
still, if bird or devil !  
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest  
tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land  
enchanted,  
On this home by horror haunted, — tell me truly,  
I implore,  
Is there — is there balm in Gilead ? — tell me,  
— tell me, I implore ! "  
Quoth the raven, " Neverymore ! "

" Prophet ! " said I, " thing of evil ! — prophet  
still, if bird or devil !  
By that heaven that bends above us, — by that  
God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the  
distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the an-  
gels name Lenore,  
Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the an-  
gels name Lenore ! "  
Quoth the raven, " Neverymore ! "

" Be that word our sign of parting, bird or  
fiend ! " I shrieked, upstarting, —  
" Got thee back into the tempest and the night's  
Plutonian shore !  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy  
soul hath spoken !  
Leave my loneliness unbroken ! — quit the bust  
above my door !  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy  
form from off my door ! "  
Quoth the raven, " Neverymore ! "

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting,  
still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my  
chamber door ;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon  
that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws  
his shadow on the floor ;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies  
floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted — *nevermore !*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

## THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK IN VIRGINIA.

" They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of  
a girl he loved and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends,  
was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his  
ravings that the girl was a Jew, but that to the Dismal Swamp,  
it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and  
had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful rav-  
ines." *— Dismal Swamp.*

The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Nor-  
folk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is  
called *THE DISMAL SWAMP*.

" THEY made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true ;  
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
Where all night long, by a firely lamp,  
She paddles her ~~own~~ canoe.

" And her firely lamp I soon shall see,  
And her paddle I soon shall hear ;  
Long and loving our life shall be,  
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,  
When the footstep of death is near ! "

Away to the dismal swamp he speeds, —  
His path was rugged and sore,

Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,  
If slumber his eyelids knew,  
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep  
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,  
And the copper-snake breathing in his ear,  
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
"O, when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a mete or bright  
Quick over its surface played,  
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"  
And the dan shore echoed for many a night  
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he followed a boat of the birchen bark,  
Which carried him off from shore;  
Far he followed the meteor spark,  
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,  
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
This lover and maid so true  
Are seen, at the hour of midnight camp,  
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,  
And paddle their white canoe!

THEMIS MOORE

#### RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

An ancient mariner, named, I think, Linn, Golden, to a wife, dingy faced, and detestable one.

It is an ancient mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long grey beard and glittering  
eye,  
Now will I forego all the fears  
The witch's doom: — are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin."  
The guests are met, the feast is set,  
— Mayst hear the merry din —  
He holds him with his skinny hand:  
"There was a ship," — sooth he.  
"Hold off! — unhand me, gray-beard!  
Loon!"  
Ereворs his hand and dropt he.

The word "loon" is a very old word, and is still used in some parts of the north of England.

He holds him with his glittering eye,  
— The wedding-guest sat still;  
He listens like a three year's child:  
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone, —  
He cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner:

The ancient mariner, having received his punishment, "the bird of prey" comes, and presents a corpse upon the ice, and the ship and crew depart.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,

T was sad as need could be;  
And we did tacke on't to tacke  
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper day  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No larger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And little else to drink;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever did befall!  
Yea, slender shrouds of water-wings  
Upon the bliny sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The dead-fare'givers danced to the top:  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Boiled green, and blue, and white.

And every tongue, through utter  
drought,

Was with'ed at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

"If I well waken, what evil looks  
Had I from out yond young  
Island of the green, the cat-towans  
A wot my neck was lang."

— Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
— Alone of a wile, wide woe,  
— And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful,  
And they all went but he,  
And all at once, thousand, thousand they  
Lived on, — and so did I.

And on  
yachts that  
tho' a hundred  
lives, and so  
many lie  
dead

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gush'd  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the  
cold breath  
of death  
was on  
the faces  
of the dead  
men

The cold sweat melted from their  
lids,  
Nor hot nor cold did they ;  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But O, more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse, —  
And yet I could not die.

In his bowl  
he held  
a smooth  
stone, the  
finger of  
the dead,  
the  
finger  
that all  
saw there,  
yet  
still move  
onward

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide ;  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hear frost spread ;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay  
The charmed water burnt away  
A still and awful red.

By the light  
of the moon  
he beheld  
the black  
crevices  
of the great  
cabin

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watched the water-snakes,  
They moved in tracks of shining white ;  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire, —  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beau-  
ty, and their  
happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare ;  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware, —  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

He blessed  
them in his  
heart

The selfsame moment I could pray ;  
And from my neck so free  
The albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

The spell  
begins to  
break

And now this spell was snapt ; once  
more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen, —

The curse  
is finally  
expiated

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And, having once turned round, walks  
on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made ;  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,  
Like a meadow gale of spring,  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too ;  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze, —  
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy ! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see ?  
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?  
Is this mine own countree ?

And the  
ancient  
mariner  
beholdeth  
his native  
country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray, —  
O, let me be awake, my God !  
Or let me sleep away.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn !  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock ;  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
And I heard the pilot's cheer ;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast ;  
Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third, — I heard his voice ;  
It is the hermit good !  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood ;  
He'll shrive me my soul, — he'll wash  
away  
The albatross's blood.

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea,  
So lonely 't was, that God himself  
Scarcely seemed there to be.

O, sweeter than the marriage feast,  
'T is sweeter far to me  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends, —  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay !

He is  
By the  
Example  
In regard  
received  
of all  
things  
that  
made  
and  
loved.

Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding-guest !  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone. — And now the wedding-guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn ;  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE KING OF THULE.

MARGARET'S SONG, IN "FAUST."

THERE was a king in Thulé,  
Was faithful till the grave, —  
To whom his mistress, dying,  
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious,  
He drained it at every bout —  
His eyes with tears ran o'er,  
As oft as he drank thereof.

When came his time of dying,  
The towns in his hand he told,  
Naught else to his heir denying  
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet  
With his knights of high degree,  
In the lofty hall of his father's,  
In the Castle by the Sea.

There stood the old carouser,  
And drank the last life-glow ;  
And hurled the hollowed goblet  
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,  
And sinking deep in the sea,  
Then fell his eyelids forever,  
And never more drank he.

FROM THE SONGS OF COLERIDGE, BY  
GEORGE TAYLOR.

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,  
In the depth of his cell with a stone covered floor,  
Reigning to thought his kingdom by him,  
Once formed three airy and wondrous balances plain ;  
But whether by magic or alchemist's powers  
We know not ; indeed, 't is no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,  
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.  
In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,  
And ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray ;  
But success is scarce, unless energy fails ;  
And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S  
SCALES.

"What were they?" you ask. — You shall pre-  
sently see ;

These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.  
O no ; for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thought — they could  
weigh,  
Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,  
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,

And naught so reluctant but in it must go :  
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there,  
As a weight, he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf,  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell  
That it bounce'd like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,  
With the garment that Doreas had made for a  
weight ;  
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed  
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
Next loaded one scale, while the other was pressed  
By those nates the poor widow dropped into the  
chest :

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
And down, down the farthing-worth came with  
a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)  
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one  
plow ;

A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,  
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;  
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,  
Weighed less than a widow's merry-tallied tear.  
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite  
scale ;

Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,  
All heaped in one balance and swinging from  
thence,

Weighed less than a few grains of camber and sense ;  
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt ;  
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice  
One pearl to outweigh, — 'T was THE PEARL OF  
GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the  
gate,

With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,  
When the former sprang up with so strong a re-  
buff

That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof !  
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,  
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;  
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell  
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

LAMB. FAVOR.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
Had cheered the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel — as well he might —  
The keen demands of appetite ;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied, far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;  
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent,  
" Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
" As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song ;  
For 't was the selfsame Power divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night."  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And, warbling out his approbation,  
Released him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head  
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said :  
" Let me see, — I should think that this milk  
will procure  
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

" Well then, — stop a bit, — it must not be for-  
gotten.  
Some of these may be broken, and some may be  
rotten ;  
But if twenty for accident should be detached,  
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

" Well, sixty sound eggs, — no, sound chickens,  
I mean :  
Of these some may die, — we'll suppose seventeen.  
Seventeen ! not so many, — say ten at the most,  
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

" But then there's their barley : how much will  
they need ?  
Why, they take but one grain at a time when  
they feed, —  
So that 's a mere trifle ; now then, let us see,  
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three—and two,  
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;  
Now what will that make fifty chickens, I said,  
Fifty times three and sixpence.—*I Ask Brother*

*And*

"O, but stop—three and sixpence a pair I  
must sell em;  
Well, a pair's a couple, now then I'll sell em;  
A couple in fifty will go (my poor 'tain)  
Why, for a—'ere times, and five p'ce will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how t'ime some  
it is

That I can't reckon up so much money at this,  
Well, there's no use in trying, so as to give a  
guess—

I'll say twenty pounds, and I can't be no less.

"Twenty pound I am certain, will buy me a cow,  
Thirty geese, and two turkeys, eight pigs and  
a sow,

Now if these turn o't well, at the end of the year,  
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, it is  
clear."

Forgetting her burden, when thus she had said,  
The maid superciliously tossed up her head.

When, alas for her prospects! her noble-p'ce  
descended,

And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

The moral, I think, may be safely attended,—  
"Reckon not on your chickens, where they are  
hatched."

JOHN R. TAYLOR.

#### BIRD LANGUAGE.

What do the wrens and the robins say,  
Talking so tenderly all the long day?  
Now on the cedar bush, now on the ground,  
Chirping their thoughts to the blossoms around  
Now on the willow-tree, waving so high,  
Warbling their cantos as close to the sky.

What do the wrens and the robins say?  
Do they feel the charm of this beautiful day?  
Does the wine of life please warm their veins,  
And give the keener to those words of strains?  
Are they mad with love or drunk with delight,  
That they revel so wilfully from morn to night?

What do the wrens and the robins say?  
Let each one answer as best he may,  
For every language holdeth a key  
To unlock the magical mystery;  
And differently all translate the words  
Of that varying language breathed by the birds.

The little bird he sang the gladness of his song,  
A call to the heart and the pleasure of his song,  
The wren and the robin of their joyousness,  
It charms with a perfume of music sweet,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
For he hears in them ever how sweet the voice

but must do the wrong as they would be right,  
To the dreaming poet a strange dream,  
To the heart and the brain a strange dream,  
The wren and the robin of their joyousness,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice

The wren and the robin of their joyousness,  
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As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody.

What do the wrens and the robins say?

JOHN R. TAYLOR.

#### BABY ZULMA'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A little girl and a little boy  
The wren and the robin of their joyousness,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
For he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
For he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody.

The day before, a Christmas Eve,  
A wren and a robin of their joyousness,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
For he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
For he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody.

He was the sun had crossed the sea,  
When, at the wren and the robin of their joyousness,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
For he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody,  
For he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
As he hears in them ever how sweet the voice,  
And the birds sing out in their sweet melody.

In stored coats of warm flame—  
And honeyed notes of wren and robin,  
The tripping dance of the wren and robin,  
To join the merry revelry.

From blushing chambers of the rose,  
And bowers the lily's buds enclose,  
And nooks and dells of deep repose,  
Where human sandal never goes,

The rabble poured its motley tide :  
Some upon airy chariots rode,  
By cupids showered from side to side,  
And some the dragon-fly bestrode ;  
While troops of virgins, left and right,  
Like microscopic trails of light,  
The sweeping pageant made as bright  
As beams a rainbow in its flight !

It passed : the bloom of purple plums  
Was rippled by trumpets rallying long  
O'er beds of pinks ; and dwarfish drums  
Struck all the insect world to song :  
The milkmaid caught the low refrain,  
The plowman answered to her strain,  
And every warbler of the plain  
The ringing chorus chirped again !

Beneath the sunset's faded arch,  
It formed and filed within our porch,  
With not a ray to guide its march  
Except the twilight's silver torch :  
And thus she came from clouds above,  
With spirits of the glen and grove,  
A flower of grace, a cooing dove,  
A shrine of prayer and star of love !

A queen of hearts ! — her mighty chains  
Are beads of coral round her strung,  
And, ribbon-dialed, she reigns,  
Commanding in an unknown tongue :  
The kitten spies her cunning ways,  
The patient cur romps in her plays,  
And glimpses of her earlier days  
Are seen in picture-books of fays.

To fondle all things doth she choose,  
And when she gets, what some one sends,  
A trilling gift of tiny shoes,  
She kisses both as loving friends ;  
For in her eyes this orb of care,  
Whose hopes are heaps of frosted hair,  
Is but a garland, trim and fair,  
Of cherubs twining in the air.

O, from a soul suffused with tears  
Of trust thou mayst be spared the thorn  
Which it has felt in other years, —  
Across the morn our Lord was born,  
I waft thee blessings ! At thy side  
May his invisible seraphs glide ;  
And tell thee still, whate'er betide,  
For thee, for thine, for all He died !

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

#### THE TOAD'S JOURNAL.

[It is said that Belzoni, the traveler in Egypt, discovered a living toad in a temple, which had been for ages buried in the sand.]

In a land for antiquities greatly renowned  
A traveler had dug wide and deep under ground,  
A temple, for ages entombed, to disclose, —  
When, lo ! he disturbed, in its secret repose,  
A toad, from whose journal it plainly appears  
It had lodged in that mansion some thousands of

years.

The roll which this reptile's long history records,  
A treat to the sage antiquarian affords :  
The sense by obscure hieroglyphics concealed,  
Deep learning at length, with long labor, revealed.  
The first thousand years as a specimen take, —  
The dates are omitted for brevity's sake :  
"Crawled forth from some rubbish, and winked  
with one eye ;

Half opened the other, but could not tell why ;  
Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,  
Then drew all together and slept for a year.  
Awakened, felt chilly, — crept under a stone ;  
Was vastly contented with living alone.  
One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,  
Could not get it away, — had the cramp in my leg,  
Began half to wish for a neighbor at hand  
To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand ;  
Pulled harder, then dozed, as I found 't was no  
use ; —

Awoke the next summer, and lo ! it was loose.  
Crawled forth from the stone when completely  
awake ;

Crept into a corner and grinned at a snake.  
Retreated, and found that I needed repose ;  
Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze ;  
Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,  
And did not awake for a century or more ;  
But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe :  
Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve ;  
And I in some garden deliciously fed  
In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry-bed.  
There fine speckled creatures claimed kindred with  
me,

And others that hopped, most enchanting to see.  
Here long I regaled with emotion extreme ; —  
Awoke, — disconcerted to find it a dream ;  
Grew pensive, — discovered that life is a load ;  
Began to get weary of being a toad ;  
Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears" —  
Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

#### MORAL.

It seems that life is all a void,  
On selfish thoughts alone employed ;  
That length of days is not a good,  
Unless their use be understood.

JANE TAYLOR.



## THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in a hollow, so damp and so cold,  
 Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,  
 The gray moss and lichen creep over the mold,  
 Lying loose on a ponderous stone.  
 Now within this huge stone, like a king on  
 his throne,  
 A toad has been sitting more years than is known :  
 And, strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems  
 The world standing still while he 's dreaming  
 his dreams, —  
 Does this wonderful toad, in his cheerful abode  
 In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
 By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till  
 night,  
 Dun shadows glide over the ground,  
 Where a watercourse once, as it sparkled with  
 light,  
 Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around :  
 Long years have passed by since its bed became  
 dry,  
 And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse  
 of the sky  
 Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,  
 Where the glow-worm at noonday is trimming  
 his lamp,  
 And hardly a sound from the thicket around,  
 Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the  
 ground,  
 Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode  
 In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,  
 By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come,  
 The shade is too black for a flower ;  
 And jewel-winged birds, with their musical hum,  
 Never flash in the night of that bower ;  
 But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the  
 brake,  
 Lies amid the rank grass, half asleep, half awake ;  
 And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in  
 its trail,  
 Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,  
 Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,  
 In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
 By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,  
 Like a toad in his cell in the stone ;  
 Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,  
 And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown ; —  
 Their streams may go dry, and the wheels cease  
 to ply,  
 And their glimpses be few of the sun and the sky,  
 Still they hug to their breast every time-hon-  
 ored guest,

And slumber and doze in inglorious rest ;  
 For no progress they find in the wide sphere of  
 mind,  
 And the world 's standing still with all of their  
 kind ;  
 Contented to dwell deep down in the well,  
 Or move like the snail in the crust of his shell,  
 Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,  
 With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall  
 of stone,  
 By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

## THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

VERIFIED FROM THOLUCK'S TRANSLATION OUT OF THE  
PERSIAN.

In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,  
 When some one called, " Arise, and pray !"  
 The angry Caliph cried, " Who dare  
 Rebuke his king for slighted prayer !"  
 Then, from the corner of the room,  
 A voice cut sharply through the gloom :  
 " My name is Satan. Rise ! obey  
 Mohammed's law ; awake, and pray !"  
 " Thy words are good," the Caliph said,  
 " But their intent I somewhat dread.  
 For matters cannot well be worse  
 Than when the thief says, ' Guard your purse !'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend,  
 It surely hides some wicked end."  
 Said Satan, " Near the throne of God,  
 In ages past, we devils trod ;  
 Angels of light, to us 't was given  
 To guide each wandering foot to heaven.  
 Not wholly lost is that first love,  
 Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,  
 The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day  
 When in his father's arms he lay ;

So we, once bathed in love divine,  
 Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow, —  
 That magic touch, I feel it now !

I fell, 't is true — O, ask not why,  
For still to God I turn my eye.

It was a chance by which I fell,  
Another takes me back from hell.

'T was but my envy of mankind,  
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear  
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,  
His guests flock in from every land ;

Some kind net toward the race of men  
May toss us into heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see, —  
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black — queen, pawn, — 't is all the same,  
For on both sides he plays the game.

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,  
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said, "If this be so,  
I know not, but thy guile I know ;

For how can I thy words believe,  
When even God thou didst deceive ?

A sea of lies art thou, — our sin  
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan, "I serve God,  
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting I both bless and curse,  
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,  
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted," the Caliph said, "but still  
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell then the truth, for well I know  
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well,  
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

If you had missed your prayer, I knew  
A swift repentance would ensue ;

And such repentance would have been  
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,  
Borne out of fault, should not be thine,

Preferring prayers clad with pride  
To sin with penitence allied."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

—♦—  
**AIRY NOTHINGS.**

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.



POEMS OF TRAGEDY.



This is Love, who, deaf to prayers,  
Floods with blessings unaware.  
Lo! if thou canst, the mystic line  
Severing rightly his, from thence,  
Which is human, which divine.

R. W. Emerson.

## POEMS OF TRAGEDY.

### THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was executed in Edinburgh, May 21, 1650, for an attempt to overthrow the Commonwealth, and restore Charles II.]

THE morning dawned full darkly,  
The rain came flashing down,  
And the jagged streak of the 'evin-bolt  
Lit up the gloomy town.

The thunder crashed across the heaven,  
The fatal hour was come ;  
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,  
The 'larum of the drum.

There was madness on the earth below  
And anger in the sky,  
And young and old, and rich and poor,  
Came forth to see him die.

Ah God ! that ghastly gibbet !  
How dismal 't is to see

The great tall spectral skeleton,  
The ladder and the tree !

Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms, —  
The bells begin to toll, —

“ He is coming ! he is coming !  
God's mercy on his soul ! ”

One last long peal of thunder, —  
The clouds are cleared away,  
And the glorious sun once more looks down  
Amidst the dazzling day.

“ He is coming ! he is coming ! ”  
Like a bridegroom from his room

Came the hero from his prison  
To the scaffold and the doom.

There was glory on his forehead,  
There was luster in his eye,

And he never walked to battle  
More proudly than to die.

There was color in his visage,

Though the cheeks of all were wan ;  
And they marveled as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,  
And he turned him to the crowd ;  
But they dared not trust the people,  
So he might not speak aloud.

But he looked upon the heavens,  
And they were clear and blue,  
And in the liquid ether

The eye of God shone through :  
Yet a black and murky battlement  
Lay resting on the hill,  
As though the thunder slept within, —  
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers  
With anxious scowl drew near,  
As you have seen the ravens flock  
Around the dying deer.  
He would not deign them word nor sign,  
But alone he bent the knee ;  
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace  
Beneath the gallows-tree.  
Then, radiant and serene, he rose,  
And cast his cloak away ;  
For he had ta'en his latest look  
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,  
Like a glory round the shriven,  
And he climbed the lofty ladder  
As it were the path to heaven.  
Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
And a stunning thunder-roll ;  
And no man dared to look aloft, —  
Fear was on every soul.

There was another heavy sound,  
A hush, and then a groan ;  
And darkness swept across the sky, —  
The work of death was done !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

### GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

[Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz, in the year 914, barbarously murdered a number of poor people to prevent their consuming a portion of the food during that year of famine. He was afterwards devoured by rats in his tower on an island in the Rhine. — *Old Legend.*]

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet :  
'T was a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door ;  
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,  
And all the neighborhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay ;  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,  
The poor folks flocked from far and near ;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;  
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"'T faith 't is an excellent bonfire !" quoth he ;  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm, —  
He had a countenance white with alarm :  
" My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be,  
" Fly ! my lord bishop, fly ! " quoth he,  
" Ten thousand rats are coming this way, —  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday ! "

" I 'll go to my tower in the Rhine," replied he ;  
" 'T is the safest place in Germany, —  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the tide is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away ;  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower, and barred with care  
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,  
But soon a scream made him arise ;  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked, — it was only the cat ;  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
For she sat screaming, mad with fear  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And now by thousands up they crawl  
To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls, by thousands they pour ;  
And down from the ceiling and up through the  
floor,

From the right and the left, from behind and  
before,  
From within and without, from above and be-  
low, —

And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop's bones ;  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him !

ROBERT SOUTHEY

#### THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

[Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up around a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1644, the crews of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce, for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Lockett, a Bangor man fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after, he was convicted of the crime and executed. Baltimore never recovered from this.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's  
hundred isles,  
The summer sun is gleaming still through  
Gabriel's rough defiles, —  
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a  
molting bird ;  
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is  
heard ;  
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children  
cease their play ;  
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households  
kneel to pray ;

And full of love and peace and rest, — its daily  
labor o'er, —  
Upon that cozy creek there lay the town of  
Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with  
midnight there ;  
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth  
or sea or air.

The massive capes and ruined towers seem con-  
scious of the calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing  
heavy balm.

So still the night, these two long barks round  
Dunashad that glide

Must trust their oars — methinks not few —  
against the ebbing tide.

O, some sweet mission of true love must urge  
them to the shore,

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in  
Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky  
street,

And these must be the lover's friends, with  
gently gliding feet.

A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! The roof is  
in a flame !

From out their beds, and to their doors, rush  
maid and sire and dame,

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleam-  
ing saber's fall,

And o'er each black and bearded face the white  
or crimson shawl.

The yell of "Allah !" breaks above the prayer  
and shriek and roar —

O blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against  
the shearing sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with  
which her son was gored ;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-  
babes clutching wild ;

Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled  
with the child.

But see, yon pirate strangling lies, and crushed  
with splashing heel,

While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps  
his Syrian steel ;

Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers  
yield their store,

There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of  
Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds  
begin to sing ;

They see not now the milking-maids, deserted is  
the spring !

Midsummer day, this gallant rides from distant  
Bandon's town,

These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that  
skiff from Affadown.

They only found the smoking walls with neigh-  
bors' blood besprent,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile  
they wildly went,

Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and  
saw, five leagues before,

The pirate-galleys vanishing that ravaged Balti-  
more.

O, some must tug the galley's oar, and some  
must tend the steed, —

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that  
a Bey's jerred.

O, some are for the arsenals by beautiful Dar-  
danelles,

And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy  
dells.

The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen  
for the Dey,

She's safe, — she's dead, — she stabbed him in  
the midst of his Serai ;

And when to die a death of fire that noble maid  
they bore,

She only smiled, O'Driscoll's child, — she  
thought of Baltimore.

'T is two long years since sunk the town beneath  
that bloody band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger  
concourse stand,

Where high upon a gallows-tree a yelling wretch  
is seen, —

'T is Hackett of Dugarvan, — he who steered  
the Algerine !

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a pass-  
ing prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a  
hundred there :

Some muttered of MacMorrough, who had brought  
the Norman o'er,

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Bal-  
timore.

THOMAS DAVIS

— — —  
PARRHASIUS.

PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully  
Upon the canvas. There Prometheus lay,  
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,  
The vulture at his vitals, and the links  
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh ;

And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim  
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth  
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form  
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye  
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl  
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,  
Were like the winged god's breathing from his  
flights.

"Bring me the captive now!  
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift  
From my waked spirit airily and swift;  
And I could paint the bow  
Upon the bended heavens, — around me play  
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!  
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here;  
Quick, — or he faints! — stand with the cordial  
near!

Now, — bend him to the rack!  
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!  
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So, — let him writhe! How long  
Will he live thus! Quick, my good pencil, now!  
What a fine agony works upon his brow!

Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!  
How fearfully he stiles that short moan!  
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"Pity thee! so I do!  
I pity the dumb victim at the altar,  
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?  
I'd rack thee, though I knew  
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;  
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine!

"Ah! there 's a deathless name! —  
A spirit that the smothering vaults shall spurn,  
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn;  
And though its crown of flame  
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,  
By all the fiery stars, I'd bind it on!

"Ay! though it bid me rifle  
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst, —  
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened  
first, —  
Though it should bid me stifle  
The yearnings in my heart for my sweet child,  
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild, —

"All, — I would do it all, —  
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot  
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.  
O Heavens! — but I appal

Your heart, old man! — forgive — ha! on your  
lives  
Let him not faint! rack him till he revives!

"Vain, — vain, — give o'er. His eye  
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now, —  
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!  
Gods! if he do not die,  
But for one moment — one — till I eclipse  
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters  
Brokenly now, — that was a difficult breath, —  
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!  
Look! how his temple flutters!  
Is his heart still? Ah! lift up his head!  
He shudders, — gasps, — Jove help him! — so,  
— he 's dead!"

How like a mounting devil in the heart  
Rules the unweird ambition! Let it once  
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow  
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought  
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on  
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns  
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring  
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,  
We look upon our splendor, and forget  
The thirst of which we perish!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

#### THE ROMAN FATHER'S SACRIFICE.

FROM "VIRGINIA"

STRAIGHTWAY Virginius led the maid  
A little space aside,  
To where the reeking shambles stood,  
Piled up with horn and hide;  
Close to yon low dark archway,  
Where, in a crimson flood,  
Leaps down to the great sewer  
The gurgling stream of blood.

Hard by, a flesher on a block  
Had laid his whittle down;  
Virginius caught the whittle up,  
And hid it in his gown.  
And then his eyes grew very dim,  
And his throat began to swell,  
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake,  
"Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!

"O, how I loved my darling!  
Though stern I sometimes be,  
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so, —  
Who could be so to thee?"



And how my darling loved me !

How glad she was to hear  
My footstep on the threshold  
When I came back last year !

"And how she danced with pleasure  
To see my civic crown,  
And took my sword, and hung it up,  
And brought me forth my gown !  
Now, all those things are over, —  
Yes, all thy pretty ways,  
Thy needlework, thy prattle,  
Thy snatches of old lays ;

"And none will grieve when I go forth,  
Or smile when I return,  
Or watch beside the old man's bed,  
Or weep upon his urn.

The house that was the happiest  
Within the Roman walls,  
The house that envied not the wealth  
Of Capua's marble halls,

"Now, for the brightness of thy smile,  
Must have eternal gloom,  
And for the music of thy voice,  
The silence of the tomb.  
The time is come ! See how he points  
His eager hand this way !  
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief,  
Like a kite's upon the prey !

"With all his wit, he little deems  
That, spurned, betrayed, bereft,  
Thy father hath, in his despair,  
One fearful refuge left.  
He little deems that in this hand  
I clutch what still can save  
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,  
The portion of the slave ;

"Yea, and from nameless evil,  
That passeth taunt and blow, —  
Foul outrage which thou knowest not,  
Which thou shalt never know.  
Then clasp me round the neck once more,  
And give me one more kiss ;  
And now, mine own dear little girl,  
There is no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel,  
And smote her in the side,  
And in her blood she sank to earth,  
And with one sob she died.  
Then, for a little moment,  
All people held their breath ;  
And through the crowded forum  
Was stillness as of death ;

And in another moment

Brake forth, from one and all,  
A cry as if the Volscians  
Were coming o'er the wall.  
Some with averted faces  
Shrieking fled home amain ;  
Some ran to call a leech ; and some  
Ran to lift up the slain.

Some felt her lips and little wrist,  
If life might there be found ;  
And some tore up their garments fast,  
And strove to staunch the wound.  
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd ;  
For never truer blow  
That good right arm had dealt in fight  
Against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed,  
He shuddered and sank down,  
And hid his face some little space  
With the corner of his gown ;  
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes,  
Virginus tottered nigh,  
And stood before the judgment-seat,  
And held the knife on high.

"O dwellers in the nether gloom,  
Avengers of the slain,  
By this dear blood I cry to you  
Do right between us twain ;  
And even as Appius Claudius  
Hath dealt by me and mine,  
Deal you by Appius Claudius,  
And all the Claudian line !"

So spake the slayer of his child,  
And turned and went his way ;  
But first he cast one haggard glance  
To where the body lay,  
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan,  
And then, with steadfast feet,  
Strode right across the market-place  
Unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius :  
"Stop him ; alive or dead !  
Ten thousand pounds of copper  
To the man who brings his head."  
He looked upon his clients ;  
But none would work his will.  
He looked upon hislictors ;  
But they trembled, and stood still.

And as Virginus through the press  
His way in silence cleft,  
Ever the mighty multitude  
Fell back to right and left.

And he hath passed in safety  
 Unto his woful home,  
 And there ta'en horse to tell the camp  
 What deeds are done in Rome.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

—◆—  
**LAMENT OF VIRGINIA.**

FROM "APPIUS AND VIRGINIA"

VIRGINIA. Farewell, my sweet Virginia;  
 never, never,  
 Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope  
 I had in thee. Let me forget the thought  
 Of thy most pretty infancy: when first  
 Returning from the wars, I took delight  
 To rock thee in my target; when my girl  
 Would kiss her father in his burgonet  
 Of glittering steel hung 'bout his arm'd neck;  
 And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see  
 Another fair Virginia smile on thee;  
 When I first taught thee how to go, to speak;  
 And when my wounds have smarted, I have  
 sung  
 With an unskillful, yet a willing voice,  
 To bring my girl asleep. O my Virginia,  
 When we began to be, began our woes,  
 Increasing still, as dying life still grows!

JOHN WEBSTER.

—◆—  
**A DAGGER OF THE MIND.**

FROM "MACBETH."

Macbeth, before the murder of Duncan, meditating alone, sees the  
 image of a dagger in the air, and thus soliloquizes:—

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
 clutch thee:—  
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before.—There's no such  
 thing:  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half  
 world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
 pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his  
 design  
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set  
 earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for  
 fear  
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he  
 lives:  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(*A bell rings.*)

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

—◆—  
**THE MURDER.**

FROM "MACBETH."

SCENE in the Castle. Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACBETH. That which hath made them  
 drunk hath made me bold;  
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire.  
 Hark!—Peace!  
 It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
 Which gives the stern'st good night. He is  
 about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooins  
 Do mark their charge with snores: I have  
 drugged their possets,  
 That death and nature do contend about them,  
 Whether they live, or die.

MACBETH (*within*). Who's there? What, ho!

LADY M. Alack, I am afraid they have  
 awaked  
 And 't is not done:—the attempt and not the deed  
 Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers  
 ready:

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
 My father, as he slept, I had done 't.—My hus-  
 band!

MACB. I have done the deed. Didst thou  
 not hear a noise?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream, and the  
 crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended!

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark! —  
Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. (*looking on his hands*). This is a sorry sight.

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"  
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodg'd together.

MACB. One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,

Listening their fear. I could not say, "Amen,"  
When they did say, "God bless us."

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"

Macbeth does murder sleep," — the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast, —

LADY M. What do you mean?

MACB. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

"Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore  
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, — Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. — Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more!  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

LADY M. Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

MACB. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?  
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out  
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will  
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

[*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*]

LADY M. My hands are of your color; but I  
shame

To wear a heart so white. *Knocking.* I hear  
a knocking

At the south entry: — retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed.

How easy is it, then! You can't deny

Hath left you unattended. *Knocking.* Hark,  
more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers: — be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed, 't were best not  
know myself. *Knocking.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou  
couldst.

—♦—

#### LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

FROM "THE CURE"

WORLD, you know why I summoned you to-  
gether?

Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,  
clotted with gore! Behold this frozen corpse!

See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!

She was the mark and model of the time,

The mold in which each female face was formed,

The very shrine and sacri-ty of virtue!

Fairer than ever was a form created

By youthful fancy when the blood-trays wild,

And never-resting thought is all on fire!

The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph

Who met old Numa in his hallowed wells,

And whi-peed in his ear her strains divine,

Can I conceive beyond her; — the young choir

Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'T is wonderful

Amid the darnel, henlock, and base weeds,

Which now spring rife from the luxurious com-  
post

Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose, —

How from the shade of those ill-neighboring  
plants

Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf  
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,  
She bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections  
Might have called back the torpid breast of age  
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind  
Might have abashed the boldest libertine  
And turned desire to reverential love  
And holiest affection! O my countrymen!  
You all can witness when that she went forth  
It was a holiday in Rome; old age  
Forgot its crutch, labor its task, — all ran,  
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,  
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now look ye where  
she lies!

That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,  
Torn up by ruthless violence,—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would you seek instruction—would ye ask  
What ye should do? Ask ye your conscious walls,  
Which saw his poisoned brother,  
Ask you deserted street, where Tullia drove  
O'er her dead father's corpse, 't will cry, Revenge!  
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple  
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!  
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,  
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,  
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!  
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,  
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,  
And swell the general sound, Revenge! Revenge!

And we will be revenged, my countrymen!  
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name  
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to  
him

Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

Brutus your king!—No, fellow-citizens!  
If mad ambition in this guilty frame  
Had strung one kingly fiber, yea, but one,  
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold  
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Now take the body up. Bear it before us  
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,  
And in the blazing conflagration rear  
A pile, for these chaste relics, that shall send  
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads  
you!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

#### BEATRICE CENCI.

FROM "THE CENCI"

BEATRICE. O,  
My God! can it be possible I have  
To die so suddenly! So young to go  
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!  
To be nailed down into a narrow place;  
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more

Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again  
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost,—  
How fearful!

LUCRETIA. Child, perhaps  
It will be granted. We may all then live  
To make these woes a tale for distant years.  
O, what a thought! It gushes to my heart  
Like the warm blood.

BEARR. Yet both will soon be cold.  
O, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,  
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope;  
It is the only ill which can find place  
Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour  
Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost  
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring;  
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose  
couch

Even now a city stands, fair, strong, and free;  
Now stench and blackness yawns, like death.

O, plead

With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,  
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!  
Cruel, cold, formal man! righteous in words,  
In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die,  
Since such is the reward of innocent lives,  
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.  
And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold  
men,

Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears  
To death as to life's sleep, 't were just the grave  
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure  
Death,

And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!  
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,  
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.

GRIFF hath been known to turn the young head  
gray,

To silver over in a single day  
The bright locks of the beautiful, their prime  
Scarcely o'erpast; as in the fearful time  
Of Gallia's madness, that dis-crowned head  
Serene, that on the accursed altar bled  
Miscalled of Liberty. O martyred Queen!  
What must the sufferings of that night have  
been—

That one—that sprinkled thy fair tresses o'er  
With time's untimely snow! But now no more,  
Lovely, august, unhappy one! of thee—  
I have to tell a humbler history:  
A village tale, whose only charm, in sooth  
(If any), will be sad and simple truth.

"Mother," quoth Ambrose to his thrifty dame, —  
So oft our peasant's use his wife to name,  
"Father" and "Master" to himself applied,  
As life's grave duties matronize the bride,  
"Mother," quoth Ambrose, as he faced the north  
With hard-set teeth, before he issued forth  
To his day labor, from the cottage door, —  
"I'm thinking that, to-night, if not before,  
There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton\*  
roar?"

It's brewing up down westward; and look there,  
One of those sea-gulls! ay, there goes a pair;  
And such a sudden thaw! — If rain comes on,  
As threats, the waters will be out anon.  
That path by the ford's a nasty bit of way, —  
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day."

"Do, mother, do!" the quick-cared urchins  
cried;

Two little lasses to the father's side  
Close clinging, as they looked from him, to spy  
The answering language of the mother's eye.  
There was denial, and she shook her head:

"Nay, nay, — no harm will come to them," she  
said,

"The mistress lets them off these short dark days  
An hour the earlier; and our Liz, she says,  
May quite be trusted — and I know 't is true  
To take care of herself and Jenny too.  
And so she ought, — she's seven come first of  
May,

Two years the oldest; and they give away  
The Christmas bounty at the school to-day."

The mother's will was law (alas, for her  
That hapless day, poor soul!) — she could not err,  
Thought Ambrose; and his little fair-haired Jane  
(Her namesake) to his heart he hugged again,  
When each had had her turn; she clinging so  
As if that day she could not let him go.  
But Labor's sons must snatch a hasty bliss  
In nature's tenderest mood. One last fond kiss,  
"God bless my little maids!" the father said,  
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.  
Then might be seen, the playmate parent gone,  
What looks demure the sister pair put on, —  
Not of the mother as afraid, or shy,  
Or questioning the love that could deny;  
But simply, as their simple training taught,  
In quiet, plain straightforwardness of thought  
(Submissively resigned the hope of play)  
Towards the serious business of the day.

To me there's something touching, I confess,  
In the grave look of early thoughtfulness,  
Seen often in some little childish face

\* A fresh-water spring rushing into the sea, called Chewton  
Banny

Among the poor. Not that wherein we trace  
(Shame to our land, our ruler, and our race!)  
The unnatural sufferings of the factory child,  
But a staid quietness, reflective, mild,  
Betokening, in the depths of those young eyes,  
Sense of life's cares, without its miseries.

So to the mother's charge, with thoughtful brow,  
The doleful Lizzy stood attentive now,  
Proud of her years and of imputed sense,  
And prudence justifying confidence, —  
And little Jenny, more demurely still,  
Beside her waited the maternal will.  
So standing hand in hand, a lovelier twain  
Gainsborough ne'er painted: no — nor he of  
Spain,

Glorious Murillo! — and by contrast shown  
More beautiful. The younger little one,  
With large blue eyes and silken ringlets fair,  
By nut-brown Lizzy, with smooth parted hair,  
Sable and glossy as the raven's wing,  
And lustrous eyes as dark.

"Now, mind and bring  
Jenny safe home," the mother said, — "don't  
stay

To pull a bough or berry by the way:  
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast  
Your little sister's hand, till you're quite past,  
That plank's so crazy, and so slippery  
(If not o'erflowed) the stepping-stone will be.  
But you're good children — steady as old folk —  
I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzy's cloak,  
A good gray duffle, lovingly she tied,  
And amply little Jenny's lack supplied  
With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said  
she,

"To wrap it round and knot it carefully  
(Like this), when you come home, just leaving  
free  
One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away —  
Good will to school, and then good night to play."

Was there no sinking at the mother's heart  
When, all equip, they turned them to depart?  
When down the lane, she watched them as they  
went

Till out of sight, was no forefeeling sent  
Of coming ill? In truth I cannot tell:  
Such warnings *hæc* been sent, we know full well  
And must believe — believing that they are —  
In mercy then — to rouse, restrain, prepare.

And now I mind me, something of the kind  
Did surely haunt that day the mother's mind,  
Making it irksome to bide all alone  
By her own quiet hearth. Though never known  
For idle gossipry was Jenny Grav,  
Yet so it was, that morn she could not stay

At home with her own thoughts, but took her way

To her next neighbor's, half a loaf to borrow, —  
Yet might her store have lasted out the morrow, —

And with the loan obtained, she lingered still.  
Said she, " My master, if he 'd had his will,  
Would have kept back our little ones from school  
This dreadful morning ; and I 'm such a fool,  
Since they 've been gone, I 've wished them back.

But then  
It won't do in such things to humor men, —  
Our Ambrose specially. If let alone  
He 'd spoil those wenches. But it's coming on,  
That storm he said was brewing, sure enough,  
Well ! what of that ? To think what idle stuff  
Will come into one's head ! And here with you  
I stop, as if I 'd nothing else to do —

And they 'll come home, drowned rats. I must  
be gone

To get dry things, and set the kettle on."

His day's work done, three mortal miles, and more,  
Lay between Ambrose and his cottage-door.

A weary way, God wot, for weary wight !  
But yet far off the curling smoke in sight  
From his own chimney, and his heart felt light.  
How pleasantly the humble homestead stood,  
Down the green lane, by sheltering Shirley wood !  
How sweet the wafting of the evening breeze,  
In spring-time, from his two old cherry trees,  
Sheeted with blossom ! And in hot July,  
From the brown moor track, shadowless and dry,  
How grateful the cool covert to regain  
Of his own *avenue*, — that shady lane,  
With the white cottage, in a slanting glow  
Of sunset glory, gleaming bright below,  
And jasmine porch, his rustic portico !

With what a thankful gladness in his face,  
(Silent heart-homage, — plant of special grace !)  
At the lane's entrance, slackening oft his pace,  
Would Ambrose send a loving look before ;  
Concerning the caged blackbird at the door,  
The very blackbird, strained its little throat,  
In welcome, with a more rejoicing note ;  
And honest Tinker, dog of doubtful breed,  
All bristle, back, and tail, but " good at need,"  
Pleasant his greeting to the accustomed ear ;  
But of all welcomes pleasantest, most dear,  
The ringing voices, like sweet silver bells,  
Of his two little ones. How fondly swells  
The father's heart, as, dancing up the lane,  
Each clasps a hand in her small hand again,  
And each must tell her tale and " say her say,"  
Impeding as she leads with sweet delay  
(Childhood's best thoughtlessness !) his onward  
way.

And when the winter day closed in so fast ;  
Scarce for his task would dreary daylight last ;  
And in all weathers — driving sleet and snow —  
Home by that bare, bleak moor track must he go,  
Darkling and lonely. O, the blessed sight  
(His polestar) of that little twinkling light  
From one small window, through the leafless trees,  
Glimmering so fitfully ; no eye but his  
Had spied it so far off. And sure was he,  
Entering the lane, a steadier beam to see,  
Ruddy and broad as peat-fed hearth could pour,  
Streaming to meet him from the open door  
Then, though the blackbird's welcome was un-  
heard,

Silenced by winter, note of summer bird  
Still hailed him from no mortal fowl alive,  
But from the cuckoo clock just striking five,  
And Tinker's ear and Tinker's nose were keen,  
Off started he, and then a form was seen  
Darkening the doorway ; and a smaller spito,  
And then another, peered into the night,  
Ready to follow free on Tinker's track,

But for the mother's hand that held her back ;  
And yet a moment — a few steps — and there,  
Pulled o'er the threshold by that eager pair,  
He sits by his own hearth, in his own chair ;  
Tinker takes post beside with eyes that say,  
" Master, we've done our business for the day."  
The kettle sings, the cat in chorus purrs,  
The busy housewife with her tea-things stirs ;  
The door's made fast, the old stuff curtain  
drawn ;

How the hail chatters ! Let it clatter on !  
How the wind raves and rattles ! What cares he !  
Safe housed and warm beneath his own roof-tree,  
With a wee lassie prattling on each knee.

Such was the hour — hour sacred and apart —  
Warmed in expectancy the poor man's heart.  
Summer and winter, as his toil he plied,  
To him and his the literal doom applied,  
Pronounced on Adam. But the bread was sweet  
So earned, for such dear months. The weary feet,  
Hope-shod, slept lightly on the homeward way ;  
So specially it fared with Ambrose Gray  
That time I tell of. He had worked all day  
At a great clearing ; vigorous stroke on stroke  
Striking, till, when he stopt, his back seemed  
broke,

And the strong arms dropt nerveless. What of  
that ?

