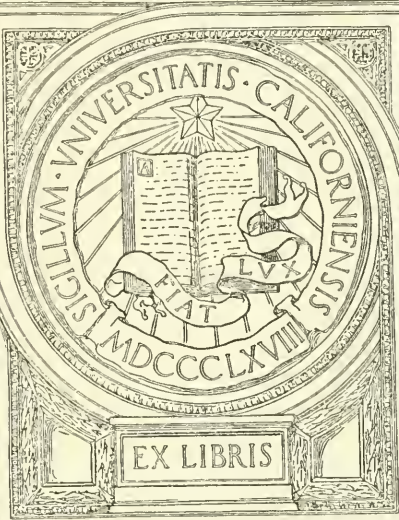


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL LOVER

~~—————~~

Jagues. Will you sing?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

.
Touchstone. LOVERS are given to poetry.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

—————

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5

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE

NEW YORK: 416 BROOME STREET

ROUTLEDGE'S "EXCELSIOR" SERIES.

NEW VOLUMES.

CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS.

LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.

THE BOOK OF HUMOUR, WIT, AND WISDOM.

KEATS'S POETICAL WORKS.

SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

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PREFACE.

Irish nature was so deeply imbued, have had a sly pleasure in tempting Byron to write a song, just to show his "noble friend" that it was not quite so easy a matter?

Even Shelley, whose ear was exquisitely sensitive to sweet sounds, and whose soul overflowed with poetry, is not successful in what he calls songs:—for instance,

"I love that thou lovest
Spirit of delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
.
.
I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant forest!
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery."

Here is great poetic sensitiveness, poetically expressed but unfit for music. "The fresh earth in new leaves drest" is a sweet line, and gives a pleasant image to the mind—but I defy any one to sing it:—nearly every word shuts up the mouth instead of opening it, and, therefore, cannot be vocalized; and "radiant forest" and "everything almost" are, also, infelicitous for music.

I have purposely (and perhaps hazardously) put forward these great poets as examples that, with all

their greatness, they were not good song-writers. Had I given inferior examples the motive might be doubted, but no one can be suspected of attempting detraction here.—I am only making a plea to show that song-writing has peculiar difficulties which have baffled great men.

If any should say, in retort, that perhaps song-writing is an inferior sort of thing, beneath a great poet—to that I say nay. Fletcher, of Saltoun, indulges in the extreme opinion that the ballads of a nation are more potent than its laws, and certainly he had good right to know the influence of a popular song. But such songs as Fletcher speaks of survive the occasion of their birth, outlive intervening generations, and are interesting to us merely for their poetic worth, independently of their temporary political value. It is no small thing to stir a nation's heart; and that the song-writer has done. It is no small thing to contribute to the charm of the social circle; and that the song-writer has done through all time. To excite or to soothe, to sound the depths of feeling or scale the heights of fancy,—each and all of these are the privileges of the song-writer. Some have done them all: but to do any of them is no unworthy achievement.

As it is not the highest genius, neither is it the highest scholarship that insures successful song-writing. Robert Burns, though comparatively unlettered, was

supreme as a song-writer ; in his best examples, the firmness of his rhythm, and the musical flow of his verse have never been surpassed ; and his happy selection of open-vowelled words recommends his compositions to vocal purposes. The simple lines—

“ Ye banks and braes o’ bonny Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ? ”

open the mouth as agreeably as Italian. Of his depth of feeling, his exquisite sensibility, and his poetic fire [which burned the more vigorously, perhaps, for not being over-raked with a classical poker], this is not the place to treat. I only speak, at present, of the mechanical difficulties, peculiar to the song-writer, over which he triumphed.

That sparkling poet who has but recently passed away from amongst us, Thomas Moore, was never surpassed, and seldom equalled, in the harmonious flow of his numbers. A singer himself, he understood all the requirements of a singer ; and his songs, I think, are matchless in this respect. The care and skill with which his verse is made to abound with open vowels, can only be fully appreciated by those who have contended with the difficulties he has so gracefully overcome. But even Moore, with all his felicitous versification, is often dependant on the rhythm of the air he writes to, for the proper accentuation of his songs : and when such a polished versifier as Moore is liable to be falsely read when the ordinary

accent is given to the reading,—or, if I may express it in another way, when measured syllabically rather than rhythmically—it will not be wondered at that many of *my* songs may offend in this particular, and more frequently need the aid of melody.

As a loose assertion is fairly open to objection, it may be as well to give proof of what I have just said of Moore's songs; and I can give proof, even to excess, in the following example, where the music is *more* than essential—where it absolutely *increases* the power of the lines:—

“The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 'Land of song!' said the warrior bard,
 'Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!' ”

This is a spirit-stirring verse, as an elocutionist might *speak* it; but how much more grandly is it accented when *sung*.—Let four lines be marked with “*longs*” and “*shorts*” as they would be read.

(—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—)
 The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 (—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—)
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 (—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—)
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 (—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—) (—)
 And his wild harp slung behind him.

How much more massive is the verse, as follows, accentuated by the music:—

Irish Air.—THE MOREEN.

The Min-strel Boy to the war is gone, In the
ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has
gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.

Observe the remarkable succession of long sounds, and the consequent grandeur of effect given to the poem by this noble air.*

But as these lines will suit the air of **LITTLE BO-PEEP** quite as well, let us look at them in that pitiable position, as an example of what musical measure can do.

Air.—LITTLE BO-PEEP.

The Min-strel Boy to the war is gone, In the
ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has
gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.

* The first portion, only, of this air is given for example; the

passion, like the queen in the play in Hamlet, "doth protest too much," the chances are the song is overdone. The feelings you want to excite in a song should be rather *suggested* than ostentatiously paraded, and in proportion as this is skilfully done, the song, I believe, proves successful. Of course there are exceptions to this; but my experience supports me in the belief that my notions on this subject are not far wrong.

I fear, however, I have overstepped the proper bounds of a Preface, and almost wandered into an essay; but, as I felt the strong necessity of saying something to induce a considerate forbearance as to the poetic half of my songs, I could not say less, having once touched upon the subject. The motive that urged me has at least one grace to recommend it—the grace of diffidence.

SAMUEL LOVER.

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SONGS OF THE SUPERSTITIONS
OF IRELAND.

RORY O'MORE; OR, GOOD OMENS.

YOUNG RORY O'MORE courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk,—she as 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 troth, what I'm
about,

Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside
out.”

“Oh ! jewel,” says Rory, “that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day ;
And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not to be sure ?
For 'tis 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 drame ev’ry night that I’m hating you so !”
 “Oh,” says Rory, “that same I’m delighted to hear,
 For *drames* always go by *conthrairies*, my dear ;
 Oh ! jewel, keep draming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie !
 And ’tis plaz’d that I am, and why not to be sure ?
 Since ’tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O’More.

“Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you’ve teased me
 enough,
 Sure I’ve thrash’d 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 look’d in her eyes that were beaming with
 light,
 And he kiss’d 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.

* Paddy’s mode of asking a girl to name the day.

THE MAY-DEW.

To gather the dew from the flowers on May-morning, before the sun has risen, is reckoned a bond of peuliar power between lovers.

COME with me, love, I'm seeking
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;
 The magical May-dew is weeping
 Its charm o'er the summer bowers ;
 Its pearls are more precious than those they find
 In jewell'd India's sea,
 For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind
 Thy heart, for ever, to me !
 Oh, come with me, love, I'm seeking
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;
 The magical May-dew is weeping
 Its charm o'er the summer bowers.

Haste, or the spell will be missing
 We seek in the May-dew now,
 For soon the warm sun will be kissing
 The bright drops from the blossom and bough ;
 And the charm is so tender the May-dew sheds
 O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,
 That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,
 The mystical influence flies.

Oh, come with me, love, I'm seeking
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;
 The magical May-dew is weeping
 Its charm o'er the summer bowers.

OH! WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT.

The Irish peasant says, "Watch well by daylight, for then your own senses are awake to guard you : but keep no watch in darkness, for then God watches over you." This, however, can hardly be called a superstition, there is so much of *rightful* reverence in it : for though, in perfect truth, we are as dependent on God by day as by night, yet some allowance may be made for the poetic fondness of the saying.

OH, watch you well by daylight,
 By daylight may you fear,
 But take no watch in darkness—
 The angels then are near :
 For Heav'n the gift bestoweth
 Our waking life to keep,
 But tender mercy showeth
 To guard us in our sleep.
 Then watch you well by daylight.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure,
 For pleasure oft betrays,
 But take no watch in sorrow
 When joy withdraws its rays :

For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To Heav'n entrust the morrow—
The angels then are near.
Then watch you well by daylight.

THE FALLING STAR.

It is believed that a wish expressed while we see a star falling shall be fulfilled.

I SAW a star that was falling,
I wish'd the wish of my soul !
My heart on its influence calling
To shed all its gentle control.
Hope whisper'd my wish would be granted,
And fancy soon wav'd her bright wand,
My heart in fond ecstasy panted
At the sweet-smiling visions beyond.
Oh ! like the meteors,—sweeping
Thro' darkness their luminous way,
Are the pleasures too worthless for keeping,
As dazzling, but fleeting as they.

I saw a star that was beaming
Steady, and stilly, and bright,
Unwearied its sweet watch 'twas seeming
To keep through the darkness of night :

Like those two stars in the heaven,
 Are the joys that are false and are true ;
 I felt as a lesson 'twas given,
 And thought, my own true love, of you.
 When I saw the star that was beaming
 Steady, and stilly, and bright,
 Unwearied its sweet watch 'twas seeming
 To keep through the darkness of night.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

A four-leaved Shamrock is of such rarity that it is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave
 my spelis !
 I would not waste my magic might on diamond,
 pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense,—*such* triumph is
 but cold ;
 But I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss
 around,—
 Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
 be found !

To worth I would give honour!—I'd dry the
mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estrang'd, and friends
that had grown cold,
Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle
as of old ;
Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter
bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
be found !

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished
dreams of love,
Should see them all returning—like Noah's faithful
dove,
And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's
dark'ning sea,
And Mis'ry's children have an ark, and saved from
sinking be ;
Oh ! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter
bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world
be found !

THE LETTER.

A small spark, attached to the wick of a candle, is considered to indicate the arrival of a letter to the one before whom it burns.

FARE-THEE-WELL, love, now thou art going
Over the wild and trackless sea ;
Smooth be its waves, and fair the wind blowing—
Tho' 'tis to bear thee far from me.
But when on the waste of Ocean,
Some happy home-bound bark you see,
Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion,
To send a letter back to me.

Think of the shore thou'st left behind thee,
Even when reaching a brighter strand ;
Let not the golden glories blind thee
Of that gorgeous Indian land ;
Send me not its diamond treasures,
Nor pearls from the depth of its sunny sea,
But tell me of all thy woes and pleasures,
In a long letter back to me.

And while dwelling in lands of pleasure,
Think, as you bask in their bright sunshine,
That while the ling'ring time I measure,
Sad and wintry hours are mine ;

Lonely by my taper weeping

And watching, the spark of promise to see—
All for that bright spark, my night watch keeping,

For oh ! 'tis a letter, love, from thee !
To say that soon thy sail will be flowing

Homeward to bear thee over the sea :
Calm be the waves and swift the wind blowing,
For oh ! thou *art* coming back to me.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

They say mortals have sometimes been carried away to
Fairly-land.

A FAIR girl was sitting in the greenwood shade,
List'ning to the music the spring birds made ;
When sweeter by far than the birds on the tree,
A voice murmur'd near her, "Oh come, love, with me—

In earth or air,

A thing so fair

I have not seen as thee !

Then come, love, with me."

"With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night ;
Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,
I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold—

And pearly caves
Beneath the waves,
All these, all these are thine,
If thou wilt be mine."

Thus whisper'd a Fairy to tempt the fair girl,
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl ;
For she said, " Tho' thy gifts to a poor girl were dear
My father, my mother, my sisters are here :

Oh ! what would be
Thy gifts to me
Of earth, and sea, and air,
If my heart were not there ?"

THE MORNING DREAM.

The superstitious believe the dream of the night to be false,
and that of the morning true.

THE eye of weeping
Had closed in sleeping,
And I dreamt a bright dream of night ;
And that sweet dreaming
Had all the seeming
Of truth, in a softer light ;
I saw thee, smiling,
And light beguiling
Beam'd soft from that eye of thine,

As in a bower
You own'd love's power,
And fondly vow'd thou would'st be mine.

The dream deceived me—
For I believed thee
In sleep, as in waking hours ;
But even slumber
Few joys could number,
While resting in dreamy bow'rs ;
For soon my waking
The soft spell breaking,
I found fancy false as you ;
'Twas darkness round me,
The night-dream bound me,
And I knew the dream was then untrue.

Again I slumbered,
And woes unnumber'd
Weigh'd on my aching heart ;
Thy smile had vanished,
And I was banish'd,
For ever doom'd to part.
From sleep I started,
All broken-hearted,
The morn shone as bright as you !

The lark's sweet singing
 My heart's knell ringing—
 For I knew the morning dream was true.

THE FAIRY BOY.

When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring ;
 Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
 Calling on the Fairy King :
 " Why, with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy,
 Why destroy a mother's blessing,—
 Wherefore steal my baby boy ?

" O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play,
 Where the flow'rs are freshly springing,
 There I wander day by day ;
 There I wander, growing fonder
 Of the child that made my joy,
 On the echoes wildly calling
 To restore my fairy boy.

“But in vain my plaintive calling,—
 Tears are falling all in vain,—
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,
 He’s the treasure of their train !
 Fare-thee-well ! my child, for ever,
 In this world I’ve lost my joy,
 But in the *next* we ne’er shall sever,
There I’ll find my angel boy.”

THE NEW MOON.

When our attention is directed to the New Moon by one of the opposite sex, it is considered lucky.

OH, don’t you remember the lucky New Moon,
 Which I show’d you as soon as it peep’d forth at
 eve ?

When I spoke of omens, and you spoke of love,
 And in both the fond heart will for ever believe !
 And while *you* whisper’d soul-melting words in my
 ear,

I trembled—for love is related to fear—
 And before that same moon had declined in its wane,
 I held you my own, in a mystical chain.

Oh, bright was the omen, for love follow’d soon,
 And I bless’d as I gazed on the lovely New Moon.

And don't you remember those two trembling stars,
That rose up, like gems, from the depths of the sea,
Or like two young lovers, who stole forth at eve
To meet in the twilight, like you, love, and me?
And we thought them a type of our meeting on earth,
Which show'd that our love had in heaven its birth.
The moon's waning crescent soon faded away,
But the love she gave birth to will never decay!
Oh, bright was the omen, for love follow'd soon,
And I bless when I gaze on the lovely New Moon.

THE CHARM.

They say that a flower may be found in a valley opening to the West, which bestows on the finder the power of winning the affection of the person to whom it is presented. Hence, it is supposed, has originated the custom of presenting a bouquet.

THEY say there's a secret charm which lies
In some wild flow'ret's bell,
That grows in a vale where the west wind sighs,
And where secrets best might dwell;
And they who can find the fairy flower,
A treasure possess that might grace a throne;
For, oh! they can rule with the softest power
The heart they would make their own.

The Indian has toil'd in the dusky mine,
 For the gold that has made him a slave ;
 Or, plucking the pearl from the sea-god's shrine,
 Has tempted the wrath of the wave
 But ne'er has he sought, with a love like mine,
 The flower that holds the heart in thrall ;
 Oh ! rather I'd win that charm divine,
 Than their gold and their pearl and all !

I've sought it by day, from morn till eve,
 I've won it—in dreams at night ;
 And then how I grieve my couch to leave,
 And sigh at the morning's light :
 Yet sometimes I think in a hopeful hour,
 The blissful moment I yet may see
 To win the fair flower from the fairy's bower
 And give it, love—to thee.

THE RING AND THE WINDING-SHEET.

WHY sought you not the silent bower,
 The bower, nor hawthorn tree ;
 Why came you not at evening hour,
 Why came you not to me ?
 Say, does thy heart beat colder now,
 Oh ! tell me, truly tell,
 Than when you kissed my burning brow,
 When last you said " Farewell " ?

As late my taper I illumed,
To sigh and watch for thee,
It soon thy mystic form* assumed,
Which lovers smile to see ;
But fondly while I gazed upon
And trimm'd the flame with care,
The pledge of plighted love was gone,
The sign of death† was there !

Oh say, was this forboding truth ?
And wilt thou break thy vow ?
And wilt thou blight my opening youth ?
And must I—must I now
Meet death's embrace for that chaste kiss,
That holy kiss you vow'd ?
And must I for my bridal dress,
Be mantled in the shroud ?

* A small exfoliation of wax from the candle, called, by the superstitious, "a ring," and considered indicative of marriage.

† When this waxen symbol, instead of being circular, becomes lengthened and pendulous, it is then called "a winding-sheet," and forebodes death.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, 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, oh 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,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me !
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father !—
For I know that the angels are whispering with
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."

The beautiful superstition on which this song has been founded, has an Oriental as well as a Western prevalence ; and, in all probability reached the Irish by being borrowed from the Phœnicians. Amongst the Rabbinical traditions which are treasured by the Jews, is the belief, that before the creation of Eve, another companion was assigned to Adam in Paradise, who bore the name of Lilith. But proving arrogant and disposed to contend for superiority, a quarrel ensued ; Lilith pronounced the name of Jehovah, which it is forbidden to utter, and fled to conceal herself in the sea. Three angels, *Sennoi*, *Sansennoi*, and *Sammangeloph*, were despatched by the Lord of the Universe to compel her to return ; but on her obstinate refusal, she was transformed into a demon, whose delight is in debilitating and destroying infants. On condition that she was not to be forced to go back to Paradise, she bound herself by an oath to refrain from injuring such children as might be protected by having inscribed on them the name of the mediating angels—hence the practice of the Eastern Jews to write the names of *Sennoi*, *Sansennoi*, and *Sammangeloph*, on slips of paper and bind them on their infants to protect them from Lilith. The story will be found in BUXTORF'S *Synagoga Judaica*, ch. iv. p. 81 ; and in BEN SIRA, as edited by BARTOLOCCI, in the first volume of his *Bibliotheca Rabbinnica*, p. 69.

Emeech Hammelech, a Rabbinical writer, quoted by STEHELIN, says, "when a child *laughs in its sleep*, in the night of the Sabbath, or the new moon, that Lilith laughs and toys with it, and that it is proper for the mother, or any one that sees the infant laugh, to tap it on the nose, and say 'Lilith, begone ! thy abode is not here.' This should be said three times, and each repetition accompanied by a gentle tap." See *Allen's Account of the Traditions, Rites, and Ceremonies of the Jews*, ch. x. p. 168-9—ch. xvi. p. 291.

LEGENDARY AND TRADITIONAL
BALLADS.



TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after a lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady's name was Bridget Cruise; and though not a pretty name, it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion.

“TRUE love can ne'er forget ;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one !”

Thus sung a minstrel gray
His sweet impassioned lay,
Down by the Ocean's spray,
At set of sun.

But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,
Morn to him was dark as night,
Yet his heart was full of light,
As thus the lay begun :

“True love can ne'er forget ;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one !”

“Long years are past and o'er
Since from this fatal shore,

Cold hearts and cold winds bore
 My love from me."
 Scarcely the minstrel spoke,
 When forth, with flashing stroke,
 A boat's light oar the silence broke,
 Over the sea.
 Soon upon her native strand
 Doth a lovely lady land,
 While the minstrel's love-taught hand
 Did o'er his wild harp run :
 "True love can ne'er forget ;
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest, I love thee yet,
 My darling one !"

Where the minstrel sat alone,
 There that lady fair had gone,
 Within his hand she placed her own.
 The bard dropp'd on his knee ;
 From his lips soft blessings came,
 He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
 In trembling tones he named—*her* name
 Though her he could not see ;
 But oh !—the touch the bard could tell
 Of that dear hand, remember'd well ;
 Ah !—by many a secret spell
 Can true love find his own ;

For true love can ne'er forget ;
Fondly as when they met,
He loved his lady yet,
 His darling one !

MACARTHY'S GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY.

The breeze was fresh, the morn was fair,
The stag had left his dewy lair.
To cheering horn and baying tongue
Killarney's echoes sweetly rung.
With sweeping oar and bending mast,
The eager chase was following fast,
When one light skiff a maiden steer'd
Beneath the deep wave disappeared ;
While shouts of terror wildly ring,
A boatman brave, with gallant spring
And dauntless arm, the lady bore—
But he who saved—was seen no more !

Where weeping birches wildly wave,
There boatmen show their brother's grave
And while they tell the name he bore,
Suspended hangs the lifted oar.

The silent drops thus idly shed,
 Seem like tears to gallant Ned ;
 And while gently gliding by,
 The tale is told with moistening eye.
 No ripple on the slumb'ring lake
 Unhallowed oar doth ever make ;
 All undisturb'd the placid wave
 Flows gently o'er Macarthy's grave.

NED OF THE HILL.

. Many legends are extant of this romantic minstrel freebooter, whose predatory achievements sometimes extended to the hearts of the gentle sex.

DARK is the evening and silent the hour ;
 Who is the minstrel by yonder lone tow'r
 His harp all so tenderly touching with skill ?
 Oh, who should it be but Ned of the Hill !
 Who sings, " Lady love, come to me now,
 Come and live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head
 Where the fairies tread,
 If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill !"

Ned of the Hill has no castle nor hall,
 Nor spearmen nor bowmen to come at his call,

But one little archer of exquisite skill
 Has shot a bright shaft for Ned of the Hill ;
 Who sings, "Lady love, come to me now,
 Come and live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head
 Where the fairies tread,
 If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill !"

'Tis hard to escape from that fair lady's bower,
 For high is the window, and guarded the tower,
 "But there's always a *way* where there is a *will*,"
 So Ellen is off with Ned of the Hill !
 Who sings, "Lady love, thou art mine now !
 We will live merrily under the bough,
 And I'll pillow thy head
 Where the fairies tread,
 For Ellen is wed to Ned of the Hill !"

THE BEGGAR.

'TWAS sunset when
 Adown the glen,
 A beggar came with glee ;
 His eye was bright,
 His heart was light,
 His step was bold and free :

And he danced a merry measure
 To his rollick roundelay ;
 " Oh, a beggars life is pleasure,
 For he works nor night nor day ! "

" Let fathers toil,
 Let mothers moil,
 And daughters milk the kine ;
 What lord can boast
 So brave a host
 Of servants as are mine ?
 The world is my wide mansion,
 Mankind my servants be,
 And many a lady in the land
 Would live and beg with me ! "

The beggar laugh'd,
 The beggar quaff'd,
 While many a jest he told ;
 The miller swore
 He ne'er before
 Such beggar did behold ;
 The mother fill'd his can,
 And the daughter smiled as he
 Did toast her as the loveliest lass
 That eyes did ever see.

Now all is still
 Within the mill,
 Even the goodwife's tongue ;
 All sleep but two—
 You may guess who,
 Or vainly I have sung.
 The beggar cast his rags,
 Her lover Mary spied,
 The miller lost a daughter,
 And the hunter gain'd a bride !

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

It is said Fays have the power to assume various shapes, for the purpose of luring mortals into Fairy-land. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady fairies' fancies.

GAILY through the mountain glen
 The hunter's horn did ring,
 As the milk-white doe
 Escaped his bow
 Down by the haunted spring ;
 In vain his silver horn he wound,—
 'Twas echo answer'd back ;
 For neither groom nor baying hound
 Was on the hunter's track ;
 In vain he sought the milk-white doe
 That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,

For, save himself, no living thing
Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
Their fragrance round did fling,
As the hunter lay,
At close of day,
Down by the haunted spring.

A lady fair, in robe of white,
To greet the hunter came ;
She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright,
And pledg'd him by his name.
" Oh, Lady fair," the hunter cried,
" Be thou my love, my blooming bride—
A bride that well might grace a king !
Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stoop'd,
And forth she drew a ring ;
And that bold knight
His faith did plight
Down by the haunted spring.
But since the day his chase did stray,
The hunter ne'er was seen ;
And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.*

* Fays and fairies are supposed to have their dwelling-places within old green hills.

But still the milk-white doe appears,
 And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
 While distant bugles faintly ring
 Around the lonely haunted spring.

THE BLARNEY.

There is a certain coign-stone on the summit of Blarney Castle, in the county of Cork, the kissing of which is said to impart the gift of persuasion. Hence the phrase, applied to those who make a flattering speech,—“you've kissed the Blarney Stone.”

OH ! did you ne'er hear of “the Blarney,”
 That's found near the banks of Killarney ?

Believe it from me,
 No girl's heart is free,

Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.
 For the Blarney's so great a deceiver,
 That a girl thinks you're there, though you leave her ;
 And never finds out
 All the tricks you're about,
 Till she's quite gone herself,—with your Blarney.

Oh ! say, would you find this same “Blarney ?”
 There's a castle, not far from Killarney,
 On the top of its wall—
 (But take care you don't fall)

There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.
Like a magnet its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches ;
 If you kiss it, they say,
 From that blessed day,
You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney.

THE PILGRIM HARPER.

THE night was cold and dreary—no star was in the
 sky,
When, travel-tired and weary, the harper raised his
 cry.
He raised his cry without the gate, his night's repose
 to win,
And plaintive was the voice that cried, "Ah ! won't
 you let me in ?"

The portal soon was open'd, for in the land of song
The minstrel at the outer gate yet never linger'd
 long ;
And inner doors were seldom clos'd 'gainst wand'ers
 such as he,
For locks or hearts to open soon sweet music is the
 key !

But gates, if ope'd by melody, are closed by grief as
fast,
And sorrow o'er that once bright hall its silent spell
had cast ;
All undisturb'd the spider there his web might safely
spin,
For many a day no festive lay—no harper was let in.

But when this harper enter'd, and said he came from
far,
And bore with him from Palestine the tidings of the
war ;
And he could tell of all who fell, or glory there did
win,
The warder knew his noble dame would let *that*
harper in.

They led him to the bower, the lady knelt in prayer ;
The harper raised a well-known lay upon the turret-
stair ;
The door was ope'd with hasty hand, true love its
meed did win,
For the lady saw her own true knight when that
harper was let in !

GIVE ME MY ARROWS AND GIVE ME MY BOW.

In the Great North American lakes there are islands bearing the name of "*Manitou*," which signifies "THE GREAT SPIRIT," and Indian tradition declares that in these islands the Great Spirit concealed the precious metals, thereby showing that he did not desire they should be possessed by man; and that whenever some rash mortal has attempted to obtain treasure from "The Manitou Isle," his canoe was always overwhelmed by a tempest. The "Palefaces," however, fearless of "Manitou's" thunder, are now working the extensive mineral region of the lakes.

TEMPT me not, stranger, with gold from the mine,
 I have got treasure more precious than thine;
 Freedom in forest, and health in the chase,
 Where the hunter sees beauty in Nature's bright
 face:

Then give me my arrows and give me my bow,
 In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow.

If gold had been good, THE GREAT SPIRIT had giv'n
 That gift, like his others, as freely from Heav'n;
 The lake gives me Whitefish, the deer gives me
 meat,

And the toil of the capture gives slumber so sweet:
 Then give me my arrows and give me my bow,
 In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow.

Why seek you death in the dark cave to find
 While there's life on the hill in the health-breathing
 wind?
 And death parts you soon from your treasure so
 bright—
 As the gold of the sunset is lost in the night:
 Then give me my arrows and give me my bow,
 In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow.

THE CHAIN OF GOLD.

The Earl of Kildare, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, ruled justly, and was hated by the small oppressors whose practices he discountenanced. They accused him of favouring the Irish to the King's detriment, but he, in the presence of the King, rebutted their calumnies. They said, at last, "Please your Highness, all Ireland cannot rule this Earl."—"Then," said Henry, "he is the man to rule all Ireland," and he took the golden chain from his neck and threw it over the shoulders of the Earl, who returned, with honour, to his government.

Oh, Moina, I've a tale to tell
 Will glad thy soul, my girl:
 The King hath giv'n a chain of gold
 To our noble-hearted Earl.
 His foes, they rail'd—the Earl ne'er quail'd—
 But, with a front so bold,

Before the King did backward fling
The slanderous lies they told :
And the King gave him no iron chain—
No—he gave him a chain of gold !

Oh, 'tis a noble sight to see
The cause of truth prevail :
An honest cause is always proof
Against a treacherous tale.
Let fawning false ones court the great,
The heart in virtue bold
Will hold the right, in power's despite,
Until that heart be cold :
For falsehood's the bond of slavery,
But truth is the chain of gold.

False Connal wed the rich one
With her gold and jewels rare,
But Dermid wed the maid he lov'd,
And she clear'd his brow from care :
And thus, in our own hearts, love,
We may read this lesson plain,
Let outward joys depart, love,
So peace within remain—
For falsehood is an iron bond,
But love is the golden chain !

ST. KEVIN :

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH.

AT Glendalough lived a young saint,
 In odor of sanctity dwelling,
 An old-fashion'd odor, which now
 We seldom or never are smelling ;
 A book or a hook were to him
 The utmost extent of his wishes ;
 Now, a snatch at the "Lives of the Saints ;"
 Then, a catch at the lives of the fishes.

There was a young woman one day,
*Stravagin** along by the lake, sir ;
 She looked hard at St. Kevin, they say,
 But St. Kevin no notice did take, sir.
 When she found looking hard wouldn't do,
 She look'd soft—in the old sheep's eye fashion ;
 But, with all her sheep's eyes, she could not
 In St. Kevin see signs of soft passion.

"You're a great hand at fishing," says Kate ;
 "'Tis yourself that knows how, faith, to hook
 them ;
 But, when you have caught them, *agra*,
 Don't you want a young woman to cook them ?"

* Sauntering.

Says the saint, "I am '*sayrious inclined*,'
I intend taking orders for life, dear."
"Only marry," says Kate, "and you'll find
You'll get orders enough from your wife, dear."

"You shall never be flesh of my flesh,"
Says the saint, with an anchorite groan, sir ;
"I see that myself," answer'd Kate,
"I can only be '*bone of your bone*,' sir.
And even your bones are so scarce,"
Said Miss Kate, at her answers so glib, sir ;
"That I think you would not be the worse
Of a little additional rib, sir."

The saint, in a rage, seized the lass,—
He gave her one twirl round his head, sir,
And, before Doctor Arnott's invention,
Prescrib'd her a watery bed, sir.
Oh!—cruel St. Kevin!—for shame!
When a lady her heart came to barter,
You should not have been Knight of the Bath,
But have bowed to the order of Garter.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAY.

There is a beautiful saying amongst the Irish peasantry to inspire hope under adverse circumstances:—"Remember," they say, "that the darkest hour of all is the hour before day."

BEREFT of his love, and bereav'd of his fame,
A knight to the cell of an old hermit came:
"My foes, they have slander'd and forced me to fly,
Oh! tell me, good father, what's left but to die?"
"Despair not, my son;—thou'lt be righted ere long—
For heaven is above us to right all the wrong;
Remember the words the old hermit doth say,—
'Tis always the darkest the hour before day!"

"Then back to the tourney, and back to the court,
And join thee, the bravest, in chivalry's sport;
Thy foes will be there—and thy lady-love too,
And shew *both* thou'rt a knight that is gallant and
true!"

He rode in the lists—all his foes he o'erthrew,
And a sweet glance he caught from a soft eye of
blue:
And he thought of the words the old hermit did
say,
For her glance was as bright as the dawning of
day.

The feast it was late in the castle that night,
 And the banquet was beaming with beauty and light ;
 But brightest of all is the lady who glides
 To a porch where a knight with a fleet courser bides.
 She paused 'neath the arch, at the fierce ban dog's
 bark,
 She trembled to look on the night—'twas so dark ;
 But her lover he whisper'd, and thus did he say :
 " Sweet love, it is darkest the hour before day."

ROSE OF ROSS CASTLE :

A REMINISCENCE OF KILLARNEY.

THERE'S a tower that stands by Killarney's fair lake,
 And the towrists come there its owld faytures to take,
 But a young bit of beauty is livin' hard by,
 At which poets and painters *will* peep, on the sly ;
 'Tis Rose of Ross Castle, and sore I'm afraid
 That some of them scamps, with fine arts for their
 thrade,
 Would coax her, and hoax her, and stale her away :—
 But whoever does that—oh ! let *him* rue the day !

Paws off, false admirers—of Conal beware,
 For he'll guard his girl with a lover's fond care ;
 As the bright guardian waters round Castle Ross play,
 So he'll guard his darling by night and by day.

But 'tis aisy for wather a castle to guard,
 For the wather is cowld, and the stones they are hard:
 Oh! if girls were but stone, and that boys were but cool,
 What trouble 'twould save them in playing the fool!

Oh, the eye of the hawk and the ear of the hare
 In guarding a girl will have nothing to spare;
 If our siven small sinses just doubled had been,
 'Tis little enough that you'd find the fourteen!
 But sometimes siv'n sinses are knock'd into one,
 'Tis the one sense of *love* for the loved one alone;
 And that will ne'er falter, nor slumber, nor sleep,
 And Rose of Ross Castle in safety will keep!

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO:

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF KILLARNEY.

IN the gap of Dunlo
 There's an echo, or so,
 And some of them echoes is very surprisin';
 You'll think, in a stave
 That I mane to desaive,
 For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.*

* 'Tis too true to be put in a ballad, is an old Irish saying.

But visibly throe
 In that hill forninst you
 There's an echo as plain and as safe as the Bank, too ;
 But civilly spake
 "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
 The echo politely says "Very well, thank you!"

One day Teddy Keogh
 With Kate Connor did go
 To hear from the echo such wondherful talk, sir ;
 But the echo, they say,
 Was conthrairy that day,
 Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, sir.
 So Ted says to Kate
 "'Tis too hard to be bate
 By that deaf and dumb baste of an echo, so lazy,
 But if we both shout
 At each other, no doubt,
 We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy!"

"Now, Kitty," says Teddy,
 "To answer be ready."
 "Oh, very well, thank you," cried out Kitty then, sir ;
 "Would *you* like to wed,
 Kitty darlin'?" says Ted.
 "Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, sir.

“D’ye like *me*?” says Teddy,
And Kitty, quite ready,
Cried “Very well, thank you!” with laughter beguiling.
Now won’t you confess
Teddy could not do less
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling!

Oh, dear Paddy Blake,
May you never forsake
Those hills that return us such echoes endearing;
And, girls, all translate
The sweet echoes like Kate,
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.
And, boys, be you ready,
Like frolicksome Teddy,
Be *earnest* in loving, though given to *joking*;
And, thus when inclined,
May all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they’re invoking!

SONGS OF THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS

THE TWO BARRELS.

THERE'S a barrel I have in a corner so snug,
 Well charg'd with the best of good ale ;
 With a tankard of that how the time will slip by,
 With a pipe, and a song, and good tale.
 If a friend just from over the way should drop in,
 He's hail'd with a hearty good cheer ;
 And never repents, when he tastes the contents,
 Of an Englishman's barrel of beer.

There's a barrel I have—but much stronger than beer
 Is the charge which for that I intend ;
 It stands in the corner, the chimney-piece near,—
 For I mean it my hearth to defend ;
 If a foe—just from over the way—should pop in,
 We'll hail him with three hearty cheers ;
 But I swear *he* repents, when he tastes the contents
 Of the barrels of stout volunteers !

And thus, double-barrel'd, my boys, let us live,
 Prepar'd for our friends or our foes ;
 The hand that in friendship we readily give,
 Is as ready, at need, to give blows.

And whether the spigot or trigger we draw,
 Our barrels wont fail us, I ween ;
 So tankards and rifles let's charge,—hip, hurra !
 For our freedom, our country, and Queen !

OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.

Fill the goblet ! gaily fill
 A brimming cup with right good will,
 In mem'ry of our early drill,
 In Old Westminster Hall, boys.
 Beneath that roof of ample span,
 Up rose our reg'ment, man by man ;
 As squad by squad—we thought it odd—
 We, slow, or quick, or goose-step trod,
 And, keeping time, the flags we beat—
 And rather glad to warm our feet—
 For sometimes cold,
 It must be told,
 Was Old Westminster Hall, boys.

Where could men more fitly stand,
 In muster of a gallant band
 To guard from foes their native land,
 Than in Westminster Hall, boys ?

For there the Norman tyrant bold,
Held iron sway in days of old ;
He play'd the fierce invader's part,
And nearly broke the nation's heart.
A lesson that for ever be,
To men who love their liberty—
No more invaders must we see,
 In Old Westminster Hall, boys !

'Tis there that JUSTICE holds her seat,
'Tis there our SENATE'S call'd to meet ;
And people free their SOVEREIGN greet,
 By old Westminster Hall, boys.
And near it stands that ABBEY old,
Where rest the gifted, wise, and bold :
A lesson is in ev'ry grave
To keep the good our fathers gave !
They made us great, they left us free,
And so, for ever, we must be,
And, sacred as Thermopylæ,
 Be Old Westminster Hall, boys !

OLD AND NEW WALLS.

AIR.—*Roast Beef of Old England.*

I'll sing you a song in reply to your calls,
 And if on the ear of a mason it falls,
 He will not object that I sing about walls.
 To the tune of the "Beef of old England,"
 The land of the well-fed and free.

Of Troy's famous walls Homer gave us a stave,
 Those walls which fair Helen celebrity gave ;
 Those walls which no plaster of Paris could save,
 As I learn'd when at school in old England,
 When learning was easy to me.

Severus, then, built a huge wall in our isle,
 To sever us all from the Picts for awhile ;
 But the Picts thought of choosing that wall for a stile
 To get over into old England—
 For they were the boys to make free !

So, finding that barriers of stone were no good,
 The next walls we built, why we made them of wood ;
 And, firm as the oak they were built of, they stood,—
 The fam'd wooden walls of old England,
 The land of the brave and the free !

But wood, now-a-days, is obliged to give place
 To casings of iron, our ships to embrace,
 Which, it must be allow'd, is a very hard case
 For the brave wooden walls of old England,
 Belov'd of Blue Jackets so free !

But, this new plated-ware my affection can't win—
 Give me bone and muscle in preference to skin :—
 'Twas not metal *without*—but the metal *within*
 Pour'd fast from the broadsides of England,
 That made her the Queen of the Sea !

Of China's fam'd wall, and her fortified gates,
 'Twas "nuts" how we crack'd them, as tho' they were
 plates,
 And the bits are pick'd up in our Senates debates
 By the queer China fanciers of England—
 Those patrons of twaddle and tea.

So walls made of stone are but worthless, we ken,
 And what said the Spartans, again and again ?
 "No dead walls give us—but a wall of live men,"
 And so say the men of old England,
 For ever resolved to be free !

But on this Greek plan an improvement we fix,—
 A something of *building* with manhood we mix ;
 For our wall is of men and our men are all *bricks*,
 Of the old fire-proof clay of old England,
 The land of the brave and the free !

The towers of Jericho, stately and tall,
 At the sound of the trumpet in ruin did *fall*,
 But *our* wall of men will *arise* at the call
 Of the Volunteer bugles of England,
 And keep her, for ever, the free!

SONG OF THE LONDON IRISH RIFLE
 VOLUNTEERS.

ERE the great Patron Saints of the nations came forth,
 Predestin'd, in order, were months for their birth ;
 And the third in the year, by good luck, was our turn,
 And Fate cried out "MARCH!"—when St. Patrick
 was born.

'Twas the sign of a soldier—and hence does it come,
 That his sons are so ready to follow the drum ;
 And in Freedom's great cause, if there's battle to do,
 Their hearts beat in time to the gallant tattoo.

Tho' in love and in peace we would live with the world,
 Yet, if the red banner of war be unfurl'd,
 We'll rally around it our shores to defend,
 Right-ready for meeting with foe or with friend.
 If a friend,—oh how brightly and swiftly the time
 Flies with wit, wine, and music, boys,—oh, it is *prime!*
 But if, for a march down the great Dover road
 A foe should invite us—'tis then *prime and load.*

On, light-hearted sons of our lov'd Island Green,
 In ev'ry encounter the foremost be seen,
 As the challenge of friend or of foe may provoke
 The crack of the rifle or crack of the joke ;
 For foeman or friend, boys, we're ready to hit
 With the fire of our weapons, or fire of our wit ;
 For in wit or in war, boys, to none will we yield,
 Still ruling in triumph the feast or the field !

As for feasting,—oh, where did a welcome e'er smile
 More bright than from Son of the Emerald Isle ?
 The best he can give for his friends he'll prepare,
 Or—take it at chance—his pot-luck will he share.
 But if rude invaders would plunder his pots,
 Among *their* pot-luck let them look for *pot-shots* ;
 For potting, with Pat, in this case lies between
 Pot-shots for his foes—for his friends, his *potteen*.

We've a Queen—Heaven bless her!—of might and
 renown ;
 And to drink to her health, or to fight for her crown,
 The gay boys of Erin will readily come
 To a tap of good liquor, or tap of the drum.
 So fill to THE QUEEN, boys ! and drain the cup dry,
 Her name be, for ever, our bold battle cry ;
 But, in peace or in war, let us shout might and main,
 VICTORIA ! VICTORIA ! again and again !

DEFENCE, BUT NOT DEFIANCE.

COME, let our silver bugles ring
 (The gift of grateful beauty);
 Whenc'er they call, we'll gaily spring
 To do a soldier's duty;
 Our banner fair a vow records
 On which we build reliance,
 To guide our aim, to bless our swords—
 "Defence, but not defiance."

Our banner yet unchalleng'd flies,
 A homely motto bearing,
 Long may it float in peaceful skies—
 Record no deed of daring:
 To ancient glories proudly we
 May point with calm reliance,
 So let our quiet motto be,
 "Defence, but not defiance."

Let Vict'ry spread her crimson wing
 At despot's dark invoking,
 For us—to war we'll never spring
 Unless at dire provoking.
 No lust of foreign glory stains
 The Volunteer's affiance,
 He would but guard his native plains—
 "Defence, but not defiance."

Like other dogs, "the dogs of war"

Have different modes of fighting :

Of one, the bark is worse by far,

Of t'other, worse the biting.

On such a fight—the money down—

I'll bet with sure reliance,

And name the stake—A BRITISH CROWN—

"Defence" will beat "Defiance."

AMERICAN SUBJECTS.

THE WAR SHIP OF PEACE.

The Americans exhibited much sympathy towards Ireland when the famine raged there in 1847. A touching instance was then given how the better feelings of our nature may employ even the enginery of destruction to serve the cause of humanity;—an American frigate (the *Jamestown*, I believe), was dismantled of all her warlike appliances, and placed at the disposal of the charitable to carry provisions.

SWEET Land of Song! thy harp doth hang
 Upon the willows now,
 While famine's blight and fever's pang
 Stamp misery on thy brow;
 Yet take thy harp, and raise thy voice,
 Though faint and low it be,
 And let thy sinking heart rejoice
 In friends still left to thee!

Look out—look out—across the sea
 That girds thy emerald shore,
 A ship of war is bound for thee,
 But with no warlike store;
 Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
 That wafts her o'er the sea;
 She goes not forth to deal out death,
 But bears new life to thee!

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
 The chords of grateful praise ;
 Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
 Thy voice of former days ;
 Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,
 Let Erin's voice proclaim
 In bardic praise, on every hill,
 Columbia's glorious name !

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

The brief period which succeeds the autumnal close, called "The Indian summer"—a reflex, as it were, of the early portion of the year, strikes a stranger in America as peculiarly beautiful, and quite charmed me.

WHEN summer's verdant beauty flies,
 And autumn glows with richer dyes,
 A softer charm beyond them lies—

It is the Indian summer.

Ere winter's snows and winter's breeze
 Bereave of beauty all the trees,
 The balmy spring renewal sees
 In the sweet Indian summer.

And thus, dear love, if early years
 Have drown'd the germ of joy in tears,
 A later gleam of hope appears—

Just like the Indian summer :

And ere the snows of age descend,
 Oh trust me, dear one, changeless friend,
 Our falling years may brightly end—
 Just like the Indian summer.

THE ALABAMA.

TO —.

I THOUGHT of thee, as down the stream
 I floated, in a wanderer's dream,
 As sunset cast its glowing beam
 On the banks of the Alabama ;
 The waters calm reflected bright
 The golden glory of the light,
 While, stealing on, the shades of night
 Came over the Alabama.

The Evening Star came peeping thro'
 The misty veil of twilight dew—
 Like love thro' tears—its brightness grew
 Like thine—on the Alabama.
 And, sparkling there, as Beauty's queen,*
 Presided o'er the tranquil scene,
 I wished that thou hadst with me been
 On the lovely Alabama.

* Venus—the Evening Star.

And then the moon, with silver beam,
 Shed brighter lustre o'er the stream—
 But brighter was the Poet's dream
 Of thee—on the Alabama !
 The sunset bright—the moonlight fair—
 The twilight balm of evening air—
 With thought of *thee* could not compare
 On the lovely Alabama !

However far, however near,
 To me alike thou'rt still most dear—
 In thought, sweet love, thou'rt with me here,
 On the winding Alabama.
 The watchdog's bark on shore I hear :
 It tells me that *some* home is near,
 And mem'ry drops affection's tear
 On the distant Alabama.

FLOWER OF NATCHEZ.*

TO —.

FLOWER OF NATCHEZ, in thy beauty,
 Take, oh take the poet's lay :
 She may claim the minstrel's duty
 Who has charm'd his wand'ring way.

* On the Mississippi.

She's so sightly,
 She's so sprightly,
 With a wit so kind, tho' keen,
 That this flow'r
 Of friendship's hour
 I will call sweet *Rose d'épine*.

Rose d'épine, in love's sweet season,
 Who would steal one leaf from thee,
 May the hand that dares the treason
 Feel the thorn that guards the tree !
 Then safely, Rose,
 Thy sweets repose
 Within thy modest leafy screen,
 Till hand more meet
 Would cull the sweet
 And make his own sweet *Rose d'épine*.

Other flow'rs in beauty's fleetness
 Court the sense, and bloom as fair,
 But the sting beneath the sweetness
 Makes us touch the Rose with care.
 And may the thorn,
 In life's sweet morn,
 Guard well the sweets that I have seen ;
 And gentle be
 The hand to thee
 That wins and wears sweet *Rose d'épine*.

SLAYING THE DEER.

IN the woods, hunters say,
It is glorious and gay
 To rush thro' their sporting career,
When the leaves, falling red,
Yield a ready-made bed,
 Where they rest after slaying THE DEER ;
On the venison steak
Jovial feasting they make,
 And the flask, going round, helps the cheer,
While the logs, blazing bright,
Keep them warm through the night,
 When they rest after slaying THE DEER.

But I know a sport
Which is safer resort,
 For wives will repine when too far
You are tempted to steer
In pursuit of the deer,
 And they wonder "wherever you are."
So give me the sleigh
On the white frozen way,
 With woman beside me to cheer,
Who is never complaining
How long you're remaining
 When *thus* you are *sleighbing The Dear.*

While we gallop full speed,
As we run we may read
 She rejoices how fast we have got on,
While the proud little minx,
Wrapped in Bear-skin or Lynx,
 Just looks like a diamond in cotton.
Her cheek, red as rose,
(We won't speak of her nose)
 Oh, beauty's a delicate thing,
Of a bloom on the cheek
Any poet can speak,
 But a rose on the nose we can't sing.

But never did I
In a sleigh hear a sigh ;
 In fact, there's no time there for fretting ;
As fast as the wind
We leave sorrow behind,
 While the cold is our appetite whetting.
When the stomach's in order,
No mental disorder
 Upon any mortal can prey :—
If your Dear's temper's crost,
Pray at once for the frost,
 And fix her right into a sleigh.

If she would, she can't scold,
For the weather's so cold,

Her mouth she can't open at all ;
 In vain would she cry,
 For the tears in her eye
 Would be frozen before they could fall ;
 Then hurra for the snow !
 As we merrily go,
 The bells my fleet horses can cheer,
 While the *belle* by my side
 Is my joy and my pride,
 Oh—there's nothing like *sleighbing The Dear !*

NYMPH OF NIAGARA.

NYMPH OF NIAGARA ! Sprite of the mist !
 With a wild magic my brow thou hast kiss'd ;
 I am thy slave, and my mistress art thou,
 For thy wild kiss of magic is yet on my brow.*

I feel it as first when I knelt before thee,
 With thy emerald robe flowing brightly and free,†
 Fringed with the spray-pearls, and floating in mist—
 Thus 'twas my brow with wild magic you kiss'd.

* Written immediately after leaving the Falls.

† The water in the centre of the great fall is intensely green, and of gem-like brilliancy.

Thine am I still ;—and I'll never forget
The moment the spell on my spirit was set ;—
Thy chain but a foam-wreath—yet stronger by far
Than the manacle, steel-wrought, for captive of war ;

For the steel it will rust, and the war will be o'er,
And the manacled captive be free as before ;
While the foam-wreath will bind me for ever to
thee !—

I love the enslavement—and would not be free !

Nymph of Niagara ! play with the breeze,
Sport with the fawns 'mid the old forest trees ;
Blush into rainbows at kiss of the sun,
From the gleam of his dawn till his bright course be
run ;

I'll not be jealous—for pure is thy sporting,
Heaven-born is all that around thee is courting—
Still will I love thee, sweet Sprite of the mist,
As first when my brow with wild magic you kiss'd !

THE STAR AND THE SURGE.

TO —.

WHEN, at night, o'er ocean roaming,
On the deck I lonely stand,
O'er the billows wildly foaming,
Fancy waves her magic wand ;
Then the surge that's heavenward springing
Towards the stars so bright above,
To my heart is sadly bringing
But the image of our love.

Upward still the surge is straining,
As 'twould reach the studded sky,
Where the stars are brightly reigning—
Stars that rule our destiny.
Like the hope of hapless lover
That restless surge to me appears,
When its daring flight is over,
Back it falls in scatter'd tears !

Calm and bright the star is glowing,
Downward still its soft light cast,
While, below, the tempest blowing,
Flings the surge upon the blast ;
Then my blighted bosom heaving,
Sends a fruitless sigh afar :—
Canst thou blame me for conceiving
I'm the surge, and thou'rt the star ?

THE CHAMELEON.

LADY, I would woo thee,
But I scarce know how ;
Mirth seems sister to thee
With that sunny brow ;
But while flushed with gladness,
See, a passing shade
Casts a transient sadness
O'er my smiling maid.

Lady, I would woo thee
When I hear thee sigh,
But, while whispering to thee,
Mirth is in thine eye ;
Oh ! how bright the flashes—
Lustre through the shade—
Of the dewy lashes
Of my tearful maid.