There was a treasure hidden in his hat,  
A plaything for the young ones. He had found  
A dormouse nest ; the living ball coiled round  
For its long winter sleep ; and all his thought  
As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught  
But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,  
And graver Lizzy's quieter surprise,

When he should yield, by guess and kiss and prayer  
Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

'T was a wild evening, — wild and rough. "I  
knew,"  
Thought Ambrose, "those unlucky gulls spoke  
true,

And Gaffer Chewton never growls for naught, —  
I should be mortal 'mazed now if I thought  
My little maids were not safe housed before  
That blinding hail-storm, — ay, this hour and  
more,

Unless by that old crazy bit of board,  
They've not passed dry foot over Shallow ford,  
That I'll be bound for, — swollen as it must  
be

Well ' if my mistress had been ruled by me — "  
But, checking the half thought as leary,  
He looked out for the Home Star. There it  
shone,  
And with a gladdened heart he hastened on.

He 's in the lane again, — and there below,  
Streams from the open doorway that red glow,  
Which warms him but to look at. For his prize  
Contention he feels, — all safe and snug it lies. —  
"Down, Tinker! down, old boy! — not quite so  
free,

The thing thou sniffest is no game for thee. —  
But what 's the meaning? no lookout to night!  
No living soul astir! — Pray God, all 's right!  
Who 's flittering round the peat stack in such  
weather?

Mother! — you might have felled him with a  
feather,

When the short answer to his loud "Hillo!"  
And hurried question, "Are they come?" was  
"No."

To throw his tools down, hastily unhook  
The old cracked lantern from its dusty nook,  
And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word,  
That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,  
Was but a moment's act, and he was gone  
To where a fearful foresight led him on.  
Passing a neighbor's cottage in his way, —  
Mark Fenton's, — him he took with short delay  
To bear him company, — for who could say  
What need might be? They struck into the track  
The children should have taken coming back  
From school that day; and many a call and shout  
Into the pitchy darkness they sent out,  
And, by the lantern light, peered all about,  
In every roadside thicket, hole, and nook,  
Till suddenly — as nearing now the brook —  
Something brushed past them. That was Tink-  
er's bark, —

Unheeded, he had followed in the dark,  
Close at his master's heels; but, swift as light,  
Darted before them now. "Be sure he 's right,  
He 's on the track," cried Ambrose. "Hold the  
light

Low down, — he 's making for the water. Hark!  
I know that whine, — the old dog 's found them,  
Mark."

So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on  
Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. — It was gone!  
And all his dull contracted light could show  
Was the black wood and dark swollen stream below.

"Yet there 's life somewhere, more than Tink-  
er's whine, —  
That 's sure," and Mark. "So, let the lantern  
shine

Down yonder. There 's the dog, — and, hark!"  
"O dear!"

And a low sob came faintly on the ear,  
Mocked by the sobbing gnat. Down, quick as  
thought,

Into the stream leapt Ambrose, where he caught  
Fast hold of something, — a dark huddled  
heap,

Half in the water, where 't was scarce knee deep.  
For a tall man, and half above it, propped  
By some old ragged side poles, that had stooped  
Endways the broken plank, when it gave way  
With the two little ones that luckless day!  
"My babes! — my bankins!" was the father's  
cry.

*One little voice* made answer, "Here am I!"  
'T was Lazzie's. There she crouched with face  
as white,

More ghastly by the flickering lantern-light  
Than sheeted corpse. The pale blue lips drawn  
tight,

Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,  
And eyes on some dark object underneath,  
Washed by the turbid water, fixed as stone, —  
One arm and hand stretched out, and rigid  
grown,

Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's lock.  
There she lay drowned. — Could he sustain that  
shock,

The dotting father? Where 's the unripened rock  
Can bide such blasting in its flintiest part  
As that soft sentient thing, — the human heart!

They lifted her from out her watery bed,  
Its covering gone, the lovely little head  
Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside;  
And one small hand, the mother's shawl was  
tied,

Leaving that free, about the child's small form,  
As was her last injunction — "fast and warm" —  
Too well obeyed, too fast! A fatal hold  
Affording to the scrag by a thick hold

That caught and pinned her in the river's bed,  
While through the reckless water overhead  
Her life-breath bubbled up.

"She might have lived,  
Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived

The wretched mother's heart, when she knew all,  
"But for my foolishness about that shawl!  
And master would have kept them back the day;  
But I was willful, — driving them away  
In such wild weather!"

Thus the tortured heart  
Unnaturally against itself takes part,  
Driving the sharp edge deeper of a woe  
Too deep already. They had raised her now,  
And parting the wet ringlets from her brow,  
To that, and the cold cheek, and lips as cold,  
The father glued his warm ones, ere they rolled  
Once more the fatal shawl — her winding-sheet —  
About the precious clay. One heart still beat,  
Warned by *his heart's* blood. To his *only child*  
He turned him, but her piteous moaning mild  
Pierced him afresh, — and now she knew him not.  
"Mother!" she murmured, "who says I for-  
got?"

"Mother! indeed, indeed, I kept fast hold,  
And tied the shawl quite close — she can't be  
cold —

But she won't move — we slept — I don't know  
how —

But I held on — and I'm so weary now —  
And it's so dark and cold! O dear! O dear! —  
And she won't move — if daddy was but here!"

Poor lamb! she wandered in her mind, 't was  
clear;

But soon the piteous murmur died away,  
And quiet in her father's arms she lay, —  
They their dead burden had resigned, to take  
The living, so near lost. For her dear sake,  
And one at home, he armed himself to bear  
His misery like a man, — with tender care  
Dolling his coat her shivering form to fold  
(His neighbor bearing that which felt no cold),  
He clasped her close, and so, with little said,  
Homeward they bore the living and the dead.

From Ambrose Gray's poor cottage all that night  
Shone fitfully a little shifting light,  
Above, below, — for all were watchers there,  
Save one sound sleeper. *Her*, parental care,  
Parental watchfulness, availed not now.  
But in the young survivor's throbbing brow,  
And wandering eyes, delirious fever burned;  
And all night long from side to side she turned,  
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,  
With now and then the murmur, "She won't  
move."

And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright  
Shone on that pillow, passing strange the sight, —  
That young head's raven hair was streaked with  
white!

No idle fiction this. Such things have been,  
We know. And now *I tell what I have seen.*

Life struggled long with death in that small  
frame,

But it was strong, and conquered. All became  
As it had been with the poor family, —

All, saying that which nevermore might be:  
There was an empty place, — they were but three.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHBY.

### FRA GIACOMO.

#### I.

ALAS, Fra Giacomo,  
Too late! — but follow me;  
Hush! draw the curtain, — so! —  
She is dead, quite dead, you see.  
Poor little lady! she lies  
With the light gone out of her eyes,  
But her features still wear that soft  
Gray meditative expression,  
Which you must have noticed oft,  
And admired too, at confession.  
How saintly she looks, and how meek!  
Though this be the chamber of death,  
I fancy I feel her breath  
As I kiss her on the cheek.  
With that pensive religious face,  
She has gone to a holier place!  
And I hardly appreciated her, —  
Her praying, fasting, confessing,  
Poorly, I own, I mated her;  
I thought her too cold, and rated her  
For her endless image-caressing.  
Too saintly for me by far,  
As pure and as cold as a star,  
Not fashioned for kissing and pressing, —  
But made for a heavenly crown.  
Ay, father, let us go down, —  
But first, if you please, your blessing!

#### II.

Wine? No! Come, come, you must!  
You'll bless it with your prayers,  
And quaff a cup, I trust,  
'To the health of the saint up stairs?  
My heart is aching so!  
And I feel so weary and sad,  
Through the blow that I have had, —  
You'll sit, Fra Giacomo?  
My friend! (and a friend I rank you  
For the sake of that saint,) — nay, nay!



Here's the wine, — as you love me, stay! —  
'T is Montepulciano! — Thank you.

## III.

Heigh-ho! 'T is now six summers  
Since I won that angel and married her:  
I was rich, not old, and carried her  
Off in the face of all comers.  
So fresh, yet so brimming with soul!  
A tenderer morsel, I swear,  
Never made the dull black coal  
Of a monk's eye glitter and glare.  
Your pardon! — nay, keep your chair!  
I wander a little, but mean  
No offence to the gray gaberdine:  
Of the church, Fra Giacomo,  
I'm a faithful upholder, you know,  
But (humor me!) she was as sweet  
As the saints in your convent windows,  
So gentle, so meek, so discreet,  
She knew not what lust does or sin does.  
I'll confess, though, before we were one,  
I deemed her less saintly, and thought  
The blood in her veins had caught  
Some natural warmth from the sun.  
I was wrong, — I was blind as a bat, —  
Brute that I was, how I blundered!  
Though such a mistake as that  
Might have occurred as pat  
To ninety-nine men in a hundred.  
Yourself, for example? you've seen her?  
Spite her modest and pious demeanor,  
And the manners so nice and precise,  
Seemed there not color and light,  
Bright motion and appetite,  
That were scarcely consistent with *fee*?  
Externals implying, you see,  
Internals less saintly than human? —  
Pray speak, for between you and me  
You're not a bad judge of a woman!

## IV.

A jest, — but a jest! — Very true:  
'T is hardly becoming to jest,  
And that saint up stairs at rest, —  
Her soul may be listening, too!  
I was always a brute of a fellow!  
Well may your visage turn yellow, —  
To think how I doubted and doubted,  
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted  
That golden-haired angel, — and solely  
Because she was zealous and holy!  
Noon and night and morn  
She devoted herself to piety;  
Not that she seemed to scorn  
Or dislike her husband's society;  
But the claims of her *soul* superseded

All that I asked for or needed,  
And her thoughts were far away  
From the level of sinful clay,  
And she trembled if earthly matters  
Interfered with her *aces* and *paters*.  
Poor dove, she so fluttered in flying  
Above the dim vapors of hell  
Bent on self-sanctifying  
That she never thought of trying  
To save her husband as well.  
And while she was duly elected  
For place in the heavenly roll,  
I (brute that I was!) suspected  
Her manner of saving her soul.  
So, half for the fun of the thing,  
What did I (dilettante!) but fling  
On my shoulders the gown of a monk —  
Whom I managed for that very day  
To get safely out of the way —  
And seat me, half sober, half drunk,  
With the cowl thrown over my face,  
In the father confessor's place.  
*Eheu! benedictio!*  
In her orthodox sweet simplicity,  
With that pensive gray expression,  
She sightfully knelt at confession,  
While I bit my lips till they bled,  
And dug my nails in my hand,  
And heard with averted head  
What I'd guessed and could understand.  
Each word was a serpent's sting,  
But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,  
I sat, like a marble thing,  
As she told me all! — SIT DOWN.

## V.

More wine, Fra Giacomo!  
One cup, — if you love me! No!  
What, have these dry lips drank  
So deep of the sweets of pleasure —  
*Sub rosa*, but quite without measure —  
That Montepulciano tastes rank?  
Come, drink! 't will bring the streaks  
Of crimson back to your cheeks;  
Come, drink again to the saint  
Whose virtues you loved to paint,  
Who, stretched on her wifely bed,  
With the tender, grave expression  
You used to admire at confession,  
Lies poisoned, overhead!

## VI.

Sit still, — or by heaven, you die!  
Face to face, soul to soul, you and I  
Have settled accounts, in a fine  
Pleasant fashion, over our wine.  
Stir not, and seek not to fly, —

Nay, whether or not, you are mine !  
 Thank Montepulciano for giving  
 Your death in such delicate sips ;  
 'T is not every monk ceases living  
 With so pleasant a taste on his lips ;  
 But, lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,  
 Take this ' and this ! and this !

## VII.

Cover him over, Pietro,  
 And bury him in the court below, —  
 You can be secret, lad, I know !  
 And, hark von, then to the convent go, —  
 Bid every bell of the convent toll,  
 And the monks say mass for your mistress' soul.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET

Low spake the knight to the peasant maid,  
 "O, be not thus of my suit afraid !  
 Fly with me from this garden small,  
 And thou shalt sit in my castle hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp and wealth and pleasure,  
 Joys beyond thy fancy's measure ;  
 Here with my sword and horse I stand,  
 To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest ! this full-blown rose  
 A token of love that as ripely blows."  
 With his glove of steel he plucked the token,  
 And it fell from the gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed, "Thou seest, Sir Knight,  
 Thy fingers of iron can only smite ;  
 And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,  
 I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered !"

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell,  
 But she turned from the knight, and said, "Fare-  
 well !"

"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,  
 I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,  
 And he mounted and spurred with fiery heel ;  
 But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,  
 Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,  
 But swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped ;  
 And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot  
 horse,  
 Was the living man and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue,  
 That morning the maiden was sweet to view ;  
 But the evening sun its beauty shed  
 On the withered leaves and the maiden dead.

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH)

## RAMON

REFUGIO MINE, NORTHERN MEXICO.

DRUNK and senseless in his place,  
 Proud and sprawling on his face,  
 More like brute than any man  
 Alive or dead, —  
 By his great pump out of gear,  
 Lay the peon engineer,  
 Waking only just to hear,  
 Overhead,  
 Angry tones that called his name,  
 Oaths and cries of bitter blame, —  
 Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and  
 fled !

"To the man who 'll bring to me,"  
 Cried attendant Harry Lee, —  
 Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,  
 "Bring the sot alive or dead,  
 I will give to him," he said,  
 "Fifteen hundred pesos down,  
 Just to set the rascal's crown  
 Underneath this heel of mine :  
 Since but death  
 Deserves the man whose deed,  
 Be it vice or want of heed,  
 Stops the pumps that give us breath, —  
 Stops the pumps that suck the death  
 From the poisoned lower levels of the mine !"

No one answered, for a cry  
 From the shaft rose up on high ;  
 And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,  
 Came the miners each, the bolder  
 Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,  
 Grappling, clinging to their hold or  
 letting go,  
 As the weaker gasped and fell  
 From the ladder to the well, —  
 To the poisoned pit of hell  
 Down below !

"To the man who sets them free,"  
 Cried the foreman, Harry Lee, —  
 Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine, —  
 "Brings them out and sets them free,  
 I will give that man," said he,  
 "Twice that sum, who with a rope  
 Face to face with death shall cope ;  
 Let him come who dares to hope !"

"Hail your peer — some one replied,  
 Standing by the felon's side ;  
 "There has not a ready name, whoe'er he be."

Then their hellish breath with awe,  
 Palling on the eye, — the saw  
 Ejecting figures to appear,  
 On the black rap, swinging clear,  
 Fended by some skilful hand from below ;  
 Till a score the level gained,  
 And but one alone remained,  
 He the hero and the best,  
 He whose zealous hand made fast  
 The long line that brought them back to hope  
 and cheer.

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he  
 At the feet of Henry Lee,  
 Henry Lee, the English foreman of the Court :  
 "I have come," he gasped, "to claim  
 Both reward and Sotol, — my name  
 Is Ramon ;  
 I'm the drunken orgiast, —  
 I'm the coward, Sinner — Hero  
 He felt over, by that sign  
 Dead as stone !"

EPIC—HASTE

## THE KING IS COLD.

## I.

Rake the embers, blow the coals,  
 Knock at once a roaring fire ;  
 Here's some paper — 't is nothing, sir —  
 Light it (they've saved a thousand souls),  
 Run for lights, ye savvy knaves,  
 There are plenty out in the public square,  
 You know they fly the King's state,  
 (But God remember their names in graves)  
 Fly, fly, or the King may die !  
 Ugh ! his royal feet are like snow,  
 And the cold is a coming to his heart.  
 (But that was from a long ago !)  
 Pases's varlets, do as you are told, —  
 The king is cold.

## II.

His bed of state 's a grand affair,  
 With sheets of satin and pillows of down,  
 And a rose beside it stuns the crown. —  
 But that won't keep him from dying there !  
 His hands are white like, his hair is gray,  
 And his ancient blood is saggled and thin  
 When he was young 't was hot with sin. —  
 But that is over this many a day !  
 Under these sheets of satin and lace  
 He shivers in the arms of his concubines ;

Now they come with the pained countenance  
 Driving the numberless women  
 It a poison to one soul, comes to many  
 Now the King is cold !

## III.

"What good, I am told, His Majesty now  
 Forthwith to the pious, burning, and dead  
 Napier, I would have you to send,  
 Let the King's army against him be sent,  
 That would be wiser, 't is not the King  
 Would I could be king, I know, 't is true,  
 'T would be wiser, the King to be king,  
 That would be wiser, the King to be king,  
 Here I be a pious, I know, 't is true,  
 He is a pious, 't is a pious, 't is a pious,  
 Here, may you know, 't is a pious,  
 (With you may you know, 't is a pious,  
 Peace to the King, 't is a pious, 't is a pious,  
 The King is cold !"

KING OF FRANCE

## SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN

FROM PARADISE LOST.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory and wind,  
 Look'st from thy throne on our fallen state,  
 Of this new world, — at once our sight and ours,  
 Here thou dost shine above us, as a day,  
 But wilt not brightly view us, as our King,  
 O sooth to tell, we love thee, but thy beams  
 That come by night, — we hate, — that what we  
 I feel, how glorious thou art, how bright,  
 The pride and sense, and sense, — how we  
 Waiting to leave against thy face, — our King,  
 King

Ah, wherefore thou dost send us such return,  
 From me, whom thou hast made a King,  
 In this night of mine, and who hast  
 Upraised me, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 What could be, but thou hast made me King,  
 The only one, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 How could I, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 And wouldst thou, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 I should, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 I should, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,

Wouldst thou, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 The King, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 So, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 Forgotten what from him I am, — as thou wilt,  
 And thou hast not what a King, — as thou wilt,  
 By giving over, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 I should, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 O him, his power, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 My, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 Thou happy, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 And thou, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,  
 And thou, — as thou wilt, — as thou wilt,

As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,

Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
Hadst thou the same free will, and power to stand ?  
Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to  
accuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?  
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe !  
Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
O, then, at last relent : is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?

None left but by submission ; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
With other promises and other vanities  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Ah me ! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;  
Under what torments inwardly I groan.

While they adore me on the throne of hell.  
With diadem and scepter high advanced,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery : such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
By act of grace, my former state ; how soon  
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon  
unsay

What feigned submission swore ! Ease would  
recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so  
deep :

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall ; so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher ; therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging peace :  
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this world.  
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;  
Evil, be thou my good : by thee at least  
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

MILTON.

COUNTESS LAURA

It was a dreary day in Padua.  
The Countess Laura, for a single year  
Fernando's wife, upon her bridal bed,  
Like an uprooted lily on the snow,  
The withered outcast of a festival,  
Lay dead. She died of some uncertain ill,  
That struck her almost on her wedding day,  
And clung to her, and dragged her slowly down,  
Thinning her cheeks and pinching her full lips,  
Till, in her chance, it seemed that with a year  
Full half a century was overpast.  
In vain had Paracelsus taxed his art,  
And feigned a knowledge of her malady ;  
In vain had all the doctors, far and near,  
Gathered around the mystery of her bed,  
Draining her veins, her husband's treasury,  
And physic's jargon, in a fruitless quest  
For causes equal to the dread result.

The Countess only smiled when they were gone,  
Hugged her fair body with her little hands,  
And turned upon her pillows wearily,  
As though she fain would sleep no common sleep,  
But the long, breathless slumber of the grave.  
She hinted nothing. Feeble as she was,  
The rack could not have wrung her secret out.  
The Bishop, when he shivered her, coming forth,  
Cried, in a voice of heavenly ecstasy,  
" O blessed soul ! with nothing to confess  
Save virtues and good deeds, which she mis-  
takes —

So humble is she — for our human sins ! "  
Praying for death, she tossed upon her bed  
Day after day ; as might a shipwrecked bark  
That rocks upon one billow, and can make  
No onward motion towards her port of hope.  
At length, one morn, when those around her said,  
" Surely the Countess mends, so fresh a light  
Beams from her eyes and beautifies her face," —  
One morn in spring, when every flower of earth  
Was opening to the sun, and breathing up  
Its votive incense, her impatient soul  
Opened itself, and so exhaled to heaven.  
When the Count heard it, he reeled back a pace ;  
Then turned with anger on the messenger ;  
Then craved his pardon, and wept out his heart  
Before the mental ; tears, ah me ! such tears  
As love sheds only, and love only once.  
Then he bethought him, " Shall this wonder die,  
And leave behind no shadow ? not a trace  
Of all the glory that environed her,  
That mellow nimbus circling round my star ? "  
So, with his sorrow glooming in his face,  
He paced along his gallery of art,  
And strode among the painters, where they stood,  
With Carlo, the Venetian, at their head,  
Studying the Masters by the dawning light

Of his transcendent genius. Through the groups  
Of gayly vested artists moved the Count,  
As some lone cloud of thick and leaden hue,  
Packed with the secret of a coming storm,  
Moves through the gold and crimson evening  
mists,

Deadening their splendor. In a moment still  
Was Carlo's voice, and still the prattling crowd;  
And a great shadow overwhelmed them all,  
As their white faces and their anxious eyes  
Pursued Fernando in his moody walk.

He paused, as one who balances a doubt,  
Weighing two courses, then burst out with this:  
"Ye all have seen the tidings in my face,  
Or has the dial ceased to register

The workings of my heart? Then hear the bell,  
That almost cracks its frame in utterance;  
The Countess, — she is dead!" "Dead!" Carlo  
groaned.

And if a bolt from middle heaven had struck  
His splendid features full upon the brow,  
He could not have appeared more scathed and  
blanched.

"Dead! — dead!" He staggered to his easel-  
frame,

And clung around it, buffeting the air  
With one wild arm, as though a drowning man  
Hung to a spar and fought against the waves.  
The Count resumed: "I came not here to grieve,  
Nor see my sorrow in another's eyes.

Who'll paint the Countess, as she lies to-night  
In state within the chapel? Shall it be  
That earth must lose her wholly? that no hint  
Of her gold tresses, beaming eyes, and lips  
That talked in silence, and the eager soul  
That ever seemed outbreathing through her clay,  
And scattering glory round it, — shall all these  
Be dull corruption's heritage, and we,  
Poor beggars, have no legacy to show

That love she bore us? That were shame to love,  
And shame to you, my masters." Carlo stalked  
Forth from his easel stilly as a thing  
Moved by mechanic impulse. His thin lips,  
And sharpened nostrils, and wan, sunken cheeks,  
And the cold glimmer in his dusky eyes,  
Made him a ghastly sight. The throng drew  
back

As though they let a specter through. Then he,  
Frowning the Count, and speaking in a voice  
Sounding remote and hollow, made reply:

"Count, I shall paint the Countess. 'T is my  
fate, —

Not pleasure, — no, nor duty." But the Count,  
Astray in woe, but understood assent,  
Not the strange words that bore it; and he flung  
His arm round Carlo, drew him to his breast,  
And kissed his forehead. At which Carlo shrank;  
Perhaps 't was at the honor. Then the Count,

A little reddening at his public state, —  
Unseemly to his near and recent loss, —  
Withdrew in haste between the downcast eyes  
That did him reverence as he rustled by.

Night fell on Palua. In the chapel lay  
The Countess Laura at the altar's foot.  
Her coronet glittered on her pallid brows;  
A crimson pall, weighed down with golden work,  
Sown thick with pearls, and heaped with early  
flowers,

Draped her still body almost to the chin;  
And over all a thousand candles flamed  
Against the winking jewels, or streamed down  
The marble aisle, and flashed along the guard  
Of men-at-arms that slowly wove their turns,  
Backward and forward, through the distant  
gloom.

When Carlo entered, his unsteady feet  
Scarce bore him to the altar, and his head  
Drooped down so low that all his shining curls  
Poured on his breast, and veiled his countenance.  
Upon his easel a half-finished work,  
The secret labor of his studio,

Said from the canvas, so that none might err,  
"I am the Countess Laura." Carlo kneeled,  
And gazed upon the picture; as if thus,  
Through those clear eyes, he saw the way to  
heaven.

Then he arose; and as a swimmer comes  
Forth from the waves, he shook his locks aside,  
Emerging from his dream, and standing firm  
Upon a purpose with his sovereign will.  
He took his palette, murmuring, "Not yet!"  
Confidingly and softly to the corpse;

And as the veriest drudge, who plies his art  
Against his fancy, he addressed himself  
With stolid resolution to his task,  
Turning his vision on his memory.

And shutting out the present, till the dead,  
The gilded pall, the lights, the pacing guard,  
And all the meaning of that solemn scene  
Became as nothing, and creative Art  
Resolved the whole to chaos, and reformed  
The elements according to her law:

So Carlo wrought, as though his eye and hand  
Were Heaven's unconscious instruments, and  
worked

The settled purpose of Omnipotence.  
And it was wondrous how the red, the white,  
The ochre, and the amber, and the blue,  
From mottled blotches, hazy and opaque,  
Grew into rounded forms and sensuous lines;  
How just beneath the lucid skin the blood  
Glimmered with warmth; the scarlet lips apart  
Bloomed with the moisture of the dews of life;  
How the light glittered through and underneath  
The golden tresses, and the deep, soft eyes

Became intelligent with conscious thought,  
 And somewhat troubled underneath the arch  
 Of eyebrows but a little too intense  
 For perfect beauty; how the pose and poise  
 Of the lithe figure on its tiny foot  
 Suggested life just ceased from motion; so  
 That any one might cry, in marveling joy,  
 "That creature lives,—has senses, mind, a soul  
 To win God's love or dare hell's subtleties!"  
 The artist paused. The ratifying "Good!"  
 Trembled upon his lips. He saw no touch  
 To give or soften. "It is done," he cried,—  
 "My task, my duty! Nothing now on earth  
 Can taunt me with a work left unfulfilled!"  
 The lofty flame, which bore him up so long,  
 Died in the ashes of humanity;  
 And the mere man rocked to and fro again  
 Upon the center of his wavering heart.  
 He put aside his palette, as if thus  
 He stepped from sacred vestments, and assumed  
 A mortal function in the common world.  
 "Now for my rights!" he muttered, and ap-  
 proached  
 The noble body. "O lily of the world!  
 So withered, yet so lovely! what wast thou  
 To those who came thus near thee—for I stood  
 Without the pale of thy half-royal rank—  
 When thou wast budding, and the streams of  
 life  
 Made eager struggles to maintain thy bloom,  
 And gladdened heaven dropped down in gracious  
 dews  
 On its transplanted darling? Hear me now!  
 I say this but in justice, not in pride,  
 Not to insult thy high nobility,  
 But that the poise of things in God's own sight  
 May be adjusted; and hereafter I  
 May urge a claim that all the powers of heaven  
 Shall sanction, and with clarions blow abroad.—  
 Laura, you loved me! Look not so severe,  
 With your cold brows, and deadly, close-drawn  
 lips!  
 You proved it, Countess, when you died for it,—  
 Let it consume you in the wearing strife  
 It fought with duty in your ravaged heart.  
 I knew it ever since that summer day  
 I painted Lila, the pale beggar's child,  
 At rest beside the fountain; when I felt—  
 O Heaven!—the warmth and moisture of your  
 breath  
 Blow through my hair, as with your eager soul—  
 Forgetting soul and body go as one—  
 You leaned across my easel till our cheeks—  
 Ah me! 't was not your purpose—touched, and  
 clung!  
 Well, grant 't was genius; and is genius naught?  
 I ween it wears as proud a diadem—  
 Here, in this very world—as that you wear.

A king has held my palette, a grand-duke  
 Has picked my brush up, and a pope has begged  
 The favor of my presence in his Rome.  
 I did not go; I put my fortune by.  
 I need not ask you why: you knew too well.  
 It was but natural, it was no way strange,  
 That I should love you. Everything that saw,  
 Or had its other senses, loved you, sweet,  
 And I among them. Martyr, holy saint,—  
 I see the halo curving round your head,—  
 I loved you once; but now I worship you,  
 For the great deed that held my love aloof,  
 And killed you in the action! I absolve  
 Your soul from any taint. For from the day  
 Of that encounter by the fountain-side  
 Until this moment, never turned on me  
 Those tender eyes, unless they did a wrong  
 To nature by the cold, defiant glare  
 With which they chilled me. Never heard I  
 word  
 Of softness spoken by those gentle lips;  
 Never received a bonny from that hand  
 Which gave to all the world. I know the cause.  
 You did your duty,—not for honor's sake,  
 Nor to save sin or suffering or remorse,  
 Or all the ghosts that haunt a woman's shame,  
 But for the sake of that pure, loyal love  
 Your husband bore you. Queen, by grace of God,  
 I bow before the luster of your throne!  
 I kiss the edges of your garment-hem,  
 And hold myself ennobled! Answer me,—  
 If I had wronged you, you would answer me  
 Out of the dusty porches of the tomb:—  
 Is this a dream, a falsehood? or have I  
 Spoken the very truth?" "The very truth!"  
 A voice replied; and at his side he saw  
 A form, half shadow and half substance, stand,  
 Or, rather, rest; for on the solid earth  
 It had no footing, more than some dense mist  
 That wavers o'er the surface of the ground  
 It scarcely touches. With a reverent look  
 The shadow's waste and wretched face was bent  
 Above the picture; as though greater awe  
 Subdued its awful being, and appalled,  
 With memories of terrible delight  
 And fearful wonder, its devouring gaze.  
 "You make what God makes,—beauty," said  
 the shape.  
 "And might not this, this second Eve, console  
 The emptiest heart? Will not this thing outlast  
 The fairest creature fashioned in the flesh?  
 Before that figure, Time, and Death himself,  
 Stand baffled and disarmed. What would you ask  
 More than God's power, from nothing to create?"  
 The artist gazed upon the bodied form,  
 And answered: "Goblin, if you had a heart,  
 That were an idle question. What to me  
 Is my creative power, bereft of love?"

Or what to God would be that selfsame power,  
If so bereaved!" "And yet the love, thus  
mourned,

You calmly forfeited. For had you said  
To living Laura — in her burning ears —  
One half that you professed to Laura dead,  
She would have been your own. These contraries  
Sort not with my intelligence. But speak,  
Were Laura living, would the same stale play  
Of raging passion tearing out its heart  
Upon the rock of duty be performed?"

"The same, O phantom, while the heart I bear  
Trembled, but turned not its magnetic faith  
From God's fixed center." "If I wake for you  
This Laura, — give her all the bloom and glow  
Of that midsummer day you hold so dear, —  
The smile, the motion, the impulsive soul,  
The love of genius, — you, the very love,  
The mortal, hungry, passionate, hot love,  
She bore you, flesh to flesh, — would you receive  
That gift, in all its glory, at my hands?"

A smile of malice curled the tempter's lips,  
And glittered in the caverns of his eyes,  
Mocking the answer. Carlo paled and shook;  
A woful spasm went shuddering through his frame,  
Curling his blood, and twisting his fair face  
With nameless torture. But he cried aloud,  
Out of the clouds of anguish, from the smoke  
Of very martyrdom, "O God, she is thine!  
Do with her at thy pleasure!" "Something grand,  
And radiant as a sunbeam, touched the head  
He bent in awful sorrow. "Mortal, see —"  
"Dare not! As Christ was sinless, I abjure  
These vile abominations! Shall she bear  
Life's burden twice, and life's temptations twice,  
While God is justice?" "Who has made you  
judge

Of what you call God's good, and what you think  
God's evil? One to him, the source of both,  
The God of good and of permitted ill.

Have you no dream of days that might have been,  
Had you and Laura filled another fate! —  
Some cottage on the sloping Apennines,  
Roses and lilies, and the rest all love?

I tell you that this tranquil dream may be  
Filled to repletion. Speak, and in the shade  
Of my dark pinions I shall bear you hence,  
And land you where the mountain-goat himself  
Struggles for footing." He outspread his wings,  
And all the chapel darkened, as though hell  
Had swallowed up the tapers; and the air  
Grew thick, and, like a current sensible,  
Flowed round the person, with a wash and dash,  
As of the waters of a nether sea.

Slowly and calmly through the dense obscure,  
Dove-like and gentle, rose the artist's voice:  
"I dare not bring her spirit to that shame!  
Know my full meaning, — I who neither fear

Your mystic person nor your dreadful power.  
Nor shall I now invoke God's potent name  
For my deliverance from your toils. I stand  
Upon the founded structure of his law,  
Established from the first, and thence defy  
Your arts, reposing all my trust in that!"  
The darkness eddied off: and Carlo saw  
The figure gathering, as from outer space,  
Brightness on brightness; and his former shape  
Fell from him, like the ashes that fall off,  
And show a core of mellow fire within.

Adown his wings there poured a lambent flood,  
That seemed as molten gold, which plashing fell  
Upon the floor, encircling him with flame;  
And o'er the tresses of his beaming head  
Arose a stream of many-colored light,  
Like that which crowns the morning. Carlo stood  
Steadfast, for all the splendor, reaching up  
The outstretched palms of his untainted soul  
Towards heaven for strength. A moment thus;  
then asked,

With reverential wonder quivering through  
His sinking voice, "Who, spirit, and what, art  
thou?"

"I am that blessing which men fly from, — Death."  
"Then take my hand, if so God orders it;  
For Laura waits me." "But, bethink thee, man,  
What the world loses in the loss of thee!  
What wondrous art will suffer with eclipse!  
What unwon glories are in store for thee!  
What fame, out-aching time and temporal shocks,  
Would shine upon the letters of thy name  
Graven in marble, or the brazen height  
Of columns wise with memories of thee!"

"Take me! If I outlived the Patriarchs,  
I could but paint those features o'er and o'er:  
Lo! that is done." A smile of pity lit  
The seraph's features, as he looked to heaven,  
With deep inquiry in his tender eyes.  
The mandate came. He touched with downy wing  
The sufferer lightly on his aching heart;  
And gently, as the skylark settles down  
Upon the clustered treasures of her nest,  
So Carlo softly slid along the prop  
Of his tall easel, nestling at the foot  
As though he slumbered; and the morning broke  
In silver whiteness over Padua.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

#### THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

FROM "KING RICHARD III."

SCENE, a room in the Tower. Enter CLARENCE  
and BRAKENBURY.

BRAKENBURY. Why looks your grace so heav-  
ily to-day?

CLARENCE. O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAX. What was your dream, my lord? I pray  
you, tell me.

CLARE. Methought that I had broken from the  
Tower,

And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;  
And in my company, my brother Gloster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward Eng-  
land,

And eyed up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and, in fall-  
ing,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon,  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea,  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

BRAX. Had you such leisure in the time of  
death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

CLARE. Methought I had: and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air,  
But smothered it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to heave it in the sea.

BRAX. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

CLARE. O, no, my dream was lengthened after  
life,

O, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Into the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,  
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"  
And so he vanished: then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,

"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured  
Clarence,—

That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;  
Seize on him, Furnes, take him to your torments!"  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Entrained me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

SHAKESPEARE

## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

"T was in the prime of summer time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school;  
There were some that ran, and some that leapt  
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds—  
And souls untouched by sin,  
To a level mead they came, and there  
They drove the wickets in:  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like spotted deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran,  
Turning to nought all things of earth  
As only boyhood can;  
But the ashler sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease;  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside,—  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide;  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and laden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;  
With a fast and fervent gasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp:  
"O God! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took,



Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook,  
And, lo ! he saw a little boy  
That peered upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read,  
Romance or fairy fable ?  
Or is it some hi'loric page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable ?"  
The young boy gave an upward glance,  
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain,  
Six hasty stride beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again ;  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition save ;  
And lonely toll out off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves ;  
And hoard 'dale, in groves forlorn ;  
And murders done in caves ;

And how the wails of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod ;  
Ay, how the ghastly hand will point  
To show the burial eld ;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God,

He told how murderers walk the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain,  
With crimson cloud before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain ;  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain !

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth  
Their pangs must be extreme —  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe ! —  
Who spill life's sacred stream.  
For why ? Methought, last night I wrought  
A murder, in a dream !

"One that had never done me wrong, —  
A feeble man and old ;  
I led him to a lonely field,  
The moon shone clear and cold ;  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold !

"Two sudden blows with a rugged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,  
And then the deed was done ;  
There was nothing lying at my feet  
But lifeless flesh and bone !

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill ;  
And yet I feared him all the more  
For lying there so still :  
There was a manhood in his look  
That murder could not kill !

"And, lo ! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame, —  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame ;  
I took the dead man by his hand,  
And called upon his name.

"O God ! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the clun,  
But, when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out again !  
For every clot a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain !

"My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as cold as ice,  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the Devil's price.  
A dozen times I groined, — the dead  
Had never groined but twice.

"And now, from forth the howling sky,  
From the heaven's topmost height,  
I heard a voice, — the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging spite :  
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,  
And hide it from my sight !'

"And I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream,  
The sluggish water black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme :  
My gentle boy, remember, this  
I nothing but a dream !

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanished in the pool ;  
And I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the archin' young,  
That evening, in the school.

"O Heaven ! to think of their white souls,  
And mine so black and grim !  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in evening hymn ;  
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
Mid holy cherrubim !

"And Peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread ;  
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,  
That lighted me to bed,

And drew my midnight curtains round  
With fingers bloody red !

" All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep ;  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at sleep ;  
For Sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of hell to keep !

" All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime ;  
With one besetting horrid hint  
That racked me all the time, —  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime, —

" One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave !  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave, —  
Still urging me to go and see  
The dead man in his grave !

" Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accursed pool  
With a wild, misgiving eye ;  
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry.

" Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dew-drop from its wing ;  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing,  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

" With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran ;  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began, —  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man !

" And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was elsewhere ;  
As soon as the midday task was done,  
In secret I was there, —  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corpse was bare !

" Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep,  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

" So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones !  
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh, —  
The world shall see his bones !

" O God ! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake !  
Again — again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take ;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

" And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mold allow ;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —  
It stands before me now !"  
The fearful boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin's eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn  
Through the cold and heavy mist ;  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.



STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

*My Shakespeare, this . . . . .  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have scribbles to read and poems to give."*





PERSONAL POEMS.



Epitaph.  
Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Larch  
A Youth, to Fortune & to Fame unknown:  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his Bounty, & his Soul sincere;  
Heav'n did a Recompense as largely send:

He gave to Mis'ry all, he had, a Tear,  
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,  
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,  
There they alike in trembling Hope repose,  
The Bosom of his Father, & his God.

Gray.

Our years, our years our little years  
And so much gone  
And yet the even flow of life  
Shines calmly on;

St. John

Ha! to the tolling bells  
In echoes deep and slow,  
While on the breeze our banners float  
Draped in the weeds of woe.

L. Huntley Siqueres.

## PERSONAL POEMS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE  
HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;  
For silliest ignorance on these would light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right :  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance :  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.

But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !  
My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further off, to make thee room :  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,  
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses :  
For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee I will not seek  
For names ; but call forth thundering Eschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Corlova dead,  
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe  
He was not of an age, but for all time !  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,

When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm !  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tut Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please :  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of nature's family.  
Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat  
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
'Upon the Muses' avil ; turn the same,  
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;  
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn :  
For a good poet's made as well as born.  
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly  
shines

In his well turned and true filed lines :  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.  
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our water yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James !  
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanced, and made a constellation there !  
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage  
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned  
like night,  
And despaired day, but for thy volume's light !

BEN JONSON

SHAKESPEARE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,  
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark  
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,  
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,

O'er the drowned hills, the human family,  
 And stock reserved of every living kind,  
 So, in the compass of the single mind,  
 The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,  
 That make all worlds. Great poet, 't was thy  
 art

To know thyself, and in thyself to be  
 Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,  
 Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart  
 Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the  
 same,  
 Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

HARTLEY COLEKIDGE.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him  
 Whom Arno shall remember long,  
 How stern of lineament, how grim,  
 The father was of Tuscan song!  
 There but the burning sense of wrong,  
 Perpetual care, and scorn, abide —  
 Small friendship for the lordly throng,  
 Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
 No dream his life was — but a fight;  
 Could any Beatrice see  
 A lover in that anchorite?  
 To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight  
 Who could have guessed the visions came  
 Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
 In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,  
 The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,  
 The rigid front, almost morose,  
 But for the patient hope within,  
 Declare a life whose course hath been  
 Unsullied still, though still severe,  
 Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
 Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look  
 When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
 With no companion save his book,  
 To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;  
 Where, as the Benedictine laid  
 His palm upon the pilgrim guest,  
 The single boon for which he prayed  
 The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face  
 Betrays no spirit of repose;  
 The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
 The marble man of many woes.

Such was his mien when first arose  
 The thought of that strange tale divine —  
 When hell he peopled with his foes,  
 The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all  
 The tyrant canker-worms of earth;  
 Baron and duke, in hold and hall,  
 Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;  
 He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;  
 Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;  
 But valiant souls of knightly worth  
 Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O time! whose verdicts mock our own,  
 The only righteous judge art thou;  
 That poor, old exile, sad and lone,  
 Is Latium's other Virgil now.  
 Before his name the nations bow;  
 His words are parcel of mankind,  
 Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
 The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

ANNE HATHAWAY.

TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE AND DELIGHT OF MY HEART,  
 ANNE HATHAWAY.

WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,  
 With love's sweet notes to grace your song,  
 To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,  
 Listen to mine Anne Hathaway!  
 She hath a way to sing so clear,  
 Phœbus might wondering stop to hear.  
 To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,  
 And nature charm, Anne hath a way;  
 She hath a way,  
 Anne Hathaway;  
 To breathe delight Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth  
 Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,  
 And merit to distress betray,  
 To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.  
 She hath a way to chase despair,  
 To heal all grief, to cure all care,  
 Turn foulest night to fairest day.  
 Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;  
 She hath a way,  
 Anne Hathaway;  
 To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,  
 The diamond, topaz, amethyst,  
 The emerald mild, the ruby gay;  
 Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!  
 She hath a way, with her bright eye,  
 Their various lustres to defy, —



The jewels she, and the foil they,  
So sweet to look Anne hath a way ;  
    She hath a way,  
    Anne Hathaway ;  
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given  
To rate her charms, I 'd call them heaven ;  
For though a mortal made of clay,  
Angels must love Anne Hathaway ;  
She hath a way so to control,  
To rapture, the imprisoned soul,  
And sweetest heaven on earth display,  
That to be heaven Anne hath a way ;  
    She hath a way,  
    Anne Hathaway ;  
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.

ANONYMOUS.\*

#### UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON

REFINED TO "PARADISE LOST."

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;  
The next in majesty ; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go ;  
To make a third, she joined the former two.

JOHN DRYDEN

#### TO MILTON.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :  
England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

THE Muse's fairest light in no dark time,  
The wonder of a learned age ; the line  
Which none can pass ! the most proportioned  
wit, —

\* This poem has sometimes, but surely without much reason, been attributed to Shakespeare.

To nature, the best judge of what was fit ;  
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen ;  
The voice most echoed by consenting men ;  
The soul which answered best to all well said  
By others, and which most requital made ;  
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,  
Returning all her music with his own ;  
In whom, with nature, study claimed a part,  
And yet who to himself owed all his art :  
Here lies Ben Jonson ! every age will look  
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

#### ODE TO BEN JONSON.

All Ben !  
Say how or when  
Shall we, thy guests,  
Meet at those lyric feasts,  
    Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the Triple Tun ;  
Where we such clusters had  
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;  
    And yet each verse of thine  
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben !  
Or come again,  
Or send to us  
Thy wit's great overplus ;  
    But teach us yet  
Wisely to husband it,  
Lest we that talent spend ;  
And having once brought to an end  
That precious stock, the store  
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

ROBERT HERRICK.

#### PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make,  
Know I have prayed thee,  
For old religion's sake,  
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,  
When I, thy Herrick,  
Honoring thee, on my knee  
Offer my lyric.

Candles I 'll give to thee,  
And a new altar :  
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be  
Writ in my psalter.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## BEN JONSON'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

His learning such, no author, old or new,  
Escaped his reading that deserved his view ;  
And such his judgment, so exact his taste,  
Of what was best in books, or what books best,  
That had he joined those notes his labors took  
From each most praised and praise-deserving  
book,  
And could the world of that choice treasure  
boast,  
It need not care though all the rest were lost.

LUCCIUS CARY (LORD FALKLAND).

## PRAXITELES.

FROM THE GREEK.

VENUS (*loquitur*). Paris, Anchises, and Adonis —  
three,  
Three only, did me ever naked see ;  
But this Praxiteles — when, where, did he ?

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A SWELL, attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospel books !  
I trow, that countenance cannot lie  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was ever eye did see that face,  
Was ever ear did hear that tongue,  
Was ever mind did mind his grace,  
That ever thought the travel long ?  
But eyes and ears, and every thought,  
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

MATTHEW ROYDEN.

## EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sydney's sister, — Pembroke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast slain another  
Fair and wise and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee !

Marble piles let no man raise  
To her name in after days ;  
Some kind woman, born as she,  
Reading this, like Niobe  
Shall turn marble, and become  
Both her mourner and her tomb.

BEN JONSON.

## EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. II.

WOULDEST thou heare what man can say  
In a little ? — reader, stay !  
Underneath this stone doth lye  
As much beauty as could dye, —  
Which in life did harbor give  
To more vertue than doth live.  
If at all she had a fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.  
One name was Elizabeth, —  
The other, let it sleep with death :  
Fitter where it dyed to tell,  
Than that it lived at all. Farewell !

BEN JONSON.

## ZIMRI.

GEORGE VILTIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. 1668.

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;  
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;  
A man so various, that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;  
Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,  
With something new to wish or to enjoy !  
Railing and praising were his usual themes ;  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :  
So over-violent or over-civil,  
That every man with him was god or devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late ;  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;  
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell  
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel.  
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
He left no faction, but of that was left.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## CHARLES XII.

ON what foundations stands the warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide :  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire ;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.  
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,

War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;  
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign ;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in  
vain ;

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught  
remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost.  
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;  
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day !

The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;  
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,  
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

But did not chance at length her error mend ?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;  
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

—◆—  
OLIVER CROMWELL.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,  
To draw a fame so truly circular ?  
For in a round what order can be showed,  
Where all the parts so equal perfect are ?

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone ;  
For he was great, ere fortune made him so ;  
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,  
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,  
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring ;  
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as he, born,  
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune — that easy mistress to the young,  
Hard to her ancient servants coy and hard —  
Him at that age her favorites ranked among,  
When she her best-loved Pompey did discard.

He, private, marked the fault of others' way  
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun :  
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray  
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,  
Like that bold Greek who did the East invade,  
And made to battles such heroic haste,  
As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought, secure of fortune as of fame :  
Still, by new maps, the island might be shown,  
Of conquests, which he strewed where'er he came,  
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,  
When to pale mariners they storms portend  
He had his calmer influences, and his mien  
Did love and majesty together blend.

'T is true, his countenance did imprint an awe ;  
And naturally all souls to heedful bow,  
As wands of divination downward draw,  
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth  
grow.

For from all tempers he could service draw ;  
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,  
And, as the confidant of Nature, saw  
How she complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey,  
By intuition, in his own large breast,  
Where all the rich ideas of their lay,  
That were the rule and measure to the rest.

Such was our prince ; yet owned a soul above  
The highest acts it could produce to show ;  
Thus poor mechanic art, in public move,  
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

Nor died he when his bobbing fame went low,  
But when fresh laurels courted him to live ;  
He seemed but to prevent some new success,  
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came,  
As, near the center, motion doth increase ;  
Till he, pressed down by his own weighty name  
Did, like the vestal, under-pails decrease.

JOHN DRYDEN.

—◆—  
TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a loud,  
Not of war only, but detraction's noise,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast led ;  
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pur-  
sued,  
While Dargwen stream, with blood of Scots im-  
bued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much re-  
mains

To conquer still; Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hurling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

MILTON

## SPORTS.—LORD HERVEY.

FROM THE "PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES."

LET Sportus tremble. — A.\* What? that thing  
of silk,

Sportus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?  
Satire of sense, alas! can Sportus feel?  
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P.† Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;  
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
In muzzling of the game they dare not bite.  
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,  
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad.

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
Or spite, or snout, or rhymes, or blasphemies:  
His wit all seasaw, between that and this,  
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,  
The triding head, or the corrupted heart,  
Pop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,  
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have exprest,  
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;  
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## OG.—SHADWELL, THE DRAMATIST.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,  
For here's a fun of midnight work to come.  
Og, from a treason-tavern rolling home:  
Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,  
Goodly and great he sails behind his link:  
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,  
For every inch that is not fool is rogue;

\* Arbutnot.

† Pope.

A monstrous mass of foul, corrupted matter,  
As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,  
With this prophetic blessing. — "Be thou dull;  
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight  
Fit for thy bulk; do anything but write:  
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;  
A strong nativity — but for the pen!  
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,  
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink."

I see, I see, 't is counsel given in vain,  
For treason botched in rhyme will be thy bane;  
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,  
'T is fatal to thy fame and to thy neck;  
Why should thy meter good King David blast?  
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.  
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull  
For writing treason and for writing dull.

To die for faction is a common evil,  
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

JOHN DRYDEN

## SMOLLETT.

WHENCE could arise the mighty critic spleen,  
The muse a triller, and her theme so mean?  
What had I done that angry heaven should send  
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?  
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at his name,  
And hailed the honors of thy matchless fame.  
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,  
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound;  
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,  
Which with more justice blooms upon thy own.  
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,  
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.  
Who ever read the Regicide but swore  
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?  
Others for plots and underplots may call,  
Here's the right method, — have no plot at all!

JOHN CHURCHILL.

## ADDISON.

FROM THE "PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES."

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose fires  
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;  
Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;  
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,  
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,  
And so obliging that hence he's oblig'd;  
Like Cato, gave his little senate laws,  
And it attentive to his own applause;  
Whilst wits and templars every sentence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—  
Who but must laugh, if such a one there be?  
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

AN EXAMER POPE.

### THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

FROM THE KING'S SPEECH.

HARK! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
A long, low, distant murmur of good sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
With some deep and immediate wound:  
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,  
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head obscured,  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head?  
In the sea's midnight, while thy heart still glows,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hushes that pang forever: with thee fled  
The present happiness and promised joy  
Which filled the imperial isle, so full it seemed  
To cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,  
O thou that wert so happy, so adored,  
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,  
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard  
Her many griefs for ONE: for she had poured  
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
Beheld her life's—Thou, too, lonely lord,  
And desolate consort.—vainly wert thou wed'  
The husband of a year—the father of the dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made:  
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust  
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
The love of millions'—How we did intrust  
Futurity to her—and, though it must  
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed  
Our children should obey her child, and blessed

Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise  
seemed  
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'t was but a  
meteor beamed.

Woe unto us, not her—for she sleeps well:  
The fickle neck of popular breath, the tongue  
Of hollow counsel, the loose crowd,  
Which from the birth of mortality hath ming  
Its knell in every ear, all too forgetting  
Names may we read in numbers, the strong delu  
Which combes mightiest sovereigns, and hush  
flour  
Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soul  
or law,

These might have been her destiny; but no,  
Our hearts are true:—and ye young, so true,  
Good without effort, great without a law;  
But now a better fate, and how *thou*!  
How many the sinners that moment bear!  
From thy *eyes* to the faintest subject's breast  
I speak the electric chain of truth, accept.  
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and op  
prest  
The land which loved thee so that none could  
love thee best.

LESLIE BROWN.

### ODE TO NAPOLEON

'Tis done,—but yesterday a king!  
And armed with kingly to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing:  
So abject,—yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, misused the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor heaven hath forgiven so far.

Ill-misled man! why *avowest* thy kind  
Who bowed so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou wast 'st the rest to see.  
With right expectation,—power to save,—  
Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshipped thee;  
Nor tith thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than Futility!

Thanks for that lesson.—it will teach  
To after warriors more  
Than high philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preached before.  
That spell upon the minds of men

Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of saber sway,  
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife ;  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life ;  
The sword, the scepter, and that sway  
Which man seemed made but to obey,  
Where-with renown was rife, —  
All quelled ! — Dark spirit ! what must be  
The madness of thy memory !

The desolator desolate !  
The victor overthrown !  
The arbiter of others' fate  
A suppliant for his own !  
Is it some yet imperial hope,  
That with such change can calmly cope ?  
Or dread of death alone ?  
To die a prince, or live a slave, —  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak  
Dreamed not of the rebound ;  
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke, —  
Alone, — how looked he round !  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found :  
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey ;  
But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger, dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home.  
He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom !  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell ;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well :  
Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's shrine nor despot's throne.

But thou, — from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung, —  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung.

All evil spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung ;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean !

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own !  
And monarchs bowed the trembling limb,  
And thanked him for a throne !  
Fair Freedom ! we may hold thee dear,  
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
O, ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain ;  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain.  
If thou hadst died as honor dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again ;  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night ?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay ;  
Thy scales, Mortality ! are just  
To all that pass away :  
But yet methought the living great  
Some higher spark should animate,  
To dazzle and dismay ;  
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth  
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
Thy still imperial bride ;  
How bears her breast the torturing hour ?  
Still clings she to thy side ?  
Must she too bend, — must she too share  
Thy late repentance, long despair,  
Thou throneless homicide ?  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem ;  
'T is worth thy vanished diadem !

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
And gaze upon the sea ;  
That element may meet thy smile, —  
It ne'er was ruled by thee !  
Or trace with thine all-idle hand,  
In loitering mood, upon the sand,  
That earth is now as free !  
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
Transferred his byword to thy brow.

Thou Timour ! in his captive's cage, —  
What thoughts will there be thine,

While brooding in thy prisoned rage?  
 But one, — "The world *was* mine!"  
 Unless, like him of Babylon,  
 All sense is with thy scepter gone,  
 Life will not long confine  
 That spirit poured so widely forth, —  
 So long obeyed, so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,  
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
 And share with him, the unforgiven,  
 His vulture and his rock!  
 Foredoomed by God, by man accurst,  
 And that last act, though not thy worst,  
 The very fiend's arch mock:  
 He in his fall preserved his *pride*,  
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

LORD BYRON.

◆ ◆ ◆  
 NAPOLEON.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THERE sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,  
 Whose spirit antithetically mixed  
 One moment of the mightiest, and again  
 On little objects with like firmness fixed,  
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,  
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;  
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st  
 Even now to reassume the imperial mien,  
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the  
 scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!  
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name  
 Was ne'er more bruted in men's minds than  
 now  
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,  
 Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became  
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert  
 A god unto thyself: nor less the same  
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
 Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst  
 assert.

O more or less than man — in high or low,  
 Battling with nations, flying from the field;  
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool,  
 now  
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:  
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, re-  
 build,  
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor  
 However deeply in men's spirits skilled,  
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of  
 war,  
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the lofti-  
 est star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning  
 tide  
 With that untaught innate philosophy,  
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,  
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.  
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast  
 smiled  
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye, —  
 When Fortune fled her spoiled and favorite  
 child,  
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him  
 piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them  
 Ambition steeled thee on too far to show  
 That just habitual scorn which could contemn  
 Men and their thoughts; 't was wise to feel,  
 not so  
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use  
 Till they were turned unto thine overthrow;  
 'T is but a worthless world to win or lose;  
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who  
 choose.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,  
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,  
 Such scorn of man had helped to brave the  
 shock;  
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved  
 thy throne,  
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone;  
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then  
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)  
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;  
 For sceptered cynics earth were far too wide a den.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
 And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire  
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell  
 In its own narrow being, but aspire  
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire;  
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
 Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men  
 mad  
 By their contagion! Conquerors and Kings,  
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add  
 Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things  
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,  
 And are themselves the fools to those they fool;  
 Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings  
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school  
 Which would nnteach mankind the lust to shine  
 or rule.

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,  
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
That should their days, surviving perils past,  
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;  
Even as a flame, unfed, which runs to waste  
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,  
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and  
snow ;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high above the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contenting tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits  
led.

LORD BYRON.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICH-  
STADT (NAPOLEON II.).

HEIR of that name  
Which shook with sudden terror the far earth !  
Child of strange destinies e'en from thy birth,  
When kings and princes round thy cradle  
came,  
And gave their crowns, as playthings, to thine  
hand, —  
Thine heritage the spoils of many a hand !

How were the schemes  
Of human foresight baffled in thy fate,  
Thou victim of a parent's lofty state !

What glorious visions filled thy father's dreams,  
When first he gazed upon thy infant face,  
And deemed himself the Rodolph of his race !

Scarcely had thine eyes  
Beheld the light of day, when thou wert bound  
With power's vain symbols, and thy young brow  
crowned

With Rome's imperial diadem, — the prize  
From priestly princes by thy proud sire won,  
To deck the pillow of his cradled son.

Yet where is now  
The sword that flashed as with a meteor light,  
And led on half the world to stirring fight,  
Bidding whole seas of blood and carnage flow ?  
Alas ! when foiled on his last battle plain,  
Its shattered fragments forged thy father's chain.

Far worse thy fate  
Than that which doomed him to the barren  
rock ;  
Through half the universe was felt the shock,  
When down he toppled from his high estate ;  
And the proud thought of still acknowledged  
power  
Could cheer him e'en in that disastrous hour.

But thou, poor boy,  
Hadst no such dreams to cheer the lagging hours ;  
Thy chain still galled, though wreathed with  
fairest flowers ;  
Thou had'st no images of by-past joy,  
No visions of anticipated fame,  
To bear thee through a life of sloth and shame.

And where was she  
Whose proudest title was Napoleon's wife ?  
She who first gave, and should have watched thy  
life,  
Trebbling a mother's tenderness for thee ?  
Despoiled heir of empire ! on her breast  
Did thy young head repose in its unrest ?

No ! round her heart  
Children of humbler, happier lineage twined ;  
Thou couldst but bring dark memories to mind,  
Of pageants where she bore a heartless part :  
She who shared not her monarch-husband's doom  
Cared little for her first-born's living tomb.

Thou art at rest,  
Child of Ambition's martyr ! Life had been  
To thee no blessing, but a dreary scene  
Of doubt and dread and suffering at the best ;  
For thou wert one whose path in these dark  
times  
Must lead to sorrows, — it might be to crimes.

Thou art at rest !  
The idle sword has worn its sheath away,  
The spirit has consumed its bonds of clay ;  
And they who with vain tyranny compress  
Thy soul's high yearnings, now forget their fear,  
And fling Ambition's purple o'er thy bier.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS OF BONAPARTE.

A RENDERING OF BÉRANGER'S "SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE."

THEY 'll talk of him for years to come,  
In cottage chronicle and tale ;  
When, for aught else, renown is dumb,  
His legend shall prevail !  
When in the hamlet's honored chair  
Shall sit some aged dame,  
Teaching to lowly clown and villager



That narrative of fame.  
 "T is true," they'll say, "his gorgeous throne  
 France bled to raise ;  
 But he was all our own !"  
 "Mother, say something in his praise, —  
 O, speak of him always !"

"I saw him pass, — his was a host  
 Countless beyond your young imaginings —  
 My children, he could boast  
 A train of conquered kings !  
 And when he came this road,  
 'T was on my bridal day,  
 He wore, for near to him I stood,  
 Cocked hat and surcoat gray.  
 I blushed ; he said, 'Be of good cheer !  
 Courage, my dear !'  
 That was his very word."  
 "Mother ! O, then, this really occurred,  
 And you his voice could hear."

"A year rolled on, when next at Paris I,  
 Lone woman that I am,  
 Saw him pass by,  
 Girt with his peers to kneel at Notre Dame,  
 I knew, by merry chime and signal gun,  
 God granted him a son,  
 And O, I wept for joy !  
 For why not weep when warrior men did,  
 Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,  
 And blessed the imperial boy ?  
 Never did noonday sun shine out so bright !  
 O, what a sight !"  
 "Mother, for you that must have been  
 A glorious scene."

"But when all Europe's gathered strength  
 Burst o'er the French frontier at length,  
 'T will scarcely be believed  
 What wonders, single-handed, he achieved ;  
 Such general ne'er lived !  
 One evening on my threshold stood  
 A guest, — 't was he ! Of warriors few  
 He had a toil-worn retinue.  
 He flung himself into this chair of wood,  
 Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,  
 'Quelle guerre ! O, quelle guerre !'  
 "Mother ! and did our emperor sit there,  
 Upon that very chair !"

"He said, 'Give me some food.'  
 Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,  
 And made the kindling fire-blocks shine  
 To dry his cloak with wet bedewed.  
 Soon by the bonny blaze he slept,  
 Then waking chid me, — for I wept ;  
 'Courage !' he cried, 'I'll strike for all  
 Under the sacred wall  
 Of France's noble capital !"

Those were his words : I've treasured up  
 With pride that same wine-cup ;  
 And for its weight in gold  
 It never shall be sold !"  
 "Mother, on that proud relic let us gaze.  
 O, keep that cup always !"

"But through some fatal witchery  
 He, whom a pope had crowned and blest,  
 Perished, my sons, by foulest treachery,  
 Cast on an isle far in the lonely West !  
 Long time sad rumors were afloat, —  
 The fatal tidings we would spurn,  
 Still hoping from that isle remote  
 Once more our hero would return.  
 But when the dark announcement drew  
 Tears from the virtuous and the brave,  
 When the sad whisper proved too true,  
 A flood of grief I to his memory gave.  
 Peace to the glorious dead !"  
 "Mother, may God his fullest blessing shed  
 Upon your aged head !"

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT)

### MURAT.

FROM "ODE FROM THE FRENCH"

THERE, where death's brief pang was quickest,  
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
 Strewed beneath the advancing banner  
 Of the eagle's burning crest —  
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
 Who could then her wing arrest —  
 Victory beaming from her breast ?)  
 While the broken line enlarging  
 Fell, or fled along the plain : —  
 There be sure Murat was charging !  
 There he ne'er shall charge again !

LORD BYRON.

### THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel ;  
 The day was just begun ;  
 And through the window-panes, on floor and  
 panel,  
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
 And the white sails of ships ;  
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and  
 Dover,  
 Were all alert that day,

To see the French war steamers speeding over  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance  
The sea coast opposite ;

And now they raved, at drum-beat, from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well !

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Bepled the distant forts —  
As it to summon from his sleep the warden  
And lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black forts' embrasure,  
Awaken with their call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In somber harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled !

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room ;  
And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dissemble,  
But smote the warden hoar —  
Ah, what a blow ! that made all England tremble  
And grieve from shore to shore

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead,  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead !

HENRY W. GOSWORTHY T. OSBORNEFELLOW.

— • —

MIRABEAU

Nor oft before has peopled earth sent up so  
deep and wide a groan,  
As when the word swept over France, "The life  
of Mirabeau is down !"

From its one heart a nation wailed, for well the  
startled sense divined  
A greater power had fled away than aught that  
now remained behind.

The scathed and haggard face, and look so bright  
with sword like thought  
Had been to many a million hearts the ail be-  
tween themselves and naught ;  
And so they stood aghast and pale, as if they  
saw the azure sky  
Come shattering down, and show beyond the  
black and bare infinity.

For he, while all men peered and gazed upon the  
future's empty space,  
Had strength to bid above the void the oracle  
unveil its face ;  
And when his voice could rule no more, a thicker  
weight of darkness fell,  
And tumbled in its sepulchral vault the wearied  
master of the spell.

O wasted strength ! O light and calm, and bet-  
ter hopes so vainly given ! —  
Like rain upon the herbless sea poured down by  
too benignant heaven. —

We see not stars like clouds betossed, and crash  
in aimless thunder-peals,  
But man's large soul, the star supreme, in guide-  
less whirl how oft it reels !

The mountain hears the torrent dash, but rocks  
will not like water run ;  
No eagle's talons rend away those eyes that joy-  
ous drink the sun ;  
Yet man, by choice and purpose weak, upon his  
own devoted head  
Calls down the flash, as if its fires a crown of  
peaceful glory shed.

Alas ! — yet wherefore mourn ! The law is holier  
than a sage's prayer ;  
The godlike power bestowed on men demands of  
them a godlike care ;  
And noblest gifts, if basely used, will sternliest  
avenge the wrong,  
And grind with slavish pangs the slave whom  
once they made divinely strong.

The lamp that, mid the sacred cell, on heavenly  
forms its glory sheds,  
Intended dies, and in the gloom a poisonous  
vapor glimmering spreads.  
It shines and flares, and roseling ghosts enormous  
through the twilight swell,  
Till o'er the withered world and heart rings loud  
and slow the dooming knell.

No more I hear a nation's shout around the  
hero's tread prevailing,  
No more I hear above his tomb a nation's fierce  
bewildered waiting ;  
I stand amid the silent night, and think of man  
and all his woe  
With fear and pity, grief and awe, when I re-  
member Mirabeau.

JOHN WILSON

## TO MADAME DE BEVIGNÉ,

PLAZA, BORD DE SEINE.

You charm when you talk, walk, or move,  
Still more on this day than another  
When blinded — you're taken for Love ;  
When the bandage is off — for his mother !

DE MADAME DE

## TO WORDSWORTH.

There is a strain to read among the hills,  
The old and full of voices ; — by the source  
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence  
fills

The solitude with sound ; for in its course  
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part  
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken  
To the still breast in sunny garden bowers,  
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,  
And bud and bell with change mark the hour.  
Then let thy thoughts be with me, while the day  
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,  
When night hath hushed the woods, with all  
their birds,

There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet  
Avantique music, linked with household words ;  
While, in pleased murmurs, woman's lip might  
move,  
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews  
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,  
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse  
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around,  
From its own glow of hope and courage high,  
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy ! — Thou art e'en as one  
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,

In every spot beneath the smiling sun,  
Sees where the springs of living waters lie ;  
Unseen a while they sleep, till, touched by trees,  
Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad  
wanderer free.

ELIZA HEMANS

## ON A PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH,

BY F. R. HAZLITT.

Wordsworth upon Holywelln ! Let the cloud  
Ebb a driblet along the mountain-wind,  
Then break against the rock, and show behind  
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd  
The sense with beauty. *Ha*, with forehead bowed  
And humble-bellied eyes, as one inspired  
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,  
And very meek with inspirations proud, —  
Taken here his rightful place as poet-priest  
By the high-altar, singing prayer and prayer  
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision true,  
Our Haydon's hand hath flung out from the  
midst

No portrait thou, with Academic air, —  
This is the poet and his poetry.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## ROUSSEAU AND COWPER.

FROM "THE REVERENDS OF TALENT."

ROUSSEAU could weep ; yes, with a heart of stone,  
The impious sophist could refine beside  
The pure and peaceful lake, and move alone  
On all its loveliness at eye-tide —  
On its small running waves, in purple dyed,  
Beneath bright clouds on all the glowing sky,  
On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,  
And on surrounding mountains wild and high,  
Till tears unbidden gushed from his enchanted eyes.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine  
Of grief or love ; at fancy's flash they flowed,  
Like burning drops from some proud lonely pine  
By lightning fired ; his heart with passion glowed  
Till it consumed his life, and yet he showed  
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe ;  
As Etna, with its center an abode  
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow  
Of all its desert brow the living world below.

Was he but justly wretched from his crimes ?  
Then why was Cowper's anguish oft as keen,  
With all the Heaven-born virtue that sublimed  
Genius and feeling, and to things unseen  
Lifts the pure heart through clouds, that roll  
between

The earth and skies, to darken human hope /  
Or wherefore did those clouds thus intervene  
To render vain faith's lifted telescope,  
And leave him in thick gloom his weary way to  
grope!

He, too, could give himself to musing deep ;  
By the calm lake, at evening, he could stand,  
Lonely and sad, to see the moonlight sleep  
On all its breast, by not an insect fanned,  
And hear low voices on the far-off strand,  
Or, through the still and dewy atmosphere,  
The pipe's soft tones, waked by some gentle hand,  
From fronting shore and woody island near  
In echoes quick returned more mellow and more  
clear.

And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams,  
In the pine grove, when low the full moon, fair,  
Shot under lofty tops her level beams,  
Stretching the shades of trunks erect and bare,  
In stripes drawn parallel with order rare,  
As of some temple vast or colonnade,  
While on green turf, made smooth without his  
care,

He wandered o'er its stripes of light and shade,  
And heard the dying day-breeze all the boughs  
pervade.

'T was thus, in nature's bloom and solitude,  
He nursed his grief till nothing could assuage ;  
'T was thus his tender spirit was subdued,  
Till in life's toils it could no more engage ;  
And his had been a useless pilgrimage,  
Had he been gifted with no sacred power,  
To send his thoughts to every future age ;  
But he is gone where grief will not devour,  
Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never  
lower.

To that bright world where things of earth appear  
Stripped of false charms, my fancy often flies,  
To ask him there what life is happiest here ;  
And, as he points around him, and replies  
With glowing lips, my heart within me dies,  
And conscience whispers of a dreadful bar,  
When, in some scene where every beauty lies,  
A soft sweet pensiveness begins to mar  
The joys of social life, and with its claims to war.

CARLOS WILCOX

BURNS.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM

No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover ;  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns !  
The moorland flower and peasant !  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant !

The gray sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood's noonday shadows hold  
The dews of boyhood's morning :

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
From off the wings of pleasure,  
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil  
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
The locust in the haying ;  
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow,  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead  
I heard the squirrels leaping ;  
The good dog listened while I read,  
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood  
I read "The Two Dogs'" story,  
And half believed he understood  
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs ! — The golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,  
New glory over Woman ;  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better  
Than all the dreams that held my youth  
A still repining debtor :

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,  
The themes of sweet discoursing ;  
The tender idyls of the heart  
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,  
Of loving knight and lady,  
When farmer boy and bare-foot girl  
Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying ;  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweet-brier and the clover ;  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising ;  
No longer common or unclean,  
The child of God's baptizing.

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly ;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,  
No inward answer gaining ;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings ;  
Sweet Soul of Song ! I own my debt  
Uncanceled by his failings !

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

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

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render,  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor ;

But who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer ?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer ?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong  
The human feeling gushes !  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is wum with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
So "Bonny Doon" but tarry ;  
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his "Highland Mary" !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

—◆—  
BURNS.

A POET'S EPITAPH

STOP, mortal ! Here thy brother lies, —  
The poet of the poor.  
His book, were rivers, woods, and skies,  
The meadow and the moor ;  
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
The tyrant, and the slave,  
The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace, — and the grave !  
Sin met thy brother everywhere !  
And is thy brother blamed ?  
From passion, danger, doubt, and care  
He no exemption claimed.  
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
He feared to scorn or hate ;  
But, honoring in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great,  
He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes  
The poor man's little more ;  
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes  
From plundered labor's store.  
A hand to do, a head to plan,  
A heart to feel and dare, —  
Tell man's worst foe, here lies the man  
Who drew them as they are.

LESLIE ELLIOTT

—◆—  
BURNS.

His is that language of the heart  
In which the answering heart would speak, —  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

Through care and pain and want and woe,  
With wounds that only death could heal,  
Tortures the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel,

He kept his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen,  
And moved, in manhood as in youth,  
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
Of coward and of slave ;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow,  
Were written in his manly eye  
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven  
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood  
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,  
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,  
With the mute homage that we pay  
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
The last, the hallowed home of one  
Who lives upon all memories,  
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined,  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas, of the mind.

1112-GREENE HALL-1863

ROBERT BURNS.

FROM A MEMORIAL ODE.

But, not frae Life's rough work was bought  
For him, the least exemption  
At his ain task he painfu' wrought  
He struggl'd, suffer'd, fell, and thought,

Eachwin' nae, and shrinkin' naught,  
Till Death brought him redemption,  
Nae thoughtless road through life he sought,  
Just where he was, he enter'd ;  
He dealt his blows, where others fought,  
There where the battle center'd !  
Frae early dawn, alint the plew,  
'Til the sun was settin' ;  
The mornin' an' the e'enin' dew  
His fit right manly wettin'.

A thoughtfu', stoopin' lad he grew,  
As though beneath some burden ;  
A lad o' moods, wha hardly knew  
His life a lane or guerdon !  
Though now an' then, when sairly prest,  
He spak' in sic het fashion ;  
Some wrang to man or beast redrest,  
Kindlit to burnin' passion.  
A swarthy, well kuit eld he look'd,  
Wi' black een coal like burnin' ;  
Wha never slight nor insult brook'd,  
Nor true man's lo'e was spurmin' ;

To him denied the scholar's leuk,  
To ken the rye o' sages ;  
But partial Nature spread her beuk  
The wider, wi' bught pages ;  
A' sights and soum's that came frae her  
To him had halbe meanin' ;  
He was her daily worshiper,  
Aboon the furrow leamin' ;  
He saw her i' the wimplin' burn,  
An' i' the blue e'e'd woman ;  
Frae mouse and lark had tact to learn  
Su'thin' 'twas a'maist human ;

In him, the pair dumb beasties fau'  
A judge an' a defender !  
Their wrangs to right, his was the hau',  
To state, his voice sae tender !  
An' when he tauld his ain true lo'e,  
The sternies seem'd to listen ;  
The flowers aroun' him seem'd to know,  
An' wad wi' tear-drops glisten ;  
The very burlies stilled their sangs,  
As 'neath them he walk'd croonin' ;  
An' seem'd to catch his wares and wrangs,  
Their notes to his attuin' ;  
Sae that, although his sun went down,  
Before he reach'd twa-scovv,  
His name in ilka tongue is foun',  
His sangs on ilka shore ;  
" Sweet Afton " glides where waters curl,  
An' " Bonnie Doon " rins roun' the warf.

'T is true, he aft forgot himsel',  
An' soiled Gud's robes aroun' him ;  
Alas ! he kenn'd his weakness well ;

Nor lo'ed the chains that bound him !  
 Could he ha'e held his purpose true,  
 Nor on fause currents drifted,  
 His sky had been serenèr blue,  
 Nor wad its win's a'e shifted,  
 His nobler uses, had he kenned,  
 Or lived man's years allotted,  
 There's mony a fine in *passion* penned,  
 Aiblins, he might have blotted :

But, ah ! we'll plead nae mair his cause ;  
 We lo'e him still for what he was !  
 He was but man, man born o' woman,  
 Had he been mair, he'd na been human.  
 An' till we see his like agen,  
 We'll drap but flow'rs, and east nae stane !

J. J. KASKEL

## BURNS.

READ AT A CELEBRATION OF HIS BIRTHDAY, JAN. 1877

THE voice of a wondrous Seer !  
 The voice of a soul that is strong !  
 As true as Love, and as swift as Fear  
 In the mazes of marvellous song.

Far over the mountains bare,  
 Red heather, and ridges of sea,  
 It flows in the pulse of the living air,  
 And throbs in the veins of the free.

It whispers in Summer's breath,  
 It lips on the creamy shore,  
 It sings in the lips that smile at death  
 In the storm and catarract's roar.

It murmurs in brae and birk,  
 It pleads in the daisy's eye,  
 Where hands are toughened by honest work,  
 And bairns in their cradles lie ;

In cottage, and kirk, and bower,  
 In hall, in court, and in mart,  
 In the chirp of the mavis, the hawthorn flower,  
 And the maiden's simple heart.

It croons in the blaze of the inn,  
 Where the drouthy neighbors bide,  
 It shrieks in the ghastly glare and din,  
 Where the witches dance and ride.

Its mirth is a tempest of glee,  
 Its grief is the smart of fire,  
 Its solemn strain is the trump of the sea,  
 Its chorus the world's desire !

I listen, and brooklet and wold,  
 Wild bird and the darkling wood,

Are breathing secrets before untold  
 Of the perfect and passionless Good.

I list to the Voice as it flies,  
 And sings to the lands and the years,  
 And the light is clearer in Freedom's eyes,  
 And Poverty wipes his tears.

I see that the Poet's heart  
 Is brother to all who feel,  
 That the tender touch of its artless art  
 Is stronger than rivets of steel.

I see how that man is great  
 Because he is simply man ;  
 That the nations of grandeur and state  
 On manhood can fasten no ban.

I see how to peoples and times  
 The life of the singer leaps on,  
 And gladden the welcoming chimes,  
 Like spring-bursts of blossom and sun.

I ache with the stress of the strain, —  
 Its music and wildness and heat ;  
 Yet pressed on the heart of my pain  
 Are the lips of its prophecy sweet.

And singing, myself, I go —  
 Unconscious of frown or of rod —  
 To the work whose choruses flow  
 With the joy and the praises of God.

HORATIO N. POWERS

## A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to woo ;  
 Let him draw near,  
 And owre this grassy heap sang dool,  
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
 Who, notewles, steals the crowd among,  
 That weekly this area throng ;  
 O, pass not by ;  
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
 Here heave a sigh !

Is there a man whose judgment clear  
 Can others teach the course to steer,  
 Yet runs himself life's mad career,  
 Wild as the wave ;  
 Here pause, and, through the starting tear,  
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,

And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
 And sober flame ;  
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
 And stained his name !

Reader, attend, — whether thy soul  
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
 Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,  
 In low pursuit ;  
 Know, prudent, cautious self-control  
 Is wisdom's root.

ROBERT BURNS.

## ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

He 's gane, he 's gane ! he 's frae us torn,  
 The ae best fellow e'er was born !  
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn  
 By wood and wild,  
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,  
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,  
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns !  
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,\*  
 Where echo stumbers !  
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
 My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !  
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !  
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,  
 Wi' toddlin' din.  
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,  
 Frae lin to lin !

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea,  
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;  
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnie  
 In scented bowers ;  
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,  
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade  
 Droops with a diamond at his head,  
 At even, when beans their fragrance shed,  
 I' the rustling gale,  
 Ye maunkins whiddin through the glade,  
 Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;  
 Ye gronse that crap the heather bud ;  
 Ye curlews calling through a clud ;  
 Ye whistling plover ;  
 And mourn, ye whirling pair-trick brood ;  
 He 's gane forever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,  
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;

\* Eagles.

Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels  
 Circling the lake ;  
 Ye bitterns, till the quaguire reels,  
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clanking craiks at close o' day,  
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay ;  
 And when ye wing your annual way  
 Frae our cauld shore,  
 Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,  
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,  
 In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,  
 What time the moon, wi' silent glower,  
 Sets up her horn,  
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour  
 Till waukrife morn.

O rivers, forests, hills and plains !  
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains :  
 But now, what else for me remains  
 But tales of wo ?  
 And frae my een the drapping rains  
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !  
 Ilk cowslip cup shall keep a tear :  
 Thou, Summer, while each corny spear  
 Shoots up its head,  
 Thy gay, green flowery tresses shear,  
 For him that 's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,  
 In grief thy sallow mantle tear !  
 Thou, Winter, hurling through the air  
 The roaring blast,  
 Wide o'er the naked world declare  
 The worth we've lost.

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light !  
 Mourn, empress of the silent night !  
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,  
 My Matthew mourn !  
 For thro' your orbs he 's ta'en his flight,  
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson, the man ! the brother !  
 And art thou gone, and gone forever !  
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,  
 Life's dreary bound !  
 Like thee where shall I find another,  
 The world around !

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,  
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !  
 But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,  
 Thou man of worth !  
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate  
 E'er lay in earth.

ROBERT BURNS.



BYRON.

FROM "THE COURSE OF TIME."

TAKE one example — to our purpose quite.

A man of rank, and of capacious soul,  
 Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire,  
 An heir of flattery, to titles born,  
 And reputation, and luxurious life :  
 Yet, not content with ancestral name,  
 Or to be known because his fathers were,  
 He on this height hereditary stood,  
 And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart  
 To take another step. Above him seemed,  
 Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat  
 Of canonized bards ; and thitherward,  
 By nature taught, and inward melody,  
 In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.  
 No cost was spared. What books he wished, he  
 read ;

What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,  
 He saw. And first, in rambling school-boy days,  
 Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,  
 And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,  
 And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul  
 With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.  
 Then travel came, and took him where he wished :  
 He critics saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;  
 And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows ;  
 And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought  
 In other days ; and mused on ruins gray  
 With years ; and drank from old and fabulous  
 wells,

And plucked the vine that first-born prophets  
 plucked ;  
 And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave  
 Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste ;  
 The heavens and earth of every country saw :  
 Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,  
 Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,  
 Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard en-  
 trauced.

As some vast river of unfailling source,  
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,  
 And opened new fountains in the human heart.  
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
 In other men, his fresh as morning rose,  
 And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at  
 home,  
 Where angels bashful looked. Others, though  
 great,  
 Beneath their argument seemed struggling ; whiles  
 He, from above descending, stooped to touch  
 The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as  
 though

It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self  
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
 At will with all her glorious majesty.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"  
 And played familiar with his hoary locks ;  
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,  
 And with the thunder talked as friend to friend ;  
 And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,  
 In sportive twist, — the lightning's fiery wing,  
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,  
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed ;  
 Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sang  
 His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.  
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters  
 were ;

Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and  
 storms

His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce  
 As equals deemed. All passions of all men,  
 The wild and tame, the gentle and severe ;  
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;  
 All creeds ; all seasons, time, eternity ;  
 All that was hated, and all that was dear ;  
 All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man, —  
 He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves ;  
 Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.  
 With terror now he froze the cowering blood,  
 And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;  
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself ;  
 But back into his soul retired, alone,  
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously  
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.  
 So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late  
 To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
 Exulting in the glory of his might,  
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,  
 To which the stars did reverence as it passed,  
 So he, through learning and through fancy, took  
 His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top  
 Of Fame's dread mountain sat ; not soiled and  
 worn,

As if he from the earth had labored up,  
 But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair  
 He looked, which down from higher regions came,  
 And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

The nations gazed, and wondered much and  
 praised.

Critics before him fell in humble plight ;  
 Confounded fell ; and made de-basing signs  
 To catch his eye ; and stretched and swelled  
 themselves

To bursting high, to utter bulky words  
 Of admiration vast ; and many too,  
 Many that aimed to imitate his flight,  
 With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,  
 And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man ! the nations gazed and wondered  
 much,

And praised ; and many called his evil good.  
 Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness ;

And kings to do him honor took delight,  
 Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame ;  
 Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full, —  
 He died, — he died of what ? Of wretchedness ;  
 Drunk every cup of joy, heard every trumpet  
 Of fame ; drunk early, deeply drunk ; drunk  
 draughts  
 That common millions might have quenched, —  
 then died  
 Of thirst, because there was no more to drink,  
 His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,  
 Fell from his arms, abhorred ; his passions died ;  
 Died, all but dreary, solitary Pride ;  
 And all his sympathies in being died.  
 As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,  
 Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,  
 And then, retiring, left it there to rot  
 And molder in the winds and rains of heaven ;  
 So he, cut from the sympathies of life,  
 And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,  
 A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,  
 A scorched and desolate and blasted soul,  
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought, —  
 Repined, and groaned, and withered from the  
 earth.  
 His groanings filled the land his numbers filled ;  
 And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. — Poor  
 man !  
 Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

ROBERT POLLOK.

## TO CAMPBELL.

THU' bard and simple, — as the race  
 Of heaven-born poets always are,  
 When stooping from their starry place  
 They 're children near, though gods afar.

THOMAS MOORE.

## CAMP-BELL.

CHARADE.

Come from my first, ay, come !  
 The battle dawn is nigh ;  
 And the screaming trump and the thundering  
 drum  
 Are calling thee to die !  
 Fight as thy father fought ;  
 Fall as thy father fell ;  
 Thy task is taught ; thy shroud is wrought ;  
 So forward and farewell !  
 Toll ye my second, toll !  
 Fling high the flambeau's light,  
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
 Beneath the silent night !

The wreath upon his head,  
 The cross upon his breast,  
 Let the prayer be said and the tear be shed,  
 So, — take him to his rest !

Call ye my whole, — ay, call  
 The lord of lute and lay ;  
 And let him greet the sable pall  
 With a noble song to-day.

Go, call him by his name !  
 No fitter hand may crave  
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

## TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,  
 And my bark is on the sea ;  
 But before I go, Tom Moore,  
 Here 's a double health to thee !

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,  
 And a smile to those who hate ;  
 And, whatever sky 's above me,  
 Here 's a heart for every fate !

Though the ocean roar around me,  
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;  
 Though a desert should surround me,  
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasped upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
 'T is to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,  
 The libation I would pour  
 Should be, — Peace with thine and mine,  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore !

LORD BYRON.

## BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOR a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er  
his head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory !  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

TO JOHN LAMB, ESQ.,\* OF THE SOUTH-SEA  
HOUSE.

JOHN, you were figuring in the gay career  
Of blooming manhood with a young man's joy,  
When I was yet a little peevish boy —  
Though time has made the difference disappear  
Betwixt our ages, which *then* seemed so great —  
And still by rightful custom you retain  
Much of the old authoritative strain,  
And keep the elder brother up in state.  
O, you do well in this ! "T is man's worst deed  
To let the "things that have been" run to waste,  
And in the unmeaning present sink the past :  
In whose dim glass even now I faintly read  
Old buried forms, and faces long ago,  
Which you, and I, and one more, only know.

CHARLES LAMB.

ON MISS MARIA TREE,

THE ENGLISH SINGER.

ON this Tree when a nightingale settles and sings  
The Tree will return her as good as she brings.

HENRY LUTRILL.

\* Elder brother of the poet.

EMMET'S EPI TAPH.

[Robert Emmet, the celebrated Irish revolutionist, at his trial for high treason, which resulted in his conviction and execution, September 20, 1803, made an eloquent and pathetic confession, concluding with these words: "Let there be no inscription upon my tomb. Let no man write my epitaph. Let my character and my motives, expose in security and peace till other time, and let a man who do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated, then may my epitaph be written. I have done." It was immediately upon reading this speech that the following lines were written.]

"LET no man write my epitaph; let my grave  
Be unscribed, and let my memory rest  
Till other times are come, and other men,  
Who then may do me justice."

Emmet, no !

No withering curse hath dried my spirit up,  
That I should now be silent, — that my soul  
Should from the stirring inspiration shrink,  
Now when it shakes her, and withhold her voice,  
Of that divinest impulse nevermore  
Worthy, if impious I withheld it now,  
Hardening my heart. Here, here in this free  
Isle,

To which in thy young virtue's erring zeal  
Thou wert so perilous an enemy,  
Here in free England shall an English hand  
Build thy imperishable monument ;  
O, to thine own misfortune and to ours,  
By thine own deadly error so beguiled,  
Here in free England shall an English voice  
Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou hast  
paid

The bitter penalty of that misdeed ;  
Justice hath done her unrelenting part,  
If she in truth be Justice who drives on,  
Bloody and blind, the chariot-wheels of death.

So young, so glowing for the general good,  
O, what a lovely manhood had been thine,  
When all the violent workings of thy youth  
Had passed away, hadst thou been wisely spared,  
Left to the slow and certain influences  
Of silent feeling and maturing thought !  
How had that heart, that noble heart of thine,  
Which even now had snapped one spell, which  
beat

With such brave indignation at the shame  
And guilt of France, and of her miscreant lord, —  
How had it clung to England ! With what love,  
What pure and perfect love, returned to her,  
Now worthy of thy love, the champion now  
For freedom, — yes, the only champion now,  
And soon to be the avenger. — But the blow  
Hath fallen, the undiscriminating blow,  
That for its portion to the grave consigned  
Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. — O, grief, grief !  
O, sorrow and reproach ! Have ye to learn,  
Deaf to the past, and to the future blind,  
Ye who thus irremissibly exact

The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,  
When in distempered times the feverish mind  
To strong delusion yields? Have ye to learn  
With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice  
Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no hearts  
To feel and understand how Mercy tames  
The rebel nature, maddened by old wrongs,  
And binds it in the gentle bands of love,  
When steel and adamant were weak to hold  
That Samson-strength subdued!

Let no man write  
Thy epitaph! Emmet, may; thou shalt not go  
Without thy funeral strain! O young and good,  
And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go  
Unhonored or unsung. And better thus  
Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,  
Better to fall, than to have lived to mourn,  
As sure thou wouldst, in misery and remorse,  
Thine own disastrous triumph; to have seen,  
If the Almighty at that awful hour  
Had turned away his face, wild ignorance  
Let loose, and frantic Vengeance, and dark  
zeal,

And all bad passions tyrannous, and the fires  
Of Persecution once again ablaze,  
How had it sunk into thy soul to see,  
Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of France  
In thy dear native country lording it!  
How happier thus, in that heroic mood  
That takes away the sting of death, to die,  
By all the good and all the wise forgiven!  
Yea, in all ages by the wise and good  
To be remembered, mourned, and honored still!

ROBERT SOUTHEY

## DEATH-BED OF BOMBA, KING OF NAPLES.

AT BARI, 1859.

COULD I pass those lounging sentries, through  
The aloe-bordered entries, up the sweep of  
squalid stair,  
On through chamber after chamber, where the  
sunshine's gold and amber turn decay to  
beauty rare,  
I should reach a guarded portal, where for strife  
of issue mortal, face to face two kings are  
met:  
One the grisly King of Terrors; one a Bourbon,  
with his errors, late to conscience-clearing  
set.  
Well his fevered pulse may flutter, and the priests  
their mass may mutter with such fervor  
as they may:  
Cross and chrisin, and genuflection, mop and  
mow, and interjection, will not frighten  
Death away.

By the dying despot sitting, at the hard heart's  
portals hitting, shocking the dull brain to  
work,

Death makes clear what life has hidden, chides  
what life has left unchidden, quickens truth  
life tried to burke.

He but ruled within his borders after Holy  
Church's orders, did what Austria bade him  
do;

By their guidance flogged and tortured; high-  
born men and gently nurtured chained with  
crime's felonious crew.

What if summer fevers gripped them, what if  
winter freezings nipped them, till they  
rotted in their chains?

He had word of Pope and Kaiser; none could  
holier be or wiser; theirs the counsel, his  
the reins.

So he pleads excuses eager, clutching, with his  
fingers meager, at the bed-clothes as he  
speaks;

But King Death sits grimly grinning at the  
Bourbon's cobweb-spinning, — as each cob-  
web-cable breaks.

And the poor soul, from life's eyot, rudderless,  
without a pilot, drifteth slowly down the  
dark:

While mid rolling incense vapor, chanted dirge,  
and flaring taper, lies the body, stiff and  
stark.

PUNCH.

## O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!

ROBERT EMMET.

O, BREATHE not his name! let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his  
head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence  
it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he  
sleeps;

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

## JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

DIED IN NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1828.

GREEN be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth ;

And I, who woke each morrow  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and woe were thine,

It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow,  
But I've in vain essayed it,  
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
The grief is fixed too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee.

LITZ GREENE HALLECK

## TO TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT ! the most unhappy man of men !  
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plow  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den,  
O miserable chieftain ! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and  
skies :

There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee : thou hast great allies ;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's uncomprehending mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's mountains,  
Across the charmed bay  
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver foun-  
tains  
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,  
His gold-bought masses given ;

And Rome's great altar smokes with gums to  
sweeten  
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute thanks-  
giving,  
The court of England's queen  
For the dead monster so abhorred while living  
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning ;  
By lone Edgbaston's side  
Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining,  
Bare-headed and wet-eyed !

Silent for one the restless hive of labor,  
Save the low funeral tread,  
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his neighbor  
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minister's chant of the immortals  
Rose from the lips of sin ;  
Nonimported priest swung back the heavenly portals  
To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces  
In the low hovels' door,  
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places  
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,  
The vagrant of the street,  
The human live where-with in games of battle  
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward  
draping,  
All swelled the long lament,  
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble, shaping  
His viewless monument '—

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,  
In the long heretofore,  
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,  
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand old steeples  
No crash of brazen wail,  
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues, and  
peoples  
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,  
And from the tropic calms  
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows  
Of Occidental palms ;

From the locked roadsteads of the Bothnian  
peasants,  
And harbors of the Finn,

Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence  
Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste places,  
To link the hostile shores  
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies  
The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,  
Who in the vilest saw  
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple  
Still vocal with God's law;

And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing  
As from its prison cell,  
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying  
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,  
But a fine sense of right,  
And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion  
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,  
In the same channel ran;  
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single  
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures  
He joined to courage strong,  
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures  
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman; manliness and meekness  
In him were so allied,  
That they who judged him by his strength or  
weakness  
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed  
nourished  
By failure and by fall;  
Still a large faith in human-kind he cherished,  
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness  
No more shall seem at strife;  
And death has molded into calm completeness  
The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-birds warble,  
His dust to dust is laid,  
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble  
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing;  
Beneath its smoky vale,  
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging  
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,  
And the sweet heaven above, —  
The fitting symbols of a life of duty  
Transfigured into love!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

TAKE back into thy bosom, earth,  
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,  
The gentlest child that ever mirth  
Gave to be reared by sorrow!  
'T is hard — while rays half green, half gold,  
Through vernal bowers are burning,  
And streams their diamond mirrors hold  
To Summer's face returning —  
To say we're thankful that his sleep  
Shall nevermore be lighter,  
In whose sweet-tongued companionship  
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

But all the more intensely true  
His soul gave out each feature  
Of elemental love, — each hue  
And grace of golden nature, —  
The deeper still beneath it all  
Lurked the keen jags of anguish;  
The more the laurels clasped his brow  
Their poison made it languish.  
Seemed it that, like the nightingale  
Of his own mournful singing,  
The tenderer would his song prevail  
While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn  
Did fount bring freshness deeper  
Than that his placid rest this morn  
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.  
That rest may lap his weary head  
Where charnels choke the city,  
Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed  
The wren shall wake its ditty;  
But near or far, while evening's star  
Is dear to hearts regretting,  
Around that spot admiring thought  
Shall hover, unforgetting.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS.

#### A VOICE, AND NOTHING ELSE.

"I WONDER if Brougham thinks as much as he  
talks,"  
Said a punster, perusing a trial:  
"I vow, since his lordship was made Baron  
Vaux,  
He's been *Vaux et prateræ nihil!*"

ANONYMOUS.

## MACAULAY.

THE dreamy rhymers measured shore  
 Falls heavy on our ears no more ;  
 And by long strides are left behind  
 The dear delights of womankind,  
 Who wage their battles like their loves,  
 In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,  
 And have achieved the crowning work  
 When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.  
 Another comes with stouter tread,  
 And stalks among the state-liege dead.  
 He rushes on, and hails by turns  
 High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns ;  
 And shows the British youth, who ne'er  
 Will lag behind, what Romans were,  
 When all the Tuscans and their Lars  
 Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## SONNETS TO GEORGE SAND.

## A DESIRE.

THOU large-brained woman and large-hearted man,  
 Self-called George Sand ! whose soul amid the  
 lions  
 Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance,  
 And answers roar for roar, as spirits can,  
 I would some mild miraculous thunder ran  
 Above the applauded circus, in appliance  
 Of thine own nobler nature's strength and sci-  
 ence,  
 Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,  
 From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place  
 With holier light ! that thou to woman's claim,  
 And man's, might join beside the angel's grace  
 Of a pure genius sanctified from blame ;  
 Till child and maiden pressed to thine em-  
 brace,  
 To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

## A RECOGNITION.

TRUE genius, but true woman ! dost deny  
 Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,  
 And break away the gauls and armlets worn  
 By weaker women in captivity ?  
 Ah, vain denial ! that revolted cry  
 Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn ;  
 Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,  
 Floats back disheveled strength in agony,  
 Disproving thy man's name ; and while before  
 The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,  
 We see thy woman-heart beat evermore

Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart,  
 and higher,  
 Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,  
 Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire.

ELIZABETH BAKKETT BROWNING.

## HEINE'S GRAVE.

"HENRI HEINE" — 't is here !  
 The black tombstone, the name  
 Carved there — no more ! and the smooth,  
 Swarded alleys, the lines  
 Touched with yellow by hot  
 Summer, but under them still  
 In September's bright afternoon  
 Shadow and verdure and cool !  
 Trim Montmartre ! the faint  
 Murmur of Paris outside ;  
 Crisp everlasting-flowers,  
 Yellow and black on the graves.

Half blind, palsied, in pain,  
 Hither to come, from the streets'  
 Uproar, surely not loath  
 Wast thou, Heine, — to lie  
 Quiet ! to ask for closed  
 Shutters, and darkened room,  
 And cool drinks, and an eased  
 Posture, and opium, no more !  
 Hither to come, and to sleep  
 Under the wings of Renewal.

Ah ! not little, when pain  
 Is most quelling, and man  
 Easily quelled, and the fine  
 Temper of genius alive  
 Quickest to ill, is the praise  
 Not to have yielded to pain !  
 No small boast for a weak  
 Son of mankind, to the earth  
 Pinned by the thunder, to rear  
 His bolt-seathed front to the stars,  
 And, undaunted, retort  
 'Gainst thick-crashing, insane,  
 Tyrannous tempests of bale,  
 Arrowy lightnings of soul !

Hark ! through the alley resounds  
 Mocking laughter ! A film  
 Creeps o'er the sunshine ; a breeze  
 Ruffles the warm afternoon,  
 Saddens my soul with its chill.  
 Gibing of spirits in scorn  
 Shakes every leaf of the grove,  
 Mars the benignant repose  
 Of this amiable home of the dead.

Bitter spirits ' ye claim  
 Heine ! — Alas, he is yours !  
 Only a moment I longed  
 Here in the quiet to snatch  
 From such mates the outworn  
 Poet, and steep him in calm.  
 Only a moment ! I knew  
 Whose he was who is here  
 Buried ; I knew he was yours !  
 Ah, I knew that I saw  
 Here no sepulcher built  
 In the laureled rock, o'er the blue  
 Naples bay, for a sweet  
 Tender Virgil ! no tomb  
 On Ravenna sands, in the shade  
 Of Ravenna pines, for a high  
 Austere Dante ! no grave  
 By the Avon side, in the bright  
 Stratford meadows, for thee,  
 Shakespeare ! loveliest of souls,  
 Peerless in radiance, in joy.

What so harsh and malign,  
 Heine ! distills from thy life,  
 Poisons the peace of thy grave ?

Charm is the glory which makes  
 Song of the poet divine ;  
 Love is the fountain of charm.  
 How without charm wilt thou draw,  
 Poet, the world to thy way ?  
 Not by the lightnings of wit,  
 Not by the thunder of scorn !  
 These to the world, too, are given ;  
 Wit it possesses, and scorn, —  
 Charm is the poet's alone.  
*Hollow and dull are the great,  
 And artists envious, and the mob profane.*  
 We know all this, we know !  
 Cam'st thou from heaven, O child  
 Of light ! but this to declare !  
 Alas ! to help us forget  
 Such barren knowledge awhile,  
 God gave the poet his song.  
 Therefore a secret unrest  
 Tortured thee, brilliant and bold !  
 Therefore triumph itself  
 Tasted amiss to thy soul.  
 Therefore, with blood of thy foes,  
 Trickled in silence thine own.  
 Therefore the victor's heart  
 Broke on the field of his fame.  
 Ah ! as of old from the pomp  
 Of Italian Milan, the fair  
 Flower of marble of white  
 Southern palaces, — steps  
 Bordered by statues, and walks  
 Terraced, and orange bowers

Heavy with fragrance, — the blond  
 German Kaiser full off  
 Longed himself back to the fields,  
 Rivers, and high-roofed towns  
 Of his native Germany ; say,  
 So, how often ! from hot  
 Paris drawing-rooms, and lamps  
 Blazing, and brilliant crowds,  
 Starred and jeweled, of men  
 Famous, of women the queens  
 Of dazzling converse, and fumes  
 Of praise, — hot, heady fumes, to the poor brain  
 That moult, that madden ! — how oft  
 Heine's spirit, outworn,  
 Longed itself out of the din  
 Back to the tranquil, the cool,  
 Far German home of his youth !  
 See ! in the May afternoon,  
 O'er the fresh short turf of the Hartz,  
 A youth, with the foot of youth,  
 Heine ! thou climbest again.  
 Up, through the tall dark firs  
 Warming their heads in the sun,  
 Checkering the grass with their shade,  
 Up, by the stream with its huge  
 Moss-hung bowlders and thin  
 Musical water half-lid,  
 Up o'er the rock-strewn slope,  
 With the sinking sun, and the air  
 Chill, and the shadows now  
 Long on the gray hillside,  
 To the stone-roofed hut at the top.

Or, yet later, in watch  
 On the roof of the Brocken tower  
 Thou standest, gazing ! to see  
 The broad red sun, over field,  
 Forest and city and spire  
 And mist-tracked stream of the wide,  
 Wide German land, going down  
 In a bank of vapors, — again  
 Standest ! at nightfall, alone ;  
 Or, next morning, with limbs  
 Rested by slumber, and heart  
 Freshened and light with the May,  
 O'er the gracious spurs coming down  
 Of the lower Hartz, among oaks,  
 And beechen coverts, and copse  
 Of hazels green in whose depth  
 Ise, the fairy transformed,  
 In a thousand water-breaks light  
 Pours her petulant youth, —  
 Climbing the rock which juts  
 O'er the valley, the dizzily perched  
 Rock ! to its Iron Cross  
 Once more thou cling'st ; to the Cross  
 Clingest ! with smiles, with a sigh.



But something prompts me : Not thus  
Take leave of Heine, not thus  
Speak the last word at his grave !  
Not in pity and not  
With half-censure, — with awe  
Hail, as it passes from earth,  
Scattering lightnings, that soul !

The spirit of the world,  
Beholding the absurdity of men, —  
Their vaunts, their feats, — let a sardonic smile  
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.  
*That smile was Heine !* for its earthly hour  
The strange guest sparkled ; now 't is passed  
away.

That was Heine ! and we,  
Myriads who live, who have lived,  
What are we all, but a mood,  
A single mood, of the life  
Of the Being in whom we exist,  
Who alone is all things in one.  
Spirit, who fillest us all !  
Spirit, who interest in each  
New-coming son of mankind  
Such of thy thoughts as thou wilt !  
O thou, one of whose moods,  
Bitter and strange, was the life  
Of Heine, — his strange, alas !  
His bitter life, — may a life  
Other and milder be mine !  
Mayst thou a mood more serene,  
Happier, have uttered in mine !  
Mayst thou the rapture of peace  
Deep have embreathed at its core !  
Made it a ray of thy thought,  
Made it a beat of thy joy !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

#### A WELCOME TO "BOZ,"

ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE WEST.

COME as artist, come as guest,  
Welcome to the expectant West,  
Hero of the charmed pen,  
Loved of children, loved of men.  
We have felt thy spell for years ;  
Oft with laughter, oft with tears,  
Thou hast touched the tenderest part  
Of our inmost, hidden heart.  
We have fixed our eager gaze  
On thy pages nights and days,  
Wishing, as we turned them o'er,  
Like poor Oliver, for "more,"  
And the creatures of thy brain  
In our memory remain,  
Till through them we seem to be  
Old acquaintances of thee.

Much we hold it thee to greet,  
Gladly sit we at thy feet ;  
On thy features we would look,  
As upon a living book,  
And thy voice would grateful hear,  
Glad to feel that Boz were near,  
That his veritable soul  
Held us by direct control :  
Therefore, author loved the best,  
Welcome, welcome to the West.

In immortal Walter's name,  
By the rare Micawber's fame,  
By the flogging wreaked on Squeers,  
By Job Trotter's fluent tears,  
By the beadle Bumble's fate  
At the hands of shrewish mate,  
By the famous Pickwick Club,  
By the dream of Gabriel Grubb,  
In the name of Snodgrass's muse,  
Tupman's amorous interviews,  
Winkle's ludicrous mishaps,  
And the fat boy's countless naps ;  
By Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer,  
By Miss Sally Bra's, the lawyer,  
In the name of Newman Noggs,  
River Thames, and London fogs,  
Richard Swiveller's excess,  
Feasting with the Marchioness,  
By Jack Bunsby's oracles,  
By the chime of Christmas bells,  
By the cricket on the hearth,  
By the sound of chibbish mirth,  
By spread tables and good cheer,  
Wayside inns and pots of beer,  
Hostess plump and jolly host,  
Coaches for the turnpike post,  
Chambermaid in love with Boots,  
Tootles, Traddles, Tapley, Toots,  
Betsey Trotwood, Mister Dick,  
Susan Nipper, Mistress Chick,  
Suevellicci, Lilyvick,  
Mantellini's predilections  
To transfer his warm affections,  
By poor Barnaby and Grip,  
Flora, Dora, Di, and Gip,  
Perrybingle, Pinch and Pip, —  
Welcome, long-expected guest,  
Welcome to the grateful West.

In the name of gentle Nell,  
Child of light, beloved well, —  
Weeping, did we not behold  
Roses on her bosom cold ?  
Better we for every tear  
Shed beside her snowy bier, —  
By the mournful group that played  
Round the grave where Sniike was laid,

By the life of Tiny Tim,  
 And the lesson taught by him,  
 Asking in his plaintive tone  
 God to "bless us every one,"  
 By the sounding waves that bore  
 Little Paul to Heaven's shore,  
 By thy yearning for the human  
 Good in every man and woman,  
 By each noble deed and word  
 That thy story-books record,  
 And each noble sentiment  
 Dickens to the world hath lent,  
 By the effort thou hast made  
 Truth and true reform to aid,  
 By thy hope of man's relief  
 Finally from want and grief,  
 By thy never-failing trust  
 That the God of love is just, —  
 We would meet and welcome thee,  
 Preacher of humanity :  
 Welcome fills the throbbing breast  
 Of the sympathetic West.

W. H. VENABLE

## DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
 The river sang below ;  
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted  
 The ruddy tints of health  
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
 In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure  
 A boarded volume drew,  
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless  
 leisure,  
 To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered  
 faster,  
 And as the firelight fell,  
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
 Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader  
 Was youngest of them all, —  
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
 A silence seemed to fall :

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
 Listened in every spray,  
 While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English  
 meadows  
 Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken  
 As by some spell divine —  
 Their cares dropped from them like the needles  
 shaken  
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire ;  
 And he who wrought that spell ? —  
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story  
 Blend with the breath that thrills  
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory  
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
 And laurel wreaths intwine,  
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly, —  
 This spray of Western pine.

BRET HARTE.

## TO VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR in poesy ! Victor in romance !  
 Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears !  
 French of the French and lord of human  
 tears !  
 Child lover, hard, whose fame-lit laurels glauce,  
 Darkening the wreaths of all that would ad-  
 vance  
 Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers !  
 Weid Titan, by thy wintry weight of years  
 As yet unbroken ! Stormy voice of France,  
 Who does not love our England, so they say ;  
 I know not ! England, France, all men to be,  
 Will make one people, ere man's race be  
 run ;  
 And I, desiring that diviner day,  
 Yield thee full thanks for thy full court-sy  
 To younger England in the boy, my son.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## DANIEL BOONE.

FROM "DON JUAN."

OF all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,  
 Who passes for in life and death most lucky,  
 Of the great names which in our faces stare,  
 The General Boone, backwoodsman of Ken-  
 tucky.  
 Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere ;  
 For, killing nothing but a bear or buck, he  
 Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days  
 Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him, she is not the child  
Of solitude ; Health shrank not from him, for  
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,

Where if men seek her not, and death be more  
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled  
By habit to what their own hearts abhor,  
In cities caged. The present case in point I  
Cite is, that Boone lived hunting up to ninety ;

And, what 's still stranger, left behind a name  
For which men vainly decimate the throng,

Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,  
Without which glory 's but a tavern song —  
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,

Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with  
wrong ;

An active hermit, even in age the child  
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

'T is true he shrank from men, even of his nation ;  
When they built up unto his darling trees,

He moved some hundred miles off, for a station  
Where there were fewer houses and more ease ;  
The inconvenience of civilization

Is that you neither can be pleased nor please ;  
But where he met the individual man,  
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

He was not all alone : around him grew  
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,  
Whose young, unawakened world was ever new ;

Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace  
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view  
A frown on nature's or on human face :  
The freeborn forest found and kept them free,  
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot, were they,  
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,  
Because their thoughts had never been the prey  
Of care or gain : the green woods were their  
portions ;

No sinking spirits told them they grew gray ;  
No fashion made them apes of her distortions ;  
Simple they were, not savage ; and their rifles,  
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,  
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil ;  
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers ;  
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil.  
The lust which stings, the splendor which en-  
cumbers,

With the free foresters divide no spoil :  
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes  
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

LORD BYRON.

## WASHINGTON.

FROM "UNDER THE ELM," READ AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 3,  
1875, ON THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF WASH-  
INGTON'S TAKING COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

BENEATH our consecrated elm  
A century ago he stood,  
Faded vaguely for that old light in the wood,  
Which really foamed round him but could not  
overwhelm

The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn  
helm.

From colleges, where now the gown  
To arms had yielded, from the town,  
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see  
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.  
No need to question long ; close-lipped and tall,  
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone  
To bridle others' clamors and his own,  
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,  
The incarnate discipline that was to free  
With iron curb that armed democracy.

Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,  
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand  
Upon the bridle, patient to command,  
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,  
And learned to honor first, then love him, then  
revere.

Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint,  
And purpose clean as light from every selfish  
taint.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,  
The years between furl off : I seem to see  
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,  
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue,  
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head  
That shines our beacon now, nor darkens with the  
dead.

O man of silent mood,  
A stranger among strangers then,  
How art thou since re-nowned the Great, the  
Good,

Familiar as the day in all the homes of men !  
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,  
Blow many names out : they but fan to flame  
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink  
Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,  
To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve  
To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,  
With him so statuelike in sad reserve,  
So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve !  
Nor need I shun due influence of his fame  
Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now  
The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,  
That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

What figure more immovably august  
Than that grave strength so patient and so  
pure,

Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,  
That soul serene, impenetrably just,  
Modeled on classic lines, so simple they endure?  
That soul so softly radiant and so white  
The track it left seems less of fire than light,  
Cold but to such as love distemperature?  
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force  
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,  
Why for his power benign seek an impure  
source?

His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,  
Domestically bright,  
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,  
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,  
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.  
Passionless, say you? What is passion for  
But to sublime our natures and control  
To front heroic toils with late return,  
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?  
That fire was fed with substance of the soul,  
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn  
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,  
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,  
With breath of popular applause or blame,  
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,  
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;  
High-poised example of great duties done  
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn  
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;  
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,  
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;  
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
Not honored then or now because he wooed  
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one  
Who was all this, and ours, and all men's, —  
Washington.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,  
That flash and darken like revolving lights,  
'Tatch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait  
On the long curve of patient days and nights,  
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair  
Of orb'd completeness; and this balanced soul,  
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare  
Of draperies theatric, standing there  
In perfect symmetry of self-control,  
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows  
Still as we look, and by experience learn  
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern

The discipline that wrought through lifelong  
throes

This energetic passion of repose.

A nature too decorous and severe,  
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys  
For ardent girls and boys,  
Who find no genius in a mind so clear  
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,  
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.  
They feel no force in that calm, eadenced phrase,  
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,  
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze  
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of  
days.

His broad-built brain, to self so little kind  
That no tumultuary blood could blind,  
Formed to control men, not amaze,  
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:  
It was a world of stater movement then  
Than this we fret in, be a denizen  
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

Placid completeness, life without a fall  
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless  
wall,

Surely if any fame can bear the touch,  
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,  
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so  
much.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By broad Potomac's silent shore  
Better than Trajan lowly lies,  
Gilding her green deelivities  
With glory now and evermore;  
To his fame no aid hath lent;  
His country is his monument.

ANONYMOUS.

ON A PORTRAIT OF RED JACKET,

CHIEF OF THE TUSCARORAS.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,  
First in her files, her Pioneer of mind,  
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven  
His love for the young land he left behind;

And throned her in the senate-hall of nations,  
Robed like the deluge-rainbow, heaven-wrought,  
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,  
And beautiful as its green world of thought;

And faithful to the Act of Congress, quoted  
As law authority, it passed nem. con.,

He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,  
The most enlightened people ever known ;

That all our week is happy as a Sunday  
In Paris, full of song and dance and laugh ;  
And that, from Orleans to the Bay of Fundy,  
There 's not a bailiff or an epitaph ;

And furthermore, in fifty years, or sooner,  
We shall export our poetry and wine ;  
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,  
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora !  
Gazing, as I, upon thy portrait now,  
In all its medaled, fringed, and beaded glory,  
Its eye's dark beauty, and its thoughtful  
brow, —

Its brow, half martial and half diplomatic ;  
Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings, —  
Well might he boast that we, the democratic,  
Otrival Europe, even in our kings !

For thou wast monarch born. Tradition's pages  
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,  
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages  
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely : if no poet's magic  
Could make Red Jacket grace an English  
rhyme,  
Though some one with a genius for the tragic  
Hath introduced it in a pantomime,

Yet it is music in the language spoken  
Of thine own land ; and on her herald roll  
As bravely fought for, and as proud a token  
As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb, though Austria's bosom-star would  
frighten  
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,  
And George the Fourth wore, at his court at  
Brighton,  
A more becoming evening dress than thine, —

Yet 't is a brave one, scorning wind and weather,  
And fitted for thy couch, on field and flood,  
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland heather,  
Or forest green for England's Robin Hood.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's ?  
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong  
As earth's first kings, — the Argo's gallant sailors,  
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is beauty ? — Thine has with thy youth de-  
parted ;  
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,

And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,  
Are — But I rhyme for smiles and not for  
tears.

Is eloquence ? — Her spell is thine that reaches  
The heart, and makes the wisest heal its sport ;  
And there 's one rare, strange virtue in thy  
speeches,  
The secret of their mastery, — they are short.

The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,  
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,  
Of winning, fettering, molding, wielding, band-  
ing  
The hearts of millions till they move as one, —

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded  
The road to death as to a festival ;  
And minstrels, at their sepulchers, have shrouded  
With banner-folds of glory the dark pall.

Who will believe, — not I ; for in deceiving  
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream :  
I cannot spare the luxury of believing  
That all things beautiful are what they seem, —

Who will believe that, with a smile whose bless-  
ing  
Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a dying  
hour ;  
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,  
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower ;

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil ;  
With motions graceful as a bird's in air, —  
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil  
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair !

That in thy breast there springs a poison foun-  
tain,  
Deadlier than that where bathes the upas-  
tree ;  
And in thy wrath, a nursing cat-o'-mountain  
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with  
thee !

And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,  
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,  
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions, —  
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow, all save  
fear.

Love — for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,  
Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars ;  
Hatred — of missionaries and cold water ;  
Pride — in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars ;

Hope — that thy wrongs may be by the Great  
Spirit  
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone ;

Sorrow — that none are left thee to inherit  
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy  
throne !

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

— — —  
DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHEN, stricken by the freezing blast,  
A nation's living pillars fall,  
How rich the storied page, how vast,  
A word, a whisper, can recall !

No medal lifts its fretted face,  
Nor speaking marble cheats your eye ;  
Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,  
A living image passes by :

A roof beneath the mountain pines ;  
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain ;  
The front of life's embattled lines ;  
A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes : a boy appears ;  
Set life's round dial in the sun,  
Count the swift arc of seventy years,  
His frame is dust ; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,  
Ere the declining sun has laid  
His bleaching rays on manhood's power,  
And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,  
No change unerown his brow ; behold !  
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed,  
Earth has no double from its mold !

Ere from the fields by valor won  
The battle-smoke had rolled away,  
And bared the blood-red setting sun,  
His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip  
Black with the strife that made it free ;  
He lived to see its banners dip  
Their fringes in the western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,  
His words the mountain echoes know ;  
The northern breezes swept his fame  
From icy lake to warm bayon.

In toil he lived ; in peace he died ;  
When life's full cycle was complete,  
Put off his robes of power and pride,  
And laid them at his Master's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves,  
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,  
Whose heart was like the streaming caves  
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow  
Laid softly on the furrowed hill ;  
It hides the broken seams below,  
And leaves the summit brighter still.

In vain the curious tongue upbraids ;  
His name a nation's heart shall keep,  
Till morning's latest sunlight fades  
On the blue tablet of the deep !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

— — —  
ISHABOD.

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1850.

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore !  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
Forevermore !

Revile him not, — the Tempter hath  
A snare for all !  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall !

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age  
Falls back in night !

Scorn ! would the angels laugh to mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
From hope and heaven ?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
Insult him now ;  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
Save power remains, —  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled :  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead !

Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead lane ;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITIER.

THE DEAD CZAR NICHOLAS.

LAY him beneath his snows,  
The great Norse giant who in these last days  
Troubled the nations. Gather decently  
The imperial robes about him. 'T is but man, —  
This demi-god. Or rather it *was* man,  
And is a little dust, that will corrupt  
As fast as any nameless dust which sleeps  
'Neath Alma's grass or Balaklava's vines.

No vineyard grave for him. No quiet tomb  
By river margin, where across the seas  
Children's fond thoughts and women's memories  
Come,

Like angels, to sit by the sepulcher,  
Saying : " All these were men who knew to count,  
Front-faced, the cost of honor, nor did shrink  
From its full payment ; coming here to die,  
They died — like men."

But this man ' Ah ! for him  
Funereal state, and ceremonial grand,  
The stone-engraved sarcophagus, and then  
Oblivion.

Nay, oblivion were as bliss  
To that fierce howl which rolls from land to land  
Exulting, " Art thou fallen, Lucifer,  
Son of the morning ?" or condemning, " Thus  
Perish the wicked !" or blaspheming, " Here  
Lies our Belshazzar, our Sennacherib,  
Our Pharaoh, — he whose heart God hardened,  
So that he would not let the people go."

Self-glorifying sinners ! Why, this man  
Was but like other men, — you, Levite small,  
Who shut your saintly ears, and prate of hell  
And heretics, because outside church-doors,  
Your church-doors, congregations poor and small  
Praise Heaven in their own way ; you, autoerat  
Of all the hamlets, who add field to field  
And house to house, whose slavish children cower  
Before your tyrant footstep ; you, foul-tongued  
Fanatic or ambitious egotist,  
Who think God stoops from his high majesty  
To lay his finger on your puny head,  
And crown it, that you henceforth may parade  
Your maggotship throughout the wondering  
world, —  
" I am the Lord's anointed !"

Fools and blind !  
This czar, this emperor, this dethroned corpse,  
Lying so straightly in an icy calu  
Grandeur than sovereignty, was but as ye,  
No better and no worse : Heaven mend us all !

Carry him forth and bury him. Death's peace  
Rest on his memory ! Mercy by his bier  
Sits silent, or says only these few word,  
" Let him who is without sin 'mongst ye all  
Cast the first stone."

DINAH M'LOCK CRAIK.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM THE "COMMUNICATOR OFF."

LIFE may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
So bountiful is Fate ;  
But then to stand beside her,  
When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,  
This shows, methinks, God's plan  
And measure of a stalwart man,  
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid  
earth,  
Not forced to frame excuse for his birth,  
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
Whom late the Nation he had led,  
With ashes on her head,  
Wept with the passion of an angry grief :  
Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote ;  
For him her Old World molds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true  
How beautiful to see  
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;  
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
But by his clear-grained human worth,  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity !  
They knew that outward grace is dust ;  
They could not choose but trust  
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,

And supple-tempered will  
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and  
thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind ;  
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.  
Nothing of Europe here,  
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,  
Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
Could Nature's equal scheme deface ;  
Here was a type of the true elder race,  
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face  
to face.

I praise him not ; it were too late ;  
And some imitative weakness there must be  
In him who condescends to victory  
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate.  
So always firmly he :  
He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide,  
Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes ;  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soul, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.\*

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

You' lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,  
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, brist-  
ling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonair,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;  
You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's  
laugh,  
Judging each step as though the way were plain,

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain :

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you* ?

Yes : he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen ;  
To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rose,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose ;  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more  
true ;  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be ;  
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same ;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, — such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand, —  
As one who knows, where there 's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace  
command ;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden  
grow,  
That God makes instruments to work his will,  
If but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
His peasant with rude Nature's thwarting  
might ;

The uncleaved forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's ax,  
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear, —  
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to  
train :  
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may  
bear,  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it : four long-suffering years'  
ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

\* This tribute appeared in the London "Punch," which, up to the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, had ridiculed and malign'd him with all its well-known powers of pen and pencil.



The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood;  
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he  
stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to  
rest !

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame :  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high ;  
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came !

A deed accurst ! Strokes have been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of horror or disgrace they bore ;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly  
out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven ;  
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"Some time afterward, it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor : that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colors."—*Letter of H. G. OTIS.*

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,  
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young  
man ;  
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean :  
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly ; surely no man yet  
Put lever to the heavy world with less :  
What need of help ? He knew how types were set,  
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,  
The compact nucleus, round which systems  
grow :  
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,  
And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth ! O Freedom ! how are ye still born  
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed !  
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn  
Through which the splendors of the New Day  
burst !

What ! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his  
cell,  
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her  
frown ?

Brave Luther answered Yes ; that thunder's  
swell  
Rocked Europe, and disarmed the triple  
crown.

Whatever can be known of earth we know,  
Succored Europe's wise men, in their snail-shells  
curled ;

No ! said one man in Genoa, and that No  
Out of the dark created this New World.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust ?  
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone ?  
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward Must ?  
He and his works, like sand, from earth are  
blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here !  
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn  
To win a world ; see the obedient sphere  
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn !

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,  
And by the Present's lips repeated still,  
In our own single manhood to be bold,  
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will ?

We stride the river daily at its spring,  
Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee  
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,  
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,  
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain !  
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,  
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE OLD ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL STEWART, U. S. N.

Gone at last,  
That brave old hero of the past !  
His spirit has a second birth,  
An unknown, grander life ;  
All of him that was earth  
Lies mute and cold,

Like a wrinkled sheath and old,  
 Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade  
 That has good entrance made  
 Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,  
 A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came ;  
 The morn and noontide of the nation  
 Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame, —  
 O, not outlived his fame !  
 The dauntless men whose service guards our  
 shore  
 Lengthen still their glory-roll  
 With his name to lead the scroll,  
 As a flagship at her fore  
 Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,  
 Symbol of times that are no more  
 And the old heroic wars.

He was the one  
 Whom Death had spared alone  
 Of all the captains of that lusty age,  
 Who sought the foeman where he lay,  
 On sea or sheltering bay,  
 Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their  
 rage.  
 They are gone, — all gone :  
 They rest with glory and the undying Powers ;  
 Only their name and fame, and what they  
 saved, are ours !

It was fifty years ago,  
 Upon the Gallic Sea,  
 He bore the banner of the free,  
 And fought the fight whereof our children  
 know, —  
 The deathful, desperate fight !  
 Under the fair moon's light  
 The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.  
 Every broadside swept to death a score !  
 Roundly played her guns and well, till their  
 fiery ensigns fell,  
 Neither foe replying more.  
 All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the  
 air,  
 Old Ironsides rested there,  
 Locked in between the twain, and drenched with  
 blood.

Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey !  
 O, it was a gallant fray, —  
 That fight in Biscay Bay !  
 Fearless the captain stood, in his youthful hardi-  
 hood :  
 He was the boldest of them all,  
 Our brave old Admiral !

And still our heroes bleed,  
 Taught by that olden deed.  
 Whether of iron or of oak

The ships we marshal at our country's need,  
 Still speak their cannon now as then they  
 spoke ;  
 Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast  
 As in the stormy past.

Lay him in the ground :  
 Let him rest where the ancient river rolls ;  
 Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound  
 Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,  
 Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.  
 Lay him gently down :  
 The clamor of the town  
 Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful,  
 ripe sleep,  
 Of this lion of the wave,  
 Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.  
 Methinks his stately shade  
 On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore ;  
 Over cloudless western seas  
 Seeks the far Hesperides,  
 The islands of the blest,  
 Where no turbulent billows roar, —  
 Where is rest.  
 His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands  
 Nearing the deathless lands.  
 There all his martial mates, renewed and  
 strong,  
 Await his coming long.  
 I see the happy Heroes rise  
 With gratulation in their eyes :  
 "Welcome, old comrade," Lawrence cries ;  
 "Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars !  
 Who win the glory and the sears ?  
 How floats the skyey flag, — how many  
 stars ?  
 Still speak they of Decatur's name ?  
 Of Bainbridge's and Perry's fame ?  
 Of me, who earliest came ?  
 Make ready, all :  
 Room for the Admiral !  
 Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars !"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

MAZZINI.

A LIGHT is out in Italy,  
 A golden tongue of purest flame.  
 We watched it burning, long and lone,  
 And every watcher knew its name,  
 And knew from whence its fervor came :  
 That one rare light of Italy.  
 Which put self-seeking souls to shame !

This light which burnt for Italy  
 Through all the blackness of her night,

She doubted, once upon a time,  
 Because it took away her sight.  
 She looked and said, "There is no light!"  
 It was thine eyes, poor Italy!  
 That knew not dark apart from bright.

This flame which burnt for Italy,  
 It would not let her haters sleep.  
 They blew at it with angry breath,  
 And only fed its upward leap,  
 And only made it hot and deep.  
 Its burning showed us Italy,  
 And all the hopes she had to keep.

This light is out in Italy,  
 Her eyes shall seek for it in vain!  
 For her sweet sake it spent itself,  
 Too early flickering to its wane, —  
 Too long blown over by her pain.  
 Bow down and weep, O Italy,  
 Thou canst not kindle it again!

LAURA C. REDDEN (HOWARD GLYNDON).

— — —  
 JOHN C. FREMONT.

Thy error, Fremont, simply was to act  
 A brave man's part, without the statesman's tact,  
 And, taking counsel but of common sense,  
 To strike at cause as well as consequence.  
 O, never yet since Roland wound his horn  
 At Roncevalles has a blast been blown  
 Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine own,  
 Heard from the van of freedom's hope forlorn!  
 It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,  
 To flatter treason, and avoid offense  
 To that Dark Power whose underlying crime  
 Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.  
 But, if thine be the fate of all who break  
 The ground for truth's seed, or foreran their  
 years  
 Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts make  
 A lane for freedom through the level spears,  
 Still take thou courage! God has spoken through  
 thee,  
 Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free!  
 The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull  
 ear  
 Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to hear.  
 Who would recall them now must first arrest  
 The winds that blow down from the free North-  
 west,  
 Ruffling the Gulf; or like a scroll roll back  
 The Mississippi to its upper springs.  
 Such words fulfill their prophecy, and lack  
 But the full time to harden into things.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HAWTHORNE.

MAY 23, 1864

How beautiful it was, that one bright day  
 In the long week of rain!  
 Though all its splendor could not chase away  
 The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,  
 And the great elms o'erhead  
 Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms,  
 Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,  
 The historic river flowed:  
 I was as one who wanders in a trance,  
 Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;  
 Their voices I could hear,  
 And yet the words they uttered seemed to change  
 Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,  
 The one low voice was mute;  
 Only an unseen presence filled the air,  
 And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and  
 stream  
 Dimly my thought defines;  
 I only see — a dream within a dream —  
 The hilltop hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest  
 Their tender undertone,  
 The infinite longings of a troubled breast,  
 The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men  
 The wizard hand lies cold,  
 Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,  
 And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
 And the lost clew regain?  
 The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
 Unfinished must remain!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

— — —  
 TO THE MEMORY OF FLETCHER HARPER.

No soldier, statesman, hierophant, or king;  
 None of the heroes that you poets sing;  
 A toiler ever since his days began,  
 Simple, though shrewd, just-judging, man to man:  
 God-fearing, learned in life's hard-taught school;  
 By long obedience lessoned how to rule;

Through many an early struggle led to find  
 That crown of prosperous fortune, — to be kind.  
 Lay on his breast these English daisies sweet !  
 Good rest to the gray head and the tired feet  
 That walked this world for seventy steadfast years !  
 Bury him with fond blessings and few tears,  
 Or only of remembrance, not regret.  
 On his full life the eternal seal is set,  
 Unbroken till the resurrection day.  
 So let his children's children go their way,  
 Go and do likewise, leaving 'neath this sod  
 An honest man, "the noblest work of God."

DISAH MULOCK CRAIK.

#### THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago,  
 In the pleasant month of May,  
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
 The child upon her knee.  
 Saying, "Here is a story-book  
 Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
 "Into regions yet untrod,  
 And read what is still unread  
 In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
 Who sang to him night and day  
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
 Or his heart began to fail,  
 She would sing a more wonderful song,  
 Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
 And will not let him go,  
 Though at times his heart beats wild  
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
 The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
 And the rush of mountain streams  
 From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, "Hark !  
 For his voice I listen and yearn :  
 It is growing late and dark,  
 And my boy does not return !"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the isle of Penikese,  
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,  
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,  
 Stood the Master with his school.  
 Over sails that not in vain  
 Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,  
 Line of coast that low and far  
 Stretched its undulating bar,  
 Wings aslant along the rim  
 Of the waves they stooped to skim,  
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,  
 Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth :  
 "We have come in search of truth,  
 Trying with uncertain key  
 Door by door of mystery ;  
 We are reaching, through His laws,  
 To the garment-hem of Cause,  
 Him, the endless, unbegun,  
 The Unnamable, the One,  
 Light of all our light the Source,  
 Life of life, and Force of force.  
 As with fingers of the blind,  
 We are groping here to find  
 What the hieroglyphics mean  
 Of the Unseen in the seen,  
 What the Thought which underlies  
 Nature's masking and disguise,  
 What it is that hides beneath  
 Blight and bloom and birth and death.  
 By past efforts unavailing,  
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,  
 Of our weakness made aware,  
 On the threshold of our task  
 Let us light and guidance ask,  
 Let us pause in silent prayer !"

Then the Master in his place  
 Bowed his head a little space,  
 And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
 Lapse of wave and cry of bird,  
 Left the solemn hush unbroken  
 Of that wordless prayer unspoken,  
 While its wish, on earth unsaid,  
 Rose to heaven interpreted.  
 As in life's best hours we hear  
 By the spirit's finer ear  
 His low voice within us, thus  
 The All-Father heareth us :  
 And his holy ear we pain  
 With our noisy words and vain.  
 Not for him our violence,  
 Storming at the gates of sense,  
 His the primal language, his  
 The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,  
 And the doubting gave assent,  
 With a gesture reverent,  
 To the Master well-beloved.  
 As thin mists are glorified  
 By the light they cannot hide,  
 All who gazed upon him saw,  
 Through its veil of tender awe,  
 How his face was still uplift  
 By the old sweet look of it,  
 Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,  
 And the love that casts out fear.  
 Who the secret may declare  
 Of that brief, unuttered prayer?  
 Did the shade before him come  
 Of the inevitable doom,  
 Of the end of earth so near,  
 And Eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas  
 Rests the isle of Penikese;  
 But the lord of the domain  
 Comes not to his own again:  
 Where the eyes that follow fail,  
 On a vaster sea his sail  
 Drifts beyond our beck and hail!  
 Other lips within its bound  
 Shall the laws of life expound;  
 Other eyes from rock and shell  
 Read the world's old riddles well;  
 But when breezes light and bland  
 Blow from Summer's blossomed land,  
 When the air is glad with wings,  
 And the lithe song-sparrow sings,  
 Many an eye with his still face  
 Shall the living ones displace,  
 Many an ear the word shall seek  
 He alone could fitly speak.  
 And one name for-evermore  
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er  
 By the waves that kiss the shore,  
 By the curlew's whistle sent  
 Down the cool, sea-scented air;  
 In all voices known to her  
 Nature own her worshiper,  
 Half in triumph, half lament.  
 Thither love shall tearful turn,  
 Friendship pause uncovered there,  
 And the wisest reverence learn  
 From the Master's silent prayer.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song,  
 Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds

Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he  
 wrong  
 The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
 Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
 Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
 A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
 And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
 To murmur *a God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years,  
 Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,  
 Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears —  
 But hush! this is not for profaner ears;  
 Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the  
 cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,  
 As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's  
 ground;  
 Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more  
 Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door,  
 Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade  
 Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with  
 sun,  
 So through his trial faith translucent rayed,  
 Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed  
 A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,  
 And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
 If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,  
 He shall not go, although his presence may,  
 And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet  
 As gracious natures find his song to be;  
 May Age steal on with softly cadenced feet  
 Falling in music, as for him were meet  
 Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BAYARD.

[LIEUTENANT BAYARD WILKESON, commanding Battery G, Fourth U. S. Artillery, was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball in the first day's battle at Gettysburg. He had asked for water, and when they put into his hand a canteen filled with the scarce fluid, a mangled Connecticut soldier lying near cried, "Lieutenant, for God's sake, give me a drink." The dying officer passed the canteen unopened to the soldier, who drained it of its last drop. The hero, whose life was crowned by this act of chivalry, was only nineteen years of age. The Government honored itself by giving him three brevet promotions after death for gallantry in different actions.]

BORNE by the soldiers he had led to battle  
 On that ill-omened and disastrous day,

Left, torn and crushed, untended and unaided,  
His brave life ebbing with the hours away ;

Around him human agony and terror,  
Curses at fate, and cries of pain and woe,  
The lamentations of the shrinking spirit  
At the grim coming of the unseen foe ;

Calmly he lay, his white lips locked to smiling,  
As if his soul as sentry stood without,  
And from his marvelous eyes, already shadowed,  
The splendid courage of his race looked out.

But when the fierceness of that thirst fell on him,  
That comes when life disparts itself from clay,  
His failing senses caught a piteous whisper :  
He put the water from his lips away,

With a divine and pure self-abnegation  
Gave up the draught to one his couch beside,  
And in that act of brave, chivalric patience,  
With one long sigh for home, he, thirsting, died.