Smiling, love, or weeping,
Call me to thy side,
Love will then be keeping
Watch around my bride :
I'd ne'er ask the morrow
What my fate might be,
So the joy, or sorrow,
Might be shared with thee !

THE FLOODED HUT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the wide-rolling river, at eve, set the sun,
And the long-toiling day of the woodman was done,
And he flung down the axe that had fell'd the huge
tree,

And his own little daughter he placed on his knee ;
She look'd up, with smiles, at a dovecot o'erhead,
Where, circling around, flew the pigeons she fed,
And more fondly the sire clasp'd his child to his
breast—

As he kiss'd her—and call'd her the bird of *his* nest.

The wide-rolling river rose high in the night,
The wide-rolling river, at morn, show'd its might,
For it leap'd o'er its bounds, and invaded the wood
Where the humble abode of the woodcutter stood.
All was danger around, and no aid was in view,
And higher and higher the wild waters grew,
And the child—looking up at the dovecot in air—
Cried, “Father—oh, father, I wish we were there !”

“My child,” said the father, “that dovecot of thine
Should enliven our faith in the Mercy Divine ;
'Twas a dove that brought Noah the sweet branch of
peace,

To show him the anger of Heaven did cease :

Then kneel, my loved child, by thy fond father's side,
 And pray that our hut may in safety abide,
 And then from all fear may our bosoms be proof—
 While the dove of the deluge is over our roof."

DROPPING A LINE.

WRITTEN IN 1866.

A LETTER there went from our Queen,*
 In the tenderest spirit conceived,
 To a citizen lady bereaved -.
 What notice of that has there been ?

Condolences, gentle and kind,
 From Britain were sent o'er the sea,
 But still all unheeded they be—
 What moral in this may we find ?

And last, 'mong these failures by dozens,
 Our Telegraph Cable † is lost ;
 So 'tis fruitless, we find to our cost,
 This "dropping a line" to our cousins.

* The autograph letter of condolence from Queen Victoria to the widow of President Lincoln.

† The first one.



MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

MOLLY CAREW.

OCH HONE! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost;
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis *dhramas* and not sleep comes into my head,
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame;
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature,
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair,
 And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
 Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky,
 And by this and by that,
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same!
 Och hone! *weirasthu!*
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?

Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it
snublime,

And then for your cheek !

Throth, 'twould take him a week

Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.

Then your lips ! oh, *machree* !

In their beautiful glow,

They a pattrern might be

For the cherries to grow.

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,

For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago ;

But at this time o' day,

'Pon my conscience I'll say

Such cherries might tempt a man's father !

Och hone ! *weirasthru* !

I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone ! by the man in the moon,

You *taze* me all ways

That a woman can plaze,

For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat

Magee,

As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,

Tho' the piper I bate,

For fear the owld chate

Wouldn't play you your favourite tune ;

And when you're at mass

My devotion you crass,

For 'tis thinking of you
 I am, Molly Carew,
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
 That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep :—
 Oh, lave off that bonnet,
 Or else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandherin' sowl !
 Och hone ! *weirasthru* !
 Och hone ! like an owl,
 Day is night, dear, to me, without you !

Och hone ! don't provoke me to do it ;
 For there's girls by the score
 That loves me—and more,
 And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd
 meet
 My weddin' all marchin in' pride down the sthreet ;
 Throth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise,
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it !
 And faith Katty Naile,
 And her cow, I go bail,
 Would jump if I'd say,
 “ Katty Naile, name the day.”
 And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in
 May,
 While she's short and dark like a cowld winther's
 day,

How sweet 'tis to listen, with too willing ear,
To words that we wish for—yet tremble to hear,
To which “*No*” would be cruel, and “*Yes*” would be
 weak,
And an answer is not on the lip, but the cheek,
While in eloquent pauses the eyes brightly glisten,—
Take care what you say, and take care how you listen.
 Take care how you listen—take care!

THE MOUNTAIN DEW.

By yon mountain tipp'd with cloud,
By the torrent foaming loud,
By the dingle where the purple bells of heather
 grew,
 Where Alpine flowers are hid,
 And where bounds the nimble kid,
There we've wander'd both together through the
 mountain dew.
With what delight, in summer's night, we trod the
 twilight gloom,
The air so full of fragrance from the flow'rs so full of
 bloom,
And our hearts so full of joy—for aught else there
 was no room,
As we wander'd both together through the moun-
 tain dew.

Those sparkling gems that rest
On the mountain's flow'ry breast
Are like the joys we number—they are bright and
few ;

For a while to earth are given,
And are called again to heaven,

When the spirit of the morning steals the mountain
dew.

But memory, angelic, makes a heaven on earth for
men,

Her rosy light recalleth bright the dewdrops back
again,

The warmth of love exhales them from that well-
remembered glen,

Where we wandered both together through the
mountain dew.



WOULD YOU KNOW WHO HAS MY VOW ?

WOULD you know who has my vow,

She who holds my heart in keeping,

Graceful as the willow bough,

O'er the streamlet weeping ;

With lips so bright, and teeth so white,

And eyes that shame the stars at night—

Oh, could I tell her beauties right,

It would mar your sleeping !

Would you know who has my vow,
She whose voice, like echo, telling
That there is an answering part
Within her young heart dwelling ;
The softest sound that e'er did wake
The echoes of some fairy lake,
Ne'er bore the breeze along the brake
A tone so softly swelling !

Could you know who has my vow,
You would wonder at my daring,
For, to grace so fair a brow,
A crown is worth the sharing !
With step as light as mountain fawn,
And blush as lovely as the dawn,
No form by fancy ever drawn
With her's can hold comparing !

MY NATIVE TOWN.

WE have heard of Charybdis and Scylla of old ;
Of Maelstrom the modern enough has been told ;
Of Vesuvius's blazes all travellers bold
Have established the bright renown ;
But spite of what ancients and moderns have said
Of whirlpools so deep, or volcanoes so red,
The place of all others on earth that I dread
Is my beautiful native town.

Where they sneer if you're poor, and they snarl if
you're rich ;

They know every cut that you make in your flitch ;
If your hose should be darn'd, they can tell every
stitch,

And they know when your wife got a gown ;
The *old* one, they say, was made *new* for the brat,
And they're sure you love mice—for you can't keep a
cat :

In the hot flame of scandal how blazes the fat
When it falls in your native town !

If a good stream of blood chance to run in your
veins,

They think to remember it not worth the pains,
For *losses* of caste are to them all the *gains*,

So they treasure each *base* renown ;

If your mother sold apples—your father his oath,
And was cropp'd of his ears, yet you'll hear of them
both,

For loathing all low things, they never are loath,
In your virtuous native town.

If the dangerous heights of renown you should try,
And give all the laggards below the go-by,

For fear you'd be hurt with your climbing so high,
They're the first to pull you down.

Should Fame give you wings, and you mount in
 despite,
 They swear Fame is wrong, and that they're in the
 right,
 And reckon you *there*, though you're far out of sight
 Of the owls of your native town.

Then give me the world, boys ! that's open and wide,
 Where, honest in purpose and honest in pride,
 You are taken for *just what you're worth*, when you're
tried

And have paid your reckoning down ;
 Your coin's not mistrusted ;—the critical scale
 Does not weigh every piece—like a huxter at sale ;
 The *mint mark is on it*—although it might fail
 To pass in your native town.

MY DARK-HAIRED GIRL.

My dark-hair'd girl, thy ringlets deck,
 In silken curl, thy graceful neck ;
 Thy neck is like the swan, and fair as the pearl,
 And light as air the step is of my dark-hair'd girl.

My dark-hair'd girl, upon thy lip
 The dainty bee might wish to sip ;
 For thy lip it is the rose, and thy teeth they are pearl,
 And diamond is the eye of my dark-hair'd girl !

My dark-hair'd girl, I've promised thee,
 And thou thy faith hast given to me,
 And oh, I would not change for the crown of an earl
 The pride of being lov'd by my dark-hair'd girl !

THE FLAG IS HALF-MAST HIGH.

A BALLAD OF THE WALMER WATCH.*

A GUARD of honour kept its watch in Walmer's
 ancient hall,
 And sad and silent was the ward beside the Marshal's
 pall ;
 The measured tread beside the dead thro' echoing
 space might tell
 How solemnly the round was paced by lonely
 sentinel ;
 But in the guard-room, down below, a war-worn
 veteran gray
 Recounted all THE HERO's deeds, through many a
 glorious day :
 How, 'neath the red-cross flag he made the foes of
 Britain fly—
 "Though now, for him," the veteran said, "that flag
 is half-mast high !"

* Arthur, Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, died on the 14th of September, 1852, at Walmer Castle, where his body lay in state under a guard of honour.

“ I mark one day, when far away the Duke on duty
went,
That Soutl came reconnoitering our front with fierce
intent ;
But when his ear caught up our cheer, the cause he
did divine,
He could not doubt why that bold shout was ringing
up the line ;
He *felt* it was the Duke come back, his lads to
reassure,
And our position, weak before, he felt was then secure,*
He beat retreat, while we did beat advance, and made
him fly
Before the conquering flag—that now is drooping half-
mast high ! ”

And truly might the soldier say HIS presence ever
gave
Assurance to the most assured, and bravery to the
brave ;
His prudence-tempered valour—his eagle-sighted skill,
And calm resolves, the measure of a hero went to fill.
Fair Fortune flew before him ; 'twas conquest where
he came—
For Victory wove her chaplet in the magic of his
name,

* This incident, which occurred in the Pyrenees, is related in Napier's " History of the Peninsular War."

But while his name thus gilds the past, the present
wakes a sigh,
To see his flag of glory now—but drooping half-mast
high !

In many a bygone battle, beneath an Indian sun,
That flag was borne in triumph o'er the sanguine
plains he won ;
Where'er that flag he planted, impregnable became,
As Torres Vedras' heights have told in glittering steel
and flame.

'Twas then to wild Ambition's Chief he flung the
gauntlet down,
And from his iron grasp retrieved the ancient Spanish
crown ;
He drove him o'er the Pyrenees with Victory's
swelling cry,
Before the red-cross flag—that now is drooping half
mast high !

And when once more from Elba's shore the Giant
Chief broke loose,
And startled nations waken'd from the calm of hollow
truce,
In foremost post the British host soon sprang to arms
again,
And Fate in final balance held the world's two fore-
most men.

The Chieftains twain might ne'er again have need for
aught to do,
So, once for all, we won the fall at glorious
Waterloo ;—
The work was done, and Wellington his saviour-sword
laid by,
And now, in grief, to mourn our Chief—the flag is
half-mast high !

THE FOUNTAIN AND THE FLOWER.

A GENTLE flow'r of pallid hue,
Beside a sportive fountain grew,
And, as the streamlet murmur'd by,
Methought the flowret seem'd to sigh,
“ Yes, you may speed, in sparkling track,
Your onward course, nor e'er come back,
And murmur still your flattering song
To ev'ry flower you glide along.”
And fancy said, in tender dream,
“ The flower is Woman, Man the stream.”

And fancy still, in fev'rish dream,
Pursued the course of that wild stream,
O'er rocks and falls all heedless cast,
And in the ocean lost at last :
“ Glide on,” methought the flowret cried,
“ Bright streamlet, in thy sparkling pride ;

But when thro' deserts far you roam,
 Perchance you'll sigh for early home,
 And, sorrowing, think of that pale flow'r
 You hurried by at morning hour."

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW.

TALK not to me of future bliss !
 Talk not to me of joys gone by !
 For us, the happiest hour is this,
 When love bids time to fly :
 The future—doubt may overcast,
 To shadow Hope's young brow ;
 Oblivion's veil may shroud the past—
 The happiest time is now !

Tho' flowers in spicy vases thrown
 Some odour yet exhale,
 Their fragrance, e'er the bloom was flown,
 Breathed sweeter on the gale :
 Like faded flowers, each parted bliss
 Let memory keep—but how
 Can joy that's past be like to this ?
 The happiest time is now !

Unmark'd our course before us lies
O'er time's eternal tide ;
And soon the sparkling ripple dies
We raise, as on we glide ;
Our barks the brightest bubbles fling
For ever from the prow ;—
Then let us gaily sail, and sing
“The happiest time is now !”

BEAUTY AND TIME.

TIME met Beauty one day in her garden,
Where roses were blooming fair ;
Time and Beauty were never good friends,
So she wonder'd what brought him there.
Poor Beauty exclaim'd, with a sorrowful air,
“I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare,”
For Time was going to mow them all down,
While Beauty exclaim'd with her prettiest frown,
“Fie, Father Time !”

“Well,” said Time, “at least let me gather
A few of your roses here,
’Tis part of my pride, to be always supplied
With such roses, the whole of the year.”

Poor Beauty consented, tho' half in despair ;
 And Time, as he went, ask'd a lock of her hair,
 And, as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
 He vow'd 'twas for love—but she knew 'twas for spite.
 Oh fie, Father Time !

Time went on—and left Beauty in tears ;
 He's a telltale, the world well knows,
 So he boasted, to all, of the fair lady's fall,
 And show'd the lost ringlet and rose.
 So shocked was poor Beauty to find that her fame
 Was ruin'd,—tho' she was in nowise to blame,
 That she droop'd—like some flow'r that is torn from
 its clime,
 And her friends all mysteriously said, "*It was Time.*"
 Oh fie, Father Time !

THE CHILD AND THE GOSSAMER.

A SUNBEAM was playing thro' flow'rs that hung
 Round a casement that look'd to the day,
 And its bright touch waken'd a child, who sung
 As it woke, and begun its play ;
 And it play'd with the gossamer beam that shed
 Its fairy brightness around its head :
 Oh, 'twas sweet to see that child so fair
 At play with the dazzling things of air !

Oh, ne'er was a lovelier plaything seen,
To childhood's simplicity given :
It seem'd like a delicate link between
The creatures of earth and heaven.

But the sunbeam was cross'd by an angry cloud,
And the gossamer died in the shadowy shroud,
And the child look'd sad when the bright things
fled,
And its smile was gone—and its tears were shed.

Oh, gentle child, in thy infant play,
An emblem of life hast thou seen ;
For joys are like sunbeams, more fleeting than they,
And sorrows cast shadows between ;
And friends that in moments of brightness are
won,
Like gossamer, only are seen in the sun :
Oh, many a lesson of sadness may
Be learn'd from a joyous child at play.

WHO ARE YOU ?

“There are very impudent people in London,” said a country cousin of mine in 1837. “As I walked down the Strand, a fellow stared at me and shouted, ‘Who are you?’ Five minutes after another passing me, cried, ‘Flare up’—but a civil gentleman, close to his heels, politely asked ‘How is your mother?’”

[This *mere* trifle is almost unintelligible now, but when first published was so effective and popular, as illustrating *genteelly* the *slang* cries of the street, that it was honoured by French and Italian versions from the sparkling pen of the renowned “Father Prout,” in *Bentley’s Miscellany*.]

“WHO are you? who are you?

Little boy that’s running after
Everybody, up and down,

Mingling sighing with your laughter?”

“I am Cupid, lady Belle;

I am Cupid, and no other.”

“Little boy, then prythee tell

How is Venus?—*How’s your mother?*

Little boy, little boy,

I desire you tell me true,

Cupid—oh, you’re altered so,

No wonder I cry, *Who are you?*

“WHO are you? who are you?

Little boy, where is your bow?

Yca had a bow, my little boy——”

“So had you, ma’am—long ago.”

“Little boy, where is your torch?”

“Madam, I have given it up :

Torches are no use at all—

Hearts will never now *flare up*.”

“Naughty boy, naughty boy,

Such words as these I never knew ;

Cupid—oh, you’re altered so,

No wonder I say, *Who are you ?*”



MY GENTLE LUTE.

My gentle lute, alone with thee

I wake thy saddest tone,

It seems as if thou mourn’st with me

For hours of gladness gone.

If, haply, ’mongst thy wailing strings

My finger lightly fall,

Some vision of the past it brings

Of days we can’t recall.

My gentle lute, how oft have we,

Beneath the moonlight ray,

To beauty’s ear breath’d harmony

In many a love-taught lay !

But she who loved, and he who sung,
 Are chang'd, my lute ; and thou,
 That oft to lays of love hast rung,
 Must tell of sorrow now.

Some happier hand in future hours
 May wake thy liveliest string,
 And wreath thee o'er, my lute, with flow'rs,
 As I did—in my spring.
 But yield, till then, before we part,
 Thy saddest tone to me,
 And let thy mourning master's hear
 An echo find in thee.

THE ANGEL'S WING.

There is a German superstition that when a sudden silence takes place in company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.

WHEN by the evening's quiet light
 There sit two silent lovers,
 They say, while in such tranquil plight,
 An angel round them hovers ;

And further still old legends tell,
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus a musing minstrel stray'd
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid
With a bard's devotion ;—
Yet his love he never spoke
Till now the silent spell he broke,—
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fann'd by the passing angel's wing.

“I have loved thee well and long,
With love of Heaven's own making!—
This is not a poet's song,
But a true heart speaking ;
I will love thee still untired !”
He felt—he spoke—as one inspired ;
The words did from Truth's fountain spring,
Upwaken'd by the angel's wing.

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovelier making,—
And by her blush he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.

It came like sunshine o'er his heart,
 He felt that they should never part,
 She spoke—and oh, the lovely thing
 Had felt the passing angel's wing !

SONG OF THE SPANISH PEASANT.

How oft have we met
 Where the gay castanet
 In the sprightly fandango was sounding,
 Where no form seem'd so light,
 Nor no eye beam'd so bright
 As thine, my Lorença, to me ;
 Though many, surrounding,
 Were lovely as maidens might be,
 In form and in face,—
 Oh, they wanted the grace
 That ever is playing round thee.

My pretty brunette,
 Canst thou ever forget
 How I trembled lest hope should deceive me,
 When, under the shade
 By the orange grove made,
 I whisper'd my passion to thee ?

And oh, love, believe me,
 Like that ever-blossoming tree,*
 Thro' sunshine and shade,
 In this heart, dearest maid,
 Is love ever blooming for thee.

CAN'T YOU GUESS?

CAN'T you guess why your friends all accuse you

Of moping, and pleasing the less?

And why nothing in life can amuse you?

Can't you guess?

And why now your slumbers are broken

By dreams that your fancy possess,

In which a sweet name is oft spoken,—

Can't you guess?

Can't you guess why you always are singing

The songs that we heard the last spring?

Do you think of their musical ringing,

Or how sweetly the *Captain* can sing?

With him you were always duetting,

And your solos were singing the less;

Now which is the best for coquetting?—

Can't you guess?

* The orange-tree blossoms through the whole year.

'Tis an accident scarce worth repeating,
 Yet people you know, dear, will talk ;
 But 'tis strange how you *always* are meeting
 With—*some one you know*, when you walk.
 You are fond of the grove,—'tis so shady,
 Besides, 'tis frequented the less :
 Is a tale there best told to a lady ?—
 But if you won't tell—I can guess !

FĀG-AN-BEALACH.*

This song occurs in a scene of political excitement described in the story of "He would be a Gentleman," but might equally belong to many other periods of the history of Ireland,—a harassed land, which has been forced to nurse in secret many a deep and dread desire.

FILL the cup, my brothers,
 To pledge a toast,
 Which, beyond all others,
 We prize the most ;
 As yet 'tis but a notion
 We dare not name ;
 But soon o'er land and ocean
 'Twill fly with fame !
 Then give the game before us
 One view holla,
 Hip ! hurra ! in chorus,
 Fäg-an-Bealach.

* Pronounced *Faug-a-bollagh*, meaning "clear the road," or "clear the way."

We our hearts can fling, boys,
 O'er this notion,
 As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
 Dips the ocean.
 'Tis too deep for words, boys,
 The thought we know,
 So, like the ocean bird, boys,
 We touch and go :
 For dangers deep surrounding,
 Our hopes might swallow ;
 So, through the tempest bounding,
 Fäg-an-Bealach.

This thought with glory rife, boys,
 Did brooding dwell,
 'Till time did give it life, boys,
 To break the shell ;
 'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
 An unfledged thing,
 But soon, an eaglet flying,
 'Twill take the wing !
 For 'tis no timeling frail, boys,—
 No summer swallow,—
 'Twill live through winter's gale, boys,
 Fäg-an-Bealach.

Lawyers may indite us
 By crooked laws,

Soldiers strive to fright us
 From country's cause ;
 But we will sustain it
 Living—dying—
 Point of law or bay'net
 Still defying !
 Let their parchment rattle—
 Drums are hollow :
 So is lawyers' prattle—
 Fäg-an-Bealach.

Better early graves, boys—
 Dark locks gory,
 Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
 When they're hoary.
 Fight it out we must, boys,
 Hit or miss it,
 Better bite the dust, boys,
 Than to kiss it !
 For dust to dust at last, boys—
 Death *will* swallow—
 Hark ! the trumpet's blast, boys,
 Fäg-an-Bealach.

OUR OWN WHITE CLIFF.

THE boat that left yon vessel's side—
Swift as the sea-bird's wing,
Doth skim across the sparkling tide
Like an enchanted thing !
Enchantment, there, *may* bear a part,
 Her might is in each oar,
 For love inspires each island heart
 That nears its native shore ;
And as they gaily speed along,
The breeze before them bears their song :
 “ Oh, merrily row, boys—merrily !
 Bend the oar to the bounding skiff,
 Of every shore
 Wide ocean o'er
 There's none like our own White Cliff ! ”

Through sparkling foam they bound—they dart—
The much-loved shore they nigh—
With deeper panting beats each heart,
More brightly beams each eye ;
As on the crowded strand they seek
 Some well-known form to trace,
In hopes to meet some blushing cheek,
 Or wife or child's embrace ;

The oar the spray now faster flings,
 More gaily yet each seaman sings :
 " Oh, merrily row, boys—merrily !
 Bend the oar to the bounding skiff,
 Of every shore,
 Wide ocean o'er,
 There's none like our own White Cliff !"

THE LADY'S HAND.

To horse ! to horse ! the trumpet sings,
 'Midst clank of spear and shield ;
 The knight into his saddle springs,
 And rushes to the field ;
 A lady look'd from out her bow'r,
 A stately knight drew near,
 And from her snowy hand she dropt
 Her glove upon his spear ;
 He placed it on his helmet's crest,
 And join'd the gallant band ;
 " The lady's glove but now is mine,
 But soon I'll win the hand !"

Above the plunging tide of fight
 The plumes now dance like spray,
 Where many a crest of note and might
 Bore proudly through the fray ;

But still the little glove was seen
The foremost of the band,
And deadly blows the fiercest fell
From that fair lady's hand ;
Before the glove each foeman flies !
Its onset none can stand ;—
More fatal e'en than lady's eyes
Was that fair lady's hand.

And now the trumpet sounds retreat,
The foeman drops his crest,
The fight is past, the sun has set,
And all have sunk to rest—
Save one—who spurs his panting steed
Back from the conquering band,
And he who won the lady's glove,
Now claims the lady's hand ;—
'Tis won !—'tis won !—that gallant knight
Is proudest in the land ;—
Oh, what can nerve the soldier's arm
Like hope of lady's hand !

THE SILENT FAREWELL.

IN silence we parted, for neither could speak,
 But the tremulous lip and the fast-fading cheek
 To both were betraying what neither could tell—
 How deep was the pang of that silent farewell !

There are signs—ah ! the slightest—that love under-
 stands,
 In the meeting of eyes—in the parting of hands—
 In the quick breathing sighs that of deep passion tell :
 Oh, such were the signs of our silent farewell !

There's a language more glowing love teaches the
 tongue
 Than poet e'er dreamed, or than minstrel e'er sung,
 But oh, far beyond all such language could tell,
 The love that *was* told in that silent farewell !

 'TIS TIME TO FLY.

BEWARE the chain love's wreathing
 When some sweet voice you hear,
 Whose gentlest, simplest breathing
 Is music to thine ear ;

And when in glances fleeting,
Some softly-speaking eye
With thine is often meeting—
Oh, then—'tis time to fly !

If there be form of lightness
To which thine eyes oft stray,
Or neck of snowy whiteness—
Remember'd—when away,
These symptoms love resemble—
And when some hand is nigh,
Whose touch doth make thee tremble—
Oh, then—'tis time to fly !

But if that voice of sweetness,
Like echo, still return ;
And if that eye of brightness
With fascination burn ;
To 'scape thou art not able,
No effort vainly try,
For, like the bird in fable,
Alas ! thou can'st not fly.

WHEN GENTLE MUSIC.

WHEN gentle music's sounding—
 Such as this ;
 'Tis sweet when friends surrounding
 Share our bliss ;
 But love them as we may,
 We love them less when near,
 Than when, through mem'ry's tear,
 We view them—far away !

When over deserts burning,
 Far we roam,
 'Tis sweet, at last, returning
 To our home :
 Be't happy as it may,
 That home no bliss bestows,
 So fairy-bright, as those
 We fancied when away.

And when fond hearts are meeting,
 Beating high ;
 How sweet the brilliant greeting
 Of the eye :
 But tho' so bright its ray,
 To lovers far more dear
 Is the sad, the secret tear
 Shed for one who's far away.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Mother.

Now what are you crying for, Nelly?
 Don't be blubbering there like a fool;
 With the weight o' the grief, faith, I tell you
 You'll break down the three-legged stool.
 I suppose now you're crying for Barney,
 But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say,
 He tells nothing but big lies and blarney,—
 Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Karney.

Daughter.

But, mother!

Mother.

Oh, bother!

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away,
 And I dreamt th' other night
 Of his ghost—*all in white!*

[*Mother speaks in an undertone.*

The dirty blackguard!]

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away.

Mother.

If he's going away all the better,—

Blessed hour when he's out o' your sight !

There's one comfort—you can't get a letter—

For yiz* neither can read nor can write.

Sure, 'twas only last week you protested,

Since he coorted fat Jinney M'Cray,

That the sight o' the scamp you detested—

With abuse sure your tongue never rested—

Daughter.

But, mother !

Mother.

Oh, bother !

Daughter.

Oh, mother, he's going away !

[*Mother, speaking again with peculiar parental piety,*

May he never come back !]

Daughter.

And I dream of his ghost

Walking round my bedpost—

Oh, mother, he's going away !

* Ye.

UNDER THE ROSE.

IF a secret you'd keep, there is one I could tell,
Though I think, from my eyes, you might get it as
well,

But as it might ruffle another's repose,
Like a thorn let it be ;—that is—under the rose.

As Love, in the garden of Venus, one day,
Was sporting where he was forbidden to play,
He fear'd that some Sylph might his mischief disclose,
So he slyly concealed himself—under a rose.

Where the likeness is found to thy breath and thy lips,
Where honey the sweetest the summer bee sips,
Where Love, timid Love, found the safest repose,
There our secret we'll keep, dearest,—under the rose.

The maid of the East a fresh garland may wreathe,
To tell of the passion she dares not to breathe :
Thus, in *many* bright flowers she her flame may
disclose,
But in *one* she finds secrecy ;—under the rose.

THE SOLDIER.

'Twas a glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
 Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
 When, 'midst the shout of victory swelling,
 A soldier fell on the field he won !
 He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,
 And thought of glory without a smile ;
 For what had he to do with laurels ?
 He was only one of the rank-and-file !
 But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,*
 And drank to his pretty *colleen*,†
 "Oh, darling," says he, "when I die,
 You won't be a widow—for why ?
 Ah ! you never would have me, *vourneen*."‡

A raven tress from his bosem taking,
 That now was stained with his life-stream shed,
 A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
 He blessings sought on the lov'd one's head ;
 And visions fair of his native mountains
 Arose, enchanting his fading sight—
 Their emerald valleys and crystal fountains
 Were never shining more green and bright ;
 And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,

* A dram bottle. † Girl. ‡ A term of endearment.

He pledged his dear Island of Green :
"Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest Isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been."

A tear now fell, for, as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
Brought heaven, and home, and his true love nigh
But with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorn'd surrender without a blow !
He made with death capitulation,
And with warlike honours he still would go ;
For draining his little *cruiskeen*,
He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
To the emerald land of his birth—
And lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen !

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

How sweet, how sweet 'tis to return
Where once we've happy been,
Tho' paler now life's lamp may burn,
And years have roll'd between ;

And if the eyes beam welcome yet
That wept our parting then,
Oh, in the smiles of friends, thus met,
We live whole years again.

They tell us of a fount that flow'd
In happier days of yore,
Whose waters bright fresh youth bestow'd,
Alas ! the fount's no more.
But smiling memory still appears,
Presents her cup, and when
We sip the sweets of vanish'd years,
We live those years again.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

OFt have I mark'd, as o'er the sea
We've swept before the wind,
That those whose hearts were on the shore
Cast longing looks behind ;
While they whose hopes have elsewhere been,
Have watch'd with anxious eyes
To see the hills that lay before
Faint o'er the waters rise.

'Tis thus as o'er the sea of life
 Our onward course we track,
 That anxious sadness looks before,
 The happy still look back ;
 Still smiling on the course they've pass'd,
 As earnest of the rest :—
 'Tis Hope's the charm of wretchedness,
 While Mem'ry woos the blest.

THEY SAY MY SONGS ARE ALL THE SAME.

THEY say my songs are all the same,
 Because I only sing of thee :
 Then be it so—and let them blame—
 Such thoughts are dearer far to me
 Than all the voice of Fame !
 Let plaudits ring, and fame reply,
 Ah, sweeter far thy gentle sigh !
 Let critics frown—I laugh the while—
 What critic's frown is worth thy smile ?
 They say, &c. &c.

Poor critic !—hadst thou but the chance
 To steal my Stella's dazzling glance
 When votive wreath of song I twine,
 To lay on love's immortal shrine,

Couldst thou but see the mantling blush
 Rewarding passion's lay,
 Thou wouldst not bid me nay—
 Then, loveless critic, hush !
 They say, &c. &c.

Go, blame the rose's lovely hue,
 Blame the bright sky for being blue,
 Blame time when made of happiest hours,
 Blame perfume shed from sweetest flowers,
 And then blame me for being fond
 Of something all these sweets beyond !
 Then be my songs still all the same,
 For I *will* always sing of thee :
 Thus be it so—and *let* them blame—
 Such thoughts are dearer far to me
 Than all the voice of fame !

THE VENETIAN LOVE CHASE.

A SEA-NYMPH, fond and fair,
 She lov'd a gondolier,
 Who lov'd her songs to hear
 Upon the stilly air,
 Over the deep lagune,
 When the midnight moon
 Her silver path display'd—
 (A path for lovers made) ;

But ah ! that light,
So soft and bright,
Is sometimes crossed by shade.
But, lovers, do not fear,
Tho' the moon forsake the night :
For heaven hath other light
For a faithful gondolier.

And, night by night, more far
The gondolier would stray,
Allured by that soft lay,
And lit by one bright star.
Bolder and bolder, he,
Over the sounding sea
Pursued that witching strain,
But, ah ! the lover's pain,
When to the shore,
With weary oar,
He sadly turned again.
But still he kept good cheer,
"For so fair a prize," said he,
"I still must bolder be !"
Oh, fearless gondolier !

At length so bold he grew,
That when the storm would rise,
And rayless were the skies,
Across the deep he flew,

Seeking that siren sound :
 When tempests raged around,
 He deadly dangers sought ;
 For life he held at nought,
 Unless the charm
 That nerved his arm
 Love's sweet rewardings brought.
 Oh, timid lovers, hear,
 How the blue-eyed nymph at last,
 For his dangers, bravely past,
 Bless'd her gallant gondolier !

THE TRYSTING TREE.

Now the golden sun hath set,
 And I am at the trysting tree,
 Dearest, you will not forget
 That here to meet you promised me.
 Now is every flower closing,
 Falling is the evening dew,
 Birds are with their mates reposing—
 Where, my true Love, where are you ?

Darkness is around descending,
 See the lovely ev'ning star,
 Like a brilliant page, attending
 On the young moon's silver car !

While together thus they wander
Through the silent summer sky,
So on earth, less bright, but fonder,
Dearest, so will you and I,

LOVE AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

WHEN o'er the silent deep we rove,
More fondly than our thoughts will stray
To those we leave—to those we love,
Whose prayers pursue our watery way.
When in the lonely midnight hour
The sailor takes his watchful stand,
His heart then feels the holiest power
Of love and home and native land.

In vain may tropic climes display
Their glittering shores—their gorgeous shells ;
Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,
And glorious flowers adorn the dells,
Though Nature, there prolific, pours
The treasures of her magic hand,
The eye, but not the heart, adores :
The heart still beats for native land.

KITTY CREAGH.

“OH, tell me now where you are going,
Sweet Kitty Creagh !”

“To the glen where the hazels are growing,
I’m taking my way.”

“The nuts are not ripe yet, sweet Kitty---
As yet we’re but making the hay :
An autumn excuse
Is in summer no use,
Sweet Kitty Creagh.”

“What is it to you where I’m going,
Misther Maguire ?

The twigs in the hazel glen growing
Make a good fire.”

“The turf in the bog’s nearer, Kitty,
And fitter for firing, they say ;
Don’t think me a goose ;
Faith, I twig your excuse,
Sly Kitty Creagh.”

“We’re saving our turf for the winther,
Misther Maguire ;
And your gibes and your jokes shall not hindher
What I require.”

“Ah, I know why you’re going there, Kitty,

Not *fire*, but a *flame* you should say
 You seek in the shade
 Of the hazel wood glade,
 Sly Kitty Creagh !

“There’s a stream through that hazel wood flowing,
 Sweet Kitty Creagh ;
 Where I see, with his fishing-rod going,
 Phelim O’Shea ;
 ’Tis not for the nuts *you* are seeking,
 Nor gathering of fuel in May,
 And ’tis not catching throuth
 That young Phelim’s about,
 Sweet Kitty Creagh ”

MARY MACHREE.

THE flower of the valley was Mary Machree,
 Her smiles all bewitching were lovely to see,
 The bees round her humming, when summer was gone,
 When the roses were fled, might take her lip for one ;
 Her laugh it was music—her breath it was balm—
 Her heart, like the lake, was as pure and as calm,
 Till love o’er it came, like a breeze o’er the sea,
 And made the heart heave of sweet Mary Machree.

She loved—and she wept : for was gladness e’er known
 To dwell in the bosom that Love makes its own ?

His joys are but moments—his griefs are for years—
 He comes all in smiles—but he leaves all in tears.
 Her lover was gone to a far distant land,
 And Mary, in sadness, would pace the lone strand,
 And tearfully gaze o'er the dark rolling sea
 That parted her soldier from Mary Machree.

THE ROAD OF LIFE ;

OR, SONG OF THE IRISH POSTBOY.

O! youth, happy youth ! what a blessing
 In thy freshness of dawn and of dew !
 When hope the young heart is caressing,
 And our griefs are but light and but few :
 Yet in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
 Some musing for sadness we find ;
 In youth—we've our troubles before us,
 In age—we leave pleasure behind.

Aye—Trouble's the postboy that drives us
 Up-hill till we get to the top,
 While Joy's an old servant behind us
 We call on for ever to stop.

“ Oh, put on the drag, Joy, my jewel !
 As long as the sunset still glows ;
 Before it is dark 'twould be cruel
 To haste to the hill-foot's repose.

But *there* stands an inn we must stop at,
 An extinguisher swings for the sign ;
 That house is but cold and but narrow—
 But the prospect beyond it—divine !
 And there—whence there's never returning,
 When we travel—as travel we must—
 May the gates be all free for our journey !
 And the tears of our friends lay the dust !

TEA-TABLE TACTICS.

THEY may talk of the ruin
 That Bacchus is brewing,
 But if my advice a young soldier would ask, sir,
 I would say that the hiccups
 Are safer than tea-cups,
 So beware of the *chaynee*, and stick to your flask, sir
 Had I stood to my bowl,
 Like a gay jovial soul,
 By this time I might be a general officer ;
 But I dallied with Sally,
 And Betty, and Ally,
 And lost all my time with their *tay* and their coffee,
 sir.
 Oh, *tay* is a dangerous drink,
 When the lady that makes it's a beauty ;

With her fingers so *nate*,
 She presents you a plate,
 And to cut bread and butter she puts you on duty ;
 Then she pouts her bright lips,
 While the Congou she sips,
 And her sweet mouth some question demanding,
 Puts your heart beyond all self-commanding ;
 Through the steam of the teapot her eyes shine like
 stars,
 And Venus again makes a conquest of Mars.

When I entered the army,
 At first it did charm me ;
 Says I, " By St. Patrick, I'll yet live in story :
 When war is announced——"
 But a petticoat flounced
 With a *nate* bit of lace, it ensnar'd me from glory.
 Had I mounted the breach,
 Glory's lesson to teach,
 I might have escaped, and a pension be paying me ;
 Instead of soft folly
 With Nancy or Molly,
 Which bound me, like Sampson, while Cupid was
 slaying me.
 Oh, *tay* is a dangerous drink, &c. &c.

LADY MINE.

LADY mine ! lady mine !
 Take the rosy wreath I twine ;
 All its sweets are less than thine,
 Lady, lady mine !
 The blush that on thy cheek is found,
 Bloometh *fresh* the whole year round ;
 Thy sweet *breath* as sweet, gives *sound*,
 Lady, lady mine !

Lady mine ! lady mine !
 How I love the graceful vine,
 Whose tendrils mock thy ringlet's twine,
 Lady, lady mine !
 How I love that gen'rous tree
 Whose ripe clusters promise me
 Bumpers bright—to pledge to *thee*,
 Lady, lady mine !

Lady mine ! lady mine !
 Like the stars that nightly shine,
 Thy sweet eyes shed light divine,
 Lady, lady mine !
 And as sages wise, of old,
 From the stars could fate unfold,
 Thy bright eyes *my* fortune told,
 Lady, lady mine !

I LEAVE YOU TO GUESS.

THERE'S a lad that I know ; and I know that he
Speaks softly to me,
The *cushla-ma-chree*.

He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
But whom it may be—I'm not going to tell.

He's straight as a rush, and as bright as the stream
That around it doth gleam,
Oh, of him how I dream !

I'm as high as his shoulder—the way that I know
Is, he caught me one day, just my measure to show.

He whisper'd a question one day in my ear ;
When he breath'd it—oh dear,
How I trembled with fear !

What the question he asked was, I need not confess,
But the answer I gave to the question was—" Yes."

His eyes they are bright, and they look'd so kind
When I was inclin'd
To speak my mind ;

And his breath is so sweet—oh the rose's is less,
And how I found it out—why, I leave you to guess.

DERMOT O'DOWD.

WHEN Dermot O'Dowd coorted Molly M'Cann,
 They were as sweet as the honey and as soft as
 the down,
 But when they were wed they began to find out
 That Dermot could storm, and that Molly could
 frown ;
 They would neither give in—so the neighbours gave
 out—
 Both were hot, till a coldness came over the two,
 And Molly would fluster, and Dermot would bluster,
 Stamp holes in the flure, and cry out "*Weirasthru!*
 Oh, murther ! I'm married !
 I wish I had tarried ;
 I'm sleepless, and speechless—no word can I say ;
 My bed is no use—
 I'll give back to the goose
 The feathers I pluck'd on last Michaelmas Day."

" Ah," says Molly, " you once used to call me a bird."
 " Faix you're ready enough still to fly out," says he.
 " You said then my eyes were as bright as the skies,
 And my lips like the rose—now no longer like me."
 Says Dermot, " Your eyes are as bright as the morn,
 But your frown is as black as a big thunder cloud ;
 If your lip is a rose, faith your tongue is a thorn
 That sticks in the heart of poor Dermot O'Dowd."

Says Molly, "You once said my voice was a thrush,
 But now it's a rusty old hinge with a creak."
 Says Dermot, "You called me a duck when I coorted,
 But now I'm a goose every day in the week ;—
 But all husbands are geese, though our pride it may
 shock,
 From the first 'twas ordain'd so by Nature, I
 fear ;
 Ould Adam himself was the first of the flock,
 And Eve, with her apple sauce, cook'd him, my
 dear."

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

"WHAT will you do, love, when I am going,
 With white sail flowing,
 The seas beyond ?—
 What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
 And friends may chide us
 For being fond ?"
 "Tho' waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
 In faith abiding,
 I'll still be true !
 And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
 In deep devotion—
 That's what I'll do !"

“What would you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings

Should undermine?—

And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes

Were as bright as thine?”

“Oh, name it not!—tho' guilt and shame

Were on thy name,

I'd still be true :

But that heart of thine—should another share it—

I could not bear it !

What would I do ?”

“What would you do, love, when home returning,

With hopes high-burning,

With wealth for you,

If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,

Should be lost near home—

Ah ! what would you do ?”

“So thou wert spar'd—I'd bless the morrow

In want and sorrow,

That left me you ;

And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,

This heart thy pillow—

That's what I'd do !”

THE DREAMER.

“DREAMING—dreaming—dreaming !—

Dreamer, what dreamest thou ?”

“I dream of a lovely valley,

I dream of a mountain brow,

I dream of a mouldering ruin,

I dream of a turret tall,

And I dream of the verdant ivy

That clings to the castle wall ;

And I think as I gaze

Through Fancy’s haze,

Of a fairy hand, so fair,

That pluck’d the bright leaf

In an hour—too brief,

And wreathed it in her dark hair.”

“Dreaming—dreaming—dreaming !—

Dreamer, awake, and rise !

For sparkling things are round thee,

To win for thine own bright prize.

Of the past there is no returning,

The future uncertain gleams,

Be thine, then, the joys of the present,

Away with thy bardic dreams !”

“No—the dream is more sweet

Of those hours—too fleet,

When that fairy hand, so fair,
Did pluck the bright flow'r
From her own sweet bow'r
To wreathe in the raven hair."

THE ROYAL DREAM.

UPON a couch of royal state a LADY fair reposed,
And wrapt in pleasing visions bright her soft blue eye
was closed,
And in that dream so beautiful a mountain sprite was
seen,
Whose brow was circled with a wreath of triple leaves
so green.
Then sang the sprite, "Ah, LADY bright! why seek
a foreign shore,
And leave unseen thine island green where loyal hearts
adore?
You never met such welcome yet, ne'er saw such sunny
smile,
As will greet thee on thy landing in thine own Emerald
Isle."

And as the LADY dreamed, she smiled, and, waking,
spoke her mind—
"Prepare my bravest ships and spread their white
wings to the wind,

And bear me to the verdant isle the spirit showed to
me,

The fairest spot I yet have seen within my subject sea.”

The fav’ring gale soon filled the sail—the brave ships
make the shore—

A *fairy* bark then seeks the strand amid the cannon’s
roar ;

And her banner glitter’d in the sun—for heaven itself
did smile

On the landing of THE LADY in her own Emerald
Isle.

But THE LADY hears the million-shout above the
cannon’s roar

That thunder-shout of loyal hearts along the echoing
shore !

And her noble heart it echoed too—and thus did echo
say,

“I ne’er so proudly felt my power as on this glorious
day !”

It was a glorious day indeed—fond bosoms beating
high—

A blessing hung on every tongue—devotion lit each
eye :

Oh, brightest day of all her sway, the day she won
the smile

That did greet THE LADY landing in her own
Emerald Isle !

THE SUNSHINE IN YOU.

It is sweet when we look round the wide world's waste,
To know that the desert bestows
The palms where the weary head may rest,
The spring that in purity flows.
 And where have I found
 In this wilderness round,
That spring and that shelter so true ;
 Unfailing in need—
 And my own, indeed ?—
Oh, dearest, I've found it in you !

And oh, when the cloud of some darkening hour
O'ershadows the soul with its gloom,
Then where is the light of the vestal pow'r,
The lamp of pale hope to illumine ?
 Oh, the light ever lies
 In those fond bright eyes,
Where heaven has impress'd its own blue,
 As a seal from the skies ;
 And my heart relies
On that gift of its sunshine in you !

PADDY'S PASTORAL RHAPSODY.

WHEN Molly, th' other day, sir,
 Was makin' of the hay, sir,
 I ask'd her for to be my bride,
 And Molly she began to chide ;
 Says she, " You are too young, dear Pat."
 Says I, " My jew'l, I'll mend o' that."
 " You are too poor," says she, beside,
 When to convince her, then, I tried,
 That wealth is an invintion
 The wise should never mintion,
 And flesh is grass, and flowers will fade,
 And it's better be wed than die an owld maid.

The purty little sparrows
 Have neither ploughs nor harrows,
 Yet they live at aise, and are contint,
 Bekase, you see, they pay no rint ;
 They have no care nor flustherin',
 About diggin' or *industherin'* ;
 No foolish pride their comfort hurts—
 For they *eat* the flax, and wear no shirts—
 For wealth is an invintion, &c., &c.

Sure Nature clothes the hills, dear,
Without any tailor's bills, dear;
And the bees they sip their sweets, my sowl,
Though they never had a sugar bowl,
The dew it feeds the rose of June—
But 'tis not with a silver spoon :
Then let us patthern take from those,
The birds and bees, and lovely rose,
For wealth is an invintion, &c., &c.

Here's a cup to you my darlin',
Though I'm not worth a farthin',
I'll pledge my coat, to drink your health,
And then I'll envy no man's wealth ;
For when I'm drunk I think I'm rich,
I've a feather bed in every ditch,
I dhrame o' you, my heart's delight,
And how could I pass a pleasanter night ?
For wealth is an invintion, &c., &c.

THE TWO BIRDS.

A BRIGHT bird lived in a golden cage,
So gently tended by groom and page,
And a wild bird came, her pomp to see,
And said, "I wish I could live like thee ;

For thou can'st sing,
 And prune thy wing,
 While dainty fare
 Thy slaves prepare."

The wild bird came her pomp to see,
 And said, "I wish I could live like thee!"

Then from the cage came a plaintive voice,
 Which bade the wild bird to rejoice,
 "For I'd give my golden cage," said she,
 "For thy humble perch on the wild-wood tree ;
 For thou can'st sing
 On freedom's wing,
 These bars of gold
 A slave enfold ;"

"I'd give my golden cage," said she,
 "For thy humble perch on the wild-wood tree."

Then, when the bird of the wild wood knew
 The bright one weary of bondage grew,
 He set the pining captive free,
 And away they flew singing "Liberty."

 In joy they roam
 Their leafy home,
 And trill the lay
 The live long day—

The lay of love, from hearts set free,
 For love was blest with liberty!

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay ;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flowers of spring,
No flower was there
That could compare
To the blooming girl I sing,
As she sat in her low-back'd car—
The man at the turnpike bar
Never ask'd for the toll—
But just rubb'd his owld poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car !

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his titles
Of Death, in warlike cars ;
But 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-back'd car,
 Than battle more dangerous far,
 For the docthor's art
 Cannot cure the heart
 That is hit from that low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
 Has sthrings of ducks and geese,
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these ;
 While she among her poulthry sits,
 Just like a turtle dove,
 Well worth the cage,
 I do engage,
 Of the blooming God of Love !
 As she sits in her low-back'd car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin'
 As she sits in the low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach and four, and goold *galore*,*
 And a lady for my bride ;

* Plenty.

For the lady would sit *forninst** me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist,
 As we dhrove in the low-back'd car,
 To be married by Father Maher—
 Oh ! my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh—
 Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.



ASK ME NOT WHAT I AM THINKING

Ask me not what I am thinking—
 Why pale sadness sits on my cheek—
 Not when the full heart is sinking
 Is the fit moment to speak ;
 Wait—only wait till to-morrow,
 When morn on my parting shall shine,
 Perchance in thine own silent sorrow,
 Thou'lt guess at the meaning of mine.

Haply, at eve, when you wander
 Through the bloom and the sweets of thy bowers,
 Thy thought of the hand will be fonder
 That yesterday gathered thee flowers ;

* Before.

And, though as bright ones be braided
 At night in thy rich raven hair,
 Thy brow with regret will be shaded
 That he who adores is not there.

And in the ball's mazy measure,
 Receiving the homage of smiles,
 Vainly the lurings of pleasure
 Around thee are spreading their wiles ;
 There, 'mong the many—a lone one ;
 Vainly the revel may shine :
 'Midst all the mirth—thou'rt mine own one,
 Though I am absent—I'm thine !

THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

OH ! there's not a trade that's going,
 Worth showing,
 Or knowing,
 Like that from glory growing
 For a bowld sojer boy !
 When right or left we go,
 Sure you know,
 Friend or foe,
 Will have the hand or toe,
 From a bowld sojer boy !

There's not a town we march thro',
 But the ladies, looking arch thro'
 The window panes, will search thro'
 The ranks to find their joy ;
 While up the street,
 Each girl you meet,
 With look so sly,
 Will cry
 " My eye !
 Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy ! "

But when we get the route,
 How they pout,
 And they shout,
 While to the right about
 Goes the bowld sojer boy ;
 Oh, 'tis then, that ladies fair,
 In despair,
 Tear their hair,
 But " the divil-a-one I care,"
 Says the bowld sojer boy !
 For the world is all before us,
 Where the landladies adore us,
 And ne'er refuse to score us,
 But chalk us up with joy ;
 We taste her tap—
 We tear her cap—

“ Oh ! that’s the chap

For me ! ”

Says she,

“ Oh ! isn’t he a darling, the bowld sojer boy ! ”

“ Then come along with me,

Gramachree,

And you’ll see

How happy you will be

With your bowld sojer boy ;

Faith ! if you’re up to fun,

With me run,

’Twill be done

In the snapping of a gun,”

Says the bowld sojer boy ;

“ And ’tis then that, without scandal,

Myself will proudly dandle

The little farthing candle

Of our mutual flame, my joy ;

May his light shine

As bright as mine,

Till in the line

He’ll blaze,

And raise

The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy ! ”

A LEAF THAT REMINDS OF THEE.

How sweet is the hour we give,
When fancy may wander free,
To the friends who in memory live !—
For then I remember thee !
Then wing'd, like the dove from the ark,
My heart, o'er a stormy sea,
Brings back to my lonely bark
A leaf that reminds of thee !

But still does the sky look dark,
The waters still deep and wide,
Oh ! when may my lonely bark
In peace on the shore abide ?
But through the future far,
Dark though my course may be,
Thou art my guiding star !
My heart still turns to thee !

When I see thy friends I smile,
I sigh when I hear thy name ;
But they cannot tell, the while,
Whence the smile or the sadness came.
Vainly the world may deem
The cause of my sighs they know :—
The breeze that stirs the stream
Knows not the depths below

THE VOICE WITHIN.

You ask the dearest place on earth,
 Whose simple joys can never die ;
 'Tis the holy pale of the happy hearth,
 Where love doth light each beaming eye !
 With snowy shroud,
 Let tempests loud
 Around my old tower raise their din ;—
 What boots the shout
 Of storms without,
 While voices sweet resound within ?
 O ! dearer sound
 For the tempests round,
 The voices sweet within !