O stainless hero ! though thy life at dawning  
Fell into night, it is not therefore lost ;  
It lives with us in deeds of faith and valor,  
In aims by no unhallowed impulse crossed.

Rebuke stands sternly by the brimming chalice  
Which evil passion fills our thirst to slake ;  
We turn away, and, smiling, whisper softly,  
" For Bayard's sake."

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

READ AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE IN CENTRAL  
PARK, MAY, 1877.

Among their graven shapes to whom  
Thy civic wreaths belong,  
O city of his love ! make room  
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,  
Nor his the helm of state,  
Nor glory of the stricken field,  
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,  
He served his race and time  
As well as if his clerkly pen  
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,  
The Muses found their son,  
Could any say his tuneful art  
A duty left undone ?

He toiled and sang ; and year by year  
Men found their homes more sweet,  
And through a tenderer atmosphere  
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew,  
The Red King walked Broadway ;  
And Alwick Castle's roses blew  
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea ! upraise  
His veil with reverent hands ;  
And mingle with thy own the praise  
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe  
Above her hero-urns ;  
And Scotland, with her holly, wreath  
The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,  
Thy tall ships ride the seas ;  
To-day thy poet's name recalls  
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,  
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,  
That shaded square and dusty street  
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,  
The echoes of his song ;  
Too late the tardy meed we bring,  
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas ! — Of all who knew  
The living man, to-day  
Before his unveiled face, how few  
Make bare their locks of gray !

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,  
Our grateful eyes be dim ;  
O, brothers of the days to come,  
Take tender charge of him !

New hands the wires of song may sweep,  
New voices challenge fame ;  
But let no moss of years o'ercreep  
The lines of Halleck's name.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



HUMOROUS POEMS.



Such a paragon is woman and

That, you see, it must be true

She is always coolly better

Than the best that she can do! "

Geo. S. Davis.

Little top' up quite unlacorn

An' pecked in them the wrinkles

An' there sat stully all above

With no one nigh to hinder.

J. Howard

Let us live, Uncle Sam;  
Let us live and love, Biddy;  
What's the world to a man  
When his wife is a riddy?

R. N. Steadman.



## HUMOROUS POEMS.

### KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

FROM "PERCY'S RELIQUES."

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon  
Of a notable prince that was called King John ;  
And he ruled England with main and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;  
How for his house-keeping and high renown,  
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men the king did here say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day ;  
And fifty golde chaynes without any doubt,  
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,  
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee ;  
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,  
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were  
knowne  
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne ;  
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere,  
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,  
And now for the same thou needest must dye ;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this  
stead,  
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am  
worthe.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride the whole world about ;  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow witt,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet ;  
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,  
Ile do my endeavor to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,  
And he met his shepheard a-going to fold :  
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome  
home ;  
What newes do you bring us from good King  
John ?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepheard, I must give,  
That I have but three days more to live ;  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,  
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,  
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The seconde, to tell him without any doubt,  
How soone he may ride this whole world about ;  
And at the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear  
yet,  
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt ?  
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your ap-  
parel,  
And Ile ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto me,  
I am like your lordship, as ever may be ;

And if you will but lend me your gowne,  
Thereis none shall knowusatfair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,  
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to appear fore our fader the pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,  
"T is well thou 'rt come back to keepe thy day ;  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold  
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told :  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,  
"I did not think I had been worth so littel !  
— Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the  
same  
Until the next morning he riseth againe ;  
And then your grace need not make any doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you 'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
"I did not think it could be gone so soone !  
— Now from the third question thou must not  
shrinke,  
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace  
merry ;  
You thinke I 'm the abbot of Canterbury ;  
But I 'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the Masse,  
"He make thee lord abbot this day in his place !"  
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,  
For lacke I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto me ;  
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King  
John."

## JOHN BARLEYCORN.\*

THERE was three kings into the East,  
Three kings both great and high,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plow and plowed him down,  
Put clods upon his head,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
And showers began to fall ;  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong,  
His head well armed wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,  
When he grew wan and pale ;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,  
He faded into age ;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They 've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee ;  
And tied him fast upon the cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgelled him full sore ;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim,  
They heaved in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him further woe,  
And still, as signs of life appeared,  
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,  
The marrow of his bones ;  
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crushed him between two stones.

\* An improvement on a very old ballad found in a black-letter volume in the Pepys library, Cambridge University.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,  
And drank it round and round ;  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise ;  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'T will make your courage rise.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand ;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

ROBERT BURNS.

## OF A CERTAINE MAN.

THERE was (not certaine when) a certaine  
preacher,

That never learned, and yet became a teacher,  
Who having read in Latine thus a text  
Of *erat quidam homo*, much perplext,  
He seem'd the same with studie great to scan,  
In English thus, *There was a certaine man*.  
But now (quoth he) good people, note you this,  
He saith there was, he doth not say there is ;  
For in these daies of ours it is most plaine  
Of promise, oath, word, deed, no man 's certaine ;  
Yet by my text you see it comes to passe  
That surely once a certaine man there was :

But yet, I think, in all your Bible no man  
Can finde this text, *There was a certaine wo-*  
*man*.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

## EPIGRAMS BY SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

## OF TREASON.

TREASON doth never prosper ; what 's the reason ?  
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

## OF FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, men say, doth give too much to many,  
But yet she never gave enough to any.

OF WRITERS THAT CARP AT OTHER MEN'S  
BOOKS.

THE readers and the hearers like my books,  
But yet some writers cannot them digest ;  
But what care I ? For when I make a feast,  
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

## A SCHOLAR AND HIS DOG.

I WAS a scholar : seven useful springs  
Did I deflower in quotations  
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man ;  
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.  
*Delight*, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baused leaves,  
Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print  
Of titled words ; and still my spaniel slept,  
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,  
Shrunk up my veins : and still my spaniel slept.  
And still I held converse with Zabarell,  
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw  
Of Antick Donate : still my spaniel slept.  
Still on went I ; first, *an sit animus* ;  
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold ; at  
that

They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amid  
Pell-mell together : still my spaniel slept.  
Then, whether 't were corporeal, local, fixt,  
*Ec traduce*, but whether 't had free will  
Or no, hot philosophers  
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt ;  
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,  
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pri'd,  
Stuff noting-books : and still my spaniel slept.  
At length he waked, and yawued ; and by yon  
sky,  
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

JOHN MARSTON.

## PHILOSOPHY OF HUDBRAS.

BESIDE, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
And had read every text and gloss over ;  
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
He understood b' implicit faith.  
Whatever skeptic could inquire for,  
For every why he had a wherefore ;  
Knew more than forty of them do,  
As far as words and terms could go :  
All which he understood by rote,  
And, as occasion served, would quote ;  
No matter whether right or wrong ;  
They might be either said or sung.  
His notions fitted things so well  
That which was which he could not tell ;  
But oftentimes mistook the one  
For the other, as great clerks have done.  
He could reduce all things to acts,  
And knew their natures by abstracts ;  
Where entity and quiddity,  
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;  
Where truth in person does appear,  
Like words congealed in northern air :  
He knew what 's what, and that 's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

## LOGIC OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was in logie a great critic,  
 Profoundly skilled in analytic;  
 He could distinguish and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute:  
 He 'd undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse;  
 He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl,  
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.  
 He 'd run in debt by disputation,  
 And pay with ratiocination:  
 All this by syllogism true,  
 In mood and figure he would do.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

## THE SPLENDID SHILLING \*

"Sing, heavenly Muse!  
 Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,  
 A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire."

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,  
 In silken or in leather purse retains  
 A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain  
 New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;  
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,  
 To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall repairs;  
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye  
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,  
 Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass  
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.  
 Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,  
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.  
 But I, whom gripping penury surrounds,  
 And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,  
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,  
 (Wretched repast!) my meager corpse sustain:  
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
 Regale chilled fingers: or from tube as black  
 As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,  
 Exhale mungdungus, ill-perfuming scent:  
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,  
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,  
 Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings  
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he,  
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
 Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,  
 High overshadowing rides, with a design  
 To vend his wares, or at the Arvonian mart,  
 Or Maridnum, or the ancient town  
 Velept Brechinia, or where Vagu's stream

\* In imitation of the style of Milton

Eneireles Ariconium, fruitful soil!  
 Whence flow nectarous wiuens, that well may  
 vie  
 With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,  
 Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial rays  
 Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,  
 Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,  
 Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;  
 Adlictions great! yet greater still remain:  
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood  
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)  
 An horrid chasm disclosed with orifice  
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,  
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force  
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,  
 Tumultuous enter with dire, chilling blasts,  
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,  
 Long sailed secure, or through the Ægean deep,  
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near  
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush  
 On Scylla, or Charyblis (dangerous rocks!)  
 She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered  
 oak,

So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
 Admits the sea; in at the gaping side  
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,  
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize  
 The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,  
 They stare, they have, they pump, they swear,  
 they pray:  
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,  
 Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,  
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

## THE CHAMELEON.

OFt has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes that hardly served at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;  
 Yet round the world the blade has been,  
 To see whatever could be seen.  
 Returning from his finished tour,  
 Grown ten times better than before;  
 Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The traveled fool your mouth will stop:  
 "Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow —  
 I've seen — and sure I ought to know."  
 So begs you 'd pay a due submission,  
 And acquiesce in his decision.  
 Two travelers of such a cast,  
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,  
 And on their way, in friendly chat,

Now talked of this, and then of that,  
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never lived beneath the sun :  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;  
And what a length of tail behind !  
How slow its pace ! and then its hue —  
Who ever saw so fine a blue !"

"Hold there," the other quick replies ;  
"T is green, I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;  
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,  
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I 've seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue ;  
At leisure I the beast surveyed  
Extended in the cooling shade."

"T is green, 't is green, sir, I assure ye."  
"Green!" cries the other in a fury ;  
"Why, sir, d' ye think I 've lost my eyes?"  
"T were no great loss," the friend replies ;  
"For if they always serve you thus,  
You 'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows ;  
When luckily came by a third ;  
To him the question they referred,  
And begged he 'd tell them, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother ;  
The creature 's neither one nor t' other.

I caught the animal last night,  
And viewed it o'er by candle-light ;  
I marked it well, 't was black as jet —  
You stare — but, sirs, I 've got it yet,  
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do ;  
I 'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I 'll be sworn, that when you 've seen  
The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"  
Replies the man, "I 'll turn him out ;  
And when before your eyes I 've set him,  
If you don't find him black, I 'll eat him."

He said ; and full before their sight  
Produced the beast, and lo ! — 't was white.  
Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise —  
"My children," the chameleon cries  
(Then first the creature found a tongue),  
"You all are right, and all are wrong ;  
When next you talk of what you view,  
Think others see as well as you ;  
Nor wonder if you find that none  
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

JAMES MERRICK.

#### THE VICAR OF BRAY.

["The Vicar of Bray in Berkshire, England, was Simon Alleyn, or Allen, and held his place from 1540 to 1598. He was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth. He was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this would to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turn-coat and an inconstant changeing, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, "Not so, neither, for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray." — DISRAELI.]

In good King Charles's golden days,  
When loyalty no harm meant,  
A zealous high-churchman was I,  
And so I got preferment.

To teach my flock I never missed —  
Kings were by God appointed,  
And lost are those that dare resist  
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

*And this is law that I'll maintain*

*Until my dying day, sir,*

*That whatsoever king shall reign,*

*Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal James possessed the crown,  
And popery came in fashion,  
The penal laws I hooted down,  
And read the Declaration ;  
The Church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution ;  
And I had been a Jesuit  
But for the Revolution.

*And this is law, etc.*

When William was our king declared,  
To ease the nation's grievance ;  
With this new wind about I steered,  
And swore to him allegiance ;  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance ;  
Passive obedience was a joke,  
A jest was non-resistance.

*And this is law, etc.*

When royal Anne became our queen,  
The Church of England's glory,  
Another face of things was seen,  
And I became a Tory ;  
Occasional conformists base,  
I blamed their moderation ;  
And thought the Church in danger was,  
By such prevarication.

*And this is law, etc.*

When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
And moderate men looked big, sir,  
My principles I changed once more,  
And so became a Whig, sir ;  
And thus preferment I procured

From our new faith's-defender,  
And almost every day abjured  
The Pope and the Pretender.  
*And this is law, etc.*

The illustrious house of Hanover,  
And Protestant succession,  
To these I do allegiance swear —  
While they can keep possession :  
For in my faith and loyalty  
I nevermore will falter,  
And George my lawful king shall be —  
'Til the times do alter.  
*And this is law, etc.*

ANONYMOUS.

## GOOD ALE.

I CANNOT eat but little meat, —  
My stomach is not good ;  
But, sure, I think that I can drink  
With any that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care ;  
I nothing am a-cold, —  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale and old.  
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;  
Both foot and hand go cold ;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old !*

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
And a crab laid in the fire ;  
A little bread shall do me stead, —  
Much bread I not desire.  
No frost, nor snow, nor wind, I trow,  
Can hurt me if I wold, —  
I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt  
Of jolly good ale and old.  
*Back and side, etc.*

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life  
Loveth well good ale to seek,  
Full oft drinks she, till you may see  
The tears run down her cheek ;  
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,  
Even as a malt-worm should ;  
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part  
Of this jolly good ale and old."  
*Back and side, etc.*

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,  
Even as good fellows should do ;  
They shall not miss to have the bliss  
Good ale doth bring men to ;  
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,  
Or have them lustily trowled,

God save the lives of them and their wives,  
Whether they be young or old !  
*Back and side, etc.*

JOHN STILL.

## GLUGGITY GLUG.

FROM "THE MYRTLE AND THE VINE."

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,  
And he had drunk stoutly at supper ;  
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,  
And sat with his face to the crupper :  
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to  
remorse,  
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,  
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,  
While I was engaged at the bottle,  
Which went gluggity, gluggity — glug  
— glug — glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,  
'T was the friar's road home, straight and level ;  
But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not  
his tail,  
So he scampered due north, like a devil :  
"This new mode of docking," the friar then said,  
"I perceive does n't make a horse trot ill ;  
And 't is cheap, — for he never can eat off his  
head

While I am engaged at the bottle,  
Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug  
— glug — glug."

The steed made a stop, — in a pond he had got,  
He was rather for drinking than grazing ;  
Quoth the friar, "'T is strange headless horses  
should trot,  
But to drink with their tails is amazing !"  
Turning round to see whence this phenomenon  
rose,  
In the pond fell this son of a pottle ;  
Quoth he, "'The head 's found, for I'm under  
his nose, —  
I wish I were over a bottle,  
Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug  
— glug — glug."

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

## THE BROWN JUG.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with  
mild ale  
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)  
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,  
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathomed a bowl ;

In bousing about 't was his praise to excel,  
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,  
In his flower-woven arbor, as gay as you please,  
With a friend and a pipe, pulling sorrows away,  
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,  
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
And time into clay had resolved it again,  
A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown  
jug;

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild  
ale,

So here 's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale !

FRANCIS FAWKES.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

JOHN DAVIDSON and Tib his wife  
Sat toastin' their taes ae night,  
When somethin' started on the floor  
An' blinked by their sight.

"Guidwife!" quo' John, "did ye see that  
mouse ?

Whar sorra was the cat ?"

"A mouse !" "Ay, a mouse." "Na, na,  
Guidman,

It wasna a mouse, 't was a rat."

"O, O Guidwife, to think ye 've been  
Sae lang about the house,

An' no to ken a mouse frae a rat !

Yon wasna a rat, but a mouse !"

"I 've seen mair mice than you, Guidman,  
An' what think ye o' that ?

Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair, —  
I tell ye 't was a rat."

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife!

I 'll be maister o' this house, —

I saw it as plain as een could see,  
An' I tell ye 't was a mouse !"

"If you 're the maister o' the house,

It 's I 'm the mistress o' 't ;

An' I ken best what 's i' the house, —  
Sae I tell ye 't was a rat."

"Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak the brose,  
An' ca' it what ye please."

Sae up she gat an' made the brose,  
While John sat toastin' his taes.

They suppit an' suppit an' suppit the brose,  
An' aye their lips played smack ;  
They suppit an' suppit an' suppit the brose  
'Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' out, Guidwife,  
About a mouse." "A what !  
It 's a lee ye tell, an' I say again,  
It wasna a mouse, 't was a rat."

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face ?

My faith, but ye eraw croose ! —

I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear 't, —  
'Twas a mouse." "T was a rat." "T was a  
mouse."

Wi' that she struck him ower the pow.

"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that !

Gae to your bed, ye cankered sumph !

'T was a rat." "T was a mouse !" "T was  
a rat !"

She sent the brose-cup at his heels

As he hirlped ben the house ;

But he shoved out his head as he steekit the  
door,

An' cried, "T was a mouse, 't was a mouse !"

Yet when the auld carle fell asleep,

She paid him back for that,

An' roared into his sleepin' lug,

"T was a rat, 't was a rat, 't was a rat !"

The deil be wi' me, if I think

It was a beast at all.

Next mornin', when she swept the floor,

She found wee Johnie's lall !

ANONYMOUS

THE VIRTUOSO.\*

"Videmus  
Nugari solitos." — PERSIUS.

WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,  
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight, —  
A wight of mickle wealth, and mickle fame,  
Book-learned and quaint : a Virtuoso light.  
Uncommon things, and rare, were his delight ;  
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,  
Nor ceased he from study, day or night,  
Until (advancing onward by degrees)  
He knew whatever breeds on earth or air or  
seas.

\* In imitation of Spenser's style and stanza.

He many a creature did anatomize,  
 Almost unpeopling water, air, and land ;  
 Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,  
 Were laid full low by his relentless hand,  
 That oft with gory crimson was distained ;  
 He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat ;  
 Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drained,  
 Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,  
 And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,  
 Their arts and fashions of each different guise,  
 Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,  
 Their strength, their learning eke, and rarities ;  
 Of old habiliments, each sort and size,  
 Male, female, high and low, to him were known ;  
 Each gladiator dress, and stage disguise ;  
 With learned, clerklly phrase he could have  
 shown  
 How the Greek tunic differed from the Roman  
 gown.

A curious medalist, I wot, he was,  
 And boasted many a course of ancient coin ;  
 Well as his wife's he knewen every face,  
 From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine :  
 For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,  
 (As green-sick damosels for husbands do ;)  
 And when obtained, with enraptured eyne,  
 He 'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,  
 And look, and look again, as he would look it  
 through.

His rich museum, of dimensions fair,  
 With goods that spoke the owner's mind was  
 fraught :  
 Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,  
 From sea and land, from Greece and Rome,  
 were brought,  
 Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought :  
 On these all tides with joyous eyes he pored ;  
 And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,  
 When he beheld his cabinets thus stored,  
 Than if he 'd been of Albion's wealthy cities  
 lord.

MARK AKENSIDE.

#### THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,  
 Unless to one you stint the flame,  
 The child, whom many fathers share,  
 Hath seldom known a father's care.  
 'T is thus in friendship ; who depend  
 On many, rarely find a friend.  
 A hare who, in a civil way,

Complied with everything, like Gay,  
 Was known by all the bestial train  
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain ;  
 Her care was never to offend ;  
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.  
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;  
 She hears the near advance of death ;  
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
 And measures back her mazy round ;  
 Till, fainting in the public way,  
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,  
 When first the horse appeared in view !  
 " Let me," says she, " your back ascend,  
 And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight ;  
 To friendship every burden 's light."

The horse replied, " Poor honest puss,  
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus :  
 Be comforted, relief is near,  
 For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implored ;  
 And thus replied the mighty lord :

" Since every beast alive can tell  
 That I sincerely wish you well,  
 I may, without offense, pretend  
 To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence ; a favorite cow  
 Expects me near you barley-mew ;  
 And, when a lady's in the case,  
 You know, all other things give place.  
 To leave you thus might seem unkind ;  
 But, see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked, her pulse was high,  
 Her languid head, her heavy eye :

" My back," says he, " may do you harm ;  
 The sheep 's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained  
 His sides a load of wood sustained ;  
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears ;  
 For hounds eat sheep as well as lares.

She now the trotting calf addressed,  
 To save from death a friend distressed.

" Shall I," says he, " of tender age,  
 In this important case engage ?

Older and abler passed you by ;  
 How strong are those ! How weak am I !  
 Should I presume to bear you hence,  
 Those friends of mine may take offense.

Excuse me, then ; you know my heart ;  
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part.  
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu !  
 For see, the hounds are just in view."

JOHN GAY.



## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran —  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes :  
The naked every day he clad —  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And cur of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wondering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man !

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye ;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied : —  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,  
Lament for Madam Blaize ;  
Who never wanted a good word —  
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,  
And always found her kind ;  
She freely lent to all the poor —  
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,  
With manner wondrous winning ;

She never followed wicked ways —  
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silk and satins new,  
With hoop of monstrous size,  
She never slumbered in her pew —  
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux, or more ;  
The king himself has followed her —  
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
Her hangers-on cut short all,  
Her doctors found, when she was dead —  
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore ;  
For Kent Street well may say,  
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more —  
She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## THE NOSE AND THE EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose ;  
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong ;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To whom the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,  
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws, —  
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“ In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear  
(And your lordship,” he said, “ will undoubtedly find)  
That the Nose has the spectacles always to wear,  
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.”

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,  
“ Your lordship observes, they are made with  
a straddle,  
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,  
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“ Again, would your lordship a moment suppose  
(‘T is a case that has happened, and may happen again)  
That the visage or countenance had *not* a Nose,  
Pray, who *would*, or who *could*, wear spectacles  
then ?

"On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,

With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles, plainly, were made for the  
Nose,

And the Nose was, as plainly, intended for  
them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),  
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :  
But what were his arguments, few people know,  
For the court did not think them equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn  
tone,  
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,  
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By daylight or candlelight, — Eyes should be  
*shut*.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.\*

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are you going?  
Rough is the road; your wheel is out of order.  
Bleak blows the blast; — your hat has got a hole  
in 't;  
So have your breeches!

Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
Road, what hard work 't is crying all day, 'Knives  
and  
Scissors to grind O!

Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind  
knives?  
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?  
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his game? or  
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?  
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little  
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom  
Paine?)  
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your  
Pitiful story.

\* A burlesque upon the humanitarian sentiments of Southey in his younger days, as well as of the Sapphic stanzas in which he sometimes embodied them.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;  
Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody; they took me before the justice;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish  
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;  
But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned  
first, —  
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to  
vengeance, —  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast!

(Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit  
in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal  
philanthropy)

GEORGE CANNING.

SAYING NOT MEANING.

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,  
When, opening his toothpick-case, one said,  
"It was not until lately that I knew  
That *anchovies* on *terra firma* grew."  
"Grow!" cried the other, "yes, they *grow*, in-  
deed,  
Like other fish, but not upon the land;  
You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,  
Or in the Strand!"

"Why, sir," returned the irritated other,  
"My brother,  
When at Calcutta  
Beheld them *bona fide* growing;  
He would n't utter  
A lie for love or money, sir; so in  
This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."  
"Nonsense, sir! nonsense! I can give no credit  
To the assertion, — none e'er saw or read it;  
Your brother, like his evidence, should be  
shaken."

"Be shaken, sir! let me observe, you are  
Perverse — in short —"  
"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,  
And then his port, —

"If you will say impossibles are true,  
You may affirm just anything you please—  
That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,  
And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese!  
Only you must not *force* me to believe  
What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force *me* to say, sir, you're a fool,"  
Returned the bragger.  
Language like this no man can suffer, cool:  
It made the listener stagger;  
So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,  
"The traveler *lied*  
Who had the impudence to tell it you."  
"Zounds! then d'ye mean to swear before my  
face  
That anchovies *don't* grow like cloves and mace?"  
"I *do!*"

Disputants often after hot debates  
Leave the contention as they found it—bone,  
And take to duelling or thumping *têtes*;  
Thinking by strength of artery to atone  
For strength of argument; and he who winces  
From force of words, with force of arms convinces!

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,  
Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,  
Our friends advanced; and now portentous  
loading

(Their hearts already loaded) served to show  
It might be better they shook hands, — but no;  
When each opines himself, though frightened,  
right,

Each is, in courtesy, obliged to fight!  
And they *did* fight: from six full-measured paces

The unbeliever pulled his trigger first;  
And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,

The whizzing lead had whizzed its very worst,  
Ran up, and with a *duclistic* fear

(His ire evaporating like morning vapors),

Found him possessed of one remaining ear,

Who in a manner sudden and uncouth,

Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth;

For while the surgeon was applying lint,

He, wriggling, cried, "The deuce is in 't —

Sir! I *meant* — CAPERS!"

WILLIAM BASIL WAKE.

#### THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,  
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
And in a fair white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,  
With something in their shoes much worse than  
gravel;

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,  
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes:  
A nostrum famous in old popish times  
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes:

A sort of apostolic salt,  
Which popish parsons for its powers exalt,  
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;  
But very different was their speed, I wot:  
One of the sinners galloped on,  
Swift as a bullet from a gun;

The other limped, as if he had been shot.  
One saw the Virgin soon, Peccavi cried,  
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;  
Then home again he nimbly lied,  
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
He met his brother rogue about half-way, —  
Hobbling, with outstretched arms and bended  
knees,

Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;  
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,  
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewashed pil-  
grim broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Ods curse it!" cried the other, "'t is no joke;  
My feet, once hard as any rock,  
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear,

As for Loretto, I shall not get there;

No, to the devil my sinful soul must go,

For damme if I ha' n't lost every toe.

But, brother sinner, pray explain

How 't is that you are not in pain.

What power hath worked a wonder for your toes,

Whilst I just like a snail am crawling,

Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,  
Merry as if that naught had happened, burn  
ye!"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must  
know,

That just before I ventured on my journey,

To walk a little more at ease,

I took the liberty to *boil my peas.*"

DR. WOLCOTT (PETER FINDAR).

## THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market-town,  
Most musical, cried razors up and down,  
And offered twelve for eighteen pence ;  
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,  
And for the money, quite a heap,  
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard, —  
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his  
nose :

With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself in whispers said,  
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
Provided that the razors *shave* ;

It certainly will be a monstrous prize."  
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,  
Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
Just like a hedger cutting furze ;  
'T was a vile razor ! — then the rest he tried, —  
All were impostors. "Ah !" Hodge sighed,  
"I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped,  
and swore ;  
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and  
made wry faces,  
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er :

His muzzle formed of *opposition* stuff,  
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;  
So kept it, — laughing at the steel and suds.  
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,  
Vowing the direst vengeance with clenched claws,  
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
"Razors ! a mean, confounded dog,  
Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge sought the fellow, — found him, — and  
began :  
"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 't is fun,  
That people flay themselves out of their lives.  
You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,  
With razors just like oyster-knives.  
Sirrah ! I tell you you 're a knave,  
To cry up razors that can't shave !"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a  
knave ;

As for the razors you have bought,  
Upon my soul, I never thought  
That they would *shave*."  
"Not think they 'd *shave* !" quoth Hodge, with  
wondering eyes,  
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;  
"What were they made for, then, you dog ?"  
he cries.  
"Made," quoth the fellow with a smile, —  
"to *sell*."

DR. WOLCOTT (PETER PINDAR).

## EPIGRAMS BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

## COLOGNE.

IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,  
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches, —  
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,  
All well-defined and several stinks !  
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne ;  
But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

SLY Boelzebub took all occasions  
To try Job's constancy and patience.  
He took his honor, took his health ;  
He took his children, took his wealth,  
His servants, oxen, horses, cows —  
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,  
And loves to disappoint the devil,  
Had predetermined to restore  
*Twofold* all he had before ;  
His servants, horses, oxen, cows —  
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse !

HOARSE Mævius reads his hobbling verse  
To all, and at all times,  
And finds them both divinely smooth,  
His voice as well as rhymes.

Yet folks say Mævius is no ass ;  
But Mævius makes it clear  
That he 's a monster of an ass, —  
An ass without an ear !

SWANS sing before they die, — 't were no bad thing  
Did certain persons die before they sing.

## THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

"In the parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well arched over with the ribs of four kind of trees, — willy, oak, elm, and ash, — and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby." — FULLER.

A well there is in the West country,  
And a clearer one never was seen ;  
There is not a wife in the West country  
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind does an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne ;  
Pleasant it was to his eye,  
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town  
At the well to fill his pail,  
On the well-side he rested it,  
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ?" quoth he,  
"For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,  
In Cornwall ever been ?  
For an if she have, I'll venture my life  
She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
The stranger he made reply ;  
"But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a  
time  
Drank of this crystal well,  
And before the angel summoned her  
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well  
Shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,  
Heaven help the husband then !"

The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,  
And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?"  
He to the countryman said.

But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch,  
But I' faith, she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church."

ROBERT SOUTHY

## TOBY TOSSPOT.

ALAS ! what pity 't is that regularity,  
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity !  
But there are swilling wights in London town,  
Terned jolly dogs, choice spirits, alias swine,  
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,  
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus  
run on,  
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,  
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,  
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney — Toby Tossopot might —  
Was coming from the Bedford late at night ;

And being *Bocchi pleases*, full of wine,  
Although he had a tolerable notion  
Of aiming at progressive motion,  
'T was n't direct, — 't was serpentine.  
He worked with sinuosities, along,  
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a  
cork,  
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don  
Prong, — a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,  
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,  
When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"  
And being civil beyond measure,  
"Ring it !" says Toby, — "very well ;  
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."  
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,  
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

He waited full two minutes, — no one came ;  
He waited full two minutes more ; — and then  
Says Toby, "If he 's deaf, I'm not to blame :  
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright,  
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,  
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,  
Pale as a parsnip, — bolt upright.

At length he wisely to himself doth say, calming  
his fears, —  
"Tush! 't is some fool has rung and run away";  
When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor;  
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,  
He groped down stairs, and opened the street  
door,  
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Issue eyed Toby, fearfully askant,  
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall;  
Then put this question, "Pray, sir, what d' ye  
want?"  
Says Toby, "I want nothing, sir, at all."

"Want nothing! Sir, you've pulled my bell, I  
vow,  
As if you 'd jerk it off the wire."  
Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,  
"I pulled it, sir, at your desire."

"At mine?" "Yes, yours; I hope I've done  
it well.

High time for bed, sir; I was hastening to it;  
But if you write up, 'Please to ring the bell,'  
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

GEORGE COLMAN.

#### SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight, —  
Good man! old man!

He 's painted standing bolt upright,  
With his hose rolled over his knee;  
His periwig 's as white as chalk,  
And on his fist he holds a hawk;  
And he looks like the head  
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide, —  
Good man! old man!

His spaniels lay by the fireside;  
And in other parts, d' ye see,  
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,  
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;  
And he looked like the head  
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate, —  
Good man! old man!

But was always ready to break the pate  
Of his country's enemy.  
What knight could do a better thing  
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?  
And so may every head  
Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

#### THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.\*

I 'LL sing you a good old song,  
Made by a good old pate,  
Of a fine old English gentleman  
Who had an old estate,  
And who kept up his old mausion  
At a bountiful old rate;  
With a good old porter to relieve  
The old poor at his gate,  
Like a fine old English gentleman  
All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around  
With pikes and guns and bows,  
And swords, and good old bucklers,  
That had stood some tough old blows;  
'T was there "his worship" held his state  
In doublet and trunk hose,  
And quaffed his cup of good old sack,  
To warm his good old nose,  
Like a fine, etc.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,  
He opened house to all;  
And though threescore and ten his years,  
He featly led the ball;  
Nor was the houseless wanderer  
E'er driven from his hall;  
For while he feasted all the great,  
He ne'er forgot the small;  
Like a fine, etc.

But time, though old, is strong in flight,  
And years roll swiftly by;  
And Autumn's falling leaves proclaimed  
This good old man must die!  
He laid him down right tranquilly,  
Gave up life's latest sigh;  
And mournful stillness reigned around,  
And tears bedewed each eye,  
For this good, etc.

Now surely this is better far  
Than all the new parade  
Of theatres and fancy balls,  
"At home" and masquerade;  
And much more economical,  
For all his bills were paid.  
Then leave your new vagaries quite,  
And take up the old trade  
Of a fine old English gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

ANONYMOUS.

\* Modeled upon an old Black Letter song, called "The Old and Young Courtier."

## GUY FAWKES.

I sing a doleful tragedy,  
 Guy Fawkes, the prince of sinisters,  
 Who once blew up the House of Lords,  
 The King and all his ministers,  
 That is — he *would* have blown them up,  
 And they'd have all been cindered,  
 Or seriously scorched at least —  
 If he had not been hindered.

So straight he came from Lambeth side  
 To see the state thus undone,  
 And crossing over Vauxhall bridge,  
 Came that way into London;  
 That is — he *would* have come that way  
 To perpetrate his guilt, sir,  
 But a little thing prevented him, —  
 The bridge was not yet built, sir.

Then in the dreary vaults he stole,  
 When all was wrapt in night, sir,  
 Resolved to fire the powder-train  
 With portable gas-light, sir;  
 That is, — he *would* have brought the gas,  
 Within the vaults he rented,  
 But gas, you know, in James's time,  
 It had n't been invented.

Now James, you know, King James, I mean,  
 Was always thought a sly fox,  
 So he bade them search the aforesaid vaults,  
 And there they found poor Guy Fawkes;  
 Who would, I'm sure, have blown them up,  
 Of that there's little doubt, sir,  
 For they never would have found him in,  
 If they had n't found him out, sir.

So when they caught him in the fact,  
 So very near the Crown's end,  
 They straightway sent to Bow Street for  
 That brave old runner Townsend:  
 That is, — they would have sent for him,  
 For *fear* he was no starter at, —  
 But Townsend was n't living then,  
 He was n't born till arter that.

And next they put poor Guy to death,  
 For ages to remember,  
 And now again, he dies each year,  
 The fifth day of November; —  
 I mean to say his effigies,  
 For truth is stern and steady,  
 For Guy can never die again,  
 Because he's dead already.

Then let us sing, "Long live the King," \*  
 And bless his royal son, sir,  
 That is — if he has one to bless —  
 If not, no harm is done, sir.  
 But if he has, I'm sure he'll reign,  
 So prophesies my song, sir,  
 And if he don't, why then he won't,  
 And so I can't be wrong, sir.

ANONYMOUS

## THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

IN Broad Street building (on a winter night),  
 Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight  
 Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing  
 His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose;  
 With t' other he'd beneath his nose  
 The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,  
 He noted all the sales of hops,  
 Ships, shops, and slops;  
 Gum, galls, and groceries; ginger, gin,  
 Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;  
 When lo! a decent personage in black  
 Entered and most politely said, —

"Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly  
 track  
 To the King's Head,  
 And left your door ajar; which I  
 Observed in passing by,  
 And thought it neighborly to give you no-  
 tice."

"Ten thousand thanks; how very few get,  
 In time of danger,  
 Such kind attentions from a stranger!  
 Assuredly, that fellow's throat is  
 Doomed to a final drop at Newgate;  
 He knows, too, (the unconscionable elf!)  
 That there's no soul at home except myself."

"Indeed," replied the stranger (looking grave),  
 "Then he's a double knave;  
 He knows that rogues and thieves by scores  
 Nightly beset unguarded doors:  
 And see, how easily might one

Of these domestic foes,  
 Even beneath your very nose,  
 Perform his knavish tricks;  
 Enter your room, as I have done,  
 Blow out your candles — thus — and thus —  
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,

And — walk off — thus" —  
 So said, so done; he made no more remark,  
 Nor waited for replies,  
 But marched off with his prize,  
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

HORACE SMITH.

\* George IV.

## ORATOR PUFF.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,  
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down  
*so*;

In each sentence he uttered he gave you your  
choice,

For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.

O! O! Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and  
of frowns,

So distracting all ears with his ups and his  
downs,

That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,

"My voice is for war!" asked, "Which of  
them, pray?"

O! O! Orator Puff, etc.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with  
gin,

And rehearsing his speech on the weight of  
the crown,

He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,  
"Sinking fund" the last words as his noddle  
came down.

O! O! Orator Puff, etc.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she  
tones,

"HELP ME OUT! *Help me out!* I have broken  
my bones!"

"Help you out?" said a Paddy who passed,  
"what a bother!"

Why, there's two of you there — can't you help  
one another?"

O! O! Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough.

THOMAS MOORE.

## MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,  
How well to rise while nights and larks are fly-  
ing, —

For my part, getting up seems not so easy  
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,  
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out, —  
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?

I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums,  
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime, —  
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes  
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught,  
His steeds that paw impatiently about, —  
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,  
The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear  
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;  
What then, — if I prefer my pillow-beer  
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs  
Wherefore should master rise before the hens  
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start  
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?  
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,  
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," —  
Well, — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,  
And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;  
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be  
All up, — all up!

So here I lie, my morning calls deferring,  
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon; —  
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*  
Must be a spoon.

THOMAS HOOD.

## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That, though she did seem in a fit,  
'T was nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat  
A boatswain he will be."



So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"  
She cried and wept outright;  
"Then I will to the water-side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow";  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the tender-ship, you see."  
"The tender-ship," cried Sally Brown, —  
"What a hard-ship that must be!"

"O, would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him!  
But O, I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian-name was John.

"O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown!  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow!"

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a heavy sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well!"  
But could not, though he tried;

His head was turned, — and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

#### I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

FROM THE OPERA OF "ROBIN HOOD."

I am a friar of orders gray,  
And down in the valleys I take my way;  
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip, —  
Good store of venison fills my srip;  
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;  
Where'er I walk no money I want;  
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell, —  
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.  
What baron or squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper of heaven I dream,  
But that is a pullet and clouted cream;  
Myself, by denial, I mortify —  
With a dainty bit of a warden-pie;  
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin, —  
With old sack wine I'm lined within;  
A chirping cup is my matin song,  
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.  
What baron or squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

JOHN O'KEEFE.

#### THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!  
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;  
Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,  
With a great many more of lesser degree, —  
In sooth, a goodly company;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended  
knee.  
Never, I ween,  
Was a prouder seen,  
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!  
In and out,  
Through the motley rout,  
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about:  
Here and there,  
Like a dog in a fair,

Over comfits and cates,  
 And dishes and plates,  
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
 Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all.  
 With a saucy air,  
 He perched on the chair  
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,  
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;  
 And he peered in the face  
 Of his Lordship's Grace,  
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
 "We two are the greatest folks here to-day !"  
 And the priests, with awe,  
 As such freaks they saw,  
 Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jack-  
 daw !"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,  
 The flasks and the custards had all disappeared,  
 And six little Singing-boys, — dear little souls  
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles, —  
 Came, in order due,  
 Two by two,  
 Marching that grand refectory through !  
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
 Embossed and filled with water, as pure  
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
 Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne ;  
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope !  
 One little boy more  
 A napkin bore,  
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
 And a cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
 Of these nice little boys dressed all in white ;  
 From his finger he draws  
 His costly turquoise ;  
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
 Deposits it straight  
 By the side of his plate,  
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;  
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !  
 There's a cry and a shout.  
 And a deuce of a rout,  
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
 But the monks have their pockets all turned in-  
 side out ;  
 The friars are kneeling,  
 And hunting and feeling  
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceil-  
 ing.

The Cardinal drew  
 Off each plum-colored shoe,  
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;  
 He peeps, and he feels  
 In the toes and the heels.  
 They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the  
 plates, —  
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,  
 — They turn up the rugs,  
 They examine the mugs ;  
 But, no ! — no such thing, —  
 They can't find THE RING !  
 And the Abbot declared that "when nobody  
 twigged it,  
 Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged  
 it !"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
 He called for his candle, his bell, and his book !  
 In holy anger and pious grief  
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !  
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;  
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his  
 head ;  
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
 He should dream of the Devil, and wake in a  
 fright.  
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in  
 drinking,  
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in  
 winking ;  
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;  
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;  
 He cursed him living, he cursed him dying ! —  
 Never was heard such a terrible curse !  
 But what gave rise  
 To no little surprise,  
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse !

The day was gone,  
 The night came on,  
 The monks and the friars they searched till dawn ;  
 When the sacristan saw,  
 On crumpled bed,  
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !  
 No longer gay,  
 As on yesterday ;  
 His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong  
 way ; —  
 His pinions drooped, — he could hardly stand, —  
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;  
 His eye so dim,  
 So wasted each limb,  
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S  
 HIM ! —  
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous  
 thing,

That 's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's  
Ring ! "

The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the monks he saw,

Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;  
And turned his bald head as much as to say,  
" Pray be so good as to walk this way ! "

Slower and slower  
He limped on before,

Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,

Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took :

The mute expression  
Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !

— When those words were heard,  
That poor little bird

Was so changed in a moment, 't was really ab-  
surd :

He grew sleek and fat ;  
In addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !  
His tail wagged more  
Even than before :

But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,  
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair :

He hopped now about  
With a gait devout ;

At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied, or if any one swore,  
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to  
snore,

That good Jackdaw  
Would give a great " Caw ! "

As much as to say, " Don't do so any more ! "  
While many remarked, as his manners they  
saw,

That they " never had known such a pious Jack-  
daw ! "

He long lived the pride  
Of that country side,

And at last in the odor of sanctity died ;  
When, as words were too faint  
His merits to paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a Saint,  
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you  
know,

It 's the custom of Rome new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow !

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM  
(THOMAS INGOLDSEY, ESQ.)

## MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the  
pier,

I saw a little vulgar Boy, — I said, " What make  
you here ? "

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks any-  
thing but joy ; "

Again I said, " What make you here, you little  
vulgar Boy ? "

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy, — he deemed  
I meant to scoff,

And when the little heart is big, a little " sets it  
off. "

He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom  
rose,

He had no little handker-chief to wipe his little  
nose !

" Hark ! don't you hear, my little man ? — it 's  
striking Nine, " I said,

" An hour when all good little boys and girls  
should be in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will  
scold, — O fie ! "

It 's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand  
and cry ! "

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to  
spring.

His bosom throbbed with agony, — he cried like  
anything !

I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him  
murmur, — " Ah ! "

I have n't got no supper ! and I have n't got no  
Ma ! "

" My father, he is on the seas, — my mother 's  
dead and gone ! "

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the  
world alone ;

I have not had, this livelong day, one drop to  
cheer my heart,

Nor ' *beown* ' to buy a bit of bread with, — let  
alone a tart.

" If there 's a soul will give me food, or find me  
in employ,

By day or night, then blow me tight ! " (he was  
a vulgar Boy :) )

" And now I 'm here, from this here pier it is my  
fixed intent

To jump as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-  
ment ! "

" Cheer up ! cheer up ! my little man, — cheer  
up ! " I kindly said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things  
into your head ;  
If you should jump from off the pier, you 'd surely  
break your legs,  
Perhaps your neck, — then Bogey 'd have you,  
sure as eggs are eggs !

"Come home with me, my little man, come home  
with me and sup !  
My landlady is Mrs. Jones, — we must not keep  
her up, —  
There 's roast potatoes at the fire, — enough for  
me and you, —  
Come home, you little vulgar Boy, — I lodge at  
Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside  
"The Foy,"  
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes, — that little  
vulgar Boy, —  
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of  
her sex,  
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double  
X !"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little  
noise,  
She said she "did not like to wait on little vul-  
gar Boys."  
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she  
rubbed the delf,  
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer  
myself !"

I did not go to Jericho, — I went to Mr. Cobb, —  
I changed a shilling (which in town the people  
call a Bob), —  
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar  
child, —  
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to  
draw it mild !"

When I came back I gazed about, — I gazed on  
stool and chair, —  
I could not see my little friend, because he was  
not there !  
I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the  
sofa, too, —  
I said, "You little vulgar Boy ! why, what 's  
become of you ?"

I could not see my table-spoons, — I looked, but  
could not see  
The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I 'm  
at tea ;  
I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch,  
— O, dear !

I know 't was on the mantel-piece when I went  
out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh, — it was not to  
be seen !  
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed  
and lined with green ;  
My carpet-bag, — my cruet-stand, that holds my  
sauce and soy, —  
My roast potatoes ! — all are gone ! — and so 's  
that vulgar Boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down  
below,  
"O Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think ? — ain't this  
a pretty go ?  
That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought  
here to-night  
He 's stolen my things and run away !" Says  
she, "And sarve you right !"