I ask not wealth, I ask not power,
 But, gracious Heaven, oh grant to me,
 That when the storms of fate may lower,
 My heart just like my home may be !
 When in the gale
 Poor Hope's white sail
 No haven can for shelter win ;
 Fate's darkest skies
 The heart defies,
 Whose still small voice is sweet within

Oh! heavenly sound!
'Mid the tempest round,
That voice so sweet within!

SAY NOT MY HEART IS COLD.

SAY not my heart is cold,
Though silent be my tongue ;
The lute of faultless mould
In silence oft hath hung ;
The fountain soonest spent
Doth babble down the steep ;
But the stream that ever went
Is silent, strong, and deep.

The charm of a secret life
Is given to choicest things :—
Of flowers, the fragrance rife
Is wafted on viewless wings ;
We see not the charmed air
Bearing some witching sound ,
And ocean deep is where
The pearl of price is found.

Where are the stars by day ?
They burn, though all-unseen ;
And love of purest ray
Is like the stars I ween :

Unmark'd is its gentle light
 When the sunshine of joy appears,
 But ever, in sorrow's night,
 'Twill glitter upon thy tears !

WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW *Machree*, it's no wonder you frown,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear—
 'Tis destroying your hair
 Which should be flowing free ;
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree !

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree :
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum ?
 Och 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,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och 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,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl'd ?
 Och 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, "Och hone ! Widow Machree ?"

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 You'd have me to desire,
 Then to sit by the fire,
 And sure Hope is no liar
 In whispering to me,
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you'd me near your heart,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

THE DOVE SONG.

Coo ! coo ! coo !
 Thus did I hear the turtle dove,
 Murmuring forth her love ;
 And as she flew from tree to tree,
 How melting seem'd the notes to me—
 Coo ! coo ! coo !
 So like the voice of lovers,
 'Twas passing sweet to hear
 The bird within the covers,
 In the spring-time of the year.

Coo ! coo ! coo !

Thus the songs return'd again—
 Through the shady glen ;
 But there I wander'd lone and sad,
 While every bird around was glad ;
 Thus so fondly murmur'd they,

Coo ! coo ! coo !

While *my* love was away.—
 And yet the song to lovers,
 Though sad, is sweet to hear,
 From birds within the covers,
 In the spring-time of the year.



THERE IS A GENTLE GLEAM.

THERE is a gentle gleam when the dawn is nigh,
 That sheds a tender light o'er the morning sky,
 When we see that light, we know
 That the noontide soon will glow.
 O ! such the light, I know,
 In my true love's eye.

There is a blushing bud on the springtide bough,
 That tells of coming fruit—tho' 'tis fruitless now ;

So, the blush I love to trace
 O'er the beauty of that face,
 Tells that love will come apace,
 As I breathe my vow.

There are mem'ries of the past which we all love well,
 And the present rings its chime like a silver bell ;
 But the future—all unknown—
 Hath a music of its own,
 For the promise of its tone
 Can all else excel !

THE CONVENT BELLE.

THERE once was a Novice, as I've heard tell,
 A Novice of some renown,
 Whose raven hair in ringlets fell
 O'er his yet unshaven crown ;
 But his vows as yet he had never said,
 Except to a blooming blue-eyed maid,
 And she had never confessed till now,
 To this Novice, who yet had not made his vow.
 So pious she grew, that early and late
 She was tapping, alone, at the convent gate ;
 And so often she went her sins to tell,
 That the villagers called her the Convent Belle.

Ding dong,
 My song,
 My song's of a Convent Belle.

The Novice continued the maid to hear,
 And swiftly the months went round :
 He had nearly pass'd his trial-year,
 Before he was guilty found.

But then suspicion began to spread,
 So the cowl he cast from his curly head,
 The maiden he wedded next morning tide,
 And his penitent pale was his blooming bride !
 The prior he storm'd at the bridegroom meek,
 Who answer'd him fast,—with a smile on his cheek.
 “ Good father, indeed I have acted well,—
 I was only *ringing* the Convent Belle.”

Ding dong,
 My song,
 My song's of a Convent Belle.

NATIVE MUSIC.

OH ! native music ! beyond comparing
 The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
 Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
 Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.
 Thy tones endearing,
 Or sad or cheering,
 The absent soothe on a foreign strand ;
 Ah ! who can tell
 What a holy spell
 Is in the song of our native land ?

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
 The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,
 The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,—
 All, all are touch'd by thy power divine !
 The captive cheerless,
 The soldier fearless ;
 The mother,—taught by Nature's hand,
 Her child when weeping,
 Will lull to sleeping,
 With some sweet song of her native land !

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THERE is a land where Fancy's twining
 Her flowers around life's faded tree ;
 Where light is ever softly shining,
 Like sunset o'er a tranquil sea ;
 'Tis there *thou* dwell'st in beauty's brightness,
 More fair than aught on earth e'er seems,
 'Tis there my heart feels most of lightness,
 There, in the lovely land of dreams.

'Tis there in groves I often meet thee,
 And wander through the silent shade,
 While I, in gentlest accents greet thee,
 My own, my sweet, my constant maid !

There by some fountain fair, reposing,
While all around so tranquil seems,
We wait the golden evening's closing—
There, in the lovely land of dreams.

But when the touch of earthly waking
Hath broken slumber's sweetest spell,
Those fairy joys of fancy's making
Are in my heart remember'd well.
The day, in all its sunshine splendour,
Less dear to me than midnight seems,
When visions shed a light more tender
Around the lovely land of dreams.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

OH! come to the West, love,—oh, come there with me;
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne;
Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own!
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the
West!

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful
hue—

Half sunshine, half tears,—like the girl I love best,
 Oh ! what is the South to the beautiful West !
 Then come to the West, and the rose on thy mouth
 Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the South !

The North has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
 All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-setting day ;
 There the Storm-King may dwell in the halls he loves
 best,
 But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in the West.
 Then come there with me, where no cold wind doth
 blow,
 And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow !

The Sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the night
 When he riseth, refresh'd, in his glory and might.
 But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest ?
 Oh ! doth he not haste to the beautiful West ?
 Then come there with me : 'tis the land I love best,
 'Tis the land of my sires !—'tis my own darling West !

JESSIE.

SWEET JESSIE was young and simple,
 And mirth beam'd in her eye,
 And her smile made a rosy dimple
 Where love might wish to lie ;

But when lovers were sighing after,
And vow'd she was matchless fair,
Her silver-sounding laughter
Said, love had not been there.

The summer had seen her smiling
'Mong flowers as fair as she,
But autumn beheld her sighing
When the leaves fell from the tree ;
And the light of her eye was shaded,
And her brow had a cast of care,
And the rose on her cheek was faded,
For oh ! love had been there.

When winter winds were blowing,
She roved by the stormy shore,
And look'd o'er the angry ocean,
And shrunk at the breakers' roar ;
And her sighs, and her tearful wonder,
At the perils that sailors dare
In the storm and the battle's thunder,
Show'd love was trembling there.

No ring is upon her finger,
And the raven locks are grey,
Yet traces of beauty linger—
Like the light of the parting day ;

She looks, with a glance so tender,
 On a locket of golden hair,
 And a tear to his ship's defender
 Show'd love still dwelling there.

NEVER DESPAIR.

OH never despair, for our hopes oftentime
 Spring quickly as flow'rs in some tropical clime,
 Where the spot that was barren and scentless at
 night,
 Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light ;
 The mariner marks when the tempest sings loud,
 That the rainbow is brighter the darker the cloud :
 Then up ! up ! Never despair !

The leaves which the Sybil presented of old,
 Tho' lessen'd in number were not worth less gold ;
 And tho' Fate steal our joys, do not think they're the
 best,
 The few she has spared may be worth all the rest ;
 Good fortune oft comes in Adversity's form,
 And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm :
 Then up ! up ! Never despair !

And of old, when Creation was sunk in the flood,
 Sublime o'er the deluge the Patriarch stood ;

Tho' destruction around him in thunder was hurl'd,
Undaunted he look'd on the wreck of the world ;
For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
The rainbow beam'd bright through the gloom of the
storm :

Then up ! up ! Never despair !

THE POOR BLIND BOY.

A MAID, with a heart that could feel,
Met a poor little beggar one day,
Who, in strains full of woe, did appeal,
As he wander'd alone by the way ;
A light hazel wand in his hand,
He in finding his way did employ,
As he cried, " Oh, pity, pity,
Oh ! pity the poor blind boy !"

With a tear she bestow'd him relief,
And sighing, she turn'd to depart ;
When the boy, with the air of a thief,
Cried, " Stand, and deliver—your heart !"
His staff was soon changed to a bow,
Which, we know, is a dangerous toy
In the hands of a certain urchin
Who, they say, is a poor blind boy.

This beggar boy, bold in his theft,
 Stole her heart and bewilder'd her head,
 And the maiden in anguish he left,
 For his rags turn'd to wings—and he fled ;
 So, ladies, beware of all youths
 Who begging petitions employ,
 And cry, " Pity, pity, pity,
 Oh, pity your poor blind boy !"

THE WIND AND THE WEATHERCOCK.

THE summer wind lightly was playing
 Round the battlement high of the tow'r,
 Where a vane, like a lady, was staying,
 A lady vain perch'd in her bow'r.
 To peep round the corner, the sly wind would try :
 But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye ;
 And so she kept turning shily away ;—
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.

The summer wind said, " She's coquetting,
 But each belle has her points to be found ;
 Before evening, I'll venture on betting
 She will not then *go* but *come* round !"
 So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west,
 And the north and the south, to try which was best ;
 But still she kept turning shily away ;—
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.

At evening, her hard heart to soften,

He said, "You're a flirt, I am sure ;
But if vainly you're changing so often,
No lover you'll ever secure."

"Sweet sir," said the vane, "it is you who begin;
When *you* change so often, in *me* 'tis no sin ;
If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,
And only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

YES AND NO.

THERE are two little words that we use,
Without thinking from whence they both came,
But if you will list to my muse,
The birth-place of each I will name.
The one came from Heaven, to bless,
The other was sent from below,
What a sweet little angel is "Yes!"
What a demon-like dwarf is that "No!"

And "No" has a fiend he can bid,
To aid all his doings as well ;
In the delicate arch it lies hid
That adorns the bright eye of the belle ;
Beware of the shadowy frown
Which darkens her bright brow of snow,
As, bent like a bow to strike down,
Her lip gives you death with a "No."

But "Yes" has a twin-sister sprite,—
 'Tis a smile, you will easily guess,
 That sheds a more heavenly light
 On the doings of dear little "Yes."
 Increasing the charm of the lip,
 That is going some lover to bless—
 Oh, sweet is the exquisite smile
 That dimples and plays around "Yes."

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Written at the period of the "Abolition of Slavery" question.

WHEN Venus first rose from the wave,
 Where of sea-foam they gracefully made her,
 Three cheers for the goddess they gave,
 As they launch'd, in her shell, the fair trader ;
 But she—an insurgent by birth,
 Unfetter'd by legal or grave trade,
 Defying our laws on the earth,
 So boldly embark'd in the Slave Trade.

O'er the world, from that hour of her birth,
 She carried her Slave Trade victorious,
 And then, to her daughters of earth
 Entrusted the privilege glorious ;

“Unfetter’d,” she cried, “never leave
One slave to object to your brave trade,
While you stand to your *colours*, believe
You may always insist on your Slave Trade!”

“Oh ’tis glorious a heart to subdue,
By the conquering light of your glances :
By the smiles that endanger a few,
And the sigh that whole dozens entrances :
Unbind not a link of the chain,
Stand by me each merry and grave maid ;
Let senators thunder in vain—
The ladies will still have *their* Slave Trade !”

VICTORIA, THE QUEEN.

Written on Her Majesty’s Accession to the Throne.

ALL hail to the Queen of the fair and the brave !
Let the bold song of joy reach the skies !
Bright, bright o’er the foam of her own subject wave,
See the Star of Victoria arise !
Young queen of the ocean, prophetic our fire,
To hail thee the greatest we’ve seen,
Hark ! the thundering strain of the old sea-god’s quire,
To welcome Victoria the queen.

May years full of honour and loyalty's love
 Be thine in thy place of renown ;
 To say that we honour thee, means not enough,
 For Britons *all* honour the crown.
 But the crown that encircles young beauty's fair brow,
 With fonder devotion is seen,
 And chivalry sheds its romance o'er the vow
 We pledge to Victoria the queen.

Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine
 With the laurels that circle thy crown ;
 But if war should arouse the old Lion again,
 'Twill be to increase thy renown :
 To battle while rushing, each heart would beat high
 To triumph, as wont we have been,*
 Propitious to conquest our bold battle-cry,
 “Victoria, for England's fair queen !”

MARCH !

The Song of the Month, from Bentley's Miscellany for
 March, 1837.

MARCH, March ! Why the de'il don't you march
 Faster than other months out of your order ?
 You're a horrible beast, with the wind from the east,
 And high-hopping hail and slight sleet on your
 border ;

* A prophecy fulfilled, again and again, in INDIA and THE
 CRIMEA.

Now, our umbrellas spread, flutter above our head,
And will not stand to our arms in good order ;
While, flapping and tearing, they set a man swearing,
Round the corner, where blasts blow away half the
border !

March, March ! I'm ready to faint,
That Saint Patrick had not his nativity's casting ;
I am sure, if he had, such a peaceable lad
Would have never been born amid blowing and
blasting ;
But as it was his fate, Irishmen emulate
Doing what doom or St. Paddy may order ;
And if they're forced to fight through their wrongs
for their right,
They'll stick to their flag while a thread's in its
border.

March, March ! Have you no feeling
E'en for the fair sex who make *us* knock under ?
You cold-blooded divil, you're far more uncivil
Than summer himself with his terrible thunder !
Every day we meet ladies down Regent-street,
Holding their handkerchiefs up in good order ;
But, do all that we can, the most merciful man
Must see the blue noses peep over the border.

SERENADE.

HARK to my lute sweetly ringing !
 List, love, to me ;
 Dearest, thy lover is singing—
 Singing to thee ;
 Yet, to the balcony stealing,
 No mantled beauty I see,
 No casement is dimly revealing
 Thy fair form to me.

Perchance thou art sleeping—my strain, love,
 Meets not thine ear,
 And visions, in shadowy train, love,
 Haply appear.
 Wake thee ! and hearken to me, love,
 If fancy should whisper of ill ;
 But if thy dream be of me, love,
 Oh ! slumber still.

Their bright watch in Heaven now keeping,
 Beams ev'ry star,
 But the sweet eye that is sleeping,
 Brighter is far :
 For when the pale dawn advances,
 Tremulous star-fires decay,
 While, e'en at noontide, *thy* glance is
 Bright as the day !

THE CHILD AND AUTUMN LEAF

Down by the river's bank I stray'd
Upon an autumn day ;
Beside the fading forest there,
I saw a child at play.
She play'd among the yellow leaves—
The leaves that once were green,
And flung upon the passing stream,
What once had blooming been :
Oh ! deeply did it touch my heart
To see that child at play ;
It was the sweet unconscious sport
Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream you stray,
When after years go by,
The scene that makes thy childhood's sport,
May wake thy age's sigh :
When fast you see around you fall
The summer's leafy pride,
And mark the river hurrying on
It's ne'er-returning tide ;
Then may you feel, in pensive mood,
That life's a summer dream ;
And man, at last, forgotten falls--
A leaf upon the stream.

FATHER-LAND AND MOTHER-TONGUE.

OUR Father-land ! and would'st 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,
 Hath 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 'twas 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.
 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*.

MORNING, SWEET MORNING.

MORNING, sweet morning, I welcome thy ray,
Life opens bright like the op'ning of day,
Waking to fragrance the fresh-blooming flow'rs,
Lighting with sunshine our earliest hours ;
Evening, with shadows, is hurrying on,
Let us be gay ere the noontide be gone :—
For shadows increase, as the sunshine grows less :
Then gather the joys that our youth may possess !
Oh ! morning, sweet morning, I welcome thy ray,
Life opens bright like the op'ning of day !

The dew on the rose-bud at morning may lie,
And tear-drops will tremble in youth's sparkling eye,
But soon as the sun sheds his warmth and his light,
The dew-drops all vanish—the flow'rets are bright.
But, at cold evening, the dew falling fast,
Will rest on the rose—for the sunshine is past :—
And the tear-drop of age will be lingering thus,
When the sunshine of soul hath departed from us.
Oh ! morning, sweet morning, I welcome thy ray,
Life opens bright like the op'ning of day !

LOVE ME!

Love me! Love me!—Dearest, love me!

Let whate'er betide,
Though it be forbid by fate
To bless me with a bride;
Our hearts may yet be link'd in one,
Though fortune frown above me,
That hope will gently guide me on,
Then love me, dearest! Love me!

Love me, dearest! Dearest, love me!

Brighter days may shine,
When thou shalt call me all thine own,
And thou'lt be only mine!
But should that bliss be still denied,
Still fortune frown above me,
Thou'lt be my choice—though not my bride,
Then love me, dearest! Love me!

THE STAR OF THE DESERT.

IN the depths of the Desert, when lonely and drear
The sands round the desolate traveller appear,
The splendour of day gives no aid to his path,
For no land-mark to guide him the traveller hath.

But when night sheds her shadow and coolness around,
Then hark ! how the bells of the camels resound ;
For the traveller is up when the star sheds its ray,
'Tis the light of his hope, 'tis the guide of his way.

And what is this world but a wilderness vast
Where few leave a trace o'er the waste they have
pass'd,
And many are lost in their noon-day of pride,
That shines forth to dazzle—but seldom to guide :
Oh, blest is the fate of the one who hath found
Some load-star to guide thro' the wilderness round,
And such have I found, my belov'd one, in thee—
For thou art the Star of the Desert to me !

THE ARAB.

The interesting fact on which this ballad is founded, occurred to Mr. Davidson, the celebrated traveller, between Mount Sinai and Suez, on his overland return from India in 1839. He related the story to me shortly before his leaving England on his last fatal journey to Timbuctoo.

THE noontide blaze on the desert fell,
As the traveller reached the wished-for well ;
But vain was the hope that cheered him on,
His hope in the desert—the waters—were gone.

Fainting, he called on the Holy Name,
 And swift o'er the desert an Arab came,
 And with him he brought of the blessed thing,
 That failed the poor traveller at the spring.

“Drink!” said the Arab,—“tho’ I must fast,
 For half of my journey is not yet past,
 ’Tis long e’er my home or my children I see,
 But the crystal treasure I’ll share with thee.”

“Nay,” said the weary one, “let me die,—
 For thou hast even more need than I;
 And children hast thou that are watching for thee,
 And I am a lone one—none watch for me.”

“Drink!” said the Arab.—“My children shall see
 Their father returning—fear not for me :—
 For HE who hath sent me to thee this day,
 Will watch over me on my desert way.”

THE MEETING OF FOES AND THE
 MEETING OF FRIENDS.

FILL the cup! fill it high! Let us drink to the might
 Of the manhood that joyously rushes to fight,
 And, true to the death, all unflinching will stand,
 For our home and our hearth, and our own native
 land!

'Tis the bright sun of June that is gilding the crest
Of the warriors that fight for their isles of the West ;
The breeze that at morning but plays with the plume,
At evening may wave the red grass o'er the tomb ;
The corn that has ripen'd in summer's soft breath,
In an hour may be reap'd in the harvest of death :
Then drink to their glory—the glory of those
Who triumph'd or fell in that meeting of foes.*

But fill the cup higher to drink to the friends
Bound fast in affection that life only ends ;
Whose hearths, when defended from foes that have
dared,
Are prized all the more when with friends they are
shared !

Far better the wine-cup with ruby may flow
To the health of a friend than the fall of a foe ;
Tho' bright are the laurels that glory may twine,
Far softer the shade of the ivy and vine ;
Then fill the cup higher ! The battle is won—
Our perils are over—our feast has begun !—
On the meeting of foemen pale sorrow attends—
Rosy joy crowns *our* meeting—the meeting of friends.

* Battle of Waterloo.

'T WAS THE DAY OF THE FEAST.

When the annual tribute of the flag of Waterloo to the crown of England was made to William the Fourth, a few hours before his Majesty's lamented death, the King on receiving the banner, pressed it to his heart, saying, "It was a glorious day for England;" and expressed a wish he might survive the day, that the Duke of Wellington's commemoration fête of the victory of Waterloo might take place. A dying monarch receiving the banner commemorative of a national conquest, and wishing at the same time that his death might not disturb the triumphal banquet, is at once so heroic and poetic, that it naturally suggests a poem.

'T WAS the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,
'Twas the day he had seen the foeman fall,
'Twas the day that his country's valour stood
'Gainst steel and fire and the tide of blood :
And the day was mark'd by his country well—
For they gave him broad valleys, the hill and the dell,
And they ask'd, as a tribute, the hero should bring
The flag of the foe to the foot of the king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,
And the banner was brought at the chieftain's call,
And he went in his glory the tribute to bring,
To lay at the foot of the brave old king :
But the hall of the king was in silence and grief,
And smiles, as of old, did not greet the chief ;
For he came on the angel of victory's wing,
While the angel of death was awaiting the king.

The chieftain he knelt by the couch of the king ;
“ I know,” said the monarch, “ the tribute you bring,
Give me the banner, ere life depart ; ”
And he press’d the flag to his fainting heart.
“ It is joy, e’en in death,” cried the monarch, “ to say
That my country hath known such a glorious day !
Heaven grant I may live till the midnight’s fall,
That my chieftain may feast in his warrior hall ! ”

THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK.

ON the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day ;
While others declare ’twas the ninth he was born,
And ’twas all a mistake between midnight and morn ;
For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blâm’d the babby—and some blâm’d the
clock—
’Till with all their cross questions sure no one could
know,
If the child was too fast—or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in owld Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Pathrick’s birthday,
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more
would die,
And who wouldn’t see right, sure they blacken’d his
eye !

At last, both the factions so positive grew,
 That *each* kept a birthday, so Pat then had *two*,
 'Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
 Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a *twins*."

Says he, "Boys don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
 Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine ;
 Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
 So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says the
 clerk.

"If he wasn't a *twins*, sure our hist'ry will show—
 That, at least, he's worth any *two* saints that we
 know !"

Then they all got blind dhrunk—which completed
 their bliss,

And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

MY mountain home ! my mountain home !

Dear are thy hills to me !

Where first my childhood lov'd to roam—

Wild as the summer bee :

The summer bee may gather sweet

From flow'rs in sunny prime ;

And mem'ry brings, with wing as fleet,

Sweet thoughts of early time :

Still fancy bears me to the hills,
Where childhood lov'd to roam—
I hear, I see your sparkling rills,
My own, my mountain home !

I've seen their noble forests wide,
I've seen their smiling vale,
Where proudly rolls the silver tide
That bears their glorious sail :—
But these are of the earth below,
Our home is in the sky !
The eagle's flight is not more bright
Than paths that we may try !
While all around sweet echoes ring,
Beneath heaven's azure dome :—
Then well the mountaineer may sing,
“ My own, my mountain home ! ”

SONG OF THE ITALIAN TROUBADOUR.

A TROUBADOUR gay from the southland came forth,
And knelt to a golden-haired maid of the north,
“ Farewell to the southland for ever,” said he,
“ I regret not my country while listening to thee ;
For thy voice like an echo from fairyland seems,
A voice made to waken a bard from his dreams ;—

That might blend with his visions in regions of bliss,
 And make him forget that he waken'd in this ;
 Then, farewell to the southland, the northland for me,
 'Tis my country, wherever I'm list'ning to thee !

“And as I look up in thy beautiful eyes,
 How can I but think of my own sunny skies ?
 While thy bright golden ringlets, in love-mazing twine,
 Outrival the tendrils that curl round the vine !
 Then thy form, in its exquisite lightness, recalls
 The statues I've left in fair Italy's halls ;
 And can I regret them, while looking on thee ?
 No ! No ! thou art more than my country to me !
 Then, farewell to the southland, the northland for me,
 'Tis my country wherever I'm looking on thee !”



SALLY.

“ SALLY, Sally, shilly-shally,
 Sally, why not name the day ?”
 “ Harry, Harry, I will tarry
 Longer in love's flowery way !”
 “ Can't you make your mind up, Sally ?
 Why embitter thus my cup ?”
 “ Harry, I've so great a mind,
 It takes a long time making up.”

"Sally, Sally, in the valley
 You have promised many a time,
 On the sunny Sunday morning,
 As we've heard the matin chime.
 Hark'ning to those sweet bells ringing,
 Calling grateful hearts to pray,
 I have whispered—'Oh ! how sweetly
 They'll proclaim our wedding day !'"

"Harry, Harry, I'll not marry
 'Till I see your eyes don't stray,
 At Kate Riley, you, so sily,
 Stole a wink the other day."
 "Sure Kate Riley, she's my cousin ;"—
 "Harry, *I've* a cousin too ;—
 If *you* like such close relations,
I'll have cousins close as you."

"Sally, Sally, do not rally,
 Do not mock my tender woe ;
 Play me not thus shilly-shally,
 Sally, do not tease me so !
 While you're smiling, hearts beguiling,
 Doing all a woman can,
 Think—though you're almost an angel,
 I am but a mortal man !"

THERE'S NO SUCH GIRL AS MINE.

O! there's no such girl as mine
In all the wide world round ;
With her hair of golden twine,
And her voice of silver sound.
Her eyes are as black as the sloes,
And quick is her car so fine,
And her breath is as sweet as the rose,
There's no such girl as mine !

Her spirit so sweetly flows,
Unconscious winner of hearts,
There's a smile wherever she goes,
There's a sigh wherever she parts ;
A blessing she wins from the poor,
To court her the rich all incline,
She's welcome at every door—
O, there's no such girl as mine !

She's light to the banquet hall,
She's balm to the couch of care,
In sorrow—in mirth—in all
She takes her own sweet share.
Enchanting the many abroad,
At home doth she brightest shine,
'Twere endless her worth to laud—
There's no such girl as mine !

OH, SHE IS A BRIGHT-EYED THING!

Oh, she is a bright-eyed thing!
And her glances, wildly playing,
While they radiance round her fling,
Set my loving fancy straying
Where to find a thing so bright;—
'Tis not in the diamond's light:
The jewels of the richest mine
Lack the lustre so to shine—
For gems are cold—and cannot vie
With living light from beauty's eye!

Oh, she is a bright-lipp'd thing!
And her mouth like budding roses,
Fragrance all around doth fling
When its matchless arch uncloses;
With a voice, whose silver tone
Makes the raptured listener own
It may be true, what poets tell,
That nightingales 'mid roses dwell,
For every word she says to me,
Sounds like sweetest melody!

WHISPER LOW!

IN days of old, when first I told
 A tale so bold, my love, to thee,
 In falt'ring voice I sought thy choice,
 And did rejoice thy blush to see ;
 With downcast eyes thou heard'st my sighs,
 And hope reveal'd her dawn to me,
 As, soft and slow, with passion's glow,
 I whisper'd low my love to thee.

The cannon loud, in deadly breach,
 May thunder on the shrinking foe :
 'Tis anger is but loud of speech—
 The voice of love is soft and low.
 The tempest's shout, the battle's rout,
 Make havoc wild we weep to see ;
 But summer wind, and friends, when kind,
 All whisper low, as I to thee.

Now, gallants gay in pride of youth,
 Say, would you win the fair one's ear?
 Your votive pray'r be short and sooth,
 And whisper low, and she *will* hear.
 The matin bell may loudly tell
 The bridal morn, when all may hear ;
 But at the time of vesper chime—
 Oh ! whisper low in beauty's ear.

THE SHOUT OF NED OF THE HILL.

THE hill ! the hill ! with its sparkling rill,
And its dawning air so light and pure,
Where the morning's eye scorns the mists that lie
On the drowsy valley and the moor.
Here, with the eagle I rise betimes ;
Here, with the eagle my state I keep,
The first we see of the morning sun,
And his last as he sets o'er the deep ;
And there, while strife is rife below,
Here from the tyrant I am free :
Let the shepherd slaves the valley praise,
But the hill !—the hill for me !

The baron below in his castle dwells,
And his garden boasts the costly rose ;
But mine is the keep of the mountain steep,
Where the matchless wild flower freely blows
Let him fold his sheep, and his harvest reap—
I look down from my mountain throne,
And choose and pick of the flock and the rick,
And what is his I can make my own !
Let the valley grow in its wealth below,
And the lord keep his high degree ;
But higher am I in my liberty—
The hill !—the hill for me !

SLEEP, MY LOVE.

SLEEP, my love—sleep, my love,
 Wake not to weep, my love,
 Though thy sweet eyes are all hidden from me :
 Why shouldst thou waken to sorrows like mine, love,
 While thou mayst, in dreaming, taste pleasure
 divine, love ?
 For blest are the visions of slumber like thine,
 love—
 So sleep thee, nor know who says “Farewell to thee!”

Sleep, my love—sleep, my love,
 Wake not to weep, my love,
 Though thy sweet eyes are all hidden from me :
 Hard 'tis to part without one look of kindness ;
 Yet sleep more resembles fond love in its blindness,
 And thy look would enchain me again : so I find less
 Of pain, to say “Farewell, sweet slumberer, to thee !”

 MY MOTHER DEAR.

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
 And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales
 did tell,
 And gentle words and fond embrace were giv'n with
 joy to me,
 When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's
 knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good-night," she softly
said,
And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep within my tiny
bed ;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet
can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's
knee.

In the sickness of my childhood—the perils of my
prime—
The sorrows of my riper years—the cares of every
time—
When doubt and danger weigh'd me down—then
pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bent my mother's
knee.

FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea ;
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
Remember that thy mirthful friend
Might sometimes *tease*, but ne'er *offend* ;
That mirthful friend is sad the while,—
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

Ah! why should friendship harshly chide
 Our little faults on either side?
 From friends we love we bear with those,
 As thorns are pardon'd for the rose:—
 The honey bee, on busy wing,
 Producing sweets—yet bears a sting;
 The purest gold most needs alloy,
 And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then, oh! forgive me, ere I part,
 And if some corner in thy heart
 For absent friend a place might be—
 Ah! keep that little place for me!
 “Forgive—Forget,” we're wisely told,
 Is held a maxim good and old;
 But half the maxim's better yet:
 Then, oh! *forgive*, but *don't forget!*

I THINK OF THEE.

I LOVE to roam at night
 By the deep sea,
 When the pale moon is bright,
 And think of thee:
 And as the beacon's light
 Gleams o'er the sea,
 Shedding its guardian light,
 I think of thee.

When o'er some flow'ry ground
 Night winds breathe free,
 Wafting fresh fragrance round,
 I think of thee !
 Then, if some trembling star
 Beaming I see,
 Brighter than others far !—
 I think of thee.

Though, love, by fate forbid
 Thou art to me,
 Yet, like a treasure hid,
 I think of thee ;
 And though thy plighted kiss
 Mine ne'er can be,
 Next is the secret bliss
 To *think* of thee.

THE HOUR I PASS WITH THEE.

THE hour I pass with thee, my love,
 Doth yield this heart the most delight,
 Oh ! what on earth is half so bright
 As hours I pass with thee ?
 And as the breeze that fans the grove,
 Is perfumed by the fragrant flowers,
 So time can sweetness steal from hours
 I pass, my love, with thee !

When mem'ry o'er the distant past
 Pursues her course, with weary wing,
 The only joys she back can bring
 Are hours I've pass'd with thee !
 And when, through future time, as fast
 Fond fancy steers, with hopeful pow'r,
 Her leading star is still the hour
 I've yet to pass with thee !

GONDOLIER, ROW !

GONDOLIER, row ! row !
 How swift the flight
 Of time to-night,
 But the gondolier so slow—
 Gondolier, row ! row !
 The night is dark—
 So speed thy bark
 To the balcony we know.

Gondolier, row ! row !
 One star is bright
 With trembling light—
 And the light of love is so :
 Gondolier, row ! row !
 The watery way
 Will not betray
 The path to where we go.

'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW.

You say you love me :—can I trust
That she, by many woo'd,
By me, at length, has had her heart
To constaney subdued ?
Perhaps some other love is there ?—
But do not tell me so :
When knowledge will but bring us grief,
'Tis better not to know.

Perhaps that eye has beam'd with love
In days I knew not thee ;
That ruby lip hath bent in smiles
For others than for me :
But let that lip still silence keep—
I'll trust its love-like show.—
Since knowledge would but bring me grief,
'Tis better not to know.

Oh ! what a simple love is mine,
Whose wishes make its creed ;
But let me *think* you love me still
And I'll be blest indeed :
'Tis better that the eye ne'er see
Than that its tears should flow—
When knowledge would but bring us grief,
'Tis better not to know.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

"Once upon a time!"—I love the phrase :
 It bears me back to days of old,
 When pearls were strung on fairy lays
 And I was rich in fairy gold ;
 When rubies grew on silver stems,
 And emeralds were the leaves of trees,
 And diamonds were the dew-drop gems
 That gleam'd on wonders such as these,
 "Once upon a time."

With childhood pass'd those dreams away,
 The rose assumed the ruby's place,
 And leaves that lost the emerald's ray
 Found greater worth in Nature's grace ;
 In riper years, the rose more bright
 To fancy seem'd on beauty's cheek ;
 And what were diamonds to the light
 In beauty's eye my heart might seek,
 "Once upon a time?"

But time rolls on ; the cloud of years
 Its shadow o'er our lives will cast,
 And when the present dark appears,
 Then lingering love beholds the past ;

And when *some* friend, some future day,
Remembers him who weaves this rhyme,
Perchance she'll sigh and sadly say
"Once upon a time !—Once upon a time !"

THE FLYING CLOUD.

THE flying cloud, the flying cloud,
Is coursing o'er the sky ;
The flying cloud, the flying cloud,
Is sparkling bright and high ;
The soaring lark on matin wing
Is singing high and loud,
But e'en the soaring lark can't reach
That lofty flying cloud !

Oh ! once my heart was like that lark,
And sang as bright and loud,
And hope was high in youth's fair sky—
Just like yon flying cloud ;
By fancy fired, this heart aspired
More high than Fate allow'd ;
But now its weary wing is tired—
And gone Hope's flying cloud.

AN HONEST HEART TO GUIDE US.

As day by day
 We hold our way
 Thro' this wild world below, boys,
 With roads so cross,
 We're at a loss
 To know which way to go, boys :
 With choice so vex'd
 When man's perplex'd,
 And many a doubt has tried him,
 It is not long
 He'll wander wrong,
 With an honest heart to guide him.

When rough the way,
 And dark the day,
 More steadfastly we tread, boys,
 Than when by flow'rs
 In wayside bow'rs
 We from the path are led, boys :
 Oh ! then beware—
 The serpent there
 Is gliding close beside us ;
 'Twere death to stay—
 So speed the way,
 With an honest heart to guide us.

If fortune's gale
Should fill our sail,
While others lose the wind, boys,
Look kindly back
Upon the track
Of luckless mates behind, boys :
If we won't heed
A friend in need,
May rocks ahead abide us !
Let's rather brave
Both wind and wave,
With an honest heart to guide us !

OH ! DON'T YOU REMEMBER.

Oh ! don't you remember the beautiful glade,
Where in childhood together we playfully stray'd,
Where wreaths of wild flowers so often I made,

Thy tresses so brightly adorning ?

Oh ! light of foot and heart were then

The happy children of the glen :

The cares that shade the brows of men

Ne'er darken childhood's morning.

Oh ! who can forget the young innocent hours

That were pass'd in the shade of our home's happy
bow'rs,

When the wealth that we sought for was only wild
flow'rs,

And we thought ourselves rich when we found
them ?

Oh ! where's the tie that friends e'er knew,

So free from stain, so firm, so true,

As links that with the wild flowers grew,

And in sweet fetters bound them ?

I CAN NE'ER FORGET THEE.

It is the chime ; the hour draws near

When you and I must sever ;

Alas ! it must be many a year,

And it *may* be for ever.

How long till we shall meet again ;

How short since first I met thee ;

How brief the bliss—how long the pain—

For I can ne'er forget thee.

You said my heart was cold and stern,

You doubted love when strongest ;

In future years you'll live to learn

Proud hearts can love the longest.

Oh ! sometimes think when press'd to hear,

When flippant tongues beset thee,

That *all* must love thee when thou'rt near ;

But *one* will ne'er forget thee !

The changeful sand doth only know
 The shallow tide and latest ;
 The rocks have mark'd its highest flow
 The deepest and the greatest :
 And deeper still the flood-marks grow ;—
 So, since the hour I met thee,
 The more the tide of time doth flow,
 The less can I forget thee !

THE WEDDING OF THE ADRIATIC.

MARK ! lady, mark
 Yon gilded bark
 Beareth a duke in pride,
 His costly ring
 Bravely to fling
 And make the sea his bride.
 Proud of her lord all ocean smiles,
 And with soft waves kisses our isles,
 While her own mirror, gorgeously,
 Doubles the pomp she loves to see.
 Mark ! lady, mark, &c.

Vain is thy pride
 Seeking a bride
 In the cold, faithless sea :
 Why wouldst thou throw
 Rich gems below ?
 She will be false to thee.

Dearer I hold plain rings of gold
 Binding two hearts ne'er growing cold :
 Proud lord, if thou hast rule o'er the sea,
 Vast as the ocean true love can be.
 Vain is thy pride
 Seeking a bride
 In the cold faithless sea.
 Mine be the ring
 True love can bring—
 Such be the ring for thee !

THE SNOW.

AN old man sadly said,
 Where's the snow
 That fell the year that's fled.—
 Where's the snow ?
 As fruitless were the task
 Of many a joy to ask,
 As the snow !

The hope of airy birth,
 Like the snow,
 Is stain'd on reaching earth,
 Like the snow ;
 While 'tis sparkling in the ray
 'Tis melting fast away—
 Like the snow.

A cold deceitful thing
 Is the snow,
Though it come on dove-like wing—
 The false snow !
'Tis but rain disguis'd appears :
And our hopes are frozen tears—
 Like the snow.

WHEN THE SUN SINKS TO REST.

WHEN the sun sinks to rest,
And the star of the west
 Sheds its soft silver light o'er the sea,
What sweet thoughts arise
As the dim twilight dies—
 For then I am thinking of thee !
Oh ! then, crowding fast,
Come the joys of the past
 Through the dimness of days long gone by,
Like the stars peeping out,
Through the darkness about,
 From the soft silent depth of the sky.

And thus, as the night
Grows more lovely and bright,
 With the clust'ring of planet and star,

So this darkness of mine
Wins a radiance divine
 From the light that still lingers afar :
Then welcome the night,
With its soft holy light !
 In its silence my heart is more free
The rude world to forget,
Where no pleasure I've met
 Since the hour that I parted from thee.

CUPID'S WING.

THE dart of Love was feather'd first
 From Folly's wing, they say,
Until he tried his shaft to shoot
 In Beauty's heart one day ;
He miss'd the maid so oft, 'tis said,
 His aim became untrue,
And Beauty laugh'd, as his last shaft
 He from his quiver drew ;
"In vain," said she, "you shoot at me,
 You little spiteful thing—
The feather on your shaft I scorn,
 When pluck'd from Folly's wing."

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found
 And fitted to his string,

And each new shaft he feather'd from
 His own bright glossy wing ;
 He shot until no plume was left
 To waft him to the sky,
 And Beauty smil'd upon the child,
 When he no more could fly ;
 " Now, Cupid, I am thine," she said,
 " Leave off thy archer play,
 For Beauty yields—when she is sure
 Love will not fly away."

OH! GIVE ME THY HAND, FAIR LADY

OH! give me thy hand, fair lady,
 That slowy-white hand, so small,
 Thy bow'r shall be dainty, sweet lady,
 In a bold baron's ancient hall ;
 There, beauties of noble line, lady,
 Shine forth from the pictur'd wall,
 But if thou wilt be bride of mine, lady,
 Then mine will outshine them all !

I see thou wilt not give thy hand, lady,
 I see, by that clear cold eye—
 If thou to my suit didst incline, lady,
 The rose from thy cheek would fly

Thy lip is all ruby-red, lady,
 But mine is so pale the while—
 Nay, frown not, I ask not thy hand, lady,
 But ah !—let me see thee smile.

I only did ask for thy smile, lady,
 Yet scorn to thy lip doth cling—
 That ruby bow will not bend, lady,
 Till Cupid hath touch'd the string ;
 But if thou'lt not smile, fair lady,
 An humbler suit I'll try,—
 For the heart thou hast broken, fair lady,
 Oh ! give me, at least, thy sigh !

THE PEARL DIVER.

OII ! wherefore, diver, tempt the wave
 Why rashly dare the sea ?
 The HAND that pearls to ocean gave,
 Gave other gifts to thee !
 Where is the pearl of ocean found ?—
 'Tis in an humble shell :
 Oh ! pride of heart, what lessons deep
 The pearl to thee may tell.
 Then wherefore, diver, tempt the wave,
 Why rashly dare the sea ?
 The HAND that pearls to ocean gave,
 Gave other gifts to thee.

“I seek the pearl,” the diver said,
“To deck the young bride’s brow,
While flow’rs still bloom around her path,
While Love still breathes his vow.”
Oh, diver, can those pearls forbid
That brow with care to ache?
Give me the pearl of sweet content
That peace of heart can make!
Oh! wherefore, diver, tempt the wave,
Why rashly dare the sea?
The HAND that pearls to ocean gave,
Gave other gifts to thee.

“I seek the pearl,” the diver said,
“To gem the banquet bowl,
The bowl that’s crown’d with ruby wine
And pledg’d in flow of soul!”
Oh, prize not thus that gorgeous bowl,
Tho’ pearls may grace its brink—
The plainest cup more precious is
That gives the weary drink.
Then, diver, tempt not thus the wave,
Nor dare the dang’rous sea,
The HAND that pearls to ocean gave,
Gave better gifts to thee!

SWEET HARP OF THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

TO THE IRISH HARP.

OH, give me one strain
Of that wild harp again,
 In melody proudly its own !
 Sweet harp of the days that are gone !
Time's wide-wasting wing
Its cold shadow may fling
 Where the light of the soul hath no part ;
The sceptre and sword
Both decay with their lord—
 But the throne of the bard, is the heart.

And hearts, while they beat
To thy music so sweet,
 Thy glories will ever prolong,
 Land of honour and beauty and song !
The beauty, whose sway
Woke the bard's votive lay,
 Hath gone to eternity's shade,
While, fresh in its fame,
Lives the song to her name,
 Which the minstrel immortal hath made !

SECRETS WERE NOT MEANT FOR THREE.

COME with me where violets lie
Like thine eye—hidden deep,
When their lurking glances blue
Thro' long lashes peep ;
There, amid the perfume sweet,
Wafted on the balmy breeze,
Shelter'd by the secret shade
Beneath the whisp'ring trees,
Whisp'ring there would I be too—
I've a secret, meant for you,
Sweeter than the wild bee's hum—
Will you come ?

Come not when the day is bright,
But at night, when the moon
Lights the grove where nightingales
Sing the lover's tune :—
But sweeter than the silver song
That fair Philomel doth sing—
Sweeter than the fragrance fresh
The flowers round us fling—
Sweeter than the poet's dream
By Castalia's gifted stream,
Is the tale I'll tell to thee—
Come with me !

SIGH NOT—LOVE NOT—DOUBT NOT.

SIGH no more, sigh no more, sad one, sigh no more ;
 Tell me why should you not bear what others did before ?

Grief is but the passing cloud
 Shadowing you like all the crowd ;
 If the passing cloud were not,
 Summer would be all too hot—

Then sigh no more, sigh no more, sad one, sigh no more.

“ Love no more, love no more, fond one, love no more.”
 Thus have many wise ones sung in wisdom’s days of yore ;

But other forms there are indeed
 I’d embrace before their creed :
 Perhaps when I’m threescore and ten,
 I *may* sing—but not *till* then—

“ Love no more, love no more, fond one, love no more.”

Doubt no more, doubt no more, of woman, doubt no
 more :—

Yet one *with* one is not so sure as “two and two
 make four.”

Yet doubt not woman is divine ;—
 She transcends an earthly line ;
 Beyond all mortal care—’tis true—
 Perhaps she does not *care for you*—

So doubt no more, doubt no more, sceptic, doubt no
 more !

MELODY.

OH! that song
Still prolong,
 It breathes of bliss and pain ;
Of pleasure gone
When hearts were one
 That now, alas, are twain.
But that strain
Weaves a chain,
Binding hearts
Coldness parts,
Till I think
Music's link
 Makes them one again !

Oh! to me,
Melody
 By nature seems design'd
The last found tie,
When others die,
 The feeling heart to bind :
Friends we love
False may prove,
Hopes decay—
But some lay
In soothing fall
May oft recall
 The time when both were kind.

Then for me,
 Melody,
 Pour thy healing balm ;
 O'er the strife
 Of troubled life
 Breathe thy holy calm :
 Triumph thine
 How divine !
 For in the day
 Worlds decay,
 Still, in heaven*
 Thou art given
 The undying palm.

MY OWN OLD MAN.

THO' summer hath ta'en flight from my old man,
 Yet autumn falleth light on my own old man ;
 The sear and yellow leaf
 Hath brought its share of grief,
 For time *will* play the thief
 With my own old man.

A sigh I sometimes hear from my own old man,
 And, maybe, mark a tear from my old man ;

* We are told there is music in heaven.

To some passing thought, the eye
Will, in tender drops reply—
And 'tis mine to kiss them dry
From my own old man.

Yet think not he's a mumper, my own old man,
Oh, no ! he'll fill a bumper, my own old man ;
 In the feast of happy friends,
 Where wine with humour blends,
 Oh, the spirit still unbends
Of my own old man !

While we are spar'd together, my own old man,
In our heart's own sunny weather, my own old man,
 Our love shall ne'er be riv'n,
 But, pure as when 'twas giv'n,
 It will go with us to heaven,
My own old man !

HOW OFT HAVE WE WANDER'D.

How oft have we wander'd thro' Lara's sweet vale,
 Where thy vows, plighting truth, were but meant
 to deceive,
Oh ! why didst thou breathe so delusive a tale ?
 Oh ! why did poor Kathleen so fondly believe ?

'Twas here that together at evening we came,
 And then wouldst thou vow that *thy* heart was *my*
 throne
 In vain does thy Kathleen now call on thy name,
 'Tis silence that meets me, and I am alone.

Or, if silence be broken, it is by the note
 Of some bird to his mate, that like rapture appears,
 While around me the soul-melting melodies float,
 I answer the music of joy with my tears.
 But the winter will come, and the birds cease to sing,
 And the bleak howling wind sweep the leaves from
 the bough,
 Then, Lara, my woes to thy valley I'll bring,
 Deserted and sad, as poor Kathleen is now.

THE MAID OF MALABAR.

The Malabar Indians release caged birds on the new-made
 grave.

SLOWLY thro' the cypress gloom
 Weeping came an Indian maid,
 Strewing flowers o'er a tomb,
 There a captive bird she laid ;
 There soon the cage to ope',
 There to let the captive fly,
 Like the spirit, wing'd with hope,
 Soaring to its native sky.

The lonely cypress shade along,
 How strangely mingled on the gale,
 The sweetness of the blithe bird's song—
 The sadness of the maiden's wail ;
 Oh ! where, where art thou ?
 Thou art gone, my joy and pride :—
 Tho' I know thou'rt happy now,
 I wish thee at thy true love's side.

The open cage upon the grave
 The maiden watch'd with tearful eye,
 To see the bird his bright wing wave,
 Like happy spirit to the sky ;
 It flew—it hover'd o'er the tomb—
 Then flutter'd to the mourner's breast ;
 "Sweet bird," she cried, "be this thy home—
 For, oh, it is a vacant nest !"

JACK AND THE BEARSKIN.

A BALTIC STAVE.

A SAILOR and his lass
 Sat o'er their parting glass,
 For the jolly tar had volunteer'd to go to sea,
 At the sailing-signal flying
 His loving lass was sighing,
 And she said, "I fear you never will come back to me.

My heart is cold with fear,
 That you, my sailor dear,
 In the perils of the battle and the deep should be ;”
 “ Oh,” says Jack, “ you’ll not be cold
 When your own sailor bold
 Will bring you back a bearskin from the Baltic Sea.”

With glory soon did Jack
 From the Baltic sea come back,
 With such a lot of bearskins, that the proud CITY
 With a gold box did present him,
 And likewise compliment him
 With the freedom of the ANCIENT SKINNERS’ COMPANY.
 Then Jack he went to find
 The girl he left behind,
 “ Won’t she be glad to see me, bless her heart,” says he,
 “ When she proves her sailor blade
 Kept the promise that he made
 To bring her back a bearskin from the Baltic Sea.”

When Jack to her appear’d,
 A most enormous beard
 And head of hair transmogrified him so, you see,
 That his sweetheart never knew him
 Till at her feet he threw him,
 All rolling on a bearskin from the Baltic sea.
 Says he, “ I see (my eyes !)
 The cause of your surprise,

You wonder why your sailor should so hairy be,
 But my hair did thus increase
 With using of Bear's grease,
 Such a quantity we slaughter'd in the Baltic Sea !”

Then Jack gave her a smack,
 And the girl she cried “good lack,
 You're rougher than a sweeping-brush, I vow,” says she ;
 Says Jack, “'twas rather rougher
 How we made the bears to suffer,
 When we were a sweeping of the Baltic sea !”
 Says she, “what will they do
 For that bear's grease that you
 Have exhausted so much ?”—“Oh,” says Jack, to she,
 “With hair they wont want rigging,
 For we gave them such a wiggling
 As will last them for some time in the Baltic Sea !”

MOLLY BAWN.

O ! MOLLY BAWN, why leave me pining,
 All lonely waiting here for you ?
 The stars above are brightly shining
 Because—they've nothing else to do.
 The flowers, late, were open keeping,
 To try a rival blush with you,
 But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
 With their rosy faces wash'd—with dew.
 O ! Molly, &c.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine,
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And maybe you were made for mine !
 The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—
 He takes me for a thief, you see ;
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly darling—
 And then transported I should be.
 O ! Molly, &c.

I KNOW THAT THE SUMMER IS COME.

THE SONG OF THE BLIND HUSBAND.

I KNOW, love, I know that the summer is come,
 I scent the sweet flowers, I hear the bees hum,
 Lead me forth, my own love, in the sun's genial rays,
 Thy tenderness more than my darkness repays.
 Oh say not, sweet love, with affliction I'm tried,
 Why call it affliction while thou art my guide ?
 My place I'd not change with the best in the land—
 Who would not be blind to be led by *thy* hand !

Tho' lost now to me is the rose's bright bloom,
 As exquisite still is its balmy perfume ;
 So, the bloom of thy lip tho' denied to mine eye,
 The fragrance is left me that breathes in thy sigh ;

Thy voice still is music, and mem'ry supplies
 The soft light that dwells in thy beautiful eyes,
 Their sweet glance of pity, oh why should I seek,
 When I feel the warm tear that is press'd to my
 check.

THE SENTINEL OF THE ALMA.

OH! Katty *agra*, are you sleepin' ?
 Faith it's myself that's that same,
 For, on sentry, the guard I am keepin',
 And if I should doze who's to blame ?
 For I'm tired all day with the fightin'
 On Alma's proud heights *gra-ma-chree*,
 And some Roosians, at this present writin',
 Are sleepin' far sounder than me.
 For I kill'd them, my jewel—
 And sure 'twould be cruel,
 Only they did intend to kill me.

Katty, before you are waking,
 I wish you could see in a dhrame
 The beautiful care I was taking
 Of one, Katty Nowlan by name ;
 Your picture so nate in the locket,
 Which I wear next my heart night and day,
 I put in my hindmost coat pocket,

For fear you'd be kilt in the fray—
 For sure 'twould be cruel
 To kill you, my jewel,
 And you, all the time, far away.

The thieves were so greedy for slaughter
 They marked ev'ry yard of the glen,*
 And cut down the trees by the water,
 For fear they should shelter our men.†
 But when, up that hill boldly dashing,
 We charged with victorious halloo,
 From our fire and our steel, brightly flashing,
 The vagabones *cut their sticks*, too ;
 For we hunted the bear
 From his high mountain lair,
 With victory's glorious halloo !

I'M A RANTING ROVING BLADE.

THE GUIDE'S SONG.

I'm a ranting roving blade
 Of never a thing was I ever afraid,
 I'm a gentleman born and I scorn a thrade,
 And I'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

* Distances were accurately measured by the Russians all along the approach to their intrenchments, to insure the accurate range of their guns. † Fact.

But my debts is worth something, this truth they instil,
That pride makes us fall all against our will ;
It was pride that broke me—I was happy until
I was ruin'd all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide that ever you see,
I know ev'ry place of curoosity,
From Thiganavauria to Tanderagee,
And if you're for sport come along wid me !

For I'll lade you sportin' round about,
We've wild ducks, and widgeon, and snipe, and throut,
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And when they're not at home then I'm sure they're
out.

The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a savin' of time, you see,
For two of our miles is aigual to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say,
That you've nothing to do but to find your way ;
If your hurry's not great and you've time to delay
You can go the short cut that's the longest way.

And I'll show you good drinkin', too,
For I know the place where the whisky grew,
A bottle is good when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one—but I'd die for two.

'Thruth is scarce when liars is near,
But squeelin' is plenty when pigs you shear,
And mutton is high when cows is dear,
And rint it is scarce four times a year.

Such a counthry for growin' you ne'er did behowld,
We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot when
we're cowld ;
And the girls they know bashfulness makes us grow
bowld,
We grow young when we like, but we never grow
owld.

And the sivin small sines grows natural here,
For pratees has eyes and can see quite clear,
And the kittles is singin' with scaldin' tears,
And the corn-fields is listenin' with all their ears.

But along with sivin sines we have one more,
Of which I forgot to tell you before,
It is *nonsense* spontaneously gracin' our shore,
And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.

SOFT ON THE EAR.

SOFT on the ear falls the serenade,
When the calm evening is closing ;
Sweet are the echoes by music made,
When the lake is in moonlight reposing :
Hark, how the sound
Circles around,—
As if each note of the measure
Was caught, as it fell,
In some water-sprite's shell,
Who floated away with the treasure.

Soft on the ear, &c.

Soft on the ear falls the serenade,
When we guess who the soft strain is breathing :
The spirit of song is more melting made,
With the spirit of tenderness wreathing.
Oh, such the delight,
In the calm summer's night,
When thro' casements, half open, is stealing
The soft serenade
To the half-waking maid,
Who sighs at such tender appealing.

Soft on the ear, &c.

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

OH, I'm not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 I'm not myself at all !
 Nothin' carin', nothin' knowin',
 'Tis afther you I'm goin',
 Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growin',
 Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all !
 Th' other day I went confessin',
 And I ask'd the father's blessin' ;
 "But," says I, " don't give me one intirely,
 For I fretted so last year
 But the half o' me is here,
 So give the other half to Molly Brierly :"
 Oh, I'm not myself at all !

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 My appetite's so small.
 I once could pick a goose,
 But my buttons is no use,
 Faith my tightest coat is loose,
 Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all !

If thus it is I waste,
 You'd better, dear, make haste,
 Before your lover's gone away intirely ;
 If you don't soon change your mind,
 Not a bit of me you'll find—
 And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly ?—
 Oh, I'm not myself at all !

Oh, my shadow on the wall,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Isn't like myself at all.
 For I've got so very thin,
 Myself says 'tish't him,
 But that purty girl so slim,
 Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all !
 If thus I smaller grew,
 All fretting, dear, for you,
 'Tis you should make me up the deficiency ;
 So just let Father Taaff,
 Make you my better half,
 And you will not the worse of the addition be—
 Oh, I'm not myself at all !

I'll be not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Till you my own I call !

Since a change o'er me there came,
 Sure you might change your name—
 And 'twould just come to the same,
 Molly dear,
 'Twould just come to the same :
 For, if you and I were one,
 All confusion would be gone,
 And 'twould simplify the matther intirely ;
 And 'twould save us so much bother,
 When we'd both be one another—
 So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly ;
 Oh, I'm not myself at all !

WHEN FIRST I OVER THE MOUNTAIN TROD.

WHEN first I over the mountain trod,
 How bright the flowers, how green the sod,
 The breeze was whisp'ring of soft delight,
 And the fountains sparkled like diamonds bright.

But now I wander o'er the mountain lone,
 The flow'rs are drooping, their fragrance gone,
 The breeze of morn like a wail appears,
 And the dripping fountain seems weeping tears.

And are ye changed, oh, ye lovely hills ?
 Less sparkling are ye, bright mountain rills ?
 Does the fragrant bloom from the flow'r depart ?—
 No—there's nothing changed but this breaking heart !

WHEN AND WHERE.

WRITTEN TO A POPULAR ORGAN TUNE.

“OH, tell me when and tell me where
Am I to meet with thee, my fair?”

“I’ll meet thee in the secret night,
When stars are beaming gentle light,
Enough for love, but not too bright
To tell who blushes there.”

“You’ve told me *when*, now tell me *where*,
Am I to meet with thee, my fair?”

“I’ll meet thee in that lovely place,
Where flow’rets dwell in sweet embrace,
And zephyr comes to steal a grace
To shed on the midnight air.”

“You’ve told me *when*, and told me *where*,
But tell me *how* I’ll know thou’rt there?”

“Thou’lt know it when I sing the lay
That wandering boys on organs play,
No lover, sure, can miss his way,
When led by this signal air.”

THERE'S A CHARM IN THE PAST.

THERE'S a charm in the past which the present ne'er
knows,

For the present too plainly each fault can disclose,
While the past thro' the haze of affection is seen,
And mem'ry beholds but the joys that *have* been :

That twilight of mem'ry *will* linger so long—

Like the soul-touching strain of some favourite song,
Or like soft clouds of evening, that, ling'ring, invite
The glow of the sunset ere day fades to night—

Oh, as long as a pulse of the fond heart may last,

There's a charm in the past.

There's a charm in the past to the future unknown,

For the past can reveal but the joys *once our own*,

While the joys of the future in fancy we see,

Are but dreams of the fond heart—that *never may be* :

Then give me the flow'rs I can pluck from the past,

To wreathe round life's cup while the frail bowl may
last.

Tho' the flowers be all wither'd, enough they impart

Of the incense that made them once dear to the
heart—

Oh yes !—for the faithful and fond, to the last,

There's a charm in the past.

'T WAS LOVING THEE TOO WELL.

OH, frown not, lady, frown not so,
 On one whose heart is thine ;
 Let one kind word before I go,
 Let one kind look be mine !
 An aching heart while e'er I live,
 My fault shall deeply tell :
 But oh—'twas one *thou* might'st forgive—
 'Twas loving thee too well.

Oh ! if that smile had been less sweet,
 That cheek less blooming been ;
 Less bright those eyes I used to meet,
 Or were those charms less seen ;
 Or, if this heart had been too cold
 To feel thy beauty's spell—
 Thou ne'er had'st call'd thy slave too **bold**,
 For **l**oving thee too well !

GENTLE LADY, HEAR MY VOW.

GENTLE lady, hear my vow,
 Hear my vow, nor bid me part,
 With the charms I gaze on now
 Love might tame the wildest heart.

Doubt not I will true remain,
Doubt not what those eyes inspire—
Vulcan forged the strongest chain
When Venus gave the fire !

Blame me not if vows I break,
Vows that I have made before ;
Thine the power my faith to shake,
Yet to make me still adore !
As mountain streams their brightness pour
In tribute to the sovereign sea,
So the loves I've known before,
All are lost in thee !

GREEN AND GRAY CAN NEVER AGREE.

YOUNG ROSETTE was lithe and gay,
Old Sir Gregory bent and gray ;
She the picture was of May,
He made you think of a winter's day—
But still he courted fair Rosette,
She, all the time, could never forget
A saying old she heard when young,
And thus the proverb was slowly sung,
“ ‘ Green and Gray can never agree,’
So, old man, court not me.”

Young Rosette, in mirthful vein,
 Laugh'd at Sir Gregory's tender pain :
 She, he said, " should roll in wealth "—
 And vow'd he was " in very good health :"
 She should ride in a coach and four,
 She should have servants by the score,
 Green and gold should her liveries be—
 When thus EIGHTEEN said to SIXTY-THREE—
 " Green and gold are fair to see,
 But ' Green and Gray can never agree,'
 So, old man, court not me."

'TIS SWEET TO REMEMBER.

OH ! 'tis sweet to remember how brightly
 The days o'er us swiftly have flown,
 When the hearts that we prize beat as lightly,
 And fed upon hopes like our own ;
 When with grief we were scarcely acquainted,
 While joy was our own bosom friend ;
 Oh ! days—wing'd too swiftly with pleasure,
 Ye are past—and our dream's at an end :
 Yet 'tis sweet to remember !

The walks, where we've roam'd without tiring,
 The songs that together we've sung—
 The jest, to whose merry inspiring
 Our mingling of laughter hath rung—

Oh! trifles like these become precious,
 Embalm'd in the mem'ry of years :
 The smiles of the past—so remember'd—
 How often they waken our tears !
 Yet 'tis sweet to remember !

THE HAPPY HOUR TO MEET.

DUET.

WAITING evening's closing,
 Marking the vesper chime,
 Love, his pinions folding,
 Watches the flight of Time.
 Counting the hours by the bells so sweet,
 And blessing the happy hour to meet.

When the sun is sinking
 Over the lady's bower,
 And the longer shadow
 Tells of the short'ning hour,
 Breezes then whisper thro' flowerets sweet,
 "Hasten—for oh! 'tis the hour to meet!"

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

THE sunshine of the heart be mine,
That beams a charm around ;
Where'er it sheds its ray divine,
Is all enchanted ground !
No fiend of care may enter there,
Tho' Fate employ her art :—
Her power, tho' mighty, bows to *thine*
Bright sunshine of the heart !

Beneath the splendour of thy ray
How lovely all is made !
Bright fountains in the desert play,
And palm-trees cast their shade ;
Thy morning light is rosy bright,
And ere thy beams depart,
Thy waning light still yields delight,
Sweet sunshine of the heart !

HOPE RETURNS AGAIN.

OH, sigh not thus, so broken-hearted,
Over hopes departed,

Hope returns again ;

Behold, to shame thy faithless sighing,
Yon bright swallow flying—

Summer comes again.

And dost thou fear

HE who rules the changing year—

And guides the wild bird o'er the sea—

Will leave the human heart in sorrow ?—

No, no ! trust to-morrow ;

Hope will come to thee.

And when the desert-thirst is raging,
Where no fount assuaging

Cheers the burning plains,

Then the trav'ler, faint and dying,

Some green spot espying,

The living water gains !

And dost thou think

At Hope's fount *we* may not drink ?—

Oh ! weary pilgrim bend thy knee,

And, at her sacred fountain kneeling,

Own with holiest feeling,

There *are* green spots for thee !

LARRY O'GAFF.

LARRY O'GAFF was a brave boy for marching,
 His instep was large—but his income was small ;
 So he set up, one day, as a soldier of fortune—
 The meaning of which is—no fortune at all.
 In battles, bombardments and sieges he grew up,
 Till he didn't much care if towns flourish'd or blew up,
 And his maxims in life—for he pick'd one or two up—
 Were short, sweet and simple for Larry O'Gaff.

“If your purse it is slender,” says Larry, “'tis better
 To owe a small trifle than want a great deal ;
 If, soliciting cash, a solicitor's letter,
 Or your mercer, maliciously make an appeal—
 Look sad, and say, ‘Sir, your account shall be paid
 Now my uncle is dead and my fortune is made ;’
 Then order some mourning—proceedings are stay'd,
 And black's genteel wearing,” says Larry O'Gaff.

Says Larry, “Love all men—except an attorney :
 The ladies without an exception at all ;
 But beware of a widow on love's mazy journey—
 For, mostly, they've seven small *childre* that squall :

And then, from those eyes that love's glances have
 darted,
 They sometimes rain showers—and sham broken-
 hearted,
 Deploring the loss of '*the dear man departed* ;'
 Oh! them widows are sarpints!" says Larry O'Gaff.

"But if with some charming young creature you'd run
 away,
 Court her fat mother—a middle-aged dame,
 While her daughter, up stairs, is then packing, like
 fun away,
 A small change of clothes, before changing her
 name ;
 Mamma smiles resistance—but yields in amaze,
 You rush for a licence to save all delays ;
 But go—round the corner with Miss, in a chaise,
 And then, 'heigh for Gretna !'" says Larry O'Gaff.

"Your wife is cut off with a shilling," says Larry,
 "But Providence spares her an old maiden aunt,
 Who hates all the brazen young women who marry,
 Tho' she, all her life, has been grieving she can't.
 Round *her* you must flatter and wheedle and twist,
 Let her snub you in company—cheat you at whist—
 But you'll win the odd trick when the Legacy list,
 Shows her will all in favour of Larry O'Gaff."

BETWEEN MY SLEEVE AND ME.

My Katty, sweet enslaver,
 'Twas loth I was to lave her,
 I made my best endeavour to keep my courage high ;
 But when she softly spoke me
 I thought the grief would choke me,
 For pride it would revoke the tear was rising to my
 eye ;
 But, as the grief grew stronger,
 I dared not linger longer,
 One kiss !—sure 'twas not wrong before I rush'd away
 to sea ;
 No one could then discover
 The weakness of the lover,
 And, if my grief ran over—'twas between my sleeve
 and me.

Oh ! 'twould be hard believing
 How fond hearts may be grieving
 When taking or when giving merry jokes with com-
 rades gay,
 While deeper thoughts are straying,
 Some distant land away in,
 Like wand'ring pilgrims praying at some shrine that's
 far away.

When merry cups are ringing,
 I join the round of singing,
 To help the joyous winging of the sportive evening's
 glee ;
 But when the mirth is over,
 My sadness none discover,
 For, if my grief runs over—'tis between my sleeve
 and me.

OH! NEVER ASK ME "WHY?"

Oh! never ask me why the rose is red,
 Oh! never ask me why the lily's fair,
 Enough for me to know that Nature shed
 Her beauty there—

So, never ask me "why?"

Oh! never ask me why I love the night,
 And why the bright stars hold me in their spell,
 For why I love, or how they give their light,
 I cannot tell—

So, never ask me "why?"

Oh! never ask me why I'm fond of thee :—
 We may be sure of much we can't explain!
 I only know 'tis joy thy face to see,
 To part is pain--

But, never ask me "why?"

THE BARD'S FAREWELL.

TO ——

FAREWELL, oh farewell, but whenever you give
A thought to the days that are gone,
Of the bright sunny things that in memory live
Let a thought of the minstrel be one.
The hope is but humble—he asks but a share,
But a part of *thy memories* to be,
While no *future* to *him* can in rapture compare
To the past, made enchanting by thee.

Yes, yes, thou'lt remember the strain that he sang,
And wish that the minstrel were nigh ;
Thou wilt turn to the place where his harp *used* to
hang—
And gaze on the void with a sigh.
And tho' glory may welcome the bard on his way,
Less pleasing the loud voice of fame,
Than the soft gentle sigh that rewarded his lay
When it first rose in praise of *thy* name.

CUPID'S FIRST DIP.

CUPID one day amid wild flowers playing,
Wild flowers—the fittest for him—
In the bright stream, by whose bank he was straying,
Longing to bathe—but the boy could not swim.

He ventured his foot in a shallow hard by,
 When the Nymph of the stream, with a sharp mocking-
 ing cry,

Said, "Cupid, don't dabble—be cautious, or bold,
 Jump in, or keep out,
 If you dabble, no doubt
 You'll go home with a cough,
 And the ladies will scoff—

For the very worst thing is for Love to take cold."

Cupid, thus taunted, jump'd in, nothing daunted,

 " Well done," said the Nymph to the boy ;
 " Once o'er head and ears, boy, away with your fears—
 The wilder the plunge, oh, the brighter the joy !
 To give you this lesson, sweet Cupid, is luck,
 With your dear little wings too—I'm sure you're a
 duck—

 But, wild duck, don't dabble,"—
 The Nymph said to him,—
 " Once o'er head and ears,
 Away with your fears,

For Love never sinks when determined to swim !"

GRIEF IS MINE.

GRIEF is mine since thou art gone,
 Thou, my love, my secret one,
 I hide my thoughts, and weep alone,
 That none may hear or see ;

But grief, tho' silent, tells its tale—
 They watch my cheek, and see 'tis pale :
 But the cheek may fade, and the heart ne'er fail—
 I will still be true to thee.

*Sual, sual, a-rūn.**

Oh ! give me wings, sweet bird of air,
 Soaring aloft in the bright clouds there ;
 There is hope in Heaven—on the earth is despair—
 Oh ! that a bird I were !
 'Tis then I would seek my place of rest,
 And fly unto my lov'd one's breast,
 Within his heart to make my nest,
 And dwell for ever there !

Sual, sual, a-rūn.

DIVIDED LOVE.

WHEN Love o'er the warm heart is stealing
 His mystic, his magical chain,
 How wild is the transport of feeling,
 We scarce can call pleasure or pain !
 Till 'midst the bright joys that surrounded us,
 Our bondage we tremble to see ;—
 But so closely his fetters have bound us,
 We struggle in vain to be free !

* Pronounced *Shule aroon*—signifying—“Come, my secret one.”

As vain as the hope of retreating
From peril that lurks in the eyes,
When glances too frequent are meeting,
And sighs are re-echoed by sighs ;
When thus, with two hearts that are tender,
The folly so equal hath been,
'Tis meet that they *both* should surrender,
And share the soft bondage between.

BRING ME THAT ANCIENT BOWL.

BRING me that ancient bowl of wine,
Bright as the ruby's blaze,
Around its brim methinks still shine
The smiles of former days !
And thus, while to my lip it bears
The treasures of the vine,
Deeply my soul the transport shares:
From this old bowl of mine !

Bring me the harp, for mem'ry's sake,
That harp of silent string—
I long its slumbering chords to wake
In strains I used to sing :
And as I dream of that fair form
In youth adored—oh then,
Once more I feel my heart grow warm,
And sing of love again !

OH! ONCE I HAD LOVERS.

OH! once I had lovers in plenty,
 When a *colleen* I lived in the glen
 I kill'd fifty before I was twenty—
 How happy the moments flew then!
 Then winter I ne'er could discover,
 For Love brighten'd Time's dusky wing;
 Oh! when ev'ry new month brought a lover,
 The year it seem'd always like spring.

But Cupid's more delicate pinion,
 Could never keep up with Old Time;
 So the grey-beard assumes his dominion,
 When the mid-day of life rings its chime:
 Then gather, when morning is shining,
 Some flow'r while the bright moments last,
 Which closely around the heart twining,
 Will live when the summer is past!

 THE ENCHANTRESS.

TO —

OH! why did I meet with thee, charmer,
 Why dare the soft spell of thine eye?
 Oh! Love, why for conquest thus arm her,
 And forbid that the vanquish'd should fly?

She hath charm'd, till my heart I did give her,
 In return she hath left me her chains :
 The Enchantress is gone—ah !—for ever—
 But her magic—her magic remains !

And where lay the might of her charming ?
 'Twas *not* seeking to charm you at all ;
 Her frankness all caution disarming,
 Till you felt the deep pow'r of her thrall.
 Her eyes when they wounded look'd kindly,
 'Twas the mirth of her lip made my pain :—
 She is gone whom I worship'd so blindly,
 But, Enchantress, thy spells all remain !



OH ! THAT GOLDEN STRAND.

WHERE is the light of that azure eye
 That beam'd with heaven's own blue ?
 Clouded, betimes, like an April sky
 With sunshine peeping through ;
 But when the tear had pass'd away,
 How heav'nly bright was the smile's sweet ray :
 Oh ! that golden strand,
 In a distant land—
 There will fond memory stray !

Where is the voice that I used to hear?
 Whose sound was Love's own spell,
 Greeting the ear with a modest fear,
 As it said it lov'd me well.
 And then 'twas hush'd—as if half afraid
 Of the joy it felt and the joy it made—
 Oh! that golden strand,
 In a distant land—
 There let my memory dwell!

THE MINSTREL TO HIS LADY LOVE.

A MINSTREL, fann'd by Love's soft wing,
 Thus to his lady-love did sing—
 “Oh, would I were thy lute's sweet string,
 To be so gently touch'd by thee;
 Oh! never to thy gentle hand
 That lute was more in sweet command
 Than I should be, to understand
 The slightest wish or look from thee.

“Oh! would I were thy falcon fair,
 To cleave for thee the highest air,
 And to my lady downward bear
 The heron's wing her plume to be:

To be cast off* the bird may rue,
 Yet fly—whene'er he's bid by you ;
 But ah, with instinct far more true,
 He hears the sweet recall from thee.

“ Oh ! happy is thy faithful hound,
 To rove with thee the sylvan ground,
 Around thee in wild joy to bound,
 All fondly-watchful, guarding thee :
 No danger deep could make him fly,
 No ! at thy feet he'd bravely die—
 Oh ! lady dear, and so would I,
 For one bright tear bestow'd on me.

And like thy lute, *my* deepest tone
 Is, at thy bidding, all thine own ;
 Or would'st thou have me mirthful grown,
 Thou need'st but give a smile to me.
 And like thy hawk, thy lure† should be
 The dearest thing on earth to me—
 Thy dog's untaught fidelity
 Is not more true than mine to thee !”

* “Cast off”—a term in hawking,

† “Lure”—a term in hawking.

IT MAY BE YET.

“It may be yet, it may be yet :”

How oft that dreamy thought hath charm'd !

“It may be yet, it may be yet,”

Hath oft despair disarm'd.

The Sun, tho' clouded all the day,

In glory bright may set ;

So may we watch for Love's bright ray,

And, hopeful thro' the darkness, say,

“It may be yet, it may be yet,

My own dear love, it may be yet !”

The sailor, by some dangerous shore,

Impatient on a breezeless tide,

Within the breakers' warning roar

That tells where dangers bide,

Undaunted still, with hopeful care

His stedfast eye is set

To watch the coming breeze so fair—

That breath from Heaven—that whispers there,

“It may be yet, it may be yet,

Oh ! sailor bold, it may be yet !”

The weeping maid, in sunlit bow'r,

Whose sparkling dew-drops mock her tears,

Waking her harp's pathetic pow'r

Some strain of gladness hears :

As if some pitying angel's wing,
 O'er chords with tear-drops wet,
 Had gently swept the wailing string,
 And bade one tone of promise ring
 "It may be yet, it may be yet,
 Oh! weeping maid, it may be yet!"

OH! WHAT CARE I FOR ANCIENT LORDLY HALL.

DUET.

OH! what care I for ancient lordly hall,
 Where pride and pomp unjoyous dwell?
 An older, prouder home, my own I call—
 It is my green and native mountain dell:
 Its lofty walls are rais'd by Heav'n's own hand,
 Its roof is Heav'n's own blue,
 And sparkling stars at night,
 In living lustre bright,
 Give light at Heav'n's command,
 While faires sip the dew.
 Oh! what care I, &c.

Around our cot behold, in gay festoon,
 The rip'ning clusters of the vine,
 While winning breezes e'en at burning noon
 Hark to the murmur of the whip'ring pine.

And while we lie beneath its cooling shade,
 Our ripe grapes promise wine,
 To fill the sparkling cup
 With hearty wishes up
 To my own blooming maid,
 Or faithful friend of mine.
 Oh ! what care I, &c.

OH ! LOVELY EYES.

TO —.

OH ! lovely eyes, whose gentle radiance, glowing
 With speechless meaning, beareth more to me
 On the pure stream from out the soul-spring flowing,
 Than language breath'd by voice of melody :
 For words are cold to tell the full heart's meaning,
 To sound the deep where Love in secret lies—
 In guarded words there may be timid feigning,
 But no deceit can lurk in those sweet eyes !

Oh ! lovely eyes, where truth, with lustre blending,
 Shines—like the north star o'er the wintry sea,
 Some lonely bark in midnight course befriending—
 Oh, lovely eyes, beam gently thus on me.
 How blest my course with such bright eyes to guide me,
 Who'd ask for words when Love's own light replies ?
 Were Love not there, your glances had denied me,
 For no deceit can lurk in those sweet eyes !

FISHERMAN.

THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE, AS SHE
WEAVES HIS NET.

THOU art far away at sea,
 Fisherman ;
 My blessing wait on thee,
 Fisherman ;
 The early moon hath set,
 But the stars will light thee yet,
 To cast thy busy net,
 Fisherman.

And fear not for thy net,
 Fisherman ;
 It never fail'd thee yet,
 Fisherman ;
 Its meshes will not part,
 For, oh, they're made with art—
 As if to keep thy heart,
 Fisherman.

And fear not on the sea,
 Fisherman ;
 For I will pray for thee,
 Fisherman !

Amid the billows' strife,
 Ne'er tremble for thy life—
 For Heaven will hear thy wife!
 Fisherman.

EVELEEN.

THERE'S not a charm that hath a dwelling
 On the land or on the sea,
 But my fancy's fondly telling
 To my heart, 'tis like to thee;
 The sea-bird bright,
 In dazzling flight
 When circling round my boat I've seen,
 Its snowy wings
 To mem'ry brings
 The soft fair neck of Eveleen.

When the moonbeam on the billow,
 Sleeping o'er the deep, I've seen—
 Like to beauty on her pillow—
 Then I've thought of Eveleen.
 But her splendour
 Is less tender
 Than some eyes that I have seen;
 Deep as ocean
 My devotion
 For the lovely Eveleen.

True love never was erratic ;
 He hath wings—but hath not flown.
 True love ne'er was democratic ;
 He must always reign alone.
 Could affection
 Make election,
 Could my heart but choose its queen,
 One girl alone
 Should have the throne,
 And her sweet name is Eveleen.

THE CAPTIVE ROVER.

ONE morn, as fiercely blew the blast,
 Amid the breakers' roar,
 A rover came, and fearless, cast
 His grappling on the shore ;
 But the rover, too, was grappled there,
 A captive soon was he ;
 For he saw and loved a maiden fair
 Who dwelt beside the sea.

They woo'd and wed, and years soon fled,
 And when a baby's smile
 Was beaming in the rover's face,
 He seem'd so sad the while ;

He thought upon his sinless child,
 And look'd across the sea—
 For he fear'd the day a rover wild
 His baby boy should be.

He kiss'd the child, and gave it back
 Into its mother's arms ;
 " One other cruise," he said, " and then
 Farewell to guilt's alarms !"
 He call'd his band—he piped each hand ;
 His sail swept far from shore :
 But storm or strife bereft the wife—
 The rover came no more.

THE JAUNTING CAR.

A FULL and a faithful account I'll sing
 Of the wonderful things that in Ireland are ;
 And first I would fain to your notice bring
 That magic contrivance, a Jaunting Car.
 For its magic is great, as I'll soon impart,
 And naught can compare to it near or far ;
 Would you find the soft side of a lady's heart,
 Just sit by her side on a Jaunting Car :
 The lordly brougham, the ducal coach,
 My lady's chariot, less speedy are
 To make their way to the church, they say,
 Than a nice little drive on a Jaunting Car.

The Greeks and the Romans fine cars display'd,
If to history you'll let me go back so far ;
But, the wretches, in these it was war they made,
While 'tis love that is made on a Jaunting Car.
But in love, as in war, you may kill your man,
And if you're inclined to proceed so far,
Just call him out, and go ride about
A mile and a half on a Jaunting Car.
Let lovers praise the moon's soft rays,
The falling dew or the rising star,
The streamlet's side at the even-tide,
But give *me* the side of a Jaunting Car.

Ere Cupid was taught to take steps with art,
(Little staggering bob, as most babies are,)
His mother she bought him a little go-cart,—
'Twas the earliest form of the Jaunting Car.
And the walking gift it can soon impart
To all who to Cupid inclinèd are,
If you would walk off with a lady's heart,
Just take her a drive on a Jaunting Car.
The cushions, soft as the tale that's told,
The shafts as certain as Cupid's are,
The springs go bump—and your heart goes jump,
At the thumping vows on a Jaunting Car.

CAN YOU EVER FORGET ?

Oir, don't you remember, from morning till evening,
 How oft we have roved thro' the wild mountain
 glen,
 And sigh'd, as we said, when the time came for leaving,
 The day was too short—tho' 'twas midsummer then ?
 If it rain'd we complain'd not—we thought not of
 weather,
 Tho' the path was with weeds and with briars
 o'ergrown ;
 'Twas so sweet and so short when we walk'd it
 together—
 'Twas so long—ah, so long, when returning alone.
 Oh, don't you remember, how thus 'twas we
 met ?—
 Or rather I'll say—can you ever forget ?

And, don't you remember, at each festive season
 That Christmas, or Easter, so merrily bring,
 To sit next each other we always found reason,
 When playing at forfeits, all join'd the gay ring ?
 And, when *you* drew the prizes, you managed that
my one
 Should be quite the best from the gay Christmas
 tree ;

And if blindman's-buff was the game—oh, you sly
one—

You know, very well, that you always caught *me*.

Oh, don't you remember how thus 'twas we
met?—

Or rather I'll say—can you ever forget !

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE.

“OH, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary,” says I ;

“Oh, don't talk to my mother,” says Mary,
Beginning to cry :

“For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent ;
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent.”

“Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary,” says I ;

“Oh, don't talk to my father,” says Mary,
Beginning to cry :

“For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father,” says Mary,
“He'll surely say ‘No.’”

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
 Sweet Mary," says I;
 "If your father and mother's so cruel,
 Most surely I'll die!"
 "Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
 "A way now to save you, I see:
 Since my parents are both so contrary—
 You'd better ask *me*."

I VALUE THIS CUP.

I VALUE this cup, for its brim
 Is hallow'd by mem'ries divine!
 How many a health have I pledged out of him—
 And mingled a tear with the wine!
 To my children I've drunk from this bowl,
 When the day of their birth has come round;
 To the well-beloved wife of my soul,
 Who with rapture my fond heart has crown'd!

 The cup that is hallow'd like this,
 With hopes, and with blessings, and love,
 Bright Hebe ne'er fill'd one so brimming with bliss
 When she crown'd it with nectar above!
 Then forward our hopes let us cast,
 And bound in fond memory's chain,
 Let us drink to the joys that are past,
 And trust that as bright ones remain!

ABSENCE.

TO —

As when the sun withdraweth quite,
Then all is night ;

’Tis even so with me,
Parted from thee.

The faithful dawn of morning bright
Brings back the light—

But to illumine *my* sorrow,
There is *no* morrow !

As when the sea, upon the strand,
With wavy wand,

Marketh where she hath been,
So thou, my queen,

Didst leave thy trace upon my heart
Ere thou didst part :—

The tide returns again—
But thou !—ah when ?

 COME BACK TO ME.

WHY, dearest, dost thou linger
Far away from me ?

While pensive mem’ry’s finger
Ever points to thee ;

Over what mountains bounding,
 Over what silent sea,
 With dangers dark surrounding?—
 Oh, come back to me !

But darker than the danger
 That dwells upon the sea,
 The thought, that some fair stranger
 May cast her love on thee ;
 Perchance she's now bestowing
 Some fatal glance on thee,
 Love-spells around thee throwing—
 Oh, come back to me !

OH ! GALLANT SAILOR BOY.

OII ! gallant sailor boy,
 When the look-out on the topmast thou'rt keeping,
 Proud in thy daring joy,
 Giving no thought to the eyes that are weeping,
 Weeping, and lifted be
 In fervent prayer for thee,
 When the tempest's roar
 Is heard on shore,
 And thy mother, on bended knee,

Sinks, with a sinking heart,
Till the heart groweth strong in its silent devotion,
Praying, where'er thou art,
That Heaven will keep thee unharm'd on the ocean ;
Sparing the widow's joy,—
Her only sailor boy !

Oh ! gallant sailor boy,
Safe while the billows around thee are dashing,
And the petrel, with noisy joy,
Shrieks thro' the tempest on wing wildly flashing :
For other wings may be
(Tho' all unseen by thee)
Call'd by the pray'r
Of a fond heart there,
For thy mother, on bended knee,
Sinks, with a sinking heart,
Till the heart groweth strong in its silent devotion,
Praying, where'er thou art,
That Heaven will keep thee unharm'd on the ocean ;
Sparing the widow's joy,—
Her only sailor boy !

THE ROSE, THE ZEPHYR, AND THE DEWDROP.

“WILT thou be mine, my pretty Rose?”

A Dewdrop said, at day's declining;

“Thy balmy breath invites repose,

While sparkling stars are o'er us shining.”

Just then a Zephyr, passing by,

Breathed softly on the Rose a sigh—

The trembling leaves her doubts disclose

What shall she do,

Between the two?—

The Zephyr, and the sparkling Dew.

“Oh, lovely Rose,” the Zephyr cried,

“Let not the faithless Dew betray thee;—

He calls thee, now, his blooming bride,

And tempts with diamonds to array thee;

But, sweet one, at the dawn of day

The faithless Dew will fly away.”—

The trembling leaves, &c. &c.

The Dew replied, “Oh ne'er believe,

Sweet Rose, that Zephyr so engaging,

His soft caress of balmy eve

May, ere the morn, be turn'd to raging;

And all the charms he sighs on now,

At morn be scatter'd from the bough!”

The trembling leaves, &c. &c.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

THE hour was sad I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking,
Her sighs and tears my steps delay'd—
I thought her heart was breaking ;
In hurried words her name I bless'd,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart, in anguish, press'd
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away
To win a name in story ;
And there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawn'd our sun of glory !
Both blaz'd in noon on ALMA's height,
Where, in the post assign'd me,
I shar'd the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing ;
But now, *our* laurels, freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of our sires, each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory
 Within my bosom burning,
 Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
 And of my fond returning :
 But should I ne'er return again,
 Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
 Dishonour's breath shall never stain
 The name I'll leave behind me !

KITTY MACLURE.

Of the beauties of old
 Heathen poets have told,
 But I, on the faith of a Christian, more pure,
 Abjure all the lays
 Of their classical days,
 For my own Irish beauty—sweet Kitty Maclure !
 Cleopatra, the gipsy—
 Ariadne, the tipsy—
 Tho' bumper'd by Bacchus in nectar so pure,
 Were less worthy a toast
 Than the beauty I boast,
 So, in bright mountain-dew, here's to Kitty Maclure !

Fair Helen of Greece
 And the Roman Lucrece,
 Compared with my swan were but geese, I am sure :

What poet could speak
 Of a beauty antique,
 Compared with my young one—sweet Kitty Maclure ?
 Oh, sweet Kitty,
 So pretty, so witty,
 To melt you to pity what flames I endure ;
 While I sigh forth your name,
 It increases my flame,
 Till I'm turn'd into cinders for Kitty Maclure !

This world below here
 Is but darksome and drear,
 So I set about finding for darkness a cure,
 And I got the sweet knowledge
 From Cupid's own college—
 'Twas light from the eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure.
 If all the dark pages
 Of all the dark ages
 Were bound in one volume, you might be secure
 To illumine them quite,
 With the mirth-giving light
 That beams from the eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure !

As Cupid, one day,
 Hide-and-seek went to play,
 He knew where to hide himself, sly and secure ;
 So, away the rogue dashes
 To hide 'mid the lashes
 That fringe the bright eyes of sweet Kitty Maclure.

She thought 'twas a fly
 That got into her eye,
 So she wink'd—for the tickling she could not endure ;
 But love would not fly
 At her winking so sly,
 And still lurks in the eye of sweet Kitty Maclure !

TELL-TALES.

Oh ! don't you remember,
 Long time ago,
 When the path was in December
 Cover'd o'er with snow ?
 Then we had a little walk,
 Then we had a little talk,
 But jealous eyes did soon divine
 The footsteps there were not *all* mine :—
 Oh ! the snow,
 The tell-tale snow,
 Long time ago !

Oh ! don't you remember
 On that evening fair,
 When the jasmine flowers you braided
 In the raven hair ?
 Homeward then I thoughtless stray'd
 And the jasmine flow'rs betray'd ;

For well the jealous glances knew
 No jasmine in *our* garden grew :—

Oh ! the flower,
 The tell-tale flower,
 Long time ago !

And when we were both forbidden
 Ever more to meet,

Slily, little notes were hidden
 By the willow seat.

But vainly for a note we sought :—
 Could we each other have forgot ?—

Ah ! others knew as well as we
 The secret of that hollow tree :—

Oh ! the tree, the hollow tree,
 It betray'd both you and me,
 Long time ago !



A SINGLE WREATH ENTWINE.

LINES ON THE ALLIANCE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

FRANCE and ENGLAND, great in story,
 Fighting once for separate glory,
 Now their valiant hosts combine,
 In sacred band, round Freedom's shrine.

And when, in mingled might,
 They triumph in the fight,

Separate chaplets need not be
 Hence, to crown the victory :—
 A single wreath entwine.

YIELD NOT, THOU SAD ONE, TO SIGHS.
 OH yield not, thou sad one, to sighs,
 Nor murmur at Destiny's will.
 Behold, for each pleasure that flies,
 Another replacing it still.
 Time's wing, were it all of one feather,
 Far slower would be in its flight ;
 The storm gives a charm to fine weather,
 And day would seem dark without night.
 Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

When we look on some lake that repeats
 The loveliness bounding its shore,
 A breeze o'er the soft surface fleets,
 And the mirror-like beauty is o'er :—
 But the breeze, ere it ruffled the deep,
 Pervading the odorous bow'rs,
 Awaken'd the flow'rs from their sleep,
 And wafted their sweets to be our's.
 Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

Oh, blame not the change nor the flight
 Of our joys as they're passing away,
 'Tis the swiftness and change give delight—
 They would pall if permitted to stay.
 More gaily they glitter in flying,
 They perish in lustre still bright,
 Like the hues of the dolphin, in dying,
 Or the humming-bird's wing in its flight.
 Then yield not, thou sad one, to sighs.

NEVERMORE.

LOVED one, when I saw thee last,
 O'er the billow came the blast,
 Twilight gray its shadow cast
 Over the shore.
 As onward bore my bark to sea,
 And backward turn'd my gaze on thee,
 Something coldly whisper'd me,
 " No—Nevermore."
 Was it fancy, was it fear,
 Startled thus the lover's ear !
 Or would fate my doom foreshow
 In that mystic voice of woe ?
 Voice of woe, prophetic knell
 O'er that sad, that last farewell,
 For I saw my Isabel—
 Ah !—Nevermore !

For many a year from that sad day
 That bore me from my love away,
 Still that chilling voice would say,
 “ No—Nevermore !”

When, at last, the tidings came,
 Bearing me thy blighted name,
 Did Love light another flame !

 Ah—Nevermore.

Nevermore the sparkling spell
 In this mournful heart can dwell ;
 Yet the shade of Bella's grace,
 Coldly haunts the lonely place :
 Vain the challenge Beauty tries,
 From blooming lips and beaming eyes,
 Still this aching heart replies,
 “ No—Nevermore !”

FATHER MOLLOY;

OR, THE CONFESSION.

PADDY McCABE was dying one day,
 And Father Molloy he came to confess him ;
 Paddy pray'd hard he would make no delay
 But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless
 him.
 “ First tell me your sins,” says Father Molloy,
 “ For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy.”

“Oh,” says Paddy, “so late in the evenin’ I fear
 ’Twould throuble you such a long story to hear,
 For you’ve ten long miles o’er the mountain to go,
 While the road *I’ve* to travel’s much longer, you know :
 So give us your blessin’ and get in the saddle,
 To tell all my sins my poor brain it would addle ;
 And the docthor gave ordhers to keep me so quiet—
 ’Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I’d thry it,
 And your Reverence has towld us, unless we tell *all*,
 ’Tis worse than not makin’ confession at all :
 So I’ll say, in a word, I’m no very good boy,
 And, therefore, your blessin’, sweet Father Molloy.”

“ Well, I’ll read from a book,” says Father Molloy,
 “ The manifold sins that humanity’s heir to ;
 And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,
 You’ll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging
 thereto.”

Then the Father began the dark roll of iniquity,
 And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,
 And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a
 roar—

“ Oh, murder !” says Paddy, “ don’t read any more,
 For, if you keep readin’, by all that is throe,
 Your Reverence’s fist will be soon black and blue ;
 Besides, to be throubled my conscience begins,
 That your Reverence should have any hand in *my*
 sins ;

So you'd better suppose I committed them all,
 For whether they're great ones, or whether they're
 small,

Or if they're a dozen, or if they're four-score,
 'Tis your Reverence knows how to absolve them,
 asthore :

So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
 And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "if your sins I forgive,
 So you must forgive all your enemies truly ;
 And promise me also that, if you should live,
 You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live
 newly."

"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,
 "Except that big vagabone Micky Malone ;
 And him I will murdher if ever I can—"

"Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man ;
 For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,
 You'll ne'er go to Heaven, and that is my sentence."

"Poo!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard
 case,

With your Reverence and Heaven I'm content to
 make pace ;

But with Heaven and your Reverence I wondher—
Och hone,

You would think of comparin' that blackguard
 Malone—

But since I'm hard press'd and that I *must* forgive,
 I forgive—if I die—but as sure as I live
 That ugly blackguard I will surely destroy!—
 So, *now* for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

THE DEEP-SEA SHELL.

"SAD one, sighing along the shore,
 Why to thine ear that sea shell keep?"
 "Because it telleth of days of yore—
 Of joys that I knew within the deep.
 A Siren, there betraying
 With song and softest saying,
 My soul with vows of love beguil'd—
 Oh *how* I loved that sea-nymph wild!
 But she was false—ah, false as fair,
 And I, abandon'd to despair;
 The shell I stole from out the deep,
 Some mem'ry of my joy to keep;
 And though the shell
 Rings Pleasure's knell,
 Yet still 'tis dear
 Tho' sad, to hear
 The sound of the deep-sea shell."

Thus mortals listen to Mem'ry's shell,
 Stolen of Time from his silent deep;
 And Nature yields to the murmuring spell,
 Tho' the sad music may make us weep.

For, in Memory's deep are lying
 Past joys, too fast in flying,
 And many a "thought too deep for tears."
 And blighted hopes of former years :
 Yet, mingled thus, of grief and joy,
 Oh, who the memory would destroy ?—
 Of all the bliss and pain we've met,
 Oh, where's the heart that would forget ?
 For tho' the shell
 Rings Pleasure's knell,
 Yet still 'tis dear,
 Tho' sad, to hear
 The sound of Memory's shell.

I AM A SIMPLE GONDOLIER.

I AM a simple Gondolier, Signora,
 I am a simple Gondolier ;
 But would you fly from danger, fair Signora,
 I'll be as bold as Cavalier.
 Where is truth e'er found the surest ?—
 'Tis in a simple heart like mine,
 Where is courage found the purest,
 But for a beauty like to thine ?
 I am a simple Gondolier, Signora,
 I am a simple Gondolier ;
 But would you fly from danger, fair Signora,
 I'll be as bold as Cavalier !

To favour flight, the silver light obscuring,
 The storm-cloud veils the midnight moon ;
 Haste, lady haste, the dusky hour securing,
 Thy safety seek in yon lagune.
 There, thy exiled lord is waiting
 With speedy bark and flowing sail,
 Waste not the hour with fear debating—
 The wave invites, and fair the gale.
 Fear to thy heart be stranger, fair Signora,
 Trust to thy faithful Gondolier,
 Who, in the hour of danger, fair Signora,
 Will be as bold as Cavalier !

LOVE AND LIQUOR.

A GREEK ALLEGORY.

OH sure, 'twould amaze yiz,
 How one Mister Theseus
 Deserted a lovely young lady of owld :
 On a dissolute Island,
 All lonely and silent,
 She sobb'd herself sick, as she sat in the cowld.
 Oh, you'd think she was kilt,
 As she roar'd—with the quilt
 Wrapp'd round her in haste as she jump'd out of bed,
 And ran down to the coast,
 Where she look'd like a ghost,

Though 'twas *he* was departed—the vagabone fled.
 And she cried “ Well-a-day !
 Sure my heart it is gray :
 They're deceivers, them sojers, that goes on half-pay.”

While abusin' the villain,
 Came riding postilion
 A nate little boy on the back of a baste,
 Big enough, faith, to ate him,
 But he leather'd and bate him,
 And the baste to unsate him ne'er sthruddled the laste.
 And an illigant car
 He was dhrawing—by gar !
 It was finer by far than a Lord Mayor's state-coach ;
 And the chap that was in it,
 He sang like a linnet,
 With a nate keg o' whisky beside him to broach ;
 And he tipp'd now and then,
 Just a matther of ten
 Or twelve tumblers o' punch to his bowld sarving
 men.

They were dhress'd in green livery,
 But seem'd rather shivery,
 For 'twas only a thrifle o' leaves that they wore ;
 But they caper'd away
 Like the sweeps on May-day,
 And shouted and tippled the tumblers galore.

A print of their master
 Is often, in Plaster-
 O'-Paris put over the door of a tap,—
 A fine chubby fellow,
 Ripe, rosy, and mellow,
 Like a payche that is ready to dhrop in your lap.
 Hurrah ! for brave Bacchus,
 A bottle to crack us—
 He's a friend o' the people, like bowld Caius
 Gracchus !

Now Bacchus, persaivin'
 The lady was grievin',
 He spoke to her civil and tipp'd her a wink ;
 And the more that she fretted,
 He soother'd and petted,
 And gave her a glass her own health just to dhrink ;
 Her pulse it beat quicker,
 The thrifle of liquor
 Enliven'd her sinking heart's cockles, I think :—
 So the MORAL is plain
 That, if Love gives you pain,
There's nothing can cure it like taking to dhrink !

FILL HIGH THE CUP IN TRIUMPH.

A FESTAL LYRIC.

FILL high the cup in triumph, with laurel wreath
the bowl,
To drink the glorious victors of the famed SEBASTOPOL ;
The fight of right is bravely won, the Tyrant's squad-
ron fly,
His tow'rs that crown'd th' embattled steep in lowly
ashes lie,
The ships that bore his murd'rous flag across the sable
deep,
Were sunk in coward safety—where dishonour'd—let
them sleep ;
Above them, now, th' unfetter'd waves in bounding
freedom roll,
And lash the prostrate ruins of the famed SEBASTOPOL.

And when the savage North had dared defiance to the
free,
How glorious was the high resolve of Western
chivalry ;
The foemen bold of days gone by shook hands in
brave renown,
And in the cause of Freedom cast their stainless
gauntlets down ;

'Gainst Freedom, in the cause of right, 'twas vain for
slaves to try,
And soon from ALMA came the shout of glorious
victory,
From INKERMANN, TCHERNAYA too, and now, to
crown the whole,
The flags of France and England float above SEBAS-
TOPOL.

Oh, 'tis a lesson timely giv'n, to be remember'd long,
How Freedom's cause was blest by Heaven, and right
prevail'd o'er wrong,
The falt'ring and the fallen may hide their heads in
abject shame,
While honour crowns the victors who have play'd the
noble game,
And won it, too—so fill the cup to toast the cause
divine—
Our welcome friend *Sardine** will give a flavour to
the wine,
Full as our triumph let us fill, and drink, with heart
and soul,
That brotherhood of bravery that won SEBASTOPOL.

* The King of Sardinia was of the Western Alliance.

THE "WHISTLIN' THIEF."

WHEN Pat came o'er the hill,
His Colleen fair to see,
His whistle low, but shrill,
The signal was to be ;

(Pat whistles.)

"Mary," the mother said,
"Some one is whistlin' sure ;"
Says Mary, "'tis only the wind
Is whistlin' thro' the door."

(Pat whistles a bit of a popular air.)

"I've liv'd a long time, Mary,
In this wide world, my dear,
But a door to whistle like *that*
I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the sthrings
Is playin' the tchune I think."

(The pig grunts.)

"Mary, I hear the pig,
Unaisy in his mind."

"But, mother, you know, they say
The pigs can see the wind."

“That’s throe enough *in the day*,
 But I think you may remark,
 That pigs, no more nor we,
 Can see anything in the dark.”

(*The dog barks.*)

“The dog is barkin’ now,
 The fiddle can’t play *that* tchune.”

“But, mother, the dogs will bark
 Whenever they see the moon.”

“But how could he see the moon,
 When, you know, the dog is blind?
 Blind dogs won’t bark at the moon,
 Nor fiddles be play’d by the wind.

“I’m not such a fool as you think,
 I know very well ’tis Pat :—
 Shut your mouth, you whistlin’ thief,
 And go along home out o’ that !

“And you go off to bed,
 Don’t play upon me your jeers ;
 For tho’ I have lost my eyes,
 I haven’t lost my ears !”

THE TWO CASTLES.

THERE in a castle tall,
Roses entwine ;
There, in the stately hall,
Flows the bright wine ;
There mirth and magic lay
Pass the bright hours away,
Hope, lovely Hope, they say
These halls are thine !

There in a castle keep,
Lonely and gray,
Looking across the deep—
Far, far away !
There, in her lofty tow'r,
There at the midnight hour,
Mem'ry, with darksome pow'r,
Watches, they say.

Would you these castles find ?
Ask me the way ?
Where is the rosy-twined—
Where is the gray ?
Hope's—built by fairy hands,
Sank in the shifting sands ;
On the rock, Mem'ry's stands—
Lasting for aye !