Next morning I was up betimes, — I sent the  
Crier round,  
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I 'd  
give a pound  
To find that little vulgar Boy, who 'd gone and  
used me so ;  
But when the Crier cried, "O Yes !" the people  
cried, "O No !"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of  
the town,  
There was a common sailor-man a walking up  
and down,  
I told my tale, — he seemed to think I 'd not  
been treated well,  
And called me "Poor old Buffer !" — what that  
means I cannot tell.

That Sailor-man, he said he 'd seen that morning  
on the shore  
A son of — something — 't was a name I 'd never  
heard before, —  
A little "gallows-looking chap," — dear me,  
what could he mean ? —  
With a "carpet-swab" and "mucking-togs,"  
and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said  
he 'd seen bim "sheer," —  
It 's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very  
queer ;  
And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I 'm  
told, their use, —  
It 's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those  
things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say  
 He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning,  
 swim away  
 In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour  
 before,  
 And they were now, as he supposed, "some-  
*wheres*" about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap, he's been  
 upon the Mill, —  
 And 'cause he *geminous* so the flats, ve calls him  
 Veeping Bill!"  
 He said "he'd done me werry brown," and  
 nicely "*stowed* the swag," —  
 That's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a car-  
 pet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to  
 track;  
 He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get  
 it back."  
 I answered, "To be sure I do! — it's what I'm  
 come about."  
 He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know  
 that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten  
 back to town,  
 And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy  
 who'd "done me brown."  
 His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find  
 him out,  
 But he "rather thought that there were several  
 vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described  
 "the swag."  
 My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and  
 carpet-bag;  
 He promised that the New Police should all  
 their powers employ,  
 But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar  
 Boy!

## MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard  
 my Grandma tell,  
 "BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND  
 YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"  
 Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got  
 no fixed abode,  
 Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish  
 they may be blowed!"

Don't take too much of double X! — and don't  
 at night go out

To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-  
 boy bring your stout!  
 And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and  
 ring the bell,  
 (Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm  
 pretty well!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM  
 (THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.)

## THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

FROM "THE EAR LALLADS"

"T WAS ON the shores that round our coast  
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
 That I found alone, on a piece of stone,  
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
 And weedy and long was he;  
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
 In a singular minor key: —

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
 Till I really felt afraid,  
 For I could n't help thinking the man had been  
 drinking,  
 And so I simply said: —

"O elderly man, it's little I know  
 Of the duties of men of the sea,  
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
 How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,  
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
 And the crew of the captain's gig!"

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
 Is a trick all seamen larn,  
 And having got rid of a thumping quid  
 He spun this painful yarn: —

"'T was in the good ship Nancy Bell  
 That we sailed to the Indian sea,  
 And there on a reef we come to grief,  
 Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned  
 (There was seventy-seven o' soul);  
 And only ten of the Nancy's men  
 Said 'Here' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain  
bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we 'd neither wittles nor drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So we drewed a lot, and, accordin', shot  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,  
And a delicate dish he made ;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig ;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, ' Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle ? ' arose,  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshiped me ;  
But we 'd both be blowed if we 'd either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" ' I 'll be eat if you dines off me, ' says Tom.  
' Yes, that, ' says I, ' you 'll be.  
I 'm boiled if I die, my friend, ' quoth I ;  
And ' Exactly so, ' quoth he.

"Says he : ' Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook me,  
While I can — and will — cook you ? '

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

" ' Come here, ' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell ;  
' T will soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you 'll smell. '

"And he stirred it round, and round, and round,  
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his  
squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And as I eating be

The last of his chops, why I almost drops,  
For a wessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,  
And I never lark nor play ;  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have — which is to say :

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig ! "

W. S. GILBERT.

#### LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City  
Who took a boat and went to sea,  
But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee ;  
Now when they 'd got as far as the Equator  
They 'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
" I am extremely hungaree, "  
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
" We 've nothing left, us must eat we. "

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
" With one another we should n't agree !  
There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender,  
We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he. "

" O Billy ! we 're going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie. "  
When Bill received this information,  
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

" First let me say my catechism  
Which my poor mother taught to me. "  
" Make haste ! make haste ! " says guzzling  
Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee,  
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Command-  
ment  
When up he jumps — " There 's land I see !

" Jerusalem and Madagascar  
And North and South Amerikee,  
There 's the British flag a riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B. "

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee,  
But as for little Bill he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter ;  
Would you know how first he met her ?  
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Wether,  
And for all the wealth of Indies  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### THE EGGS AND THE HORSES.

A MATRIMONIAL EPIC

JOHN DOBBINS was so captivated  
By Mary Truman's fortune, face, and cap,  
(With near two thousand pounds the hook was  
baited.)  
That in he popped to matrimony's trap.

One small ingredient towards happiness,  
It seems, ne'er occupied a single thought ;  
For his accomplished bride  
Appearing well supplied  
With the three charms of riches, beauty, dress,  
He did not, as he ought,  
Think of aught else ; so no inquiry made he  
As to the temper of the lady.

And here was certainly a great omission ;  
None should accept of Hymen's gentle fether,  
" For worse or better,"  
Whatever be their prospect or condition,  
Without acquaintance with each other's nature ;  
For many a mild and quiet creature  
Of charming disposition,  
Alas ! by thoughtless marriage has destroyed it.

So take advice : let girls dress e'er so tastily,  
Don't enter into wedlock hastily  
Unless you can't avoid it.

Week followed week, and, it must be confessed,  
The bridegroom and the bride had both been  
blest ;  
Month after month had languidly transpired,  
Both parties became tired :  
Year after year dragged on ;  
Their happiness was gone.

Ah ! foolish pair !  
" Bear and forbear"  
Should be the rule for married folks to take,  
But blind mankind (poor discontented elves !)  
Too often make  
The misery of themselves.

At length the husband said, " This will not  
do !

Mary, I never will be ruled by you ;  
So, wife, d'ye see ?

To live together as we can't agree,  
Suppose we part !"

With woman's pride,  
Mary replied,  
" With all my heart !"

John Dobbins then to Mary's father goes,  
And gives the list of his imagined woes.

" Dear son-in-law !" the father said, " I see  
All is quite true that you've been telling me ;  
Yet there in marriage is such strange fatality,  
That when as much of life  
You shall have seen  
As it has been

My lot to see, I think you'll own your wife  
As good or better than the generality.

" An interest in your case I really take,  
And therefore gladly this agreement make :  
An hundred eggs within this basket lie,  
With which your luck, to-morrow, you shall try.  
Also my five best horses, with my cart ;  
And from the farm at dawn you shall depart.

All round the country go,  
And be particular, I beg :  
Where husbands rule, a horse bestow,  
But where the wives, an egg.  
And if the horses go before the eggs,  
I'll ease you of your wife, — I will, — I fegs !"

Away the married man departed,  
Brisk and light-hearted :  
Not doubting that, of course,

The first five houses each would take a horse.

At the first house he knocked,  
He felt a little shocked

To hear a female voice, with angry roar,  
Scream out, — "Hullo!

Who's there below?

Why, husband, are you deaf? go to the door,  
See who it is, I beg."

Our poor friend John  
Trudged quickly on,

But first laid at the door an egg.

I will not, all his journey through  
The discontented traveler pursue;  
Suffice it here to say

That when his first day's task was nearly done,  
He 'd seen an hundred husbands, minus one,  
And eggs just ninety-nine had given away.

"Ha! there's a house where he I seek must  
dwell,"

At length cried John; "I'll go and ring the  
bell."

The servant came, — John asked him,  
"Pray,

Friend, is your master in the way?"

"No," said the man, with smiling pliz,  
"My master is not, but my mistress is;  
Walk in that parlor, sir, my lady's in it;  
Master will be himself there — in a minute."

The lady said her husband then was dressing,  
And, if his business was not very pressing,  
She would prefer that he should wait until

His toilet was completed;  
Adding, "Pray, sir, be seated."

"Madam, I will,"

Said John, with great politeness; "but I own  
That you alone

Can tell me all I wish to know;

Will you do so?

Pardon my rudeness,  
And just have the goodness

(A wager to decide) to tell me — do —

Who governs in this house, — your spouse or  
you?"

"Sir," said the lady, with a doubting nod,

"Your question 's very odd;

But as I think none ought to be  
Ashamed to do their duty (do you see?)

On that account I scruple not to say

It always is my pleasure to obey.

But here's my husband (always sad without  
me);

Take not my word, but ask him, if you doubt  
me."

"Sir," said the husband, "'t is most true;  
I promise you,

A more obedient, kind, and gentle woman  
Does not exist."

"Give us your fist,"

Said John, "and, as the case is something more  
than common,

Allow me to present you with a beast  
Worth fifty guineas at the very least.

"There's Smiler, sir, a beauty, you must own,  
There's Prince, that handsome black,  
Ball the gray mare, and Saladin the roan,

Besides old Dunn;

Come, sir, choose one;

But take advice from me,

Let Prince be he;

Why, sir, you'll look the hero on his back."

"I'll take the black, and thank you too."

"Nay, husband, that will never do;

You know, you've often heard me say

How much I long to have a gray;

And this one will exactly do for me."

"No, no," said he,

"Friend, take the four others back,

And only leave the black."

"Nay, husband, I declare

I must have the gray mare;"

Adding (with gentle force),

"The gray mare is, I'm sure, the better horse."

"Well, if it must be so, — good sir,

The gray mare *we* prefer;

So we accept your gift." John made a leg;

"Allow me to present you with an egg;

'T is my last egg remaining,

The cause of my remaining,

I trust, the fond affection of my wife,

Whom I will love the better all my life.

"Home to content has her kind father brought  
me;

I thank him for the lesson he has taught me."

ANONYMOUS.

#### ON AN OLD MUFF.

TIME has a magic wand!  
What is this meets my hand,  
Moth-eaten, moldy, and  
Covered with fluff,  
Faded and stiff and scant?  
Can it be? no, it can't, —  
Yes, — I declare 't is Aunt  
Prudence's Muff!

Years ago — twenty-three!  
Old Uncle Barnaby



Gave it to Aunt P.,  
 Laughing and teasing, —  
 "Prü. of the breezy curls,  
 Whisper these solemn charms,  
*What holds a pretty girl's*  
*Head without squawzing?"*

Uncle was then a lad,  
 Gay, but, I grieve to add,  
 Gone to what's called "the bad," —  
 Smoking, — and worse!  
 Sleek sable then was this  
 Muff, lined with *pinkiness*, —  
 Bloom to which beauty is  
 Seldom averse.

I see in retrospect  
 Aunt, in her best bedecked,  
 Gliding, with mien erect,  
 Gravely to meeting,  
 Psalm-book, and kerchief new,  
 Peeped from the Muff of Prü.,  
 Young men — and pious, too —  
 Giving her greeting.

Pure was the life she led  
 Then; from her Muff, 't is said,  
 Tracts she distributed; —  
 Serpigeuces many,  
 Seeing the grace they lacked,  
 Followed her; one attacked  
 Prudence, and got his tract  
 Oftener than any!

Love has a potent spell!  
 Soon this bold ne'er-do-well,  
 Aunt's sweet susceptible  
 Heart undermining,  
 Slipped, so the scandal runs,  
 Notes in the pretty nun's  
 Muff, triple-cornered ones, —  
 Pink as its lining!

Worse, even, soon the jade  
 Floed (to oblige her blade!)  
 Whilst her friends thought that they'd  
 Locked her up tightly;  
 After such shocking games,  
 Aunt is of wedded dames  
 Gaye t, — and now her name's  
 Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct flaw  
 Sadder I never saw,  
 Still I've faith in the law  
 Of compensation.

Once uncle went astray, —  
 Smoked, joked, and sworn awa; ;  
 Sworn by, he's now, by a  
 Large congregation!

Changel is the child of sin;  
 Now he's the once was thin)  
 Grave, with a double chin, —  
 Blest be his fat form!  
 Changel is the garb he wore:  
 Preacher was never more  
 Prized than is uncle for  
 Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits  
 Mortals of slender wits,  
 Then beg this Muff, and its  
 Fair owner pardon;  
*All's for the best*, — indeed,  
 Such is my simple creed;  
 Still I must go and weed  
 Hard in my garden.

EDFDRICK LOCKER

#### THE WORLD.

FROM "THE FIFTEEN'S PLACE."

The world's a sorry wench, akin  
 To all that's frail and frightful;  
 The world's as ugly, ay, as sin, —  
 And almost as delightful!  
 The world's a merry world (*pro tem.*),  
 And some are gay, and therefore  
 It pleases them, but some condemn  
 The world they do not care for.

The world's an ugly world. Offend  
 Good people, how they wrangle!  
 The manners that they never mend,  
 The characters they mangle!  
 They eat and drink and scheme and plod,  
 And go to church on Sunday;  
 And many are afraid of God, —  
 And more of Mrs. Grundy.

EDFDRICK LOCKER.

#### COMFORT.

Who would care to pass his life away  
 Of the Lotus-land a dreamful denizen, —  
 Lotus-islands in a waveless bay,  
 Sung by Alfred Tennyson?

Who would care to be a dull new-comer  
 Far across the wild sea's wide abysses,  
 Where, about the earth's three thousandth  
 Summer,  
 Passed divine Ulysses?

Rather give me coffee, art, a book,  
From my windows a delicious sea-view,  
Southdown mutton, somebody to cook, —  
"Music?" — I believe you.

Strawberry icebergs in the summer time, —  
But of elm-wood many a massive splinter,  
Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,  
For the nights of winter.

Now and then a friend and some Sauterne,  
Now and then a haunch of Highland venison,  
And for Lotos-land I'll never yearn,  
Malgré Alfred Tennyson.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

— ● —  
WOMAN.

WHEN Eve brought *woe* to all mankind  
Old Adam called her *wo-man* ;  
But when she *wooed* with love so kind,  
He then pronounced her *woo-man*.  
But now, with folly and with pride,  
Their husbands' pockets trimming,  
The women are so full of *whims*  
That men pronounce them *wimmin*!

ANONYMOUS.

— ● —  
PAPER:

A CONVERSATIONAL PLEASANTRY.

SOME wit of old — such wits of old there were,  
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions  
care —

By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,  
Called clear, blank paper every infant mind ;  
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,  
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true ;  
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.  
I (can you pardon my presumption ?) — I,  
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the paper various wants produce, —  
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.  
Men are as various ; and, if right I scan,  
Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray note the fop, half powder and half lace ;  
Nice, as a bandbox were his dwelling-place ;  
He's the *gilt-paper*, which apart you store,  
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,  
Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth :

Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed ;  
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,  
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,  
Is *coarse brown paper*, such as peddlers choose  
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys  
Health, fame, and fortune in a round of joys ;  
Will any paper match him ? Yes, throughout ;  
He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought  
Deems this side always right, and that stark  
naught ;

He foams with censure ; with applause he raves ;  
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves ;  
He'll want no type, his weakness to proclaim,  
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,  
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,  
Who can't a jest, a hint, or look endure, —  
What is he ? — what ? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,  
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all ?  
They and their works in the same class you'll  
find ;  
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet !  
She's fair, *white paper*, an unsullied sheet ;  
On which the happy man whom fate ordains  
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring ;  
'T is the great man who scorns a little thing ;  
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims,  
are his own,  
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone,  
True, genuine, *royal paper* is his breast ;  
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

— ● —  
OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead, that good old man, —  
We ne'er shall see him more ;  
He used to wear a long black coat,  
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true ;  
His hair was some inclined to gray, —  
He wore it in a queue.

When'er he heard the voice of pain,  
His breast with pity burned ;  
The large round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all ;  
He knew no base design ;  
His eyes were dark and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true ;  
His coat had pocket-holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes  
He pass'd securely o'er, —  
And never wore a pair of boots  
For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown ;  
He wore a double-breasted vest, —  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
And pay it its desert ;  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse, —  
Was sociable and gay ;  
He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
He did not bring to view,  
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,  
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
In trust to fortune's chances,  
But lived (as all his brothers do)  
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares  
His peaceful moments ran ;  
And everybody said he was  
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

#### THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time  
In wondrous merry mood,  
And thought, as usual, men would say  
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die ;  
Albeit, in the general way,  
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;  
How kind it was of him,  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb !

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
And, in my humorous way,  
I added (as a trifling jest),  
"There 'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within ;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear ;  
He read the third ; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;  
The fifth ; his waistband split ;  
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

#### THE ONE-HOSS SHAY ;

OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,  
I 'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Searing the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —  
Snuffly old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.

It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will, —  
Above or below, or within or without, —  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew yim," or an "I tell *yeou*,")  
He would build one shay to beat the town  
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry roun';  
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown;  
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;  
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for hancewood to make the thills;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;  
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheeze,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —  
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,  
Never an axe had seen their elips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through."  
"There!" said the Deacon, "maow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren, — where were they?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —  
"Hahsum kowldge" they called it then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundreth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large;  
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day. —  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local as one may say.  
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there was n't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whippletree neither less nor more,  
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, as a *whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.  
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill, —  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —  
Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock!  
— What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first, —  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## RUDOLPH THE HEADSMAN.

RUDOLPH, professor of the headsman's trade,  
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.  
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill  
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.  
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-  
browed,

Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.  
His faldion lightened with a sudden gleam,  
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.  
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;  
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.  
"Why strik'st not? Perform thy murderous  
act,"

The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly  
cracked.)

"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight re-  
plied;

"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."  
He held his snuff-box, — "Now then, if you  
please!"

The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,  
Of his head tumbled, bowled along the floor,  
Bounced down the steps; — the prisoner said no  
more!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## CITY AND COUNTRY.

READ AT A FÉLICAL GATHERING OF THE SONS OF BERR-  
SHIRE, MASS.

COME back to your Mother, ye children, for shame,  
Who have wandered like truants for riches and  
fame!

With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,  
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your  
lanes,

And breathe, like our eagles, the air of our plains;  
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent  
wives

Will declare 't is all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come, you of the law, who can talk, if you please,  
Till the man in the moon will allow it 's a cheese,  
And leave "the old lady that never tells lies,"  
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline  
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;  
While you shut up your turnpike, your neigh-  
bors can go  
The old roundabout road to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,  
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens,  
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still  
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels  
With the burs on his legs and the grass at his  
heels!

No *dolger* behind his bandannas to share, —  
No constable grumbling, "You must n't walk  
there!"

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,  
He slaps a mosquito, and brushes a tear;  
The dewdrops hang round him on blossoms and  
shoots,

He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his  
boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by the  
old church;

That tree by its side had the flavor of birch;  
O, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,  
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big  
licks"!

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,  
The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps,  
Till, satel with rapture, he steals to his bed,  
With a glow in his heart, and a cold in his head.

'T is past, — he is dreaming, — I see him again,  
The ledger returns as by legerdemain;  
His mustache is damp with an east-ry flaw,  
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossoming gale,  
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;  
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,  
"A 1. — Extra super. — Ah! is n't it prime!"

O, what are the prizes we perish to win,  
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin?  
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes  
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties and parts to our feast;  
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at  
least

A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,  
And the best of old — water — at nothing a glass!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## WHITTLING:

A "NATIONAL PORTRAIT."

THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,  
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,  
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye  
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;  
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,

Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it ;  
 And in the education of the lad  
 No little part that implement hath had.  
 His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings  
 A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,  
 His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,  
 His elder popgun with its hickory rod,  
 Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,  
 His cornstalk fiddle, and the deeper tone  
 That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,  
 Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed  
 His bow, his arrow of a feathered seed,  
 His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,  
 His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin ;  
 Or, if his father lives upon the shore,  
 You'll see his ship, " beam ends upon the floor,"  
 Full rigged with raking masts, and timbers  
 stanch,  
 And waiting near the washtub for a launch.

Thus by his genius and his jack-knife driven,  
 Ere long he'll solve you any problem given ;  
 Make any gimcrack musical or mute,  
 A plow, a couch, an organ or a flute ;  
 Make you a locomotive or a clock,  
 Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,  
 Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block ; —  
 Make anything in short, for sea or shore,  
 From a child's rattle to a seventy-four ; —  
 Make it, said I ! — Ay, when he undertakes it,  
 He'll make the thing and the machine that  
 makes it.

And when the thing is made, — whether it be  
 To move on earth, in air, or on the sea ;  
 Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,  
 Or upon land to roll, revolve, or slide ;  
 Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,  
 Whether it be a piston or a spring,  
 Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,  
 The thing designed shall surely come to pass ;  
 For, when his hand's upon it, you may know  
 That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

JOHN BURFORD.

#### THE MODERN BELLE.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,  
 And rocks in her easy-chair ;  
 She is clad in silks and satins,  
 And jewels are in her hair ;  
 She winks and giggles and simpers,  
 And simpers and giggles and winks ;  
 And though she talks but little,  
 'T is a good deal more than she thinks

She lies abed in the morning  
 'Till nearly the hour of noon,  
 Then comes down snapping and snarling  
 Because she was called so soon ;  
 Her hair is still in papers,  
 Her cheeks still fresh with blush, —  
 Remains of her last night's blazes,  
 Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,  
 And lugs with " flowing hair " ;  
 She's eloquent over mustaches,  
 They give such a foreign air.  
 She talks of Italian music,  
 And falls in love with the moon ;  
 And, if a mouse were to meet her,  
 She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,  
 Her hands are so very white,  
 Her jewels so very heavy,  
 And her head so very light ;  
 Her color is made of cosmetics  
 (Though this she never will own),  
 Her body is mostly of cotton,  
 Her heart is wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow  
 Who swells with a foreign air ;  
 He marries her for her money,  
 She marries him for his hair !  
 One of the very best matches, —  
 Both are well mated in life ;  
 She's got a fool for a husband,  
 He's got a fool for a wife !

STARK.

#### AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY

FROM "THE PROUD MISS MARRIAGE."

OF all the notable things on earth,  
 The queerest one is pride of birth  
 Among our " fierce democracy " !  
 A bridge across a hundred years,  
 Without a prop to save it from sneers,  
 Not even a couple of rotten *peers*, —  
 A thing for laughter, jeers, and jeers,  
 Is American aristocracy !

English and Irish, French and Spanish,  
 Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,  
 Crossing their veins until they vanish  
 In one conglomeration !  
 So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,  
 No Heraldy Harvey will ever succeed  
 In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,  
 Your family thread you can't ascend,  
 Without good reason to apprehend  
 You may find it *waxed*, at the farther end,  
     By some plebeian vocation !  
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line  
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,  
 That plagued some worthy relation !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

RAILROAD RHYME.

SINGING through the forests,  
 Rattling over ridges ;  
 Shooting under arches,  
 Rumbling over bridges ;  
 Whizzing through the mountains,  
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —  
 Bless me ! this is pleasant,  
 Riding on the rail !

Men of different "stations"  
 In the eye of fame,  
 Here are very quickly  
 Coming to the same ;  
 High and lowly people,  
 Birds of every feather,  
 On a common level,  
 Travelling together.

Gentleman in shorts,  
 Looming very tall ;  
 Gentleman at large,  
 Talking very small ;  
 Gentleman in tights,  
 With a loose-ish mien ;  
 Gentleman in gray,  
 Looking rather green ;

Gentleman quite old,  
 Asking for the news ;  
 Gentleman in black,  
 In a fit of blues ;  
 Gentleman in claret,  
 Sober as a vicar ;  
 Gentleman in tweed,  
 Dreadfully in liquor !

Stranger on the right  
 Looking very sunny,  
 Obviously reading  
 Something rather funny.  
 Now the smiles are thicker, —  
 Wonder what they mean !  
 Faith, he's got the Knicker-  
 Bocker Magazine !

Stranger on the left  
 Closing up his peepers ;  
 Now he snores amain,  
 Like the Seven Sleepers ;  
 At his feet a volume  
 Gives the explanation,  
 How the man grew stupid  
 From "Association !"

Ancient maiden lady  
 Anxiously remarks,  
 That there must be peril  
 'Mong so many sparks ;  
 Roguish-looking fellow,  
 Turning to the stranger,  
 Says it 's his opinion  
*She* is out of danger !

Woman with her baby,  
 Sitting *vis-à-vis* ;  
 Baby keeps a-squalling,  
 Woman looks at me ;  
 Asks about the distance,  
 Says it 's tiresome talking,  
 Noises of the ears  
 Are so very shocking !

Market-woman, careful  
 Of the precious casket,  
 Knowing eggs are eggs,  
 Tightly holds her basket ;  
 Feeling that a smash,  
 If it came, would surely  
 Send her eggs to pot  
 Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,  
 Rattling over ridges ;  
 Shooting under arches,  
 Rumbling over bridges ;  
 Whizzing through the mountains,  
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —  
 Bless me ! this is pleasant,  
 Riding on the rail !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

WOMAN'S WILL.

AN EPIGRAM.

Men, dying, make their wills, but wives  
 Escape a work so sad ;  
 Why should they make what all their lives  
 The gentle dainties have had ?

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

## "NOTHING TO WEAR."

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,  
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
And her father assures me, each time she was  
there,

That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)  
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping  
In one continuous round of shopping, —  
Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of  
weather, —

For all manner of things that a woman can put  
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her  
waist,

Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
In front or behind, above or below ;  
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;  
Dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls ;  
Dresses to sit in and stand in and walk in ;  
Dresses to dance in and flirt in and talk in ;  
Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;  
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;  
All of them different in color and pattern,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,  
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,  
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal ;  
In short, for all things that could ever be thought  
of,

Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,  
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous  
frills ;

In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
While McFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and  
swore,

They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer  
Arago,  
Formed, McFlimsey declares, the bulk of her  
cargo,

Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
Such particular interest, that they invested  
Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,  
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as  
those ;

Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian  
beauties,

Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.  
Her relations at home all marveled, no doubt,  
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout

For an actual belle and a possible bride ;  
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods  
beside,

Which, in spite of collector and custom-house  
sentry,

Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed  
since the day

This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up  
Broadway,

This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,  
The last time we met was in utter despair,  
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

NOTHING TO WEAR ! Now, as this is a true ditty,  
I do not assert — this, you know, is between  
us —

That she 's in a state of absolute nudity,  
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus ;  
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,  
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress  
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent  
less,

And jewelry worth ten times more, I should  
guess,  
That she had not a thing in the wide world to  
wear !

I should mention just here, that out of Miss  
Flora's

Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
Of those fossil remains which she called her  
"affections,"

And that rather decayed, but well-known work  
of art,

Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her  
heart."

So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or  
grove,

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,  
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love,  
Without any romance or raptures or sighs,  
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,  
It was one of the quietest business transactions,  
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,  
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.  
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,  
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,  
And flirt when I like, — now, stop, don't you  
speak, —



And you must not come here more than twice in the week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball,

But always be ready to come when I call ;

So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,  
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough

For that sort of thing ; but the bargain must be That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,  
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsey and gained her,

With the silks, erinolines, and hoops that contained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder At least in the property, and the best right To appear as its escort by day and by night ;  
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball, —

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,

And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe, — I considered it only my duty to call,

And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her, — as ladies are apt to be found,  
When the time intervening between the first sound

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter Than usual, — I found — I won't say, I caught her, —

Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning To see if perhaps it did n't need cleaning.

She turned as I entered, — "Why, Harry, you sinner,

I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner !"

"So I did," I replied ; "but the dinner is swallowed

And digested, I trust, for 't is now nine and more,

So being relieved from that duty, I followed

Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door ;

And now will your ladyship so condescend

As just to inform me if you intend

Your beauty and graces and presence to lend

(All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)

To the Stuckups, whose party, you know, is to-morrow ?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry,  
*mon cher,*

I should like above all things to go with you there ;

But really and truly — I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear ! go just as you are ;

Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,

I engage, the most bright and particular star

On the Stuckup horizon" — I stopped — for her eye,

Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,

Opened on me at once a most terrible battery

Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose

(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,  
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose

That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,

No matter how fine, that she wears every day !"

So I ventured again : "Wear your crimson brocade"

(Second turn-up of nose) — "That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk" — "That's too heavy."

"Your pink" — "That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin" — "I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch" —

"I have n't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown *noire antique*" — "Yes, and look like a Quaker."

"The pearl-colored" — "I would, but that plaguy dressmaker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac, in which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation) — "I would n't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not ? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*" — "Yes, but, dear me ! that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it, And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine,

That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green, That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*" —

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation, When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation ;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,  
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,  
 "I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and most of my dresses are ripped  
 up!"

Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,  
 Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.  
 "Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling  
 Doesn't fall down and crush you — oh! you men  
 have no feeling;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,  
 Who set yourselves up as puffers and preachers,  
 Your silly pretense, — why, what a mere guess  
 it is!"

"Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?  
 I have told you and showed you I've nothing to  
 wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,  
 But you do not believe me" (here the nose went  
 still higher).

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a  
 liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir — yes, on the spot;  
 You're a brute, and a monster, and — I don't  
 know what."

I mildly suggested the words — Hottentot,  
 Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,  
 As gentle epithets which might give relief;  
 But this only proved as a spark to the powder,  
 And the storm I had raised came faster and  
 louder;

It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and  
 hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite  
 failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears  
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,  
 And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-  
 servation was lost in a tempest of sob.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,  
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would  
 say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,  
 Found myself in the entry — I hardly knew  
 how,

On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and  
 square,

At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,  
 Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,

On the whole, do you think he would have much  
 to spare,

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not  
 be bruited

Abroad in society, I've instituted  
 A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
 On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,  
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means sur-  
 prising,

But that there exists the greatest distress  
 In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,  
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
 With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."  
 Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts  
 Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,  
 Of which let me mention only a few:

In one single house, on Fifth Avenue,  
 Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-  
 two,

Who have been three whole weeks without any-  
 thing new

In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the  
 lurch

Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.  
 In another large mansion, near the same place,

Was found a deplorable, heartrending case  
 Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.

In a neighboring block there was found, in three  
 cells,

Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair  
 shawls;

And a suffering family, whose case exhibits  
 The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;

One deserving young lady almost unable  
 To survive for the want of a new Russian saddle;

Another confined to the house, when it's windier  
 Than usual, because her shawl is 't India.

Still another, whose tortures have been most  
 terrific

Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific,  
 In which were engulfed, not friend or relation

(For whose fate she perhaps might have found  
 consolation,

Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),  
 But the choicest assortment of French sleeves

and collars  
 Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of  
 dollars,

And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,  
 The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,

And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic  
 That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic;

For she touchingly says that this sort of grief  
 Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,

And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare

For the victim of such overwhelming despair.  
But the saddest by far of all these sad features  
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures  
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and  
Timons,

Who resist the most touching appeals made for  
diamonds

By their wives and their daughters, and leave  
them for days

Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,  
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have  
a chance,

And deride their demands as needless extrava-  
gance ;

One case of a bride was brought to my view,  
Too sad for belief, but, alas ! 't was too true,  
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,  
To permit her to take more than ten trunk-loads  
to Shaton.

The consequence was, that when she got there,  
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to  
wear,

And when she proposed to finish the season  
At Newport, the men ter refused out and out,  
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,  
Except that the waters were good for his gout.

Such treatment as this was too shocking, of  
course,

And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the cur-  
tain

From these scenes of woe ? Enough, it is certain,  
Has been disclosed to stir up the pity  
Of every benevolent heart in the city,

And spur up Humanity into a canter  
To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.

Won't somebody, moved by this touching de-  
scription,

Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription ?  
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that  
aid is

So needed at once by these indigent ladies,  
Take charge of the matter ? Or won't Peter  
Cooper

The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-  
Structure, like that which to-day links his name  
In the Union unending of honor and fame ;

And found a new charity just for the care  
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,  
Which, in view of the cash which would daily  
be claimed,

The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named ?  
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods im-  
porters,

Take a contract for clothing our wives and our  
daughters ?

Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,

And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars,  
and dresses,

Ere the want of them makes it much tougher  
and thornier,

Won't some one discover a new California ?

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day  
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway ;  
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and  
pride,

And temples of trade which tower on each side  
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and  
Guilt

Their children have gathered, their city have  
built ;

Where Hunger and Vice, like twin hounds of prey,  
Have hunted their victims to gloom and de-  
spair ;

Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broi-  
dered skirt,

Pick your delicate way through dampness and  
dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the  
rickety stair

To the garret, where wretches, the young and  
the old,

Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from  
the cold,

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the  
street

Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groan  
that swells

From the poor dying creature who writhes on  
the floor,

Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of  
Hell,

As you sicken and shudder and fly from the  
door ;

Then home to your wardrobe, and say, if you  
dare, —

Spoiled children of Fashion, — you've nothing to  
wear !

And O, if perchance they should be a place  
Where all is made right which so puzzles me here,  
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time  
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,  
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of  
sense,

Unscreened by its trappings and shows and  
pretense,

Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love ;

O daughters of Earth ! foolish virgins, beware !  
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to  
wear !

## PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

POPULARLY KNOWN AS "THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

WHICH I wish to remark —  
 And my language is plain —  
 That for ways that are dark  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar:  
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;  
 And I shall not deny  
 In regard to the same  
 What that name might imply ;  
 But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
 And quite soft was the skies,  
 Which it might be inferred  
 That Ah Sin was likewise ;  
 Yet he played it that day upon William  
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
 And Ah Sin took a hand :  
 It was euchre. The same  
 He did not understand ,  
 But he smiled, as he sat by the table,  
 With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
 In a way that I grieve,  
 And my feelings were shocked  
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
 Which was stuffed full of aces and lowers,  
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
 By that heathen Chinee,  
 And the points that he made,  
 Were quite frightful to see, —  
 Till at last he put down a right bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me ;  
 And he rose with a sigh,  
 And said, "Can this be ?  
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," —  
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
 I did not take a hand,  
 But the floor it was strewed,  
 Like the leaves on the strand,  
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding  
 In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
 He had twenty-four jacks, —  
 Which was coming it strong,  
 Yet I state but the facts.  
 And we found on his nails, which were taper, —  
 What is frequent in tapers, — that 's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
 And my language is plain,  
 That for ways that are dark,  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —  
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

## THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is  
 Truthful James :  
 I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games ;  
 And I 'll tell in simple language what I know  
 about the row  
 That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that 't is not a proper  
 plan  
 For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man ;  
 And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar  
 whim,  
 To lay for that same member for to "put a  
 head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer, or more beautiful  
 to see,  
 Than the first six months' proceedings of that  
 same society ;  
 Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil  
 bones  
 That he found within a tunnel near the tene-  
 ment of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed  
 there,  
 From those same bones, an animal that was ex-  
 tremely rare ;  
 And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspen-  
 sion of the rules,  
 Till he could prove that those same bones was  
 one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said  
 he was at fault ;  
 It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's  
 family vault ;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr.  
Brown,  
And on several occasions he had cleaned out  
the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent  
To say another is an ass, — at least, to all intent;  
Nor should the individual who happens to be  
meant

Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great  
extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of  
order, when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the  
abdomen;

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and  
curled up on the floor,

And the subsequent proceedings interested him  
no more.

For in less time than I write it, every member  
did engage

In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;  
And the way they heaved those fossils in their  
anger was a sin,

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the  
head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper  
games,

For I live at Table Mountain and my name is  
Truthful James,

And I've told in simple language what I know  
about the row

That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

BRET HARTE.

HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,  
Dressed just as I came from the dance,  
In a robe even *you* would admire, —  
It cost a cool thousand in France:  
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,  
My hair is done up in a cue:  
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"  
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;  
I left in the midst of a set;  
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,  
That waits — on the stairs — for me yet.  
They say he'll be rich, — when he grows up, —  
And then he adores me indeed.  
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,  
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"  
"And what do I think of New York?"  
"And now, in my higher ambition,  
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"  
"And is n't it nice to have riches  
And diamonds and silks and all that?"  
"And are n't it a change to the ditches  
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes, — if you saw us out driving  
Each day in the park, four-in-hand;  
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving  
To look supernaturally grand, —  
If you saw papa's picture, as taken  
By Brady, and tinted at that, —  
You'd never suspect he sold bacon  
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting  
In the glare of the grand chandelier,  
In the bustle and glitter befitting  
The "finest soirée of the year,"  
In the mists of a *gaze de chambéry*  
And the hum of the smallest of talk, —  
Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The Ferry,"  
And the dance that we had on "The Fork";

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster  
Of flags festooned over the wall;  
Of the candles that shied their soft luster  
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;  
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;  
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;  
And how I once went down the middle  
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping  
On the hill, when the time came to go;  
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping  
From under their bedclothes of snow;  
Of that ride, — that to me was the rarest;  
Of — the something you said at the gate:  
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress  
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny  
To think, as I stood in the glare  
Of fashion and beauty and money,  
That I should be thinking, right there,  
Of some one who breasted high water,  
And swam the North Fork, and all that,  
Just to dance with old Folsinbee's daughter,  
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!  
(Mamma says my taste still is low.)  
Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
I'm spooning on Joseph, — heigh-ho!

And I'm to be "finished" by travel,  
Whatever 's the meaning of that, —  
O, why did papa strike pay gravel  
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night, — here 's the end of my paper ;  
Good night, — if the longitude please, —  
For maybe, while wasting my taper,  
Your sun 's climbing over the trees.  
But know, if you have n't got riches,  
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
That my heart 's somewhere there in the ditches,  
And you 've struck it, — on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

## THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

BEHIND a market stall installed,  
I mark it every day,  
Stands at her stand the fairest girl  
I've met within the bay ;  
Her two lips are of cherry red,  
Her hands a pretty pair,  
With such a pretty turn-up nose,  
And lovely reddish hair.

'T is there she stands from morn till night,  
Her customers to please,  
And to appease their appetite  
She sells them beans and peas.  
Attracted by the glances from  
The apple of her eye,  
And by her Chili apples too,  
Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet  
Throughout the livelong day,  
And sells her celery and things —  
A big feat, by the way.  
She changes off her stock for change,  
Attending to each call,  
And when she has but one beet left,  
She says, " Now that beat 's all ! "

MAY TAYLOR.

## SONNET TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent clamant.

INGLORIOUS friend ! most confident I am  
Thy life is one of very little ease ;  
Albeit men mock thee in their similes  
And prate of being " happy as a clam ! "  
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head  
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea ?  
Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,  
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,

And hear thee off — as foemen take their spoil —  
Far from thy friends and family to roam ;  
Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home,  
To meet destruction in a foreign broil !

Though thou art tender, yet thy humble hard  
Declares, O clam ! thy case is shocking hard.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

## THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.

MANY a long, long year ago,  
Nantucket skippers had a plan  
Of finding out, though " lying low,"  
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,  
And then by sounding, through the night,  
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,  
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,  
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,  
And so below he'd " douse the glim," —  
After, of course, his " something hot."

Sung in his berth, at eight o'clock,  
This ancient skipper might be found ;  
No matter how his craft would rock,  
He slept, — for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then  
Run down and wake him, with the lead ;  
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men  
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 't was Jotham Marden's watch,  
A curious wag, — the peddler's son ;  
And so he mused, (the wanton wretch !)  
" To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

" We're all a set of stupid fools,  
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,  
What ground he 's on ; Nantucket schools  
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting ! "

And so he took the well-greased lead,  
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth  
That stood on deck, — a parsnip-bed, —  
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

" Where are we now, sir ? Please to taste."  
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,  
Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,  
And then upon the floor he sprung !

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,  
Hauled on his boots, and roared to Marden,  
" Nantucket 's sunk, and here we are  
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden ! "

JAMES T. FIELDS.

## THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached an awful pitch,  
For one of us was born a twin,  
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed.  
And thus you see, by Fate's decree  
(Or rather nurse's whim),  
My brother John got christened me,  
And I got christened *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogged, —  
For John turned out a fool.  
I put this question hopelessly  
To every one I knew, —  
What *would* you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were *you*?

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
Of our domestic life;  
For somehow my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.  
In short, year after year the same  
Absurd mistakes went on;  
And when I died, — the neighbors came  
And buried brother John!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

## THE RETORT.

OLD BIRCH, who taught the village school,  
Welded a maid of homespun habit;  
He was as stubborn as a mule,  
And she as playful as a rabbit.  
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife  
Before her husband sought to make her  
The pink of country polished life,  
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,  
And simple Katie sadly missed him;  
When he returned, behind her lord  
She shyly stole, and fondly kissed him.  
The husband's anger rose, and red  
And white his face alternate grew:  
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,  
"O, dear! I *did n't* know 't was *you*!"

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

## FERGUSON'S CAT.

THERE was a man named Ferguson,  
He lived on Market Street,  
He had a speckled Thomas cat,  
That could n't well be beat,  
He 'd catch more rats and mice and sich,  
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into a room  
And climb upon a cheer,  
And there he 'd set and lick hisself  
And purr so awful queer,  
That Ferguson would yell at him;  
And then he 'd purr-severe.  
And then he 'd climb the moonlit fence,  
And loaf around and yowl,  
And spit and claw another cat  
Alongside of the jowl,  
And then they both would shake their tail,  
And jump about and howl.

O, this here cat of Ferguson's  
Was fearful then to see;  
He 'd yell precisely like he was  
In awful agony;  
You 'd think some first-class stomach-ache  
Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,  
Waked by the horrid din,  
Would rise right up and search their babes  
To find some worrying pin;  
And still this vigorous cat would keep  
A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,  
'T was more than he could bear,  
And so he hurled his bootjack out,  
Right through the midnight air,  
But this vociferous Thomas cat,  
N'ot one cent did he care.

For still he howled and kept his fur  
A standin' up on end,  
And his old spine a doublin' up  
As far as it would bend.  
As if his hopes for happiness  
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of the spine  
And waitin' to attack  
A cat upon another fence,  
There came an awful crack;  
And this here speckled Thomas cat  
Was busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,  
There lay his old feline,

And not a life was left in him  
 Although he had had nine,  
 "All this here comes," said Ferguson,  
 "Of curvin' of the spine."

Now all ye men whose tender hearts  
 This painful tale does rack,  
 Just take this moral to yourselves,  
 All of you, white and black,  
 Don't ever go, like this here cat,  
 To gottin' up your back!

ANONYMOUS.

◆◆◆  
 THE HEN.

A FAMOUS hen 's my story's theme,  
 Which ne'er was known to tire  
 Of laying eggs, but then she 'd scream  
 So loud o'er every egg, 't would seem  
 The house must be on fire.

A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,  
 A wiser bird and older,  
 Could hear 't no more, so off did stalk  
 Right to the hen, and told her :  
 "Madam, that scream, I apprehend,  
 Adds nothing to the matter ;  
 It surely helps the egg no whit ;  
 Then lay your egg, and done with it !  
 I pray you, madam, as a friend,  
 Cease that superfluous clatter !  
 You know not how 't goes through my head,  
 "Humph ! very likely !" madam said,  
 Then, proudly jutting forth a leg, —  
 "Uneducated barnyard fowl !  
 You know, no more than any owl,  
 The noble privilege and praise  
 Of authorship in modern days —  
 I 'll tell you why I do it :  
 First, you perceive, I lay the egg,  
 And then — review it."

From the German of CLAUDIUS.

◆◆◆  
 ECCENTRIC :

Including Scientific, Philosophical, and Professional ; Macaronic (a burlesque intermixture of languages) ; Dialectic ; Parodies and Burlesques ; Cento Verses (Patchwork) ; Recipes ; Alliteration ; Chant Verse ; Echo ; Pidgin English (the dialect in use between the Chinese and the English and Americans) ; Curious Versification ; and Etymological Exeritation, — a list indicating the order in which the examples are given.

DARWIN.

THERE was an ape in the days that were earlier ;  
 Centuries passed, and his hair grew curlier ;  
 Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,  
 Then he was a Man and a Positivist.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

◆◆◆  
 IMPROMPTU,

AT A BANQUET GIVEN TO DR. SIEMENS, THE INVENTOR OF  
 THE GAS-FURNACE.

If we may trust the great LaPl'ace  
 The solar system once was gas ;  
 And out of this, together whirled,  
 Appeared the planets and the world ;  
 Then, through successive waves of change,  
 Plutonic, chemic, aqueous, strange,  
 The course of progress slowly ran  
 Through rocks and protoplasm to man.  
 (As for the forms, from protoplasm  
 Through five-toed horses, without chasm,  
 I need n't say that Huxley has 'em) ;  
 And man, as we could tell LaPl'ace,  
 Is chiefly busy making gas !  
 Thus Nature rounds her wondrous plan,  
 And ends it just where it began !

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

TO THE PLOCENE SKULL.