THOU FAIR, BUT FAITHLESS ONE!

WELL may I rue the day,
 Thou fair, but faithless one,
 I fell beneath thy sway,
 Thou fair, but faithless one ;
 You stole my ardent heart
 With Love's delusive art,
 And then did from me part,
 Thou cruel faithless one !

The flow'rs you gave I keep,
 Thou fair, but faithless one ;
 Thy form still haunts my sleep,
 Thou fair, but faithless one ;
 But oh, the dream of night—
 That shadow of delight,
 At morning takes to flight—
 Like thee—thou faithless one !

Oh ! that we ne'er had met,
 Thou fair, but faithless one ;
 Or that I could forget
 Thy charms, thou faithless one !
 But oh ! while life shall last,
 Thy spells around me cast
 Still bind me to the past—
 Thou fair, but faithless one !

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

“WHY art thou wand’ring alone by the shore ?
The wind whistles loud and the white breakers roar.”
“ Oh ! I am wand’ring alone by the sea,
To watch if my father’s returning to me ;
For the wind it blew hard in the depth of the night,
And I’m watching here since the dawning of light,
Looking thro’ tears o’er the wild raging sea,
To watch if my father’s returning to me.

“ Last night when my father put forth on the deep,
To our cottage returning, I lay down to sleep,
But while the calm of sweet sleep came to me,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea !
Methought, in a dream, ’twas my father that spoke—
But, oh !—to the voice of the tempest I woke,
While the father I dreamt of was far on the sea,
Ah—why, in my dream, cried my father to me

“ Vainly I look thro’ the fast-driving gale—
Hopeless, I see what hope *fancies* a sail,
But ’tis only the wing of the sea gull flits by,
And my heart it sinks low at the bird’s wailing cry :

For the storm must blow hard when the gull comes on
shore—

Oh ! that the fisherman's gift were no more
Than the gift of the wild bird to soar o'er the sea—
Good angels ! *thy* wings bear my father to me !”

THE SIREN BY THE SEA.

I HAD a dream of gently straying,
By the margin of the sea,
There, my wand'ring steps delaying,
There a Siren sang to me ;
The waveless deep
Was lull'd to sleep,
As the mellow music stole along,
Lest the motion
Of the ocean
Should disturb the mermaid's song :—
Oh, that song was sweet to me,
Nothing mortal e'er can be,
Like the ringing
Of the singing
Of that Siren by the sea !

When I woke, how many a pleasure,
Of the time long pass'd away,
Seem'd awaking to the measure
Of the mermaid's magic lay !

Thus mem'ry's song
 Oft steals along
 O'er the dark and silent tide of time !
 And voices low,
 In gentle flow,
 Repeat the songs of youth's sweet prime
 Oh ! sweet mem'ry ! thus to me
 Let thy magic music be,
 Ever ringing
 Like the singing
 Of that Siren by the sea !

MARY OF TIPPERARY,

FROM sweet Tipperary,
 See light-hearted Mary,
 Her step, like a fairy, scarce ruffles the dew,
 As she joyously springs
 And as joyously sings,
 Disdaining such things as a stocking or shoe !
 For she goes bare-footed,
 Like Venus or Cupid,
 And who'd be so stupid to put her in silk,
 When her sweet foot and ankle,
 The dew-drops bespangle,

As she trips o'er the lawn,
 At the blush of the dawn,
 As she trips o'er the lawn with her full pail of milk.

For the dance when arrayed,
 See this bright mountain maid,
 If her hair she would braid with young beauty's fond
 lure,
 O'er some clear fountain stooping,
 Her dark tresses looping :—
 Diana herself ne'er had mirror more pure !
 How lovely that toilet :—
 Would Fashion dare soil it
 With paint or with patches—when Nature bestows
 A beauty more simple,
 In mirth's artless dimple,
 Heaven's light in her eye—
 (The soft blue of the sky)
 Heaven's light in her eye and a blush like the rose.

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

IN the days of creation, when Jove was allotting
 The power each part should supply,
 To the tongue he gave words, to assist us in plotting,
 And vigilance gave to the eye.

But Juno, the mandates of Jove ne'er obeying,
 Taught woman his laws to defy,
Said, the *tongue* should keep guard over what they
 were *saying*,
And the *speaking* be done by the *eye*.

But the great law of Nature so strongly endued
 The tongue of the woman, dear soul,
That it would not be quiet, do all that she could,
 And ran quite beyond her control ;
While her eye, flashing brightly, determined to keep
 Its gift from the queen of the sky,
'Till between them, with many an argument deep,
 The quarrel soon ran very high.

At last, 'twas agreed an appeal to the sky
 Should be made in a matter so nice ;
And this compromise sly 'twixt the tongue and the
 eye
 Was agreed on, by Jove's own advice ;
" My daughters, thus nicely the balance I've hung
 'Twixt the rivals," the Thunderer cries,
" Let woman to woman converse with her *tongue*,
 But speak to a man with her *eyes*."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

The mystery attendant upon the Councils of Venice increased the terror of their rule. A covered bridge between the Ducal palace and the State prison served as a private passage, by which suspected or condemned persons were transferred at once from examination to the dungeon—hence it was called “The Bridge of Sighs.”

ABOVE the sparkling waters,
 Where Venice crowns the tide,
 Behold the home of sorrow
 So near the home of pride ;
 A palace and a prison
 Beside each other rise,
 And, dark between, a link is seen—
 It is “The Bridge of Sighs.”
 Row, gondolier, row fast, row fast,
 Until that fatal bridge be past.

But not alone in Venice
 Are joy and grief so near ;
 To day the smile may waken,
 To morrow wake the tear ;
 'Tis next the “House of mourning”
 That Pleasure’s palace lies,
 'Twixt joy and grief the passage brief—
 Just like “The Bridge of Sighs.”
 Row, gondolier, row fast, row fast,
 Until that fatal bridge be past.

Who seeks for joy unclouded,
 Must never seek it here ;
 But in a purer region—
 And in a brighter sphere ;
 To lead the way before us,
 Bright hope unfailing flies :—
 This earth of ours, to Eden's bowers
 Is but a "Bridge of Sighs."
 Fly, fly sweet hope, fly fast, fly fast,
 Until that bridge of sighs be past.

A WISH AND A WARNING.

WHEN thou think'st of days gone by,
 Lady fair,
 May thy bosom heave no sigh,
 Lady fair,
 May no bitter thought reproach thee
 As the fading days approach thee,
 Free from tear-drop be thine eye,
 Lady fair.

If such blessing thou would'st gain,
 Lady fair,
 Give no bosom present pain,
 Lady fair,

With no honest heart dissemble ;
 If thou dost—oh, lady, tremble :
 Thou wilt drag a heavy chain,
Lady fair !

If a wedded fate thou meetest,
Lady fair,
 (Fate the bitterest or the sweetest,
Lady fair,)
 Faith and truth must have a place there
 If without—there is no grace there ;
 But *with* these, joy is completest,
Lady fair.

A BLUSH.

“THE ELOQUENT BLOOD.”

IN a blush doth a tell-tale appear
 That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
 As language itself can convey to the ear,
 Some tender confession of pleasure or pain ;
 What thoughts we should never impart,
 What secrets we never should speak,
 If the fountain of truth in the heart
 Did not rise in a blush to the cheek.

As the blossom of spring on the bough
 Is promise of fruit yet unseen,
 So the colour that mantles thy beauty just now
 May be but prophetic of hopes but yet green.
 How vain is each delicate art
 Of concealment, when nature would speak,
 And the fountain of truth in the heart
Will arise in a blush to the cheek !

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, MA'AM!

THEY say the men are faithless all,
 And never will prove throe, dear,
 But of all in all, both great and small,
 I'll never forget *you*, dear.
 For 'tis you that took the *hoighth* o' care
 To keep my memory throe, dear ;
 My memory's not very good—but I'll never forget
you, dear.
 Oh, Kitty, dear, you need not fear
 That I will e'er forget you,
 I remember all your tindherness
 From the hour that first I met you.
 'Twas at the fair your coaxin' air
 First made me be your suithor,
 Where I spent my wealth to dhrink your health,
 And toss'd the costly pewther ;

A lock o' your hair you promised me—
 With joy my heart was big, ma'am !
 But in the bottom o' the quart
 I found the fiddler's wig, ma'am !
 Oh, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
 You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am :
 My memory's not very good—
 But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

When you bid me step up to the house,
 To spake to your mother and father,
 And said, of all the boys you knew
 'Twas myself that you would rather ;
 "Won't you take a sate," says you, "my dear?"
 With a most seducin' air, ma'am :
 But, oh ! what a thunderin' lump of a pin
 You stuck in the sate of the chair, ma'am !
 Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit
 You'll wheedle me now with your chat, ma'am,
 My memory's not very good—
 But I'll never forget that, ma'am.

When I said 'twas you could raise the flame,
 My love, you did not mock it,
 For didn't you put a coal o' fire
 Into my new coat pocket ?
 And when I blazed, 'twas you did shout
 With laughter, to be sure, ma'am,

“Oh,” says you, “my dear, I’ll *put you out,*”

But, *faix*, ’twas *out o’ the door*, ma’am.

Indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit

You’ll wheedle me now with your chat, ma’am.

My memory’s not very good—

But I’ll never forget that, ma’am.

Then didn’t I see black Darby Keogh

To the little back window pass, ma’am ?

His ugly face he there did squeeze

Till he flattened his nose on the glass, ma’am.

Then the sash was riz—I heer’d it squeel—

There was nothing then between you :

’Faith, *I know how he flatten’d his nose after that !*

Tho’ you thought there was nobody seen you.

Oh, indeed, Miss Kit, the dickins a bit

You’ll wheedle me now with your chat, ma’am :

My memory’s not very good,—but I’ll never forget

that, ma’am !

THE IRISH MULE-DRIVER.

I WENT away once to the wars for a frisk,

Attach’d to the big baggage train, sure,

But what with the toil and starvation and risk,

Faith, I’ll not go campaignin’ again, sure ;

Uphill, and downdale I was dhrivin' of mules
 From the top of the mornin' till night, sir ;
 Oh ! such throuble to take, surely kings must be fools,
 When the journey but ends in a fight, sir.

For aatin' and dhrinkin' and sleepin' enough
 'Tis myself that I always found partial ;
 But these things were scarce, while the fightin' was
 tough,
 From the Private up to the Field Marshal.
 'Twas only the Doethors I found did contrive
 In the best of condition to be, sir ;
 High and low, right and left, 'twas the word "be alive,"
 The minit we saw an M.D., sir.

M.D. was the signal for clearin' the road
 When the baggage got stuck in some by-way ;
 M.D. had the best of good quarters allow'd,
 And carried all things in his high way ;
 While others were starvin', M.D. had his feed,
 While others were thirsty, he dhrank full.
 "Oh," says I, "sure if Providence only decreed
 'To make me an M.D., I'd be thankful !"

The war being done, we were bid to embark ;
 (The ships full as ever they'd howld, faith ;)
 I made on my thrunk, in big letthers, a mark,
 And sthrutted aboard then quite bowld, faith ;

The letthers I put on the box was M.D.,
 The minit the skipper espied it,
 "Av coorse, the best cabin for you, sir," says he :
 I nodded, and never denied it.

We sail'd in the night, and 'twas all right and tight
 While darkness and silence surrounded ;
 But in daylight, with spakin', while breakfast was
 makin',
 I fear'd that I might be confounded.
 Some officers look'd at me, sour as a lime,
 With suspicion, or somethin' akin to it,
 But *I* never open'd my mouth all the time,
 Unless 'twas to put something into it.

With the best of good living and jolly good berth
 The days pass'd away to my likin' ;
 I ate, dhrank, and smoked, like a lord of the earth,
 Throughout ev'ry bell that was sthrikin' ;
 With a book in my hand I would nod when they spoke,
 As if study, with me, was the main thrick,
 So, at last, through the ship it was pass'd, as a joke,
 That the M.D. was rather eccenthrick.

They brought me a fellow, one day, that was ill,
 With swell'd face, and a scarlet proboscis,
 They ask'd me if such inflammation could kill,
 And said something about *dig-a-nosis* ;*

* Pat's imperfect remembrance of "*diagnosis*."

“ Oh, a dig in the nose, faith,” says I, “ is a game
 That for beauty is held rather risky,
 But brown-paper and vinegar softens the flame,
 Or a poultice of pratees and whisky.”

But, as bad luck would have it, ship-fayver broke out,
 And they call'd upon me for to cure it :
 “ In fayver,” says I, “ there is always great doubt,
 And the life of man—who can insure it ?
 I'll give up to none in the dhrivin' of mules,
 And they're obstinate bastes, to be sure, sirs,
 But I can't dhrive a fayver,—so don't be such fools
 As be axin' o' *me* for a cure, sirs !”

“ Why, a'nt you a docthor ?” they all o' them cried.
 “ The dickens a docthor am I, dear.”—
 “ Then why, on your luggage, M.D. have we spied ?”—
 “ Because they're my right to apply, dear.”—
 “ M.D. manes a docthor !” they join'd in one cry,
 “ Or titles are not worth a stiver !”—
 “ If M.D. betokens a Docthor,” says I,
 “ They stand quite as well for Mule Dhriver !”

THE CALL IN VAIN.

CALL back the dew

That on the rose at morn was lying :

When the day is dying,

Bid the sunbeam stay :

Call back the wave

What time the ebbing tide's receding--

Oh, all unheeding

Of thy voice are they.

As vain the call

Distraction makes on love departed,

When the broken-hearted

Bitter tears let fall :

Dew and sunshine, wave and flow'r

Renew'd, return at destin'd hour,

But never yet was known the pow'r

Could vanish'd love recal.

Call back the brave

Beneath the distant billow lying ;

Those who love them, sighing,

Bid *them* cease to sigh.

Call back the bird

That, seeking warmer climes for pleasure

(Spent *our* summer treasure),

Spreads his wing to fly.

Call back the dream
 That, in the night, our fancy chaining,
 With our slumber waning,
 Melts at dawn away :—
 Ah ! no call like this succeeding,
 Cease with dying love thy pleading,
 Know, too late, with bosom bleeding,
 Love's more lost than they !

PADDY O'RAFTHER.

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,
 Credit all gone, and no money to pay,
 Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,
 And went to confession just afther ;
 "Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat
 hen."
 "What, what !" says the priest, "at your owld
 thricks again ?
 Faith, you'd rather be staalin' than sayin' *amen*,
 Paddy O'Rafther !"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you
 knew
 That the best of intintions I had in my view,
 For I stole it to make it a present to you,
 And you can absolve me afther."

“Do you think,” says the priest, “I’d partake of your theft?

Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—
You’re the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,

Paddy O’Rafther!”

“Then what shall I do with the pullet,” says Pat,
“If your riv’rince won’t take it?—By this and by that

I don’t know no more than a dog or a cat

What your riv’rince would have me be afther.”

“Why then,” says his rev’rence, “you sin-blinded owl,

Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl,

For if you do not, ’twill be worse for your sowl,

Paddy O’Rafther.”

Says Paddy, “I ask’d him to take it—’tis throe
As this minit I’m talkin’, your riv’rince, to you;
But he wouldn’t resaive it—so what can I do?”

Says Paddy, nigh chokin’ with laughther.

“By my throth,” says the priest, “but the case is
absthurse;

If he won’t take his hen, why the man is a goose—

’Tis not the first time my advice was no use,

Paddy O’Rafther

“But, for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
 To some one in want you would give your supplies,
 Some widow, or orphan, with tears in their eyes ;

And *then* you may come to *me* aafter.”

So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,
 And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy,
 And, says she, “’pon my word you’re the cleverest boy,
 Paddy O’Rafter !”

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,
 And told him the fowl he had given away
 To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,

The loss of her spouse weeping aafter.

“Well, now,” says the priest, “I’ll absolve you, my lad,
 For repentantly making the best of the bad,
 In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,

Paddy O’Rafter !”

DEAREST, TELL ME WHY.

DEAREST, dearest, tell me why,

When thou’rt absent, nothing seems
 So fair as when thou’rt by ?

Tell me why,

In the tissue of my dreams,

Thou art interwove—

If it be not love ?

Dearest, dearest, tell me why,
 To hear thy name my heart beats fast,
 Tho' to be calm I try?
 Tell me why
 Thy smiles, upon another cast,
 To me but anguish prove—
 If it be not love?

THE FLOWER OF NIGHT.

The flowers of the Singadi, or Night-tree of Sumatra, bloom only after sunset, and throughout the night, and wither at morning.

THERE is an Indian tree, they say,
 Whose timid flow'r avoids the light,
 Concealing thus from tell-tale day
 The beauties it unfolds at night.
 So many a thought may hidden lie,
 So sighs unbreath'd by day may be,
 Which, freely, 'neath the starry sky
 In secret faith I give to thee:—
 The love that strays
 Thro' pleasure's ways
 Is like the flow'rs that love the light ;
 But love that's deep,
 And faith will keep,
 Is like the flow'r that blooms at night.

Then do not blame my careless mien
 Amid this world of maskers gay :
 I would not let my heart be seen—
 I wear a mask as well as they.
 Ah, who would wish the gay should smile
 At passion too refined for them ?—
 And therefore I, with blameless guile,
 Conceal within my heart the gem :—
 The love that strays
 Thro' pleasure's ways
 Is like the flow'rs that love the light ;
 But love that's deep,
 And faith will keep,
 Is like the flow'r that blooms at night.

LOVE KNOWS NO RETURNING.

LET us talk of grief no more
 Till the bat is flying ;
 Fitter mem'ry's sadd'ning lore
 When the day is dying ;
 When the joyous sun hath fled,
 And weeping dew's around are shed :—
 Sad things are most fitly said
 When the night wind's sighing.

Sighing round some lonely tow'r
 Where, within, is mourning ;
 And on the hearth, at midnight hour,
 Low the brands are burning.
 There the embers, fading fast,
 (Relics of a glowing past,
 Tell of fires too fierce to last :—
 Love knows no returning.

WHEN OVER THE WATERS THE MOONBEAMS
 ARE BRIGHT.

WHEN over the waters the moonbeams are bright,
 And the zephyrs all sport on a pathway of light,
 How often I wish I could tread the path too,
 O'er the moon-lighted waters, my own love, to you,
 And, bounding o'er billows, leave ocean behind,
 On that shore, far away, my heart's treasure to find !

But say, would I wait for the calm summer night,
 And the moon on the wave, with her pathway of
 light ?

No, no ;—I would fly with the first storm that blew,
 For 'twould bear me the faster, my own love, to you,
 And my heart would be compass sufficient for me—
 For ne'er could it turn to another than thee !

THE FAIR GWENDALINE.

BLITHE was the minstrel, and bright was his eye,
It had but one fault—it was looking too high :
And oft as he pass'd by the ivy-clad tower,
His glance was uprais'd to fair Gwendaline's bow'r ;
He gaz'd at her casement, tho' oft half afraid,
Lest his eye might encounter the proud noble maid,
For he dar'd not to venture that *she* should perceive,
What he trembled to trust his own heart to believe.

O, blame not the minstrel, if sometimes he prove
Too freely, too rashly, the victim of love—
The bosom *will* warm, as the love-tale he sings,
And heart answer harp in the deep-throbbing strings !
And, O, how it throbbed 'neath *his* tremulous hand,
As the love-tale he sang at his lady's command,
So lovely while listening—O, who that had seen,
Could blame him for loving the bright Gwendaline ?

But what means the pomp of that gay cavalcade ?
'Tis an earl, in his pride, claims the hand of the maid ;
Away from the castle is Gwendaline borne,
And dark is the brow of the minstrel forlorn ;
But darker the myst'ry that shrouded his way,
For ne'er was he traced from that sad festal day.
One relic alone of the minstrel was seen ;
'Twas his harp, in the bower of the fair Gwendaline !

SOLDIER, COME OVER THE SEA.

“SOLDIER, soldier, come
Over the sea, over the sea—
Soldier, soldier, come
Over the sea to me !
But seas are dark,
And rocks are there,
And tempests blow—
Beware, beware !”
The soldier smiled to hear
The gentle maiden’s fear ;
“No danger lives,” said he,
“I would not dare for thee !”
Then, soldier, come over the sea !

The gallant soldier came
Over the sea, over the sea—
The gallant soldier came,
To win his fair ladye !
The sea is calm,
The stars are bright,
The breeze is fair
To favour flight,
And silently they glide,
The soldier and his bride,

Till, all their danger past,
 His joy breaks forth at last—
 “Lov’d one, we are free!
 Over the sea, over the sea!”

THE PEARL IS UNDER THE WAVE.

WHERE sunbeams play
 O’er the Indian bay,
 Arose a blithesome song
 From the fisher-boy,
 In his youthful joy,
 As he row’d his bark along;
 As he row’d his bark
 To the dangers dark
 His daily task must bring,
 He sped the way
 To his cheerful lay,
 For thus did the fisherboy sing,
 “O! the pearl is under the wave!”

As, o’er the bay,
 The blithesome lay
 Saluted still my ear,
 I thought it might
 Be a lesson bright
 Some drooping heart to cheer.

How oft we find,
 By Heav'n design'd,
 That good should spring from woe,
 And sorrow's tide
 Awhile but hide
 Some joy that lies below—
 As the pearl lies under the wave.

'T WAS ONE, 'T WAS TWO, 'T WAS THREE.

'T WAS one, 'twas two, 'twas three
 That came to me ;
 They were not slaves, but free—
 Three gallants free.
 With eager hand
 For Fatherland
 They waved their swords on high !
 They fill'd the cup
 With red wine up,
 And drank to Liberty !
 No chains for them,
 Such merry men,
 So joyous was their glee,
 When to my court
 They did resort,
 The one, the two, the three.

But ere a week flew by,
 With downcast eye
 One gallant passed me by,
 His hat awry.
 Another day,
 The selfsame way,
 The second passed me, too ;
 The third, by chance,
 An upward glance
 Upon me slyly threw ;
 Another week,
 And ev'ry cheek
 Among them pallid grew,
 And the whole three
 Entreated me
 To let them kneel and woo !
 I could not have the three,
 To wait on me,
 So sent two slaves away,
 And one made free.

O, DO NOT BID ME FORGET!

O, do not bid me forget,
 Tho' of thy heart I'm bereft
 Since you forbid me to hope,
 Mem'ry is all I have left.

Wisdom would cast a veil o'er the past—
 But when was love ever wise ?
 Sooner I'd give up the day
 Than forget the sweet light of thine eyes !
 O, do not bid me forget !

Life has no longer for me
 Flow'rs that the future can bring !
 Its autumn depends on the sweets
 That mem'ry preserves from the spring.
 Do not forbid thoughts that lie hid,^t
 Deep as some gem in the mine,
 Whose lustre, tho' lost and unseen,
 Outrival the brightest that shine.
 O, do not bid me forget

YOU KNOW NOT HOW I LOVE YOU !

You know not how I love you, dear,
 You know not how I love you !
 There is a charm in all that dwells
 Around, below, above you !
 Altho' the lute you lov'd to touch
 So silent long hath lain, love,
 I know that thy sweet hand *was* there,
 And mem'ry wakes the strain, love !

I seek thy silent garden bow'r,
 To me a temple fair, love,
 Where I may fondly worship—tho'
 The goddess is not there, love.
 Thy fav'rite flow'rs I pluck, and place
 Upon my votive heart, love :—
 They both may wither, and yet thou
 Ne'er know how dear thou art, love !

I see the book wherein you wrote :—
 The idle pen beside it
 Is busy in my wand'ring thoughts
 With love's own hand to guide it !
 Then fancy *writes* the ardent vow
 I never dared to *speak*, love,
 Till passion burns upon my brow :—
 Oh !—would 'twere on thy cheek, love !

SWEET MEMORY.

LIKE golden clouds of summer eve that brightly linger
 yet,
 Reflecting back the glories of the sun that long hath
 set,
 So, when we part from friends we love, whom long we
 may not see,
 We hail the light of parting smiles, sweet Memory, from
 thee.

But if that friendly parting should be sadden'd by a
tear,
Let us hail it like the rain-drop in the spring-time of
the year ;
For, as showers waken blossoms from their cold and
wintry sleep,
Such tears may ripen thoughts of love that Memory
will keep.

MY GONDOLETTA.

My Gondoletta waits for you :
The sunbeam on the summer sea
Has kiss'd the wave in sweet adieu,
Then come, Ninetta, come with me.
As dips the oar, the liquid lights
In sparkling dance shall round us play,
As if the gentle water-sprites
Their night fires lent to guide our way.

Now, in the blue sky, there and here
The stars are peeping, one by one,
Like beauties sage, who ne'er appear
Till day's ungentle light be gone.
And gondoliers suspend the oar
Of ev'ry bark we glide along,
To catch the sound the waters bore
Of fair Ninetta's siren song.

WHAT A DANGEROUS WOMAN AM I !

IN THE DRAMA OF MACCARTHY MORE.

SIR PEIGNORY. "Ah, you MacCarthys are a dangerous set ;
We well may doubt you !"

MARY *Answers in Song.*

WHY should you doubt me because in this bosom
Nature hath sown, with a generous hand,
Feelings of love ?—and for worlds I'd not lose 'em—
Feelings that cling to my own native land !
Could I betray it, what vow e'er could bind me ?
They will keep *more* who keep *one* holy tie !—
See what a dangerous woman you find me—
O, what a dangerous woman am I !

Long live the Queen ! and may Heaven defend her !
I love not the King* who is over the sea ;
In truth, sir, I ne'er could abide a *pretender*—
They'd better be always *in earnest* with me !
'Twas not a traitor that Nature design'd me,
The best of the loyal would die to be free :—
See what a dangerous woman you find me,
O ! what a dangerous woman am I !

* James the Second of England.

BARNEY O'HEA.

Now let me alone!—tho' I know you won't,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea!

It makes me outrageous,

When you're so contagious,

And you'd better look out for the stout Cerny
 Creagh,

For he is the boy

That believes I'm his joy,

So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea!

Impudent Barney!

None of your blarney!

Impudent Barney O'Hea!

I hope you're not going to Bandon fair,

For indeed I'm not wanting to meet you there!

Impudent Barney O'Hea!

For Cerny's at Cork,

And my brother's at work,

And my mother sits spinning at home all the day

So, as none will be there

Of poor me to take care,

I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea!

Impudent Barney!

None of your blarney!

Impudent Barney O'Hea!

But as I was walking up Bandon street,
 Just who do you think 'twas myself should meet,
 But that impudent Barney O'Hea !
 He said I look'd killin',
 I call'd him a villain,
 And bid him, that minute, get out of my way.
 He said I was jokin'—
 And look'd so provokin'—
 I could not help laughing with Barney O'Hea !
 Impudent Barney !
 'Tis he has the blarney !
 That impudent Barney O'Hea !

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,
 For he is the rogue up to every wile,
 That impudent Barney O'Hea !
 He coax'd me to choose him,
 For, if I'd refuse him,
 He swore he'd kill Corny the very next day ;
 So, for fear 'twould go further,
 And—just to save murder,
 I think I must marry that madcap O'Hea.
 Bothering Barney !
 'Tis he has the blarney !
 To make a girl Misthress O'Hea !

KATHLEEN AND THE SWALLOWS.

SWEET Kathleen, bewitching young charmer,

Look'd cautiously round thro' the vale,

Not a sight nor a sound did alarm her,

As she set down her full milking-pail ;

Then, quick, o'er a letter she bended

With eager intent her dark eye,

Do you think that young Kate was offended?—

Let her smile of contentment reply.

“Oh Kate,” said the letter, “believe me,

While wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea,

No time of my love can bereave thee,

Thou ever art present to me.

As the hills, o'er the lake softly swelling,

In the waters reflected are seen,

So softly, so deeply is dwelling

In my heart thy sweet image, Kathleen !”

“Now, as there is no one to hear me,”

Says Kathleen, “I'll speak out what's true ;

I wish, Dermot dear, you were near me,

Or at least, dear, that I was near you !

O'er the water is sporting the swallow,”

Sigh'd Kathleen—a tear in her eye,

“Oh 'tis o'er the wide world I would follow

My Dermot *astore*, could I fly !”

LANTY LEARY.

LANTY was in love, you see,
 With lovely, lively Rosie Carey,
 But her father can't agree
 To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
 "Up to fun, away we'll run,"
 Says she, "my father's so conthrairy,
 Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I will," says Lanty Leary!

But her father died one day
 (I hear 'twas not by dhrinkin' wather);
 House and land and cash, they say,
 He left by will to Rose his daughther;
 House and land and cash to seize,
 Away she cut so light and airy,
 "Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I will!" says Lanty Leary.

Rose, herself, was taken bad,
 The fayver worse each day was growin',
 "Lanty dear," says she, "'tis sad,
 To th' other world I'm surely goin',
 You can't survive my loss I know,
 Nor long remain in Tipperary,
 Won't you follow me? won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I won't," says Lanty Leary!

SLEEP MY BABE, SLEEP.

SLEEP my babe, sleep, while my tears wet thy pillow,
 Sleep without rocking this night with me,
 To-morrow we'll rock on the deep-rolling billow,
 The wind for thy lullaby then shall be ;
 But when across the wide wave, yonder,
 In freedom thro' distant lands we wander,
 This heart, with a holier feeling, and fonder
 Will turn, dearest Erin, back to thee.

To the land of the stranger, my boy, we are going,
 Where flowers and birds and their songs are new ;
 We'll miss in the spring our own wild flowers growing,
 And listen, in vain, for the sweet cuckoo :
 But, in our dreams, still sweetly ringing,
 We'll fancy we hear the spring-bird singing,
 And gather the flow'rs in our own valley springing—
 And weep, when we wake, that the dream is untrue.

 HIDDEN FIRE.

YON hill, where sleeps the trackless snow
 Above the inward fires that glow,
 Is like the love we dare not show—
 Alas, such fate is mine !

A hidden flame within my breast,
Deprives my hopeless heart of rest,
I know my love can ne'er be blest,
 In silence I must pine.

The wave upon some lonely shore,
That breaks unheard, and is no more,
Such fate may secret love deplore,
 Such fate, my heart, is thine ;
Or, like the doom of pilgrim gray
Who toils, in vain, his vows to pay,
Exhausted falls beside the way,
 And never gains the shrine.

EASTWARD HO !

SONG OF THE WOMEN TO THE SOLDIERS OF GREAT
BRITAIN.

EASTWARD ho ! eastward ho !
 To meet the foe our warriors sail,
The parting cheer salutes the ear,
 The spreading canvas courts the gale ;
To see them part how many a heart,
 Is heaving like the ocean's swell,
Sinking low, as they go—
 “ Gallant soldiers, fare-thee-well ! ”

Westward ho ! westward ho !
 Homeward, when the warriors brave,
 With names renown'd, and honour crown'd,
 Are proudly borne along the wave,
 With eager eye will they descry
 Old England's cliffs above the foam :—
 With duty done, and laurels won,
 Gallant soldiers, welcome home !

THE ROSE AND THE VOW.

By the castle in the valley
 There flows a bright stream,
 By the castle in the valley
 I dreamt a bright dream,
 The dream was as bright as that stream's silver spray,
 But, alas, like the stream, it soon glided away.

By the castle in the valley
 The wild rose was wreath'd,
 By the castle in the valley
 The wild vow was breath'd,
 The rose I have kept that was snatch'd from the
 bough,
 Tho' wither'd, 'tis mine :—'twas less frail than the
 vow.

By the castle in the valley
 What sweet songs were sung,
 While, the soft strains prolonging,
 The fond echoes rung,
 The rock still as fondly replies to the strain :—
 Oh ! harder the heart that responds not again !

LIVE IN MY HEART AND PAY NO RENT.*

Vourneen, when your days were bright,
 Never an eye did I dare to lift to you,
 But, now, in your fortune's blight,
 False ones are flying, in sunshine that knew you.
 But still on one welcome true rely,
 Tho' the crops may fail, and the cow go dry,
 And the cabin be burn'd—and all be spent,
 Come live in my heart and pay no rent !
 Live in my heart *Ma Vourneen* !

Vourneen, dry up those tears ;—
 The sensible people will tell you to wait, dear ;
 But ah, in the wasting of love's young years,
 On our innocent hearts we're committing a cheat,
 dear :—

* One of many affectionate Irish sayings.

For hearts, when they're young, should pledge the
 vow,
 For when they grow old sure they don't know how,
 So, marry at once—and you'll ne'er repent,*
 When you live in my heart and pay no rent,
 Come! live in my heart *Ma Vourneen*.

THE GUARD SHIP.†

SEE at her anchor riding
 Yon ship in stately pride,
 Safe thro' the storm abiding,
 Tho' wrecks abound
 In ruin round
 On the darkly-raging tide:
 What stately ship art thou?
 Ahoy! brave ship, ahoy!
 She lifts her haughty prow,
 And hoists her flag with joy,
 And the Red Cross gleams thro' the storm so drear,
 And her crew shout forth with a manly cheer,
 "'Tis the BRITANNIA, whose flag yet never fell
 In the fight, or the storm:—all's well! all's well!"

* An allusion to another old Irish saying, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

† Written in 1848, when political disturbance was prevalent over the continent of Europe.

"Steady's" the word in war, boys,
 When the Red Cross wins the fight ;
 "Steady's" the word in peace, boys,
 When clouds grow dark
 O'er the brave old bark
 But the Red Cross still is bright.
 Ne'er shall that proud flag quail,
 Ne'er shall that bold crew tire,
 Ne'er shall the anchor fail
 That's forged in freedom's fire !
 And the Red Cross gleams thro' the storm so drear,
 And her crew shout forth with a manly cheer,
 "'Tis the BRITANNIA, whose flag yet never fell
 In the fight or the storm —all's well ! all's well !"

A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I HAVE plenty of dutiful vassals,
 Have plenty of gold, and to spare,
 I have plenty of beautiful castles—
 But my castles are built in the air.
 And my vassals are all airy creatures,
 From beautiful dreamland are they,
 They drive me to balls
 And magnificent halls
 And tell me my coach stops the way !

But oh, what a pest,
 When it comes to the test,
 I am kept in a dreadful delay !
 Oh ! plague on those wild little vassals,
 You can't trust a word that they say,
 And I've heard that my beautiful castles
 Are sadly inclined to decay.

Father Wisdom advised me to sell them
 To the public, a benefit clear,
 And Fancy engaged so to tell them—
 For Fancy's a fine auctioneer !
 But the market by no means was lively,
 For castles the call was but cold,
 Lead and iron were brisk,
 But gold none would risk
 To invest on my battlements bold,
 So my castles, unlet,
 I inhabit them yet,
 And rather rejoice they're not sold,
 And never a bit am down-hearted,
 For my vassals still ply me with gold ;—
 From my castles I ne'er shall be parted
 Till the heart of the owner be cold !

Again Father Wisdom address'd me—
 He's a horrid old bore, in his way,
 He said rats and mice would infest me
 As crumbled my tow'rs to decay.

"They never can crumble, good father,
 They're lasting when once they're begun,
 Our castles of air
 We can quickly repair
 As the home of the spider's re-spun!"
 So, homeward I went,
 With my castles content,
 As the vesper bell told day was done;
 And my castles look'd lovely as ever,
 As burnish'd they stood in the sun—
 Oh! ne'er from my castles I'll sever
 Till the sands of my glass shall be run!

FROM MARY FAR AWAY.

THE evening light was dying,
 The boat row'd from the strand,
 The exile deeply sighing
 To leave his native land;
 But sighs were on the shore, as well,
 As, o'er the dark'ning bay,
 Young Mary watch'd the fading sail
 That bore her love away.

The exile reach'd a foreign shore,
 In camp and court he shone,
 With brave and fair renown he bore,
 Yet still he felt alone.

A void was in the soldier's heart
 Amid the bold and gay,
 He mourn'd the hour that bade him part
 From Mary, far away!

THE LASSIE OF LUCKNOW.

OR, THE PIBROCH OF MACGREGOR.

“WHERE ha' you been a' the day,
 Wae-worn lassie ?

Where ha' you been a' the day,
 Wae-worn lassie ?”

“Mingling in the desp'rate fight,
 Tending to the sojer's might,*
 Heroes all of valour bright
 As ever fought at Plassey.”

“Plassey was a wondrous fight,
 My braw lassie,
 Plassey was a wondrous fight,
 My braw lassie.”—

“In an hour was Plassey won ;
 But here, from dawn till set of sun,
 Never is the conflict done ;
 'Tis aye far waur than Plassey !”

* The gallant women, at the memorable defence of Lucknow, carried coffee to the soldiers while engaged on the ramparts.

"To-morrow's eve may end the fray,
 My puir lassie,
 To-morrow's eve may end the fray,
 My puir lassie ;"—
 "To-morrow's eve *maun* end the fray—
 For if no rescue come the day,
 Our bones will bleach on Indian clay,
 Awa' frae kirk-yard grassy."

At the morn she breath'd a pray'r,
 That guid lassie ;
 At the morn she breath'd a pray'r,
 That guid lassie ;
 Then she cheer'd the sojers there,
 Whiles a smile, and whiles a pray'r,
 "Oh ! if the Campbells with us were !
 This fight were mair than Plassey !"

The lassie stood, as if a spell
 Were ev'ry sense benumbing,
 The lassie stood as if a spell
 Were ev'ry sense benumbing,
 But oh !—her joy what tongue can tell,
 When, pealing up the dusky dell,
 She heard Macgregor's pibroch swell,
 "The Campbells a' are coming !"

THOU WILT NOT FROWN ON ME.

COME, clear the shadow from that brow,
So ill becoming thee,
Thou wouldst not wound thy old friend now,
Thou wilt not frown on me.
Should one slight word that gave thee pain
Outweigh the love of years ?—
Nay, lift those drooping eyes again,
They ne'er were meant for tears.

Oh, trust me, we shall yet again
Sweet wishes intertwine,
And, as of old, no joy or pain
Of your's, but shall be mine ;
Come, let me take thy hand again,
Whose pulse is not more true
To mark the beating of thy heart
Than is my faith to you.—

And, as the harp-string will respond
When courted by the wind,
So should the breath of friendship fond
Responsive music find ;
What—silent still ?—then be it so
Consent in silence lies ;—
Thy lips forgiveness may bestow
Tho' not a word replies !

THE THREE LOVES.

SINCE mem'ry's ray
 Can light the way
 O'er which my fancy wild did rove,
 The only thought I had, was love—
 At least I seldom had another.
 Oh! pure and bright as morning dew
 The first love that my bosom knew,
 For then I lov'd my mother!

But fate unkind
 Did soon unbind
 That tie of most endearing sway;
 My mother dear was call'd away;
 And oh! how bitterly I miss'd her!
 But when that mother dear was gone,
 I still must love some other one,
 So then I lov'd my sister.

'Twas then to cheer
 That sister dear,
 A fair young friend in pity flew;—
 She waked in me sensations new;—
 'Twas then I first felt Cupid's fetter.
 From that sweet time I must confess
 I lov'd my sister—something less—
 And t'other lady better.

THAT ROGUE, RILEY.

THERE'S a boy that follows me ev'ry day,
And tho' he declares that I use him vilely,
Yet all I can say he won't go away,
That obstinate, ranting Riley !
In ev'ry street 'tis him I meet,
In vain some by-way path I try,
The very shadow of my feet
I might as well attempt to fly
As that boy that follows me every day,
Although he declares that I use him vilely,
Yet all I can say he won't go away,
That raking, ranting Riley !

My mother she sent me ten miles away,
In hopes that the fellow would never find me,
But the very next day, as we made the hay,
The villain stood close behind me ;
"For this," says I, "you'll dearly pay,
How dare you such a freedom take ?"
Says he, "I heard you were making hay,
So I thought, my dear, you'd want a rake,
And therefore I follow'd you here to day,
With your diamond eye, and your point so wily,
Like a needle—and hid in a bundle of hay—
But I found you out !" says Riley.

I told him, at last, in a rage, to pack,
 And he fought, for a while after that, more shily;
 But, like a bad shilling, he still comes back,
 That counterfeit rogue ! that Riley !
 To hunt me up he takes disguise,
 Last week a beggar wench appears,
 'Twas the rogue himself—but I knew his eyes—
 And didn't I box the rascal's ears !
 Yet still he keeps following ev'ry day,
 Plotting and planning so 'cute and sily—
 There isn't a fox more tricks can play
 Than that ranting rogue, that Riley !

A nunnery, now, my old maiden aunt
 Declares for young women the best protection,
 But shelter so *very secure*, I can't
 Consider without objection.
 A plague o' the fellows !—both great and small
 They bother one so till they find a wife :—
 Yet, if we should never be bother'd at all,
 I think 'twould be rather a stupid life ;
 So the rogue still follows me ev'ry day,
 And still I continue to use him vilely,
 But the neighbours all say, till I'm turn'd to clay,
 I'll never get rid of Riley !

LOST, LOST!

OH, the sweet bird that sang to me
 All the year round so sweet a song,
 Adding a grace to the summer tree,
 And making the winter appear less long.
 'Twas not the linnet, it was not the wren,
 'Twas not the robin—oh, what was it then?
 But whatever its name, or whatever its lay,
 That sweet little bird has flown away.

'Twas not a stranger bird that flies,
 Seeking fresh summer over the sea,
 Freely he lived in our Northern skies,
 And sang, the year round, so cheerily.
 Voice of enchantment!—oh, why did it fly?
 You cannot tell any more than I,
 But whatever its name, or whatever its lay,
 That sweet little bird has flown away.

Where has he flown to?—oh, could I
 But learn the way and find the wing,
 After my own sweet bird I'd fly,
 And bless the bright hour I could hear him sing
 'Twas not the linnet, 'twas not the wren,
 'Twas not the robin, oh, what was it then?—
 Ah! where is the fond one that hears me sing
 Who never hath wept o'er some fleeting thing!

THE LAST WOMAN.

[*Melange fantastique*, in answer to the celebrated song of
"The Last Man."]

SCENE—*The Fashionable World.* VICTORIA HIGHFLYER
enters, brilliantly habited in the very height of the fashion.
She sings—

RECITATIVO.

HAVE you never heard the story of the very Last Man,
that remnant of creation ?
A state of single blessedness, suggesting not to me
the most agreeable contemplation,
For I have no spite against the men myself, or I
might say indeed I heartily wish them well,
But as for the women I wouldn't much care if the
Sexton had them all with his ding, dong, bell.
All the women, save myself, from whence I conceive
a most excellent plan,
And one much more amusing than that doleful old
delusion of that last poor man.

MOTIVO.

For oh ! if I were the last woman,
What fun it would be !
My slaves all around I would summon
To kneel down to *me* !
All the men
Would lie then
At my feet,
Oh what a triumph !
A triumph complete !

One woman alone—

Only one !

Oh what fun !

To win ME, throughout ev'ry nation,
 Would soon be the grand speculation,
 His very last guinea each man would embark it,

FRENCH AIR. *Vouslez vous dancier.*

And how my shares would go up in the market,

Number one !

Oh what fun !

How my shares would go up in the market,

Fal lal la, fal lal de ral la !

More attractive I'd be than a siren,

I'd rule men with a rod of iron,

Their noses on grindstones I'd rub down to snubs,

I'd banish cigars and I'd shut up the clubs,

How my shares would go up in the market !

My wink would fetch ten thousand pounds,

My smile a million ! kiss-hand a billion !!

And kings would ask me to be crown'd !!!

I fear there would be the deuce to pay,

Five hundred duels they'd fight each day,

No magician e'er held a wand,

With half the power of my "*preference bond.*"

Fal lal la, fal lal de ral la !

[EXIT, *dancing.*

WE SHALL HAVE OUR MOONLIGHT YET.

Tho' days are gone when you and I
First wove the links of pleasure's chain—
Tho' youthful joys are all gone by,
We never more shall see again,—
Yet in those eyes, oft dimm'd with tears,
For me both light and love remain
To make unfelt the blight of years—
To bid this heart be young again !

The morn is o'er, the day is past,
The evening closes round us now ;
Long shadows o'er the vale are cast—
But light still gilds the mountain's brow ;
And when, at last, the sun goes down,
And ev'ry ling'ring ray hath set,
The night assumes her silver crown—
And *we* shall have our moonlight yet !

THE FAIRY ISLE.

O, WAPT me back to that fairy isle
Where the skies are ever blue,
Where faithful ever is friendship's smile,
And hearts are ne'er untrue ;

Where thoughts are fresh and bright and pure
 As flowers in early spring,
 Where vows for ever will endure,
 And time no change can bring !

O where is that sunny isle so blest,
 And where is that fairy sea ?
 O, who would not wish in that isle to rest,
 And who would not sail with me !
 But I may seek that isle no more,
 Alas I have lost the way :—
 When youth is o'er, in vain that shore
 Is sought by a pilot gray !
 Yet still I *dream* of that fairy isle
 Where the skies are ever blue,
 And faithful ever is friendship's smile,
 And hearts are ne'er untrue.



SPRITE OF THE FOAM.

CAVATINA.

COME away—come away—
 O'er the sparkling spray—
 I am a sprite of the foam ;
 Down in the deep,
 Where the mermaids sleep,
 There is my coral home.

Come where Echo's daughters
 Dwell in their ocean caves,
 Mocking rippling waters
 Of the silver waves.

Come away—come away, &c.

THE LOVELY NORTH STAR.*

THERE'S a star in the North that can guide
 The wand'rer, where'er he may roam ;
 In the waste of the desert, or tide,
 That star tells the path to his home.
 Tho' others in clusters are bright,
 Still changeful, as radiant, they are,
 But faithful as truth, thro' the night,
 Is the beam of the lovely North Star.

There's A LAND that presides o'er the sea ;
 When its PRINCE would embark on Love's tide,
 With sailor-like prudence then he
 Sought the star that in safety would guide.
 So he look'd to the North, and he found
 A ray answ'ring bright from afar :—
 And may every blessing abound
 On his course with his lovely NORTH STAR.

* Written on the occasion of the marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
 With a purse of gold and a silver tongue ;
 His hat it was broad and all drab were his clothes,
 For he hated high colours—except on his nose,
 And he met with a lady, the story goes.

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she cast him a beamy blink,
 And the traveller nothing was loth, I think,
 Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
 And the Quaker he grinned—for he'd very good teeth.
 And he ask'd, " Art thee going to ride on the heath ?"

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

" I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
 " As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid ;
 For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
 And I wouldn't 'for anything' I should be found,
 For—between you and me—I have five hundred
 pound."

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

" If that is thee* own dear," the Quaker he said,
 " I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed ;

* The inferior class of Quakers make *thee* serve not only in its true grammatical use, but also do the duty of *thou*, *thy*, and *thine*.

And I have another five hundred just now,
 In the padding that's under my saddle-bow,
 And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The maiden she smil'd, and her rein she drew,
 "Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you."
 A pistol she held at the Quaker's head—
 "Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead—
 'Tis under the saddle I think you said."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow,
 And the Quaker was never a Quaker till now,
 And he saw, by the fair one he wished for a bride,
 His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,
 And the eye that shamm'd tender, now only defied.

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim," quoth
 she,

"To take all this filthy temptation from thee,
 For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleeting;
 Accept from thy *maaid'n* a right loving greeting,
 For much doth she profit by this Quaker's meeting."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"And hark! jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
 Have righteousness, more than a wench, in thine eye,

Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
Remember the one that you met on the heath,—
Her name's Jimmy Barlow—I tell to your teeth!"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"*Friend James,*" quoth the Quaker, "pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favour, d'ye see;
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's—and truly on thee I depend,
To make it appear I my trust did defend."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes, here and
there,
To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."—
So Jim he popp'd first through the skirt of his coat,
And then through his collar—quite close to his throat;
"Now one through my broadbrim" quoth Ephraim,
"I vote."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and they're
spent,
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."—
"Then"—said Ephraim, producing *his* pistols—"just
give
My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

Jim Barlow was diddled—and, though he was game,
 He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
 That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,
 And when the whole story got into the papers,
 They said that "*the thieves were no match for the
 Quakers.*"

Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

O'ER THE WATERS SOFTLY STEALING.

BARCAROLLE.

O'ER the waters softly stealing,
 In their bark they glide along;
 Their chant their course revealing—

Hark! the Gondolier's song:

"A-pre-mi!
Ses-ta-li!" *

The moon is on the waters;
 On the prow, the Gondolier,
 With songs to Beauty's daughters,
 Wins the willing ear:

"A-pre-mi!
Ses-ta-li!"

* The warning cry and answer of the Venetian gondoliers when approaching each other.

A SOFT REGRET.

SONG OF THE LIVELY WIDOW.

(Part of a short Entertainment.)

MUST joy again ne'er light the eye,

With tear-drops wet?

MUST mourners never, never try

To change their jet?

I would not be hard-hearted—no—

To my dear friend, or dearer foe;

I would not that soft sense forego—

I can't tell what—but you all know—

A “something”—of which we complain,

That does not give exceeding pain,

And which one phrase will best explain—

“A soft regret!”

(Speaks.)—Indeed, my dear, I struggle all I can with my grief. Such a loss! But we must not irrationally complain; it would be wrong. Yet I never can completely overcome the—what shall I call it?—the—the—the—in short, I must ever entertain—

(Sings)—A soft regret! a soft regret!

MUST ev'ry theme for ever be

With praises met?—

Oh, be there ever left to me

A soft regret!

If all my friends were perfect quite,
 'Twould be a surfeit of delight ;
 In fact, it would not be quite right—
 Too much for mortals—so, when spite
 Says Mistress A and Mistress B
 Drink something stronger than their tea,
 The story only yields to me

“ A soft regret !”

(*Speaks.*)—Indeed, my dear, *it is* a pity !—but who can wonder, after such losses as theirs ? They lost all their money in that company intended to supply London with *pure water*,—no wonder that pure water must have been disagreeable to them, after that. And what a sad *exposé* that is about our friends in the square ! And that terrible gold-dust robbery, too !—isn't it fearful ! And the robber pretending to be repentant when he was in jail, repeating all the pious sayings the chaplain taught him ! and when the dear pious chaplain asked him about his hopes in the future, he said, “ To dust I will return !” But for all these backslidings of poor humanity, I entertain—

(*Sings*)—A soft regret ! a soft regret !

And they who shar'd this tender heart,
 How gently yet
 Their mem'ry makes the teardrop start
 With soft regret !

I've wept the dear ones o'er and o'er,
But, as my tears cannot restore
The loss so truly I deplore,
'Twere folly weeping any more ;
The willow is a graceful tree,
And I have worn it gracefully,
But grief may now commuted be
For soft regret !

(*Speaks.*)—Indeed, I was wonderfully fortunate in both my marriages. My first dear departed was the best of men ; and my second dear departed—if there could be two best men—was the best of men too ! How very good my third husband ought to be to stand a comparison with either of them ! I have the pictures of both, and wear them proudly in these handsome bracelets,—one on my right arm, and the other on my left. One was in the Army,—the other was in the Navy,—and thus I proudly stand between them, like BRITANNIA—supported by the United Services ! No wonder I entertain for the past

(*Sings*)—A soft regret ! a soft regret !

ROW, FISHERMAN, ROW.

Row, row, fisherman, row,
 The tide is high, the wind is low,
 And the moon is full to grace the night,
 And the herring he loves the silver light ;
 Good luck to your fishing
 The fond wife is wishing,
 Wherever you roam ;
 While you rock on the deep,
 The baby's asleep,
 And the cradle is rocking at home,
 Hush-o ! hush-o !

Throw, throw, fisherman, throw
 Your nets to the swarming deep below,
 Heave-o ! heave-o ! the lead and float—
 Sound be your net, and safe your boat !
 Good luck to your fishing, &c., &c.

 NORAH'S LAMENT.

Oh, I think I must follow my *Cushla-ma-chree*,
 For I can't break the spell of his words so enthralling :
 Closer the tendrils around my heart creep—
 I dream all the day, and at night I can't sleep,
 For I hear a sad voice that is calling me—calling—
 “ Oh Norah, my darling, come over the sea ! ”

For my brave and my fond one is over the sea,
 He fought for "the cause" and the troubles came
 o'er him ;
 'He fled for his life when the King lost the day,
 He fled for his life—and he took mine away ;
 For 'tis death here without him : I, dying, deplore
 him,
 Oh ! life of my bosom !—my *Cushla-ma-chree* !

O, MOLLY, I CAN'T SAY YOU'RE HONEST.

O, MOLLY, I can't say you're honest,
 You've stolen my heart from my breast ;
 I feel like a bird that's astonish'd
 When young *vagabones* rob its nest.
 My brightest of sunshine at night is,
 'Tis just between midnight and dawn ;
 For then, Molly dear, my delight is
 To sing you my little *cronawn*—
 Weira sthru !
 Phillilew !
 But I'm kilt—
 May the quilt
 Lie light on your beautiful form
 When the weather is hot,
 But, my love, when 'tis not,
 May it rowl you up cozey and warm !

Now, if you are sleepin', dear Molly,
 O, don't let me waken you, dear ;
 Some tindher memorial I'll lave you,
 To just let you know I was here.
 So I'll throw a big stone at the *windy*,
 And if any glass I should brake,
 'Tis for love all the *panes* I am takin'—
 What wouldn't I smash for your sake ?

Weira sthru !

Phillilew ! &c., &c.

I know that your father is stingy,
 And likewise your mother the same ;
 'Tis very small change that you'll bring me
 Exceptin' the change o' your name :—
 So be quick with the change, dearest Molly,
 Be the same more or less as it may,
 And my own name, my darlin', I'll give you,
 The minnit that you name the day !

Weira sthru !

Phillilew ! &c., &c.

I WILL NOT SAY I'D GIVE THE WORLD.

“ I WILL not say I'd give the world
 To win those charms divine ;
 I will not say I'd give the world—
 The world it is not mine

The vow that's made thy love to win
 In simple truth shall be ;
 My heart is all I have to give,
 And give that all to thee."

But while I knelt at beauty's shrine,
 And love's devotion paid,
 I felt 'twas but an empty vow
 That passion's pilgrim made ;
 For while, in raptur'd gazing lost,
 To give my heart I swore,
 One glance from her soon made me feel
 My heart was mine no more.

BONNY BELLE.

No, no, never leave thee !
 Trust not those who tell ;—
 No, no, never grieve thee !
 Mine ! my Bonny Belle !
 I'm true blue, like that bright eye :
 False to that ?—'twere vain to try ;
 Who that sees it e'er could fly ?
 None, I *think*—but *sure*, not I,
 No, no, never leave, &c.

As the heaving ocean
 Owns the moon's bright spell,
 So my heart's devotion
 Thine, my Bonny Belle !
 And tho' ocean's ebb and flow
 Vary with the winds that blow,
 My true heart no change shall know,—
 All to thee its currents flow !
 No, no, never leave, &c.

MARY O'MARA.

MARY O'MARA, I think that I see thee,
 Still blooming and young,
 Crown'd with a beauty as dazlingly beaming
 As poet e'er sung ;
 Lovers deep-sighing,
 All emulous vying,
 Thy love to secure ;
 While 'twas mine to adore,
 And my lot to deplore—
 For thy minstrel was poor,
 Mary O'Mara.

Mary O'Mara, the lordly O'Hara,
 Might make thee his own,
 For his lineage was high, while the light of thine eye
 Might have challeng'd a throne !

If his love rise
To the worth of the prize,
 He hath captur'd in thee,
Then a homage is thine
That a saint in her shrine
 Scarcely deeper may see,
 Mary O'Mara!

Mary O'Mara, I think that I hear thee,
 With voice like a bell,
So silver-sweet ringing, the minstrelsy singing
 Of him who lov'd well ;
 Of him who, still loving,
 And hopelessly roving
 In regions afar,
Still thinks of the time
That he wove the sweet rhyme
 To his heart's brightest star--
 Mary O'Mara.

METRICAL TALES

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

THE Author begs to remark that the unpretending title given to these tales sufficiently informs those who condescend to read them, that no high reach of poetry is here attempted. They are called merely "Metrical," and that form of composition often assists in giving point and condensation, while attention may be pleasingly kept alive by the mere clink of rhyme.

Pieces intended more for recitation than reading, for the platform rather than the study, may safely assume this lighter form of poetry, and for such a purpose the three earlier poems that follow were composed, and have been received with welcome on many platforms in England as well as in the United States of America.

THE FISHERMAN.

The Fisherman who is the hero of the following tale is not merely a creature of imagination, for the self-denying spirit which forms the staple of the story, is, I am happy to say, in accordance with fact; and the last magnanimous achievement of the poor Fisherman is *literally true*. Magnanimous may seem an inflated word to employ in connection with so humble a subject, but it is believed that the reader, on arriving at the end of the story, will not think the epithet unwarrantable.

'Twas down by the shore of the steep coast of Kerry
 Dwelt a young Irish Fisherman—mournful, or merry,
 As the fast-changing flow of his feelings might be ;
 Just as tempests of winter will darken the sea,
 Or the breeze and the sunshine of summer will chase
 In ripples and brightness along its fair face.

And what made the darkness of young Donoghue ?
 'Twas the sense of a sorrow-steeped poverty grew,
 Like the dripping sea-weed by the storm-beaten shore,
 And clung fast to the heart sorrow's tide had run o'er,
 And what made his brightness ? A lovely young girl—
 More precious to him than the ocean-deep pearl—
 And if diving the sea could have made the boy win it,
 Were it fifty miles deep, he'd have surely been in it.

But parents are thoughtful as lovers are blind,
 And tho' Dermot and Peggy were both of a mind,

The father and mother, on either side, thought
 That over-young weddings with sorrow were fraught
 To those who were fast bound in poverty's fetter ;
 So the mother would only consent he should get her
 When "times were more promising." O! where's the
 lover

Broke promise so often as Time hath done, ever?
 And poor Dermot, as some "time of promise" drew
 nigher,
 Found "Owld Father Time" was a "mighty big liar."

Young Donoghue's friends used to rally him often,
 Why to marriage he could not his sweet Peggy soften ;
 They said, "Marry at once, and take chance, like the
 rest."*

But young Donoghue, while a sigh swell'd his breast,
 Would laugh off their taunts, and say, "Better to wait,
 Than 'marry in haste, and repent' when too late."

* The improvidence of the Irish in their early marriages has been often made the subject of indiscriminate censure by writers who are only too willing to find fault with poor Pat, and either overlook or will not see any countervailing argument in his favour. That improvident marriages often lead to distress cannot be denied, but let it be remembered, at the same time, that they prevent what is worse than distress;—crime. Parliamentary inquiry has proved that crime of the particular character to which allusion is here made, is more rare in Ireland than in any other part of the kingdom—perhaps it may be said, than in any other part of the world; and while using the general term "crime," it must be remembered that there are many branches of it, the branches much worse, by the by,

'Twas thus that he *spoke*, but the *thoughts* were more
 deep
 That kept him awake when the world was asleep ;
 He thought of the joys that would bless him, if she
 Were the wife of his bosom—his *cushla ma chree* ;*
 But, suddenly, conscience would sternly reprove,
 And balance the scale between passion and love,
 “ By weddin’ his darlin’ what would he be doin’
 But playing the guide where the road led to ruin ? ”
 And then by his manly resolve he would profit,
 And, closing his eyes, say—“ I must not think of it.”

than the parent stem: for the first crime is consistent, at least, with humanity, though it is humanity under the penalty of the fall, while the after crimes are abhorrent to our nature. The daily Police Reports of England give such melancholy evidence of a criminal state of society on this point, that, in comparison, the improvident marriages of Ireland may be looked upon as beneficial rather than censurable.—A quotation from the leviathan journal of London will form an appropriate conclusion to this note, and offer a strong argument in its support. In an article touching one of our statistical tables (I think a report of the Registrar-General), this passage occurs :—“ There cannot be a worse indication of a people’s social state than the decay or neglect of the marriage institution. The home and the family are at the bottom of all national virtues, and if these foundations of good citizenship are impaired, the whole superstructure is in danger.”—*The Times*, September 28, 1859.

* It would be hard to find a more touching term of endearment than this, “ vein of my heart.” The true spelling in the Celtic is *chuisle mo chroidhe* ; but the vulgar spelling may be considered pardonable, if not preferable, in familiar usage.

But fancy would trouble his feverish rest,
 For in dreams the sweet vision still haunted his breast;
 He saw his belov'd one, bewitching, as when,
 Fresh, fair, round, and lovely, she tripp'd down the
 glen,
 Her blush like the morn, and her hair dark as night,
 Her brow's playful shadow o'er eyes gleaming bright,
 Her lip like the rose, and her neck like the lily,
 Her tongue's ready taunt making suitors look silly—
 All suitors but one—and to him the sweet tongue
 With accents of tenderness ever was strung,
 And the eye and the brow forgot coquetry's art
 And were open'd—to let him look into her heart.

O, dream too delicious!—he'd start and awake,
 And again summon courage the dream to forsake—
 First, his arms open'd wide to clasp beauties of air,
 And then chasten'd thought clasp'd his hands in deep
 pray'r,
 And he vow'd that he never would darken the brow
 That glow'd with the light of mirth's witchery now.

And Peggy knew this—and she lov'd him the more;
 And oft, when poor Dermot was stretch'd on the shore
 And lost in sad thought—pretty Peggy, perchance
 Half pleas'd, and half pitying, might furtively glance
 From the cliff overhead—and her sensitive heart
 Could divine what his felt—and, with love's tender art,

She would gather the flowers from the dark cliff,
and pass

Round some pebble a primitive tie of wild grass,
And, attaching her nosegay, would fling it from high,
And the flow'rs fell on Dermot, as though from the
sky :—

From the sky ?—say from Heaven :—for the dew ne'er
did drop

From the fountain on high on the summer-scorch'd crop,
More assuaging its fervour, refreshing its might,
Than those flow'rs dropp'd on him from that Heaven-
crown'd height !

Then would Dermot take heart—and he thought some
fine day

Would reward him, at last, for this cruel delay ;
He had heard it remark'd, “It was no use to fret,”
And believ'd there was “great luck in store for him
yet ;”*

And, seeing that nothing is e'er got by wishing,
He thought he'd “get up out o' that,” and go fishing ;
But even then, Fancy still play'd her sly part :
The net seem'd a woman—each herring a heart.

* There is something very touching in the hopefulness of the Irish peasantry, in the midst of all their poverty and other trials ; and the two sayings quoted above, are frequently heard amongst this light-hearted people. As to Pat's aspirations for luck, he is accused of sometimes making a blunder in giving them expression, when he crowns a cup to Fortune, and exclaims “The worse luck now, the *more* another time !”

And thus it went on—weeks and months passed away,
 And Peggy, the pride of the glen,
 Grew fairer and fairer with every day,
 And was courted by all sorts of men ;
 The long, and the short, and the fat, and the lean,
 In Peggy's long list of admirers were seen,
 But Dermot, in all these great hosts round her
 thronging,
 If he was not the longest, at least was most longing,
 Longing—tho' vista of hope seem'd no clearer,
 Longing for time that came never the nearer.
 O, longing!—thou love-lure—thou heart-wasting fire
 Engend'ring the sultry mirage of desire
 That flatters while flying, allures to betray,
 Exciting the thirst which it cannot allay !

Poor Dermot !—What projects prodigious would start
 From the fanciful fumes of that furnace, his heart,
 To haunt his poor brain !—Could he seize on some
 chance
 That might better his lot ?—Or his fortune advance
 By some feat of great prowess ?—Some high-daring
 deed ?—
 And what danger could daunt him—with Peggy the
 meed ?

Some think we're surrounded by mystical pow'rs,
 That work into shape the wild dreams of lone hours,

And 'twould seem that such spirits were willing to test*
 The forces of evil and good in the breast
 Of the deep-loving dreamer—soon doom'd to a trial
 For mortals the hardest of all—self-denial :—
 But if spirits of darkness *do* watch, as 'tis said,
 To pilot our way, if towards wrong we would tread,
 As watchfully guardful are spirits of light,
 To shed a bright ray on our pathway, when right,
 And, o'er our poor fisherman, *which* did prevail
 Let us haste to record, and so, finish our tale.

One winter's day, when the sea rolled black,
 With a fringe of white on its foamy track,
 A storm-tost ship by the Skelligs past †
 With shatter'd sail and shiver'd mast ;

* How prevalent this belief in attendant spirits has ever been, and still is, we have proof from the earliest times to our own. And this belief is no proof of a weak mind, for one of the greatest philosophers of antiquity held it: Socrates had his demon. Nor is the belief confined to Paganism, for a Christian of high mental power has recorded a similar credence. Alexander Pope thus writes to a friend: "Like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly praying for us." And this passage Doctor Johnson has quoted in his dictionary, the Doctor himself sharing in the belief with Pope. But, to go to the highest authority, is it not recorded in Holy Writ that the harp of David was employed to charm away the evil spirit that made terrible the dark hour of Saul?

† These bold masses of rock, standing some miles from the coast of Kerry, rise abruptly from the sea to a considerable height, in sharp spiral forms, resembling, in some aspects, a

Vainly she strives to weather the shore—
Brave ship, thy course on the ocean's o'er ;
Nor sail, not helm, nor mariner's might,
Can save thee from being a wreck this night.

The fishermen crowd with coil and rope,
To the cliff where the doom'd ones drive ;
For a while on earth and sea was hope,
But nought with the might of the storm could cope--
'Twas a scene that the heart might rive ;
The hardiest fisher's cheek was paled,
And women shriek'd, and children wail'd,
While the village priest lent a hand to the toil,
Heaving the cable and casting the coil,
Cheering his flock with his voice and his blessing,
While deep invocations to Heaven addressing,
And when mortal might could no more essay,
He exhorted his children to kneel and pray.*

double obelisk, and, hence, are looked for as a landmark by mariners. The point is of such importance to seafarers, that a lighthouse is established here, and therefore many a ship, storm-tossed or otherwise, passes the Skelligs, where so heavy a sea runs in general, that the lighthouse has to be well furnished with supplies of provisions, as sometimes, for six consecutive weeks it is impossible for any craft to approach the solitary landing-place on these desolate crags.

* This is not an imaginary incident. Just such a scene was witnessed by a friend of mine, who communicated this fact to me many years ago, and it made too deep an impression on my memory ever to be forgotten.

A sight more solemn was seldom seen,
Than that on the stormy cliff, I ween :
They might not cast down to the sea a rope—
But to Heaven they could raise the holy hope !
And down they knelt in that stormy night ;
The lightning's flash was the altar's light,
And they fear'd as they crouch'd on the drenchèd sod,
The thunder above as the voice of God,
With awful burst and solemn roll
Summoning every sinful soul ;
 And, trembling, they pray
 For the castaway,
 And many a bead they tell,
While the boom of the billows, madly rolling,
 In crashing breakers burst and spent,
 And the howling wind, were strangely blent
 With the clang of the chapel bell—
Tolling, tolling, dismally tolling
 The mariners' funeral knell.

When morning dawn'd, the storm was gone,
But the thundering waves kept rolling on ;
And the eyes of the village were set on the sea,
To mark how much of the wreck might be.
Her naked ribs stand gaunt and grim,
While planks and spars in riot swim,
And, among them floating, can Dermot scan
A part of the wreck of the merchantman ;

'Twas a laden cask.—The father and son
By a glance implied what might yet be done !
'Twas wine—the rich wine of sunny Spain,*
If Dermot a cask of that wine could gain,
With the gold he should get for his stormy prize
The dream of his heart he might realise ;
He then might wed Peggy !—The thought and the act
Of the father and son were as one ; they track'd
Down the cliff their swift way, and as swiftly their
boat
They launch through the foam, on the waves they're
afloat—
Have a care how you pull ! not a stroke must you miss ;
The brave buoyant boat down the wat'ry abyss
Sweeps deeply and swiftly, then up the white crest
Of the wave over-hanging, she lifts her broad breast,
And casts off the foam—like a sea-bird, whose feather
Is made for defiance of hurricane weather.

* How they should know this cask contained wine, and not only wine, but pronounced to be the wine of Spain, may seem a stretch of the author's imagination, or that too much is assumed for the acuteness of his fellow-countrymen ; but the inference of the fishermen will be acknowledged as perfectly natural, when it is stated that a mercantile intercourse between Spain and Galway has existed for a very long time, and that along the western coast of Ireland, that fact is perfectly well understood ; but many a cast-away cask of wine, before and since O'Donoghue's day, might have enlightened stupider fellows than Irish fishermen are in general, without any special knowledge of Galway importations.

High heaves the huge wine-cask ! they pull might and
main,

As near and more near on the waif they gain,
And a coil and a grapple unerringly threw
The hand of the lover—well done, Donoghue !
The cask is secured !—How his heart bounded then !
He'd have not chang'd his lot with the proudest of
men,

As, lashing his prize to the stern of the boat,
With a heart-wild hurrah Dermot open'd his throat,
And then bent his sinewy arm to the oar,
To pull his rich prize where the tide swept on shore ;
But while with fond triumph his bosom beat high,
While hope swell'd his heart and joy flash'd in his
eye,

He heard o'er the waters a wild wailing cry,
And he hung on the oar with a paraly's'd dread :—
For the cry was a cry might have waken'd the dead,
As up rose a fragment of wreck o'er the wave,
Where a man clung for life—*o'er a watery grave,*
Unless Dermot row back that wild shrieker to save.

With his prize at the stern, he can't row 'gainst the
storm,

Where the billows surge up round the drowning man's
form.

O ! what shall he do ?—If he cling to his prize,
Unrescued that poor shipwreck'd mariner dies.

If the prize he give up—then he loses a wife ;
 A forfeit to him even *dearer* than life,—
 So he look'd to his father, with death on his cheek,
 He look'd—for in vain had he striven to speak ;
 And his father said, “ Dermot, my boy, I am old,
 I can bear for the rest of my life the keen cold
 Of poverty's blast—but for you, darling boy,
 With that rich cask of wine, there are long years of
 joy ;
 So do what you like—save the man—*or* the cask—
 God forgive me, if answering wrong what you ask.”

O ! could you have seen the dark look of despair
 Young Donoghue cast on his prize—safely there—
 While he hears the faint wail of the fast-sinking
 sailor,
 And pale as his cheek was—just then it grew paler.
 Fierce, fierce was the struggle—the foul fiend had
 nigh
 Made Donoghue deaf to the drowning man's cry,
 But the short silent pray'r the young fisherman made,
 Restor'd him—and swiftly he drew forth his blade,
 And the rough-handled knife of a fisherman wrought
 A victory more glorious than sword ever fought,
 A victory o'er self, and a victory o'er love—
 That passion all passions supremely above—
 He cut the strong lashings that held his rich prize,
 He was deaf to the calls of his own heart's wild cries,

While the cry of another that noble heart heeds—
O ! talk not of laurel-crown'd conquerors' deeds,
Compar'd with this fisherman's feat of the ocean,
This single-soul'd triumph of Christian devotion !

High Heaven is not slow in rewarding the good ;—
When Dermot the drowning man sav'd from the flood
How his heart in its generous virtue grew brave,
When he found 'twas his brother he'd snatch'd from
the wave !

His brother—who long had been absent at sea
In a war-ship, and prize-money plenty made he ;
The money was safe with the agent on shore—
Let the wine-cask be lost in the breakers' wild roar,
As the prize-money freely was shar'd with poor
Dermot,

And Hymen gave thirsty young Cupid a permit,
For Peggy was married to brave Donoghue,
The loving, unselfish, and manly and true ;
And, to end, as tales ended in my boyish day,
“ If they didn't live happy, that you and I may ! ”

FATHER ROACH.

THIS story, like the foregoing, is founded on fact, and exhibits a trial of patience that one wonders human nature could support. Passive endurance we know is more difficult than active, and that which is recorded in the following tale is strictly true. The main facts were communicated to me many years ago, in the course of one of many pleasant rambles through my native land, by a gentleman of the highest character, whose courtesy and store of anecdote rendered a visit to his house memorable:—I speak of the late Christopher Bellew, Esq., of Mount Bellew, County of Galway.

FATHER Roach was a good Irish priest,
 Who stood in his stocking-feet, six feet, at least.
 I don't mean to say he'd six feet in his stockings ;
 He only had two—so leave off with your mockings—
 I know that you think I was making a blunder :
 If Paddy says lightning, you think he means thunder :
 So I'll say, in his boots, Father Roach stood to view
 A fine comely man, of six feet two.

O, a pattern was he of a true Irish priest,
 To carve the big goose at the big wedding feast,*
 To peel the big *pratie*, and take the big can,
 (With a very big picture upon it of " Dan,")†

* The festivities attendant on the rustic wedding in Ireland are never considered complete without the presence of the priest, who holds presidential authority.

† " Dan " signifies Daniel O'Connell, whose portraits, in the

To pour out the punch for the bridegroom and bride,
 Who sat smiling and blushing on either side,
 While their health went around—and the innocent glee
 Rang merrily under the old roof-tree.

Father Roach had a very big parish,
 By the very big name of Knockdundherumdharith,
 With plenty of bog, and with plenty of mountain :—
 The miles he'd to travel would trouble you countin'.
 The duties were heavy—to go through them all—
 Of the wedding and christ'ning, the mass, and sick-
 call*—

Up early, down late, was the good parish pastor :—
 Few ponies than his were obliged to go faster.

times alluded to, abounded throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, and in Ireland very generally on drinking vessels. The above diminutive of his potent name, was that by which the peasantry of Ireland loved to designate him. It was short, and could pass the more rapidly from lip to lip of the people whose principal theme of conversation he constituted; and as they loved as well as honoured him, the familiarity of the term was more consonant with affection. It may be generally remarked, that great men are seldom designated in public parlance by their proper names. The great Napoleon was familiarly known to the French army under the title of "The Little Corporal." The great English Admiral, Lord St. Vincent, was called "Billy Blue" in the fleet; and the illustrious Irishman, Wellington, was endeared to his soldiers under the significant and rather comical name of "Nosey."

* This is not an overdrawn picture. In some of the wild districts of Ireland, the duties of the Roman Catholic priesthood are very onerous.

He'd a big pair o' boots, and a purty big pony,
 The boots greas'd with fat—but the baste was but
 bony ;
 For the pride of the flesh was so far from the pastor,
 That the baste thought it manners to copy his master ;
 And, in this imitation, the baste, by degrees,
 Would sometimes attempt to go down on his knees ;
 But in this too-great freedom the Father soon stopp'd
 him,
 With a dig of the spurs—or—if need be—he whopp'd
 him.

And Father Roach had a very big stick,
 Which could make very thin any crowd he found thick ;
 In a fair he would rush through the heat of the action,
 And scatter, like chaff to the wind, ev'ry faction.
 If the *leaders* escap'd from the strong holy man,
 He made sure to be down on the *heads* of the clan,
 And the Blackfoot who courted each foeman's approach,
 Faith, 'tis hot-foot he'd fly from the stout Father Roach.*

Father Roach had a very big mouth,
 For the brave broad brogue of the beautiful South ;
 In saying the mass, sure his fine voice was famous,
 It would do your heart good just to hear his "OREMUS,"

* "Blackfoot" was the name of one of the many factions that disturbed public peace in Ireland some fifty years ago ; and "hotfoot" is an Hibernian figure of speech denoting quick walking or running.

Which brought down the broad-shoulder'd boys to
their knees,

As *aisy* as winter shakes leaves from the trees :—
But the rude blast of winter could never approach,
The power of the sweet voice of good Father Roach.

Father Roach had a very big heart,
And “ a way of his own ”—far surpassing all art ;
His joke sometimes carried reproof to a clown ;
He could chide with a smile :—as the thistle sheds
down.

He was simple, tho' sage—he was gentle, yet strong ;
When he gave good advice, he ne'er made it too
long,

But just roll'd it up like a snowball, and pelted
It into your ear—where, in softness, it melted.

The good Father's heart in its unworldly blindness,
Overflow'd with the milk of human kindness,
And he gave it so freely, the wonder was great
That it lasted so long—for, come early or late,

* “ A way of his own ” is an idiomatic phrase often heard in Ireland, and employed very much as the French use “ *Je ne sais quoi*.” As for a joke carrying reproof, that is a common mode of fence in Ireland, and no one understands it better than the Irish priest, himself a Celt, and “ to the manner born ; ” and many a tough fellow that would stand without flinching under a battery of serious rebuke, will wince under a witticism.

The unfortunate had it. Now some people deem
 This milk is so precious, they keep it for cream ;
 But that's a mistake—for it spoils by degrees,
 And, tho' exquisite milk—it makes very bad cheese.

You will pause to inquire, and with wonder, perchance,
 How so many perfections are plac'd, at a glance
 In your view, of a poor Irish priest, who was fed
 On potatoes, perhaps, or, at most, griddle bread ;*
 Who ne'er rode in a coach, and whose simple abode
 Was a homely thatched cot, on a wild mountain road,
 To whom dreams of a mitre yet never occur'd ;—
 I will tell you the cause, then,—and just in *one word*.

Father Roach had a MOTHER, who shed
 Round the innocent days of his infant bed,
 The influence holy, which early inclin'd
 In heav'nward direction the boy's gentle mind,
 And stamp'd there the lessons its softness could take,
 Which, strengthen'd in manhood, no power could
 shake :—

In vain might the Demon of Darkness approach
 The mother-made virtue of good Father Roach !

* The domestic utensil called “griddle” in Ireland, goes by the name of “girdle” in Scotland, and is so spelt in Johnson's dictionary, with the definition “a round iron plate for baking.” The griddle bread of Ireland is a flat cake of about an inch and a half in thickness, generally made of whole wheaten meal mixed with water and without yeast.

Father Roach had a brother beside ;
 His mother's own darling—his brother's fond pride ;
 Great things were expected from Frank, when the
 world

Should see his broad banner of talent unfurl'd.
 But Fate cut him short—for the murderer's knife
 Abridg'd the young days of Frank's innocent life ;
 And the mass for *his* soul, was the only approach
 To comfort now left for the fond Father Roach.

Father Roach had a penitent grim
 Coming, of late, to confession to him ;
 He was rank in vice—he was steep'd in crime.
 The reverend Father, in all his time,
 So dark a confession had never known,
 As that now made to th' Eternal Throne ;
 And when he ask'd was the catalogue o'er,
 The sinner replied—"I've a thrifle more."

"A trifle?—What mean you, dark sinner, say?
 A trifle?—Oh, think of your dying day!
 A trifle *more*?—What more dare meet
 The terrible eye of the Judgment-seat
 Than all I have heard?—The oath broken,—the theft
 Of a poor maiden's honour—'twas all she had left!
 Say what have you done that worse could be?"
 He whispered, "Your brother was murdered by me."

“ O God !” groan’d the Priest, “ but the trial is deep,
 My own brother’s murder a secret to keep,
 And minister here to the murderer of mine——
 But not *my* will, oh Father, but *thine* !”
 Then the penitent said, “ You will not betray ?”
 “ What I ?—thy confessor ? Away, away !”
 “ Of penance, good Father, what cup shall I drink ?”——
 “ Drink the dregs of thy life—live on, and *think* !”

The hypocrite penitent cunningly found
 This means of suppressing suspicion around.
 Would the murderer of Frank e’er confess to his
 brother ? *
He, surely, was guiltless ;—it must be some other.
 And years roll’d on, and the only record
 ’Twixt the murderer’s hand and the eye of THE LORD,
 Was that brother—by rule of his Church decreed
 To silent knowledge of guilty deed.

* Here was a very crafty culprit ; for while to the senses of the world in general it would appear impossible that the murderer would have chosen the brother of his victim for his confessor, yet that very act was the surest to paralyze the action of the person most interested in making a discovery, for even if any chance had afterwards thrown in the priest’s way a clue to the mystery, yet he, having been already entrusted with the fatal secret under “ the solemn seal of confession,” was precluded from making any use of it, as a word, or a look of his, indicating or suggesting even a suspicion in the true direction, would have been a violation of the sacred trust reposed in him. The priest was, in fact, as the last line of the stanza states, committed “ To *silent* knowledge of guilty deed.”

Twenty or more of years pass'd away,
 And locks once raven were growing gray
 And some, whom the Father once christen'd, now stood,
 In the ripen'd bloom of womanhood,
 And held at the font *their* babies' brow
 For the holy sign and the sponsor's vow ;
 And grandmothers smil'd by their wedded girls ;
 But the eyes, once diamond—the teeth, once pearls,
 The casket of beauty no longer grace ;
 Mem'ry, fond mem'ry alone, might trace
 Through the mist of years a dreamy light
 Gleaming afar from the gems once bright.

O, Time ! how varied is thy sway
 'Twi't beauty's dawn and dim decay !
 By fine degrees beneath thy hand,
 Doth latent loveliness expand ;
 The coral casket richer grows
 With its second pearly dow'r,
 The brilliant eye still brighter glows
 With the maiden's ripening hour :—
 So gifted are ye of Time, fair girls,
 But Time, while his gifts he deals,
 From the sunken socket the diamond steals,
 And takes back to his waves the pearls !

.
 It was just at this time that a man, rather sallow,
 Whose cold eye burn'd dim in his features of tallow,

Was seen, at a cross-way, to mark the approach
 Of the kind-hearted parish priest, good Father Roach.
 A deep salutation he render'd the Father,
 Who return'd it but coldly, and seem'd as he'd rather
 Avoid the same track ;—so he struck o'er a hill
 But the sallow intruder *would* follow him still.

“ Father,” said he, “ as I'm going your way,
 A word on the road to your Reverence I'd say.
 Of late so entirely I've alter'd my plan,
 Indeed, holy sir, I'm a different man ;
 I'm thinking of wedding, and bettering my lot—”
 The Father replied, “ You had better not.”

“ Indeed, reverend sir, my wild oats are all sown.”
 “ But perhaps,” said the Priest, “ they are not yet
grown :—

“ At least, they're not *reap'd*,”—and his look became
 keener ;

“ And ask not a woman to be your gleaner.
 You have my advice !” The Priest strode on,
 And silence ensued, as, one by one,
 They threaded a deep defile, which wound
 Through the lonely hills—and the solemn profound
 Of the silence was broken alone by the cranch
 Of their hurried tread on some wither'd brauch.

The sallow man follow'd the Priest so fast,
 That the setting sun their one shadow cast.

"Why press," said the Priest, "so close to me?"
 The follower answer'd convulsively,
 As, gasping and pale, through the hollow he hurried,
 "'Tis here, close by, poor Frank is buried—"
 "What Frank?" said the Priest—"What Frank!"
 cried the other;
 "Why, he whom I slew—your brother—your brother!"
 "Great God!" cried the Priest—"in Thine own good
 time,
 THOU liftest the veil from the hidden crime.—
 Within the confessional, dastard—the seal
 Was set on my lips, which might never reveal
 What *there* was spoken—but now the sun,
 The daylight hears what thine arm hath done,*
 And now, under Heaven, my arm shall bring,
 Thy felon neck to the hempen string!"

Pale was the murd'rer, and paler the Priest.
 Oh, Destiny!—rich was indeed thy feast,
 In that awful hour!—The victim stood
 His own accuser;—the Pastor good,
 Freed from the chain of silence, spoke;
 No more the confessional's terrible yoke
 Made him run, neck and neck, with a murderer in
 peace,
 And the villain's life had run out its lease.

* The moment the culprit made an *open declaration* of having committed murder, his words reached the ear of the priest under a *confessional* which left him a free agent to publish the guilt.

The jail, the trial, conviction came,
And honour was given to the poor Priest's name,
Who held, for years, the secret dread,
Of a murderer living—a brother dead,
And still, by the rule of his church compell'd,
The awful mystery in silence held,
Till the murderer himself did the secret broach—
A triumph to justice and Father Roach.

THE BLACKSMITH.

IF this story be not founded, like the preceding ones, on fact, at least it has claim to verisimilitude. During the period of "Whiteboy" disturbances in Ireland, special enactments were passed, by which opportunities were but too temptingly afforded to the vicious to implicate the innocent.—Along with this extra legal severity, the ordinary course of justice was set aside; the law did not wait for its accustomed assizes, but Special Commissions were held, dispensing judgments so fast that the accused had in many cases no time to collect evidence to rebut a charge, and the rapidity with which execution followed judgment utterly paralyzed the wholesome agency of respite of sentence. There can be little doubt that the "form and pressure of the time" gave opportunities to scoundrels to make the sharp laws of those days subservient to many a base purpose; and that hundreds of innocent people were transported.

FAINTLY glitters the last red ray,
Tinting the flickering leaves that play
On the swaying boughs of the old gray trees,
That groan as they rock in the fitful breeze.

Deep in their shadow a watcher lies,
 The beam of the lynx in his eager eyes ;
 But twilight darkens—the eye can't mark—
 And the ear grows keen to the mental "hark,"
 And the rustling leaf is unwelcome o'erhead,
 Lest it baffle the sound of the coming tread.

There's a stir in the thicket—a footstep outside,
 And the coming one stops in his rapid stride,
 As, rising before him, like spectre from tomb,
 'Tis a *man*—not a *woman*—appears through the
 gloom,
 And he holds hard his breath, and he clinches his
 hand,
 As he halts to the low-mutter'd summons of "Stand !"

"Who dares to impede me?"

 "Who dares to invade

With guilty purpose the quiet glade ?

'Tis the brother you meet of the girl you pursue :—

Now give over that chase, or the deed you shall
 rue !"

"Back, ruffian ! nor venture on me a command !"

And a horsewhip was raised—but the vigorous hand

Of young Phaidrig the blacksmith a blow struck so
 sure

That it fell'd to the earth the Squireen of Knocklure.

Remember, I pray you, the difference that lies
 Between Squire and Squireen. To the former applies
 High birth and high feeling ; the latter would ape,
 Like the frog in the fable, a loftier shape,
 But as little succeeds :—thus are lords aped by flunkies,
 And lions by jackals, and mankind by monkies.

Our Squireen was that thing as a “middleman”
 known,

An agent—the tyrant of lands not his own.
 The unscrupulous servant of all who could serve him,
 The means of advancement could never unnerve him,
 To get up in the world, nothing balk'd his temerity,
 No matter how he might go down to posterity ;
 High pay and low pleasures he loved—nothing pure
 But pure whisky could please the Squireen of Knock-
 lure.

The Blacksmith's fair sister had caught his foul eye :
 The watchful young brother was quick to descry
 The sly-baited lures that were laid to ensnare
 Her heart in a hope that might end in despair—
 Such hope as, too often, the maiden enthralls,
 Through a villain's false vows, till she trusts and she
 falls—

So, to save from pollution the simple and pure,
 Stern warning was giv'n to the knave of Knocklure,
 Till Phaidrig, at last, in his passion's fierce glow,
 The threat of the horsewhip chastis'd with a blow.

A vengeance demoniac the Squireen now plann'd,
 In fetters to palsy the brave brother's hand ;
 In the dead of the night loaded arms he conceal'd
 In the ridge of potatoes in Phaidrig's own field ;*
 Then the smith he denounc'd as a Whiteboy. A search
 For the fire-arms conceal'd, tore up many a perch
 Of the poor Blacksmith's garden. What he had
 intended

Life's prop, was not only uprooted, but blended
 With seed of destruction !—The proof seeking spade
 Found the engines of death with the staff of life
 laid !

'Twas enough.—Undeniable proof 'twas declar'd
 That Phaidrig in Whiteboy conspiracy shar'd,
 The Blacksmith was seiz'd, fetter'd, sworn 'gainst,
 and thrown
 In a dungeon that echo'd his innocent groan.

Those were days when the name of a Whiteboy
 brought fear
 To the passion or judgment—the heart or the ear
 Of the bravest and calmest—when Mercy aloof
 Stood silent, and babbling suspicion seem'd proof.

* The concealment of arms, or any other thing that involved a violation of the law, was not uncommonly resorted to by informers of the period to which this story refers. The rigorous enactments of those days, and the unscrupulous manner in which they were carried out, offered tempting opportunities to any miscreant to inculcate an innocent man.

Then Justice look'd more to her sword than her scale,
 Then ready unfurl'd was the transport-ship's sail
 To hurry the doom'd beyond respite or hope :—*
 If their destiny's thread did not end in a rope !

Phaidrig soon was on trial.—When call'd on to plead
 In defence to this charge of a dark lawless deed,
 This hiding of arms—he replied, “The Squireen
 Show'd the place of concealment ; no witness has been
 To prove he was *told* of the arms being there ;
 Now how did he know it ? That question is fair—
 But unanswer'd. The old proverb says—‘They who
 hide

Can find.’—”Twas the villain himself, who has lied
 On the Gospels he kiss'd, that conceal'd the arms there ;
 My name thro' the country is blameless and fair ;
 My character's spotless ;—Can any one say
 I was found among Whiteboys by night or by day ?
 Twas the Squireen himself who contrived it: my curse
 Be upon him this day—for I know there is worse

This is no exaggeration. In those days of “Whiteboy Persecutions,” the condemned were sent direct from the court-house dock on board the transport, with a view to strike terror through the land. In *these* days, it is often found difficult to obtain a conviction even for murder ; and should conviction *be* obtained, even then, with verdict recorded and sentence passed, we have seen appeal made for mercy. But at the period to which our tale refers, many an innocent man was “whistled down the wind” to the penal colonies.

In his heart, yet to do. There's an innocent girl
 He's hunting to ruin--my heart's dearest pearl
 Is that same—and he seeks for *my* banishment now,
 To brand with a darker disgrace *her* young brow ;
 If I'm sent o'er the sea, she'll be thrown on the world,
 Lone, helpless, and starving ;—the sail once unfurld
 That bears me from her and from home far away,
 Will leave that poor girl to the villain a prey !
 That's the truth, my Lord Judge—before Heaven and
 men

I am innocent !”—Lowly the murmurs ran then
 Round the court ; indignation and pity, perchance,
 Glow'd deep in some bosoms, or gleam'd in some glance,
 But THE ARMS left the timorous jury no choice ;
 They found “GUILTY”—and then rose the Judge's
 mild voice,

“Transportation” the sentence—but softly 'twas said—
 (Like summer wind waving the grass o'er the dead)*
 And Phaidrig, though stout, felt his heart's current
 freeze

When he heard himself banish'd beyond “the far
 seas.”

“Oh, hang me at once,” he exclaim'd ; “I don't care
 For life, now that life leaves me only despair ;
 In felon chains, far from the land of my birth,
 I will envy the dead that sleep cold in the earth !”

* Such judges have been ; in whom the *suaviter in modo,*
fortiter in re, has rendered their sentences but more terrible.

He was hurried away, while on many a pale lip
 Hung prophecies dark of "that unlucky ship"
 That should carry him. "Didn't he ask for his death?
 And sure Heav'n hears the pray'r of the innocent
 breath.

Since the poor boy's not *plazed* with the sentence they
 found,
 Maybe God will be good to him—and he'll be
dhrown'd!"*

Now the villain Squireen had it "all his own way,
 Like the bull in the china-shop." Every day
 Saw him richer and richer, and prouder and prouder;
 He began to dress finer, began to talk louder;
 Got places of profit and places of trust;
 And went it *so* fast, that the proverb, "needs must,"
 Was whisper'd; but he, proverbs wise proudly
 spurning,
 Thought his was the road that should ne'er have a
 turning.

* This passage may seem grotesque to the English reader, but not to those conversant with Ireland. In the first place, there is a deep trust amongst the Irish people that "the prayer of the innocent" is never unavailing. In the second, the phrase "God will be good to him," is not of the author's making, but a national form of speech; and that a grant of Divine *favour* should be inferred from the anticipated fact of a man being *drowned*, is but one of those grotesque figures of speech that Ireland abounds in, but which, on investigation, and taken with the context, will be found to contain this meaning—that Heaven will grant the prayer of injured innocence.

But, "Pride has its fall," is another old saying ;
 Retribution *will* come, though her visit delaying ;
 Though various the ways of her devious approach,
She'll come—though her visit be paid in a coach ;
 And however disguised be the domino rare,
 The mask falls at last—RETRIBUTION IS THERE !

The Squireen liv'd high, drank champagne ev'ry day,
 "Tally ho !" in the morning ; at night, "hip hurrah !"
 In reckless profusion the low rascal revell'd ;
 The true "beggar on horseback"—you know where
 he travell'd.

But riot is costly—with gold it is fed,
 And the Squireen's affairs got involv'd, it is said ;
 And time made things worse. Then, in wild specu-
 lation

He plung'd, and got deeper. Next came *pec*-ulation—
 There is but one letter in difference—what then ?
 If one letter's no matter, what matter for ten ?
 One letter's as good as another—one man
 Can write the same name that another man can ;
 And the Squireen, *forgetting his own name*, one day
 Wrote another man's name,—with a "promise to
 pay,"—

All was up with the Squireen—the "Hue and Cry"
 spread,
 With "Five Hundred Reward" on the miscreant's
 lead ;

His last desp'rate chance was precipitate flight,
 In the darkness—his own kindred darkness—of night.

* * * * * *

But what of the Blacksmith?—The exil'd one—cast
 From the peace of his home to the wild ocean blast?
 Was he drown'd?—as the pitying prophecy ran;
 Did he die?—as was wish'd by the heart-broken man.
 No! Heaven bade him live, and to witness a sign
 Of that warning so terrible—"VENGEANCE IS MINE!"*
 He return'd to his home—to that well-belov'd spot
 Where first he drew breath—his own wild mountain
 cot.

To that spot had his spirit oft flown o'er the deep
 When the soul of the captive found freedom in sleep;
 Oh! pleasure too bitterly purchas'd with pain,
 When from fancy-wrought freedom he woke in his
 chain,

To labour in penal restraint all the day,
 And pine for his sea-girdled home far away!—
 But now 'tis no dream—the last hill is o'erpast,
 He sees the thatch'd roof of his cottage, at last,
 And the smoke from the old wattled chimney declares
 The hearth is unquenched that had burn'd bright for
 years.

With varied emotion his bosom is sway'd,
 As his faltering step o'er the threshold's delay'd:—

* "For it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."—*Romans* xii. 19.

Shall the face of a stranger now meet him, where once
 His presence was hail'd with a mother's fond glance,
 With the welcoming kiss of a sister ador'd?—
 A sister!—ah! misery's link'd with that word,
 For that sister he found—but fast dying.—A boy
 Was beside her.—A tremulous flicker of joy
 In the deep-sunken eye of the dying one burn'd;—
 Recognition it flash'd on the exile return'd,
 But with mingled expression was struggling the
 flame—

'Twas partly affection, and partly 'twas shame,
 As she falter'd, “Thank God, that I see you once
 more,

Though there's more than my death you arrive to
 deplore :

Yet kiss me, my brother!—Oh, kiss and forgive—
 Then welcome be death!—I had rather not live
 Now *you* have return'd;—for 'tis better to die
 Than linger a living reproach in *your* eye :

And *you'll* guard the poor orphan—yes, Phaidrig *ma*
chree,

Save from ruin my child, though you could not save
 me.

Don't think hard of my mem'ry—forgive me the shame
 I brought—through a villain's deceit—on our name :—
 When the flow'rs o'er my grave the soft summer shall
 bring,

Then in *your* heart the pale flow'r of pity may spring.”

No word she spoke more—and no words utter'd he—
They were chok'd by his grief; but he sank on his
knee,

And down his pale face the big silent tears roll—
That tribute which misery wrings from the soul,
And he press'd her cold hand, and the last look she
gave

Was the sunset of love o'er the gloom of the grave.

* * * * *

The forge still existed, where, days long ago,
The anvil rang loud to the Smith's lusty blow,
But the blows are less rapid, less vigorous now,
And a gray-haired man wipes labour's damp from his
brow.

But he cares for the boy; who, with love, gives him
aid

With his young 'prentice hand in the smithy's small
trade,

Whose stock was but scanty;—and iron, one day,
Being lack'd by the Blacksmith—the boy went his
way,

Saying, "Wait for a minute, there's something I
found

Th' other day, that will do for the work, I'll be
bound;"

And he brought back a gun-barrel.—Dark was the
look

Of the Blacksmith, as slowly the weapon he took:—

“Where got you this, boy?” “Just behind the house
here ;

It must have been buried for many a year,
For the stock was all rotten, the barrel was rusty——”

“Say no more,” said the Smith. Bitter Memory,
trusty

As watch-dog that barks at the sight of a foe,
Sprang up at this cursèd memento of woe,
And the hard-sinew'd Smith drew his hand o'er his
eyes,

And the boy asks him why—but he never replies.

* * * * *

Hark ! hark !—take heed !

What rapidly rings down the road ?

'Tis the clattering hoof of a foaming steed,

And the rider pale is sore in need

As he 'lights at the Smith's abode ;

For the horse has cast a shoe,

And the rider has far to go—

From the gallows he flies,

If o'ertaken, he dies,

And hard behind is the foe

Tracking him fast, and tracking him sure !

'Tis the forger—the scoundrel Squireen of Knocklure !

Flying from justice, he flies to the spot

Where, did justice *not* strike him, then justice were
not :—

As the straw to the whirlpool—the moth to the flame—
Fate beckons her victim to death and to shame !

Wild was the look which the Blacksmith cast,
As his deadliest foe o'er his threshold past,
And hastily ordered a shoe for his horse ;
But Phaidrig stood motionless—pale as a corpse,
While the boy, unconscious of cause to hate
(The chosen minister, call'd by Fate),
Plac'd the gun in the fire, and the flame he blew,
From the rusty barrel to mould a shoe.
Fierce, as the glow of the forge's fire,
Flash'd Phaidrig's glances of speechless ire,
As the Squireen, who counted the moments that flew,
Cried, " Quick, fellow, quick, for my horse a shoe !"
But Phaidrig's glances the fiercer grew,
While the fugitive knew not the wreck of that frame,
So handsome once in its youthful fame,
That frame *he* had crush'd with a convict's chain,
That fame *he* had tarnish'd with felon stain.
" And so you forget me ?" the Blacksmith cried ;—
The voice roll'd backward the chilling tide
Of the curdling blood on the villain's heart,
As the words he heard with a fearful start ;
But, with the strong nerve of the bad and the bold,
He rallied—and pull'd out a purse of gold,
And said, " Of the past it is vain to tell,
Shoe me my horse, and I'll pay you well."

“ Work for you?—no, never! —unless belike
To rivet your fetters this hand might strike
Or to drive a nail in your gallows-tree—
That’s the only work you shall have from me—
When you swing, I’ll be loud in the crowd shall hoot
you !”

“ Silence, you dog—or, by Heaven, I’ll shoot you !”
And a pistol he drew—but the startled child
Rush’d in between, with an outcry wild,
“ Don’t shoot—don’t shoot ! oh, master sweet !
The iron is now in the fire to heat,
’Twill soon be ready, the horse shall be shod.”
The Squireen return’d but a curse and a nod,
Nor knew that the base-born child before him
Was his own that a ruin’d woman bore him ;
And the gun-barrel, too, in that glowing fire,
Was his own—one of those he had hid to conspire
’Gainst the Blacksmith’s life ; but Heaven decreed
His own should result from the darksome deed,
For the barrel grows red—the charge ignites—
Explodes !—and the guilty Squireen bites
The dust where he falls. Oh, judgment dread !
His own traitor weapon the death-shot sped,
By his own child it was found, and laid
In the wrong’d one’s fire—the gathering shade
Of his doom was completed—Fate’s shadows had spread
Like a thunder-cloud o’er his guilty head,
And the thunder burst, and the lightning fell,
Where his dark deeds were done, in the mountain dell.

The pursuit was fast on the hunted Squireen ;
 The reeking horse at the forge is seen,
 There's a shout on the hill, there's a rush down the glen,
 And the forge is crowded with armèd men ;
 With dying breath, the victim allow'd
 The truth of the startling tale
 The Blacksmith told to the greedy crowd,
 Who for gold had track'd the trail.

Vain golden hope—vain speed was there ;
 The game lay low in his crimson lair !—
 To the vengeance of earth no victim was giv'n,
 'Twas claim'd by the higher tribunal of Heaven !

THE DEW-DROP,

A METRICAL FANTASY.

PART I.

A DEW-DROP, once,
 In a summer's night,
 Was touched by the wand
 Of a faithless sprite,

 As the moon, in her change,
 Shot a trembling ray
 Down the bosky dell
 Where the dew-drop lay ;

And tainted with change
By the wild-wood sprite,
Was the dew-drop, till then
So pure and so bright.

For what might be pure,
If 'twere not the dew?
A gift from the skies
Earth's sweets to renew.

What may be bright
As the dew-drops are?
Kindred are they
To the evening star.

Blest is the dew
When the day's begun,
It flies to the kiss
Of the godlike sun.

Blest is the dew
At the evening hour,
Taking its rest
In some grateful flower,

That gives forth its odour,
To welcome the fall
Of the dew-drop that sinks
In the balmy thrall.

Enfolded in fragrance,
Entranc'd it lies,
Till the morning's dawn,
When it lightly flies

From the balmy lips
Of the waking flower,
Which droops through the day,
When the dew-drop's away,
And mourns the delay
Of the evening hour.

O, how the sprite-struck
Dew-drop stray'd
'Mong the wildest flow'rs
Of the wild-wood glade !

Toying with all,
She was constant to none ;
Though she held her faith
To the lordly sun.