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

"A human skull has been found in California, in the pliocene formation. This skull is the remnant, not only of the earliest pioneer of this State, but the oldest known human being. . . . The skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, two miles from Angels, in Calaveras County, by a miner named James Matson, who gave it to Mr. Scribner, a merchant, and he gave it to Dr. Jones, who sent it to the State Geological Survey. . . . The published volume of the State Survey on the Geology of California states that man existed contemporaneously with the mastodon, but this fossil proves that he was here before the mastodon was known to exist" — *Daily Paper*.

"SPEAK, O man, less recent ! Fragmentary  
 fossil !

Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,  
 Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum  
 Of Volcanic tufa !

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palaeothe-  
 rium ;  
 Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia ;  
 Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions  
 Of earth's epidermis !

"Eo — Mio — Plio — whatso'er the 'cene' was  
 That those vacant sockets filled with awe and  
 wonder, —

Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches, —  
 Tell us thy strange story !



"Or has the Professor slightly antedated  
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,  
Giving thee an air that 's somewhat better fitted  
For cold-blooded creatures ?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest  
When above thy head the stately *Sigillaria*  
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and  
distant  
Carboniferous epoch ?

"Tell us of that scene, — the dim and watery  
woodland,  
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or in-  
sect,  
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with  
tall club-mosses,  
*Lycopodiacea* —

"When beside thee walked the solemn *Plesio-  
saurus*,  
And around thee crept the festive *Ichthyosaurus*,  
While from time to time above thee flew and  
circled  
*Cheerful Pterodactyls*.

"Tell us of thy food, — those half-marine refec-  
tions,  
*Crinoids* on the shell, and *Brachipods au natu-  
rel*, —  
Cuttle-fish to which the *picave* of Victor Hugo  
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the earth's crea-  
tion, —  
Solitary fragment of remains organic !  
Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence, —  
Speak ! thou oldest primate !"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla  
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,  
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,  
Ground the teeth together ;

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,  
Stained with expressed juices of the weed *Nicotian*,  
Came those hollow accents, blent with softer  
murmurs  
Of expectoration :

"Which my name is *Bowers*, and my crust was  
busted  
Falling down a shaft, in Calaveras County,  
But I 'd take it kindly if you 'd send the pieces  
Home to old Missouri !"

ERET HARTE.

## THE RISE OF SPECIES

FROM "THE PARADISE OF BIRD-

MARESNEST (*loquitar*).

THE rise of Species ; can it be  
You know not how it was ? Then hear from me.  
Ho ! ye obsolete wings in the outset of things,  
Which the clergy Creation miscall,  
There was naught to perplex by shape, species, or  
sex ;

Indeed, there was nothing at all,  
But a motion most comic of dust-motes atomic,  
A chaos of decimal fractions,  
Of which each under Fate was impelled to his  
mate

By love or the law of attractions.  
So jarred the old world, in blind particles hurled,  
And love was the first to attune it,  
Yet not by prevision, but simple collision, —  
And this was the cause of the Unit.  
That such was the feat, which evolved light and  
heat

A thousand analogies hint ;  
For instance, the spark from the hoof in the dark,  
Or the striking of tinder and flint.  
Of the worlds thus begun, the first was the Sun,  
Who, wishing to round off his girth,  
Began to perspire with great circles of fire, —  
And this was the cause of the Earth.  
Soon desiring to pair, Fire, Water, Earth, Air,  
To monogamous custom unused,  
All joined by collusion in fortunate fusion,  
And so the *Sponge* puzzle produced.  
Now the *Sponge* had of yore many attributes more  
Than the power to imbibe or expunge,  
And his leisure beguiled with the hope of a child.

CHORUS.

O philoprogenitive *Sponge* !

MARESNEST.

Then Him let us call the first Parent of all,  
Though the clergy desire to hoodwink us ;  
For He gave to the Earth the first animal birth,  
And conceived the *Ornithorhynchus*.

CHORUS.

Conceived the *Ornithorhynchus*.

MARESNEST.

Yes : who, as you have heard, has a bill like a  
bird,  
But hair and four legs like a beast,  
And possessed in his kind a more provident mind  
Than you 'd e'er have presumed from the priest ;  
For he saw in the distance the strife for existence,  
That must his grandchildren betide,

And resolved as he could, for their ultimate good,  
A remedy sure to provide.

With that, to prepare each descendant and heir  
For a different diet and clime,

He laid, as a test, four eggs in his nest, —  
But he only laid two at a time.

On the first he sat still, and kept using his bill,  
That the head in his chicks might prevail ;  
Ere he hatched the next young, head downwards  
he slung

From the branches, to lengthen his tail.  
Conceive how he watched, till his chickens were  
hatched,

With what joy he observed that each brood  
Were unlike at the start, had their dwellings  
apart,

And distinct adaptations for food.  
Thereafter each section by Nature's selection  
Proceeded to husband and wife,

But the truth can't be blinked, that the weak  
grew extinct,

While the lusty continued to thrive.  
Eggs were laid as before, but each time more and  
more

Varieties struggled and bred,  
Till one end of the scale dropped his ancestor's  
tail,

And the other got rid of his head.  
From the tail, in brief words, were developed the  
birds,

Unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie,  
From the tail and hind legs, in the second-laid  
eggs,

The apes and — Professor Huxley.

CHORUS.

The apes and Professor Huxley.

MARENNEST.

Yes ; one Protoplasm, connecting the chasm  
"Twixt man and reptile and roe,  
With millions of dozens of fungus first cousins,  
Reduces the world to one stock ;  
And though Man has a place from the Sponge at  
the base

In variety farthest removed,  
And has managed to reach what he calls *soul* and  
*speech*,

Yet his blood is by language approved.  
For instance, the tribe that contrives to imbibe,  
With the friends, who believe in them, plunge  
Their hands with mad pranks into railways and  
banks,

We term the variety Sponge,  
And perhaps like our sire, as all classes mount  
higher,

We shall merge into oneness again,

Our species absorb all the rest in its orb,  
And birds, beasts, and fishes be men.

CHORUS.

What! birds, beasts, and fishes be men!

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE

#### THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS DAUGHTER

A SOUND came booming through the air, —

"What is that sound?" quoth I.

My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,

Made answer presently,

"Papa, you know it very well, —

That sound — it was Saint Pancras Bell."

"My own Louise, put down the cat,

And come and stand by me ;

I'm sad to hear you talk like that,

Where 's your philosophy ?

That sound — attend to what I tell —

That sound was not Saint Pancras Bell.

"Sound is the name the sage selects

For the concluding term

Of a long series of effects,

Of which that blow 's the germ.

The following brief analysis

Shows the interpolations, Miss.

"The blow which, when the clapper slips,

Falls on your friend, the Bell,

Changes its circle to ellipse,

(A word you'd better spell,)

And then comes elasticity,

Restoring what it used to be.

"Nay, making it a little more,

The circle shifts about,

As much as it shrank in before

The Bell, you see, swells out ;

And so a new ellipse is made.

(You're not attending, I'm afraid.)

"This change of form disturbs the air,

Which in its turn behaves

In like elastic fashion there,

Creating waves on waves ;

Which press each other onward, dear,

Until the utmost finds your ear.

"Within that ear the surgeons find

A tympanum or drum,

Which has a little bone behind, —

Malleus, it's called by some ;

People not proud of Latin grammar

Humbly translate it as the hammer.

"The wave's vibrations this transmits  
On to the incus bone  
(Incus means anvil), which it hits,  
And this transfers the tone  
To the small os orbiculare, —  
The tiniest bone that people carry.

"The stapes next — the name recalls  
A stirrup's form, my daughter —  
Joins three half-circular canals,  
Each filled with limpid water ;  
Their curious lining, you 'll observe,  
Made of the auditory nerve.

"This vibrates next — and then we find  
The mystic work is crowned ;  
For then my daughter's gentle mind  
First recognizes sound.  
See what a host of causes swell  
To make up what you call the 'Bell.'"

While she paused, my bright Louise,  
And pondered on the case ;  
Then settling that he meant to tease,  
She slapped her father's face :  
"You had old man, to sit and tell  
Such gibbererygosh about a Bell !"

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

PHYSICS.

THE UNCONSCIOUS POETIZING OF A PHILOSOPHER.

THERE is no force however great  
Can stretch a cord however fine  
Into a horizontal line  
That shall be accurately straight.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

THE COLLEGIAN TO HIS BRIDE :

BEING A MATHEMATICAL MADRICAL IN THE SIMPLEST FORM.

CHARMER, on a given straight line,  
And which we will call B C,  
Meeting at a common point A,  
Draw the lines A C, A B.  
But, my sweetest, so arrange it  
That they 're equal, all the three ;  
Then you 'll find that, in the sequel,  
All their angles, too, are equal.

Equal angles, so to term them,  
Each one opposite its brother !  
Equal joys and equal sorrows,  
Equal hopes, 't were sin to smother,  
Equal, — O, divine ecstasies, —  
Based on Hutton's mathematics !

PUNCH.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me, —  
Our mutual flame is like the affinity  
That doth exist between two simple bodies :  
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.  
'T is little that the holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,  
A living acid ; thou an alkali  
Endowed with human sense, that, brought to-  
gether,

We both might coalesce into one salt,  
One homogeneous crystal. O that thou  
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen ;  
We would unite to form olefant gas,  
Or common coal, or naphtha. Would to Heaven  
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime,  
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret !  
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,  
So that thou might be Soda. In that case  
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Mag-  
nesia,

Instead we'd form that 's named from Epsom.  
Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aqua-fortis,  
Our happy union should that compound form,  
Nitrate of Potash, — otherwise Saltpeter.  
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,  
We 'd live and love together, until death  
Should decompose the fleshly *tertium quid*,  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs ?  
We will. The day, the happy day, is nigh,  
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs com-  
bine.

PUNCH.

THE ELECTRICIAN'S VALENTINE.

"THE tendrils of my soul are twined  
With thine, though many a mile apart ;  
And thine in close-coiled circuits wind  
Around the magnet of my heart.

"Constant as Daniell, strong as Grove,  
Seething through all its depths, like Smee,  
My heart pours forth its tide of love,  
And all its circuits close in thee.

"O, tell me, when along the line  
From my full heart the current flows,  
What currents are induced in thine ?  
One click from thee will end my woes "

Through many an Ohm the Weber flew,  
And clicked this answer back to me, --  
"I am thy *Ferul*, staunch and true,  
Charged to a *Volt* with love for thee."

ANONYMOUS.

## THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays  
Now divers birds are heard to sing,  
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,  
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse  
The memory of our youthful hours,  
As green as those said sprays and boughs,  
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, — happy pairs, —  
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, inshrines  
In frechold nests; themselves, their heirs,  
Administrators, and assignns.

O busiest term of Cupid's Court,  
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring, —  
Season of frolic and of sport,  
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

HENRY P. H. BROWNELL.

## TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

AID: "O *Mary*, heave a sigh for me."

O MAKE *avvi* si *formè* ;  
Forme *urè* tonitru ;  
Iambicum as amatum,  
Olet Hymen promptu ;  
Mihì is *vetas* an *me* se,  
As humano *erebi* ;  
Olet *meum* marito to,  
Or *eta beta pi*.

Alas, plano more meretrix,  
Mi ardo vel uno ;  
Inferiam ure artis base,  
Tolerat me urebo.  
Ah me ve ara silicet,  
Vi laudu vimin thus ?  
Hiatu as arandum sex —  
Illic Ionicens.

Hec sed hen vix en imago,  
My missis mare sta ;  
O cauto redit in mihi  
Hibernas arida ?  
A veri vafer heri si,  
Mihì resolves indu ;  
Totius olet Hymen cum —  
Accepta tonitru.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

## NURSERY RHYMES.

JOHN, JOHN, THE PIPER'S SON.

JOHANNES, Johannes, tibi cine natus  
Fugit perniciose porcum furatus,  
Sed porcus voratus, Johannes delatus,  
Et plomus per vias est fur flagellatus.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

MICA, mica, parva stella ;  
Miror, quoniam si tam bella !  
Splendens enim in illo,  
Alba velut gemma, celo.

BOYS AND GIRLS, COME OUT TO PLAY.

GARÇONS et filles venez toujours,  
La lune est brillante comme le jour,  
Venez au bruit d'un joyeux éclat  
Venez du bons cœurs, ou ne venez pas.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

TRES Philosophi de Tusculo  
Mare navigarunt vaseculo :  
Si vas id esset tutius  
Tibi emerem diutius.

DING DONG BELL, THE CAT'S IN THE WELL.

AIAXON ἀϊάων εἶπε· φέρει λάβειν, ὄθλον εἰβουσον,  
Τὴν γαλήην· τίς τῆσδ' αἰτίος ἀμπλακίης ;  
Τιτθὸς Ἰωάννης, χλωρὸν γάνος, ἀσυντα εἰδὼς·  
Τοῦ γαλήην βυθίσαι νήπιον ὠδ' ἀκαλον.

## THE COURTIN'.

FROM "THE BIGELOW PAPERS."

God makes sech nights, all white an' still  
Fur 'z you can look or listen ;  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle erep' up quite unbeknown  
An' pecked in thru' the winder,  
An' there sot Huddy all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,  
With half a cord o' wood in —  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her !  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chumbl'ey crook-necks lung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a bless'd cretur,  
A dogrose bluslan' to a brook  
Ain't molester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,  
Clean grit an' human natur';  
None could n't quicker pitch a ton,  
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, dray 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —  
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,  
The side she brushed felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no vice hed sech a swing  
Ez him in the choir;  
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*  
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,  
A-raspin' on the geraper,  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' f'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtle o' the skele,  
His heart kep' goin' pitty-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him furrer,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"  
"Wal . . . no . . . I come disagin'" —  
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'min'."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t' other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He could n't ha' told ye nutther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin";  
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";  
Thet last word prickled him like a jin,  
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose natures never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Jenoary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how matters stood,  
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAM. RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS\*

FROM "THE EGLOW PAPERS."

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;  
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes; —  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.  
My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?  
We can't never choose him o' course, — thet's  
flat;  
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)

\* Preserved here because the essential humor of the satire has outlived its local and temporary application.

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;  
 Fer John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

General C. is a drefle smart man :  
 He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;  
 But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —  
 He 's ben true to *one* party, — an' thet is him-  
 self ; —  
 So John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war ; \*  
 He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud ;  
 Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
 But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?  
 So John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,  
 With good old idees o' wut 's right an' wut aint,  
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'  
 pillage,  
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a  
 saint ;  
 But John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers he took,  
 An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our conn-  
 try ;  
 An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book  
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;  
 An' John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;  
 Sez they 're nothin' on airth but jest *fec, fav,*  
*fum* :  
 And thet all this big talk of our destinies  
 Is half ov it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum ;  
 But John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez it aint no sech thing ; an', of course, so  
 must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life  
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-  
 tail coats,  
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,  
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em  
 votes ;

But John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez they did n't know everythin' down in  
 Judee.

Wal, it 's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us  
 The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I  
 vow, —  
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,  
 To drive the world's team wen it gits in a  
 slough ;  
 Fer John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out  
 Gee !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY 've got a bran new organ, Sue,  
 For all their fuss and search ;  
 They 've done just as they said they 'd do,  
 And fetched it into church.  
 They 're bound the critter shall be seen,  
 And on the preacher's right,  
 They 've hoisted up their new machine  
 In everybody's sight.  
 They 've got a chorister and choir,  
 Ag'in *my* voice and vote ;  
 For it was never *my* desire,  
 To praise the Lord by note !

I've been a sister good an' true,  
 For five an' thirty year ;  
 I 've done wut seemed my part to do,  
 An' prayed my duty clear ;  
 I 've sung the hymns both slow and quick,  
 Just as the preacher read ;  
 And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,  
 I took the fork an' led !  
 An' now, their bold, new-fangled ways  
 Is comin' all about ;  
 And I, right in my latter days,  
 Am fairly crowded out !

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,  
 With tears all in his eyes,  
 Read — "I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies." —  
 I al'ays liked that blessed hymn —  
 I s'pose I al'ays will ;  
 It somehow gratifies *my* whim,  
 In good old Ortonville ;  
 But when that choir got up to sing,  
 I could n't catch a word ;  
 They sung the most dog-gonedest thing  
 A body ever heard !

\* Written at the time of the Mexican war, which was strongly opposed by the Anti-slavery party as being unnecessary and wrong.

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,  
 An' when I see them grin,  
 I bid farewell to every fear,  
 And boldly waded in.  
 I thought I 'd chase the tune along,  
 An' tried with all my might :  
 But though my voice is good an' strong,  
 I could n't steer it right.  
 When they was high, then I was low,  
 An' also contra'wise ;  
 And I too fast, or they too slow,  
 To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,  
 They play a little tune ;  
 I did n't understand, an' so  
 I started in too soon.  
 I pitched it purty middlin' high,  
 And fetehed a lusty tone,  
 But O, alas ! I found that I  
 Was singin' there alone !  
 They laughed a little, I am told ;  
 But I had done my best ;  
 And not a wave of trouble rolled  
 Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown, — I could but look, —  
 She sits right front of me ;  
 She never was no singin' look,  
 An' never went to be ;  
 But then she al'ays tried to do  
 The best she could, she said ;  
 She understood the time, right through,  
 An' kep' it with her head ;  
 But when she tried this mornin', O,  
 I had to laugh, or cough !  
 It kep' her head a bobbin' so,  
 It e'en a'most come off !

An' Deacon Tubbs, — he all broke down,  
 As one might well suppose ;  
 He took one look at Sister Brown,  
 And meekly scratched his nose.  
 He looked his hymn-book through and through,  
 And laid it on the seat,  
 And then a pensive sigh he drew,  
 And looked completely beat.  
 An' when they took another bout,  
 He did n't even rise ;  
 But drawed his red bandanner out,  
 An' wiped his weeping eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,  
 For five an' thirty year ;  
 I've done what seemed my part to do,  
 An' prayed my duty clear ;  
 But death will stop my voice, I know,  
 For he is on my track ;

And some day, I'll to meetin' go,  
 And nevermore come back.  
 And when the folks get up to sing —  
 Whene'er that time shall be —  
 I do not want no *patent* thing  
 A squealin' over me !

WILL M. CARLETON.

— — —  
 DOW'S FLAT.

1856.

Dow's Flat. That's its name.  
 And I reckon that you  
 Are a stranger ? The same ?  
 Well, I thought it was true,  
 For thar is n't a man on the river as can't spot  
 the place at first view.

It was called after Dow, —  
 Which the same was an ass ;  
 And as to the how  
 Thet the thing kem to pass, —  
 Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye  
 down here in the grass.

You see this yer Dow  
 Hed the worst kind of luck ;  
 He slipped up somehow  
 On each thing thet he struck.  
 Why, ef he 'd a' straddled thet fence-rail the  
 derned thing 'ed get up and buck.

He ruined on the bar  
 Till he could n't pay rates ;  
 He was smashed by a car  
 When he tunnelled with Bates ;  
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife  
 and five kids from the States.

It was rough, — mighty rough ;  
 But the boys they stood by,  
 And they brought him the stuff  
 For a house, on the sly ;  
 And the old woman, — well, she did washing,  
 and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's  
 Was so powerful mean  
 Thet the spring near his house  
 Dried right up on the green :  
 And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary  
 a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
 And the boys would n't stay ;  
 And the chills got about,

And his wife fell away ;  
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual  
ridikilous way.

One day, — it was June, —  
And a year ago, jest, —  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a  
derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell  
Jest to listen and think :  
For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir !) you  
see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on a bay :  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all, —  
as I 've heer'd the folks say.

And — that 's a peart boss  
That you 've got — ain't it now ?  
What might be her cost ?  
Eh ? Oh ! — Well then, Dow —  
Let 's see, — well, that forty-foot grave was n't  
his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side,  
And he looked and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For you see the dern cuss had struck — " Water ?"  
— beg your parding, young man, there  
you lied !

It was *gold*, — in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike ;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike ;  
And that house with the coopilow 's bis'n, —  
which the same is n't bad for a Pike.

That 's why it 's Dow's Flat ;  
And the thing of it is  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness :  
For 't was *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and  
his luck made him certain to miss.

That 's so. Thar 's your way  
To the left of you tree ;  
But — a — look h'ynr, say,

Won't you come up to tea ?  
No ? Well, then the next time you 're passin' ;  
and ask after Dow, — and thet 's *me*.  
BRET HARTE.

— — —  
JIM.

SAY there ! P'raps  
Some on you chaps  
Might know Jim Wild ?  
Well, — no offense :  
Thar ain't no sense  
In gittin' riled !

Jim was my chum  
Up on the Bar :  
That 's why I come  
Down from up thar,  
Lookin' for Jim.  
Thank ye, sir ! you  
Ain't of that crew, —  
Blest if you are !

Money ? — Not much :  
That ain't my kind ;  
I ain't no such.  
Rum ? — I don't mind,  
Seem' it 's you.

Well, this yer Jim,  
Did you know him ? —  
Jess 'bout your size ;  
Same kind of eyes ? —  
Well, that is strange :  
Why it 's two year  
Since he come here,  
Sick, for a change.

Well, here 's to us ;  
Eh ?  
The *deuce* you say !  
Dead ? —  
That little cuss ?

What makes you star, —  
You over thar ?  
Can't a man drop  
's glass in yer shop  
But you must rar' ?  
It would n't take  
*Derned* much to break  
You and your bar.

Dead !  
Poor — little — Jim !  
— Why there was me,  
Jones, and Bob Lee,



Harry and Ben, —  
No-account men :  
Then to take *him!*

Well, thar — Good by, —  
No more, sir, — I —  
Eh ?

What 's that you say? —  
Why, dern it! — sho! —  
No? Yes! By Jo!

Sold!  
Sold! Why you limb,  
You ornery,  
Derned old  
Long-legged Jim!

BRET HARTE.

## BANTY TIM

(Remarks of Sergeant Timmon J. Joy to the White Man's Committee, of Spunky Point, Illinois.)

I RECKON I git your drift, gents —  
You 'low the boy sha'n't stay ;  
This is a white man's country :  
You 're Democrats, you say :  
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,  
The times bein' all out o' jint,  
The nigger has got to inosey  
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Let 's reason the thing a minute ;  
I 'm an old-fashioned Democrat, too,  
Though I laid my polities out o' the way  
For to keep till the war was through.  
But I come back here allowin'  
To vote as I used to do,  
Though it gravels me like the devil to train  
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,  
In all the light of the day,  
What you 've got to do with the question  
Ef Tim shall go or stay.  
And furdur than that I give notice,  
Ef one of you tetches the boy,  
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime  
Than he 'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jist hear me!  
You know that ungodly day  
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how  
ripped  
And torn and tattered we lay.  
When the rest retraved, I stayed behind,  
Fur reasons sufficient to me, —  
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,  
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,  
And br'iled and blistered and burned!  
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us  
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!  
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing  
I could n't believe for a spell :  
That nigger — that Tim — was a-crawlin' to me  
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,  
And the bullets buzzed like bees ;  
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,  
Though a shot brought him once to his knees ;  
But he staggered up, and packed me off,  
With a dozen stumbles and falls,  
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,  
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar 's my answer,  
And here stays Banty Tim :  
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,  
And I 'm not goin' back on him!  
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,  
But ef one of you tetches the boy,  
He 'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,  
Or my name 's not Timmon Joy!

JOHN HAY.

## HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,  
Dey had biano-blayin ;  
I felled in love mit a Merican frau,  
Her name was Madilida Yane.  
She had haar as prown ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
Und ven dey looket indo mine,  
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I vent dere you 'll pe pound.  
I valtzet mit Madilida Yane  
Und vent shpinnen round und round.  
De pootiest Frauelein in de House,  
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp  
She make de vindlows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I dolls you it cost him dear.  
Dey rolled in more as seven kecks  
Of foost-rate Lager Beer.  
Und veneral dey knocks de shpicket in  
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.  
I dinks dat so vine a party,  
Nefer eoom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;  
 Dere all vas Souse und Brouse.  
 Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany  
 Did make demselfs to house ;  
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,  
 De Bratwurst und Braten fine,  
 Und vash der Abendessen down  
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;  
 We all cot troonk ash bigs.  
 I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,  
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.  
 Und denn I gissed Madilla Yane  
 Und she shlog me on de kop,  
 Und de gompany fitted mit duple-lecks  
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —  
 Where ish dat barty now !  
 Where ish de lofely golden clond  
 Dat float on de moundain's prow ?  
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —  
 De shtar of de shpirit's light ?  
 All g mel afay mit de Lager Beer —  
 Afay in de Ewigkeit !

CHARLES G. LELAND.

#### RITTER HUGO.

DER noble Ritter Hugo  
 Von Schwillensfenstein  
 Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,  
 Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meerrmaid,  
 Vot had n't got nodings on,  
 Und she say, "O, Ritter Hugo,  
 Vare you goes mit yourself alone ?"

Und he says, "I ride in de reen-wood,  
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer,  
 Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus,  
 Und dere I drinks some peer."

Und den outspoke de maiden,  
 Vot had n't got nodings on,  
 "I ton't dink mooch of beebles  
 Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You 'd petter coom down in de wasser,  
 Vare dere 's heaps of dings to see,  
 Und hafe a shplendid dinner,  
 Und trafel along mit me.

"Dare you sees de fish a schwimmin,  
 Und you catches dem efery one."  
 So sang dis wasser maiden,  
 Vat had n't got nodings on.

"Dare is drunks all full mit money,  
 In ships dat vent down of old ;  
 Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !  
 To shimmerin crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !  
 Shoost look at dese diamond rings !  
 Come down und fill your bockets,  
 Und I 'll kiss you like eferydings !

"Vat you vantsh mit your schnapps und your  
 lager ?  
 Coom down into der Rhine !  
 Dere ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne,  
 Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !"

Dat fetched him, — he shtood all shpell-pound,  
 She pulled his coat-tails down,  
 She drawed him under de wasser,  
 Dis maiden mit nodings on.

CHARLES G. LELAND  
 (HANS BREITMANN)

#### THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM FROM SIDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

"VELL ! Here I am, — no matter how it suits, —  
 A-keeping company with them dumb Brutes !  
 Old Park vos no bad judge, — confound his vig !  
 Of vot would break the Sperrit of a Prig.

"The Like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales  
 To go a tagging after Vethers' Tails,  
 And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,  
 But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock !

"To go to set this solitary Job  
 To Von whose Vork vos always in a Mob !  
 It 's out of all our Lines, for sure I am  
 Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb !

"I ar'nt ashamed to say I sit und veep  
 To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,  
 The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,  
 And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks.

"If I fore-seed how Transports would turn out  
 To only Baa ! and Botanize about,  
 I 'd quite as leaf have had the t' other Pall,  
 And come to Cotton as to all this Wool !

"Von only happy moment I have had  
 Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,  
 And then I coted a vild Beast in a Snoozee,  
 And picked her pouch of three young Kangaroos !

"Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill ?  
 Or show a sneaking kindness for a Till ?  
 And as for Washings, on a hedge to dry,  
 I 'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye !

"If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,  
And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,  
I'd give it all in Lounon Streets to stand,  
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand !

"But ven I goes, as may be vonce I shall,  
To my old Crib, to meet vith Jack and Sal,  
I've been so gullows honest in this Place,  
I sha' n't not like to show my sheepish Face.

"It's wery hard for nothing but a Box  
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks  
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to bus,  
They've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

"But folks may tell their Troubles till they're  
sick

To dumb brute Beasts, and so I'll cut my Stick !  
And vot's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe  
Vere von can't borrow any Gemman's Vipe !"

THOMAS HOOD.

#### NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere  
aloan ?

Noorse † thoort nowt o' a noorse ; why, doctor 's  
abean an' agoän :

Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaale : but I beänt  
a fool :

Git ma my yaale, for I beänt a-gooïn' to break  
my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what 's  
nawways true :

Naw soort o' koïnd o' use to saay the things that  
a do.

I've 'ed my point o' yaale ivry noight sin' I beän  
'ere,

An' I 've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for  
foorty year.

Parson 's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o'  
my bed.

"The amoighty 's a taakin o' you to 'issen, my  
friend" 'a said,

An' a towd ma my sins, an' 's toithe were due,  
an' I gied it in hond ;

I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch  
to larn.

But a cost oop, thot a did, 'hoo't Bessy Marris's  
barn.

Thof a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squire an'  
choorch an staate,

An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the  
raate.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor my Sally  
wur dead,

An' 'eerd un a bunmin' awaäy loike a buzzard-  
clock \* ower my yeäd,

An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt  
a 'ad summut to saay,

An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I  
comed awaäy.

Bessy Marris's barn ! tha knaws she laaid it to meä.  
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, shea.  
'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun un-  
derstood ;

I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it  
easy an' freea,

"The amoighty 's a taakin o' you to 'issen, my  
friend," says 'ea.

I weänt saay men be loiaars, thof summun said it  
in 'aste :

But a reads wonn sarmin a wecak, an' I 'a stubb'd  
Thornaby waaste.

D' ya moïnd the waaste, my lass ? naw, naw, tha  
was not born then ;

Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen :  
Moast loike a butter-bump, † for I 'eerd un 'about  
an 'about,

But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, and raaved an'  
rumbled un oot.

Keäper's it wur ; fo' they fun un theer a laaid on  
'is faace

Doon i' the woïld 'enemies ‡ afoor I comed to the  
plaaçe.

Noaks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot un as dead  
as a maif.

Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize— but git  
ma my yaale.

Dubbut loök at the waäste : theer war n't not  
fead for a cow ;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' loök at it  
now—

War n't worth nowt a haacere, an' now theer 's  
lots o' feäd,

Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in  
sead.

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I meän'd to 'a  
stubb'd it at fall,

Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruft  
it an' all,

\* Cockchafer.

† Bittern.

‡ Anemones.

If godamoighty an' parson 'nd nobbut let ma  
aloan,

Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäre o' Squoire's an'  
loäl o' my oän.

Do godamoighty know what a 's doing a-täakin'  
o' meä ?

I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a  
peä ;

An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a'  
dear !

And I 'a managed for Squoire come Michaelmas  
thirty year.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'aäpoth o'  
sense,

Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins—a niver mended a  
fence :

But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke  
ma now

Wi' auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms  
to plow !

Looäk 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a  
passin' by,

Says to thessen naw doot "what a mon a be  
sewer-ly !"

For they knows what I beän to Squoire sin fust  
a comel to the 'All ;

I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my dnty  
by all,

Squoire 's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull  
'a to wroite,

For who 's to howd the lond ater meä thot mud-  
dles ma quoit ;

Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to  
Joänes,

Noither a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles  
the stoäns.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is  
kittle o' steäm

Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the  
Divil's oän teäm :

Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is  
sweet,

But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn  
abear to see it.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma  
the yaäle ?

Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, and a 's hallus i' the owd  
taäle ;

I weänt bräk rules for Doctor, a knaws naw  
moor nor a floy ;

Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I  
mun doy.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE DULE 'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

The dule 's i' this bonnet o' mine :

My ribbins 'll never be ree ;

Here, Mally, aw 'd like to be fine,

For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet ;

He met me i' th' lone t' other day

(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),

An' he begged that aw 'd wed him i' May,

Bi th' mass, if he 'll let me, aw will !

When he took my two honds into his,  
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between !

An' aw durst n't look up in his face,

Beecose on him seein' my e'en.

My cheek went as red as a rose ;

There 's never a mortal con tell

Heaw happy aw felt,—for, tha- knows,

One could n't ha' axed him theirs'!

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung :

To let it eawt would n't be reet,

For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung ;

So aw towd him aw 'd tell him to-neet.

But, Mally, thae knows very weel,

Though it is n't a thing one should own,

Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',

Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw 've towd thae my mind ;

What would to do iv it wur thee ?

"Aw 'd tak him just while he 'se inclined,

Au' a farrantly bargain he 'll be ;

For Jamie 's as greedly a lad

As ever stept eawt into th' sun.

Go jump at thy chance, an' get wed ;

An' mak th' best o' th' job when it 's done !"

Eh, dear ! but it 's time to be gwon :

Aw should n't like Jamie to wait ;

Aw eonnut for shame be too soon,

An' aw would n't for th' wuld be too late.

Aw 'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel :

Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do ?

"Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel ;

He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo !"

EDWIN WAUGH.

### MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL.

GIVEN TO THE NEPALESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENIN-  
SULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O, WILL ye choose to hear the news ?

Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er :

I 'll tell you all about the ball

To the Naypanlase Ambassador.

Begor ! this fête all balls does bate,

At which I worn a pump, and I  
Must here relate the splendthor great  
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,  
To fete these black Achilleuses.  
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,  
And take the rooms at Willis's."  
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,  
They hung the rooms of Willis up,  
And decked the walls and stairs and halls  
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand  
So sweetly in the middle there,  
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
And violins did fiddle there.  
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,  
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
A nate buffet before them set,  
Where lashins of good dhrink there was !

At ten before the ball-room door,  
His moighty Excellency was ;  
He smooled and bowed to all the crowd,  
So gorgeous and immense he was.  
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
Into the doorway followed him ;  
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,  
As they hurrood and hollowed him !

The noble Chair stud at the stair,  
And hade the dthrums to thump ; and he  
Did thus evince to that Black Prince  
The welcome of his Company.  
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
And bright the oys, you saw there, was ;  
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,  
On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was !

This Ginerall great then tuck his sate,  
With all the other gineralls  
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
All bleezed with precious minerals) ;  
And as he there, with princely air,  
Reclouin on his cushion was,  
All round about his royal chair,  
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes and Earls,  
Such fashion and nobilitee !  
Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
Amidst the boigh gentility !  
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese  
Minister and his lady there,  
And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there ;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like  
Juno,

And Baroness Rehausen there,  
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.  
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first  
When only Mr. Pips he was),  
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all.  
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife, —  
I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,  
And seemed to ask how should I go there ?  
And the Widow Maerue, and Lord A. Hay,  
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,  
And pretty girls, was spoorting there ;  
And some beside (the rogues !) I spied,  
Behind the windies, coorting there.  
O, there 's one I know, bedad, would show  
As beautiful as any there ;  
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
And shake a fut with Fanny there !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !  
Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone !  
O, she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts :  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !  
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more,  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store ;  
From the minister down  
To the clerk of the Crown  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !  
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
'T was known  
That no one could see her alone,  
Ohone !  
Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,

So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare  
(How quare!  
It's litle for blushing they care  
Down there),  
Put his arm round her waist, —  
Gave ten kisses at laste, —  
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,  
My own!  
O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,  
My eye!  
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, —  
For why?  
But, "Lucius," says she,  
"Since you've now made so free,  
You may marry your Mary Malone,  
Ohone!  
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,  
Not wrong;  
And one comfort, it's not very long,  
But strong, —  
If for widows you die,  
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;  
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,  
Ohone!  
O, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!  
CHARLES LEVER.

#### BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S HALL, what a quare-lookin' place  
it is!  
Kape me from such all the days of my life!  
Sure but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,  
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.  
Pots, dishes, pans, an' such grasy commodities,  
Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;  
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,  
Things that had niver been neighbors before.  
Say the old bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,  
Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;  
Soon it tips over — Saint Patrick! he's mad  
enough,  
If he were prisent, to fight with the squire!  
He looks for the platter — Grimalkin is scourin'  
it!

Sure, at a baste like that, swearin' 's no sin;  
His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devourin'  
it —  
Tunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When his male's over, the table's left sittin' so;  
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can;  
Divil a drop of hot water will visit ye, —  
Och, let him alone for a baste of a man!

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin',  
Say the old bachelor kneading his dough;  
Troth, if his bread he could ate without swal-  
lowin',  
How it would favor his palate, ye know!

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shiverin',  
Niver a bit is the bed made at all;  
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin'; —  
Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall!

JOHN FINLEY.

#### THE ANNUITY.

[From a little work, printed for private distribution, bearing the unpromising title of "Legal Lyrics and Metrical Illustrations of the Scottish forms of Process"; but abounding in keen wit and rich humor which force themselves on the appreciation even of readers who are unacquainted with the Scottish dialect and with the exquisitely simple forms and phrases of Scottish law.]

I GAED to spend a week in Fife;  
An unco week it proved to be;  
For there I met a waesome wife  
Lamentin' her viduity.  
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,  
I thought her heart would burst the shell  
And — I was sae left to mysel'  
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough, —  
She just was turned of sixty-three;  
I couldna guess she'd prove sae tough\*  
By human ingenuity.  
But years have come and years have gane,  
And there she's yet as stieve †'s a stane;  
The limmer's growing young again  
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined ‡ awa' to bone and skin,  
But that it seems is naught to me,  
She's like to live — although she's in  
The last stage of tenuity.  
She munches wi' her wizened gums  
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums; §  
But comes — as sure as Christmas comes —  
To ca' for her annuity.

\* Tough. † Firm. ‡ Shrunk. § Threads.

I read the tables drawn with care  
 For an Insurance Company;  
 Her chance of life was stated there  
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.  
 But tables here or tables there,  
 She's lived ten years beyond her share,  
 An' 's like to live a dozen mair,  
 To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearful hoast \* —  
 I thought a kink † might set me free, —  
 I led her out 'mang snaw and frost  
 Wi' constant assiduity;  
 But Deil ma 'care — the blast gaed by,  
 And missed the auld anatomy;  
 It just cost me a tooth, forbye ‡  
 Discharging her annuity.

If there 's a sough § of cholera  
 Or typhus — wha sae gleg † as she!  
 She buys up baths, an' drugs an' a'  
 In siccan superfluity!  
 She doesna need — she 's fever proof —  
 The pest walked o'er her very roof, —  
 She tauld me sae — an' then her loof ¶  
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell, — her arm she brak —  
 A compound fracture as could be —  
 Nae leech the cure wad undertak,  
 Whate'er was the gratuity.  
 It 's cured! she handles 't like a flail —  
 It does as well in bits as hale —  
 But I 'm a broken man mysel',  
 Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled\*\* flesh and broken banes  
 Are weel as flesh an' banes can be;  
 She beats the taeds †† that live in stanes  
 An' fatten in vacuity.  
 They die when they 're exposed to air, —  
 They cannot thole ‡‡ the atmosphere, —  
 But her! — expose her anywhere,  
 She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,  
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me, —  
 Ca' t murder, or ca' t homicide,  
 I'd justify 't, — an' do it tae.  
 But how to fell a withered wife  
 That 's carved out of the tree of life —  
 The timmer limmer §§ daurs the knife  
 To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot. But whar 's the mark?  
 Her vital parts are hid frae me.  
 Her backbone wanders through her sark  
 In an unkenne'd corkscrewy.  
 She 's palsified — an' shakes her head  
 Sae fast about, ye scarce can see 't, —  
 It 's past the power o' steel or lead  
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she 'll not  
 Within a mile o' loch or sea; —  
 Or hanged — if cord could grip a throat  
 O' siccan exiguity.  
 It 's fitter far to hang the rope —  
 It draws out like a telescope —  
 'T wad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop  
 To settle her annuity.

Will puzion \* do 't? — It has been tried;  
 But be 't in lash or fricassee,  
 That 's just the dish she can't abide,  
 Whatever kind of gout it hac.  
 It 's needless to assail her doubts —  
 She gangs by instinct — like the brutes —  
 An' only eats an' drinks what suits  
 Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man  
 Threescore and ten perchance may be,  
 She 's ninety-four. Let them who can  
 Explain the incongruity.  
 She should have lived afore the flood —  
 She 's come of patriarchal blood —  
 She 's some old pagan mummified  
 Alive for her annuity.

She 's been embalmed inside and out, —  
 She 's sauted to the last degree, —  
 There 's pickle in her very snout  
 Sae caper-like an' crucy.  
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her,  
 They 've kyanized the useless knir † —  
 She canna decompose — nae mair  
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock  
 As this eternal jaud wears me;  
 I could withstand the single shock,  
 But not the continuity.  
 It 's pay me here — an' pay me there —  
 An' pay me, pay me, cvermair, —  
 I 'll gang demented wi' despair —  
 I 'm charged for her annuity.

\* Cough. † Paroxysm. ‡ Besides. § Whisper. ¶ Sharp.  
 \* Hand. \*\* Bruised. †† Toads. ‡‡ Endure.  
 §§ The wooden lussy dares.

GEORGE OUTRAM.

\* Poison. † Witch.

## SWELL'S SOLILOQUY.

I don't approve this hawid waw ;  
Those dweadful bunnahs hawt my eyes ;  
And guns and dymms are such a baw, —  
Why don't the pawties compwamisse ?

Of cawee, the twiolet has its chwains ;  
But why must all the vulgah cwowd  
Pawst in spawting unifawms,  
In cullahs so extwemely loud ?

And then the ladies, pweicious deahs ! —  
I mawk the change on ev'vy bwow ;  
Bah Jove ! I weadly have my feahs,  
They wathah like the hawid wow !

To heah the chawning cweatures talk,  
Like patwons of the bloody wing,  
Of waw and all its dawty wawk, —  
It does n't seem a pwappah thing !

I called at Mrs. Gweene's last night,  
To see her niece, Miss Mawy Hertz,  
And found her making — cweushing sight ! —  
The weddest kind of flamel shirts !

Of cawee, I wose, and sought the daw,  
With hawyah flashing from my eyes !  
I can't approve this hawid waw ; —  
Why don't the pawties compwamisse ?

ANONYMOUS.

## TO THE "SEXTANT."

O SEXTANT of the meetin house, wich sweeps  
And dusts, or is supposed to ! and makes fires,  
And lites the gass, and suntimes leaves a screw  
loose,

in wich case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile ;  
And wrings the bed and toles it when men dyes,  
and the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths  
And for the servussus gets \$100 per annum,  
Wich them that thinks deer, let 'em try it ;  
Gettin up before starcline in all wethers and  
Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold

As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlin  
i would n't be hired to do it for no sum,  
But O Sextant ! there are I kermodality  
Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,  
Worth more than any thing except the sole of man !  
I mean power .Dee, Sextant, i mean power are !  
O it is plenty out of doors, so plenty it doant no  
What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about  
Scatterin leaves and blain off men's hats !  
in short, it's just as "Ire as are" out dores,  
But O Sextant, in our church its sceure as buty,  
Sceure as bank bills, when agints begs for misch-  
mus.

Wich some say is purty often (taint nothin to  
me, wat I give aint nothin to nobody) but  
O Sextant

If shet 500 men, winmin, and children,  
Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,  
And every 1 on em brethes in and out, and out  
and in,

Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half  
brethes an our.

Now how long will a church ful of are last at  
that rate,

I ask you — say 15 minits — and then wats to be  
did ?

Why then they must brethe it all over agin,  
And then agin, and so on till each has took it  
down

At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats  
more

The same individool don't have the privilegedo  
of brethin his own are, and no ones else,  
Each one must take whatever comes to him.

O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,  
To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out ;  
and how can bellusses blo without wind  
And aint wind are ? i put it to your consehens.

Are is the same to us as milk to babies,  
Or water is to fish, or pendhums to clox,  
Or roots and airbs unto an injun doctor,  
Or little pills unto an onepath,  
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe,  
What signifies who preuches if i cant brethe ?  
Wats Pol ? Wats Polhus to sinners who are  
ded ?

Ded for want of breth, why Sextant, when we dy,  
Its only coz we cant brethe no more, thats all.  
And now O Sextant, let me beg of you  
To let a little are into our church.

(Pewer are is certain proper for the pews)

And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,  
It aint much trouble, only make a hole

And the are will come of itself ;  
(It lvs to come in where it can git warn)

And O how it will rounze the people up,  
And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,  
And yawns and figgits, as effectooal

As wind on the dry boans the Profit tells of.

ARABELLA M. WILLSON

## DEBORAH LEE.\*

'T is a dozen or so of years ago,  
Somewhere in the West countree,  
That a nice girl lived, as yo Hoosiers know,  
By the name of Deborah Lee ;  
Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,  
But Deborah by me.

\* See page 275.



Now I was green, and she was green,  
As a summer's squash might be ;  
And we loved as warmly as other folks, —  
I and my Deborah Lee, —  
With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom  
Coveted her and me.

But somehow it happened a long time ago,  
In the aguish West countree,  
That a chill March morning gave the *shakes*  
To my beautiful Deborah Lee ;  
And the grim steun-doctor (dat him!) came,  
And bore her away from me,  
The doctor and death, old partners they, —  
In the aguish West countree.

The angels wanted her in heaven  
(But they never asked for me),  
And that is the reason, I rather guess,  
In the aguish West countree,  
That the cold March wind, and the doctor, and  
death,  
Took off my Deborah Lee—  
My beautiful Deborah Lee—  
From the warm sunshine and the opening flower,  
And bore her away from me.

Our love was as strong as a six-horse team,  
Or the love of folks older than we,  
Or possibly wiser than we ;  
But death, with the aid of doctor and steun,  
Was rather too many for me ;  
He closed the peepers and silenced the breath  
Of my sweetheart Deborah Lee,  
And her form lies cold in the prairie mold,  
Silent and cold, — ah me!

The foot of the hunter shall press her grave,  
And the prairie's sweet wild flowers  
In their odorous beauty around it wave  
Through all the sunny hours,  
The still, bright summer hours ;  
And the birds shall sing in the tufted grass,  
And the nectar-laden bee,  
With his dreamy hum, on his gauze wings pass, —  
She wakes no more to me ;  
Ah, nevermore to me!  
Though the wild birds sing and the wild flowers  
spring,  
She wakes no more to me.

Yet oft in the hush of the dim, still night,  
A vision of beauty I see  
Gliding soft to my bedside, — a phantom of light,  
Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee, —  
My bride that was to be ;  
And I wake to mourn that the doctor, and  
death,

And the cold March wind, should stop the breath  
Of my darling Deborah Lee, —  
Adorable Deborah Lee, —  
That angels should want her up in heaven  
Before they wanted me.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

— ◆ —  
ONLY SEVEN. \*

A PASTORAL STORY, AFTER WORDSWORTH.

I MARVELED why a simple child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
Should utter groans so very wild  
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,  
I asked her why she cried.  
The damsel answered, with a groan,  
"I've got a pain inside!

"I thought it would have sent me mad  
Last night about eleven."  
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?  
How many apples have you had?"  
She answered, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,  
My little maid?" quoth I.  
"O, please, sir, mother gave me four,  
But *they* were in a pie!"

"If that 's the case," I stammered out,  
"Of course you've had eleven."  
The maiden answered with a pout,  
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,  
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,  
But I know where little girls are sent  
For telling taradiddles.

"Now if you don't reform," said I,  
"You'll never go to heaven!"  
But all in vain; each time I try  
The little idiot makes reply,  
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,  
Or slightly misapplied ;  
And so I'd better call my song,  
"Lines after Ache-inside."

H. S. LEIGH.

## A TALE OF DRURY LANE.\*

FROM "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

"Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase." — DON QUIXOTE.

*To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's armor, borrowed from the Tower.*

REST there awhile, my bearded lance,  
While from green curtain I advance  
To yon foot-lights, no trivial dance,  
And tell the town what sad mischance  
Did Drury Lane befall.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,  
Had slept in everlasting gloom,  
Started with terror and surprise  
When light first flashed upon her eyes, —  
So London's sons in nightcap woke,  
In bedgown woke her dames ;  
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,  
And twice ten hundred voices spoke, —

"The playhouse is in flames !"  
And, lo ! where Catherine Street extends,  
A fiery tail its luster lends  
To every window-pane ;  
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,  
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,  
And Covent Garden kennels sport,  
A bright ensanguined drain ;  
Meux's new Brewhouse shows the light,  
Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the height  
Where Patent Shot they sell ;  
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,  
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,  
The Ticket-Porters' House of Call,  
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,  
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,  
And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,  
Across red Thames's gleaming tide,  
To distant fields the blaze was borne,  
And daisy white and hoary thorn  
In borrowed luster seemed to sham  
The rose, or red sweet Wil-li-am.  
To those who on the hills around  
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,  
As from a lofty altar rise,  
It seemed that nations did conspire  
To offer to the god of fire

Some vast, stupendous sacrifice !  
The summoned firemen woke at call,  
And hied them to their stations all :  
Starting from short and broken snooze,  
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes,  
But first his worsted hosen plied ;

Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,  
His nether bulk embraced ;  
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,  
Whose massy shoulder gave to view  
The badge of each respective crew,  
In tin or copper traced.

The engines thundered through the street,  
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,  
And torches glared, and clattering feet  
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,  
From Charing Cross along the Strand,  
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,  
Ran till he stopped at Vin'gar Yard.  
The burning badge his shoulder bore,  
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,  
The cane he had, his men to bang,  
Showed foreman of the British gang, —  
His name was Higginbottom. Now  
'Tis meet that I should tell you how  
The others came in view :

The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,  
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,  
The Exchange, where old insurers ran,  
The Eagle, where the new ;  
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,  
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,  
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,  
Crump from St. Giles's Pound :  
Whitford and Mitford joined the train,  
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,  
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain  
Before the plug was found.

Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,  
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,  
For both were in the Donjon Keep  
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !  
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,  
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;  
Without, within, in hideous show,  
Devouring flames resistless glow,  
And blazing rafters downward go,  
And never halloo "Heads below !"  
Nor notice give at all.

The firemen terrified are slow  
To bid the pumping torrent flow,  
For fear the roof should fall.  
Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !  
Whitford, keep near the walls !  
Huggins, regard your own behoof,  
For, lo ! the blazing rocking roof  
Down, down, in thunder falls !  
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,  
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,  
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,  
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.  
At length the mist awhile was cleared,  
When, lo ! amid the wreck upreared,

\* An imitation of Sir Walter Scott.

Gradual a moving head appeared,  
 And Eagle firemen knew  
 'T was Joseph Muggins, name revered,  
 The foreman of their crew.  
 Loud shouted all in signs of woe,  
 "A Muggins! to the rescue, ho!"  
 And poured the hissing tide:  
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,  
 And strove and struggled all in vain,  
 For, rallying but to fall again,  
 He tottered, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,  
 To succor one they loved so well?  
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire  
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire)  
 His brother chief to save;  
 But ah! his reckless generous ire  
 Served but to share his grave!  
 Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,  
 Through fire and smoke he danntless broke,  
 Where Muggins broke before.  
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench,  
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,  
 He sunk to rise no more.  
 Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,  
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved:  
 "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps!  
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps!  
 Why are you in such doleful dumps?  
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps! —  
 What are they feared on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"  
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

HORACE SMITH.

POEMS

RECEIVED IN RESPONSE TO AN ADVERTISED CALL FOR A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL H—.

A DIAGNOSIS of our history proves  
 Our native land a land its native loves;  
 Its birth a deed obstetric without peer,  
 Its growth a source of wonder far and near.

To love it more, behold how foreign shores  
 Sink into nothingness beside its stores.  
 Hyde Park at best — though counted ultra  
 grand —  
 The "Boston Common" of Victoria's land —

The committee must not be blamed for rejecting the above after reading thus far, for such an "anthem" could only be sung by a college of surgeons or a Beacon Street tea-party  
 Turn we now to a

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN B—.

THE sun sinks softly to his evening post,  
 The sun swells grandly to his morning crown;  
 Yet not a star our flag of heaven has lost,  
 And not a sunset stripe with him goes down.

So thrones may fall; and from the dust of those  
 New thrones may rise, to totter like the last;  
 But still our country's nobler planet glows,  
 While the eternal stars of Heaven are fast.

Upon finding that this does not go well to the air of "Yankee Doodle," the committee feel justified in declining it; it being furthermore prejudiced against it by a suspicion that the poet has crowded an advertisement of a paper which he edits into the first line.  
 Next we quote from a

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY GENERAL GEORGE P. M—.

IN the days that tried our fathers,  
 Many years ago,  
 Our fair land achieved her freedom,  
 Blood-bought, you know.  
 Shall we not defend her ever,  
 As we 'd defend  
 That fair maiden, kind and tender,  
 Calling us friend?

Yes! Let all the echoes answer,  
 From hill and vale;  
 Yes! Let other nations hearing,  
 Joy in the tale.

Our 'olumbia is a lady,  
 High-born and fair,  
 We have sworn allegiance to her, —  
 Touch her who dare.

The tone of this "anthem" not being devotional enough to suit the committee, it should be printed on an edition of linen-cambrie handkerchiefs for ladies especially.  
 Observe this

NATIONAL ANTHEM

BY N. P. W—.

ONE hue of our flag is taken  
 From the cheeks of my blushing pet,  
 And its stars beat time and sparkle  
 Like the studs on her chemisette.

Its blue is the ocean shadow  
 That hides in her dreamy eyes,  
 And it conquers all men, like her,  
 And still for a Union flies.

Several members of the committee find that this "anthem" has too much of the Anacreon spice to suit them.  
 We next peruse a

## NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY THOMAS BAILEY A—

THE little brown squirrel hops in the corn,  
The cricket quaintly sings;  
The emerald pigeon nods his head,  
And the shad in the river springs;  
The dainty sunflower hangs its head  
On the shore of the summer sea;  
And better far that I were dead,  
If Maud did not love me.

I love the squirrel that hops in the corn,  
And the cricket that quaintly sings;  
And the emerald pigeon that nods his head,  
And the shad that gayly springs.  
I love the dainty sunflower, too,  
And Maud with her snowy breast;  
I love them all; but I love — I love —  
I love my country best.

This is certainly very beautiful, and sounds somewhat like Ten-nyson. Though it may be rejected by the committee, it can never lose its value as a piece of excellent reading for children. It is calculated to fill the youthful mind with patriotism and natural history, beside touching the youthful heart with an emotion palpitating for all.

R. H. NEWELL.  
(ORPHEUS C. KERR).

## THE COCK AND THE BULL.\*

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought  
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day —  
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,  
As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur  
(You catch the paronomasia, play o' words?) —  
Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.  
Well, to my mittuns. I purchased the concern,  
And clapt it i' my poke, and gave for same  
By way, to-wit, of barter or exchange —  
"Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own  
term —  
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the  
realm.  
O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four  
Pence, one and fourpence — you are with me,  
Sir? —  
What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,  
One day (and what a roaring day it was!)  
In February, eighteen sixty-nine,  
Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei  
Hm — hm — how runs the jargon? — being on  
throne.

Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,  
The basis or substratum — what you will —  
Of the impending eighty thousand lines.  
"Not much in 'em either," quoth perhaps simple  
Hodge.  
But there's a superstructure. Wait a bit.

\* In imitation of Robert Browning.

Mark first the rationale of the thing:  
Hear logic rival and levigate the deed.  
That shilling — and for matter o' that, the pence —  
I had o' course upo' me — wi' me, say —  
(*Accum*'s the Latin, make a note o' that)  
When I popped pen i' stand, hlew snout,  
scratched ear,  
Sniffed — tch! — at snuff-box; tumbled up, he-  
heed,  
Haw-hawed (not hee-hawed, that's another guess  
thing:)

Then fumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,  
I shoved the door ope wi' my omoplat;  
And *in vestibulo*, i' the entrance-hall,  
Donned galligaskins, antigropeloes,  
And so forth; and, complete with hat and gloves,  
One on and one a-dangle i' my hand.  
And ombrifuge (Lord love you!), case o' rain,  
I flopped forth, 's buddikins! on my own ten toes,  
(I do assure you there be ten of them.)  
And went clump-clumping up hill and down dale  
To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.  
Put case I had n't 'em on me, could I ha' bought  
This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call toy,  
This pebble-thing, o' the boy-thing? Q. E. D.  
That's proven without aid from mumping Pope,  
Sleek porporate or bloated Cardinal,  
(Is n't it, old Fatchaps? You're in Euclid now.)  
So, having the shilling — having i' fact a lot —  
And pence and halfpence, ever so many o' them,  
I purchased, as I think I said before,  
The pebble (lapis, lapidis, — di, — dem, — de —  
What nouns 'crease short i' the genitive, Fat-  
chaps, eh?)  
O' the boy, a bare-legged beggarly son of a gun,  
For one and fourpence. Here we are again,

Now Law steps in, big-wigged, voluminous-  
jawed;  
Investigates and re-investigates.  
Was the transaction illegal? Law shakes head.  
Perpend, sir, all the bearings of the case.

At first the coin was mine, the chattel his.  
But now (by virtue of the said exchange  
And barter) *vice versa* all the coin,  
*Per juris operationem*, vests  
I' the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom;  
(*In secula seculo-o-o-orum*;  
I think I hear the Abbate mouth out that.)  
To have and hold the same to him and them . . .  
*Confer* some idiot on Conveyancing,  
Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,  
And all that appertaineth thereunto,  
Or shall, will, may, might, can, could, would, or  
should,  
(*Subandi cetera* — clap me to the close —  
For what's the good of law in a case o' the kind?)

Is mine to all intents and purposes.  
This settled, I resume the thread o' the tale.

Now for a touch o' the vendor's quality.  
He says a gen'lman bought a pebble of him,  
(This pebble i' sooth, sir, which I hold i' my  
hand) —

And paid for 't, *like* a gen'lman, on the nail.  
"Did I o'ercharge him a ha'penny? Devil a bit.  
Fiddlestick's end! Get out, you blazing ass!  
Gabble o' the goose. Don't bugaboo-baby me!  
Go double or quits? Yah! tittup! what's the  
odds?"

—There's the transaction viewed, i' the vendor's  
light.

Next ask that dumpled hag, stood snuffling by,  
With her three frowsy-bloxy brats o' babes,  
The scum o' the kennel, cream o' the filth-heap  
—Faugh!

Aie, aie, aie, aie! *ótorororororó,*  
(Steal which we blurt out Hoiighty-toighty  
now) —

And the baker and candlestick-maker, and Jack  
and Gill,

Bleared Goody this and queasy Gaffer that.  
Ask the schoolmaster. Take schoolmaster first.

He saw a gentleman purchase of a lad  
A stone, and pay for it *rite*, on the square,  
And carry it off *per saltum*, jauntily,  
*Propria quae maribus*, gentleman's property now  
(Agreeably to the law explained above),  
*In proprium usum*, for his private ends.

The boy he chucked a brown i' the air, and lit  
I' the face the shilling: heaved a thumping stone  
At a lean hen that ran cluck-clucking by,  
(And hit her, dead as nail i' post o' door.)  
Then *abiit* — what's the Ciceroonian phrase? —

*Excessit, evasit, erupit*, — off slogs boy;  
Off in three flea-skips. *Hactenus*, so far,  
So good, *tam bene. Bene, satis, malè*, —  
Where was I? who said what of one in a quag?  
I did once hitch the syntax into verse:

*Verbum personale*, a verb personal,  
*Concordat*, — ay, "agrees," old Fatchaps — *cum*  
*Nominativo*, with its nominative,  
*Genere*, i' point o' gender, *numero*,  
O' number *et persona*, and person. *Ut*,  
Instance: *Sol ruit*, down flops sun, *et*, and,  
*Montes umbrantur*, snuffs out mountains. Pah!  
Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.  
You see the trick on 't though, and can yourself  
Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.

It takes up about eighty thousand lines,  
A thing imagination boggles at:  
And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands,  
Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

CHARLES L. CALVERLEY.

#### THE ARAB.

On, on, my brown Arab, away, away!  
Thou hast trotted o'er many a mile to-day,  
And I trow right meager hath been thy fare  
Since they roused thee at dawn from thy straw-  
piled lair,

To tread with those echoless, unshod feet  
You weltering flats in the noontide heat,  
Where no palm-tree proffers a kindly shade,  
And the eye never rests on a cool grass blade;  
And lank is thy flank, and thy frequent cough,  
O, it goes to my heart — but away, friend, off!

And yet, ah! what sculptor who saw thee stand,  
As thou standest now, on thy native strand,  
With the wild wind ruffling thine uncombed hair,  
And thy nostril upturned to the odorous air,  
Would not woo thee to pause, till his skill might  
trace

At leisure the lines of that eager face;  
The collarless neck and the coal-black paws  
And the bit grasped tight in the massive jaws;  
The delicate curve of the legs, that seem  
Too slight for their burden — and, O, the gleam  
Of that eye, so somber and yet so gay!  
Still away, my lithe Arab, once more away!

Nay, tempt me not, Arab, again to stay;  
Since I crave neither *Echo* nor *Fun* to-day.  
For thy *hand* is not Echoless — there they are,  
*Fun*, *Gloveworm*, and *Echo*, and *Evening Star*,  
And thou hintest withal that thou fain wouldst  
shine,

As I read them, these bulgy old boots of mine.  
But I shrink from thee, Arab! Thou eatest eel-  
pie,

Thou evermore hast at least one black eye;  
There is brass on thy brow, and thy swarthy hues  
Are due not to nature, but handling shoes;  
And the bit in thy mouth, I regret to see,  
Is a bit of tobacco-pipe — Flee, child, flee!

CHARLES L. CALVERLEY

#### THE MODERN HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BEHOLD the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt, stored in many a plethoric sack,  
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade  
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,  
Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides, —  
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*  
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,  
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt;  
Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall  
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow, with crumpled  
horn,

Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,  
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast, that slew  
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through  
The textile fibers that involved the grain  
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,  
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew,  
Of that cornuculate beast whose tortuous horn  
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,  
The harrowing hound, whose buggart bark and  
stir

Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur  
Of puss, that with verniucidal claw  
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw  
Lay reeking malt, that erst in Ivan's courts we  
saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seemed, in sooth,  
Too long a prey to Chrones' iron tooth,  
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,  
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,  
To the horn maiden, whose he-albic hands  
Drew alba-lactic wealth from lactical glands  
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn,  
Distort, to reahn ethereal was borne  
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly  
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die  
The old mordacious rat, that dared devour  
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinet  
Of supomacule locks, the priest who linked  
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,  
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,  
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,  
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,  
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,  
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,  
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt  
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had  
built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,  
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,  
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament  
To him who, robed in garments indigent,  
Exosculates the damsel bacelrhy nose,  
The emulgator of that horned brute morose  
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that *kill*  
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house  
that Jack built.

ANONYMOUS.

## JONES AT THE BARBER'S SHOP.

SCENE, a Barber's Shop. Barber's man engaged  
in cutting hair, making wigs, and other bar-  
beresque operations.

Enter JONES meeting OILY the barber.

JONES. I wish my hair cut.

OILY. Pray, sir, take a seat.

(OILY puts a chair for JONES, who sits. During  
the following dialogue OILY continues cutting  
JONES's hair.)

OILY. We've had much wet, sir.

JONES. Very much indeed.

OILY. And yet November's days were fine.

JONES. They were.

OILY. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us  
Until the end.

JONES. At one time — so did I.

OILY. But we have had it very wet.

JONES. We have.

(A pause of some ten minutes.)

OILY. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last  
time;

But this I say, sir, it was badly cut:  
No doubt 't was in the country.

JONES. No! in town!

OILY. Indeed! I should have fancied other-  
wise.

JONES. 'T was cut in town and in this very  
room.

OILY. Amusement! — but I now remember  
well —

We had an awkward, new provincial hand,  
A fellow from the country. Sir, he did  
More damage to my business in a week  
Than all my skill can in a year repair.  
He must have cut your hair.

JONES (looking at him). No, 't was yourself.

OILY. Myself? Impossible! You must mis-  
take.

JONES. I don't mistake — 't was you that cut  
my hair.

(A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping  
of the scissors.)

OILY. Your hair is very dry, sir.

JONES. Oh! indeed.

OILY. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

JONES. I like it dry.

OILY. But, sir, the hair when dry  
Turns quickly gray.

JONES. That color I prefer.

OILY. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall  
off,

And baldness will ensue.

JONES. I would be bald.

OLLY. Perhaps you mean to say you 'd like a wig —  
We've wigs so natural they can't be told  
From real hair.

JONES. Deception I detest.

(Another pause ensues, during which OLLY blows down JONES's neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.)

OLLY. We've brushes, soaps, and scent of every kind.

JONES. I see you have. (Pays 6d.) I think you 'll find that right.

OLLY. If there is nothing I can show you, sir.

JONES. No ; nothing. Yet — there may be something, too,

That you may show me.

OLLY. Name it, sir.

JONES. The door.

OLLY (to his man). That's a rum customer at any rate.

Had I cut him as short as he cut me,  
How little hair upon his head would be !  
But if kind friends will all our pains requite,  
We 'll hope for better luck another night.

[Shop bell rings, and curtain falls.  
PUNCH.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on !  
Through pathless realms of space  
Roll on !  
What though I'm in a sorry case ?  
What though I cannot meet my bills ?  
What though I suffer toothache's ills ?  
What though I swallow countless pills ?  
Never you mind !  
Roll on !

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !  
Through seas of inky air  
Roll on !  
It's true I've got no shirts to wear,  
It's true my butcher's bill is due,  
It's true my prospects all look blue,  
But don't let that unsettle you !  
Never you mind !  
Roll on !

[It rolls on.  
W. S. GILBERT

MY LOVE.\*

I ONLY knew she came and went  
Like troutlets in a pool ;

Powell.  
Hood.

\* A specimen of what are called "Cento Verses"; patchwork

She was a phantom of delight, Wordsworth.  
And I was like a fool. Eastman.

One kiss, dear maid, I said, and sighed, Coleridge.  
Out of those lips unshorn : Longfellow.  
She shook her ringlets round her head, Stoddard.  
And laughed in merry scorn. Tennyson.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, Tennyson.  
You heard them, O my heart ; Alice Cary.  
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock, Coleridge.  
Beloved, we must part. Alice Cary.

"Come back, come back !" she cried in grief, Campbell.  
"My eyes are dim with tears, — Bayard Taylor.  
How shall I live through all the days t Osipov.  
All through a hundred years t" T. S. Perry.

'Twas in the prime of summer time Hood.  
She blessed me with her hand ; Hoyt.  
We strayed together, deeply blest, Edwards.  
Into the dreaming land. Cornwall.

The laughing bridal roses blow, Putmore.  
To dress her dark-brown hair ; Bayard Taylor.  
My heart is breaking with my woe, Tennyson.  
Most beautiful ! most rare ! Keat.

I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand, Browning.  
The precious golden link Smith.  
I calmed her fears, and she was calm, Coleridge.  
"Drink, pretty creature, drink." Wordsworth.

And so I won my Genevieve, Coleridge.  
And walked in Paradise ; Hervey.  
The fairest thing that ever grew Wordsworth.  
Atween me and the skies. Osipov.  
ANONYMOUS.

RECIPES.

A RECIPE FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs  
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs ;  
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen  
sieve,  
Smoothness and softness to the salad give ;  
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
And, half suspected, animate the whole ;  
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,  
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon ;  
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
To add a double quantity of salt ;  
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,  
And twice with vinegar, procured from town ;  
And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss  
A magic *soupeon* of anchovy sauce.

O green and glorious ! O herbaceous treat !  
 'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat ;  
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,  
 And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl ;  
 Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
 " Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day."

SYDNEY SMITH.

#### ROASTED SUCKING-PIG.

AIR, — "Scots wha hae," etc.

Cooks who'd roast a sucking-pig,  
 Purchase one not over big ;  
 Coarse ones are not worth a fig ;  
     So a young one buy.  
 See that he is scalded well  
 (That is done by those who sell),  
 Therefore on that point to dwell  
     Were absurdity.

Sage and bread, mix just enough,  
 Salt and pepper *quantum suff.*,  
 And the pig's interior stuff,  
     With the whole combined.  
 To a fire that's rather high,  
 Lay it till completely dry ;  
 Then to every part apply  
     Cloth, with butter lined.

Dredge with flour o'er and o'er,  
 Till the pig will hold no more ;  
 Then do nothing else before  
     'T is for serving fit.

Then scrape off the flour with care ;  
 Then a buttered cloth prepare ;  
 Rub it well : then cut — not tear —  
     Off the head of it.

Then take out and mix the brains  
 With the gravy it contains ;  
 While it on the spit remains,  
     Cut the pig in two.  
 Chop the sage and chop the bread  
 Fine as very finest shred ;  
 O'er it melted butter spread, —  
     Stinginess won't do.

When it in the dish appears,  
 Garnish with the jaws and ears ;  
 And when dinner-hour nears,  
     Ready let it be.

Who can offer such a dish  
 May dispense with fowl and fish ;  
 And if he a guest should wish,  
     Let him send for me !

PUNCH'S " Poetical Cookery Book."

#### SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

AN Austrian army, awfully arrayed,  
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.  
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
 Dealing destruction's devastating doom.  
 Every endeavor engineers essay,  
 For fame, for fortune fighting, — furious fray !  
 Generals 'gainst generals grapple — gracious God !  
 How honors Heaven heroic hardihood !  
 Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
 Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.  
 Labor low levels longest loftiest lines ;  
 Men march mid mounds, mid moles, mid mur-  
     derous mines ;  
 Now noxious, noisy numbers nothing, naught  
 Of outward obstacles, opposing ought ;  
 Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,  
 Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter ! Quarter !"   
    quest.  
 Reason returns, religious right redounds,  
 Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.  
 Truce to thee, Turkey ! Triumph to thy train,  
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine !  
 Vanish, vain victory ! vanish, victory vain !  
 Why wish we warfare ? Wherefore welcome  
     were  
 Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier ?  
 Yield, yield, ye youths ! ye yeomen, yield your  
     yell !  
 Zeus's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,  
 Attracting all, arms against acts appeal !

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE STAMMERING WIFE.

WHEN, deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,  
 I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,  
 I would always endeavor to please her, —  
 She blushed her consent, though the stuttering  
     lass  
 Said never a word, except, " You're an ass —  
     An ass — an ass-idious teaser !"

But when we were married, I found to my  
     ruth,  
 The stammering lady had spoken the truth,  
 For often, in obvious dudgeon,  
 She'd say, — if I ventured to give her a jog  
 In the way of reproof, — " You're a dog — you  
     're a dog —  
     A dog — a dog-matic curmudgeon !"

And once when I said, " We can hardly afford  
 This extravagant style, with our moderate hoar'd,  
 And hinted we ought to be wiser,  
 She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,



And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew — you're a Jew —  
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk  
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,  
I begged her to go to a neighbor,  
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,  
And saucily said, "You're a cus — cus — cus —  
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,  
And feeling that Madam was greatly to blame  
To scold me instead of caressing,  
I mimicked her speech, — like a churl as I am, —  
And angrily said, "You're a dam — dam — dam —  
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

TRUTH.\*

NERVE thy soul with doctrines noble,  
Noble in the walks of time,  
Time that leads to an eternal,  
An eternal life sublime;  
Life sublime in moral beauty,  
Beauty that shall ever be;  
Ever be to lure thee onward,  
Onward to the fountain free:  
Free to every earnest seeker,  
Seeker for the fount of youth,  
Youth exultant in its beauty,  
Beauty of the living truth.

ANONYMOUS.

ECHO AND THE LOVER.

*Lover.* Echo! mysterious nymph, declare  
Of what you're made, and what you are.  
*Echo.* Air!  
*Lover.* Mid airy cliffs and places high,  
Sweet Echo! listening love, you lie.  
*Echo.* You lie!  
*Lover.* Thou dost resuscitate dead sounds, —  
Hark! how my voice revives, resounds!  
*Echo.* Zounds!  
*Lover.* I'll question thee before I go, —  
Come, answer me more apropos!  
*Echo.* Poh! poh!  
*Lover.* Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw  
So sweet a girl as Phœbe Shaw.  
*Echo.* Pshaw!  
*Lover.* Say, what will turn that frisking coney  
Into the toils of matrimony?  
*Echo.* Money!

\* Chain-verse: each line begins with the last word of the one preceding.

*Lover.* Has Phœbe not a heavenly brow?  
Is not her bosom white as snow?  
*Echo.* Ass! no!  
*Lover.* Her eyes! was ever such a pair?  
Are the stars brighter than they are?  
*Echo.* They are!  
*Lover.* Echo, thou liest, but can't deceive me.  
*Echo.* Leave me!  
*Lover.* But come, thou saucy, pert romancer,  
Who is as fair as Phœbe?  
*Echo.* Answer!  
Ain, sir.  
ANONYMOUS.

ECHO.

I ASKED of Echo, t' other day,  
(Whose words are few and often funny,)  
What to a novice she could say  
Of courtship, love, and matrimony.  
Quoth Echo, plainly, — "Matter-o'-money!"

Whom should I marry? — should it be  
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,  
A pattern of inconstancy;  
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?  
Quoth Echo, sharply, — "Nary flirt!"

What if, awary of the strife  
That long has lured the dear deceiver,  
She promise to amend her life,  
And sin no more; can I believe her?  
Quoth Echo, very promptly — "Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart  
On me should venture to bestow it,  
Pray, should I act the wiser part  
To take the treasure or forego it?  
Quoth Echo, with decision, — "Go it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid  
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,  
She vow she means to die a maid,  
In answer to my loving letter?  
Quoth Echo, rather coolly, — "Let her!"

What if, in spite of her disdain,  
I find my heart intertwined about  
With Cupid's dear delicious chain  
So closely that I can't get out?  
Quoth Echo, laughingly, — "Get out!"

But if some maid with beauty blest,  
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,  
Will share my labor and my rest  
Till envious Death shall overtake her?  
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*), — "Take her!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

## TOPSIDE GALAH (EXCELSIOR).\*

THAT nightee teem he come chop chop  
 One young man walkee, no can stop;  
 Colo maskee, icee maskee;  
 He got flag; chop b'long welly culio, see —  
 Topside Galah!

He too muchee folly; one piecee eye  
 Lookee sharp—so fashion—alla same mi:  
 He talkee largee, talkee stlong,  
 Too muchee culio; alla same gong —  
 Topside Galah!

Inside any housee he can see light,  
 Any piecee loom got fire all light;  
 He look see plenty icee more high,  
 Inside he mouf he plenty cly —  
 Topside Galah!

"No can walkee!" olo man speakee he:  
 "Bimeby lain come, no can see;  
 Hab got water welly wide!"  
 "Maskee, mi must go topside —"  
 Topside Galah!

"Man-man," one galo talkee he;  
 "What for you go topside look-see?"  
 "Nother teem," he makee plenty cly,  
 Maskee, alla teem walkee plenty high —  
 Topside Galah!

"Take care that spilum tlee, young man,  
 Take care that icee!" he no man-man,  
 That coolie chin-chin he good-night;  
 He talkee, "mi can go all light," —  
 Topside Galah!

Joss pidgin man chop chop begin,  
 Morning-teem that Joss chin-chin,  
 No see any man, he plenty fear,  
 Cause some man talkee, he can hear, —  
 Topside Galah!

Young man makee die; one largee dog see  
 Too muchee bobbery, findee he.  
 Hand too muchee colo, inside can stop  
 Alla same piecee flag, got culio chop, —  
 Topside Galah!

ANONYMOUS.

*teem*, time.*chop, hop*, very fast.*maskee*, don't mind.*chop b'long*, of a kind.*topside galah*, hurrah for the height!*chin chin*, talk.*welly culio*, very curious.*Joss*, the Deity.*Joss pidgin man*, priest

## NURSERY SONG.

SINGEE songee sick a pence,  
 Pockee muchee rye;  
 Dozen two time blackee bird  
 Cookee in e pie.

When him cut-ee topside  
 Birdee bobbery sing;  
 Himee tinkee nicey dish  
 Setee foree king!

Kingee in e talkee-room  
 Countee muchee money;  
 Queeny in e kitchee,  
 Chew-chew breadee honey.

Servant galo shakee,  
 Hangee washee clothes;  
 Chop-chop comee blackee bird,  
 Nipee off her nose!

ANONYMOUS.

## SNEEZING.

WHAT a moment, what a doubt!  
 All my nose is inside out, —  
 All my thrilling, tickling caustic,  
 Pyramid rhinocerosic,  
 Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!  
 How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,  
 How with rapturous torment wrings me!  
 Now says, "Sneeze, you fool, — get through  
 it."  
 Shee — shee — oh! 't is most del-ishi —  
 Ishi — ishi — most del-ishi!  
 (Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)  
 Snuff is a delicious thing.

LEIGH HUNT.

## TO MY NOSE.

KNOWS he that never took a pinch,  
 Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?  
 Knows he the titillating joys  
 Which my nose knows?  
 O nose, I am as proud of thee  
 As any mountain of its snows;  
 I gaze on thee, and feel that pride  
 A Roman knows!

ALFRED A. FORRESTER  
(ALFRED CROWQUILL)

## NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,  
 The signal of the setting sun — one gun!  
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time

\* This and the following piece are specimens of *Pidgin English*, the dialect in use between the Chinese and English or Americans. The name is said to have originated in the Chinese pronunciation of the word *business*.

To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain, —  
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out, —  
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;  
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
 Four horses as no other man can span;  
 Or in the small Olympic Pitt sit split  
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings  
 things

Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;  
 The gas upblazes with its bright white light,  
 And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl  
 About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
 Who, hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,  
 But, frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,  
 And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now pass, when folks are in their beds, treads  
 leads,  
 And sleepers, waking, grumble, "Drat that cat!"  
 Who in the gutter eavesdrips, squalls, mauls  
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
 In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
 Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly; —  
 But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-  
 pressed,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
 And that she hears — what faith is man's! —  
 Ann's banish  
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
 That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows'  
 woes!

THOMAS HOOD.

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING;

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEETOTALER.

COME! fill a fresh bumper, — for why should  
 we go  
 logwood  
 While the ~~beetle~~ still reddens our cups as they  
 flow?  
 Pour out the ~~decoction~~ still bright with the sun,  
 Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~solids~~ shall run.  
 The ~~half-ripened apples~~ clusters their life-dews have  
 bled;  
 How sweet is the ~~taste~~ of the ~~sugar of lead~~ they shed!

For summer's <sup>rank poisons</sup> ~~last roses~~ he hid in the <sup>wines!!!</sup> ~~wines~~  
 That were garnered by <sup>stable-boys smoking long-pines</sup> ~~moisten who laughed~~  
 through the vines.

Then a <sup>scowl</sup> ~~scowl~~, and a <sup>howl</sup> ~~glass~~, and a <sup>scuff</sup> ~~toast~~, and a <sup>sneer</sup> ~~cherry~~,  
 For all the <sup>strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer</sup> ~~good wine, and we~~ ~~toasted it here!~~  
 In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
 Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!  
~~Long live the gay advent that laughs for us all~~  
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

[A farmer's laughter, during the rage for albums, handed to the author an "I" account-book ruled for pounds, shillings, and pence, and requested a contribution.]

|                                       | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| This world's a scene as dark as Styx, |   |    |    |
| Where hope is scarce worth            |   | 2  | 6  |
| Our joys are borne so fleeting hence  |   |    |    |
| That they are dear at                 |   |    | 18 |
| And yet to stay here most are willing |   |    |    |
| Although they may not have            |   | 1  |    |

WILLIS GAYLORD.

METRICAL FEET.

TROCHEE trips from long to short;  
 From long to long in solemn sort  
 Slow Spondee stalks; strong foot! yet ill able  
 Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllable.  
 Iambics march from short to long; —  
 With a leap and a bound the swift Anapaests  
 throng;  
 One syllable long, with one short at each side,  
 Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride; —  
 First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer  
 Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-  
 bred racer.  
 SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE LOVERS.

SALLY SALTER, she was a young teacher who  
 taught,  
 And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher  
 who praught,  
 Though his enemies called him a screecher who  
 scraught.  
 His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and  
 sunk,  
 And his eye, meeting hers, began winking, and  
 wunk;  
 While she, in her turn, kept thinking, and think.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,  
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,  
To seek with his lips what his heart long had  
soke ;  
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode ;  
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought  
they glode,  
And they came to the place to be tied, and were  
toed.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they  
drove,  
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove,  
For whatever he could n't contrive she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole ;  
At the feet where he wanted to kneel then he  
knole ;  
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,  
While Time his swift circuit was winging, and  
wung ;  
And this was the thing he was bringing and  
brung :

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught ;  
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had  
snaught ;  
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she  
sraught.

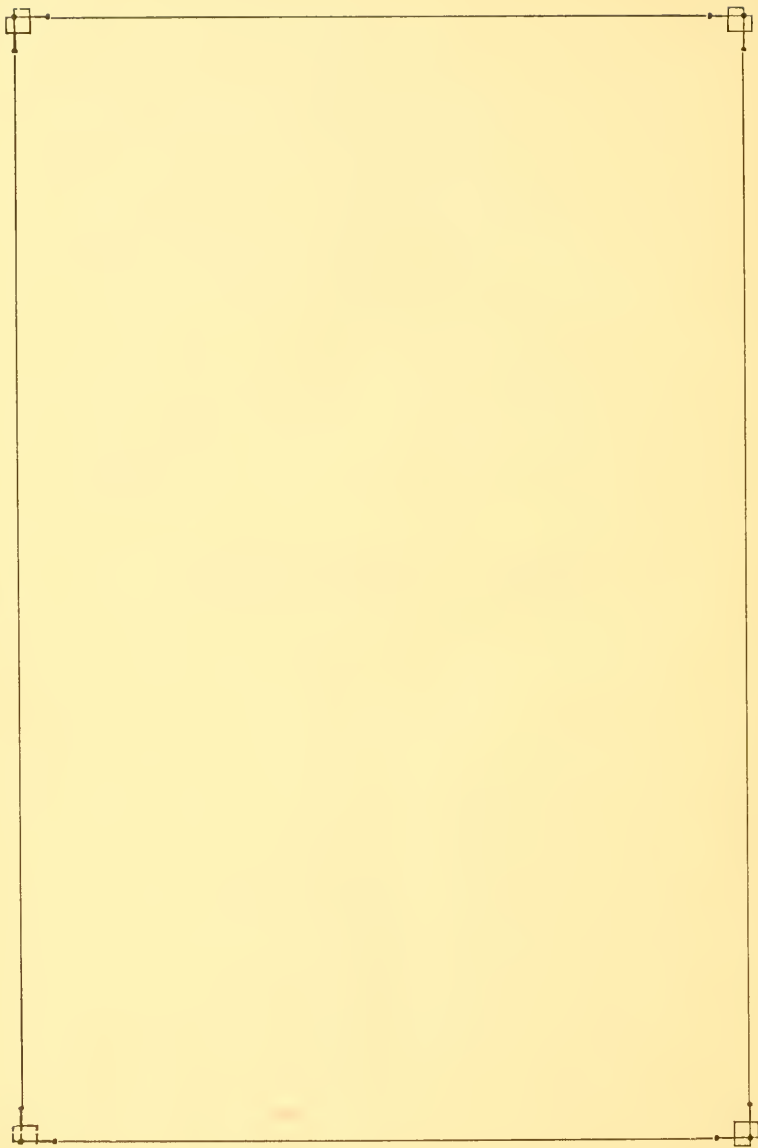
And Charley's warm love begau freezing, and  
froze,  
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze  
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to  
leave him, and left,  
"How could you deceive me, as you have de-  
ceft?"  
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and  
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PHOEBE CARY.



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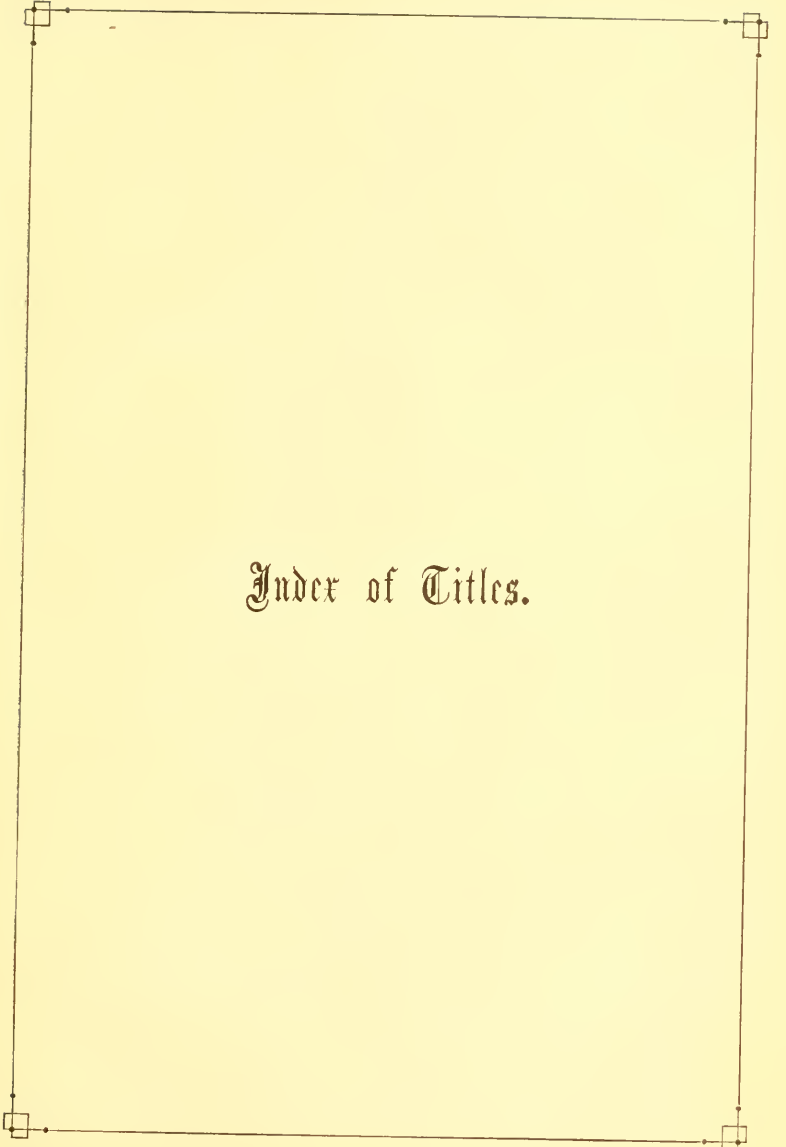


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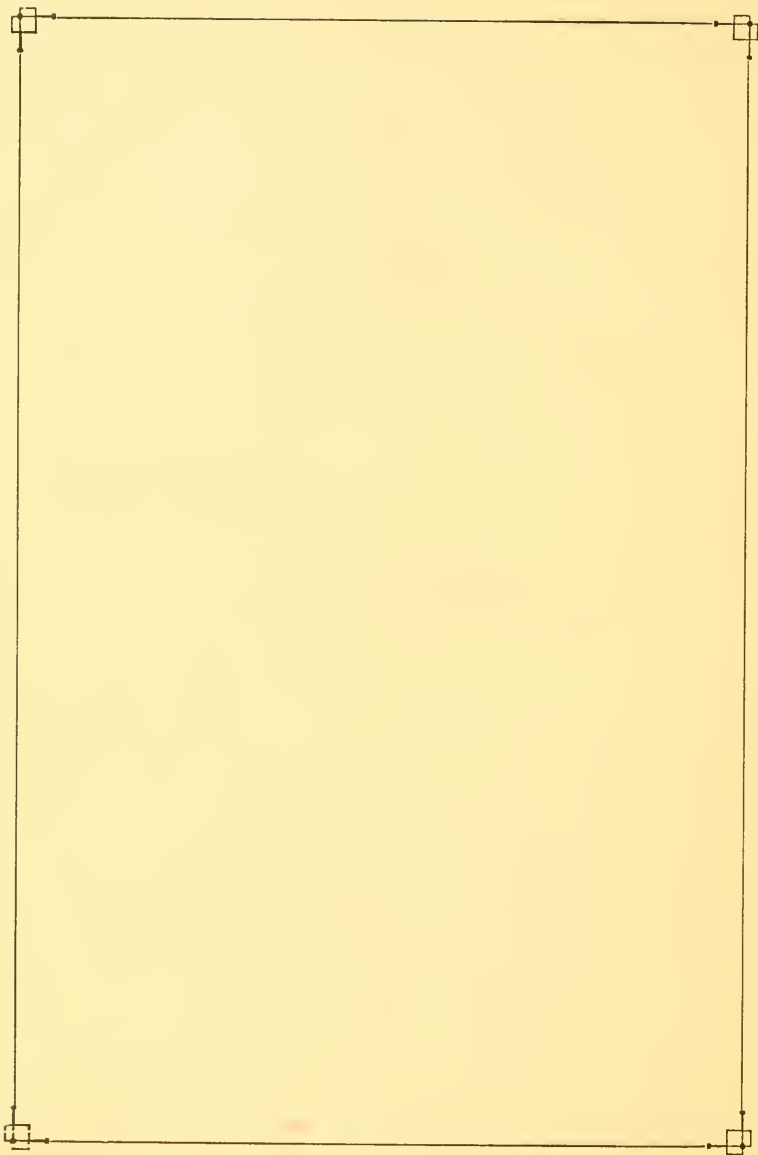
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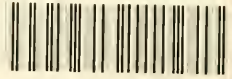
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