She sought a new couch
As the eve grew dim,
But at morning she ever
Returned to him.

The fond rose pined
 In its hidden heart
While the dew-drop play'd
 Her changeful part.

And though it was kiss'd
 By *some* dew-drop bright,
Griev'd that it was not
 The one of last night.

The leaf-shelter'd lily,
 Pale "flow'r of the vale,"
The love-plaint felt
 Of the nightingale ;

Whose song never bore
 So much meaning as now :—
O, sympathy !—subtile
 In teaching art thou.

The violet (heart-like),
 The sweeter for grief,
Sigh'd forth its balm
 In its own relief ;

While its jealous companions
 Conceiv'd it blest,
And envied the pang
 Of an aching breast.

Thus, eve after eve,
Did the dew-drop betray
Some leaflet that smiled
On the pendant spray ;

And blossoms that sprang
From a healthful root,
Faded in grief,
And produced no fruit.

But what cared she ?
Who was always caress'd,
As she sank in delight
On some fresh flower's breast,

Though it died the next night,
She could pass it, and say,
" Poor thing—'twas my love
Of yesterday."

At last, in her pride,
She so faithless got,
She even forsook
The forgot-me-not.

And Nature frown'd
On the bright coquette,
And sternly said—
" I will teach thee yet,
A lesson so hard
Thou wilt not forget !"

PART II.

THE roses of summer
Are past and gone,
And sweet things are dying
One by one ;

But autumn is bringing,
In richer suits,
To match with his sunsets,
His glowing fruits ;

And the flowers the dew-drop
Deserted now,
For the richer caress
Of the clustering bough.

So dainty a dew-drop
A leaf would not suit,
For her nothing less
Would suffice, than the fruit.

The bloom of the plum
And the nect'rine's perfume
Were deserted, in turn,
A fresh love to assume ;

And, as each she gave up,
If her conscience *did* preach,
Her ready excuse
Was the down of the peach.

But fruits will be gather'd
 Ere autumn shall close ;
Then, where in her pride
 May the dew-drop repose ?

Nor a bud, nor a flower,
 Nor a leaf is there now ;
 They are gone whom she slighted—
 There's nought but the bough.

And the dew-drop would now
 Keep her mansion of air,
 With her bright lord the sun,
 Nor, at evening, repair

To the desolate earth ;
 Where no lovers remain
 But grasses so humble,
 And brambles so plain,

So crooked, so knotty,
 So jagged and bare—
Indeed would the dew
 Keep her mansion of air !

But Nature look'd dark,
 And her mandate gave,
 And the autumn dew
 Was her winter slave,

When the lordly sun
Had his journey sped,
Far in the south,
Towards ocean's bed ;

And short was the time
That he held the sky,
His oriflamme waving
Nor long nor high ;

And the dew-drop lay
In the dark cold hours,
Embrac'd by the weeds
That surviv'd the flowers.

Oh ! chill was her tear,
As she thought of the night
She had wept in pure joy
At her rose's delight ;

While now for the morning
She sigh'd ;—that its ray
Should bear her from loathsome
Embraces away.

Like a laggard it came ;
And so briefly it shone,
She scarce reach'd the sky
Ere her bright lord was gone ;

And downward again
 Among weeds was she borne,
 To linger in pain
 Till her bright lord's return.

And Nature frown'd
 On the bright coquette,
 And again she said—
 “I will teach thee yet,
 A lesson so hard
 Thou wilt never forget !”

PART III.

THROUGH the bare branches
 Sigh'd the chill breeze,
 As the sun went down
 Where the leafless trees

Are darkly standing,
 Like skeletons grim,
 'Gainst the fading light
 Of the west, grown dim ;

And colder and colder
 The embers decay
 That were glowing red
 With the fire of day,

Till darkness wrapp'd
In her mantle drear,
The withering forms
Of the dying year.

Thus bleak and black
Was the face of the world,
When Winter his silvery
Banner unfurl'd,

His sprites sending forth
In their glitt'ring array,
To seize in the night
Each fantastical spray ;

And the fern in the wood,
And the rush by the stream,
Were sparkling with gems
In the morning beam.

So charm'd was the stream
With the beauty around,
That it stopp'd in its course,
And it utter'd no sound ;

In the silent entrancement
Of Winter's embrace,
It sought not to wander
From that charmèd place ;

For better it loved
 With old Winter to be,
 In the di'mond-hung woods,
 Than be lost in the sea.

But the dew-drop's home
 Was in yon bright sky,
 And when in the sunbeam
 She sought to fly,

Chain'd to a weed
 Was the bright frail thing,
 And she might not mount
 On her morning wing.

"Ha! ha!" laugh'd Nature,
 "I've caught thee now;
 Bride of old Winter,
 Bright thing, art thou!"

"Think of how many
 A flower for thee,
 Hath wasted its heart
 In despondency.

"Now where thou'rt fetter'd
 Thou *must* remain;
 Let thy pride rejoice
 In so *bright* a chain."

“ True,” said the dew-drop,
“ Is all thou’st told,
My fetters are bright—
But ah, so cold !

“ Rather than sparkle
In di’mond chain,
I’d dwell with the humblest
Flower again ;

“ And never would rove
From a constant bliss,
If I might ’scape
From a fate like this ;

“ In glittering misery
Bid me not sleep !
Mother, oh, let me
Melt and weep !

“ Weep in the breast
Of my chosen flower,
And for ever renounce
My changeful hour ;

“ For tho’ to the skies
I shall daily spring,
At the sunrise bright,
On my rainbow wing,

“To my flower I’ll return
At golden even,
With a love refresh’d
At the fount of heaven !”

The Spirit of Spring
Was listening near ;
The captive dew-drop
She came to cheer !

Her fetter she broke,
And the chosen flower
Was giv’n to the dew-drop
In happy hour.

And, true to her faith,
Did the dew-drop come,
When the honey-bee,
With his evening hum,

Was bidding farewell
To the rose, which he taught,
By his fondness, to know
’Twas with sweetness fraught.

And the rose thought the bee
Was a silly thing,
To fly from the dew
With his heavy wing ;

For "Ah," sigh'd the rose,
 As it hung on the bough,
 "Bright dew-drop, there's nothing
 So sweet as thou!"

THE BRIDAL OF GALTRIM.

A LEGEND OF MALAHIDE CASTLE.*

THE priest's at the altar ; the bride—and the groom—
 The bridesmaids—and gallants, with doff'd cap and
 plume,
 Are kneeling around till the word forth is gone
 That blesses the union of two into one.
 But while the devout were responding "Amen,"
 The blast of a war-trumpet rang thro' the glen,
 And each man, as he sprang to his feet, gripp'd his
 sword,
 While the fresh-plighted hand of the bride held her lord.

"Oh, hold me not, dearest!—you would not detain?
 It is honour to go—'twere disgrace to remain.
 The foe's at the gate ; we must drive him away :—
 A joust is befitting a chief's wedding-day!"
 He buckled his mail o'er his gay wedding garb ;
 He call'd for his lance, and he sprang on his barb,

* A possession of the Irish Talbots. At present the seat of Lord Talbot de Malahide.

And waved back a graceful adieu, as he cried,
 "A victor I soon will be back with my bride!"

And soon *was* he back, and a victor beside,—
 But 'twas to his widow, and not to his bride ;
 For, foremost in danger the foe to repel,
 In the moment of conquest the conqueror fell.
 Slowly the victors return from the field,
 Lamenting the knight whom they bore on his shield ;
 And the Lady of Galtrim, as Chronicles say,
 Was maid, wife, and widow,—and all in one day.

THE MAIDEN MASQUE.

SHOWING HOW TURGESIUS THE DANE INVADED IRELAND.
 HIS BARBAROUS RULE, AND CRUELITIES COMMITTED
 THEREIN, AND HIS FINAL OVERTHROW BY MAOLSEACH-
 LIN, KING OF MEATH, A.D. 866.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

'Twas a thief audacious,
 One call'd Turgesius,
 A Dane pugnacious from the frozen sai ;
 When the ice was melted,
 Away he pelted,
 Swooded and belted, all for Dublin Bay.
 He had no flocks,
 For his own bare rocks
 Wouldn't feed a fox. much less a sheep :

Without a flitch in
 His stinted kitchen,
 Some prog to pitch into he went to seek.

There's no denyin'
 (Unless through lyin'),
 That given to flyin' was the Pats that day :
 Thy sons, Milaysius,
 The fierce Turgesius
 Compell'd most spaciously to clear the way.
 With fierce aggression
 He took possession
 (The thievin' robber !) of the Emerald Isle ;
 And his bad behav'or
 To every neighbour
 In tears soon dhrowned that nation's smile !

For 'twas his ordhers
 That at free quarthers
 His throops should live upon the natives then,
 Which made it hardher
 To keep the lardher,—
 For them Danes was mighty purty trencher-men.
 Of a feast right hearty
 That would feed a party
 Of a dozen Irish—ay, and sparin' some—
 One Dane was able
 To clear the table,
 And wouldn't lave the flies a single crumb.

If a widow lonely
 Had one cow only
 To feed her orphans with a dhrop o' milk,
 In that the ruffi'ns
 Would steep their muffins ;
 And the young Hibernians of their breakfast bilk.
 They saw no harm in
 To see *them* starvin',
 So for their *own* selves they got enow ;
 And if any glutton
 Had a taste for mutton,
 He scorn'd the widow and kilt her cow.

'Twas hard times thin
 For the thrimblin' hin,
 As her screechin' chickens all disappear'd :
 In deep despond, sure,
 She paced the pond, sure,
 And wish'd 'twas ducklins that she had rear'd !
 For his posterity,
 In loud temerity,
 The cock did crow all in bitter wrath,
 Forseeing, clearly,
 How very nearly
 His own fate tended towards chicken-broth

Then the Hierarchy
 Grew starin'-starky-
 Mad and outrageous at these goin's on,

And proclaim'd at last
 That a solemn fast
 Should be kept, with prayer, until the Danes were
 gone ;
 But the starvin' crowd,
 With a murmur loud,
 Cried, "Fasts can't save us, you must allow :
 Could fasts bring freedom
 We should not need 'em,—
 For we can't fast faster than we're fastin' now !"

 Turgesius ruled, then,
 An ounce of goold, men
 Of Irish blood ev'ry year should pay,
 Or of each defaulther
 He the face would alther
 By loss of nose on the thribute day.
 What noses *then* cost
 'The art my pen's lost
 In sterlin' value to calculate ;
 But now, at Mint price,
 'Twould (at the stint price)
 Be three pounds seventeen and tinpince nate.

 All eddication
 From out the nation
 He next detarmins to undhermine,

And who refuses
 To renounce the Muses
 The floggin' cat is his tuneful nine.
 The Sates of Larnin'
 (Arm-chairs so charmin')
 Was knock'd to smithers by the Tyrant's tools
 Till, in saycret places,
 Each professor taches :—
 The sates of larnin' but three-leggèd stools.

No Irish wench, sure,
 ! Could ever venture
 To take a walk in the rurial shade ;
 For the Danes,—the blackguards,—
 Did haunt the stack-yards,
 And small attintion to manners paid.
 So the girls kept knittin',
 To keep them sittin'
 At home, unknownst to these furrin' Turks,
 In saycret spinnin',
 Or weavin' linen,—
 A thrade that still in this nation works.

No lady's scarf flow'd
 By sweet Clontarf road,
 The sai-breeze coortin' in the settin' sun ;
 For, if Dane did spy it,
 To saize he'd thry it,
 And for her life was Beauty forced to run.

If the robbers *could* close
 With her, the good clothes
 From off the Irish ladies' backs they tore,
 Their own dh'rabs dh'ressing,
 With much caressing,
 In silks and satins they ne'er saw before :—

While the rags *they* cast off
 Were basely pass'd off
 Upon the lovely Irish ladies fair,
 Who, mad as hatters,
 To match their tatters,
 Began (no wondher) for to tear their hair !
 But stars disastherous,
 When they o'ermasther us,
 Sweet Pity plashter us at last bestows
 For wounds past bearin' :—
 And so poor Erin
 A friend in need found to aise her woes !

'Twas one Maolseachlin ;
 And not in Lochlin—
 Renown'd by Ossian that Prince of Bards—
 Could one be found who
 Was more profound,—who;
 In game of life, betther play'd his cards.
 He had the knack, sir,
 To cut the pack, sir,
 Where'er the king might approach the knave ;

And though odd thricks
 In his acts might mix,
 His honour always he contrived to save.

His head was long, sir,
 His sinse was sthrong, sir;
 His manes was narrow, but his shouldhers broad
 To bear the griefs
 Such as Irish chiefs
 Time immemorial have sustain'd unaw'd.
 His voice was low,
 And his speech was slow,
 So his temper quick could not get the start
 Of that hesitation
 Which gave contimplation
 Full time to measure what he said with art.

He had a daughter
 Of "the purest wather,"
 A jewel rarest from beauty's mine !
 If Hunt and Storr, sir,
 Had such, be-gor, sir,
 From all their stock it would take the shine !
 And fierce Turgesius,
 That brute salacious,
 This princess proud when he chanced to spy,
 He kick'd up a shindy
 At her dhrawin'-room windy,
 And swore that none should his love deny !

So the king, her father,
 Though he would rather
 (If he had his will) knock the villain down,
 With smiles dissemblin'
 His rage and thremblin',
 He plann'd a deed that gave him much renown.
 He knew that Cupid
 Makes people stupid,
 Knowin' no differ betune wrong and right ;
 Or like thrav'lers silly
 That wispy Willy
 Deludes to death with his false rushlight !

" O, Great Turgesius !"
 Says the sire sagacious,
 "'Tis well you know that you cannot wed ;
 The Church declares
 We must love in pairs,
 Nor exceed the measure of a double bed.
 Therefore, Turgesius,
 Your heart capacious
 Expands beyant the bounds of Canon Law ;
 But as you're a dashin'
 High man of fashion,
 'Tis little *you* think of a small *faux pas*.

" Now 'tis well known, sir,
 Bone of your bone, sir,
 You have already an ould scraggy dame ;

Though you'd like bettther a
 Plump young *et cætera*,
 You know it can't be without sin and shame.
 So some restraint, sir,
 In this Isle of Saints, sir,
 I hope you'll put upon your passions wild,
 Nor in this nation
 Mar the reputation
 And the marriage prospects of my lovely child !

" Not but upon her
 I know 'tis honour
 That you should cast your discernin' eye,
 And, like a bellows,
 Thro' her window-threllis
 Fan love's soft flame with your stormy sigh.
 But love's bright candle
 Might enlighten scandal,
 Which soon explodes with an amorous spark !
 So my advice is,
 In this tindher crisis,
 We use some prudence *to keep it dark.*

" Think how they'd boast, sir,
 In *The Morning Post*, sir,
 Of this *escapade* made in circles high ;
 And how ironical
 The *Morning Chronicle*
 To cut a joke at our cost would thry.

And think what rhymes
 Would o'erflow *The Times*,
 And how *Th' Observer* would in riddles speak ;
 And what lucubrations,
 With illustrations,
 Would illumine the columns of *Once a Week*.

“Now my suggestion
 Will avoid all question
 Of a lady's honor, I'm sartin' sure :
 Let her repair, sir,
 To some back stair, sir,
 Near the posthern-gate—*vulgo*, the back-door —
 Of your castle splendid,
 Where she'll be attended
 By fifteen vargins of beauty bright,
 And you may revel,
 Like the Barber of Seville,
 That coortyer famous and ladies' knight.”

Now here the Bard
 Dhraws his breath so hard
 At this bowld ascent up Parnassus Hill,
 That, to win your smile,
 He would rest awhile,
 And slake his thirst in Castalia's rill.
 Refresh'd thereby,
 He will proudly thry
 In the second fytte, to record such deeds

As far surpasses
 Owld Halicarnassus,
 Historic craving who so amply feeds.

FYFFE THE SECOND.

Now Turgesius, smitten
 Like some foolish kitten
 That plays deludher'd with a sthring and cork,
 Of the sweet delusion
 Jump'd the conclusion,
 And to Fox Maolseachlin he play'd The Stork.
 For the divil a taste
 Of a dainty waist
 Did the Irish king think to give the Dane
 But, through this invintion,
 It was his intintion
 The land's redimption for to obtain.

Turgesius home went,
 And not a moment
 Was lost in summoning a bowld fifteen
 Of scamps he cared for,
 And then prepared for
 Such feast of love as they had seldom seen.
 While the Irish king went,
 On mortal sting bent,
 Among the purtiest youths his coort could brag,

Round the brimming cup, too,
 Saying, "What are you up to?—
 Have you the pluck Turgesius fierce to lag?"

"And no mistake!"

Cried each beardless rake.

With that a chest of ladies' clothes was brought,
 And with bib and tucker,
 And flounce and pucker,
 They were transmogrified as quick as thought.

"Don't sthride so wide, boys,"

The king then cried, boys,

"And keep your swords undherneath your gown ;
 Could you hide your swagger
 As well as your dagger,
 I'd be prouder of it than half a crown.

• "But why so meekly

Of *half* crown speak we?

We'll win a *whole* one by this night's work!

I'll freely bet it,

Our fish is netted—

Them Northern sharks!—worse than pagan Turk

Now no more gostherin,

But to the posthern

Conduct the Princess, and keep her snug ;

Don't look too bowld, boys,

Till you get your howld, boys,

Then give the tyrants 'their tay in a mug!'"

But 'twas not tay
 That the Dane would lay
 On his rampant table, that night to hail ;
 In the chamber upper
 Of his castle, supper
 Was laid upon a most extensive scale.
 There was shins of beef,
 And in bowld relief—
 (As the sculpthors say—and likewise the cooks)
 There was divill'd turkey,
 And—(rather murky)—
 A pie of crows—meant to pass for rooks.

There was no lack, sir,
 Of puddin's black, sir,
 With flour well dhredg'd, in a goodly row,—
 They cut such figure
 As might a nigger
 Who had lately pass'd through a storm o' snow ;
 There was bacon rashers,
 With eggs for thatchers,
 And thripe and cowheel, with ingyán sauce,
 And other dishes—
 That famed Apicius,
 If he was there, would have had no loss.

With latch half-rais'd,
 And the hinges grazed
 Of the sly back-door, to prevent a creak,

That no sharp senthry
 Might mark the enthry
 Of the gentle vargins with blushin' cheek,
 Turgesius, waitin'
 At the little gratin',
 To watch their comin' himself did stay,
 And when they came, sure,
 With tindher flame, sure,
 He said, "You're welkim as the flow'rs in May!"

Through crannies crooked,
 In many a nook hid,
 Turgesius layding, away they goes,
 And along the passages
 The smell of sassiges
 Was mighty plazin' to the native nose.
 And one young lady
 (Call'd Jack O'Grady),
 A great admirer of that luck call'd "pot,"
 With an awful snifther
 Alarm'd each sisther,
 And very nearly bethray'd the plot.

For the soundin' snort
 Stopp'd the party short,
 "What noise is that?" fierce Turgesius said;
 When the Princess, sweetly,
 Replied discreetly,
 "My cousin Onah's got a cowld in her head ;

'Tis a sevarc case,
 And up this staircase
 A blast is blowin' might turn a mill ;
 So hurry up, sir,
 And let us sup, sir,
 For our walk has given us a right goodwill."

“ Faix, little jew'l, sure,
 You're not a fool, sure,”
 Says fond Turgesius, in a loving tone ;
 “ You're in the nick, dear,
 Of time,—so quick, dear,
 Pick your steps up-stairs, and then pick a bone ;
 And to wet your whistle
 I've a purty dhrizzle
 Of mountain-dew as did e'er impearl
 The flow'rs of fancy,
 Which best we can see
 With a jug o' punch and a purty girl !”

Now the Danes were dhrinkin',
 Their cans loud clinkin',
 Anticipatin' Love's comedié,
 While the *Malepomenes*
 (The Irish *homines*)
 Were just as aiger for the thragedié.
 They soon did clamber
 To the festal chamber,
 Where the dhrunken Danes was at jinks so high,

And with shouts did greet
 These young vargins sweet,
 Who curtsheed low with a downcast eye.

The Danes advancin'
 With saucy glancin',
 Each of a maiden would make a prize.
 But the hug he got
 Made each dhrunken sot
 To open first—and then close his eyes!
 For, to the hilt,
 With a home-thrust kilt,
 Each Dane was spitted in a minute's space,
 And the Clargy boasted
 They'd all be roasted
 In proper time, in the proper place.

For the Bishop stepp'd in
 As Maolseachlin leap'd in,
 With a hundhred sojers in steel complete,—
 For one Tim Riley
 (Of the vargins), slily
 Stole back and open'd the posthern-gate.
 The Danes they leather'd,
 And Turgesius tether'd,
 Like a calf for market, by neck and heels,
 And exposed him proudly
 Next day, while loudly
 The joy-bells clatther'd in merry peals.

The Danes, dishearten'd,
 Their movements smarten'd,
 To run away "while their shoes were good,"
 With sail and oar, too,
 From Erin's shore—Whoo!—
 They made the most of that mornin's flood;
 The tether'd king
 Did the Irish bring
 To special thrial, to find a way
 The best for killin'
 So great a villin,
 When ev'ry talker had his word to say.

The paviours, gronin',
 Proposed a stonin';
 The gamblers wish'd to choose his death by lot;
 The hangman's hope
 Was the good owld rope,
 While the sojers shouted to have him shot.
 Some wish'd to starve him,
 As right 'twould sarve him
 Who starved the Irish through his evil days,
 And the larnèd cronies
 Cried "Lex talionis!"
 But that Latin sintince did not seem to plaze.

Some gentle Quakers,
 Who were coffin-makers,
 Proposed to bury the Dane alive:

They would not *kill*,
 And, who had the will,
 Though screw'd down tight, to get out might
 thrive.

If he *could* get out,
 Which they much did doubt
 Gainst his future doings they could say "nay;"
 And this proceeding,
 While it spared all *bleeding*,
 Would quiet keep him for many a day.

But Maolseachlin, wiser
 Than each deviser,
 Cried, "Let *me* say how the Dane should die.
 From sthrongest dhrink, boys,
 He ne'er would shrink, boys,
 And the more he dhrank he the more was dhry.
 Now hear my plan, boys :
 To ev'ry man, boys,
 Who's never happy except when dhrunk,
 The direst slaughter
 Is to die by wather :
 So let Turgesius in the sai be sunk !"

The Dane was dhrowneded,
 And Maolseachlin crownèd
 Upon the spot, by the Bishop's grant,

On Maolseachlin's poll he,
 As monarch solely
 Of Ireland all, a goold crown did plant.
 He first assoil'd him,
 And then he oil'd him,
 To slip him aisy through his future reign ;
 With oaths then probed him,
 And then he robed him—
 Och ! the like I'm sure will ne'er be seen again !

And now I've indid
 This record splendid
 Of the MAIDEN MASQUE, which success did
 crown ;
 'Twas the grandest lesson
 (By all confessin')
 That e'er proceeded from cap and gown !
 The king's bright daughther—
 Sweet cause of slaughther—
 By monarchs coorted both high and low,
 Made a right good marriage,
 And kep' her carriage,
 And all this pass'd a thousand years ago.

And so my song—since
 It is so long since
 That airy date—it might come to pass

That scribes persuadin'
 May be mislaydin',
 For fact is fadin', as flesh is grass.
 While lies engendhers,
 Through false pretendhers,
 Patching Clio's robe with their figments new,
 So the tale foregoin'
 There is no knowin'
 But not a word of the same is throe.

 FALCON LEIGH.

IN a boyish rage to roam,
 Recklessly I fled from home,
 But whither should my footsteps bend,
 What might chance to be the end
 Of the vagrant outbreak, ne'er
 Heart or mind had wish or care.
 Heedless rambler I became,
 But, to wound a noble name,
That I would not :—so the page
 Rich in a lofty lineage
 Stainless is, whate'er *my* shame,
 For the Rover changed his name.

Was the Rover happy?—Yes,
 In that sort of happiness

Licence and hot blood engender,
Till the reason makes surrender,
And the tyrant will commands
Soul and body—heart and hands.

Lustily I join'd the cheer
Of the eager Buccaneer,
When, from topmast first descried,
“Land!” exultingly was cried :
For around the tropic isles
Fortune on the Rover smiles,
Where Gallèon, deep in freight
Of merchandise and “piece of eight”
To the Buccaneer must strike
In conflict close of boarding-pike.

Lovely were the Tropic isles—
We had more than Fortune's smiles,
For the ill-got gold to spill
In profusion, vicious still,
Was our wont—and golden show'rs
Harvests bring of gleesome hours :—
Gleesome hours that cost us years
Of after shame, remorse, and tears.

'Twas in *one* remoter place
Where the wild untutor'd grace
Of nature and of woman reign'd,
That a milder mood we feign'd,

Laid our ship down to careen,
Safe within the leafy screen
Of a richly-wooded creek :—
There, in safety, might we seek
Brief repose, until again
The bark, repair'd, should cleave the main.

A lovely and unwarlike race
Dwelt in that sequester'd place,
Whose forests deep of solemn quiet
Repress'd the very thought of riot.
How the sultry solitude
While it yielded joy, subdued !
All that fruits of tropic splendour
To the parchèd throat could render,
All that fragrant shade could yield
From the torrid heat to shield,
Gave a sort of drowsy pleasure
We indulged in without measure.
Gorgeous shrubs of various dye
In wild profusion charm'd the eye,
Bright birds flitted thro' their stems,
Like a flight of wingèd gems,
But voiceless all—as tho' they chose
Not to break the sweet repose.

Such a reign of beauty round us,
In a soft enchantment bound us,

And the magic of that spot
Tempted me to leave it not—
But the soft temptation pass'd :—
'Twas my fate !—my lot I cast
With the vicious and the vile—
Could *I* ever hope to smile ?
Laugh I might—the empty laugh
Of ribald revellers while they quaff,
But the smile that sweetly tells
The joy that in the bosom dwells,
Never, never, may appear
On the lip of Buccaneer !

Off and on we came to seek
Shelter in our favourite creek,
With some dashing cruise between
The visits to our leafy screen.
Tho' I never chose to brag
Of our dreaded Sable Flag,
Still, that terror of the main
Never brought my bosom pain ;
Never in the heady fight.
Did my torpid conscience smite ;
Hand to hand, and shot for shot,
Good as that we gave, we got ;
That I flinch'd not from ;—but when
The councils fierce of murd'rous men
In dev'lish mood, brought torture dark
Within their hellish code, the spark

Of pity that so long had slept
Into a flame of fury leapt,
And scorched my heart to madness !—I
Denounc'd such felon infamy
With scathing words—till many a knife
Was brandish'd 'gainst my threaten'd life ;
I brav'd them all—shot down the chief,
And then, with 'passion'd speed—more brief
Than words that tell it—headlong gave
My body to the surging wave.
Swift as I swam, the bullets swifter
Came pelting round :—a deadly snifter !
But harmlessly the bullets sped—
'Tis a small mark, a swimmer's head—
Ere long the leaden storm was o'er,
And, nearly spent, I reach'd the shore.

How I did the snake escape
In the densely-tangled brake,
How the alligator pass
Thro' the treacherous morass,
And the panther in his lair,
Marvellous to tell it were,
But vain the wondrous tale—suffice,
I struck the coast by Barcobicce
(One of the fabled El Dorados),
And found a bark bound to Barbadoes.

On board—and 'scaped the danger dread
 That hung around me—my poor head
 Gave way to fever's racking raid—
 By turns I curs'd, by turns I pray'd ;
 In darksome dream I saw the meek
 Old visage of the good Cacique
 In placid courage all unmov'd,
 While, murder'd round him, those he lov'd
 And then a lovelier face would seem
 To watch me in my troubled dream ;
 But soon Cacique and Princess flew
 O'er seas of blood in swift canoe,
 And when I woke, a cherub face,
 Resplendent with its mother's grace,
 My languid eye beheld with joy—
 Yes !—I had saved my darling boy !

* * * * *

Pass we o'er some gaps of time ;
 I had fled the tropic clime,
 Had seen (unknown) my natal hall,
 Silent and desolated all,
 Its stalwart sons had wither'd fast,
 Of all its race I was the last,
 And strange emotions inly burned
 Within the Prodigal returned,
 And early lessons crowding came
 To bow my harden'd heart to shame :—
 No father, with forgiving eye
 To weep upon my neck was nigh ;—

No—he had died—nor knew his son
Repented of the evil done,

Should I the bonds of mystery burst
And prove myself the heir?—At first
I shrank from such ordeal dread—
Better, by far, be rumoured “dead,”
Than known to live, and living, be
The mark of odious obloquy ;—
For rumours o’er the sea had sped
Of wicked life by Rover led :—
Oh ! when did rumour ever fail
To propagate an ugly tale !

Still, for my boy’s sake to retain
My lineal rights, whate’er the pain
To me, was duty ;—so I gave
All scruple to the winds—and brave
In love parental—forth I stood,
And needed all my hardihood,
To meet the looks of dull suspicion,
The jeering lip of cold derision,
When in the open Court I sued
Before the Bench, my rights of blood.
Methought a sickening echo sped
Throughout the hall when “blood” I said ;
Or were they many whispers vile
That hiss’d the word thro’ scoffing smile ?

Deep was the shade upon the brow
 Of the stern Judge, in asking how
 I dare adventure claim for one
 All unentitled, tho' my son ;
 No proof of marriage rite I gave—
 The ancient line of Falcon Leigh
 Might never represented be
 By offspring of some Indian slave.

High swell'd my heart—and forth I said
 “Simple the rite by which I wed
 No Indian slave—no menial thing,
 My bride was daughter of a king,
 The Princess of a distant coast :—
 No Christian rite, 'tis true, they boast
 In that far land ;—but simply taking
 Each other's hand is marriage-making,
 And sprinkled flow'rs above the head,
 Declare the plighted lovers wed :—
 The rite is all-sufficient, sure,
 Which custom in each land makes pure,
 And ne'er before cathedral shrine
 Was marriage vow more pure than mine !”

Then did a shout indignant burst
 Throughout the hall.—“ He is accurst !”
 The crowd exclaim'd : “ In Pagan lands
 He has abjur'd his God's commands,

And here a Christian people braves
With impious words!"—The lifted staves
Of the Court's officers alone,
Preserv'd my life from staff and stone,
And, 'midst the uproar wild, a cry
Rang in my ears, "Fly, father, fly!"

It was my boy's—how came he there
I knew not—but his childish pray'r
Imparted childish fear to me—
Sooner I'd dared and died, than flee
Th' ignoble crowd before he spoke,
But now, parental fear awoke
Within my heart for that dear child,
Amidst a multitude so wild ;
I clasp'd him close and rush'd away,
Lest his young life should fall a prey
To the demoniac crowd, whose yell
Rang in my ears like blasts from hell.
Forth thro' a secret panel, known
To few but me, we swiftly passed,
Behind me a fierce curse I cast
Upon the mob, whose prey was flown ;
My shallop's topsail caught the wind,
Laden with shouts of foes behind,
But less and less the outcry grew,
As o'er the lake the shallop flew.

Straight for Skalkragga's isle I steer'd,
 It was a spot devoutly fear'd ;
 Of evil fame—although to me
 In boyhood known familiarly
 (For I was ever prone to run
 To wild adventure others shun),
 And in that isle, above the flood
 In stalagmitic grandeur stood
 A cavern deep of ample dome,
 A fitting spot for outlaw's home,
 For, known to few, 'twas seldom near'd,
 And by the few 'twas known, 'twas fear'd.

So fear'd, so dark, so lone a place,
 Well suited was to blink a chase ;
 There all unharm'd the wild fowl flew,
 There all unseen the lilies grew
 In cloister'd beauty on the wave
 That rippled through that lonely cave,
 While lofty rushes rose between,
 And made an ample waving screen
 Which, as it rustled to the wind,
 Whisper'd of safety and repose
 To hunted fugitive who'd find
 A shelter sure from furious foes,
 So, thro' the tangled flowery zone
 I burst into that cavern lone,

There, passion-torn and sore distress'd,
 My lov'd child clasping to my breast,
 Lull'd by the ripples of the deep,
 Exhausted I lay down to sleep.

But not for long was slumber granted,
 On my shoulder roughly laid
 A hand awoke me ;—for my blade
 I vainly grasp'd, and struggling panted,
 An Amazon it was who broke
 My spell of sleep, and thus she spoke—
 (Strange words to fall from beauty's daughter),
 "Sir, I have brought your shaving-water,
 Get up at once or you'll be late,
 The train you go by leaves at eight."

NO FOLLOWERS.

WHAT's the hardest of all things to follow ?
 An ostrich, I'm told, tries our mettle ;
 But there's something that beats that quite hollow
 As, in singing, a lark beats a kettle.

A chamois, they say, 's not a trifle
 In steep Alpine passes to follow,
 But a chamois you'll "down" with a rifle,
 There's that beats the chamois quite hollow.

A fox is a puzzle sometimes,
That baffles the best in a chase ;
Or, sound-led by far-away chimes,
One wanders a wearisome pace.

A lady's a hard thing to follow,
Coquettish and full of vagaries,
Who feeds you with snubs, hard to swallow,
And acts by "the rule of contraries."

To follow professional starving,
Is very hard following, I guess,
Yet harder than mere want of carving
Is the thing on your notice I press.

To follow a Nimrod is hard,
When plashing through puddles you spank it ;
Or to follow a lead, when the card
Is not in your hand—the deuce thank it.

And I've heard that a flea in a blanket
Is a very hard matter to follow ;
And very hard driving they rank it
A certain brute, given to wallow.

'Tis hard in a Hansom, to ride
Behind a huge van, till you swear,
Stuck fast in a jam in Cheapside,
While you're anxious to reach Grosv'nor-square.

I know many hard things to do :

'Tis hard, when you're wrong'd, to say "thankee,"

'Tis hard to bamboozle a Jew—

But very much harder, a Yankee.

And hard 'tis to take up your bills

Without money ; and hard to get credit

When your failure the newspapers fills,

And all your acquaintance have read it.

'Tis then hard to follow, I grant,

The remains of a wealthy relation,

Who has left his "own people" in want,

And his millions has willed to the nation.

But I see you are wearied with guessing,

I'll tell you what 'tis and be done,

Perplexity's always distressing,

So here is the answer, my son :

Of all things we know, great or small,

In sea or in air, hill or hollow,

On this-here terrestrial ball,

Good advice is the hardest to follow.

A FATAL UNION.

WIND of the West, that gently blows,
 Filling the sail that freely flows ;
 Wind of the South, whose breath, more soft,
 Tempts the white canvas wings aloft,—
 Each friendly gale
 Can fill the sail
 Of bark that bends
 Towards home and friends ;
 But, blended both, how fierce the blast !
 Then rent the sail—then riv'n the mast !
 The sparkling waves
 That onward bore
 Are turned to graves,
 And friends deplore :—
 Ye South and West, apart how kind !
 But oh ! how merciless combin'd !

 WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

“'Tis writ in sand,” a current phrase has pass'd
 To stigmatise some work that will not last :
 And yet a phrase preceptive, which must stand
 While Christendom endures, was writ in sand.

When Scribes and Pharisees to Jesus brought
The erring woman, and a judgment sought,
Eager to punish, the unthinking throng
Would, each and all, have struck to avenge the wrong.

But to the test the Holy Teacher brought
The throng unthinking, by awaking thought ;
Writ in the sand the challenge thus was thrown,
“ Who’s sinless, first be his to cast the stone.”

Thus conscience-stricken, each withheld his hand :
O glorious Scripture ! Memorable sand !
Tablet of heavenly mercy ! Still in thee
Let us for ever a memento see.

O, where’s the Christian that can look on sand
Without remembering the Divine command ?
Be it the desert vast he struggles o’er,
Or mighty margin of the sounding shore,

Or sandy hollow in the fir-crowned hill,
The atoms eloquent admonish still ;
Even the humblest hour-glass has the pow’r,
To tell Christ’s lesson while it tells the hour !

THE POET'S HOME.

MARK yonder cot, among the trees,
Where flow'rs in native freedom twine,
Whose fragrance courts the healthy breeze
That sheds around their scent divine.
Within that humble cot thou'lt find
More pow'r than dwells 'neath gilded dome ;
The wealth of wit, the pow'r of mind,
For there behold a poet's home.

While counted gold, 'neath bolt and bar,
To hide from all the miser tries,
The poet's wealth—more precious far—
In open page, uncounted lies.
The pearls of thought, the mental ore,
By fancy's fire to gold refin'd,
The poet makes no hidden store,
But shares his wealth with all mankind.

Then wealth, and pomp, and pow'r give way,
And warriors bold with flag unfurl'd ;
A king can but one nation sway —
The poet's rule is o'er the world !
Then honour be, without a blot,
Around his path where'er he roam,
But where he loves and wanders not
Be blessings !—on the poet's home.

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING.

To have the sure esteem
 Of those whose worth we know,
 The heart will oft redeem
 From many a doubtful throe ;
 The anxious soul declares
 Some good must be in *us*,
 Or, by *such* souls as theirs
 We were not valued thus.

When brimming cups go round,
 When friendly faces meet,
 Where jest and smile abound,
 Oh, if we there may meet
 Such long-tried friend of years
 To share with us the wine—
 'Tis nectar then—and cheers
 With influence divine !

Or, if oppress'd with care
 Or sickness, low we lie,
 What med'cine can compare
 With friendship's love-lit eye ?
 One fond plain English word
 More cheers our suffering man
 Than all the pomp absurd
 Of doctor's Latin can,

Oh, bliss how bright, how rare,
 Where friend like this appears,
 With smiles our joy to share,
 Or share our grief with tears :
 To have this, is to win
 From out our earthly strife
 The brightest jewel in
That crown of thorns—called life !

A CHRISTMAS ODE TO THE GOOSE.

THE EAGLE, sov'reign of the skies,
 Let others sing, with praise profuse,
 More justly shall my lay arise
 In grateful homage to the Goose.

Did flesh of eagle ever grace
 A feast throughout the whole year's cycle ?
 While goose at Christmas holds proud place,
 And favour finds with great St. Michael.

And was't the bird of Jove whose cries
 Saved Jove's own temple from the foe ?
 No :—'twas the goose that made the noise
 And let Rome's guards the danger know.

So thus, the goose high place may claim
 In cause domestic or heroic,
 In this she holds a classic fame,
 In that, her claim might move a stoic.

In soaring contest for the sky
 The eagle easily would beat her,
 But goose, in question of "supply,"
 Would win :—majorities would eat her.

The eagle has a bolder heart
 And wing, to scorn the hunter's quiver,
 But,—oh !—upon the other part,
 Just think upon the goose's liver !

Could Strasbourg hold her point of pride
 Upon the apex of her steeple ?
 No !—*pâté foie gras* has supplied
 Her source of glory to most people.

And then the diners, "greatly daring,"
 Who gorge on goose at mighty feast,
 And prove (for decency uncaring)
 A bird can make a man a beast.

And after the profuse repast,
 Whose feathers make the needful bed ?
 And (on the pliant pillow cast)
 Whose down supports the aching head ?

Why, *thine*, brave goose, whose double dower
 Of savoury meat and ample feather
 Supplies, in plenitude of power,
 The ailment and the cure together.

So, let the Goose be honour'd all
 Throughout the future, past, and present,
 And ever grace my Christmas hall !!!—
 (Unless some friend should send a pheasant.)

THE CROOKED STICK.

JULIA was lovely and winning—
 And Julia had lovers in plenty,
 They outnumber'd her years
 More than twice, it appears—
 She kill'd fifty before she was twenty.
 Young Harry
 Had asked her to marry ;
 But Julia could never decide,
 Thus early, on being a bride ;
 With such ample choice,
 She would not give her voice,
 In wedlock so soon to be tied ;
 And though she liked Hal, thought it better to wait,
 Before she would finally fix on her fate ;
 For though Harry was “every way worthy” to get her,
Perhaps she might see some one else she liked better.

Hal, discarded by Venus, went over to Mars ;
 And set off to the war in a troop of hussars ;
 To sabres and bullets exposing a life
 Made wretched to him by the want of a wife.
 But Death would not take what fair Julia refused ;
 And, in fact, Harry thought himself very ill used
 By " Death and the Lady "—till Time's precious
 ointment

Cured the wound Julia made,
 And the soldier's bold blade

Soon won him a colonel's appointment ;
 And then he went home, by hard service made sager,
 And found Julia had married a yellow old major.

For the sake of old times, Harry called on the lady,
 Who was now on *that* side of *this* life they call
 " shady ;"
 Which, though pleasant in streets, in the summer's
 bright sun,
 On life's path is *not* pleasant—when summer's all
 done.

He took her hand kindly—and hoped she was well—
 And looked with a tender regret on his belle !
 " Ah ! Julia ! how's this ?—I would not give you pain,
 But I think I may ask, without being thought vain,
 How the girl who refused to let Harry encage her,
 Could consent to be trapped by a yellow old major ? "

“Come dine here,” said she—“and at evening we’ll
take,

On horseback a ride through the hazlewood brake ;
And as I’ve lost my whip—you must go to the wood,
And cut me a riding switch handsome and good,—
Something nice—such a one as I’ll keep for your sake,
As a token of friendship ; but pray do not make
Your absence too long—for we dine, sharp, at six ;
But you’ll see, before then, many beautiful sticks.”

Harry went on this mission, to rifle the riches
Of the hazlewood brake—and saw such lovely switches,
But none good enough to present, as a token,
‘To her who, “lang syne,” had his burning heart broken ;
The wood was passed through—and no switch yet
selected,

When “six o’clock,” suddenly, Hal recollected,
And took out his watch :—but ten minutes to spare—
He employed those ten minutes with scrupulous care,
But, spite of his pains—the best switch he selected
Did not equal, by much, many first he rejected ;
He eye’d it askance—and he bent it—and shook it—
And owned, with a shrug, ’twas a *leetle* bit crooked.
He returned, and told Julia the state of the case,
When she—(a faint smile lighting up a sad face)—
Said, “Harry, your walk through the hazelwood brake
Is my history—a lesson that many might take ;

At first, you saw beautiful sticks by the score,
 And hoped to get better, with such 'plenty more,'
 But at the last moment—no time left to pick—
 You were forced to put up with a crooked stick."

O Woman!—designed for the conquest of hearts,
 To your own native charms add not too many arts;
 If a poet's quaint rhyme might dare offer advice,
 You should be nice all over—but not over-nice.
 I don't wish a lady so wondrously quick
 As to sharpen her knife for the very first stick;
 But—for one good enough—it were best not o'erlook it,
 Lest, in seeking too straight ones—you get but the
 crooked.

YEARNING.

FAR shore, far shore—*how* far
 O'er the tide of Time you seem;—
 Where is the mystic star
 To guide o'er the waters far—
 To that shore of my fancy's dream?

Far shore, far shore, on thee
 Are the flowers in endless bloom?
 Or there may the desert be,
 With the deadly Upas tree,
 Where the seeker but finds a tomb?

A voice from the deep replied—
 “Ask not what lies before—
 (Vain wish, by Heaven denied ;)
 Thy bark a resistless tide
 Will bear, as it others bore.

Dream not of shores so far,
 Heed not a siren's song,
 Seek not for mystic star—
 Trust to the means that are—
 Be thy voyage or short, or long.”

TO MARY.

As in the calmest day the pine-tree gives
 A soft low murmur to the wooing wind,
 When other trees are silent—so love lives
 In the close covert of the loftier mind,
 Responding to the gentlest sigh would wake
 Love's answer, and his magic music make.

'Twas thus I woo'd thee—softly and afraid :
 For no rude breath could win response from thee,
 Mine own retiring, timid, bashful maid ;
 And hence I dedicate the slender tree
 To dearest memories of the tenting fine
 I woo'd thee with—as Zephyr woos the pine.

And hence I love with thee through woods to wander,
 Whose fairy flowers thy slight foot scarcely bends,
 Growing, as time steals o'er us, only fonder,
 Following, mayhap, some streamlet as it tends
 To a lone lake—full as our hearts, and calm,
 O'er which the op'ning summer sheds its balin.

Soft is the breeze ;—so soft—the very lake
 Hath not a ripple on its mirror face ;
 And hence, a double beauty doth it make,
 Another forest in its depths we trace,
 The sky's repeated in reflected kiss ;—
 So loving hearts can double ev'ry bliss.

The sun is high—we seek refreshing shade,
 Beneath the pines we choose a flowery seat ;
 And, while a whisper in their boughs is made,
 Couching, with fondness, at thy tiny feet,
I'll whisper *thee*, while sheltering from the sun—
 “Sweet Mary, thus I woo'd thee, thus I won.”

A FACTION FIGHT.

THE first time I went to a fair
 I saw a man *sthreelin'* his coat in the gutther,
 With a shout and a splutther,
 And thought it was *quare* ;
 “What's that for ?” says I to my mother,
 Who was minding both me and my brother.

“Don’t you see it was out of that tint that he wint,
 Where all the M’Carthys is dhrinkin’ so gaily?
 And *them* and th’ O’Mayley
 Is never contint
 Till they prove to each other their merit :
 ‘Tis a proof,” says my mother, “of *sperit*.”

Then I saw a man rush to the fray
 And stampon that coat that was dragg’d in the gutther ;
 But a shutther

Was very soon call’d for to take him away,
 For the coat-sthreeler, with his shillaley,
 Crack’d the crown of the headstrong O’Mayley.

But other O’Mayleys soon gather’d,
 And, rattling down swiftly, the cudgels came clusthering,
 With blusthering,

And oaths that M’Carthy for ever be *smather’d* !
 And in mutual defacing “God’s image”
 Both clans had a darlin’ fine scrimmage !

Well, when I grew up to a man,
 I copied the doin’s of them went before me
 In glory ;

But I’ve now chang’d my plan,
 For,” says I, “’tis but spoilin’ of frieze
 For gainin’ sore bones and black eyes.”

And my Molly, that fondly I dote on,
 She used to complain of the numberless patches
 To cover the gashes

She stitch'd my long coat on ;
 So, to shun all temptation to racket,
 I now go to fairs in a jacket.

WHERE TO GO TO.

“ THERE is a isle in the British Channel,
 Where they goes through the winter without flannel ;
 If you doubt of what I tell yers,
 Unbelievers, go to Heliers.”

Thus I heard a vulgar fellow,
 Shiv'ring 'neath an old umbrella,
 In a sleet-show'r sharp and chilly,
 Tell his friend in Piccadilly.

He was right, that vulgar fellow,
 'Neath his winter-worn umbrella ;
 “Go to Heliers” is a dictum
 Well address'd to bronchial victim.

Place of refuge for the wheezy,
 There asthmatics take it easy ;
 If of lungs you'd be retrievers,
 Go to Heliers, unbelievers.

Don't you frown, and look so haughty,
And think my form of speech is naughty ;
Heliers, madam—cry you mercy—
Is the capital of Jersey.

By a *Saint* the place was founded,
Though ('tis strange) the isle is bounded
By rocks of the *Plutonic* order ;
Hence, it hath a fire-made border.

Hence, perhaps, no cold invades it,
But a genial clime pervades it :
If for coziness you're minded,
Go to Heliers, and you'll find it.

When among the Gauls, great *Cæsar*,
Catching cold, became a wheezer ;
'Stead of crossing Charon's ferry,
Went to Heliers, and grew merry.

Built a castle there, and call'd it
"Mont Orgueil," and proudly wall'd it ;
Thus to Norman-French no stranger,
Tho' he was from Rome a ranger.

Time doth work a change in all things,
Be they great or be they small things ;
If *from* Rome they roam'd afore-days,
'Tis *to* Rome they roam in our days.

Pardon me this brief digression,
List, again, to my profession,
That Heliers, *nem. con.*, for the wheezy,
Is the place to take it easy.

Don't I well, *so* well, remember,
In the middle of December,
Seeing silken flounces flying
Round some forms well worth espying :—

For winter muffings do no duty
Here, to hide the lines of beauty ;
Double *jupons*, furs, and kersey,
Never wanted are in Jersey.

Fair ones—bless their pretty faces,—
On the pier, disport their graces,
Clad in silks and velvet jackets,
Watching for the English packets.

Some for friends expected, looking,
Friends who come for Christmas cooking ,
Wisely 'scaping London murky :—
Go to Heliers for your turkey !

Ay ! turkey, grouse, black-game, and widgeon,
Pheasant, partridge, pie of pigeon,
Solid round, or *vol-au-vent* light
(Worthy of a poet's song quite).

These, with plenty more, abound here,
And the best of wine is found here !
And, would thirsty souls drink deep,
In Heliers (luckily) drink is cheap :

For here—rejoice—no duty paid is,
Save that we gladly pay the ladies.
So swains, in sparkling wine—how nice—
Can toast their sweethearts at half-price.

Here, too, shines a summer sun,
When in England summer's done ;
Grateful for the solar blaze is
He who sings to Heliers' praises.

Let them boast of their Madeiras,
Their Teneriffes, and their Terceiras,
Their Cannes, their Nices, their Montpeliers,
Still will I say, "Go to Heliers."

LOVE AND DEATH.

A FABLE FROM ÆSOP.

VERSIFIED AND DI-VERSIFIED.

CUPID, one day, was surprised in a shower of rain,
 (He's a delicate fellow);
 So, for shelter, he ran to a shadowy grotto hard by,
 For he had no umbrella.
 He thought he might rest while the storm was in
 action, so he
 Lapp'd one wing o'er his head,
 The other he folded so nicely beneath him, and slept
 On his own feather bed.
 O Cupid! you stupid! what were you about
 To lie down in that cave?—
 'Twas as good as a grave—
 As he soon found out.

For the arch where the Archer reposed was the cavern
 of Death,
 Who had stol'n out, unknown,
 To unfasten the portals of life with his *skeleton* keys,
 In *St. Mary-le-bone*.
 Soon he returned, and Love, waking, to see the grim
 king
 With terror did shiver,
 And, in a hurry arising, his arrows he dropt
 In a *quake* from his *quiver*.

O Cupid ! you stupid ! 'twas silly to fly ;
 Death could not hurt you :—
 For love, when 'tis true,
 It never can die !

Now the arrows of Death were all lying about on the
 ground,

And with Cupid's did mix ;

And, ever since, Cupid and Death are unconsciously
 playing

Most unlucky tricks ;

For Love, having gather'd some arrows of Death with
 his own,

Makes, sometimes, a hit

At the "*gallery of beauty*," but finds that his mistaken
 shaft

Drives some belle to "*the pit*."

O Cupid ! you stupid ! why spoil thus your quiver,

And send to the *heart*

Some poisonous dart

That was meant for the *liver* ?

And Death, as unconsciously shooting Love's arrows
 around,

To bring down the old ones,

Sees grandads and dowagers wondrously *warm'd* into
 love,

That he meant to be *cold* ones.

Oh, mischievous medley of Love and of Death!—
which is worse—

(’Tis a question perplexing ;—)

To be too young to die, or be too old to love?—both
perverse,

Are confoundedly vexing.

O Cupid!—how sadly grotesque is the view
Of white gloves and favours
To Death for *his* labours,
And hatbands to *you*!

LINES

On the death of Sir N. Talfourd.*

THE instantaneous plunge from life to death
Is ever awful :—if it be the votary
Of empty pleasure that completes the fullness
Of his brief time amid the revel’s roar ;
Or soldier, in hot blood, while taking life
Losing his own.—But more profoundly deep
The lesson strikes, when, startled, we behold
The judge call’d from the judgment seat to judgment !

Let Hope (most giv’n to scan the future), now
Turn to the past, regardful of *his* deeds,

* This much-lamented decease took place on The Bench in
1854.

And thro' her tears look upward, and exclaim
 " May that sweet mercy which he lov'd on earth
 Welcome his gentle soul to peace in heav'n ! "

A HEALTH TO GARIBALDI.

Written to be sung at the Anniversary Dinner of the Glasgow St. Andrew's Society, November 30th, 1866, after the toast of " The Honorary Members of the Society. "

BROTHERS of St. Andrew bold,
 Fast in manly faith enroll'd,
 When our joyous feast we hold,
 Graced with minstrelsy ;
 Then our shells of joy we crown,
 To the names of bright renown,
 Names that live thro' ages flown
 With fame that ne'er can die.

Our hearts to stir, a mighty spell
 In glorious names will ever dwell,
 William Wallace—William Tell—
 Garibaldi—shine.
 Lights throughout all time to be,
 Kings to warn, to guide the free,
 Beacon tow'rs of Liberty,
 Guarding fire divine !

Garibaldi, brave and good,
 Honour'd in thy brotherhood,
 The WALLACE Casket's sacred wood
 Bore our pledge to thee.*
 'Twas our cross, our badge of pride,
 Tried in faith, in battle tried,
 Let it on thy bosom bide,
 'Tis emblem of the free.

Ne'er did cross of honour rest,
 On a more undaunted breast,
 Home of every high behest,
 Fill'd with Freedom's flame ;
 So crown the bowl—a brimming toast—
 “The battle-cry of Freedom's host—
 “The brightest star our rank's can boast—
 “Garibaldi's name !”

* The St. Andrew's Cross enclosed in a handsome casket made of a portion of the celebrated “Wallace Oak,” was sent to the General in his island home of Caprera.

PROLOGUE.

An Amateur Dramatic Entertainment by gentlemen connected with the Glasgow Press was given in aid of a fund collected for the benefit of the family of a deceased member of that literary brotherhood. The play performed was "Guy Mannering," and the prologue was spoken in the character of Dominic Sampson.

Enter the DOMINIE, looking about vaguely.

WHERE are they all?—or have I miss'd my way?
They said they wanted me to join their play;
But where to go, in truth I am uncertain—

[Appears surprised to see the audience.

I fear I've got the wrong side of the curtain.
Are *you* the players?—Why, yes; for Shaksperc's
page—

"Made for all time," says "All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely actors,"
And here you play the part of benefactors!

Now, for your delectation, I'll reveal
A treasure it were Goth-like to conceal;
A literary treasure—prose and rhyme,
A heap of newspapers, of every time,
Diurnal and hebdomadal. I found them
Just as you see, with this old blanket round them—
A good precaution, let th' unwise be told,
For you should never let your news grow cold.

[Opens the parcel and lays it at his feet.

Deep in the dust of a Collector's closet
 I found this typographical deposit,
 And of all "ographies" beneath the moon
 Typography has been the noblest boon.
 Some guess'd at first the Devil had a hand in't,
 Until experience prov'd such good and grand in't,
 That guesses—to extremes opposing giv'n—
 Went up from low to high, and guess'd at Heaven—
 And guess'd aright.—Truth's early way was rough,
 And barr'd with much "impenetrable stuff,"
 And cowl and helmet—men in frock and brass
 Held jealous guard above the narrow pass,
 And heavy toll was wrenched by hand of power
 From the o'er-mastered many—till an hour
 Of bright redemption o'er their slavery broke—
 A new-born Giant came and burst their yoke!
 What was that Giant's name?—(decreed to pluck
 Oppression down and set young Freedom up)
 The name's an odd one—that I must confess—
 It is a paradox, and nothing less—
 The conquerer of *oppression* was THE PRESS!

[Takes a small octavo sheet from the bundle.

From small beginnings see what wonders rise,
 Here is a firstling ;—of the infant size,
 A sweet young innocent—a milky darling
 Before he cut his teeth and took to snarling,
 But he grew bigger,

[Produces a somewhat larger paper.

learn'd to deal in chuckles,
 Outgrew his sleeves—*ergo*, he shewed his knuckles ;
 His jibes and knocks alarm'd some sober folk,
 His jokes hit hard—his hitting was no joke—
 Tyrants and knaves no bounds to anger knew,
 But all the more *they* stormed the more *he* grew.

[*Takes a larger paper from the parcel.*

Look to *this* goodly folio's brave expanse—
 But I should tire in regular advance
 Of size on size, so let me show, complete,
 The Press's triumph in a DOUBLE SHEET,
 Compared with which young fly-leaves were but
 midges--

Behold it in its glory—

[*Unfolds a newspaper of the largest size.*

There !—Prodigious !!!

Our earlier “Couriers” went a sober gait,
 And readers, editors, and time could wait,
 When mails were slow, and even the express
 No speedier than the mail—or rather less.—
 Next, rapid railways (once esteem'd so fast),
 More rapid work upon reporters cast,
 But now, with telegraphic fires surrounding,
 News flashes in a way that's quite confounding !
 Think of the Editor who's bound to form
 A calm digest of this electric storm ;
 Of north and south, and east and west, he dashes
 From his conducting pen the brilliant flashes,

The hours of daily life for ever bright'ning,
Gilding *our* dullness with *his* gay sheet-lightning!

And all this toil from morn till night is borne ;
Nay, harder still, too oft from night till morn ;
For while the pampered idle dream and snore,
(Perhaps disturbing somebody next door,)
The sleepless Editor his vigil keeps,
To happier make the happy dog who sleeps,
Sleeps till he wakes for bath and breakfast gaily,
To swallow tea and muffins with "The Daily."

This printed wonder—many-flavour'd olio—
To suit all tastes—an ever-welcome folio,
How 'tis accomplish'd, hard 'tis to conceive,
But what we see we must, perforce, believe,
And here it is :—

[*Points emphatically to the newspaper.*

Brain-dust and midnight oil
Create these columns, rich in mental toil,
These columns—and remember, as you read 'em,
The temple they support is that of Freedom!

Ah! there *was* one we knew whose spirit bright
Blaz'd foremost in the intellectual fight ;
Who set his lance in rest where'er abuse
Defied encounter—and ne'er granted truce,

Till Truth's fair banner glitter'd on the height,
 Wherever wrong contended against right !
 The battle won—he scorned a further blow ;
 He brook'd no chain—and would not chain a foe ;
 The contest ended—with his brave right hand
 Back to the sheath he turn'd his biting brand,
 And in the grasp of friendship would conclude
 A future peace to crown a bygone feud !

Peace to his gallant spirit !—Here we've met
 For sake of merits we can ne'er forget.
 Peace to his spirit.—But I must depart—
 I feel a weakness coming o'er my heart,
 And with Coriolanus I arrive at
 This truth,—Scars should be only shown in private,
 Here 'tis too public for a mourning matter.

[*Prompter's bell rings.*

But bless me, what is this prodigious clatter ?
 I quite forgot—

[*Gathers up his papers and points to the curtain.*

They want my learnèd labours,

[*Addresses the orchestra.*

So now, begin you, with your pipes and tabors,
 I quite forgot !—I'm lost in pleasing vapours
 Whene'er I dip into delightful papers.

[*Exit hugging his papers.*

IMPROMPTU

On being requested to write an elegy on an unworthy occasion.

DEAR MADAM, I ne'er could play poet on woes ;
 In rhymes I rejoice, but I sorrow in prose ;
 Tho' a verse I can turn for a song or a glee,
 I a foot ne'er could make for a friend's L E G.

 LINES

On a dubbing in Dublin.*

THE news of thy knighthood was welcom'd with cheers :
 While it gladden'd our hearts, it was good for our
 ears ;
 The Gazette that records it, wherever it flies
 To your friends thro' the world, will be good for their
 eyes.
 Thus CARLISLE judiciously dubbing thee, Will,
 In honouring thy merit hath rivall'd thy skill.

* These lines refer to Sir William Wilde, the eminent aurist and oculist.

IMITATIONS
OF
SOME POPULAR AUTHORS.

When a centennial celebration of the birthday of Burns was decided on, in Scotland,* the Directors of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, proposed a prize of fifty guineas for the best poem on the subject.

The following *morceaux* are parts of a collection of odes, &c. &c., written in imitation of some popular Authors, and supposed to have been competitive pieces for the prizes, and published immediately after the birthday, under the title of "Rival Rhymes in Honour of Burns."

* 25th January, 1859.

THE BARD OF AYR.*

BY F R P . . . T.

I.

IN sparkling cluster,
The midnight lustre
Of stars shone bright o'er
 A haunted stream ;
And the spirit-daughter
Of the mystic water
Was sweetly singing in
 The starlight gleam.
The siren song,
As it stole along,
The fairy throng did
 In chorus share ;
For the witching story
Foretold the glory
Crowning for evermore
 The banks of Ayr !

II.

Then sprite of mountain,
And fay of fountain,

* After the manner of "The Bells of Shandon."

And fireflies flickering
 In circles bright,
Made revel rare
Round the Bard of Ayr,
In cottage lowly born,
 That starry night.
But humble places
That genius graces,
For ages, memory
 Will cherish long,
To souls of feeling,
The poorest shieling
Is made a palace
 By the prince of song !

III.

When the weird daughters
Of the woods and waters
Had made their revelry,
 The pageant fled ;
While bright in heaven
Was signal given,
Sublimely shining o'er
 The infant's head.
For then, resplendent,
His star ascendant
Shone forth in Lyra,
 With lustre rare ;

The fate foretelling,
 And fame high-swelling,
 Of the shepherd's reed, and
 The Bard of Ayr !

IV.

O child of toil,
 Canst thou dare the spoil
 Of the sacred chaplet--
 The poet's meed ?
 Unhelm'd thy brow,
 And unarm'd art thou—
 For the arms are letters,
 That poets need.
 But though unarmed,
 Thy life is charmèd ;
 Though rival spears be
 Like weaver's beam,
 To battle cheerly ;
 Thou'lt beat them rarely,
 With sling and pebble from
 The mountain stream.

V.

Though nought of Sanscrit
 That early man writ ;
 Nor sacred Hebrew,
 Nor sounding Greek ;

Nor stately Latin,
The bard was pat in—
Those many tongues, that many
 Nations speak.
Yet, oh ! far sweeter
Than pedant metre,
Or classic glitter, that the
 Schools impart,
Was Nature's dower
Of matchless power—
'Twas the living language
 Of the heart.

VI.

We've heard the chiming
Of many a rhyming,
From the booming belfry
 Of pseudo fame ;
But Fancy's spells
Did not rule the bells—
'Twas noisy mockery
 Of music's name.
Such clang uproarious,
Though deem'd victorious,
By the ranting ringers
 Who fame would quell,

No charm could render
 Like the music tender
 Of the quiet tinkling of
 The shepherd's bell.

VII.

In all around him
 'Twas Nature found him
 The store of beauty,
 Whence Fancy drew,
 The "birken shade,"
 And the moonlit glade,
 Where music's made by rivers
 Rushing through.
 The plaintive note
 Of "the woodlark's" throat,
 Sad lover, doting,
 Awakes thy pain ;
 Or the breezy West
 To thy loving breast
 Wafts balmy mem'ries of
 Thy lovely "Jean."

VIII.

For Feeling's phases
 Through Love's deep mazes,
 For grave or gay, or
 For patriot fire,

For sadness sinking,
 Or the cans when clinking,
 His spirit ruled each measure
 Of the lyre.
 No school oppress'd him,
 No rules distress'd him
 A fearless hand o'er
 His harp he flung ;
 The string rebounding
 With bolder sounding
 Than e'er was heard since
 Young Greece had sung.

IX.

On Parnassus, pearly
 With dewdrops early,
 The wingèd horse did
 In freedom range,
 Till poetasters
 Became his masters ;—
 For thee, O Pegasus,
 A woful change !
 His speed restraining
 With curbs and reining,
 And managed training,
 The noble steed

Was made to scramble
 In limping shamble—
 They dared not him ride at
 His native speed !

X.

To teach him paces,
 With sour grimaces,
 Next, critics, cracking
 The saucy thong,
 Restrain'd his bouncing
 With threaten'd trouncing
 Of the peerless palfrey of
 The nymphs of song.
 More to perplex him,
 And further vex him,
 A saddle, next, him
 They put upon ;
 And stirrup crafty
 Did add for safety—
 Without it, hopelessly
 Their seat was gone.

XI.

But BURNS, brave rhymer,
 A daring climber,

Up steep Parnassus
 Undaunted came ;
 The nymphs adoring,
 Their leave imploring
 To ride their steed in
 The Olympic game.
 All servile strappings,
 And puny trappings,
 The fearless bard flung,
 Indignant, down.
 On the wild horse springing,
 'Mid plaudits ringing,
 He rode him bareback'd, and
 He won the crown !

XII

'Tis a hundred year
 Since, with fairy cheers,
 His birth was welcomed
 With revel rare.
 Now the sons of earth
 Meet, to note the birth
 Of the matchless minstrel,
 The Bard of Ayr.
 Great Bard, excelling
 Our power of telling,
 Oh, mighty master
 Of smiles and tears !

Such gift from Heaven
 Is seldom given—
 'Tis only "once in
 A hundred years!"

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.*

HAILING THE CENTENARY BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

H . . . Y W . DS . . . TH L . . GF . . . W.

I.

FOOTSTEPS of Time, how stealthy;—stealthy as foot
 of the Indian,
 Sheath'd in the mocassin pliant, treading the forest
 primeval,
 When to the lair of the panther, or on the path of the
 foeman,
 Gliding he cometh;—the dry leaves uncrackling are
 trodden beneath him,
 Leaving the sentinel oaks asleep on their posts undis-
 turbèd.
 But if some branch overlaid with leaves and mosses
 and grasses,
 Traverse the path of the red man, unseen and all
 unexpected,

* After the manner of "Evangeline."

The branch with its crackling bark, giveth alarm like
 a watch-dog ;
 And the squirrel awaken'd to danger looks down on
 the hunter detected.
 So do the names of renown, defying decay and
 resisting
 The down-tramp of Time as he stalks through the
 wilderness solemn in silence ;
 Snapping asunder the crust of oblivion, assert their
 existence :—
 The names of the great ones, O Time !—the names of
 the great ones defy thee !

II.

And now hath Time set his foot on a branch lying
 long in the byways,
 Falling at first prematurely, disastrously snapp'd in
 its vigour,
 Too long neglected ;—but often Neglect is the mother
 of Beauty ;
 The branch while it lay has been gathering mosses and
 golden lichens,
 Richer and richer each year, encrusted with growing
 glories ;
 Sunshine and rain have fed it :—Whence came the
 sunshine and rain ?—
 Even from human eyes as, they fash'd or they wept
 mirth or sorrow !

Such is the branch that hath crackled beneath the
 footsteps of Time,
 And the forest laughs forth in echoes that murmur
 "A hundred years."

III.

And Time with his sithe makes a notch in the moss-
 cover'd branch, as a record,
 Whittling his stick, as it were, in a kind-o'-like
 almanac fashion,
 Even as castaway Crusoe his rails nick'd, his lone days
 to measure :
 The earliest example we have of a time-table kept by
 the railway,
 Ere railways restricted the steps of our wide-roving
 children of freedom,
 Compelling monotonous movement in paths parallelo-
 gramical.

IV.

Happy thy name, O BURNS !—for burns, in thy native
 Doric,
 Meaneth the free bright streams, exhaustless, pellucid,
 and sparkling,
 Mountain-born, wild and erratic, kissing the flow'rets
 in passing,
 Type of thy verse and thyself—loving and musical
 ever ;

And the streams by thy verse made immortal are
 known by our giant rivers,
 Where the emigrants sing them to soothe the yearn-
 ings for home in their bosoms,
 And the Coila and gentle Doon, by the song of the
 Celtic wanderer,
 Are known to the whispering reeds that border the
 great Mississippi.

V.

Thou wert the lad for the lasses !—lasses the same are
 as misses ;
 And here we have misses had pleased you—Missouri
 and fast Mississippi.
 And “green grow the rushes” beside them—as thy
 evergreen chorus would have them.

VI.

Thou wert the champion of freedom !—Thou didst
 rejoice in our glory !
 When we at Bunker’s Hill no bunkum display’d, but
 true courage !
 Jubilant thou wert in our declaration of independ-
 ence !
 More a republican thou than a chain-hugging bow-
 an’-scrape royalist !

Even the Stars and the Stripes seem appointed the
flag of thy destiny :—

The stars are the types of thy glory, the stripes thou
didst get from Misfortune.

VII.

But other cup didst thou drain than that Misfortune
dealt thee,

'The cup of good-fellowship, brimming and wreathed
with the flowers of thy fancy ;

Oh, such a cup could I fill with a pledge to such
spirit as thine,

Perchance I might trespass like thee, and sit till the
“hour 'yont the twal,”

Defying the Maine liquor-law and the sleeky Slyboots
of Boston.

But not in Catawba wine will I drink (although I
have sung it,

To pleasure some *Vignerons* friends that dwell by the
beautiful river) ;

Nor not in New York champagne, that is turn'd out
of New Jersey turnips ;

Nor not in that fire-water fusty, entitled Monon-
gahela ;

But in old West-India rum—with ebony Sambo to
serve it.

And though some might object to carouse in this
State of Massachusetts,

Who dare forbid, when Sambo would say, "Massachusetts it!"

So libation I pour to thee, BURNS! on this thy
Hundredth birthday,

And hundreds of thousands shall drink it for
thousands of years to come.

A SPIRIT-LAY.*

FROM HADES.

T S C . . P . . LL.

I.

OF Scotia and the North

A loving son would sing,

And to laud surpassing worth

Would wake the silent string,

Untouch'd since it sank to the tomb;

But bardic fires still burn

In the ashes of the urn,

And glimmering back return

Through the gloom.

II.

For BURNS this spirit-lay

Is wafted to the earth,

In honour of the day

That gave the poet birth,—

* After the manner of "The Battle of the Baltic."

A hundred years ago was the time.
At the propitious hour
Each visionary power
Round the ivy-mantled tower
Hail'd the chime.

III.

The visionary powers
That shed their mystic might
O'er the poet's dreamy hours,
To make his visions bright,
Round the cradle of the poet-babe did sweep.
And freely, as they pass'd,
In shower bright and fast,
Their gifts on him they cast
In his sleep.

IV.

And Liberty's brave hand
O'er his head the thistle waved—
That emblem of a land
That would never be enslaved ;—
And the downy seed took root in his heart,
And braced it for the fight,
With a courage ever bright
For the right against might
To take part.

V.

And when he pour'd the song,
As lovely as 'twas bold,
For the weak against the strong,
No bosom could be cold,
For Truth's celestial wing fam'd the fire,
To impart the generous glow
To his verses' fearless flow,
And victory to bestow
On his lyre !

VI.

Oft, in some pleasure-ground
By vauntful pride display'd,
While the loveliness around
Was by wood and water made,
The Hewers and the Drawers were forgot ;
Or, if thought of, only view'd
As a lowly, boorish brood,
By destiny subdued
To their lot.

VII.

Too long this tainted heap
Of falsehood did obtain,
The injured poor to keep
In the depth of cold disdain ;—

Where exiled from their kind lay they long,
 Unpitied and unsung,
 Till the peasant-lyre was strung,
 And bold fingers, o'er it flung,
 Waked the song.

VIII.

Then up the Poet stood,
 And as Hercules', of old,
 The purifying flood
 Through the Augean stable roll'd,
 So BURNS commanded Castaly's bright tide,
 In his might of bardic sway,
 Through the humble vale to stray,
 And the foul myth swept away,
 Born of pride.

IX.

'Twas then, with fearless brow,
 He check'd the pride of kings,
 And bade the titled know
 The fount of honour springs
 In vain, to render fair what is foul ;
 That "rank but stamps the coin,"
 The "gold" is from a mine—
 Placed by the Hand Divine
 In the soul !

X.

Great was the Switzer's hap,
 Whose neck would *not* be bow'd
 To the despot's feather'd cap
 That awed the market crowd :—
 Oh ! like unto *his* glory was thine,
 And thy heart, in noble swell,
 Not unworthy of a Tell,
 When thy hand it did impel
 To that line !*

XI

I have felt thy soft control,
 The lay of love to pour,
 Or wreath with flowers of soul
 The wine-cup's genial hour,
 Or summon mirth or tears at thy will ;
 But dearest all to me
 Was thy love of Liberty,
 And the action, ever free,
 Of thy will.

XII.

Such joy my own heart knew,
 When it dwelt in mortal shrine,
 As it interwoven grew
 Into brotherhood divine

* "The rank is but the guinea's stamp—the man's the
 gov'd for a' that."

With the champions and the bards of the free,
 And invoked upon my lyre
 The succession of their fire,
 That their mantle might attire
 Even me.

XIII.

When, erst, my muse did sing
 Of Sarmatia trampled down ;—
 And now a burglar king
 Robs the old Hungarian crown, [fell,
 While the land where Brutus struck, and Cæsar
 Is held in chains of lead ;—
 Awake ! illustrious dead !
 Oh, lift again thy head,
 Gallant Tell !

XIV.

Strike an alarm, my lyre,
 From the darkness of the tomb,
 And, with thy wonted fire,
 Chase the more deadly gloom
 That o'er the nations crush'd darkly lies.
 Oh, could thy prompting voice
 Make the battle-field their choice,
 How my spirit would rejoice
 In the skies !

A FEW WORDS ON POETS IN GENERAL,
AND ONE IN PARTICULAR.*

BY THE GHOST OF T S H . . . D.

“What’s in a name?”—*Shakspeare.*

I.

By different names were Poets call’d
In different climes and times ;
The Welsh and Irish call’d him *Bard*,
Who was confined to rhymes.

II.

In France they call’d them *Troubadours*,
Or *Menestrels*, by turns ;
The Scandinavians call’d them *Scalds*,
The Scotchmen call theirs *Burns*.

III.

A strange coincidence is this,
Both names implying heat ;
But had the Scotchmen call’d theirs *Scald*,
’Twere title more complete.

* After the manner of “Lieutenant Luff,” “Nelly Gray,”
&c. &c.

IV.

For why call'd BURNS 'tis hard to say
 (Except all sense to slaughter) ;
Scald was the name he should have had,
 Being always in *hot water*.

V

For he was poor,—his natal hut
 Was built of *mud*, they say ;
 But though the hut was built of mud,
He was no *common clay*.

VI.

But though of clay he was (a fate
 Each child of earth must share),
 As well as being a child of Earth—
 He was a child of *Ayr*.

VII.

And though he could not vaunt his *house*,
 Nor boast his birth's gentility,
 Nature upon the boy bestow'd
 Her patent of nobility.

VIII.

It needed not for him his race
 In heralds' books should shine ;
 What pride of ancestry compares
 With his illustrious *line* ?

IX.

So he, with heaven-ennobled soul,
 All heralds held in scorn,
 Save one, the oldest of them all—
 “The herald of the morn.”

X.

Call'd by *his* clarion, up rose he,
 True liege of Nature's throne,
Fields to invest, and mountain *crest*
 With *blazon* of his own.

XI.

His *Vert*, the morning's dewy green,
 His *Purple*, evening's close,
 His *Azure*, the unclouded sky,
 His *Gules*, “the red, red rose.”

XII.

His *Argent* sparkled in the streams
 That flash'd through birken bowers!
 His *Or* was in the autumn leaves
 That fell in golden showers.

XIII.

Silver and gold of other sort
 The poet had but little ;
 But he had more of rarer store,—
 His heart's undaunted mettle.

XIV.

And yet his heart was gentle too,—
 Sweet Woman could enslave him ;
 And from the shafts of Cupid's bow
 Even *Armour** could not save him.

XV.

And if that armour could not save
 From shafts that chance might wield,
 What wonder that the poet wise
 Cared little for a *shield* ?

XVI.

And *Sable* too, and *Argent* (which
 For colours heralds write)
 In BURNS' uncompromising hands
 Were honest *black and white*.

XVII.

And in that honest black and white
 He wrote his verses bold ;
 And though he sent them far *abroad*,
Home truths they always told.

* "Bonny Jean's" maiden name.

XVIII.

And so, for "honest poverty"
He sent a brilliant page down ;
And, to do battle for the poor,
The gauger threw his *gauge* down.

XIX.

For him the garb of "hoddin gray"
Than tabards had more charms ;
He took the part of *sleeveless coats*
Against the *coats of arms*.

XX.

And although they of Oxford may
Sneer at his want of knowledge,
He had enough of wit at least
To beat the Heralds' College.

XXI.

The growing brotherhood of his kind
He clearly, proudly saw that,
When launching from his lustrous mind
"A man's a man, for a' that !"

ODE*

BY AN AMATEUR, AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF
MILTON,
ON THE CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

I.

HENCE, chroniclers of Time,
Makers of almanacs and strange predictions,
Held by the wise as fictions ;
Begone, and wallow in the river's slime,
To calculate the tides ;
Or be your bed in bedlamitic cell,
Where moon-calves best may dwell,
To note her phases and her quarters dark,
That lovers well may mark,
What silvery hour for meeting best provides.
But here your art is wanted not,
This day—the ne'er-to-be-forgot
Makes an era of its own ;
And the dark Cimmerian throne
Of Erebus and Nox, no more
Encumbers Lethe's barren shore,
In chains of silence to oppress
The victims of forgetfulness.

* After the manner of "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro."

II.

Let the elder ages pass
 Darkly—as in a wizard's glass ;
 But the century of to-day,
 Driving all that's dim away,
 Bids the rosy hours advance .
 In one bright perennial dance,
 That future centuries come and go
 “On the light fantastic toe.”
 Thus did the hours of old forerun
 The morning chariot of the Sun.
 “As list'ning how the hounds and horn
 “Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn
 “From his watch-tower in the skies.”
 The day-god rubs his drowsy eyes,
 Starting from dark Night's embrace,
 Who envieth his fiery chase
 With the gay Hours ; and fears the hap
 Of his rest in Thetis' lap,
 When the curtain'd clouds are sprent
 O'er the blushing Occident.

III.

In centennial cycle we,
 With pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 Multitudinously meet,
 Natal day of bard to greet.

Fauns and Dryads, Sylph and Fairy,
 Hail this epoch centenary.
 See on yonder mountain-top
 Caledonia plays Scotch-hop
 With swimming eye and mazy gait
 (By "mountain dew" inebriate),
 Summons every loyal chiel
 To reel the dance and dance the reel ;
 While centuries come, and centuries go,
 "On the light fantastic toe."

IV.

Small things often great foretell :—
 As murmurs low the tempest's swell.
 Would inquiring spirits know
 Whitherward the storm doth blow ?—
 Mark the way the branch is bow'd,
 "When rocking winds are piping loud,"
 Or the course of straws or leaves,
 In the whirlwind's vortices,
 All the varied curves amid
 Of cone, ellipse, or cycloid ;
 Such as the studious hours might please
 Of Euclid or Archimedes.

V.

And so some trifle, light as air,
 The trick of genius will declare,

And 'tis such trifle light, upturns,
 To prove how genius wrought in BURNS,
 T' whom Nature in the natal hour,
 Denied refined acoustic power.
 That keener sense which music prizes,
 And which the *ear* monopolizes,
 By general rule, in common clay,
 In BURNS's gifted *body* lay ;
 And chance did "testify" this sense,
 And show'd "its hidden residence."
 For, resting once his oaken chair,
 The sedent Bard caught up an air,
 With facile sense of interval,
 Inflective rise, and dying fall,
 And swaying gently to and fro,
 (As babes and nutrient mothers go,)
 The Bard, to sound no longer dense,
 Rocking, nursed the new-born sense.

VI.

'Tis thus, that, in the dreamy vast
 (Darling visions of the past),
 I love the bard to contemplate,
 Backward sway'd, and head elate.
 Thus did he new-found tunes rehearse,
 And "marry to immortal verse ;"
 And as he whistled every air,
 Rocking in his oaken chair,

'Twas "rocking wind and piping loud"
 That help'd the bard, so strange-endow'd
 "To untwist the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony."

VII.

And may not this suggest a reason
 Why Yankees, in and out of season,
 Cock up their heels in easy chair ;—
 Perhaps they're looking for an air.
 Perhaps 'twas thus some democratic
 Denouncer of th' aristocratic,
 With free-born kick 'gainst all things feudal,
 Composed the famous "Yankee Doodle ;"
 The jerking bars of chair unsteady,
 Well suiting tune so rough and ready.

VIII.

But now, to crown this joyous day,
 Raise the merry roundelay.
 Let the merry dancers speed
 To oaten stop and pastoral reed.
 Yet hold ! no oaten stop must e'er
 Permitted be in Scotia fair ;
 Oaten stop to shepherd's ear,
 In classic clime, however dear,
 Were to the frugal Scottish nation
 But mournful prelude to starvation.

For on oatmeal 'tis they live—
 And goodly meals can oatmeal give ;
 Therefore, in Caledonia free,
 That stop of oats may never be !

IX.

But though oaten stop's forbid,
 Let no Scottish swain be chid,
 Who, while he takes his shepherd's crook,
 Also takes afield his book,
 That while his lambs enjoy their feed,
 He may enjoy his pastoral read.*

X.

But reed and stop may stop away—
 Louder instruments let's play ;
 Let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound,
 Best befitting mirth's gay crew,
 With nods and becks and rebecks too ;
 Or, if rebecks may not play,
 Bagpipes are as good as they.
 Be active all, for frolic ripe,
 The only drone be in the pipe ;

* Lest the amateur author should be thoughtlessly accused of frivolous punning, he begs to remind the critics of his Great Original's verses on "The University Carrier."

And if no pipe—to dance we'll spring,
As the suggestive fiddlestring
Makes us twirl as I have seen
Apples on a Hallowe'en.
Stuck on sticks set cruciform,
While the revellers, in a swarm,
Gather round the prize to seize,
Thick as the melliferous bees,
Thick as bees melliferous strive,
Round the complex-cavern'd hive.

XI.

For the dancers' final round,
Hark the merry fiddles sound,
While the joybells join the ring,
Through the arcades echoing.
And thus shall bows and bells propose
The final dance to belles and beaux.

XII.

Such our day!—from morning's light
Till what time the angular flight
Of the bat suggests that we
Zig-zag home as well as he.
Thus the mazy path we'll go,
Still on the *fantastic* toe,
Though the *lightness* all hath fled
From the foot into the head.

After festal elevation,
 Each decends to 's proper station ;
 Where the locomotive's snorting,
 And the careful guard escorting ;
 Or, it may be, at the feast's end,
 Some seek busses to the West End ;
 Some with frowns and some with smiles,
 Debating how they'll gang their miles ;
 E'en as, through life, it doth prevail,
 That some do buss it—some do rail.

LETTER,

WITH AN ENCLOSURE, SUPPOSED TO BE AN EARLY AND
 UNFINISHED WORK OF ROBERT BURNS.

*To the Directors of the Crystal Palace.**

GENTLEMEN,—AS I understand you are getting up a collection of manuscripts of the Great Bard for the Centenary you are going (most justly, and much to your honour) to celebrate on the 25th of January, 1859,—that being exactly one hundred years since he (the Bard) was born,—I enclose you a most interesting specimen of his youthful genius, which was

* Our best thanks are due to these gentlemen for their courtesy and liberality in allowing us to make full use of this valuable communication, and also for allowing us to inspect the MS. poem.—*B. T*

discovered some short time ago in clearing out an old-fashioned escritoire, which has been neglected time out of mind in a back room in the upper story of a very old house, in which many generations of a worthy family have lived and died. After the demise of the last lineal descendant, a dispersion of the property took place, and in clearing out odd drawers before the furniture was sold by public roup (or auction, as you say in England), the enclosed manuscript was found; and I think it will be the most curious and interesting in your glass case, in which, I am told, it is your intention to enclose all such documents, giving the public the opportunity of such a great pleasure, and at the same time ensuring the safety of such precious relics.

The great point of interest which I would beg to point out to you in this most racy (so far as it goes) production, is, that it bears evidence of being written by the great Bard before he began to intermingle English so extensively in his productions, and *that* much to their injury. What his own opinion was upon the gradual falling-off of his own generation from the good old language of his country may be seen in that matchless production of his, "The Brigs of Ayr," wherein the "auld Brig" characteristically deploras the fact,—

"Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story."

And yet, strange to say, he himself committed the very fault he points out in others. He says in another place,—

“ And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th’ adviser.”

And he himself did not “reck the rede” as to keeping up the fine old language of his country, but became seduced into the use of too much of the English dialect, which only reduces the richness and raciness of his still matchless poems ;—but what might they not have been if he had kept more to his vernacular ?

Now, the great beauty of the enclosed is, that it is almost unadulterated. There is none of his published works so free from all foreign taint. It was evidently written when he was young, as the writing does not seem to be as yet what we may call a formed hand, but having quite enough of the character of Burns’s writing to leave no doubt as to the authorship ; and the free use of the vernacular is another proof that it was a juvenile production, while he was yet proud of his native tongue, and revelled, if I may so say, in its wonderful expressiveness, which perhaps none but a native Scot can quite appreciate, but to which, I am pleased to believe, the English nation is by degrees getting familiarized by the works of our great Scottish writers. A venerable and learned lord has just written a letter* with a view to its being made public on the

* The remarkable philological essay here referred to—idly

day of commemoration, of which I have been favoured with a private perusal, and that letter contains a suggestion so full of erudition and good sense, bearing upon this subject, that I hope it will not be thrown away upon the English people, but that they will incorporate into their future dictionaries most (if not all) of our expressive words, and so invigorate their feebler language. But I fear I am wandering from the immediate matter in hand—not but that a digression is sometimes allowable, and even beneficial.

Now, the next point I would call observation to is, that in this poem, like most others of Burns, love is the topic—pure and blameless love ; for it is evident the lovers were going to be married ; a sudden flood, so common in Scotland (for Burns, be it remarked, was a strict observer of nature), interrupts them on their way to the kirk, and the bridegroom rescues his

mistaken by many south of the Tweed for a mere *capriccio* of the noble writer—is too precious to be left to “wander unseen,” as it were (except by a few enthusiastic North Britons), in the fleeting columns of the provincial press. No!—the dictum merits a higher ovation. Redolent as it is of its gifted author—of the *Broom, broomy*—making so clean a *sweep* of all previous doubts on the question, which it now authoritatively decides, without appeal, we considered it our duty to call the attention of the heads of houses in our seats of learning to this essay, of which a reprint was produced and forwarded to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

bride from drowning, we may suppose, and triumphs in the end, and

“Faulds her to his breest.”

The poem opens in a sweet and unaffected manner,—

“Gang wi’ me to Lixmaleerie.”

And on this line I would remark that Lixmaleerie must present a difficulty to an ordinary reader, and I will explain its meaning. It is known that the French language had some influence in Scotland, from our unfortunate Queen Mary’s intercourse and connection with that country; and Lixmaleerie is merely the giving of a French title in a familiar or shortened mode (for I will not use the word corruption)—I say a familiar or popular manner of catching up a name which the Scots did not understand, that name being a French name. Now there was a certain place of worship, or chapel, or chantry, called *l’église de Marie*,—whether specially the chapel of the Queen (Mary), or a chapel to the Virgin, I will not undertake to say; but the entire place or locality where this chapel stood became known by the title of *l’église de Marie*, which in course of time, from one change to another, was abbreviated to its present form, “Lixmaleerie.”

And now, Gentlemen, I will not interpose further between you and the pleasure that awaits you in the

perusal of this poem, hitherto unknown, of Scotia's
Immortal Bard.

FERGUS M'FASH,

Bendreigh.

I.

Gang wi' me to Lixmaleerie,
 Couthie dearie,
 Paukie dearie,
Where Clinkumbell is clatterin' cleerie,
 And lasses busk it gaily, O !
Waukrife a' the nicht I lay,
Whigmaleerie's toom to spae,
Laith and lang, till blink o' day
 Wad gie to me my Mallie, O !

II.

Gang wi' me to Lixmalcerie,
 Couthie dearie,
 Paukie dearie,
Where Clinkumbell is clatterin' cleerie,
 We're aiblins baith expeckit, O !
The hushion'd cowlt afore the yett,
Wi' chaup o' cloot, and crankous fret,*
Seems bletherin "Lassie, bide ye yet?
 Mess-John maun't be negleckit, O !"

* "The impatience of the horse here, and his seeming expostulations with the girl, is a fine idea."—*Marginal pencil-note on MS.*

III.

Gang wi' me, &c.*—

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

The capstane o' the brig is cowpit,
 The jaupin linn maun aye be loupet ;
 If we fa' in we'll a' be roupet,
 Mixtie maxtie dreepin droukit,
 But better far the mouls be howkit,
 Than guid Mess-John negleckit, O !

IV.

Gan wi' me, &c.—

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

————— lost amaist my jo !

Syne suld you ramfeezl'd† be,
 I'll hand thee up sae tenderly,
 Wow ! young guidman, Ill bear the gree,
 And fauld thee to my breest, my jo !

* Evidently unfinished.

† How fine this word "ramfeezl'd"! How poor the English equivalent "fatigued" is beside it!

NOTE.

With great respect for Mr. M'Fash, we beg to differ from him as to the authenticity of this poem. Mr. M'Fash is evidently an enthusiast, at once in admiration of Burns and his own vernacular, and we cannot wonder, therefore, at *his* being carried away in this matter; but less enthusiastic people will remember the frequency of the like literary mistakes. How often strange old MSS. turn up by accident, or *are turned up* by the cunning hands of fabricators! We cannot forget Chatterton and Ireland, and other ingenious artificers of the same sort, and, in a word, we unhesitatingly give our opinion that *the poem is not by Robert Burns*, however worthy it is of being given here as a *curious* document (and it is in such light only we would have it looked upon); and we would further remark that there was a son of Burns, named Robert, after him, who was much given to rhyming: *query*, might not the lines be his?—*B. T.*

 THE PENNY-A-LINER'S HOPE.*

 BY B . . . Y C LL.

 Hope, thou nurse of young desire !

I.

I SEE, I see, I fondly see
 That mine the Crystal Prize shall be ;
 My name 'twill mark, and enlarge my bound,
 Till runneth my fame Earth's regions round !

* After the manner of "The Sea, the Sea!"

I'll sing of the clouds and mock the skies,
 With plenty of other bright mockeries.
 I'll have a spree ! I'll have a spree !
 When the fifty guineas they give to me ;
 At jolly suppers champagne shall flow,
 And revel reign where'er I go.
 If a row should arise, and awake the street,
 What matter ?—we the police can beat !

II.

In pride, in pride, I'll love to ride
 By the Serpentine's and in Fashion's tide,
 While Countesses fair, with fav'ring eyes,
 Ogle the poet who won the Prize.
 And thus I'll bask in my noon of fame,
 Till my *porte-monnaie* is an empty name ;
 And then, hard-up, and the rhino gone,
 By my penny-a-line I must still hold on,
 And backward fly to the work I detest,
 As a foal that seeketh the old mare's nest ;
 But the mare and her nest I'll alike despise,
 For a fortnight after I win the Prize !

III.

The poem will be read the morn
 Of the hundredth year that BURNS was born,
 And then I'll touch the promised gold,
 And my jealous rivals will feel quite sold ;

And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As will welcome the Muse's favour'd child !
And I will forget the storm and strife
Of the penny-a-liner's painful life ;
And while I'm in cash I'll proudly range,
And forget I ever have sigh'd for change ;
Nor thought, nor sorrow, shall come to me,
Till the last of the fifty guineas I see !

LAY OF THE RAPT SPIRIT.

BY THE GHOST OF ALEXANDER POPE.

AT the house of Lady Beaufoy, whose faith in the mysteries of spirit-rapping makes the *séances* at her house more than usually interesting, from the most distinguished Mediums being enlisted by her ladyship, and the most wonderful results being the consequence, a very remarkable instance occurred about last Christmas, when the proposed prize for the best poem on the occasion of the Burns Centenary Festival at the Crystal Palace was sometimes the subject of conversation in society.

Lady Beaufoy had invited a certain gentleman to witness the results of one of her *séances*, hoping to convince him of the truth of the marvellous intercourse that does really exist between the world of spirits and

this lower sphere of ours ; for hitherto, this gentleman not only did not believe, but was rather a provoking scoffer against those who did. He was therefore requested to test to the utmost the mystic power of the science, and to call for communication from any departed person whomsoever, and the sceptical gentleman suggested that the Spirit of Alexander Pope should be summoned and his opinion asked about the Crystal Palace affair, the prize, *et cætera* ; declaring, that if Alexander Pope would do all that should be required, it would be accepted as proof positive of the real power of spirit-rapping, which he had hitherto doubted.

The great poet was accordingly summoned, and his opinion asked as to the fitness or unfitness of the proposed festival at the Crystal Palace. He declared it was most fitting that honour should be done to departed genius. His opinion of Burns's genius was then asked, and he declared it to be favourable in the highest degree. It was then suggested by the sceptical gentleman, that, as the great poet had left behind him in this world the reputation of being very jealous, his expression of admiration for Burns was not quite in character, when the Spirit, in some feeling words, assured the company that the mean leaven of jealousy was but part of the weakness of the flesh, which the spirit shook off when emancipated from the clay and admitted to the regions of the blest, which regions

could *not* be blessed if jealousy existed there. This answer was received with much satisfaction by the company, who considered the sceptical gentleman pretty well "set down" by the reply; but he returned to the charge in a fashion which he intended to be a *coup de grâce* to the spirit-rappers, by requesting that Alexander Pope would have the goodness to give his answers in rhymed verse. This was objected to by some of the company, as expecting too much; but the sceptical gentleman said that Pope himself, when alive, declared that the production of verse to him was no effort whatever, but rather an involuntary act of nature, that he had thus spoken of himself:—

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

And that what was easy to a mortal child could prove no difficulty to an immortal spirit. It will be readily perceived that the gentleman's object in making this move was to throw such a difficulty in the way of the Medium as to render imposition impossible; and hence the objection of the company to the proposition; hence, also, the reason why the sceptical gentleman insisted on the condition.

Much to the sceptic's surprise, three distinct taps were heard, and Lady Beaufoy and her faithful friends interchanged smiles, as the three taps indicated assent from the Spirit, and the lucky number three was inter-

preted to imply a successful issue to the event. A breathless silence ensued. The sceptical gentleman requested that Alexander Pope would extemporize some verses immediately on the Burns Centenary Festival ; and the Medium bowing assent, a single tap succeeded, and the Spirit jocosely declared that if his verses were considered worth a rap, the company was heartily welcome to them. Immediately, in a sweet faint voice, was given the following effusion :—

Awake, Directors !—leave your fountain's tide
To tickle Paxton's water-towering pride ;
Pluck from your laurell'd shades the simple bough
(Befitting crown for Peasant-Poet's brow),
And make high festival to mark the morn
When, for the world's enchantment, Burns was born !

The company here could not resist a low murmur of applause, while looks of wonder were exchanged ; and the sceptical gentleman seemed quite taken aback. A gently murmured "Hush" recalled the company to silence, and a few faint tinklings, as of a lyre, giving the idea of the accompaniment of a celestial harp, succeeded. Again the voice was heard, as follows :—

While yet a boy, to manly work aspiring,
The golden grain he reaps, and all untiring,
As, eyeing the sweet gleaner at his side,
He sees quick-falling sheaves as quickly tied ;

And toil is pleasure, sweeten'd by the spell
 That charm'd th' unconscious youth and maid as well ;
 For then first lighted was the subtle flame
 Whose warmth he knew before he knew its name.

Again there was an interruption of softly-murmured applause, and a silence of some seconds succeeding, it was supposed the Poet-Spirit had concluded, and the sceptical gentleman (much shaken in his scepticism) inquired, with marked respect in his manner, if the illustrious dead would satisfy him that it was likely Burns composed verses as early as his biographers asserted. The voice resumed :—

Love and ambition are contiguous fire ;—
 We would excel wherever we admire.
 Passion, that scorns to plead in humble phrase,
 Will dare to emulate the poet's lays.
 So the young reaper first essay'd the shell,
 To rhyme the beauties of his lovely Nell.
 Oh, lost to fame, and mute were many a string,
 Had Love not waked it with his passing wing.

The ladies here could not resist testifying their admiration, and a slight flutter of fans, like the rustling of angelic wings, mingled entrancingly with a few faint chords of the invisible harp. A gentle

tap recalled them to silence, and the voice continued :—

Next see the ploughman while the dawn 's yet gray
 Speeding to early toil his upland way.
 Though early he, yet earlier far is one,
 Climbing a loftier height to meet the sun,
 And pour with tuneful throat, in joyous lay,
 His greeting at the golden gate of day !
 Inwrapt, the ploughman pauses for a time,
 To hear that sweetest of all matin chime ;
 'Tis sympathy !—'tis not the sensuous ear
 Alone enjoys that lofty song so clear ;
 His soul partakes in the melodious flight ;
 He loves the music and would dare the height ;
 Would grasp the pleasure of that soaring voice !
 Itself rejoicing, making all rejoice !
 'Twas thus the poet's soul within him stirr'd ;
 He felt his mission as he heard the bird,
 Soaring instinctively its kindred skies,
 Like him inspired to sing, inspired to rise !

Too oft the bard of old could but afford
 Poetic homage to his chief or lord ;
 Squander'd on feasts and frays the minstrel's art,
 And praised the pomp of which himself was part.
 In later days it was for kings and peers
 The rhymer wrought his ready smiles or tears ;

Or to some patron Cræsus bent the knee,
 And flatter'd for a dedication-fee.
 The Muses wept o'er such degenerate times,
 And outraged truth disown'd the venal rhymes.
 A nobler nature and a larger heart,
 In Burns expanded the poetic art.
 He to no paltry limit caged his mind ;
 His ample wing encircled all mankind !
 Too proud his spirit for a patron's rule,
 Too fresh his genius for a faded school ;
 Too bold from tame originals to trace,
 He snatch'd from Nature's self the wilder grace—
 A grace that schools could never yet impart,
 AND ERST DECLARED BY ME "BEYOND THE REACH
 OF ART."

This repetition of the Poet's own celebrated words produced a marked sensation.

And here the candid critic must admire
 The poet's wit and tenderness and fire,
 The comprehensive mind, the varied power ;
 To see the outstretch'd "front of battle lower,"
 And triumph with a hero in the van—
 Or mourn "The Mountain Daisy's" shorten'd span ;
 Or give his pity to a startled "Mouse,"
 And read a moral from its ruin'd house.
 Whether the smile or tear his muse would claim,
 For "Tam O'Shanter," or "To Mary's" name

(She from the loving poet's bosom riven,
 To whom his sighs from earth were breathed to
 Heaven),
 He held in every mood, or grave or gay,
 O'er captive sympathy unbounded sway.
 The peaceful meadow, or the battle-field,
 Could each to him poetic subject yield :—
 Whether the timid hare awoke his lay,
 Or daring monarch, with his foe at bay,
 He, small or great, with equal power could sing,
 The hero of his field, a hare or king.

And here let generous hearts breathe freely forth
 This tribute to our brothers of the North :—
 Whene'er to valiant kings the cup is crown'd,
 Or when to bards the shells of joy go round,
 Then SCOTIA, great in arms and arts, may rise,
 And, through a vista bright of centuries,
 Point proudly, as her loving glance she turns
 To king and poet Robert—Bruce and Burns !

Here a lady whispered to her neighbour so audibly
 that the whole company heard her, that she was
 lineally descended from the hero of Bannockburn, and
 was cousin to Lord Elgin, the Minister Plenipoten-
 tiary to China. A somewhat reproving “*tch—sh*”
 restored silence. And the Spirit-Voice, with most
 pathetic intonation, continued :—

The King has had his meed ;—not so the Bard :—
 Oh, child of genius, oft thy fate is hard !
 Neglected living, and adored when dead ;—
 Unpaid the honour till the pall is spread !
 But though a passing sigh the bard may claim,
 Cloud not the day propitious to his fame ;
 The duty by the sire that's left undone,
 Is doubly graceful, render'd by the son ;
 The Bard himself, the generous lord of song,
 In life had loved to see a righted wrong :—
 And as departed spirits love to hear
 The heart's outpourings of this nether sphere,—

These two last lines were given with great solemnity, and Lady Beaufoy, in an almost spectral manner, pointed at the sceptical gentleman, who became visibly pale, and some declared the wax candles burned blue.

His phantom form, in fleeting mist or foam,
 Haunting his hills, where Echo makes her home,
 May catch the distant shout by thousands made,
 And the faint sound may soothe the fainter shade.

Such shouts *will* rise amidst the goblet's flow,
 To that great day, a hundred years ago,
 When Nature in her darkest hour did choose
 To make the brightest era of the muse.
 —Not Spring with all her early flowers can cheer
 The heart with promise in the op'ning year,

Nor Summer, with her zone of sunshine bound,
 Nor Autumn, with her golden harvests crown'd,
 Can match with Winter's glory in that morn
 She wove a snow-wreath, when THE BARD was born.
 Prophetic wreath !—a wreath of frozen tears—
 Fit garland for his brief and blighted years.
 Prophetic wreath !—fair herald of renown,
 Bright promise of the future laurel crown !
 Immortal wreath !—'twas snatch'd by fame away,
 And to Parnassus borne ;—Apollo's ray
 Touch'd the pure coronal with ardent beam,
 And Scotia's snow-wreath swell'd Castalia's stream !

There was a flourish of the invisible harp ; the lights resumed their lively flame ; various expressions of admiration and wonder ran round the room. Lady Beaufoy approached her guest, who had been the cause of this wonderful *séance*, and, shaking her fan playfully (and yet somewhat earnestly) over him, said in those tones, difficult to resist, “Kneel down at my feet this moment, and ask pardon, you hardened scoffer, for your former sneers at our mysteries, and acknowledge, with Hamlet, that

‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’”

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